

AN·DEO·THREINE



W. H. R. V. E.

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Gaidheal

An Deo-Chreine

The Monthly Magazine of An Comunn Gaidhealach.

Volume I.

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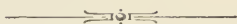
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PREFACE.



AN DEO-GHREINE, the first yearly Volume of which is here presented to the reader, owes its inception to a very general desire on the part of members of An Comunn Gaidhealach to have a Monthly Magazine published under the auspices of that Association which should be devoted to the interests of the Gaelic language, its literature and music. In inaugurating such a Magazine, its promoters were neither ignorant of the past history of similar undertakings in Scotland and elsewhere, nor were they unacquainted with the difficulties to be met with, and the obstacles to be surmounted in order to make it fulfil its mission in however slight a degree. Believing that there was special need for such a Magazine as AN DEO-GHREINE, the purpose of which is to be primarily a propagandist organ on behalf of the language, literature, arts and industries of the Gael, they felt confident that Highlanders everywhere would see to the financial success of the venture, and that those of them possessed of expert knowledge of the language, the literature, and the music of the Gael, would ensure the success of its mission by their literary contributions. It is gratifying to have to report that this belief has not been misplaced in either instance.

Not only within the circle of the Comunn, but outside of it, the Magazine has found sympathy and help. To Miss W. Christie, Edinburgh, the Managers are indebted for the designing of the title and its representation of AN DEO-GHREINE.

To friends far and near their thanks are gratefully tendered, and anticipating a continuation of the support hitherto so generously given, they look forward to the completion of many Volumes.



AN DEO-THRÉINE

Leabhar I.]

An deicheadh mìos 1, 1905.

[Earrann 1.

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THOG SINN AN DEO-GHREINE RI CRANN.

Is iomadh uair, tha sinn a' creidsinn, a chaidh na facail sin aithris an talla an tréith is am both a' cheatharnaich, nuair a bhiodh an t-aos-dàna a' leigeil uaidh nan dàn sin a tha toirt iomraidh air àgh is mi-àgh na Féinne anns na linntean o chian, nuair, ma 's fìor, a bha na Gaidheil 'nan sluagh cumhachdach, fo mheas aca féin agus allail am beachd nan cinneach mu 'n cuairt. Ach is beag a bha an triath is an ceatharnach is an t-aos-dàna ud an dùil gu 'n togteadh a rithis an Deo-ghréine ri crann anns an naodhamh ceud deug is a cóig. Ach 's ann mar sin a thà. Tha an triath air ar tréigsinn; tha an ceatharnach mi-mhisneachail; tha an t-aos-dàna, ach gann, balbh; ach co aige tha fios, nuair a sgaoilear a rithis 'sa ghaoith a' bhratach gheal—stròicte 's mar a tha i—nach tig farum am measg nan cnàmhan tioram, agus nach seas an triath is an ceatharnach is an t-aos-dàna, taobh ri taobh, an taice a croinn, a chum a chumail

réidh dìreach agus a ghiùlan gu buaidh. Co aige tha fios? Mur eil fios againn an tràth so, bithidh fios againn gun dàil.

Có thusa tha 'san éisdeachd, agus boinne-fola Ghaidhealach 'nad cridhe, is urrainn seasamh gu dìomhain anns an latha so, le do shùil air an làr, do làmh an 'nad phòca, do chasan 'sa pholl, am feadh a tha dilsean do chinnidh a' streap ris an t-slighe chais a tha treòrachadh gu aigne meanmnach agus buaidhean foghainteach a dh' aiseag do 'n t-sluagh d' am buin thu? Ma 's fèarr leat gun a bhi triall gualainn ri gualainn 'nan cuideachd air an rathad so tha garbh, is gun do làmh a chur leò anns an obair chruaidh ionmholt a tha fo iùl aca, is ùmaidh gun toirt thu agus ion air bhi 'nad bhall magaidh aig caraid is aig eas-caraid do chinnidh. Ma 's fèarr leat sud: Truis: am mach ort; tha sinn réidh is thu!

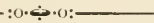
Ach ma 's Gaidheal a th' annad a tha mothachail air mi-aghartachd do chinnidh agus gur léir dhuìt gur sruth tha tràghadh iad, gur barrach tha seargadh iad, gur crodh tha dol an dìosgadh iad, gur treabhachas tha dol fàs iad, agus gur maith leat an sruth sin a bhi lìonadh, am barrach sin a bhi ùrar, an crodh sin a bhi toirt bainne, is an treabhachas sin a bhi fo bhàrr, teann ruinne. Triall far am faic thu an Deo-ghréine air a togail ri crann.

Ar leinn gu 'n cluinn sinn Ao-dòchasach a' cànrann gu 'm bheil e tuilleadh 's annoch air son ar bratach a thogail; gu 'm bheil a' ghrian a' cromadh air sléibhtean nan Gaidheal; is gu 'm bheil an Deo-ghréine a th' ann 'na crith-sholus fann, a tha sìoladh troimh neul-bhrat a tha 'ga còmhcadh 's a' bagairt a falach gu tur. Tha còrr is ceud bliadhna o na thòisich an cànrann sin; is tha triall na gréine air sléibhtean nan Gaidheal fòs; is mur eil an Deo-ghréine, a thaobh nan neul duaichnidh

shuas, cho brèagha, boillsgeach 's a dh' fhaodadh i bhi, tha fios gu 'm bheil gaothan nan uamhan 'nan dùisg 's a' borbnachadh; is ma dh' éireas gu 'm brùchd iad a mach, co their nach cuir iad mar sgaoil na neòil a tha eadar sinne is ar grian.

Co iad na neòil so tha cur dall-bhrait air an t-solus, is a tha cumail air ais fàs is toradh is abuchadh an treabhachas nan Gaidheal? So iad na neòil : aineolas air eachdraidh is ealain is litreachas an cinnidh féin : déigh air àbhaistean—gu h-àraidh droch àbhaistean—nan coigreach; tograidhean baotha tha lagachadh spionnadh cuim, dealas cridhe is géiread inntinn; foill-labhairt nan coimheach; bòilich na muinntir dlùthchasaich; doilleireachd air a sìol-chur leis an dream a fluair foghlum; tràillealachd air altrum leis na maithean. Co iad na gaothan is urrainn an dall-bhrat so a dh' fhuadachadh? So iad na gaothan : eòlas air eachdraidh is air ealain is air litreachas a' chinnidh d' am buin iad; déigh air deagh àbhaistean an sinnsir; measarrachd an cainnt 's an cleachdadh; faicill roimh 'n mhìodalaiche lìomhaidh a tha 'g iarraidh an ribeadh is an cumail 'na ghàradh càil féin; spiorad na saorsa is na neo-eismeileachd; dìongmhaltas, fosgarrachd is fùghantas. Sud iad na subhailcean a bheir fo mheas a rithis sluagh na Gaidhealtachd, an da chuid 'nam beachd féin is am beachd a' choigrich.

Roimh theachd nan gaothan ud thog sinn ar crann, an dùil gu 'm faicear an aithghearr iad a' cleasachd mu 'n t-sròl againne—an Deo-ghréine—'s i a' tàladh sìulean ar cinnidh o amaideachd gu gliocas.



SINN FHEIN—OURSELVES.

THROUGHOUT the numerous folk ballads which have been collected in Scottish Gaelic during the last century and half, frequent references are made to the banner of Fionn, one of the principal heroes of those ballads. In general, although not always, the name given to Fionn's banner is "An Deo-ghréine," which, when rendered freely into English, is "The Sunbeam." The Comunn Gaidhealach have adopted that name for this their official organ. It is reminiscent of a glorious, though perhaps fanciful, past and is suggestive of the purpose of this organ's being, namely: to spread light on subjects of interest to the Gaelic people.

To quote from the ballads referred to: "Thog sinn an Deo-ghréine ri crann"—"We have raised 'the Sunbeam' aloft." And there it waves, inviting the friends of the Gaelic Language Cause to rally around it and carry it forward to success.

We have no apology to offer for this attempt to establish a magazine to represent the Gaelic Cause in Scotland. All that need be said is, that we are acting according to our instincts, which are the same as those of every self-respecting people having a language of their own. Those instincts make for the prevention of the decay and the promotion of the growth of the native speech. If we had not those instincts, we would not be a self-respecting people.

The language which we have in view to preserve and promote is one which, we believe, at one time possessed a comparatively high culture and which, although it has ceased to expand, by reason of its having failed to assimilate modern ideas, has not lost the capacity for expansion. Its possibilities, in that respect, are greater than those of some of the languages which have undergone regeneration. Whether or not the facts are so, it has still a service to render to humanity, and especially that section of humanity which has not ceased to speak it.

The arrest of the expansion of the language was due, firstly, to weakening caused by political disturbances and, secondly, not as is commonly assumed, to Anglo-Saxon influence, but to the competition of Latin culture. The Angle and the Saxon did not, as far as we are aware, bring into these islands a culture so much higher than that embodied in the Gaelic language that it could successfully compete with it. Nor, at the present day, is the extent and character of the culture manifested by the Anglo-Saxon ingredients of the English language so much superior to those of the culture possessed by the Gaelic language, as to cause the former to be regarded as a formidable rival to the latter. It is not the Anglo-Saxon elements, but the Latin elements, which give superiority to the English language as a language of culture.

Latin, coming by way of France, was imposed on the majority of the people of South Britain, first, when a Celtic language prevailed, and later, when a Teutonic language was dominant. During the earlier Latin supremacy in South Britain and the later Teutonic supremacy in the same area, Gaelic was not only able to hold its own but, with Erin as its headquarters, to assume the aggressive. Indeed, there are evidences that it was looked upon as the language of culture in the British Isles during portion of the time of Teutonic ascendancy in England. But, at the second advent of Latin in the eleventh century, Gaelic began to recede. For some centuries after that time, in Ireland and the northern half of Scotland, it was capable of submerging the languages of such foreigners as invaded its

habitats. Not until the seventeenth century did its vitality show symptoms of serious weakening. Since that period, considering the enormous pressure of the forces behind modern English, the resistance offered, and still being offered, is astonishing. The Gaelic Tradition was a living energetic force for many centuries and, consequently, it is hard to kill.

Why should it be killed, or even allowed to die, now?

The language has evidently had its lapses—and serious ones—long, long ago: lapses which preceded periods of re-adjustment. If we were to assume that the language is now emerging from a lapse which is about to be followed by a season of re-adjustment, and if we, at the same time, were to act on that assumption, we would not be assuming too much. The Welsh language, we are told, recovered from a serious lapse which was at its lowest point three centuries ago. We know that on the continent of Europe, at the present day, languages are emerging from lapses as great as the latest which overtook the Gaelic language. The English language, as we know it, is the outcome of a re-adjustment which followed a very serious lapse.

Altogether, there is, to say the least, nothing absolutely hopeless—as some think—in the cause we have taken in hand. The forces opposed to us are formidable, no doubt, but not such as to engender despair. It is the wavering hesitancy of the forces behind us which tends to lower hope and slacken zeal. It is the main purpose of “An Deo-ghreine” to remove that hesitancy, and to imbue the movement which The Comunn Gaidhealach is endeavouring to lead, with the rigidity it requires to enable it to work out success.

A' GHÀIDHEALTACHD.

Cìod è is Gaidhealtachd ann? An e roinn a dh' Alba a tha innte? Seadh, agus barrachd air e sin. Tha iomadh nì eile ann a tha toinnte ris a' Ghaidhealtachd: iomadh nì mion agus garbh; buaidhean air leth, fo mheas mòr aig na cinnich Eòrpach eile; buill-shinnsearachd a bha ruith air an t-sluagh o'n tàinig sinn. Tha suidheachadh ar breacain féin innte, agus dualchasan eile nach tuig coigreach. Tha feartan agus càiltean inntinn air nach ruig cainnt, agus, seachd àraidh, mothachadh mùirneach agus gràdh cridhe air siubhal an fhacail.

Is leis an rìgh rìoghachd; agus is leis a' Ghaidheal a' Ghaidhealtachd. Co chunnaic riamh rìoghachd le sealladh a shùl? Cha mhò chunnacas le sùil riamh a' Ghaidhealtachd sin

a tha fo aire agam. Agus 's e sud a' Ghaidhealtachd a tha mi a' togail dhuith: comunn is co-chomunn, ceatharnachd fhoghainteach, cur-le-chéile agus càirdeas. Agus, cìod e is bun do 'n chàirdeas so? Tha, Cànain. Cha Ghaidheal neach gun Ghàidhlig. Cha Ghaidhealtachd tìr gun Ghaidheil. Far am bheil a' Ghàidhlig 'na làn ghreim: sin dùthaich nan Gaidheal. Thoir thusa shùil ann an cuid a dh' àitean. Abair gur e Canada a th' ann, agus an earrann sin dìth anns nach cluinnt thu facal ach Fraingis; agus gach re dhuine a thachairas ort, tha ainm Gaidhealach air; agus cumaidh e am mach dhuith gur e Gaidheal a th' ann féin agus nach Frangach idir a th' ann, agus e gun fhacal Gàidhlig no Beurla 'na cheann. Agus a luchd-daimh a rugadh 'sa Ghaidhealtachd, cha 'n 'eil aige dhaibh ach gleadhhar Frangach; agus na briathran a chanas e, 'nan sgoileam gun seadh aca. Dà charaid a' bruidhinn ri chéile, 's gun chomhluadar ann: cha bhràithrean na 's mò iad, ach luchd-togail Bhabeil do 'n dual dol am mi-bhàigh d' a chéile. Aon uair is gu 'n tig bèarna-cànain eadar bràithrean, beannachd leis a' bhràithreachas.

C'ar son a leanamaid as déigh a h-uile cànain ùr a thig oinn? Is e comharradh an dearg amadain teannadh ri toileachadh na h-uile. Co is neònaiche Gaidheal Frangach no Gaidheal Sasunnach!

Coinnichidh na h-Eireannaich ann an Tìr-an-airgid: cìod e is ceangal 's is comh-thional daibh? Cànain. Gearmailtich, ge b'e co an t-àite 's am bi iad, agus iad a' bruidhinn na cànain a th' aca féin mar shluagh air leth—

Und Gott in himmel lieder singt—

sin far am bheil a' Ghearmailt. Ach far an caill iad an cànain féin, caillear iadsan cuid-eachd, agus sgaoilear air a' Ghearmailt. Is ionann car mar a dh' èireas do na Gaidheil. Cha 'n 'eil dol as bhuaidh. Ma threigeas sinne cànain-ceangail ar càirdeis, cha bhuan càirdeas duinn. Bithidh sinn dol 'nar Sasunnaich a chuid 's a chuid, gus mu dheireadh is orra a shloinnear sinn; agus cha bhi mòran taoibh no cuim do'n Ghaidhealtachd againn tuilleadh, ach uiread 's a tha aig na Sasunnaich. B'e 'n t-aobhar pròis duinn sin!

Ach mò dhìobhail! A' mhòr-chuid de na Gaidheil a th' ann an Albainn, cha tuig iad mar a tha. Agus an nì nach tuig iad, cha chuir iad meas air. Tha a' bhuil: gu'm bheil iad a' call dùthchais is dualchais. Cha 'n aithnich duine dhiubh a bhràthair. Ge math le càch aobhair a' phaisg-shlat, is fèarr leò-san sgapte iad. “Cìod e am feum a tha air co-chomunn mur cuir e salann air a' chuid duinn,” ars iadsan. An cruinne-cé 's a chuid mhiorbhuilean, na chì iad bhuapa, is na th' ann gu léir, is beag am meas orra sud, ach

trusadh òir is airgid daibh féin. Fosglamaid ar sùilean agus beireamaid breith agus ranns-aicheamaid air gach taobh dhinn; thigearamaid beò anns an dòigh a dh'òrduich Dia dhuinn. Is iomadh rud a rinn Èsan seach òr.

Ole no math ar brògan féin, is iad is fear duinne; agus có an cinneach eile do 'm freagradh iad? Co eile a chaitheadh gu dòigheil iad? Is marbh fear na h-eismeileachd. Fanadh na Gaidheil 'nan Gaidheil a dh'aindeoin co theireadh e.

Tha e duilich a bhi smaointeachadh gu cothromach anns a' Bheurla—gu h-àraidh do na Sasunaich. Far am bi dà fhacal air an aon fhuaim ach air atharrachadh céill, bithidh mearachd; agus is iomadach sin 'sa Bheurla. Ach tha na 's miosa na sin anns a' Bheurla. Tha iomadach facal innte agus shaoileadh tu gu 'm b'e aobhar am bith a bhi cleith céill. Mar sin, nuair a labhras fear-iùil na Pàrlamaid a bheachd air leasachadh cise na rìoghachd bithidh an dàrna fear cinnteach gu 'm bheil e air a thaobh-san agus am fear eile cinnteach gu 'm bheil e air an taobh aige-san, ged is calg-dhìreach an aghaidh a chèile a tha am beachdan air a' chuspair sin. Tha iomadh "thuir" agus "thairt" an tigh na Pàrlamaid—fior thigh na Beurla agus nam mearachdan. Innsidh cànanan suidheachadh inntinn duine agus dhaoine. Ma bhitheas a' chànanan troimh chèile, bi cinnteach gu 'm bheil an inntinn mar sin cuideachd. Bithidh an dàrna fear a' foighneachd air fios agus am fear eile 'ga fhreagairt de thuiteamas, no a' cur clòdh na firinn air tula-bhréig. Ach nochdaidh a' chànanan againne an fhìrinn a dh'aindeoin, agus thig a' bhreug am mach 'na dearg-bhréig ge b'e clòdh a shaoilear a chur oirre.

A fhìor-mhuinntir a' chinnidh Ghaidhealaich, seasamaid ar càsan 's ar còirichean féin. Is dall duine ann an cùil fir eile; ach is dàna theid duine air a chuid féin; agus is àrd ceann an fhéidh 'sa chreachann. Dèanamaid leas na còrach duinn féin, do 'r clann 'nar déigh 's do 'r dùthaich; agus cha 'n i ar dùthaich is lugha a tha ag agairt còir oirnn. An diugh tha i na 's feumaile air bàigh agus cuideachadh na bha i ri linn Uallais agus Bruis.

AGUS AN DEO-GHREINE?

"Nuair chluinneas na Gaidheil
Fuaib do dhearbh-chaiseameachd,
Theid iad gu neo-chearbach
Fo do dhealbha-brataich."

A bhratach gheal nan Gaidheal, air aghart is buaidh-làrach leat!

I. D. MAC AOIDH.

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

SKETCH OF ITS INCEPTION AND DEVELOPMENT.

FIFTEEN years ago, a meeting took place in Oban, at which Bailie Mac Cowan presided, "with a view to institute in the Highlands a national festival on lines similar to those of the Welsh Eisteddfod." Prior to this meeting, proposals of the same kind had been discussed in the newspapers; an informal meeting had taken place at Oban, and Professor Masson had given the project a fillip by a letter which he sent to the press upon the subject. The outcome of these precursory doings was the meeting referred to. Speeches were made, favourable to the object, by Messrs John Campbell, J. M. Campbell, Dugald Mac Isaac and H. G. Clements; and a provisional committee, with Provost Mac Isaac at its head and Mr. John Campbell as secretary, was formed to conduct the initiatory operations necessary to the formation of the projected society. This Committee, before taking definite action, sought and received counsel from men who, at that time, took a prominent part in Gaelic affairs, and, with the help of their opinions, drew up a draft constitution. This done, they approached professedly Gaelic Societies for their counsel, countenance and support. Prominent among these were the Gaelic Societies of Glasgow and London. The former unanimously approved of the project; the latter did so only by a majority. It was contended by the minority of the London Society "that the Highlands was not ripe for this movement, and that, under existing circumstances and auspices, the movement was not practicable, and ought not to be encouraged." Inverness was conspicuous by its aloofness, which lasted until 1896.

On the 30th day of April, 1891, An Comunn Gaidhealach was formerly instituted, with an imposing list of patrons, the usual office-bearers, and an executive council. Lord Archibald Campbell was appointed president; Mr. John Campbell, Oban, secretary and Mr. Donald Mackay, Oban, treasurer. On the 25th day of November, 1891, the newly formed Comunn issued a Gaelic and English manifesto setting forth the objects of the Comunn and its proposed methods of effecting them, and appealing for personal and financial support. At the same time intimation was given that its first annual gathering, or mod, would be held in the succeeding summer in the town of Oban.

Thus, in brief, was set on foot the society known as An Comunn Gaidhealach. Its existence is due, in the first place, to the faith

Is ioma teine beag a bheothaichear.
Is ioma teine mòr a chaidh as.

of a number of Gaels resident in Oban, in the success of the proposal to found such a society, and, in the second place, to the faith of others in the genuineness of the expressed desire of the promoters that the movement should not be controlled in any one locality. In the beginning, faith in the cause and, partly owing to local and personal jealousies, faith in the original promoters was not strong or general. For, although the first Mod had come off successfully in Oban in 1892, and, notwithstanding the efforts made by the Executive Council of the Comunn to induce other places to take in hand the conduct of the Mod, it was not until after a lapse of two years that it was found feasible to go with the Mod away from Oban. The itinerary of the Mod, since its inception, is set forth in the following table, which gives also the names of the various presidents and chairmen :—

1. Oban, 1892, Lord Archibald Campbell.
2. Oban, 1893, do. do.
3. Oban, 1894, Colonel Malcolm.
4. Glasgow, 1895, John Mackay, Esq., Hereford.
5. Perth, 1896, Dr. Donald Mac Gregor, M.P.
6. Inverness, 1897, Charles Fraser Mackintosh, M.P.
7. Oban, 1898, Charles Fraser Mackintosh, M.P.
8. Edinburgh, 1899, Sir Robert Menzies.
9. Perth, 1900, Wm. Mackay, Esq., Inverness.
10. Glasgow, 1901, The Marquis of Graham.
11. Dundee, 1902, The Duke of Argyll.
12. Inverness, 1903, The Marquis of Tullibardine.
13. Greenock, 1904, The Marquis of Tullibardine.

The first Mod was held in the hall of the Argyllshire Gathering, and was a comparatively humble affair. The subjects for competition were :—Reading, Recitation ; Solo-singing, Choral-singing ; Clarsach-playing ; Poetry, Prose, Composition of a bagpipe air ; and Composition of Harmony to a song melody. The number of entries in all the subjects did not reach the half-hundred. The standard of merit was low. But the possibility of raising the standard was distinctly manifested, and the Comunn was thereby imbued with that hopefulness which has carried it through succeeding years of progressive achievement.

New subjects were, from year to year, introduced with more or less success, into the Syllabus of the Mods—some by the Comunn itself and others at the instance of prize donors. Some were continued and some were abandoned, according to the measure of success or non-success which attended them.

In 1893, the new subjects were—Translation from Gaelic into English, Writing to Dictation and Unpublished Sgeulachd. In 1894, Juvenile Solo and Choral Singing were new items. In 1896, for the first time, competitions confined to local competitors were introduced. In 1897, Duets became a part of the musical programme, and prizes were given to School Teachers for the highest percentages of passes in Gaelic, from a fund collected by the "Highland News." In 1898, Quartettes appeared on the Syllabus, and there was a general expansion of musical items. In 1899, there was a competition in Technical Terms which proved successful. It was repeated in the next two years, and resulted in preserving many terms which were in danger of being lost. A competition in Violin playing was introduced and well patronised. In 1900, juvenile competitions in Letter-writing and Essay-writing became a feature. An experiment in the Singing of Humorous Songs did not warrant a repetition, and a later experiment of the same kind proved equally without hope of success. From this time onward Translation from English into Gaelic took the place of Translation in the other direction. In 1901, a competition in Idiomatic Phrases came short of the standard laid down for it. Juvenile Recitation was instituted. Considerable expansion took place in the number of musical items, and the entries, in consequence went up with a bound. In 1902, the noteworthy novelty was a Ladies' Choral-singing Competition. There was a further expansion in the musical items and a corresponding increase in the number of entries. In 1903, the reproduction by Juveniles of a piece of prose read in their hearing was added to the list ; and other new competitions were those in Conversation, Oratory, Compilation of Unrecorded Melodies and the Composition of a Melody. By means of the Musical Compilation Competition, in which there was only one entry, 22 unpublished melodies were put on record. In this year, it was felt that something ought to be done to reduce the number of competitors whose interest in the language movement consisted in learning by rote to sing a few Gaelic songs for the sake of winning prizes. Certain competitions were for that end, closed against those who were unable to show conversational familiarity with the language. In 1904, the Musical Compilation Competition, for which there were 3 entrants, resulted in adding over 70 melodies to the stock of those on record. The competitions, otherwise, were on the lines of the preceding year. Some members thought it a hardship that learners of Gaelic, although unable to converse in the language, should be

excluded from a number of the musical competitions, and a special competition was set apart, in the syllabus of the current year, for those who have acquired the language. The test of the genuineness of their interest in the movement is—that competitors must be members of the Comunn or of a Branch.

At first, and for a few years thereafter, it was possible to get the work of the Mod through in one day without special effort. By-and-bye, as the number of competitions and the number of entrants increased, it was found that special arrangements and special efforts were needed to push the work through within that time. Last year the experiment of a two-day Mod was tried and proved successful. A few rough statistics will reveal the nature of the expansion which has taken place in the Comunn's work.

Comparing the number of entries during the last four years with those of the first four years, the former is five times more numerous than the latter. Comparing the entries for the last four years with those of the middle four years, the former is three times more numerous than the latter. The amounts given away as prize money, most of which was contributed by friends of the Comunn, during the three periods referred to, bear to each other the following relations:—First four years, 4; second, 5; third, 8.

These broad facts indicate a decided increase in the extent of the Comunn's work and of the interest taken in it. But it gives no indication of the advance made in literary and musical culture since the foundation of the Society. That there has been a great advance in musical art can with truth be stated. But this is not the case in regard to literature. There has been an advance, but it is slight. A few more years will have to pass ere it will be possible to effectively test the influence of the Comunn's work on Gaelic Literature. Should nothing happen to interrupt the onward progress, considerable increase may be looked for in the literary output, and perhaps some advance in the quality.

In the year 1903, the Comunn, possibly owing to an accession of new blood, underwent a transformation. It reformed its Constitution and Rules. The principal alteration is in the management. Formerly all work was done by the Executive Council. Under the new rules the work is divided into sections which are allotted to various Committees, subject to the control of the Executive. The new order has not been sufficiently long in existence to enable its efficiency to be tested. Success depends entirely on the willingness and aptitude of the members chosen to sit on the Committees, for the work entrusted to

them. Consequently, great care needs to be exercised in their selection. Under the old regime suitable men fell into their places by a process of natural selection. Under the new regime an unfortunate appointment may not be unmade for a twelvemonth, during which time much harm may have been done.

During all the years of the Comunn's life it was part of the Constitution that kindred Societies, if so disposed, could affiliate and become, through their delegates, participators in the work of the Comunn, and make their influence felt thereon. This was not taken advantage of to the extent to which it might have been. There are numerous Societies which cannot hope to be of direct benefit to an extent worthy of recognition, in the cause of Gaelic, which they profess to favour. But this they could be by affiliation to An Comunn Gaidhealach. That more advantage is not taken of this privilege—for it is a privilege—is due to the fact that many members of Societies such as we have in view, lose sight of every object for which their Society exists, except the social and benvolent ones. Another reason is—that many Gaels have not learnt to know that work may be good, although it does not lie under their nose, and although their hand is not directly engaged in it. The Gael has not learned the value of merging the individual in the multitude. He has yet to acquire the instinct for organisation. The disruptive policy which broke his power as a political influence is fermenting still in his vitals. He may learn yet. Soon, let us hope.

For some years back, it was felt that the institution of Local Branches would tend to strengthen the Comunn. Here, again, Oban led the way. For, in 1903, it founded a Branch, notwithstanding that there was no provision in the Constitution at the time, for the like. The Branch was provisionally accepted by the Comunn, and, in the year following its acceptance, the Constitution was reformed to what it is at present, admitting of Branches, the ties between which and the Comunn, are of a kind involving a large degree of independence on the part of the Branches. Up to the present, only a few Branches have been formed.

The publication of Mod Prize Literature was one of the objects of the Comunn, which, until last year, there was no means of carrying into effect. Last year, however, it was resolved to do something in that direction by the publication of the Tales of Adventure which had been found prize-worthy at some of the recent Mods. These are now published in book-form under the name of *Uirsgeulan Gaidhealach*—Gaelic Tales—and are to be

got from the publisher, Mr. Eneas Mackay, 43 Murray Place, Stirling, at the prices of 6d. each copy in paper covers, and 1s. in boards.

This is not, however, the Comunn's only venture in the publication of books. In the early years of its life, it resolved to publish a primer for school children, with a view to encourage the reading of Gaelic. The manuscript for such a book was prepared and submitted; but, on the advice of certain school inspectors, who were attached to the Comunn, the proposal was abandoned in favour of another put forward by them. This was the publication of a book dealing with Gaelic as a specific subject for use in schools. Gaelic taught on the lines of such a book would earn grants; the teaching of Gaelic reading would not, according to the code, at the time. The grammar was prepared, accepted and published. It treated Gaelic on Gaelic principles, and the scholastic profession not being sufficiently advanced for that, gave it an indifferent reception. Ten years later, the primer was published by the aid of Ceilidh nan Gaidheal, Glasgow, and is doing good service now in the way in which it was intended to do it ten years previously. An immediate increase in the number of readers of Gaelic is of more advantage than an immediate increase in the number of those who have a grammatical knowledge of the language. That was quite as true ten years ago as it is now; and it is to be regretted that the Comunn acted on counsel which ignored that axiom.

Considering the lack of active interest in Gaelic affairs at the time of the inception of the Comunn, and contrasting it with that existing at the present day, there is some reason for congratulation. But, when this development is contrasted with that of the same movement in Erin, which is being guided in its course by the Gaelic League, it sinks into insignificance. Nine years ago—five years later than the institution of An Comunn Gaidhealach—Gaelic affairs in Erin were at a very low ebb. A few faithful plodders kept alive a spark of the fire which was once—in the centuries past—a bright and shining light. The "Gaelic Journal" was that spark. It had reached an almost hopeless stage when the late Father O'Growney became its editor. From that epoch, owing to a combination of circumstances of which Father O'Growney's editorship was one, the tide turned towards progress, until at the present time, Connradh na Gaedhilge—the Gaelic League—is a power, not only at home but wherever the sons and daughters of Erin are numerous, which is

doing a good deal to raise the character and condition of the people.

The cause of Gaelic success in Erin is not far to seek. Prior to the advent of the Gaelic League, there was no thousand-and-one Societies working at cross purposes, to which Gaelic men were tied by sentimental associations of a paltry kind such as those which are prevalent in Alban. When, therefore, the Gaelic League stepped forward to raise the Gaelic banner, there were no other Societies with banners of their own offering counter-attractions. Another source of strength to the Gaelic cause in Erin, is that the Gaelic tradition is of more volume there, in its original home, than in Alban. The old literature is practically all in Erin. Numerically, the Gaelic-speakers of Erin are as three to one compared with those of Alban. Moreover, the cause is supported with zeal by those who have gone from Erin to other lands, whereas most of those who leave Alban take little practical interest in the language movement at home.

The Gaelic movement in Erin—and this is perhaps the immediate cause of its success—has been fortunate in its captains and commanders. The president is a fighter, aims straight and hits hard. He is surrounded by others not a whit behind him in knowing what they want and adopting means to get it. The supplies are ample. The subordinate officers are well paid and proportionately zealous. The army is thus able to take the offensive. The objective is well defined, and the merest camp-follower is aware of it. On the other hand, the Comunn Gaidhealach is fighting a soldiers' battle with sergeants as commanders; the supplies are meagre, and the objective is but hazily defined lest, by too clear a revelation, the utilitarian spirit may be shocked and estranged. But to everybody with insight into the movement, it is plain that the objectives of both movements are the same, the rehabilitation of the Gaelic language in the respect of those whose race language it is.

A great drawback to the work of the Comunn Gaidhealach is that its friends are more disposed to be critical than practical. Some of these speak and write as if the movement were an automaton. You have simply to turn a handle and off it goes—or rather the Comunn has only to turn the handle. They—the critics—when did they offer to turn the handle? Others of its friends put forward suggestions which are analogous to asking a smack's crew to sink a line-of-battle ship with pea-shooters. The course which they lay down for themselves in the transaction is to look on and be ready to cry, "Silly Geese" if

the attack fails, and "Hooray! how well we did it" if it succeeds—in English of course.

The success which has hitherto attended the Commn has been due neither to prowess nor strategy, but simply to caution; and it is to be hoped that a cautious policy will still be followed. In the past no other policy could have succeeded, and the time has not arrived for adopting a dashing line of action, such as has been so successful up to the present in Erin. That can only safely be done when the number of supporters, the number of workers and the ability of the leaders are greater than they are at present. Ere that can be the case much seed will have to be sown and many weeds uprooted. It is hoped, through the influence of these pages, to do somewhat towards those ends.



ORAN-CIUIL.

*Tha 'n cridhe fuaraidh nach deanadh gluasad
Ri òisdeachd dhuanaid air fuaime cho ceòlar.*

—Am Fear-Ciuil.

DUANAG AN T-SEOLADAIR.

LE NIALL MAC LEÒID.

GLEUS F.

{	r		r. d	:	l. s.		l. d	:	r.	}
	Guma		slàn do 'n		righ-inn		òig			
{	m		f. m	:	m. r.		m. s	:	l.	}
	Tha		tàmh an		eilean		gorm an		fheòir;	
{	s		s. l	:	d. m		r. d	:	d.	}
	'S e		dh'fhàg mo		chridhe		trom fo		leòn	
{	r		m. s	:	l. s		s. m.	:	r.	
	Nach		fhàod mi 'n còmhnuidh		fuireach		leat.			

An àm dhuinn dealachadh Di-màirt,
Gun fhios an tachair sinn gu bràth,
Gu 'n d' iarr mi gealladh air mo ghràdh
'S a làmh gu 'm biodh i fuireach rium.

Sheall i orm gu h iochdmhor, caoin,
'S na deòir a' ruith bho 'shùilean mha;
Gu 'n chuir e saighead gheur 'nam thaobh,
An gaol a thug mo chruinneag dhomh.

Tha 'n fhairge 'g òirigh suas 'na smùid
Is mise 'n ceangal aig an stiùir;
Ach chuir e spionnadh ùr 'nam dhùirn
An rùn a thug mo chruinneag dhomh.

Shiùbhlainn deas is shiùbhlainn tuath;
Dh' fhuilinginn acras agus fuachd;
'S cha ghearainn air smùid a' chuain
Na 'm buannaichinn a' chruinneag ud.

Thug i 'dealbh dhomh air an tràigh,
Is dualan mìn de 'cuailean bàn;
'Tha sin a' cur 'nam chuimhn' a ghnàth
An gràdh a thug mo chruinneag dhomh.

Nuair bhios ise trom 'na suain,
Bìdh mis' air bhàrr nan crannag shuas
A' pasgadh sheòl 's a' seinn mo dhuain
Mu 'n luaidh a thug mo chruinneag dhomh.

Is tric mi cuimhneachadh le spéis,
Nuair bha sinn ann an gleann nan geug,
A h-uile gòraiche gun chéill
A rinn mi fhéin 's mo chruinneag ann.

Ged tha mi 'n so air bhàrr nan sìon
A' sabaid ris a' Chuan-an-iar,
Cha bhi mi cuimhneachadh mo dhìol
Nuair ni Catriona furan rium.

Ach thusa, ghaoth, tha dol gu tuath,
Thoir leat mo shoraidh so gu m' luaidh,
Is innis dhi: ma bhios mi buan,
Nach caill i 'duais ri fuireach rium.

Chaidh am fonn shuas a sgrìobhadh o bheul-
aithris Iain Chamshroin, Paislig, fear de mhuinn-
tir Bhail'-a'-chaolais, a choisinn a' cheud duais
aig Mod 1904, air son a' chomh-chruinneachaidh
is fearr de fhuinn nach robh roimhe air an cur
an clò. Tha am fonn freagarrach do 'n òran a
tha 'n so, a rinneadh le Niall Mac Leòid Ach
tha òran eile ann, air am bheil am fonn ainmichte,
a tha tòiseachadh leis an rann so:

O, 's ann tha mo ghaol-sa thall
Fo dhubhar nan craobh 's nam beann;
Sgiobair thu air long nan crann;
Tha m' annsachd air a' mharaidhe.

Ma 's aithne do neach air bith na roinn eile
de 'n òran so, bithidh sinn 'na chomain ma
chuireas e chugainn iad.



SOME THINGS WOMEN CAN DO.

It is no exaggeration to say that, if our women would put their hearts into the Gaelic movement, the future of the language would be assured, and there could be no talk of Gaelic being doomed. The future of the Gaelic language rests with the Highland people—not with the members of Parliament, nor with the Education Department, nor yet with the Comunn Gaidhealach or any other society, however powerful. These are all willing to help, but it is the people in the Highlands, and the people who leave the Highlands, who must keep Gaelic living; and, with the women striving for it, the language would be very safe. No doubt, many will say, "but I have

no time to work for anything outside of my household or earning my living." That is just where many people make a mistake. I grant that not every woman has time to attend or to teach a Gaelic class, or to attend meetings of any kind; but these are not the only ways of working for Gaelic. Gaelic should not be kept for meetings and classes and special occasions, but should be a matter of constant use and practice. Take, for instance, a household where the mother is a Gaelic speaker. The children are much round her, and she has to talk to them, to sing to them, and to tell them stories—and, if she has no time to sing or to tell stories, she must talk to them—and why not do these things systematically in Gaelic as well as in English? I am not a bigot, and do not suggest that Gaelic should be taught to the exclusion of English; but any child can learn two or more languages simultaneously in this way. After the child goes to school, where the teaching is in English, I would have more Gaelic talked at home, in order that the knowledge of both be kept equal. The child should be taught to *love* the language and all that belongs to it, and taught, too, to be *proud* of it; and then we would have less of that false pride which has caused some Highlanders to be ashamed of their language and of their race.

And, if the mother is not the Gaelic speaker, but the father, the mother can do much in encouraging the father and the children in the use of the language, and in having regular lessons given by the father, whose chances of talking the language to his children are fewer than those of the Gaelic-speaking mother.

Of course, when both parents are Gaelic-speaking, even if they are living in the Lowlands, the difficulties are greatly decreased, and the children should certainly grow up bi-lingual. In case I should be thought to be writing of impossibilities, I may say that I know examples under each of these heads where the children have grown, or are growing up, good Gaelic and English speakers—proud of their Gaelic, and determined in their turn to do their part in transmitting it.

Unfortunately, against that, we have more commonly the shameful fact that children in the Highlands, surrounded by Gaelic and little else, grow up in ignorance of the language. When older they in many cases lament this ignorance; some, all honour to them, strive to learn the language, at the same time wishing that their parents had not taken such pains to keep them in ignorance, under the mistaken impression that a knowledge of Gaelic would spoil their English accent! For Gaelic speaking parents to keep their children deliberately in ignorance of the language in

order that they might be able to talk together without the children understanding what is said—an excuse which I have heard some parents give—is sheer selfishness and could only be done in unthinking ignorance. Mothers are generally ambitious for their children, and they should realize that a knowledge of Gaelic as well as of English gives them two chances instead of one; that, for instance, a Gaelic-speaking minister is eligible for Highlands or Lowlands, while one who speaks English only is eligible for the Lowlands only. The same applies to many other professions—medicine, law, teaching, as well as to less prominent occupations—and applies to women as well as to men. Dr. Mackenzie, Inverness, said at the conference held there in April, that his knowledge of Gaelic had put many hundred pounds in his pocket; and many another man could say the same. So, for commercial reasons, Highland mothers, as well as fathers, should see that their children grow up bi-lingual. But commercial reasons are not the only, nor the best, reasons why they should teach their children Gaelic; though I have no space here to enter on this subject.

No person can be said to be educated who does not know the language of his race; and those who are qualified to give an opinion, ascribe much of the internal trouble of Russia to the fact that the upper classes generally despise the Russian language and ways as being quite beneath them. The result is that they are neither Russians nor, what they aim at being, French, but mongrels of a bad type.

Every woman has not got her sphere of influence so much to hand as the mothers of whom I have been writing; but, still, every woman has some sphere. If she knows Gaelic and lives in the Highlands, she can gather the children of the district and teach them to read Gaelic, either by songs or otherwise. If she is not in the Highlands, she will find in all our large towns parents who will gladly have her assistance. If she is a teacher in a school, it is so much the easier for her; old as well as young would probably join her. But, even if this way of helping Gaelic is not open, a woman can always, by her own interest in the cause of Gaelic, by her own enthusiasm for it and love for it, influence those about her; and she can make Gaelic and things pertaining to it respected and liked. In the Highlands, if her position is superior to that of the people around her, she will find that her encouragement will go a long way, and that her neighbours will be proud of her interest in their old tongue. If she does not know the language they will be glad to teach her, and in this way she will teach the young people that their

language is of value and one to be cultivated. If she is a ratepayer, she can vote for School Board members who will encourage the teaching of Gaelic and who will see to it that Gaelic is taught. If not a ratepayer herself, she can, in all probability, influence one at least; many, if she tries. She could get her neighbours to join her in asking their representatives on parish or district councils, school boards, etc., to give their votes to the Gaelic speaking candidate for any vacant appointment—provided his or her qualifications were equal to those of the non-Gaelic speaker. And they would generally be found at least as good, for no Gaelic speaking boy or girl ever yet found Gaelic a hinderance in study; so far from it, many of them owe to their Gaelic a better pronunciation of French and German than they would otherwise have got without having lived in these countries, as well as help in other subjects necessary for examinations. Not one woman in 10,000 is of so little account that she cannot do something for Gaelic; and even a little from every woman would go far to put Gaelic in its right place amongst us. Of the things that a woman can do which will encourage Gaelic indirectly there is no room to speak here; but the willing mind will soon find the way.

E. C. CARMICHAEL.

—:o:—

NA CUNNARTAN A THA 'BAGRADH NA GAIDHLIG

'S a maoidheadh a labhairt a chur air cùl; na meadh-onan a tha ri 'n gnàthachadh gu a cumail beò; agus dleasnas nan Gàidheal d' a taobh aig an àm so.

LE CATRIONA W. GRANNID.

Tha peathraichean aosda na Gàidhlig marbh o cheann fada. Chaochail té dhui, an Sansrit, o cheann dà mhìle bliadhna.

Am bheil sinne, Gàidheil na h-Alba, dol a leigeadh leis a' Ghàidhlig dol a dhìth? Am bheil i ri bhith air a tasgadh suas ann an leabhraichean fuara, agus air a cumtas ann measg nan cumhachdach a dh' eug? No 'm bheil i ri mairsinn beò le dòighean nam beann a tha gach bliadhna air an ath-nuadhachadh tre anail an Earraich le beatha ùir, agus a tha an diugh cho maiseach, sgeadaichte 'nan trusganan rioghail, 's a bha iad fo shùil a' cheud Ghàidheil a chuir a chas air an fhraoch? Tha 'n t-àm againn ar maol-sneimh a thilgeadh air cùl, agus trusadh ris mu 'm bi e tuilleadh 's annoch; oir, mur dean sinn sin gu h-ealanta, gheibh ar sean mhatthair bàs. Ma gheibh, coiricheamaid sinn féin. Cha dean ach an sàr-dha-rìreadh an gnothuch 'sa chùis,

a chionn cha 'n i idir a' cheisd an so: "Ciod iad na cunnartan a tha bagradh na Gàidhlig," ach "Ciod iad na cunnartan a tha 'g éirigh m' ar timchioll féin mar shìol nan Gàidheal, agus, mar mhuir-làn mu sgeir, a' maoidheadh ar sguabadh bhàrr an domhain mar Ghàidheil Albannach, air leth bho chinnich eile na talmhainn."

'S i a' cheisd: Am bheil, no nach 'eil sinn dol a mlùchadh a' GHÀIDHEIL an taobh stigh dhinn? Am bheil, no nach 'eil sinn, tre chall na Gàidhlig, dol a chur cùil ri ar sean eachdraidh, agus ris an aon mheadhlon tre 'm bheil e comasach co-chomunn a bhì againn leis na gaisgich o 'n d' thàinig sinn? Am bheil no nach 'eil sinn 'dol a thoirt suas gu pleòisgeach ar còir-bhreith amas a' Ghàidhealtachd?

An uair a gheibh a' Ghàidhlig bàs falbhaidh na nithean sin uile a chum suas ar dùthchasachd. Cha 'n ann leatha féin a dh' eugas i. Bìodh sin air a chumail fa chomhair sùil gach fìor Ghàidheil.

Ciod, iad, matà, na Cunnartan a tha 'bagradh na Gàidhlig? Chaidh cuid diubh ainmeachadh cheana. Cuireamaid iad 'nan òrdugh 'nar làthair gu an cur gu dùbhan. Anhaiceamaid orra an clàr an aodainn; feuchamaid an gabh innleachd dealbh gu buaidh fhaotainn thairis orra, agus sin gu h-ealanta. 'S fheadar dol gu bun a' ghnòthuich. 'S i 'Bheurla a' cheud nàmhaid a bheirear an follais. Tha dìreach mu thimchioll mìle bliadhna o 'n a dh' fhuadaich a' Bheurla a' Ghàidhlig á cùirt rioghail Albann. B' e 'n t-ath rud, a cur às na Mòdan, gu sònruichte 'sa Ghalldachd. Gus an àm sin bha cùisean na rioghachd air an réiteachadh an Gàidhlig. B' ann imte bha 'n soisgeul air a shearmoin-eachadh. Mar sin faodar a thuigsinn cho drùighteach 's a bha 'n caochladh an uair a chaidh a gearradh às, agus a druidealh suas an tìr nam beann. Dh' oibrich an caochladh so air dòigh eile. Air do 'n Gàidhlig tighinn gu bhith na caint aig an t-sluagh chumanta a nàim, stad a cinneas. Ciod air bith an nì ùr a rachadh a chur air chois; ciod air bith an reachd, no an t-inneal, no an t-annas a thigeadh a steach ann measg dhaoine, cha robh ainm air a chur air 's a' Ghàidhlig. Cha b' urrainnear labhairt mu dheighinn, oir b' iad a' Bheurla, an Fhraingis, 's an Laidionn a bh' air an ùisneachadh le luchd-fòghluim.

Gus an latha 'n diugh tha so mar so, a chionn nach 'eil ar luchd-fòghluim, no ar n-uaislean a' cleachduim a labhairt; cha 'n 'eil an dragh air a ghabhail na facail ùra chur an Gàidhlig, a tha air an cuinneadh às a' Ghréigis 's an Laidionn, agus a tha air an gabhail a stigh anns gach cànan 'san Roinn Eòrpa, gach aon fa leth a réir a ghnè-dòigh 's a riaghailt féin. Tha an dìth-cinneis so 'na

bhacadh mòr air labhairt na Gàidhlig. Co-meud againn, aig coinneachadh dhuinn air an t-sràid, a b' urrainn bruidhinn gu glan, neo-sgàthach air malairt-airgid; air na mòdan; air marsantachd, no eadhon air nì cho cumanta ris na goireasan beaga a tha co-cheangailte ri inneal-fuagheil ar mnathan! Tuigear, gun mhìneachadh air bith, an dochann a tha so a' deanamh air labhairt na Gàidhlig.

Ach gu dol air ais—'S gann a ruigear leas iongantais a ghabhail air an ath ionnsuidh a thugadh gu a' Ghàidhlig a mhùchadh. Anns a' bhliadhna 1616, ri linn Sheumais an 6mh, thug Comhairle na rìoghachd òrdugh gu 'n robh na h-uaislean Gàidhealach ris gach leanabh a thàinig gu inbhe naoi bliadhna dh' aois a chur gu sgoil 'sa Ghalldachd. Ann fèin bha an t-òrdugh maith, ann an tomhas mòr. Ach éisdibh ris an aobhar a thugadh air a shon, agus air a' pheanas a leagadh air an neach nach rachadh d'a réir. Dh' aidich na triathan gu saor gu 'n robh e 'nam beachd cur às gu buileach do 'n Ghàidhlig, oir, a réir am barail-san, b' i màthair-aobhair gach iorghuill a bha 'g éirigh 'sa Ghàidhealtachd, agus 's i bu chuireach gu 'n robh iadsan a bha 'ga bruidhinn, reasgach, mì-mhodhail. Mur toireadh iad feairt air an òrdugh, bha 'n leanabh ri còir-bhreith oighreachd 'aithrichean a chall. Gabhaibh beachd. 'S ann aig a' Ghàidhlig shnasda ghrinn a tha chuireach gu 'n bheil sinn cho neo-shuairce, cho reasgach, cho fad' air ais seach na Goill! Cha deachaidh am beachd so air chùl gu buileach fathast, mar a dh' fhaodainn a leigeadh ris duibh, ach nach fhiach e 'n t-saothair. 'S e rud is duilghe leam gu 'm bheil cileagan 'nar measg fèin a tha gabhail ris, 's a' dealbh an caithe-beatha d'a réir.

Uair éiginn an déigh an òrduigh ud chaidh Comunn nan sgoilean Gàidhealach a chur air bonn. Bha iad air an dealbh, an tomhas mòr, a réir nan sgoilean Gallda, ach dh' fhaoidteadh nach robh atharrach air sin. Rinn iad feum; agus cha bu chòir a dhì-chuimhneachadh gu 'm b' ann aig an àm sin a chuireadh 3000 Bìobull á Eirinn a dh' ionnsuidh Gàidheil na h-Alba, a chionn nach robh na Sgrìobtur an aca 'nan cànan fèin. Agus b' e easbuig Sasunnach a dh' eadar-theangaich am Bìobull dhaibh-san. Tha so a' leigeadh ris duinne ciod a ghabhas deanamh, far am bheil an toil ann.

An sin thàinig Eirigh Bliadhna Theàrlaich, a' toirt caochlaidhean mòra 'na cois, a thilg bun os ceann sean chaithe-beatha nan Gàidheal gu buileach. Thùrling na caochlaidhean sin—cha b' ann gu mall aon an déigh aoine, ach mar ruadh-thuil—'nam meallan-sgrìosail, a' bàthadh fo 'n dilinn gach nì Ghàidhealaich aig an robh de chridhe a cheann a thogail.

Thòisich an sin fuadach nan Gàidheal.

Seadh, dh' fhalbh iad fèin, cuid diubh d' an toil, air imrich-cuain. Ann an ùine ghlé bhig chaidh mu 30,000 diubh do thèinean céin. Bha an croibhteann air an tionndadh gu fearainn mhòra chaorach. An sin thàinig gu crìch, tre ar triathan fèin, an nì a mhaoidh ban-rìgh àraidh, 'na feirg, air Albainn; chaidh ar dùthaich a thionndadh gu frith seilg—gu h-àraidh a' Ghàidhealtachd. Tha na Gàidheil a th' air fuireach 'san tìr mar fhuigheal, 'nan seirbhisich,—ann an tomhas mòr—do dhuine 'sam bith aig am bheil sporan làn.

Tha nissgoilean Beurla a mhàin bho cheann gu ceann de 'n tìr. Tha iad uile fo 'n aon riaghailt. Tha cuid de na maighstirean-sgoile Gallda a' peanasachadh na cloinne air son gach facail Ghàidhlig a their iad 'san sgoil. Tha a' chuid is modha de 'n chlann a' sgur de bhruidhinn na Gàidhlig an uair a thòisicheas iad air dol do 'n sgoil. Tha nàir orra a labhairt. Tha iad am bitheantas, a' toirt freagraidh am Beurla ri ceisd a théid a chur riù an Ghàidhlig. A thuilleadh air so, tha iad iad fionn an latha 'san sgoil, agus tha, mar an ceudna, leasain aca ri ionnsuchadh aig an tigh. Ciod a tha 'nan comas ach am beagan Ghàidhlig a chual' iad 'nan òige a chall, an uair a tha a' Bheurla air a dinneadh annta gun sgur!

Gu cinn-teach 's i a' Bheurla namhaid is modha an aghaidh ri 'm bheil aig a' Ghàidhlig ri cathachadh.

Mòr ged a bha na caochlaidhean a thàinig air a' Ghaidhealtachd ri linn Bliadhna Theàrlaich, agus a bha ciùrrail do 'n Ghàidhlig, gidheadh, cha robh iad ach faoin seach iadsan a tha air tighinn air Breatann gu h-iomlan, agus air an t-saoghal air fad anns an dà linn mu dheireadh so. Tha 'n t-each-iaruinn, agus an dealanach air sréin aig a' chinne-dhaonna. Théidear gu iomallan an domhain na's usa an diugh na rachamaid roimhe so á Ionbhar-nis do Lunnainn. Is urrainn duinn bruidhinn ri chéile gu socair aig astar ceud mìle. Théid fios do Astràlia á Lunnainn ann an dà mhìonaid an uaireadair. Tha, mar so, cur is gabhail eadar gach uile chinneach, agus gach eadar-dhealachadh a bha eatorra a' leaghadh gu bras air falbh. Tha so air atharrachadh mòr a thoirt air spiorad na h-aimsir. Cha 'n fhiù ach nithean mòra. Tha co-fharpais dhian air éirigh anns gach malairt a chuireas neach a làmh ris. Tha uibhir de ruith ann, air ais 's air adhart, gu 'm bheil mì-fhois air ar glacadh. Cha 'n eil ùine aig duine gu suim a ghabhail de na nithean a chumadh sinn teò-chridheach, ciùin, fosgailteach; oir feumar gach nì a bhacadh duine o chosnadh airgid, a shaltairt fo chasan.

"O," deir ar muinntir òg, "tha fòghlum na Gàidhlig tuilleadh 's draghail! Ciod am feum a th' innte! O, seadh, is Gàidheil sinn, agus,

cinn-teach gu leòir, bu ghasda Gàidhlig a labhairt, na 'n robh sin comasach; ach cuin a tha ùin' againn dol rithe! Nach suaicheantas gu leòir am breacan, a' phìob, agus na h-òrain a tha air an cumail suas 'nar cuideachdan, far am faigh sinn beagan sòlais!" Agus mar sin a sìos. Cha ghabh an òigridh aig an àm a tha 'n làthair gnothuch ri nì nach eil furasda, no nach eil co-cheangailte ri fearas-chuideachd.

'Tha a' mhì-shocair so, an gaol air toileachas-inntinn, air call a thoirt oimn is modha eadhon na call na Gàidhlig. 'Sesin callan seanndìorrais agus na smioralachd a bha 'nar n-aithrichean ann am buidhinn cuspair mhaith air bith air an robh cridhe no inntinn an geall. Thuirt mi gur i a' Bheurla an nàmhaid a bu mhodha bh' aig a' Ghàidhlig; ach is miosa 'n t-eas-caraid so, oir tha e 'n taobh stigh dhim; agus is cruaidh an ionnsuidh a dh' fheumar a thoirt mu 'm faighear buaidh air.

'Tha droch stic eile 'nar measg; 's e sin dìth-aonachd. Tha mi 'n dòchas gu 'n teid a spadadh air a' cheud bhuille. Cha téid againn air dad idir gus an tilgear às ar meadhon e an comhair a chum. Seallaibh féin mar a bhios sinn a' liodair a chéile anns a' phàipear-naigheachd mu nì, iomadh uair, cho faoin ri facal. Ma tha sinn ri teannadh ris a' Ghàidhlig a chumail beò, 's e a' cheud nì agus an nì deireannach gu 'm bitheamaid aointe ri chéile mar aon duine. Tha mi fiosrach na 'n coinnicheadh dithis air bith dhiubh-san a tha sapaid anns na paiperau, aig céilidh, no co-chruinneachadh Gàidhealach, gu 'm biodh iad càirdeil suairceil ri chéile aig a' cheud phlathadh. Mar sin tha mi guidhe oirbh gun dàil, ar n-aimn-chogaidh a thionndadh an aghaidh an nàmhaid choitcheinn, agus sgar de 'bhì caitheamh ur neirt ann am faoin-chleasan nach fù.

'Tha aon nì eile a dh' fhaodar ainmeachadh, a tha toirt air ar clann a bhì suarach mu labhairt na Gàidhlig. 'S e sin eadar-phòsadh nan Gàidheal le Goill, is le Sasannaich. An uair a tha so a' gabhail àite, mar is bitheanta, tha a' Ghàidhlig air a cur an cùil às an rathad. B' aithne dhomh aon chàraid de 'n t-seòrsa so. Chum an dithis ri 'n cànan fa leth, gun smùd rianh a labhairt de chànan a chéile. An uair a theireadh a' bhean diog 'sa Ghàidhlig, fhreagradh an duine 'sa Bheurla. Bu Ghoill, ann an tomhas mòr, a' chlann. Bha càraid eile greis astair uapa sin. Bha 'n duine Gallda, ach dh' ionnsuich e a' Ghàidhlig gu pongail. Cha robh aon d' a theaghlach fionnhor nach robh 'nan sgoileirean matha anns an dà chànan. Cha 'n eil sin a' tachairt cho bitheanta, ach leigidh e ris gu 'n gabh e deanamh. Cha 'n fhaod an nì so a bhì air a chur sìos mar *nàmhaid*, ged a thacas e ar sean chaimt. Is cuis chigilteach i, a dh' fhàgar ri rèiteachadh leòsan a th' air an amaladh innte.

Cha 'n eil còir againn dol na 's fhaide na a cur sìos mar aon de na nithean a tha 'g oibreachadh an aghaidh na Gàidhlig.

Is iad sin uile na h-eascairdean is sonruichte, o'n leth am muigh, agus o'n leth a stigh, a tha 'g oibreachadh an aghaidh na Gàidhlig. 'S iad a thug na Gàidheil, an dùthaich agus an cànan a dh' ionnsuidh an t-suidheachaidh anns am bheil iad an diugh.

R' a leantainn.

Choisinn na beachdan a tha sgriobhte shuas, a' cheud duais aig Mòd 1904; agus chaidh am foillseachadh an so aig an àm so air iartras Comuinn Ghaidhealaich Ghrianaig.

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AM FIADH.

LE DOMINULL MAC EACHARN.

"Ged bu toigh leam riamh iad,
'S ged fhaicinn air an t-sliabh iad,
Cha teid mi nis g' an iarraidh,
O'n chaill mi trian na h-analach."

'S ANN mar so a sheinn Donnachadh Bàn mu na féidh, 's e 'gabhail a' chead deireannach dhiu féin, agus de na beanntan 's na gleanntan a b' aithne dha; beanntan is gleanntan d' an d' thug e féin mor spéis, agus a rinn e ainmeil an measg a luchd-dùthcha anns gach cèarn de 'n t-saoghal. Cha'n ann 'san fhaoin bheachd a bhì comasach air dad is fhiach a chur ris na thug Donnachadh Bàn dhuinn mu 'n déighinn, a tha mise sgriobhadh mu na féidh aig an àm, ach a mhàin g'am thoileachadh féin ann a bhì meòrachadh air nithean a bhuineas do na làithean a dh' fhalbh; nithean, math a dh' fhaoidht', air nach fhiach iomradh dheanamh, ach a tha aig a' cheart am dlùth-fhillte suas leis na làithean 'san robh craobh ar beatha fo ùr-bhlàth, agus a' gealltainn toradh trom a thoirt a mach 'na h-aimsir. Ged nach d' thainig an gealltanais sin gu buil cho tarbhach 's a bha dùil ris, 's ged a mhealladh sinn a thaobh gealladh no dhà a bhàrr air sin, gidh-eadh, tha e 'toirt toileachas-inntinn dhuinn a bhì 'n dràst 's a rithist a' sealltainn 'nar déigh agus a' gabhail beachd air mar a nochd an saoghal e-féin duinn ann an Céitean ar beatha, agus a' coimeas ri sin an t-atharrachadh dreach a tha sinn a nis a' faotainn air, le grian ar Geamhraidh a' cromadh 'san iar. Anns an ais-shealladh so, tha mi mothachail air na féidh a bhì tagairt còir air ionad àraidh dhaibh féin. Air an aobhar sin, agus a chion cuspair is freagarraiche aig an àm, faodaidh mi tiota beag a chur seachad a' deanamh iomraidh orra. Cha 'n fhaod mi ràdh le frinn mar a thuirt Donnachadh Bàn, "gu 'm bu toigh leam riamh iad," oir 's cuimhne leam uairean air nach robh sinn ro-mhòr aig a chéile; ach

cha ruig mi leas sin a thilgeil orra 'n diugh. Cha téid mi nis g' an iarraidh, no chur dragh orra, 's cha mhò a thig iadsan a chur dragh ormsa. Chaidh an là seachad, 's cha chomasach dha tilleadh air ais; ach ged nach till ruinn na làithean a dh' fhalbh, tha e ceadaichte dhuinn sealltainn 'nar déigh orra, agus, anns an spiorad, na bha taitneach leinn anna ath-bheothachadh agus, ann an tomhas, a mhealtainn as ùr. Is sochair nach beag so, ach gu mi-fhortanach, 'nuair ghairmeas sinn air ais spiorad na tim a bh' ann, tha e cheart cho dòcha nach ann uile gu léir taitneach a bhios na chuireas e f'ar comhair. Cha 'n 'eil e feumail dol na 's doimhne 'sa chùis aig an àm, oir 's éiginn domh aideachadh, gu 'n robh na làithean a chaidh mi am measg nam fiadh, air làithean cho taitneach 's is cuimhne leam.

Mar thuirt mi cheana, bha uairean a bha na féidh 's mi-fein de dh' atharrach beachd, agus gu dearbh cha robh e idir furasda dhomh an iompachadh gu 'm bheachd fein; na daimh gu sònraichte, cha 'n obadh iad a' chùis a leigeil gu ràdh nan cabar 'nuair chuirteadh bheag 'nan aghaidh. Bha so air a dheanamh soilleir dhomh glé thràth 'san latha. 'Nuair a bha mi mu sheachd bliadhna dh' aois, chuireadh mi-fein agus companach dhomh air ghnothach do 'n bhaile bu dlùithe dhuinn—mu thuaiream dà mhìle gu leth a dh' astar. Bha 'n ceum-rathad eadar an dà bhaile dol troimh 'n choille, cois na mara. A' fàgail na coille dhuinn, far an robh camus beag le tràigh ghainmhich aig a cheann, chuala sinn ceum aotrom as ar déigh, is có a bha 'n so ach aon de na féidh chàllaidh a bh' air a' bhaile,—danh mòr, iargalt, aona-chabarach; ach bha 'n cabar a bh' ann cho fada ris an t-sleagh leis an do mharbh Diarmad an torc. B' e droch theistea a bh' air a' bhrùid so; thug e ruith mharbhaidh air dà no trì de mhuinntir an àite, ach cha d' thuirt duine ris gu 'm b' olc. Bha na féidh miadhail aig na h-uaislean; ach cha robh mòran meas ac' air an duine bhochd. A nis, cha robh iarraidh 'sam bith againn air cuideachd an fhleasgaich so, agus nochd sinn sin da gu soilleir, ach rinn esan a suas inntinn gu 'm biodh e 'nar cuideachd a dheòin no dh' ain-deòin. Theich sin, ach bha cheart cho math dhuinn teicheadh o'n ghaoith; bha esan air ar sàil 's cha robh dol a nunn no nall againn, ach deanamh mar rinn Donnachadh Bàn agus a' bhuidheann leis an robh e aig blàr na h-Eaglaise Brice,

“Ghabh sinn a mach air an abhainn,
'Dol gu 'r n-amhaich anns an linne.”

Ach b' i 'n abhainn a bh' againne, an Cuan Siar, agus an linne, an Linne Dhiùrach. Faodar a bhì cinnteach nach deach sinn ro-fhad air an t-slighe sin. 'Nuair thainig an t-Iarla,—b' e

sin ainm na brùid,—gu beul an làin, sheas e greis, ach a réir coltais, smaointich e nach b' fhiach dha chasan a fhluchadh air ar son. Mhaoidh e 'n cabar oirn gu math 's gu romhath, agus thionndaidh e suas gu oir na tràgha, 's thòisich e air ionaltradh; ach cha robh an t-ionaltradh a' bacadh dha faire a chumail oirme. Thogadh e cheann an dràst 's a rithist is bheireadh e sùil cholgarrda dh' fhaicinn an robh sinn far an d' fhàg e sinn. Bha sinne 'n droch chàs; bha 'n làn ag éirigh, 's bha sinn a' meatachadh le fuachd 's le h-eagal, is cha robh choltas air an Iarla ar coimhearsnachd fhàgail. Thòisich sinn, mu dheireadh, air fàth ghabhail air, an tacan a bhiodh a cheann-san crom, gu bhì goid air falbh, uidh air n-uidh, a chum an taoibh a bu dlùithe dhuinn de 'n chamus, agus aon uair 's gu 'n d' fhuair sinn ar cas air talamh tioram, thàr sinn as do 'n choille. Cha deach sinn fad air astar 'nuair thug an t-Iarla fainear ciod a thachair is 'nar déigh a ghabh e, fraoch agus frioghan air a chuireadh oillt air gaisgich na Féinne. Cha bu ghaigich sinne 's cha b' e cath no cruaidh-chòmhrag a bha dhith oirn, ach craobh anns am faodamaid didean fhaotainn. Bha mo chompanach na bu tapaidhe na mise, 's bha e, mar sin, shuas ann am bàrr na ceud chraoibh a thachair oirn mu 'n robh mise trì troidhean o a bun, ach 'nuair chuala mi 'n t-Iarla bristeadh le toirm troimh 'n phreasarnaich air mo chùlthaobh, chuir sin beagan spéireid annam, 's mu 'n d' ràinig esan a' chraobh bha mise far nach ruigeadh an cabar orm. 'Nuair chunnaic e mar a bha chùis cha robh e idir toilichte, 's an deigh dha cuairt no dhà chur mu 'n chraoibh, chaidh e 's laidh e sìos air tolnan uaine goirid uainn, agus thòisich e gu socair, ciallach, air cnàmh a chùr, dìreach a leigeil ris duinn nach robh deifir 'sam bith air-san, is mar sin, gu 'm faodamaid ar n-ùine fein a ghabhail. Ghabh sinne sin, tuillidh ùine na bu mhiann leinn; ghleidh e sinn ann bàrr na craoibhe bho àird a' mheadhon latha gu dol fodha na gréine. Mu dheireadh, thachair do h-aon de na cìobairean tighinn an rathad is thug esan fuasgladh dhuinn. Gu dearbh, bha sinn feumail air fuasgladh fhaotainn. Bha sinn fuar, fliuch, 's air fannachadh leis an acras; cha 'n 'eil mi cinnteach nach robh sinn a' sìleadh nan deur greis de 'n ùine; ach cha bu mhat leinn sin aideachadh. Co dhù, tha cuimhn' agam nach bu toigh leinn iomradh chluinntinn air an turus sin fad iomadh latha 'na dhéigh!

Goirid 'na dhéigh sin thachair an t-Iarla 's mi-fein air a chèile aon uair eile. Bha bothan beag tìge an oir na coille mu thuaiream dà mhìle dh' astar uainn. C' arson a thogadh am bothan so 'n tùs cha 'n fhios domh, ach aig an àm air am bheil mi 'g iomradh, bha

sinn a' deanamh tigh-sgoile dheth. A réir coltais, cha do thogadh òrd, no inneal iarainn 'san bith air clachan an teampuill so; ni mò a chaidh aol no làthach a thogail a bhallachan. Bha toll trì-cheamach air gach balla-taobh dheth a bha deanamh gnothaich air son uinneagan; ach uinneag de sheòrsa 'san bith cha deach riamh a chur annta, is bha iad mar sin fosgailte ris na sìontan. Bha toll eile am mullach an tighe, coltach gu leòir, air son luidheir; ach cha 'n fhiosrach domh gu 'n d' amais an toit riamh air dol a mach an rathad sin. Cha robh de dhorus air an fhàdaich so ach sgathach bheithe nach cumadh a mach aon chuid gaath no uisge. 'Nuair a bhiodh an sneachd 'ga chur 's 'ga chathadh chuir-eamaid sgròth 'san uinneig taobh na gaoithe, ach bha cho beag dìon anns an sgathaich 's gu 'm biodh an sneachd cho domhain air ùrlar an tighe 's a bhiodh e air a' bhàr am muigh. Bha 'm bothan so air a thughadh aon uair, ach bha e 'san àm so air cinntinn thairis le fear dosrach, uaine. A réir mo chuimhne-sa air a' ghnothach, cha 'n urrainn domh ràdh gu 'm b' e tigh-sgoile comhfhurtachail a bha 'n so; ach biodh sin 's a roghainn da, 's ann ann a fhuair mise a' mhòr-chuid de 'n fhòghlum leis an do chuir mi m' aghaidh ris an t-saoghal.

'S ann 'sa bhruchlaig thighe so a thachair an t-Iarla 's mi féin air a chéile aon uair eile. Cha chuimhne leam aig an àm ciod a chum mo chompanach aig an tigh air a' mhadainn so, ach tha mi creidsinn gur esan a bhí uam a chuir gu 'n robh mi na bu tràithe na b' àbhaist domh aig ceann m' uidhe. 'Nuair ràinig mi 'm bothan thug mi fàinear gu 'n robh an sgathach air a tilgeil air falbh o 'n dorus, agus shaoil mi gu 'n robh cuid de na sgoileirean a stigh. Ghabh mi air m' aghart le 'm fhòid-mòna fo m' achlais. Bha 'n tigh car dorch, 's cha d' thug mi fàinear cò bhla romham gus an do bhuail mi mo shròn ann am broilleach an Iarla. Bha esan 'na sheasamh air meadhon an ùrlair, a cheann cho àrd 's nach robh leud na boise eadar a chabar féin agus cabar-droma 'n tighe. 'Nuair a thuig mi cò a bh' agam, chuir mi thairis am foid-mòn' air ann an clàr an aodainn 's theich mi. Leum e as mo dhéigh gu suindach. Ruith mise mu 'n cuairt an tighe 's esan air mo shàil. 'Nuair ràinig mi 'n uinneag, bho nach robh dad innte chuireadh grabadh orm, leum mi stigh. Ann am dheifr thuit mi trasd air àite-suidhe bha fo 'n uinneig, agus is gann a fhuair mi air mo chasan 'nuair a bha esan a stigh air an dorus. 'Sa mhionaid bha mise mach air an uinneig, agus ghléidh sinn suas a' chluiche sin,—esan a stigh 'nuair a bhithimis' am muigh, is mise 'stigh 'nuair a bhiodh esan am muigh,—gus an d' thàinig an Maighistir Sgoile, 's an deach e 'san eadragainn. B' e 'n droch luacha-peighinn a bh' anns an

Iarla. Thug e ruith mhoirt air brathair-màthar dhomh uair, 's mur a bhiodh an cù a bha leis an duine cha d' fhàg a' bhrùid olc sgrìd ann. Mar a bha, thug e fad iomadh là a bha e an athar na giollachd a fhuair e, ach cha robh chridhe beantainn do 'n Iarla gus an d' thug e droch ionnsaidh air aon de na h-uaislean; an sin, chaidh a bhinn a thoirt a mach agus peileir a chur ann.

(*R'a leantainn.*)



THE PETRIE COLLECTION OF IRISH TUNES.

THE Petrie collection of Irish tunes which has been going through the press since 1902, recently attained completion, and we have pleasure in devoting space to a review of the work, with a view to awakening interest in the subject of music-collecting in Gaelic Scotland.

The title of the book is "The Complete Collection of Irish Music as noted by George Petrie, LL.D., R.H.A., 1789-1866. Edited from the original manuscript by Charles Villiers Stanford. Published for the Irish Literary Society of London by Boosey & Co., 295 Regent Street, London, W." The book is in three parts at 5/- each, or 12/6 to subscribers to the whole edition.

George Petrie was an Irish antiquarian to whom Ireland is indebted for much more than the preservation of her Folk Music. Charles Villiers Stanford is an eminent living musician.

The publication contains in all 1582 melodies in the staff notation. It is stated that the tunes are given exactly as they were noted down by Petrie. Apparently, that is the case, for where imperfections occur which have attracted the editor's attention, the melody is left untouched, and he, commendably, gives his opinions in footnotes instead of hazarding emendations of the original. A very complete index of the melodies with their names in English and Gaelic, and their places-sources, as far as indicated by the collector, are given, presumably, as an aid to the student of Irish folk music.

George Petrie, evidently, had a passion for the work of noting unpublished melodies; for he himself states that, from the age of 17, he could not let pass any air which he thought was unpublished or which seemed to him to be a better one than that version of it which had received publication. Bunting, Moore and other publishers of Irish music were indebted to him for some of the airs of which they made use; and he tells that he neither sought nor received acknowledgment therefor. After his earlier work in the field of collecting music had attracted attention, The Society for the Preservation of Irish Music was founded, and he had the honour of being its first president. He acknowledges to having received a stimulus to apply himself more closely to this particular subject by the honour conferred upon him, and the offer made by the Society to publish his collection.

It is of interest to note the misgivings of which he was possessed towards the proposal to publish his collection, as these are expressed in his own introduction to the first, and hitherto, only volume, which saw the light in 1857. This is what he writes:—

“As I cannot but confess, I could not suppress a misgiving that, let a work of this nature possess whatever amount of interest or value it may, there no longer existed amongst my countrymen such sufficient amount of a racy feeling of nationality and cultivation of mind—qualities so honourable to the Scottish character—as would secure for it the steady support necessary to its success, and which the Society, as I thought, somewhat too confidently anticipated. In short, I could not but fear that I might be vainly labouring to cultivate mental fruit which, however indigenous to the soil, was yet of too refined and delicate a flavour to be relished or appreciated by a people who had been, from adversity, long accustomed only to the use of food of a coarser and more exciting nature. May this feeling prove an erroneous one!”

It is satisfactory now to find that Petrie's view of the spirit of his countrymen was an erroneous one. His work has fortunately been preserved to receive publication in an era of greater hopefulness—to which hopefulness, without doubt, in spite of his misgivings, his own work was contributory. Strange, that his compliment to the Scottish character might justly be reversed in its application in the present day.

In a short but interesting preface to the volumes now issued, written by A. Perceval Graves, Petrie's method in gathering tunes from the peasantry is thus graphically described—the description, in this instance, applying particularly to the Arran islands:—

“Inquiries having been made as to the names of persons ‘who had music,’ that is who were known as possessing and singing some of the old airs, an appointment was made with one or two of them to meet the members of the party at some cottage near to the little village of Kilronan, which was their headquarters.

“To this cottage, when evening fell, Petrie, with his manuscript music-book and violin, and always accompanied by his friend, Professor Eugene O'Curry, used to proceed.

“Nothing could exceed the strange picturesqueness of the scenes which night after night were thus presented.

“On approaching the house, always lighted up by a blazing turf fire, it was seen to be surrounded by the islanders, while its interior was crowded by figures the rich colours of whose dresses, heightened by the firelight, showed with a strange vividness and variety, while their fine countenances were all animated with curiosity and pleasure.

“It would have required a Rembrandt to paint the scene. The minstrel—sometimes an old woman, sometimes a beautiful girl or a young man—was seated on a low stool in the chimney corner, while chairs for Petrie and O'Curry were placed opposite, the rest of the crowded audience remaining standing. The song having been given, O'Curry wrote the Irish words, when Petrie's work began. The singer recommenced, stopping at every two or

three bars of the melody to permit the writing of the notes, and often repeating the passage until it was correctly taken down. and then going on with the melody, exactly from the point where the singing was interrupted. The entire air being at last obtained, the singer—a second time—was called to give the song continuously, and when all corrections had been made, the violin—an instrument of great sweetness and power—was produced, and the air played as Petrie alone could play it, and often repeated.

“Never was the inherent love of music among the Irish people more shown than on this occasion; they listened with deep attention, while their heartfelt pleasure was expressed, less by exclamations than by gestures; and when the music ceased, a general and murmured conversation in their own language, took place, which would continue until the next song was commenced.”

Petrie's opinion of the work of his predecessors in the same field is given in the introduction to the volume formerly published, and having a lesson still to teach. it is worthy of quotation:—

“The truth is indeed unquestionable, that not only has our music never as yet been properly studied and analyzed, or its history been carefully and conscientiously investigated, but that our melodies, generally, have never been collected in any other than a careless, desultory, and often unskilful manner. For the most part caught up from the chanting of some one singer, or, as more commonly was the case, from the playing of some one itinerant harper, fiddler or piper. Settings of them have been given to the world as the most perfect that could be obtained, without a thought of the possibility of getting better versions, or of testing their accuracy by the acquisition, for the purpose of comparison, of settings from other singers or performers, or from other localities, and the result has often been most prejudicial to the character of our music.”

Coming now to the melodies themselves, we find a great deal which should interest the Gael in Scotland. We find these melodies grouped in the index under the following heads:—

1. Tunes without titles,	300
2. Tunes with English titles,	about 850
3. Tunes with Irish titles,	about 500
4. Jigs and Hop Jigs,	73
5. Reels,	40
6. Marches,	30
7. Caoines, Laments, Hymns, &c,	43
8. Nurse Songs and Lullabies,	19
9. Planxties and Dances,	21
10. Plough whistles,	6
11. Spinning and Weaving tunes,	8

Many of the tunes have both Irish and English names. These names are oftentimes quaint, not to say comical.

(To be continued.)

Biadh a thoirt do 'n fhearann mu 'n tig an t-acras air; fois a thoirt da mu 'm fàs e sgìth; a ghart-ghlanadh mu 'm fàs e salach,—comharran an deagh thuathanaich.

NOTES, QUERIES, AND ANSWERS.

*Am fear nach cluinn air chòir, cha
fhreagair air chòir.*

Q. 1—I have been informed by a native of the West Highlands that his name for the game known in the Lowlands as “The Rounders,” is “Ca-doc.” The pronunciation of the *d* and the *c* in the latter and accented part of the word, is not done in the usual Gaelic, but in the English manner. His name for the game known as “Gowf-ba’”—played with a bat and a ball—is “Biodalan.” The *b* and *d* are, in this instance also, pronounced in the English manner. Would any of your readers kindly throw light on the origin of those words, and give other local names for these and other ball games?

C.M.P.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Dr. Cox of Cornell University, U.S.A., has been for some months in Scotland continuing his Celtic studies with the advantage of a residence amongst Gaelic speakers. His headquarters were in Tiree; and he also visited Coll, Skye, and Inverness. The Professor of English and Philology at Cornell is also greatly interested in Gaelic; and he and young Dr. Cox will soon, we hope, establish a Celtic Lectureship at Cornell. Neither the British nor the American Universities should rest until they give due place to the Celtic dialects, essential as they are to the proper study of philology and history.

In this connection, it is interesting to note what President Roosevelt said to the graduates at Holy Cross College, Worcester, N.Y., last summer. “I want,” he said, “to make an appeal to scholarship in each university along a certain line. During the last three years, I have happened by chance to grow peculiarly interested in the great subject of Celtic literature, and I feel that it is not a creditable thing to the American Republic, which has in its citizenship so large a Celtic element, that we should leave it to the German scholars and students to be our instructors in Celtic literature. I want to see in Holy Cross, in Harvard, and all of the other universities, where you can get a chair endowed, chairs for the study of Celtic literature. A century and over ago, the civilized world, which had been looking down on Northern saga as the product of the barbarous races, suddenly awoke to the wealth of beauty in the Scandinavian saga. And now we are not in error when we see a similar awakening to the wealth of beauty contained in the Celtic saga and I wish to see the American institutions of learning take a lead in that awakening.”

BOOK NOTICE.

Uirsgeulan Gaidhealach.—Published for An Comunn Gaidhealach by Eneas Mackay, 43 Murray Place, Stirling. Price 6d. in paper, 1/- in cloth covers.

This is a book containing four Gaelic stories told in simple idiomatic language, specially suitable for young readers. The first story is by Mrs. Whyte Grant. It is named “Clach-na lánain,” or the Married-couple Stone. The name is due to the

tragic event which forms the close of the incidents related in the tale. The stone in question fell from a mountain face in the Island of Mull and crushed under its mass the cottage of a newly-married couple, with its inmates, on the night of their wedding. The incidents leading up to the climax are true to Gaelic domestic life, although not altogether in accordance with the traditional account. The second story is by D. W. Mac Kenzie. It is entitled “Oighre ’n Duin-bhàin,” or the Heir of Dunban. It is a story of love, rivalry, intrigue, adventure, and pipe music; and takes the reader from a harvest-home in the Highlands to the gold fields of South Africa. It ends happily. The third tale, by Mrs. Grant, is located in Appin and is called “Morag na laraich mheadhoin,” or Morag of the Mid-steading. It tells how a little Highland girl was kidnapped in Glasgow, shipped over to the American States about the time of the War of Independence; and how she returned home again. “It was the widow of her son who told me the tale when she stayed in Goirtean-an-leathaid, between Sian and Airds.” The tale is well put together, and an amount of pathos is interspersed throughout. The fourth story is of quite a different class. The author is Hector MacFadyen. It is named “Pòsadh an dealain-dé,” or the Butterfly’s Marriage. We read, long ago, in one of our school books, of the Butterfly’s ball and Grasshopper’s feast, and that prepared us for the reception of everything of the same class since that time. The Butterfly’s Marriage happened long ago, “before the days of your grandfather, when the world was young and the cocks spoke Greek.” The author is a master of the folk style and his tale does not lapse once into modernity. We should like to see larger output from the same source. There are 60 pages of matter, well printed, and, for Gaelic, exceptionally free of printers’ errors.

NOTICE.

All communications, except those relating to Advertisements and the Sale of the Magazine should be sent to the Editor, Malcolm Mac Farlane, 1 Macfarlane Place, Elderslie, by Johnstone.

Communications relating to Advertisements and the Sale of the Magazine should be addressed to the Publisher, Eneas Mackay, 43 Murray Place, Stirling.

Literary contributions should be written on one side of the paper only. They should be accompanied by the full name and address of the sender on the same sheets, not necessarily for publication.

The Editor takes no responsibility in regard to rejected MSS.; but will be careful to return such as are accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

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MISS JESSIE M. MACLENNAN,
Mod Medallist, 1905.



AN DEO-THREINE

Leabhar I.]

An aona mìos dheug 1, 1905.

[Earrann 2.

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LUCHD-LABHAIRT NA GAIDHLIG.

AIG Mòd Ionbhar-pheabharain thubhairt Probhaist a' bhaile, is e cur fàilte air na bha 'n làthair, gu'm bu chubhaidh do 'n Mhòd a chumail an àrd-bhaile Siorramachdan Rois agus Chrombaidh, anns an lìonmhoire luchd-gnàthachadh na Gàidhlig na tha iad an siorramachd Ghaidhealaich eile. Is fìor uile gu léir sin. Ach is fìor, aig a' cheart àm, nach bu chubhaidh do mhuinntir nan siorramachdan sin nach d' fhuair an Comunn Gaidhealach—agus, troimh 'n chomunn, a' Ghàidhlig—mòran cuideachaidh bhuapa air feadh nan ceithir bliadhna deug a bha 'n comunn air a bhonn. Cha robh buill a' chomuinn lìonmhor as na siorramachdan sin; cha robh luchd-farpais lìonmhor gus an d' thàinig muinntir Phuill-iù agus Steòrnabhaigh air aghaidh o chionn ghoirid; agus aig a' Mhod mu dheireadh, ged a bha e aig na dorsan aca, mar gu 'm b' ann, cha bu lìonmhor luchd-farpais as na siorramachdan sin—a' cumail am mach na muinntir cheudna. Le sin fo 'r n-aire ged is fìor gu'm bheil luchd-labhairt na Gàidhlig lìonmhor

an siorramachdan Rois agus Chrombaidh, cha 'n fhaodar a ràdh gu'm bheil a' chàinain beothail, no gu'm bheil a luchd-labhairt dian gu a cumail air a cois, anns na crìochan sin.

Ciod is aobhar da so?

Thugamaid beachd air a' Ghaidhealtachd air fad. Is fìor e, agus is iongantach e gur beag àireamh na muinntir sin a tha tèom air a' Ghaidhlig a labhairt, a tha càirdeil do 'n Chomunn Ghaidhealach, no a tha toirt laimh-chuideachaidh 's an obair a tha fo iùl aca, no an obair air bith de 'n t-seòrsa cheudna a bhios air a cur air a h-aghaidh le feadhainn eile.

So na tha sinne a' deanamh dheth. Far an ealamh ri cainnt na daoine, is tric leisg ri leughadh iad; agus seachd leisg ri sgrìobhadh iad. Far an leisg ri leughadh iad, gheibhear dall ri cor na càinain iad. Cha léir dhoibh-san nach leugh gu'm bheil feum ann air oidhirp a chum a' chàinain a chumail buan; agus idir, idir, cha 'n eil guth aca air a h-àrdachadh troimh 'n aon mheadhon leis am faodar sin a dhèanamh: leughadh is sgrìobhadh. So mar a labhras iad: tha mise comasach air a' Ghàidhlig a labhairt gu glan; tha do Ghàidhlig-sa tuisleach. Is fìor Ghaidheal mise; is diùid thusa. Tha iad so car coltach ri mòran duibhsan a chuireas suas am feileadh beag 's am breacan. Amhaircidh iad le tàir air luchd na briogais; is air falbh gabhaidh iad làn uail is meud-mhòir, is gun aca, gu tric, 'nan cridheachan ach smùir is 'nan inntinnean ach gaoth. 'S e a tha coireach air a shon so: gu'm bheil mòran a' teachd beò 's a' mairsinn beò air an sgàth fèin. Ma gheibheas iad cothrom air spaidsearachd tacan air àrd-ùrlar air choir-eiginn, is coma leò ciod a thachras do luchd an ùrlair iosail. Tha e 'na shochair 's 'na thoileachas inntinn daibh gu 'm bheil iad na's àirde is na's uaisle na cuideiginn. Cha chuir e dragh orra idir cia meud a tha na's àirde is

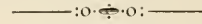
na 's uaisle na iad féin. Cha bhi iad 'gam faicinn : bithidh iad cho dian a' sealltainn sìos orra-san a tha suidhe fodhpa. Caillidh iad beachd air an cor féin. Agus, 's e thachras gu'n tig an coimheach geur-inntinneach ; seallaidh e a stigh anna is trompa ; ionnsuichidh e an cridheachan gus an tuig e am ball far an laige iad ; agus, an ceann ùine, bithidh iad fo gheasaibh aige. Siod mar thachras do'n Ghaidheal a bhios sàsaichte le bhì labhairt a chànan, a mhàin, no le bhì cur suas na deise Gaidhealaich, a mhàin, agus a shaoileas gu'n dean sin an gnothuch is gur smior a' Ghaidheil e air a cheann sin.

Tha e 'na aobhar uail do neach aig an robh a' Ghàidhlig o leanabachd gu'n do chuir e rithe le bhì ag ionnsachadh a leughadh is a sgrìobhadh. Tha e 'na aobhar uail is àirde na sin ma rinn e sin gun a' Ghàidhlig a bhì aige 'na òige. Ach cha léir dhuinn gu'm bheil e 'na aobhar uail do neach air bith gu'n d' ionnsuich e a' chànan a labhras e mar dh' ionnsuich a' bhò a gnòsaich : gun oidhirp gun dragh. Math dh' fhaoidteadh gu'm bu chòir e bhì 'na chomfhurtachd dha ; ach cha 'n eil aobhar uail ann.

Ag amharc air a' chùis a th'againn fo 'r n-aire anns an dòigh sin, cha 'n eil e 'na aobhar uail gu'm bheil tuilleadh luchd-labhairt na Gàidhlig an siorramachdan Rois agus Chrombaidh na an siorramachd Ghaidhealaich eile, am feadh 's is fìor gu'm bheil luchd-leughadh is sgrìobhadh na Gàidhlig, is luchd-obair air son na Gàidhlig na 's gainne na tha iad an cèrnaibh eile a dh' fhaodamaid ainmeachadh.

Ach thàinig am Mòd gu Ionbhar-pheabharain, agus ma nì na Rosaich is na Crombaich an nì ceart, cha 'n fhada gus am bi sgeul ùr r' a innseadh orra. Cha 'n e a mhàin gu'm faodar a ràdh gu'm bheil luchd-labhairt na Gàidhlig lìonmhor, ach gu'm bheil luchd-leughadh is sgrìobhadh is luchd-obair air son na Gàidhlig mòran na 's lìonmhoire na tha iad an siorramachd eile. Ciod a chuireadh bacadh orra ach an leig is amharus-inntinn ? Is aobhair uail da-rìreadh iad sin ! Mur b' iad an leig is amharus-inntinn cha robh tràill riann 'san t-saoghal. Am fear nach téid mu obair a dheòin, thig an là 'san téid a dh' aindeoin. Air falbh an leig is an t-amharus, ma tà. Teannadh muinntir nan siorramachdan sin ri ionnsachadh leughadh is sgrìobhadh an cànan ; ceannaicheadh iad leabhraichean Gàidhlig ; ionnsaicheadh iad ceòl binn an dùthcha ; cuireadh iad air chois Comuinn Ghaidhealach mar a rinneadh o chionn ghoirid an Ionbhar-pheabharain. An sin bithidh fìor aobhar uail aca ; cha 'n ann as lìonmhoireachd nam fìor-Ghaidheal a tha 'nan siorramachdan féin ach as lìonmhoireachd nan Gàidh-

eal a th' anns an t-saoghal gu léir. Ionnsuicheadh iad tràth nach e cliù sgìre no siorramachd a th' aca ri àrdachadh, ach cliù nan Gaidheal ; agus nach eil dòigh air thalamh a chum cliù an cinnidh a chur am meud ach le bhì airidh iad féin air cliù o dhaoine eile.



SINN FHEIN—OURSELVES.

IN last issue we stated the case broadly for the language of our people, at the same time indicating our attitude towards it. In this issue we shall endeavour to do the same for the music of our people.

It would be as vain to seek an origin for Gaelic music as it would be to seek an origin for Gaelic speech ; and it would be as difficult to trace to their sources, the peculiar characteristics by which we recognise Gaelic music. We may try to define these characteristics ; but, with our present limited knowledge, it is not possible to establish whether they are or are not of Gaelic growth. There are characteristics which enable us to differentiate Gaelic music—be it Irish or Scottish—from the music of other peoples. At the same time, there are characteristics by which Irish tunes may be distinguished from Scottish ones, and by which Lowland tunes may be known from Highland ones. It is possible, however, that those very marks which enable us to distinguish one people's music from that of another people were otherwise applicable at an earlier period. How can we tell that Gaelic style in the music of to-day was not the English style of a time of which we have no musical record ? The evidences of changes of fashion in music are ample and clear. New fashions reach outlying districts late in point of time, and linger there long after they have gone out in the regions where they first appeared. It may be taken for granted that, in the outlying parts of the British Isles, the fashion in music—be its origin what it may—is of an older order than that prevalent in the parts which lie nearer to the main culture-source of the epoch in which we live. How much older is a question which is not easy to determine.

As we showed in our dealings with the language question, there were in the past two main culture-sources, the emanations from which modified culture generally in the British Isles. One culture spread from the east ; the other from the west. Latin culture is now supreme in these Isles ; but for many centuries Gaelic culture dominated what is now known as the Gaelic area. Whatever Gaelic culture may have been in other respects, there can be no doubt that Gaelic music for a long time

held a high place relative to the music of other peoples. Keeping this in mind, it is reasonable to infer that the vitality of the music was at least as lively and lasting as that of the language, and that, therefore, what we know as Gaelic music now is really such, modified, it may be, more or less by outside influence.

The fate of the language seems to have been the fate of the music. The vitality of the language gave way in the seventeenth century; the vitality of the music gave way about the same time. The literary style of speech decayed; artistic music went out. The common style of speech lingers; the common folk music lingers also. The literary language fell when the gentry yielded to absorption by the foreigner; artistic music suffered at the same time from the same cause. Both literature and music lost their patrons. This did not take place all at once. As the Gaelic upper classes became more and more imbued with foreign ideas their interest in the native literature and music gradually became weaker, and latterly, for a long time, just sufficient to enable them to keep their Gaelic following in hand.

Under these conditions native music languished. The Gaelic harp, which was intimately associated with the language, died from want of patronage. On the other hand, the bagpipe, which, as its music clearly proves, had no early Gaelic associations, was fostered by the degenerate gentry, and became under their patronage an indirect but powerful anglicising agency. But, notwithstanding the usurpation by the bagpipe of the place occupied formerly by the harp, we believe that the harp in its final hour of decay, owing to its artistic supremacy over the imperfect pipe, was not without its influence on the latter. For it is more than a conjecture—having in view that bagpipe terms are in several cases the same as those for the harp—that pibroch, which is bagpipe exhibition playing, is founded on harp exhibition playing. Differing from the introduction of the bagpipe into the Gaelic area, that of the fiddle appears to belong to a time when Gaelic culture was not only able to assimilate foreign innovations without loss to itself, but to develop them to a high standard of excellence. More than likely the fiddle succeeded an instrument of the same order as itself, and inherited the style of its predecessor. The fiddle's province was the dance, and although its associations with the language are not close, it had a home-keeping and peace-making influence. The bagpipe's province was war; and its fitness for such a purpose was no doubt quickly noted by those of the gentry who frequented

the Lowlands and saw it successfully applied in that way. Its adaptability to warlike use was probably the main inducement to its adoption into the good graces of the Highland gentry. As a war instrument its baneful influence on the Gaelic people is very apparent. It was, early in its Highland career, used to turn the hand of Gael against Gael; and later it was used, and is still being used, to draw off the flower of the people into the service of the stranger, their value being thus a loss to their own people and a gain to their unfriends. At the time of the Macphersonic Gaelic revival, when the upper classes ought to have turned their attention towards fostering real Gaelic music, if for no other reason than its intrinsic merit, they absurdly took to fostering the non-Gaelic pipe music, and sycophantic bards eulogised them for so doing. During a whole century, it may be said, this folly continued—the genuine interesting and beautiful Gaelic melodies dropping out of sight, the while, as we believe, in hundreds. There is a small remnant of the gentry extant who, to their credit be it said, are ready and willing to reverse the folly of their predecessors by cultivating that which is worthy of cultivation, and leaving to its fate that which never was and never can be carried to a high pitch of art.

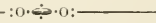
For a long time after the upper classes, with a few notable exceptions, had wholly forsaken their language and music, the common people remained true; and they have preserved with wonderful tenacity a large share of the old music, which is mainly vocal, and which, though it may not possess great art, has a distinct charm of its own that makes it worthy of preservation and cultivation.

Within the last half-century, from humble beginnings, renewed interest in this music has developed. The main cause of this growth of interest is the extension of musical knowledge through the sol-fa notation, which, being simple of comprehension and theoretically true, is eminently fitted for the recording and disseminating of vocal music—particularly of the folk class.

Growing in popularity as Gaelic music is, it is not yet esteemed at its proper value. Theories have been founded upon it which it by no means supports. It has its story to tell, and it will, when rightly told, overturn much nonsense which has been spoken and written about folk music in high quarters. It is too soon yet to start theorising. Much gleanings and garnering has still to be done in Gaelic Ireland and Scotland. For, notwithstanding the work of former recorders, there are, we are certain, hundreds of melodies to be recovered and brought to light in the Highlands and

Islands. The Comunn Gaidhealach has proved this. Through the prizes offered as inducements during the last three years, about 150 hitherto unrecorded tunes—100 of them derived from one man—have been recovered from danger of being lost. It will be part of our purpose to ensure their life by the publication of them from time to time in these pages.

The old people who possess the best and most characteristic melodies are disappearing, and with them is disappearing music which is worthy of a better fate. The English people have lately awakened to the danger of losing much of their folk music, and have founded a society for its recovery and preservation. In the Comunn Gaidhealach we have an agency acting in the same direction; and towards the proper carrying out of its aims we beseech the earnest co-operation of all such of our readers as have the requisite qualifications. The recovery and recording of all kinds of Gaelic music in danger of being lost ought to be a labour of love to all musical Gaels. We can guarantee its being a labour accompanied by great enjoyment: we have found it so ourselves.



THE DINGWALL MOD.

THE echoes of one Mòd are barely hushed when the work of another begins. The first question to be answered is: "Where shall the next Mòd be held." In 1904, when the invitation to take the Mòd to Dingwall was brought before the Executive Council, it was accepted—but with some misgivings, and with an expectancy that the good which might be done in the North, would be achieved at the cost of a falling off in the number and capabilities of the competitors, and in the financial return to the Comunn. But, as meeting after meeting of the Executive took place, and the members came to know Bailie Norman Mac Rae of Dingwall, and to hear his reports of progress, they began to feel that they had, acting as Local Secretary, a gentleman less given to talk than work; and confidence in the success of Dingwall Mòd rose. At the same time, it was not anticipated that the Mòd would create so much local interest as it did, or that the number of entries and the standard of production would be so great as they were. The difficulties of finding proper accommodation and arranging for the competitions were great indeed; but the outcome proved that things could hardly have been arranged otherwise. Much credit is due to the Local Committee, to Bailie Mac Rae, and to the Provost for their work in forwarding

the cause for which an Comunn Gaidhealach exists.

From the evening of Monday the 18th, when contingents from the South began to arrive, until the morning of Thursday the 21st, when these began to depart, a stranger would know by the lively appearance of the main street of the Burgh of Dingwall that something of more than ordinary interest was on foot. The weather, which had been kind at the previous thirteen Mòds, proved on this occasion most favourable.

The Competitions were held in two separate halls, and the programme was so timed that rarely were competitors engaged in the one place when they were wanted in the other. The Singing Competitions were held in the Masonic Hall, capable of accommodating about 400 people. The Reading, Recitation, and kindred competitions were held in one of the Carnegie Halls, capable of holding 100 people, while the Violin and Pianoforte competitions were held in another part of the same building. The attendance of the public at each of the places was good, and where the singing was going on the crowd was uncomfortably great. One of the encouraging facts about the Dingwall Mòd was the keen interest taken in all the work by those who attended to see and hear. It was gratifying also to see so many clergymen of all denominations present—some coming from long distances.

On Tuesday morning, at the start of the proceedings, PROVOST JOHN MACRAE extended a hearty welcome to the members of the Comunn to Dingwall. Personally, he felt deeply grateful to them in coming to Dingwall, and he expressed his fervent desire and hope that the meeting in Dingwall would strongly stimulate the growth of the Association. The objects of the Association were such as should excite the ardent sympathy and support of every true Gael. Scottish Gaels had every reason to feel proud of their race. They were well entitled to maintain their distinctive nationality. The surest way to maintain their distinctive nationality was to cultivate and preserve their ancient language. Language seemed to him to be the determining proof of nationality.

He appealed to their compatriots everywhere to join them in furthering the good and patriotic aims of their Association. He reminded them that, according to the last census, the county of Ross and Cromarty contained more Gaelic-speaking people than any other county, and it was fitting, therefore, that they should make Dingwall a rendezvous for their annual Mòd. He trusted they would have pleasant recollections of their visit to Dingwall.

At mid-day of the same day, the Mòd was formally opened by the Countess of Cromartie,

President of the Comunn, who was supported on the platform by local ladies and gentlemen of note.

Her ladyship was introduced to the audience by Provost Mac Rae in fitting terms, and thereafter, she addressed them as follows :—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I feel that it was a pity to have chosen me for President this year instead of someone who could speak to you in Gaelic. But I do not think, after all, that you could have chosen anyone who has the cause more at heart than myself.

It is a wonderful thing, however, that during the last three years, the Celtic revival seems to have become a more important thing in the eyes of other distant countries. In America, for instance, when I was there last year, everybody asked so many questions about the Celtic revival, because they say President Roosevelt takes more interest than almost anybody there in the Celtic revival. About two or three years ago I happened to be in Bohemia, a country that had well-nigh lost and yet succeeded in restoring its national language and its national songs and dances. There they asked many questions about the Celtic revival, and some seemed to know considerably more about it than many people in this country. And yet the Bohemians have a story that not many years ago there were but three men in Bohemia who knew the Bohemian language. If this story has any truth in it, it shows that there is much more hope for countries which have never forgotten so much as that. And certainly none of the Celtic nations have done so, either Scotland, Ireland, and certainly not Wales.

But above all, it seems that behind the songs, the music, and the dances there lies the great tradition of the past—the past of a race who long ago made their mark upon the world. Now, we can at least try to preserve what is left to us. For instance, if a child is taught something of his nation's history and tradition, he must feel that he has something to live up to. Here is an extract from a letter of a well-known man in Ireland. It was written from the University College, Dublin, and it was given me by a lady when I was in Ireland two months ago. The following is the extract :—“The Gaelic movement amazes me by the extraordinary effect it has upon character. I have been here nearly twenty years, and have seen our young men before and since. It grips their whole nature, goes to the very roots of their moral fibre. I have seen numbers lifted on to their feet out of low living and elevated to purest intellectuality. Throughout all Ireland it is working its marvels. I would do anything in the world to promote it.” Over

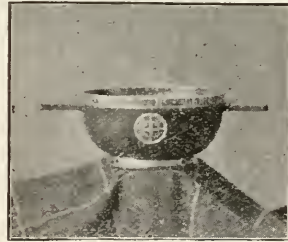
in Ireland, from a personal experience, I can say they are doing their best.

I think that just not too late, people are beginning to see that, by destroying the traditions and language of a people, they destroy all that makes that people either useful to themselves or others. Dr. Douglas Hyde says in one of his speeches that a friend of his was in Denmark, and was astonished at the number of good farmers in that country, and wished to know if farming was taught at the schools. “No,” said the Dane, “but they are taught the old Sagas in the schools; that makes good Danes of the children, and then they become good farmers.”

I think it must be very difficult for a man to have any self-respect and any interest in whatever work he is doing if he has forgotten his individuality. Take a nation's language and traditions from them, and they must lose much.

Some people seemed possessed by an extraordinary delusion that if a people retain their own language they become incapable of speaking any other. The other day, I met a Frenchwoman who could speak Welsh, and she actually remembered her own language quite well, and several others besides.

I do not think I have anything more to say, ladies and gentlemen, but just to thank you very much for your kind reception of me, and to hope that the proceedings will be attended with complete success.



Mr. Archibald Menzies, on behalf of the Comunn then presented to her ladyship an artistic *cuach-bhrochain* in commemoration of the fact that,

during her term of office as President of the Comunn, a son and heir had been born to her. The legend engraved on the *cuach* is “Suas leis a’ Ghàidhlig,” “Sìos leis a’ bhrochan.”

For a goodly number of years, delegates representing the Gaelic League of Ireland have attended the Mòds of the Comunn, and, as the years go by, it would seem that their reception by their brother Gaels in Scotland grows warmer. On this occasion the same delegates attended who were present at Greenock last year, namely, Miss O’Farely and Mr. J. J. Doyle—the latter best known in Irish Gaelic circles as “Beirt fhear,” the *nom de plume* over which he writes very racy and educative Gaelic conversations. Miss O’Farely was accompanied by her sister and Mr. Doyle by Mrs. Doyle. On this occasion Miss O’Farely was the principal

speaker, and we give her remarks in full as follows:—

A bhan-uachtarán, agus a mhuintir na h-Alban mar athá sibh! thangamar annso indiu le teachtaireacht chugaibh ó lucht Chomhartha na Gaedhilge i n-Eirinn. Baincann an



teachtaireacht seo le cúirdeas agus le siothcháin. Bhi muinntir na h-Eireann agus muinntir na h-Alban dlúithe le chéile san aimsir fad ó agus ba mhaith linne an sean-cháirdeas do chur ar bun arís idir an dá náisiun Gaedhealach seo.

An obair seo na Gaedhilge atá ar siubhal agaibh annso, tá a mac-samhail ar siubhal againn i n-Eirinn. Támuid ag troid thall ar son na teangadh, direach mar atá sibh ag troid annso; agus, buidheachas le Dia, tá sé ag éiríge linn go geal. Chímíid fáinne an lae romhainne; ní fada go nbeidh an ghrian ag dealradh ós ar gcomhair.

Deirmid libh-se, a chomh-Ghaedhil na h-Alban, gur cóir daoibh gan aon fhaiteas do bheith oraibh. Glacaidh meisneach anois! Bíodh bhuir ndóchas agus bhuir muinghin as Dia is na flaitheasaibh, agus ní gábhadh agus ní baoghal nach dtiocfaidh sibh chum cinn go tapaídh. Guidhim beannacht Dé oraibh agus ar an obair naomhtha so atá idir laimh agaibh!

Lady Cromartie, and fellow-Gaedheals of Alban, we have come here to-day from your kindred across the sea, with a message of

friendship and sympathy, and a message of hope for the cause of the language, which is the common cause of the Gaedheal, both in Eire and in Alban. There is hope for the language if the people of Alban are willing to sacrifice something for the great ideal of a united people speaking the national language. There never was a great movement which was not based on self-sacrifice. You have an uphill fight before you; but you must not be discouraged. If you place your hope in God and the greatness of the cause you will surely succeed; and never was there a greater cause, a nobler ideal to fight for, than the uplifting of a people through their language, and the traditions of the past enshrined in that language.

Get hold of the schools and all the rest will be easy. The children of to-day are the men and women of to-morrow. It is to these Highland laddies and lassies, lisping the Gaelic, that we must look for the re-birth of Gaelic Scotland. It is to a new generation filled with love and reverence for the traditions and language of the past—a generation which will love every hill and every glen of this old land of yours as much for the memories they hold of ancestral valour as for the beauty and the grandeur of their outward form—it is to this up-coming generation we look for the reawakening of the soul of our kindred here in Scotland; to them we look for the upraising of the old ideas of the Gaedheal. In this new generation, fed upon the language that was taken by your fathers from their home across the sea, when they settled in this land, and spoken here amongst the heather hills for all the centuries that have passed since then—in this new generation we shall see, please God, the old customs of the Gaedheal revive again—the traditional songs and music that were a common heritage of yours and ours, and the old dances and the national games.

Many say to us—or, I should say, rather, many used to say to us—in Ireland, that it was the thought which mattered, not the language in which the thought was uttered. Many of you here, I am sure, have studied mental science, and yet the most learned of you would be slow to say which is anterior to the other. The world which studies psychology is agreed that there is action and interaction between thought and language. When the thought of a people and their peculiar outlook on life gets impressed, as it naturally does, on a language, that language is the most fitting

medium for the expression of the inner mind of the race. It is in that language only the people of that race can fully express themselves; and it is for them the only natural means of expression. Can you imagine a Frenchman without that subtle language, which is the outcome of the polished mind of the race? Can you imagine an Englishman without the Béarla? An Irishman or a Scotsman speaking English as his sole language, is an anomaly and an anachronism. Let no one imagine that we want to revive our language because of its musical sound to our ears, or even because of the old and noble literature behind it. Oh, no! we go even deeper to the root of things when we say we want our language because it is a crystallisation, as it were, of the mind of our race. The ways of thought: the very soul of our ancestors is there enshrined. Without it we are dwarfed and maimed; without it our mind halts and our tongue falters. It is the open sesame to what is best within us. Even our expression in other tongues becomes clearer and better when we find ourselves in our own language. By all means learn English—a people with two languages is twice a people—but let Gaelic be the language of your homes and of your hearts; let it be the language of your prayer and the language of your poetry. In it alone can you ever sing fittingly of the beauty of your land and the glory of your people. In it alone will you ever build up a great modern native literature—a literature which will be your own peculiar contribution to the thought of the world, and that will place you as a people beyond the reproach of North-Britishism. The older people in the English-speaking districts—or, at least, the vast majority of them—can never hope to acquire the language; but they can do their share in the national revival. They can see that their children are taught Gaelic in the schools. They can facilitate the study of the language in a thousand ways—as, for instance, on School Boards and public bodies.

You don't want any laws specially made to provide for the study of Gaelic in this country. In Ireland we have against us a hostile Board of Primary Education—a body appointed by Dublin Castle, and in no way representative of the people. Between this Board and the British Treasury there has been collusion of late, and the result is that the fees for Irish as an extra subject in the schools are to be withdrawn. The £12,000 which these fees cost the Treasury, is to be given, forsooth, towards the teaching of cookery and laundry-work. Well, the Gaelic League is not in a mood to sit idly by and let this unrepresentative Board in Dublin muddle educational matters at their

own sweet will. This so-called National Board never troubled us as to how we cooked our meals or how we washed our clothes until now; and we shall not take their kindly offers at the sacrifice of our national ideals. Ireland and Scotland can join in this struggle, and the success of the language in one country must tell upon the language movement in the other country. Let us make common cause in every way in our power!

Here, in Scotland, however, you have the education of the children in your own hands. You can mould them as you please. To begin with, you can see that Gaelic be a compulsory subject in the schools in Gaelic-speaking districts, and that English be taught through the medium of Gaelic. In fact, that is the only rational way to teach English where Gaelic is the home-language. It is only in Ireland or in Scotland, people would be guilty of the crime against education of sending English-speaking teachers, ignorant of Gaelic, to Gaelic-speaking districts. In Arran (Ireland), some seven years ago, I found that the boys and girls who had left the primary schools a year or two previously, and who had passed the sixth standard in those schools, had already forgotten English, and all because it was taught them parrot-wise through the medium of a foreign language. Such a waste of intellect and of time and energy is heart-sickening to anyone who has the real interests of education at heart. But the Cumann Gaedhealach will, I trust, change all that, as we have changed it to a large extent in Ireland. With us, public opinion is so strong on this question that this anomaly will soon be a thing of the past. You have to fight here against an indifference and an apathy which is worse than hostility; and, in this fight, you will never win until you gain the women on your side. I have noticed how comparatively few women are really interested in the revival here and ready to do honest work in the cause. There are a few, it is true; but they are the exception. One of them is well-known and loved by us in Ireland; and we were sorry to miss her familiar face at our Oireachtas this year. There are others whom I see here to-day; and I am particularly pleased that you have a woman-president this year. An old poet from the Deisi in the south of Ireland, composed the Oireachtas Ode this year, and, when delivering it at our meeting in Dublin, he turned to the women of the audience, apropos of some of his verses which were addressed to them, and said:—"b' fhearr liom aon bhean amháin ná céad fear" (I would prefer one woman to a hundred men.) The women of Gaelic Scotland must decide for you whether or not Gaelic will be the home language, or whether its sounds will be heard in

the Highlands or in the Isles a hundred years hence.

Coming here yesterday, we were struck with the beauty and freshness of this land of yours, and by the wealth of tradition which lies behind the very names of your hills and your glens and your lochs. We passed by twenty battlefields made sacred by the blood of your ancestors. Every old fort had a story; every strath was haunted by the spirit of a noble past; and we said:—"No wonder the poets raved about this old Scottish land; no wonder the Gaedheals were tempted over from our beautiful island to make for themselves a home here among the wild free hills of Alban." But alas! on every side we heard the Béarla; and it seemed—as it seems to us in Ireland, in such districts as the revival has not touched—a desecration of the most sacred things that a divorce has come between the people and the land they live in. It would seem as if the tide of anglicisation which has rolled northward has obscured, as it were, in its passage the old land-marks, and that the people are cut off from an honourable past.

"Tír gan teanga tír gan anam"—Alban without her language is Alban without her national self-respect. The language must be the central unit round which the ideals of the nation will cling; it must be the medium through which the soul of Alban will wake itself in the coming years. It must spread from the Highlands to the Lowlands; and, if you are ever to be identified as a distinct people, the different races of which Scotland is composed must accept the national language as the bond of their union.

In conclusion, let me address you in the words of our Anglo-Irish poet and patriot, Thomas Davis:—

"Then start not, Scottish-born man,
If you're to Scotland true,
We heed not creed, nor race, nor clan.
We've hearts and hands for you."

Mr. Doyle also made a short speech, partly in Gaelic and partly in English. Many among the audience were able to follow the Gaelic remarks of the delegates without difficulty.

At two o'clock in the afternoon a luncheon, to which the Executive Council, their friends and others were invited, was partaken of in the National Hotel. After the luncheon the company were photographed by Messrs. Munro

& Son, 11 High Street, Dingwall, by whose kind permission we are enabled to give some of the illustrations in this issue and, we trust, the group photographed at Dingwall Mòd in our next issue.

On Wednesday evening, after the Mòd proceedings proper were over, a Concert was held. There being no hall in Dingwall large enough



to accommodate the whole of the people who were expected to attend the Concert, the Local Committee hired a large marquee, capable of seating 1000 persons. This large marquee was crowded long before the hour for commencing the proceedings; and to enable those who could not get sitting or standing room inside, the upright side hangings of the tent were unhooked, and many were content to peer through. While such a tent is a tolerable make-shift under ideal weather conditions, such as prevailed at Dingwall, one trembles to think of "what might have been" had the weather been wet and stormy. The Countess of Cromartie presided over the large concourse of people in the marquee, and Mr. Archibald Menzies wielded the baton. Mr. W. S. Roddie, who acted as accompanist at the Mòd, did so also at the Concert. The programme was, as usual, sustained mostly by the competitors; and the playing of the Edinburgh Highland Reel and Strathspey Band was much enjoyed. The soloists seem to have been heard well, but the choral singing suffered in effect from the nature of the place. Notwithstanding considerable discomfort, the audience was very good-humoured, and seemed to enjoy the proceedings very much.

The illustrations of the tent and of the Irish delegates on board ship at Fort-William are from snap-shots by the Rev. M. N. Munro, Taynuilt, who kindly placed them at our disposal.

We now proceed to give the results of the competitions, to which we append notes. The notes on the singing competitions are by Mr. Henry Whyte; those on the violin and piano-

forte competitions by Mr. Archd. Menzies ; and we ourselves are responsible for those on the literary and oral delivery competitions, musical composition and compilation.

The Mod Competitions are in three main sections : Literature, Oral Delivery and Music. Literature is divisible into Prose and Poetry : Oral Delivery into Read Matter and Memorised Matter, the latter being sub-divisible into Borrowed Matter and Original Matter ; the musical section will bear dividing into Vocal and Instrumental classes and Composition and Compilation. Juvenile work is separate from that of adults.

LITERATURE—JUNIORS.

1 GAELIC LETTER. Open to pupils attending any school in the Highland counties. Entered 25.

1 Hector Morison, Staffin, Skye, £1.

2 Edward Lawrie, Poolewe, 10s. and book.

The prize letters are good. The first tells of : An enjoyable evening I spent at the fishing—Focal no dha mu fheasgar cridheil iasgaich a chuir mi seachad. The second is about the sea—Litir air a' mhuir. This letter is well written and correct in spelling—in fact it would be well if the seniors would all write as correctly—but the first prize letter is the more original of the two, and well-spelled also.

2 WRITING FROM DICTATION. Open to the same class as last. Entered 21.

1 Christina Gillies, Staffin, Skye, £1.

2 Ronald Gillies, Drimnin, 10s. and book.

The prize papers here are very correct—indeed, the first too much so. The up-to-dateness of the spelling of the first prize paper takes away our breath !

3 REPRODUCTION IN WRITING of a piece of prose read three times in the hearing of competitor. Entered 25.

1 Edward Lawrie, Poolewe, £1.

2 Jessie Ferguson, Drimnin, 10s.

The prize papers are very good, particularly the first one which is well written, well spelled, and has good diction. The second paper is very creditable also ; but makes wrong use of *triuir* and *dithis*, which may, after all, be true to local idiom.

4 ESSAY on "C' ar son is toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd." Entered 5.

1 Jessie Ferguson, Drimnin, £1 10s.

2 Robert MacDougall, Greenock, £1.

The two papers in this case are exceedingly interesting, showing the trend of the young mind in its outlook on Gaeldom. The second has a peculiar interest in the fact that it is the work of a boy who has acquired his Gaelic in Greenock. The lessons to be learned from these papers warrant their being printed as they stand. Their *naïveté*, we are certain, would warm the hearts of many.

5 ESSAY on, "C' ar son a bu chòir do na

h-Albannaich uile bhi 'nan luchd-labhairt Gàidhlig." Entered 2.

1 Robert MacDougall, Greenock, £1 10s.

2 Annie Macpherson, Storr, Skye, £1.

The competitors here have missed the point of the subject, and no wonder. Such a subject should not have been set for children.

6 TRANSLATION from Gaelic into English, and *vice versa*, of a selection of verses from the Gospels. Entered 23.

1 Duncan B. MacDougall, Easdale, £1 and book.

2 Alister T. D. Mackay, Tiree, 10s. and book.

Both the papers are very creditable indeed. It is interesting to compare the diction of the one with the other. The first relies on his memory, and preserves the style of the Scriptures in his work ; the other translates very naturally. Both spell comparatively well.

Altogether, the Junior literary competitions, as far as the prize papers are concerned, are promising ; and if these young prize takers continue to go on and improve, we shall not be without Gaelic literary output in the coming generation—*as some folk fear will be the case*.

7 ESSAY on Islay as a holiday resort. No entry.

It would be better, that the selection of subjects be left to the Executive of the Comunn. There would then be less chance of injudicious subjects, such as the above, being set for competition.

LITERATURE—SENIORS. POETRY.

1 POEM not exceeding 100 lines. Entered 7.

1 D. MacIver, Bayble, Lewis, £2 10s.

2 John MacFadyen, Glasgow, £1 15s.

3 David B. Fletcher, Morvern, £1.

The judges' comments on these poems are rather severe, and we do not care to repeat them.

2 LULLABY to the tune of "Dean cadalan sàmhach, a chuilean an ròin." Entered 4.

1 John Cameron, Paisley, £2.

2 Rev. D. MacEchern, Coll, £1.

The judges characterise the first as "Very Fair," and the other as "Fair." The first is natural, simple, and Gaelic in style and thoroughly singable. The second is sufficiently poetic, but lacks in style, has too many "O's," and is dominated by English feeling.

3 SONG to any Highland Marching tune suitable for singing. Entered 3.

1 John MacCallum, Glasgow, £1.

The other two songs are considered under the standard. The prize winning song is considered "Fair." Taking into account the complicated rhyme which the selected tune demands, the work may be regarded as a feat. The subject—Cath Ghairidheach—is old and not of special interest to the people of this age.

4 POEM on any incident in the history of Clann Choinnich. Entered 2.

1 Rev. D. MacEchern, Coll, £2 10s.

The subject is "Blàr na Pàirc" and is considered "Fair" by the judges, who are more generous, in this case, than they are in the first poetical competition.

5 POEM in praise of Stratlmaver. Entered 1.

The only piece sent in was considered unworthy of a prize.

The judges in the Junior Literary Competitions and the Senior Poetry Competitions were Dr. MacBain, John Whyte and W. J. Watson.

PROSE.

1 ESSAY on the Gaelic Literature of the Nineteenth Century. Entered 3.

John MacPhail, Giusachan, Beaul, £5 5s. and book.

The essay in this case is hardly worthy of the prize. The author all but ignores the prose writings of the period of which he writes. Comparatively speaking the diction is good.

2 ESSAY on "Blàr Tràigh Ghruinneart." Entered 3.

Archibald MacDonald, Kiltarlity, £2.

This essay is well written and interestingly told; but, if published, would be sure to evoke the wrath of a certain clan. In the interests of Gaelic union it should be kept "under a bushel!"

3 STORY founded on the North Highland Clearances. No entry.

4 TALE OF ADVENTURE associated with the Highlands or Highlanders. Entered 10.

D. W. MacKenzie, Uist, £1 10s. equal.

J. MacCormick, Glasgow, £1 10s.

The prize tales are very good and well worth publishing. The equality is, however, hardly apparent and might have been avoided.

The judges in the Prose Competitions were Miss E. C. Carmichael, Prof. Mackinnon and Rev. Malcolm MacLennan.

ORAL DELIVERY—JUNIORS.

1 MEMORISING 100 lines of Gaelic poetry. Entered 6; competed 4.

1 Hectorina MacIver, Poolewe, £1 5s.

2 Catherine Grant, do. 15s.

3 Jessie MacLennan, do. 10s.

The competitors were fairly successful as long as they were allowed to go straight on from the beginning; but failed if asked to start at any other point. Their delivery was in every case in a soft monotone.

2 NARRATIVE, followed by conversation. Entered 11; competed 8.

1 Mary Martin, Greenock, £1.

2 Annabella MacLennan, Poolewe, 10s.

This competition was a distinct failure, very few of the competitors attempted narrative, and most did not get beyond answering the

questions put by the judges in the baldest possible of sentences. The Poolewe competitors seemed to have had no preparation whatever for the ordeal through which they were to pass. The first place was won easily by the Greenock lassie who, while her pronunciation was not beyond reproach, showed pluck and promise of better results by and bye.

3 RECITATION. Entered 9; competed 6.

1 Mary Martin, Greenock, £1.

2 Donella Ross, Maryburgh, 10s. and book.

3 Jessie MacLennan, Poolewe, 5s. and book.

This competition was much better than the two which preceded it, but left much to be desired. All the Poolewe children recited the same piece—Bha mi 'n déam Beinn Dorain—in a soft monotone and altogether in a manner which reflected little credit on their teacher. The first and second prizes went to girls who were handicapped by defective pronunciation. Their efforts were very creditable, nevertheless. The second prize winner showed evidences of elocutionary training which counterbalanced her rather defective pronunciation.

4 READING. Entered 7; competed 6.

1 Unawarded, £1.

2 Mary Martin, Greenock, 10s.

3 Flora MacLennan, Poolewe, 5s. and book.

None of the Poolewe children had a specially prepared piece to read from. But having been told to read a piece which they knew, they acquitted themselves so indifferently that the judges withheld the first prize and put the Greenock girl above them notwithstanding her defective pronunciation. With preparation the Poolewe children could easily have secured all the prizes.

5 READING AT SIGHT. Entered 7; competed 6.

1 Flora MacLennan, Poolewe, £1 5s.

2 Jessie MacLennan, do. 15s.

3 Mary Martin, Greenock, 10s.

In this case school training told in favour of the Poolewe children, and the Greenock girl took only a third place. The competitors read with little hesitation and seemed to know well what they were reading; but very much better could be taken out of them by any one really interesting himself in the work of training them.

The judges in the preceding competition were Miss E. C. Carmichael, Rev. D. Lamont, and Rev. Thomas Sinton.

ORAL DELIVERY—SENIORS.

1 CONVERSATION. Confined to those who have learned to speak Gaelic within three years preceding the Mod. Entered 3; competed 3.

1 James Finlay, Dingwall, £1 10s.

2 Miss Kennedy, Inverness, £1.

Of the 3 competitors, one was considered ineligible and another barely eligible. Hence the first prize went to the remaining competitor.
2 NARRATION OF SGEULACHD. Entered 9; competed 5.

1 Augusta Matheson, Lewis, £2.

2 Archibald Munn, Oban, £1.

This competition was a great advance on that of last year. It is quite apparent that the competitors took different views of what was expected of them. Three were satisfied with memorising matter which may be found in books; while the remaining two planned and constructed their narratives. One would naturally think, considering that the aim of the Comunn is to popularise Gaelic and to increase the output of original literary work, that the two competitors who made and told their stories would at once have been set on a higher plane than the mere memorisers. But it turned out otherwise. Strange, also, is the fact that of the three memorisers the competitor who did much the greater memorising feat did not get first place. It is hard to discover what benefit is to accrue to Gaelic from the rehearsal of "Jack in the bean-stalk" tales, and harder still to find good reason for the discouragement of original effort. No such mistake could happen in an English connection. A perverse conservatism seems to dog Gaelic at every step, hastening instead of retarding decay. It was gratifying to find, notwithstanding, that the audience and some of the competitors themselves had no inclination to adopt the attitude of the judges; but heartily showed their appreciation of the original work.

RECITATION. Entered 14; competed 12.

Neil MacInnes, Greenock, £1 2s. 6d.

1 Iain Camshron, Paisley, £1 2s. 6d.
equal.

2 Miss Kennedy, Inverness, 10s.

Compared with former years there was decided improvement in this competition. In this case, also, the judges' decision was at variance with the popular verdict, and contrary to the anticipations of the majority of the competitors themselves. The expectancy of the onlookers was that freedom of delivery would have got its due recognition and have brought out results different from the awards.

4 READING. Entered 13; competed 9.

1 Augusta Matheson, Lewis, £2.

2 Mary Mackinnon, Oban, £1 1s.

3 Alex. Fraser, Stormoway, 10s.

Comparing the awards with the performances it would appear as if the time has come for a separation of the sexes in these, as in the singing competitions. The popular verdict, in this case, also went in favour of the competitors who showed themselves capable of getting out of the old rut, and of giving

forth something which could compete with a chance of success against popular English reading pieces. The verdict of "comic" was levelled at one of the readings. The piece was humorous and very naturally and well rendered, without a shade of comicality about it. It was selected out of a book of "Readings" and could not have been effectively rendered otherwise than was done.

The judges in the preceding competitions were W. J. Watson, Rev. D. Lamont and Rev. Thos. Sinton.

VOCAL MUSIC—JUNIORS.

1 SOLO SINGING. Girls. Confined to Gaelic speakers. Entered 25; competed 22.

1 Catherine Mackintosh, Inverness, £1 and silver medal.

2 Georgina C. Mackay, Maryburgh, 10s.

Although the number of competitors is large, the number of songs rendered was confined to four or five, the majority of the young competitors simply rendering as solos the songs which they had learned and sung as members of the juvenile choirs.

2 SOLO SINGING. Boys. Confined to Gaelic speakers. Entered 3; competed 3.

1 Hector MacFarquhar, Dingwall, £1 and silver medal.

2 Farquhar Maclellan, Poolewe, 10s.

3 SOLO SINGING. Boys. Open. Entered 8; competed 6.

1 Kenneth J. MacRae, Inverness, £1 and book.

2 Hector MacFarquhar, Dingwall, 10s. and book.

3 Ebenezer Ballantyne, Inverness, 5s. and book.

The first prize winner was the Junior Gold Medallist at the Inverness Mod, 1903, who gave a happy rendering of "Breacan Màiri Uisdein" to a variant of the tune usually associated with "Clachan Ghlinn-da-ruadhail."

4 CHORAL SINGING of a song. Confined to Gaelic speakers. Entered 4; competed 3.

1 Inverness School Choirs, £5.

2 Caberfeidh Choir, Maryburgh, £3.

The musical judges in the preceding competitions were W. H. Murray and Dr. Bell, with the addition of John Whyte and Rev. Neil Ross as Gaelic judges in the open competition.

VOCAL MUSIC—SENIORS.

1 SOLO SINGING of a Lewis or Harris song. Confined to natives of those places. Entered 10; competed 6.

1 Augusta Matheson, Lewis, £2 2s.

2 Miss Strachan, Inverness, £1 1s.

2 SOLO SINGING of a Lewis or Harris song. Open except to Gold Medallists. Entered 18; competed 16.

1 Mary MacLeod, Inverness, £2 2s.

2 Ella MacDougall, Greenock, £1 1s.

These two competitions, connected with Lewis and Harris were rather monotonous as the competitors confined themselves to a few popular songs easily accessible. "Torram na h-innrich chuain" was sung five times; "Eilean Leodhais, tìr nan gaisgeach" five times and "Oran mòr Mhic Leòid" four times. The other songs which were heard were: "Hù o, tha mi fo mhulad" which has a beautiful air, and, as it has been noted down it is intended to reproduce it as soon as the words are got; "An talla bu ghnàth le Mac Leòid" and "Lithill uithill agus ò," both by Mairi Nighean Alasdair ruaidh. It is hoped that, next year, the Lewis and Harris Association will offer a prize for the best collection of unpublished airs from those places. From such a collection fresh airs would be available; for there must surely be a large number of songs connected with these islands still uncollected.

3 SOLO SINGING of a song. Confined to members of An Comunn Gaidhealach, its Branches and Affiliated Societies, who are unable to converse in Gaelic. Entered 10; competed 3.

1 Ella MacDougall, Greenock, £2 2s.

2 Annie R. MacDonald, Glasgow, £1 1s.

The fewness of the competitors in relation to the entries was owing to the absence of the Dundee choir, to which a good number belonged. The Gaelic enunciation was excellent, superior to that of several of the competitors in the competitions confined to those able to converse in Gaelic. The songs rendered were "Cumha na h-òighe"; "Hi horó's na horo éile" and "O, till a leannain."

4 SOLO SINGING of a song. Males. Open to professionals, former medallists and prize winners. Confined to Gaelic speakers. Entered 7; competed 6.

1 John MacLeod, Glasgow, £3 3s.

5 SOLO SINGING of a song. Females. As last. Entered 9; competed 8.

1 Jessie M. MacLennan, £3 3s.

These two competitions are usually keenly contested and followed with deep interest by the audience. The singing of the gentlemen was upon the whole very good despite the fact that the songs rendered were all hackneyed—the only fresh solo being "Mo rìghinn òg" from "An Londubh," beautifully given by Hugh MacLeod, Inverness. The successful competitor among the gentlemen was last year's gold medallist who rendered "An cluinn thu, leannain" in a charming manner. The songs rendered by the ladies were also quite hackneyed, while the Gaelic was in some cases a limited quantity. Indeed some of the soloists would not have held their own against those who took part in the competitions confined to those only acquiring the language. The song

rendered by the successful lady was "Thug mi gaol do 'n fhear bhàn."

6 SOLO SINGING of *Oran Mòr*. Confined to Gaelic speakers. Entered 15; competed 12.

1 John MacLeod, Glasgow, £2 2s.

2 Robert Morrison, Inverness, 10s.6d.

3 Hugh MacLeod, Inverness,

equal.

Considerable interest was manifested in this competition, the hall being well filled during the time the *Orain Mhòra* were being sung. All the specified songs were rendered by one or other of the competitors with the exception of "Tàladh Iain Mhùideartaich." "An Dubhghleannach" and "Cabair féidh" were sung three times, while "Mi 'm shuidhe air an tulaich" was sung twice and "Morair Ghlinn Urchaidh" once.

7 SOLO SINGING of a song. Males. Professionals and Medallists excluded. Confined to Gaelic speakers. Entered 16; competed 15.

1 Thomas Lawrie, Gourrock, £1 1s. and gold medal.

2 W. Grant Downie, Glasgow, £2 2s.

3 Calum Caimbeul, Glasgow, £1 1s.

8 SOLO SINGING of a song. Females. As last. Entered 18; competed 17.

1 Jessie M. MacLennan, Govan, £1 1s. and gold medal.

2 Mary MacLeod, Inverness, £2 2s.

Mrs. C. G. Mackenzie, Stornoway, 10s.6d.

3 Katie MacDonald, Edinburgh, 10s.6d.

equal.



MEDAL.

According to the rules laid down by the Executive of the Comunn, this was one of the

competitions in which all who entered must possess a conversational knowledge of Gaelic, which must be taken to mean that each competitor not only understands what is said but should be able to respond in the same language. As the competition proceeded, it was painfully evident that the knowledge of Gaelic as a spoken language possessed by some of the lady competitors was extremely limited, as *bhas na beurla* was much in evidence. We fear the standard set up by the judges who examined the candidates in this and several other competitions was much too low, so low indeed that no one failed; and it has been asserted by more than one member of the Executive that at least two of the successful lady competitors did not possess the requisite knowledge of Gaelic. It has been stated that the judges were approached to make the examination a simple one, in order to encourage learners. To such pressure from without they evidently yielded, with the result that many of the genuine Gaelic-speaking competitors feel aggrieved at being deprived of what they honestly won, by competitors lacking the necessary qualification and who can be of little service to the cause of real Gaelic singing in the future. It is to be hoped that before next Mod the Executive may devise some better means of safeguarding the interests of the Comunn and those of *bona fide* Gaelic-speaking competitors.

9 DUET SINGING of a song. Entered 12; competed 9.

- 1 Annetta C. Whyte, Glasgow, £2
- John MacLeod, do.
- 2 Miss MacNeil, Inverness, £1 1s.
- Hugh MacLeod, do.

The singing in this competition was a distinct advance on former years, as the most of the pieces rendered had been specially arranged as duets. The first prize was carried off by two former gold medallists for a finished rendering of "Oran a' bhàis"; the second prize winners sang "O till, a leannain."

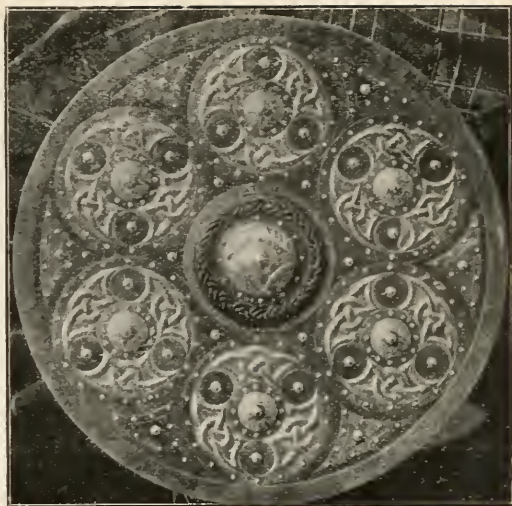
10 QUARTET SINGING of a song. Mixed voices. Entered 5; competed 3.

- 1 Inverness party No. 1, £3.
- 2 Inverness party No. 2, £2.

11 CHORAL SINGING of a song in four-part harmony. Confined to choirs who had not previously gained a prize at a Mod. Entered 1. Dingwall Choir, £5.

This choir sang well considering the fact that they have been so recently formed. We hope to find them contesting the honours at next Mod.

12 CHORAL SINGING of a song in four-part harmony. Entered 6; competed 4. The Tullibardine and Lovat Challenge shield to be held by the choir winning first prize.



TROPHY.

- Oban Choir, £8 10s.
- 1 Inverness Choirs, £8 10s. equal.
- 2 Greenock Choir, £4.

The test song was "Hó ro mo chuid chuideachd thu," which was balloted for to be sung by all the choirs. The other songs which were balloted for from choirs' own lists were: (Oban) "Theid mi g' ad amharc"; (Inverness) "Boch oirinn ó"; (Dingwall) "An cluinn thu, leannain"; (Greenock) "Bruthaichean Ghlinn Bhraoin." All the choirs sang well and the marking was close. In respect of the Oban choir having a few points higher for Gaelic than the Inverness choir, they are to have the custody of the shield for the first six months of the year entered upon.

13 CHORAL SINGING of a song, by Ladies' choirs. Two-part or three-part harmony. Entered 5; competed 4.

- 1 Inverness choir, £5 5s.
- 2 Greenock choir (undecided).

The vocal competitions, while yielding much good singing, were wonderfully barren in fresh melodies. It would add a fresh charm to next Mod if choirs and soloists would search for and cultivate fresh music. It must be very depressing for the judges to listen to such songs as "O, till, a leannain"; "Hi horó's na horo éile" and a few others, sung by some ten or dozen soloists, as well as by duettists and choirs. One wonders if a tithe of our competitors study the conditions on the back of their Mod Syllabus, judging by the manner in which they disregard its contents. They are told to supply music to the judges when their songs are not printed in any of the popular collections; and yet, many neglect to comply with this simple request. They are also enjoined to supply a

suitable copy of their music to the accompanist; and yet, they hand him a tattered cutting from some newspaper containing the melody of their song in sol-fa. It is well known that the Comunn Gaidhealach offer prizes for the rendering of Gaelic songs and melodies, and yet, competitors come forward with Gaelic translations of English songs which they sing to their traditional melodies—and even carry off prizes for such an outrage on the aims of the Mod.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

1 SOLO SINGING with CLARSACH accompaniment. Entered 2; competed 2.

1 Ella MacDougall, Greenock, £3.

2 Lizzie Mackenzie, Petty, £2.

2 PLAYING a selection of Airs on the CLARSACH. Entered 2; competed 2.

1 Ella MacDougall, Greenock, £3.

2 Rev. D. MacEchern, Coll, £2.

So long as these competitions are confined to two or three persons, it is a question for the Comunn to consider whether they should continue them.

3 VIOLIN PLAYING. Two song airs, three strathspeys and three reels. Entered 6; competed 5.

1 William Sutherland, Inverness, gold medal.

2 Donald Morison, Inverness, silver medal.

4 PIANOFORTE PLAYING. Three strathspeys and three reels. Confined to Amateurs. Entered 10; competed 10.

1 Olive Helen Murray, Stornoway, £2 10s.

2 Mrs. MacDonald, Kiltarlity, £1 10s.

3 Undecided.

The musical judges for the senior singing and clarsach playing competitions were W. H. Murray and John Bell, Mus. Doc., both from Glasgow. Mr. Murray has for many years acted as judge, his findings giving much satisfaction. Dr. Bell also acted as judge at the Glasgow Mod of 1901, and has shown deep interest in the Comunn and its aims. In the competitions open to non-Gaelic speakers, John Whyte and Rev. Neil Ross, acted as judges in regard to the Gaelic pronunciation and expression.

We have pleasure in giving the following article by Mr. Murray, which, we are sure, will be read with great interest.

"I count it a great compliment and honour that for eight Mòds in succession I have been appointed one of the adjudicators for singing. With such an experience, I am in a position, better than most, to give some indication of the progress made—from the musical point of view—during these seven years.

Year by year it has been becoming more difficult for singers to secure the highest honours. Gradually, the number who reach a

plane of real excellence has been increasing, and the Dingwall Mod has touched the highest yet obtained. Seven years ago, there were a few outstanding voices, some fairly good, and the majority under even that classification. Now, the majority in all the competitions reach a high level; and the struggle for the highest places is keen indeed. In proof of this I will tabulate the marks I gave in two of the principal competitions, comparing the year 1898 with 1905. The markings are my own alone. My different coadjutors would doubtless vary from me to some extent. But, for the present purpose, my own figures will suffice.

MEDAL COMPETITION.

Number Competing.		Percentage of Marks gained.				
		Under 60.	60 to 69.	70 to 79.	80 to 89.	Over 90.
1898	23	4	4	10	5	0
1905	32	1	2	8	16	5

OPEN COMPETITION.

1898	8	1	1	1	5	0
1905	14	0	0	1	10	3

Similar results obtain in almost all the competitions; and, to show how high, this year, the level rose: in the "Orain Mhòra" competition only one singer has less than 80 per cent. of marks, and five had over 90 per cent.

The singing of the juveniles also shows a distinct advance. Of the 30 girls and boys who competed in solo-singing, 18 gained over 80 per cent. of marks. In 1898, none of the 6 children who then came forward reached such a position. Sweetness is now the rule in the children's singing. Attempts to force the lower registers, which, in former years, were quite common, have now become rare. Unquestionably there is much good material preparing for future Mòds; and from Poolewe, Maryburgh and Inverness there is promise of coming prize-takers and medallists. Might I give a hint to their teachers. Whilst songs with a range suitable for young voices are somewhat limited in number, so that some repetition and consequent monotony must always be expected in children's competitions, there was this year a distinct, and, I think, unnecessary want of variety and freshness in the songs chosen.

In duet singing, every year has shown an advance upon its predecessor. In 1898 110 marks over 70 per cent were gained. This year there was none under 80 per cent; and 4 reached 90 per cent. and over.

In quartet singing, the advance has not been quite so marked; but the progress has been steadily upwards.

The difference in seven years in the choir section (mixed voices and female voices) is not great. All through the years there has been

excellent choir singing; and it is saying much for this year's performances when it can be declared that, speaking generally, they were not inferior to those of former Mòds.

In the juvenile choir section, it is safe to say that this year's was the best yet presented. The lowest choir gained 85 per cent. of marks, and the highest reached 93 per cent.

The points in regard to which improvement is most marked are :—

First—Voice production. The change for the better within the past three or four years is very marked. The crude, raspy or nasal sounds too often in evidence in days gone by, are now rarely heard.

Second—Style and expression. The subjects of many Gaelic songs lend themselves to expression, and, wedded as most of them are to tender melodies, a singer who puts *heart* into his song has rare opportunity of impressing the listener. Many of the renderings this year were very touching, and, in their pathos, one or two were almost overwhelming.

Third—Arrangements and harmonies. We do not now hear, what was at one time quite common, two parts taken from a four-part arrangement sung as a duet. The performers now mostly sing harmonies specially arranged for their voices and parts, and, usually, the singers show a true appreciation of the nature of a duet. The quartet arrangements have also improved in suitability for single voices.

Might I now indicate one or two points in regard to which there is still room for improvement. I was glad to hear a remark by some one at Dingwall to the effect that it should be made compulsory for the singer to take the accompanist provided by the committee. This would certainly be a step in the right direction. Many of the competitors bring their own accompanist. A few of these manage fairly well; many, however, who sit down to the piano—even if they could play the notes correctly—have not the faintest idea of what an accompaniment should be. Over and over again the rendering of a song has been completely ruined by a clumsy and ignorant player. Simple in form as the songs are, they yet need great care and delicacy in their accompaniments; the player must also have some knowledge of their modal structure, in order that their quaint tonality may have its full effect.

In the cases of choirs, an exception would need to be made, as, here, it is desirable that the choir's regular accompanist, who knows all the points, should play at the performance.

It was very pleasing this year to hear a good many fresh songs, and to find that some of the old favourites were getting a complete and

well-earned rest. "Fear a' bhàta," "Cumha Mhic Criomainn" and "An Gaidheal 's a leannan" were not once heard; and "Do 'n chuthaig" was only once in evidence. For my own part, I do not weary of the old songs—every year I seem to enjoy them the more—but there must be an abundance of old melodies quite as interesting which have never been heard at a Mòd; and where better could they get introduced?

Of the new songs this year, two were particularly interesting: "Chunnaic mi 'n damh donn 's na h-èillean," sung by Mr. Roderick MacLeod at the Concert—a beautiful melody in the mode of the 3rd of the scale—and "Mo shuil a' d dhéigh," sung most sweetly by a girl member of the Poolewe choir, the tender quaintness of its tonality—the mode of the 5th of the scale—was very expressively brought out by the young singer.

In this connection, is it not time that some definite movement were being made towards the publication of a new collection of harmonized songs for the choirs? Could not the committee prepare a book containing (1) the songs they have had specially harmonized for the various Mòds; (2) a selection of the old favourite songs with new harmonies; and (3) a number of the more recently discovered melodies for which sympathetic and competent musicians might be asked to supply harmonies. I feel sure that a new interest and impetus would be given to choir singing were such a collection available. A smaller book might also be provided for ladies' choirs.

It is questionable, however, whether our choirs, which continue to maintain such a high standard of excellence, will always be content with harmonized versions of our simple folk-song—beautiful as these are. The demand is likely to come for more advanced music. Would it be possible to find suitable Gaelic words, dramatic in character, fitted for more extended and elaborate musical forms—say, the extended part-song, or the cantata? Or, is a singable translation of the words of some English poem already set to good music possible? I would not desire to displace the folk-songs, the love of which with me amounts to a passion. What I am anxious for is, that by providing additional attractive material for our choir singers, their interest may be quickened and their numbers increased. I think that some such development will sooner or later become a necessity."

The playing of Highland music, more especially strathspeys and reels, on the piano has of recent years gone much "out of fashion." There is no reason why this should be, even in this day of classical music. To Scotsmen there is no music more inspiring

than strathspeys and reels. For the encouragement of amateurs in this class of music (on the piano), Mrs. A. Ogilvie Grey, Edinburgh, herself a capable exponent of strathspeys and reels, has intimated a donation of £5 5s. annually, to be given in prizes for this competition.

There was an encouraging turn out of competitors in the Violin Competition. The first prize-winner is a youthful performer of considerable promise. The second prize-winner is also an excellent player, but restricted her selections to tunes more suitable for the bagpipes, and which did not give much scope or variety. There are numerous other tunes which are more appropriate to piano playing:

The judges in the violin and pianoforte competitions were Archibald Menzies, Edinburgh, Andrew Mackintosh, Inverness, and William Waddell, Edinburgh.

Mr. Menzies, at the close of the Violin Competition, spoke some words of counsel to the competitors. He said that the performance of most of the competitors was less or more marred by nervousness, indiscriminate use of the *forte* pedal, and want of consistent, well-marked time. He pointed out that correct fingering, regular and distinctly marked time, and a good, sound bass, *in octaves* (without sameness), were all-important in the rendering of this class of music. Several of the competitors used the *forte* pedal and chords in the bass, not always in good harmony, which detracted much from the simplicity and effectiveness necessary for this class of music. With a good fundamental bass, *in octaves*, the harmony is sufficiently brought out by the quick succession of the chord notes in the treble. The *forte* pedal should not be used; except, perhaps, by indifferent players, who *imagine* that its use covers "a multitude of sins" otherwise.

On the whole, the competition was satisfactory; and it is to be hoped that greater interest may in future be evinced for this class of music among amateurs, especially ladies. We hope to see a larger turn out of competitors at future Mods.

The competition in violin playing was neither so encouraging nor so good as the piano competition. The first prize-winner's playing left much to be desired for an efficient rendering.

Here, as in piano playing, regular and well-marked time is an absolute necessity. The bowing is by far the most important factor in the playing of strathspeys and reels; and neither of the players made sufficient use of their bow, more especially of the old style up-driven stroke. In particular, the second prize winner used only a few inches of his bow,

and his playing was consequently jerky and inefficient. There is no reason why the whole length of the bow, or very nearly so, should not be used in playing this class of music, especially in strathspey playing. The use of the "slur" is by many not well understood or exercised. In each bar there are generally two groups of four notes. In reels, the first two notes of the group should be slurred—in the first group with a "down" bow, in the second with a well-marked "up" or driven bow—the other notes of the group receiving a bow each. This treatment enables the performer to use more of the bow, and a better "swing" is obtained. Like the advice on the penny savings box: Let the players take care of the "up" bows, and the "down" bows will take care of themselves.

The slow airs played by the competitors—who nearly all played the same airs—were only fairly rendered; and several of them used incorrect settings, possibly, having acquired the air by ear. This should not be so. There are hundreds of very beautiful Gaelic song airs, the music of which is easily and cheaply obtainable. We hope for improved numbers and better appearances at future Mods.

MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

1 COMPOSITION OF A MELODY to Donald Mac-kechnie's song "Chunnaic mi na gruagaichean." Entered 2.

John Cameron, Paisley, 15s. 9d.

1 John MacCallum, Glasgow, 15s. 9d. equal.

Neither of the tunes submitted were considered by any of the judges as of more than fair merit.

MUSICAL COMPILATION.

1 COLLECTION OF UNPUBLISHED VOCAL MUSIC. Entered 1.

John Cameron, Paisley, £2.

This collection, which consists of 46 tunes, received high commendation from all the judges, who agreed in giving it 100 marks. Within the last three years, Mr. Cameron has had taken down from his singing 120 melodies, 108 of which are now in the possession of the Comunn. Making allowances for variants differing slightly from published versions and for a few about which there is doubt, Mr. Cameron can make the proud boast that he has recovered from danger of being lost 100 melodies, of varied style and character. A large proportion of these melodies have well known words; a certain proportion are for songs of which only a verse or two is available; and the remainder, being instrumental in purpose, have only *puirt a beul*, or single words.

The judges in the preceding competitions

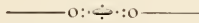
were Archd. Menzies, Mrs. Kennedy Fraser and Wm. Waddell, Edinburgh.

THE MEDALLISTS.

We have pleasure in giving in this issue the portraits of the medallists.

Miss Jessie M. MacIennan was born in Govan and brought up there. Both of her parents are from Lewis. She has been for four years a member of the Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association, and was a chorister in that choir at the Glasgow Mod of 1901. The Dingwall Mod was the first occasion on which she competed in Gaelic singing.

Mr. Thomas Lawrie was born at Dunach near Oban, and brought up at Fincharn, Lochawe-side. His father was a well-known breeder of Highland cattle, and a great lover of Gaelic songs—some of those in An t-Oranaiche having been got from him by the late Mr. Sinclair. Mr. Lawrie was for three years at Lochgilphead and came to Glasgow when he was 14 years of age. He was for a time a member of the Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association, and sang solos at some of their concerts. Since removing to Gourrock he joined the Greenock Gaelic Choir, with whom he sang as a chorister at the recent Mod. One of the fresh melodies which were sung there—"Thug mi mo làmh do 'n Eileanach"—was rescued by Mr. Lawrie. Mr. Lawrie is also interested in Shinty, being founder of the Glasgow Caledonian Shinty Club.



ORAN-CIUIL.

*Tha 'n cridhe fuaraidh nach deanadh gluasad
Ri eisdeachd dhuanaig air fuaime cho cèdla.*

—Am Fear-Ciuil.

CHAILIN OG NACH STUIR THU ML. GLEUS D.

RANN.

{		m., m	:	m., m		l., s	:	m., m	}
		'S cailin		thusa 's		buachaill		mise ;	

SEIS.

{		d., d'	:	t., l		s., m	:	r	}
		Chailin		òg nach		stùir thu		mi ?	

{		m., m	:	m., s		l., s	:	m., m	}
		'S cailin		thusa 's		buachaill		mise ;	

{		d., d'	:	t., d'		l., s	:	m	}
		Chailin		òg i		hiùiribh		ò ;	

{		d., d'	:	r., d'		m., r	:	r	
		Chailin		òg nach		stùir thu		mi ?	

Chaidh mi shuiridh air nighean Rìgh Eireann;
Chailin òg, etc.

Dh' iarr a' chailin nì nach b' fheudar :

Caisteal air gach cnocan gréine ;

Muileann air gach sruth an Eirinn ;

Cat air am bì fichead earball ;

Thug i mionnan, bóid is briathran

Nach sìneadh i a taobh ri m' chliathaich ;

Nuair chuala mi na briathran gàbhaidh,

Chaidh mi dhachaidh mar a b' àbhaist ;

Thug mi 'm laidhe a' bhliadhn' ach ràidhe ;

Thàinig a' chailin donn g' am fhaicinn ;

Dh' fhiosraich i ciod è mar bhà mi ;

"Cha 'n eil mis' ach tùrsach, cràiteach,

Falt mo chinn 'na dhualan làmh rium."

Dh' éirich mis' an là-arn-a-mhàireach,

Bho 'n b' e ceann na bliadhn' ach ràidhe ;

Chaidh mi mach gu cùl na sràide ;

Rug mi air chaman 's chuir mi bàrr leis ;

Rug mi rithis is chuir mi dhà leis ;

Thàinig a' chailin donn taobh bhà mi ;

Dh' fhiosraich i ciod è mar bhà mi ;

"Math le caraid, olc le nàmhaid."

Chrom i ceann is rinn i gàire.

Mur bhiodh dhomh gur bean mo mhàthair,

Is té eile mo phiuthar ghràdhach,

Dh' innsinn sgeul do fhear nam mnàthan :

Pàirt dhiubh gu beulach, breugach,

Is cuid dhiubh gu modhail, beusach.

The words of the preceding song are taken from An t-Oranaiche. Possibly they were garnered by the late Archibald Sinclair. The tune is from the Mòd prize-winning compilation of unrecorded Gaelic melodies sent in this year by John Cameron of Paisley, to which reference is made in another page. The words have all the appearance of derivation from older ones which have suffered losses and changes in the transition from generation to generation. They and the melody clearly belong to the waulking song class.

The words here given are not the only ones having a similar refrain ; for the late Mary MacKellar contributed to Vol. XV. of the Transactions of the Inverness Gaelic Society an entirely different set of words, which she introduces with these remarks :—

"There is another fragment of a song of this kind which is said to have been composed by a young man who was travelling the mountain side, when he met a young woman of great beauty, who pretended to be a maid of the shieling. She fascinated him with her charm of looks and manner, and, when she asked him to become her herdsman, he followed her, to find she had deceived him, and her beauty was only seeming. She was one of the weird women of the fairy hills, and he regrets having met her. We have heard this sung as a lullaby, and also as a waulking song. The melody is very fine."

The words which follow indicate a melody different from that here recorded. Possibly, it may yet be recovered in the Lochaber district.

A' chailin òg a stiùradh mi ;
Chailin iu ò, hog li ho ro ;
Hog i hò na hò ro èile,
Chailin òg a stiùradh mi.

Latha dhomh 's mi siubhal fàsaich,
Chailin, etc.

Thachair cailin mìngheal, bhàn orm ;
Sheall i 'nam ghnùis is rinn i gàire ;
Sheall mise 'na gnùis is bhuail an gràdh mi ;
Bhuailleadh le saighead a' bhàis mi ;
Mheall i mo chridhe le blàth-shuil ;
Bha a graidh mar shubhan gàraidh ;
Dath an òir air a cùl fàinneach ;
Thuirt i rium le guth binn gàireach,
Buachaill thusa, banachag mise ;
B' fhèairde banachag buachaill aice ;
Thèid e mach ri oidhche fhraaich ;
Cuiridh e na laogh am fasgadh ;
Lùbaidh e i féin 'na bhreacan ;
Caidlidh iad gun sgòs, gun airsneul ;
'S eutrom dh' èireas iad 'sa mhaduinn.

A peculiar interest attaches to these songs owing to the fact that the refrain words are supposed, with great probability, to have had the honour of quotation by Shakespeare in his play of Henry V., Act 4. The case stands thus :—

In the 1623 edition of the play, the French soldier whom the braggart Pistol takes prisoner, is represented as addressing his capturer in these words, "Je pense que vous etes gentil-homme de bonne qualite." Pistol replies—"Qualitic *calmie custure me!* Art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? Discuss." The words in italics puzzled later editors of Shakespeare's works, from whom emanated the following attempts at emendations—

Call you me? Construe me.

Call you me, cur.

Cudgel me, Conster me.

Malone, an Irish editor of Shakespeare's works, found in a book entitled "A Handful of Pleasant Delites," "a sonet of a lover in praise of his lady to *Calen o custure me*, sung at every line's end"; and he came to the conclusion that the words used by Pistol were no other than the name and refrain of the tune so mentioned. Others, coming after Malone, tried in their turn, to find an explanation of *Calen o custure me*, and, for want of knowledge, they hazarded as solutions :—

Coleen oge asthore,

Cailin òg is truagh me, etc.

But, strange to say, the proper explanation is found on Scottish ground; and it was noticed by David Comyn, who refers to it in his "Irish Illustrations to Shakespeare," 1894,

thus: "In a collection of Gaelic songs published in 1876 at Glasgow, I find one with a burden very similar, and distinctively Irish in its allusions." He then quotes from *An t-Oranaiche* the song given here under the music, and proceeds: "If we could here read 'an' for 'nach' (the *n* of *an* being slurred over in speaking) we may have a clue which some Highland friend might follow up."

There is little difference in meaning between "Chailin òg nach stiùir thu mi" and "Chailin òg an stiùir thu mi." Just the difference between "Young maiden will you not guide me" and "Young maiden will you guide me." Mrs. MacKellar's version, "Chailin òg a stiùradh mi," has no meaning, and is probably "Chailin òg a(n) stiùir thu mi," the *n* being assimilated to the *s* following it, as suggested by Mr. Comyn.

There need be no doubt as to the identity of the words of the refrain of the songs here given, with the same words given as the name of the Irish tune, written *Calen o custure me*. The song words, if not entirely lost in Ireland, have, at any rate, not been found there. Indeed, the work-songs—words and music—are either scarce in Ireland, or have been neglected by the collectors. On the other hand, notwithstanding lack of diligence in collecting and preserving them, the work-songs are plentiful in Scotland. May it not be that the more popular Gaelic folk-songs and music of Scotland belong to an earlier stratum than those of Ireland, and that, for that reason, "Chailin òg an stiùir thu mi" is extant in Scotland, while, in Ireland, it may have been buried underneath a more recent stratum, just as happened to many Gaelic words which are extant in speech in Scotland, and only to be found in old writings in Ireland.

The name of the tune *Calen o custure me* appears in "A Handful of Pleasant Delites," 1584; and the tune itself in *Ballets' Lute Book*, a MS. of 1594 in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin; in *Playford's Musical Companion*, 1673; in the Fitzwilliam (otherwise Queen Elizabeth's) virginal book, 1602-1622. The tune is also found in a modern accessible place, namely, *The Irish Song Book*, edited by A. P. Graves, and published by T. Fisher Unwin, London, price 1/-. The words there given along with the music, are a translation from Gaelic by Dr. Douglas Hyde; but they have no connection with the original song, and they are not in keeping with the air which consists of a chanted line and a chorus of three lines, in accordance with the style of the work-song. The Irish air differs altogether from the air here given.

Bryan O Keenan, son of Cormac, whose death in 1537 is recorded in *The Annals of*

Ulster, is reputed author of the Irish melody. Little value need be attached to the belief. It is vain to speak of the authorship of a work-song or melody. Songs and melodies of that class grow; and, frequently, different tunes to the same song exist within a score of miles of one another.

—:~:~:~:—

AM FIADH.

LE DOMHNULL MAC EACHARN.

EARRANN II.

'S AN àm air am bheil mi 'g iomradh, bha agh féidh mu'n bhaile a rinn gníomh a chuir iongantais air aon no dhà. Shnàmh i trasd an Caolas Diùrach, eadar Ard-lusa agus Tigh-a'-Bhealaich, astar shè mìle. Ciod a' chuireag phuinnsein a theum i gu sin a dheanamh, cha 'n eil fhios; ach ghabh i mach oidhche bhòidheach, fhèitheil, toiseach an Fhoghair, 's ràinig i Tìr-mór am beul an lathia. 'N uair bha i 'tighinn faisg air an fhearam, chunnaic i duine 'na shuidhe air carraig am beul an làin, agus stiùir i dìreach air. Bha 'n duine bochd so,—figheadair a mhuinntir Thigh-a'-Bhealaich,—a' feuchainn gu dìchiollach ri tràth éisg a thoirt as a' mhuir a chuideachadh an arain làitheil, 's bha e cho dian air a ghnóthach ris an robh e, 's nach d' thug e faineair ciod a bha 'tighinn thuige thar sàil, gus an cual e séidrich na h-aighe, 's i nis mar bheagan astair do bhàrr na slait-iasgaich aige. Thug e aon sùil air a' choigreach a bha 'tighinn, 's dh' fhoghairinn sin. Bha ise 'tighinn, a dà chluas 'nan seasamh dìreach air a ceann, 's a dà shùil a' geur spleuchdadh air an clàr an aodainn. Cha d' fheith e ri tuillidh fhaicinn. Leum e air a bhonn, 's thug e 'm freach air; ach 'nuair fhuair e beagan astair eadar e féin 's an uile-bhéist, bha e 'cur campair air nach b' urrainn da innseadh aig an tigh ciod a' ghné chreutair a chunnaic e. Co dhù a b' e 'n Leviathan aig lob a bh' ann, no Oannes, an tabh-bhéist sin a b' àbhaist a bhí 'tighinn a nìos as a' mhuir a theagasg muinntir Bhàbiloin; no, co aig a bha fios nach e'n dearbh Mhial-mara mór sin a thug an t-aiseag do Iónah a bh'ann. Chual e gu'n do theagaisg Oannes nì no dhà do na Babilónaich a bha chum mór bhuanachd dhaibh. Ciod am fios nach e 'dheilbh a' cheud eige chùrainn a chuireadh am beairt. B' fhèarr leis a nis gu'n d' fheith e tiota beag. Ged a bha na smaointean so a' ruith 'na inntinn, cha robh e idir a' dearmad a ghnóthaich, 's b' e sin: faotainn dachaidh cho luath 's a bheireadh a chasan e. Bha e nis a' dlùthachadh ris an tigh, agus smaointich e gu 'm faodadh e sùil a thoirt 'na dhéigh. Bha fhios aige nach b' urrainn do chreutair mara a leantainn ro-fhad air tìr. Thug e sùil thar a ghualainn. "Crois Chrìosd

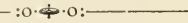
orm!" ars esan, "tha so a' tighinn; is duine marbh mise!" Cha 'n e mhàin gu'n robh so a' tighinn; bha e 'tighinn mar gu'm b' ann air sgiathan na gaillinn. Thilg am figheadair uath an t-slat-iasgaich 's an cliabhan éisg, 's bi 'chas a bu mhaile 'chas a bu diombaiche 'teicheadh o'n chulaidh uamhais sin. Chluich e na pleadhain air an rathad-mhór, mar nach do chluich e riamh iad air crann-coise na beairte; ach a dh' aindeoin ciod a b' urrainn da dheanamh, bha 'n t-agh air a shàil a' ruigh-eachd an tìghe. Bhrist e troimh 'n dorus, agus a dh' aon leum bha e thall 's an leabaidh, eadar bean an tìghe 's am balla 's e 'glaothach, "mort!" Dhùisg a' bhean bhochd ann an sgaoim mhòir, 's gun fhios aice ciod an mifhortan a thachair. Spàrr esan a cheann sìos fo'n aodach-leapa, 's e 'guidhe air Dia dubhan a chur am beul an Aibhistheir so, s' a tharruing a mach air ghiall, agus ribe 'chur ris an leògh-ann bheucaich a bha 'sireadh esan a shlugadh suas, agus a' bòideachadh gu'n deanadh e a ghiùlan féin ath-leasachadh à so a mach. Bha bhean thruagh gu buileach 'na breislich 's gun i tuigsinn ciod a thàinig eadar an duine 's a chiall. Thuit e mach gu'n robh a cùlthaobh ris an dorus 'nuair a fhuair i 'n garbh dhùsgadh so. Bha i mar sin tur aineolach air math-air-aobhair na trioblaid. Cha robh 'n t-agh a' tuigsinn ciod a bu chiall do'n othail a bh' ann, agus cha mhò bha i tuigsinn na cion aire 'bha i faotainn 'san teaghlach so; nì ris nach robh i idir cleachdte. Dìreach a chur 'nan cuimhne gu'n robh i làthair, chuir i gu caomh, caoimhneil, a gnòs fuar, fliuch, air slinneangal, nochdte, bhean an tìghe. Thionndaidh ise 's 'nuair a chunnaic i an cruth a bh' air an ùrlar, sgread i cho cruaidh ri feadan eich-iarainn. Bha leaba làn phàisdean air taobh eile 'n t-sèomair; dhùisg iadsan, 's cha b' i 'n ribheid-san idir a b' isle. Bha 'n t-agh bochd air a h-ais 's air a h-aghaidh, eadar an dà leaba, a' feuchainn ri cluain a chur air an teaghlach gun chiall a bha 'n so; ach mar a bu mhò a shaoithricheadh ise ann an obair na seirce agus na sìthe, 's ann a bu chruaidhe a ghlaodhadh iadsan. Chuala, mu dheireadh, cuid de na coimhearsnaich an ulfhartaich a bha 'n tigh an fhigheadair, 's chaidh baoit mhnatha as an tigh a bu dlùithe a shealltainn ciod a bha cèarr. Cha bu luaithe chuir i a ceann a stigh air an dorus, 's a chunnaic i 'n t-agh a' breugadh nam pàisdean, na theich i. agus sgeul an fhuathais 'na beul. Chaidh i gu tigh an fhoirich is dh' innis i do 'n duine choir sin, gu'n robh 'n diabhal ma sgaoil, 's gu'n robh e aig a' cheart 'àm a' toirt leis teaghlach an fhigheadair. "Co a thuirt riut," ars esan, "gur e Prionns an dorchadais a th' ann?" "Nach fhaca mi le m' shùilean féin e," ars ise, "adhaircean gaibhre air a cheann, blaigh-lin

mu mhàs, agus casan searraich fodha.” “O, mo thruaighe!” ars am foirfeach,” ‘s e féin gun teagamh a th’ ann. Mu’n abradh tu, ‘Dia leat,’ bha h-uile duine, beag is mòr, sean is òg ‘s an àite, cruinn mu thigh an fhigheadair, ach gun aon dhiù a’ tairgsinn dol a stigh. Chual an Lighiche Mac Leòid, am measg chàich, mu’n urra mhòr a bh’ air tighinn do’n bhaile. Ghabh e suas, ‘s an tuagh-chuisle ‘na laimh, gun fhios nach faodadh feum a bh’ oirre. Cha robh ‘n Doctair laghach a’ creidsinn a h-uile nì chluinneadh e mu dhéighinn Athair nam breug, ‘s mar sin, cha robh iongantais air nuair a fhuair e agh sultmhor féidh an àite na pears’ aiumheil a bha ‘s an iomradh; ach chuir e iongantais nach bu bheag air ‘nuair a dh’ aithnich e cò a bh’ aige. “A Fhlòri, a Fhlòri,” ars’ esan, “an tusa tha ‘n so? Ciod an iomaghaoth chruaidh a dh’ fhuadaich an rathad so thu?” Chuir e ghàirdean mu mhuineal na h-aighe, ‘s shliog e a bian. Bha ghuth cho caomh an cluasan a’ chreutair, an déigh na chual i de sgiamhail ‘s de sgreadail, ‘s gu’n d’ rinn e drùghadh oirre. Thog i a ceann, ‘s chuir i a soc r’a leth-cheann, an aon dòigh a b’ aithne dhi air pòg a thoirt seachad. ‘Nuair a thuig an cruinneachadh a bha mach ciod a bha dol air aghair a steach, thòisich iad ri monnmhur, agus ag ràdh gu’n robh comh-chaidreamh nach robh ceart eadar an lighiche ‘s am fear a bhia stigh. Gu ‘m bu chòir an lighiche ‘thoirt gu mòd, agus ascaoin-eaglais a chur air. Chuala fear a bha làthair, ma b’ fhior e féin, cuideiginn a’ deanamh luaidh os ìosal, air ‘clachadh gu bàs’; ach co dhiù a dh’ éirich so leis an fhoirfeach, no leis a’ chaillich a thog an tuairisgeul an toiseach, cha b’ fhios da. ‘N uair thàinig an lighiche mach, ‘s an t-agh r’a ghualainn, agus a dh’ innis e mar a bha chùis, gu’m b’ agh càllaidh a bhuineadh do Fhear Ard-lusa bh’ ann, agus gu’n robh i cho soirbh ris a’ chat air leac an teintein, sgaroil iad, ach a réir coltais, cha robh iad idir toilichte; cha b’ e sin a chaidh iad a mach a dh’ fhaicinn; bha iad gu tur air am mealladh. ‘S e mar bha gu’n robh an Lighiche Mac Leòid, eòlach gu leòir air féidh Ard-lusa. ‘N uair a rachadh e’ ghabhail a shràid, bu tric leis crioman arain a chur ‘na phòca g’a roinn ris na féidh, na’n tuitheadh dhaibh tach-airt air; agus b’ aithne dha gu sònraichte an t-agh a shnàmh an Caolas Diùrach. Chuir eadh fios thairis do Dhiùra gu’n robh aon de na féidh chàllaidh an Tigh-a’-Bhealaich, ‘s chuireadh bàta le sgìoba air a son, agus thugadh air a h-ais do Dhiùra i.

A nis, cha bu mhath leam dol an urras air a h-uile facal dheth so. Cha chuala mi le ‘m chluasan féin ùrnuigh an fhigheadair, no mar chuir am foirfeach aithn air fear na blaigh-lìn ‘s nan casa searraich, air chlor ‘s gu’n do thuig

e ‘sa mhionaid gur ‘e féin a bh’ ann gun teagamh.’ Cha mhò a chunnaic mi le m’ shùilean féin an Lighiche Mac Leòid armaichte leis an tuagh-chuisle ‘nuair a dh’ fhòghnadh an sgian-fhola b’ àbhaist a bh’ leis; ach b’e sin an seòrsa sgeòil a thug muinntir Dhiùra leotha o Thir-mòr maille ris an agh. Tha fhios, agam, mo chreach! gu’m bheil muinntir Dhiùra cheart cho breugach ri muinntir eile; ach gu’n do shnàmh an t-agh féidh sin an Caolas Diùrach agus gu’n do thachair i féin ‘s am figheadair air a chéile mar a dh’ ainmich mi, ‘s gu’n do chuir i eagal beatha agus bàis air, a chuir a laidhe ‘na leapa e; tha na nithean sin cho fìor ri Gnìomhara nan Abstol; ach mu’n chòrr, ma’s breug uam e, ‘s breug thugam e.

(*R’a leantainn*).



NA CUNNARTAN A THA ‘BAGRADH NA GAIDHLIG

‘S a maoidheadh a labhairt a chur air cùl; na meadhonan a tha ri ‘n gnàthachadh gu a cumail beò; agus dleasnas nan Gàidheal d’ a taobh aig an àm so.

LE CATRIONA W. GRANND.

EARRANN II.

Ciod iad, a nis, na Meadhonan a tha ri chleachdadh a chum a’ Ghàidhlig a chumail beò? ‘S e sin ri ràdh: Ciod iad na meadhonan a tha ‘n Comunn Gàidhealach so ri ghnàthachadh gu gràdh agus dealas fhadadh far am bheil dìth-toil agus maol-snèimh fuar a’ rìoghachadh; ciamar a thatar ri dlùth-aonachd a thoirt mu ‘n cuairt ‘nam measg-san a tha cheana toileach; agus ciamar a tha iadsan a théid aonadh, ri cath agus buadhachadh an aghaidh nan cumhachdan a tha ‘gar cuartachadh?

‘S i ‘n aon chùis a dh’ fhaodar a thagradh aig an àm so, an làthair dream a tha meagh-bhlàth, gu ‘m bheil ar seasmhachd mar shluagh, ar còir an dùthaich ar sinnsir, agus ar cànan anns a’ gheall còmhla. Cha ghabh sgaradh cur eatorra gun bheatha an iomlain a chur an cunnart.

Theirinn a rithis gur e ‘cheud nì feumail aonadh a thoirt mu ‘n cuairt ‘nar measg uile. Cha ghabh obair deanamh an da-rìreadh gus am bi sinn, aon uair eile, air ar geinneadh ri chéile mar aon shluagh. Tàirngeamaid, an toiseach, na h-éibhleagan beòtha ri chéile; théid againn an sin air càch a tha caoin-shuarach an tràth so, a chàrnadh thairis orra sin, agus gabhaidh an teine gu sùrdail. Is àm so anns am bheil co-bhoinn de iomadh ghnè is seòrsa a’ gabhail àite. C’ar son nach biodh cobhann mhòr air a deanamh eadar na Comunn-fhòghlum Ghàidhealach?

Tha Comunn ann gu sealltainn às déigh an

fhearainn. Tha gu leòir de Chomuinn ann gu cumail air adhart ar cleasan. Biodh a roinn féin de'n obair air fhàgail an earbsa ris gach comunn fa leth, le ar sùil air an aon bhall cuimse, agus thugamaid làmh ar co-chomunn d' a chéile. Ach am feadh a tha Comunn an fhearainn a' labhairt ann an tomhas ri miann seilbh, agus Comunn nan cleas a' tarraing muinntir aig am bheil a mhian a bhi riomhach, aighearach, eutrom, tha 'n Comunn fòghlum a' labhairt riù-san aig am bheil na cuspairean is àirde fa chomhair na sùla. 'S iad nithean an duine an leth a stigh ris am bheil e a' labhairt. Mar sin, tha 'n tuilleadh feum air a' ghnè chuideachaidh agus neirt a gheibhear a mhàin tre'n chò-bhoinn.

Tha Comuinn Ghàidhealach de'n ghnè so an Lunnainn, an Dun-éideann, an Dùn-dé, agus iomadh àite eile air feadh na rioghachd; agus tha iad uile air an làimh féin, ged a tha an rùn air an aon ni, ann an aon seadh no seadh eile.

Cha bhiodh fiughair againn gu 'n deanadh iad an obair no an riaghailtean a mhùthadh, a chionn bhiodh e iomchuidh dol a réir feum na muinntir am measg am bheil iad; ach dh' iarramaid gu'm biodh co-chomunn eatorra, agus gu'm biodh meadhon air a dhealbh gu an comhairle a chur ri chéile mu iomadh cuis co-cheangailte ri 'n saothair.

Tha comuinn bheaga sgìreachdail ag éirigh thall 's a bhos mar mheanglain de 'n Chomunn Ghàidhealach so. Tha gluasad am measg nan Gàidheal a tha leigeadh ris nach eil gaol ar dùthcha fathast air dol às; tha 'n t-àm fàbharach gu, air a chuid is lugha, feuchainn co-bhann a chur air chois.

Fuilingibh dhomh bruidhinn gu saor; fuilingibh dhomh an sealladh so-mhiannaichte a tha fosgladh fa 'm chomhair a chur m'ur coinneamh: Comunn-fòghlum Gàidhealach anns gach siorramachd de'n Ghàidhealtachd, le Comuinn sgìreachdail co-cheangailte riu, ag obair a stigh an làmhnan a chéile. Co-bhann eadar na h-àrd-chomuinn agus comuinn nam bailtean. Aon choinneamh mhòr bhliadhnail, — mar am Mòd — far an rachadh obair na bliadhna fheuchainn; agus obair na h-ath bhliadhna shocrachadh; far an cuireadh na comuinn uile an comhairle ri chéile mu cheisd air bith a bheanas do theagasg agus ionnsachadh na Gàidhlig; mu fhòghlum Gàidhealach air gach taobh air an gabh sealltuinn air. Pàipear-naigheachd Gàidhlig mìosail, a bheir do na comuinn fa leth, beaga is mòra, agus dhuinn uile, sgeul air a chéile; fios air obair shònruichte gach comuinn; naigheachd nan Comunn Eireannach, Breatannach, etc., agus sealladh farsuing air fòghlum air bith a bhiodh feumail dhuinn mar Ghàidheil. Cha'n iad seann sgeòil a chaidh innseadh dhuinn

fichead uair thairis a tha 'dhùith oirnn, ach nithean beòtha — biodh iad sean no òg — a bheanas do bheatha nan Gàidheal air an là-'n-diugh.

Tha gnothuichean cudthromach a' feitheamh ris a' cho-bhoinn so. 'Tha iomadh facal a' dol à cleachduinn: tha iomadh gnè dhòigh air rud a ràdh a' dol air chùl; tha iomadh ainm àite a chaillear gu sìorruidh mur teid aon éiginn g'an trusadh, 's an cur sìos an òrdugh. Mar a thuirt mi cheana, tha facail ùra ri chùinneadh a chum cothrom labhairt 'sa Ghàidhlig a thoirt duinn air ni 'sam bith a ghabhas bruidhinn no sgrìobhadh ann an cànan eile. Bheirinn eisimpleir no dhà de na facail chumanta air nach eil ainm an Gàidhlig, ach bhiodh e às an rathad ann an òraid de'n t-seòrsa so. Cluinnidh sinn m' a dhéighinn anns a' phàipear Ghàidhlig. Tha, mar an ceudna, sean sgrìobhaidhean Gàidhlig a tha sgapte an ionadan-tasgaidh leabhraichean, a tha 'feitheamh cuideigin le teas-gràdh d'a dhùthaich 'na chridhe, a bheir a chuid, a bhuaidhean-inntinn, agus 'ùine gu an leughadh, agus am mìneachadh. 'S iad sgrìobhaidhean de'n t-seòrsa so, còmhla ri seanachas nan daoine sin 'nar measg a chleachd a' Ghàidhlig a mhàin a labhairt, a ni seasamh mar dhealbh coimhlionta do na facail ùra a dh'fhaodar ullachadh dhuinn, ri tìm.

An dean sinn sinn féin a chuideachadh anns na nithean sin, no am feith sinn gus an éirich Gearmailteach còir suas, aig am bheil gaol do fhòghlum air a sgàth féin, agus a chuireas gu nàire sinn tre chur an gnìomh dhuinn rud nach eil sinn murrach air, a chionn gu'm bheil sinn tuilleadh's leisg, no tuilleadh's cruaidh gu teannadh ris! Na bitheadh e mar so.

Cuireadh Rùn-cléireach a' Chomuinn Ghàidhealaich so cuireadh a dh' ionnsuidh nan Comunn-fòghlum Gàidhealach eile, gu co-bhann a dheanamh le chéile. Cuireadh e eisimpleir leis, de'n òraid a gheibh an duais, a chum gu'n tuig iad gu soilleir ciod a tha dhùith oirnn. Tuigeadh iad nach e airgead a tha ar sùil ann, no atharrachadh riaghailtean, ach a mhàin gu'm bitheamaid a' neartachadh agus a' còmhnaidh a chéile tre aonadh 'nar n-aon chorp le mòran bhall, air ar lìonadh le aon spiorad, agus ag oibreachadh chun na h-aoin chriche: fòghlum Gàidhealach agus Gàidhlig a chumail beò gu sìorruidh. Cuireamaid an cuireadh ceudna a dh' ionnsuidh gach comuinn de'n aon seòrsa ruinn air feadh thìrean Bhreatainn anns na h-uile cèarn de'n t-saoghal. Tha òrain, sean eachdraidhean, agus iomadh ni eile air imrich a dheanamh le ar dream a dh' fhàg an t-seann-dachaidh, nithean nach eil a nis ri amas orra

aig an tigh. Chuireadh e bláthas agus treòir ann ar cuislean an fluil úr so a thighinn a stigh annta. Neartaicheadh e ar bráithrean agus sinn féin dlúthachadh ri aon a chéile. 'S ann ris a' chridhe gu h-áraidh a tha a' chùis so a' labhairt, ri cridheachan nan Gàidheal Albannach, fir agus mnathan. Cha deanar dad idir gus an gluaisear an toil tre'n chridhe, agus an sin theid againn air rud air bith a chuireas sinn ar làmh ris. MA'S TOIL LEINN mairidh a' Ghàidhlig beò, uraichear a h-òige mar òige na h-ìolaire.

(*R*^o a leantainn).

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THE PETRIE COLLECTION OF IRISH TUNES.

(Continued from page 14).

One of the most striking differences between a collection of Irish music and another of Scottish Gaelic music is the respective proportions which the number of tunes with choruses bears to the whole. In the case of the former, it is small; in the case of the latter, large. The study of Gaelic music has not been carried far enough to enable a reason to be given for this. The cause of this difference will probably be solved when the race and dialect questions reach solution. At present these questions are far from having touched finality.

The Ossianic Chants, Lullabies, Spinning and Weaving Songs and Plough Whistles, which one would expect to consist of the older classes of music, bear a small proportion to the whole, and they do not show any special similarity of style to the same classes as they are found in Scotland. The Spinning and Weaving Songs do not seem to form a special class in Scotland; and the Plough Whistles do not seem to have been put on record there. But that the Plough Whistles were common enough in Scotland is credible. We have a distinct recollection of hearing whistling of a similar kind from our own father. The class of songs known in Scotland as the Waulking Song, with its short chant and cheerful chorus, and the Iorram with its short chant and grave chorus, are conspicuous by their absence from Petrie's book. That does not signify their absence from Ireland. It may mean neglect on the part of collectors, who seem to have been attracted towards art and away from artlessness. But the artless tunes of the peasantry have frequently great beauty; and they have their story to tell, if we could read it.

Dance tunes are fairly numerous, and there is a goodly proportion of Marches, having the general characteristics which the same classes have in Scotland; but nearly always with those special characteristics by which they are felt to be Irish.

Laments are numerous and do not strike us as being like those which have been put on record in this land. The music is often very striking, and sometimes suggestive of thorough abandonment to grief. Ours is always measured and restrained.

The song class exhibits great diversity in the

length and build of the melodies which constitute it. But the outstanding style is that of the two-strain tunes which seems to stamp a tune as Irish wherever it occurs — and this class occurs in England and Scotland to some extent. In the Isle of Man it is common.

It appears from the index of the place-sources that Petrie worked more in the west and south than in the north and east. It is probable there is much to be gleaned yet in all parts; and possibly the north has still a large amount of valuable melodies yet to be recorded.

A cursory glance over the melodies reveals here and there a variant of some tune well known in the Scottish Gaelic area, and generally regarded as native. Numbers 277 and 324 from the Arran islands, are variants of our "Gu ma slàn a chì mi." We have seen an English variant of the same melody under the name of "Poor Polly Oliver." Number 372 is the old set of "The Flowers of Edinburgh" got from Mary O'Donoghue, Arranmore. It is there called "Rossaveel," presumably the English spelling of Gaelic words. In scanning the tune it struck us that, possibly, it was to the old "Flowers of Edinburgh," that Donnachadh Bàn made his song, "Cumha Coire-cheathaich." Stripped of a few slurs, the music and the measure suit the words admirably. In numbers 488 and 504 we find variants of "Tha mi 'nam chadal 's na duisgear mi," as it is found in Captain Fraser's collection of Highland airs. This air is found in Scotland as far back as the reign of Charles the Second, and must have been popular, for, besides being used in Lowland Scotland to a song by Hector Mac Neill, who preceded Burns, we find these words as a refrain to a Gaelic song by Sileas nighean mhic Raoghnuill, and to another by Rob Donn, the Sutherland Bard. In number 521, which has the odd title "My song I will finish, her name's Miss Jane Innis," we recognise a variant of a tune called in a book of dance tunes "Miss Mac Donald of Kinloch - Moidart's favourite." Number 770, entitled "If the sea were ink," is practically the same as what James Hogg in his Jacobite Relics, names "Lament for Duncan Skene of Clan Donachie." As Hogg found his tune for "Callum-a-glen" in the Irish "'S a mhùirnin dileas, Eibhlín òg," he may also have got his Lament from a similar source. We have no doubt ourselves that he did. In number 915 we recognise "Suiridheach a' phoca mhine—The wooer wi' the pock o' meal," with only such differences as might be expected between a fiddle set and a bagpipe set. Number 926 is "Sud mar chaidh an càl a dhòlaidh." In Petrie's collection it is called "Barrack Hill." "This kind of jig," says Petrie, "is called in Munster a single jig. It had a peculiar kind of dance." Petrie notes that it is the same as a Scotch tune. In Scotland there are variants of it besides the one named. Number 991, called "Ree Raw" or "The Butcher's March," is suggestive of the pibroch, "'S leam féin an gleann." Number 988 is our "Whistle owre the lave o't," and is stated to have been a favourite march of the old Irish Volunteers. This tune was taken from an old MS. music-book. Number 989 was a favourite march of the old Irish Militia bands. It has a decided Scottish ring in it; and we con-

clude that Irish Volunteer and Militia bands were fond of Scottish tunes—and we don't blame them. Some of our Scottish bands were quite as fond of Irish melodies. In number 1021, called "Donald Bacach's Lament," we find "Robi dona gòrach," a tune which appears in numerous guises both in Lowland and Highland Scotland, as well as in Ireland. Numbers 1111 and 1445 are variants of the tune found in various forms in Scottish Gaelic Collections as "Oran an aoig" and "Oran a' bhàis." Burns wrote his "Farewell thou fair day" to a variant of it. Dughall Buchanan and Rob Donn made songs to it. The air appears in one form in the Rev. Patrick Mac Donald's collection under the heading of Skye Airs. In number 1356 we recognise a variant of the Irish "Thugamar fein an samhradh leinn," and "Gille mo chrìdh," and a tune published as a dancing measure in Albyn's anthology under the name "Cha teid mi do 'n taobh tuath". Number 1500 is at bottom the same as "Johnnie Cope."

Many suggestive facts present themselves which go to show that, while there was mutual exchange of melodies between the Irish and Scottish parts of Gaeldom, different influences have been at work on each, leaving distinguishing marks whereby the one style of music may be differentiated from the other. It is not always however, possible to differentiate them. One remark we may hazard in this connection. The influence of instrumentalism has been more strongly impressed on the music of Ireland than on that of the Scottish Highlands. Even on Petrie's collection, honest as the effort appears to have been to get the vocal and, therefore, purer sets of the tunes, the instrumentalist is stamped all through the collection. Had Petrie been a Scottish Solfaist, instead of the fiddler he was, he would, we venture to think, have put a large proportion of his tunes in other keys than he thought proper to place them. In many cases, the Modes, for which Petrie expressed his solicitude, are overlooked, and tunes ending in Ray are written to end on Soh, and there are other similar happenings which are to the detriment of the melodies. Many of the flat sevenths, by change of key, become fourths—in other words, the Tas become Fahs, and in cases, Dohs—making the melody more natural, truer and more Gaelic-like. Many tunes ending in Soh are made, by being written in wrong keys, to end on Doh to the loss of their beauty and character. Many have wrong signatures, some of which errors have been noticed by the editor; but a considerable number have escaped his observation.

These faults notwithstanding, the work remains a splendid monument of perseverance in a truly patriotic effort. Next to the native language, what can come nearer to the heart than the native music? Indeed, the love and taste for the latter can survive the loss of the former. Petrie, apparently, did not know his country's tongue; yet the native music appealed powerfully to him.

One might be led to think that Irish folk music would have been drained to the last dregs by Petrie's work. No such thing. Within recent years—especially in the pages of *Fainne an Lae*, where the work was done by a Solfaist—tunes never before published and beautiful settings of tunes

already published have appeared. Others of these recently recorded tunes have been distorted, by Solfaists not thoroughly at home in their work, translating literally settings by instrumentalists and staff notationists. Knowing how much mischief has been done in connection with the recording of Scottish Gaelic melodies by instrumentalists, whose facile execution carries them away beyond the simple vocal melody, we suspect that the necessity of records by Solfaists straight from the voices of the folk is great, and that these must be extensively made ere the last word on Irish folk music can be said. We are aware that there are Irishmen who feel this also; and we have no doubt time will introduce correction, reveal the true and submerge the false.

In bringing this article to a close, the question obtrudes itself on our mind: When will a Petrie arise in Scotland to rescue the many Gaelic melodies still in danger of being lost? We may turn our attention to this subject in a future issue.



SOCIETY NOTES.

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH AN CILLE-MHAOD-AIN, GLEANN-DA-RUADHAIL.—Tha an Comunn òg so—a chaidh a chur air bonn anns an t-samhradh so chaidh, le Ban-tighearna Ormadail—a nise fo làn uidheam. Bho cheann ghoirid chaidh an luchd-dreuchd so a thaghadh: An Ceann-suidhe—An Còirneal Iain Mac Aonghais; Fear-ionaid a' chinn-shuidhe—Dòmhnall Mac a' chàinich; An luchd-comhairle—Ban-tighearna Ormadail, An t-Urramach Iain Mac Lachlainn, Lachlann Mac Gill-Iosa, Eòghann Mac Gille-dhuinn, agus Dòmhnall Mac Leòid; An Run-chléreach—Alasdair Mac a' ghobha. A bharrachd air luchd-dreuchd a' chomuinn fhéin chaidh iad so a chur air leth mar luchd-ionaid a' chomuinn an cùisean an Ard Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich: Anna Nic Gille-ghuirm, Iain Mac Lachlainn, Cailean Mac Fhearghuis agus Ruairidh Mac Thèarlaich. Anns a' mhìos so a chaidh seachad thug Iain R. Mac Gille-na-brataich, a Glascho, oraid shnasmhor, fhearail, smiorail do 'n chomunn ùr, a thog intinn is misneach gach neach a chual i.

CLAN MACKINNON SOCIETY.—The syllabus of this society for the coming winter includes a lecture on "Pipes, Pipers, and Piping," by Henry Whyte, on November 15th, illustrated by selections to be played by the clan piper; and another by David Mackay, of the Ross and Cromarty Association, on "The Battlefields of Scotland," on January 17th, 1906, illustrated by lime-light views. Ceilidhean are fixed for October 18th and December 20th. The annual Clan Gathering will take place on February 9th, and a Concert and Dance on March 23rd, 1906. On April 18th the session will be closed by the annual business meeting. The meetings are to be held in one or other of the halls of the Waterloo Rooms, Glasgow, and all interested are welcomed. The office-bearers are:—Major F. A. Mackinnon, Kent, Chief; Mr. Robert Mackinnon, Govan, president; Mr. John Mackinnon, Glasgow, treasurer; Mr. Lachlan Mackinnon, Glasgow, secretary. We note that this society, among its other objects, mainly social and

benevolent, includes the encouragement of Celtic literature and Highland arts and industries.

CAMBUSLANG AND DISTRICT HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

—This young society has arranged a course of lectures for the incoming winter session, to be delivered by the following gentlemen:—Rev. David Macrae, Andrew Robertson, Hugh Maclean, Henry Whyte, and Dr. R. B. Macpherson. A social meeting was held in the Institute Hall, Cambuslang, on the 10th of October. The principal office-bearers are:—Rev. Dr. Blair, Edinburgh, honorary president; R. D. Campbell Mackechnie, Esq., solicitor, president; Andrew Robertson, Esq., treasurer; and Gregor Harkness, Esq., secretary.

GREENOCK HIGHLAND SOCIETY.—The session of this society opened on September 12th by a concert given by the Gaelic Choir and Mod competitors, which proved successful. On October 10th a lecture, entitled "The Great Marquis of Montrose," was delivered by D. N. Mackay, Glasgow. The unfinished part of the syllabus includes a Gaelic Ceilidh of members and friends, on November 14th; the Annual Gathering, on December 5th; and the following lectures:—"Gaelic Song," by Rev. G. R. Maclellan, Edinburgh, on December 19th; "The Greatest of the Successors of St. Columba," by Rev. Prof. Cooper, Glasgow, on January 16th, 1906; "Na Gaidheil 's an Cànain," by Malcolm Mac Farlane, Elderslie, on February 13th; and "Strathfillan," by Rev. Geo. Calder, Strathfillan, on March 13th. The annual Gaelic sermon will be delivered on January 28th; and the annual business meeting will be held on April 3rd. The Gaelic classes, so successfully conducted under the auspices of the society in previous sessions, were resumed in October. The principal office-bearers are:—His Grace the Duke of Argyll, chief; Sir Hugh Shaw Stewart, M.P., and Mr. George Mac Donald, hon. presidents; Dr. John Mac Dougall, president; Mr. Alex. N. Nicolson, secretary; Mr. Neil Mac Innes, treasurer; Mr. Dugald Mac Farlane, representative on the Executive Council of An Comunn Gaidhealach. The ordinary meetings are held in the Bank Street Hall. This society is affiliated with An Comunn Gaidhealach, and its president and secretary are very useful members of the Executive Council.

CLAN MACMILLAN.—The Clan Macmillan Society have arranged to hold their annual Social Gathering and Dance in the Grand Hotel, Charing Cross, Glasgow, on Thursday evening, 23rd November next. George A. Mac Millan, Esq., D. Litt., London, chief of the society, is expected to be present; and the council of the society anticipate that the gathering will, as in former years, be a large and representative one. "Kay's Orchestra" has been engaged for the evening.

GLASGOW ROSS AND CROMARTY BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.—This association has issued its syllabus of lectures and entertainments for the winter session, among which we note the following:—"The Feuds of the Clans," by David N. Mackay, on December 5th, 1905; and "Highland Surnames," by Henry Whyte, on March 6th, 1906. President, John Mac Donald; secretary, D. N. Mackay, solicitor, 141 Bath Street, Glasgow.

BOOK NOTICE.

CEOL NAN GAIDHEAL (SONGS OF THE GAEL).—David Bryce & Son, 129 Buchanan Street, Glasgow. Price 1s. 6d. This is a tiny booklet, measuring 2½ by 3½ inches, covered with tartan silk and having gilt edges. That which we have before us is bound in our own clan tartan; and we presume it can be had in any tartan. The work contains 37 of the most popular Gaelic songs, having suitable English translations, and with the music in both notations. We cannot imagine any book more suitable than that under review for a New-Year's day gift from Gael abroad to Gael at home. If every Gael from home were of our way of thinking, shoals of these books would be passing northwards through the Post-office two months hence. In the preface, which is by Angus Macintyre, the interesting fact is brought out that the first concert of Gaelic song with music set in four part harmony, ever held, was given by the choir of the St. Columba Gaelic Church, Glasgow, in 1875; and a copy of the programme of one of those early concerts, conducted by John Macintyre, is given on the final page. The editing is by Henry Whyte.

BOOKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.—Schiehallon and other Poems, a Posy of Rannoch Poetry; The Place Names of Elginshire; and Practical Hints on Cooking and Baking (in Gaelic and English).

NOTICE.

All communications, except those relating to Advertisements and the Sale of the Magazine should be sent to the Editor, Malcolm Mac Farlane, 1 Macfarlane Place, Elderslie, by Johnstone.

Communications relating to Advertisements and the Sale of the Magazine should be addressed to the Publisher, Eneas Mackay, 43 Murray Place, Stirling.

Literary contributions should be written on one side of the paper only. They should be accompanied by the full name and address of the sender on the same sheets, not necessarily for publication.

To ensure insertion in the succeeding issue of the magazine, contributions should be sent to the Editor not later than the 15th day of the month.

The Editor takes no responsibility in regard to rejected MSS.; but will be careful to return such as are accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

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Photographed by]

THE COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE, MEMBERS AND OFFICIALS OF AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH,
AND OTHERS PRESENT AT DINGWALL MOD, 1905.

[Messrs. Munro & Son, Dingwall.



AN DEO-THRÉINE

Leabhar I.]

An dara mìos dheug 1, 1905.

[Earraim 3.

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A' GHÀIDHLIG ANNS NA SGOILEAN.

Thug Baintighearn Ormadail òraid seachad o chionn ghoirid mu choinneimh muinntir Chéilidh nan Gaidheal am Baile Ghlascho, anns am bheil teagasg nach misde a chur am farsuingeachd. Is ann le làn deòin a tha sinn a' toirt àite do 'n òraid anns An Deo-ghréine; cha 'n e a mhàin air sgàth an teagaisg fhallain a tha innte, ach le suil ri misneach a thoirt doibhsan a tha ag ionnsachadh na Gàidhlig gun i bhi aca gu nàdurra—suidheachadh anns an d' fhuair a' bhaintighearn cheanalta i féin uair, mar a tha i ag innseadh dhuinn anns a' Bheurla Shasunnaich air duilleig eile 'na dhéigh so.

Mo chàirdean,

'S ann le mòr thoil-inntinn a tha mi aon uair eile a' coinneachadh buill Chéilidh nan Gaidheal, a tha uile, tha fhios agam, 'nan Gaidheil mhaithe agus làn eud mu dheighinn cànaidh an dùthcha. Tha mi a' toirt mìle taing dhuibh air son an urrainn a chuir sibh orm, le ceann-suidhe a dheanamh dhìom air a' bhliadhna so. Tha mi làn-chinnteach

gu 'm bi an comunn so, le deasboireachdan agus òraidean Gàidhlig, 'na chuideachadh mòr do 'n ghinealach Ghaidhealach a tha nis ag éirigh suas ann am Baile Ghlascho. Bheir so cothrom dhoibh a bhi 'g éisdeachd agus a' bruidhinn na Gàidhlig; agus, mar an ceudna, a' toirt orra thuigsinn ciod e cho luachmhor 's a tha gràdh dùthcha agus cànaidh mar mheadhon air sluagh a dheanamh àrd-inntinneach agus mòralta. A bhàrr air a sin, nach ceangail e iad ri chéile gu daingeann, agus nach neartaich e iad ann an aobhar cuspair na rioghachd!

'Nam bheachd-sa—agus cha 'n eil teagamh 'sam bith agam mu 'n chùis—'s e 'n ni bu chòir, aig an àm so, do gach fìor Ghaidheal bhi sireadh: gu 'm bi cothrom air a thoirt anns na sgoilean do gach balach agus caileig a labhras Gàidhlig, a bhi air an teagasg gu bhi leughadh agus a sgrìobhadh cànaidh am màthar.

Cha tuig duine 's am bith ach iadsan d' an aithne na h-ionadan sin de'n Ghaidhealtachd anns am bheil a' Ghàidhlig a mhàin 'ga labhairt, an t-ana-ceartas a tha air a dheanamh air na Gaidheil leis an t-seòrsa teagaisg a tha air a thoirt do 'n chloinn le achd Pàrlamaid anns na làithean so. 'S gann a chreideas daoine anns an taobh deas mi nuair a dh' innseas mi dhoibh mar a tha luchd-teagaisg gun fhacal Gàidhlig 'nan ceann, air an cur gu tric a dh' ionnsachadh cloinne aig nach eil facal Beurla. Tha a' bhuil 'sa bhlàth! cho fad 's a bhuineas e ri ionnsachadh na cloinne, cha 'n eil an t-eòlas ann.

Nach eil e tàmailteach agus iongantach gu 'm biodh na pàrantan, cha mhòr, gu neo-shuimeil a' giùlan leis an eucoir so! Tha mise a' smaointinn, ma tha an sluagh a' pàigh-eadh a' chiùil, gu 'm bheil còir aca air a' phort ainmeachadh.

Nis, a bhuill Chéilidh nan Gaidheal, tha mi

cur impidh oirbhe — sibhe a labhras a' Ghàidhlig gu fìleanta—deanann na 's urrainn duibh a dhùsgadh blur Comh-ghaidheil a chum gu 'n iarr iad air gach bòrd-sgoil, buill nan sìorramachdan agus buill Phàrlamaid, an cur air an aon stéidh ris a' chuid eile de Impireachd Bhreatainn: gu 'm bi iad a' faotainn an clann a theagasg 'nan cànan fén.

Thoiribh leibh so, gach aon agaibh, mar ghuth cogaidh: "Ni mi na h-uile ni 'nam chomas gu bhì cuideachadh, gu bhì greasad, an àm anns am bi a' Ghàidhlig air a teagasg anns gach sgoil anns a' Ghaidhealtachd." *An neach a dhiùltas so a dheanann, cha 'n airidh e air Gaidheal a ràdh ris!*

Nuair a bha mi còmhla ruibh o chionn bliadhna, dh'innis mi dhuibh ciamar a choisneadh an luchd-teagaisg ann an Eirinn, deich tasdain de airgead bho 'm Phàrlamaid, air son a h-uile leanabhl d' an robh Gàidhlig air a teagasg. O chionn ghoirid bha an tuarasdal so air a thoirt uapa; agus tha a nis fearg mhòr air a lasadh am measg a' phobuill uile. Bha coimneamh uamhasach mhòr ann am Bailath-cliaht air an t-seachdain so chaidh, agus tha muinntir na h-Eireann a' ciallachadh an cath a chur air son teagasg na Gàidhlig gus a' cheann mu dheireadh.

Tha mi cho dàn 's gu 'n dean mi fàidhead-aireachd gu'm buidhinn iad, agus gu 'm bi iad na 's làidire an dèigh na còmhstri, do bhrìgh—mar a chuala mi Eireannach ag ràdh aig Mod Ionbhar-pheabharain, air an t-seachdain so chaidh—tha làmh Dhé anns a' chùis; agus bithidh làmh Dhé, mar an ceudna, còmhla ruinne na dh' oibricheas sinn gu dùrachdach agus gu neo-shéineil air son TIR AGUS TEANGA.



THE EDUCATIONAL POINT OF VIEW.

IN numbers, in enthusiasm, and in net gain to the cause of the language movement in the Scottish Highlands, the Dingwall Mod stands pre-eminent. The paths of progress at the annual Mods are paths of pleasantness. Nothing is more agreeable to the frequenters of those splendid gatherings than to take note of the evolutionary process by which the Gaels are becoming a singing people like their Welsh brethren. Year by year the improvement grows apace. Fresh ground is broken, and new districts come under the influence of the Comunn's propaganda which aims at making the people bi-lingual as well as musical. New recruits are enlisted and flagging enthusiasms are re-kindled. At Dingwall, as elsewhere, many, for the first time realized the value and significance of the work in which An Comunn Gaidhealach is engaged. The interest was intense.

There was much fervour and enthusiasm of the kind that makes for progress. In several respects the Gaelic concert was unique. The spectacle of two thousand people eager to enter a structure seated for twelve hundred, was as disconcerting to the Executive as it was complimentary.

Both singers and committee realized more fully than they ever did before that the Gael's love for music is a passion and has to be reckoned with. The difficulty is not to find an audience but a building large enough to accommodate it. In every respect the Mod was a signal success. Better Gaelic, or for that matter better English, could not be heard anywhere. It is not too much to affirm that bi-lingualism received a fillip and an impetus at Dingwall that shall surely drive it over many obstacles during the coming year. Steadily, but surely, An Comunn Gaidhealach is doing a work that is full of hope and promise. Among Celtic races there is abroad a spirit of enquiry and unrest. It may be interpreted as the beginning of a new advance along the paths of progress and enlightenment. Everywhere the Gael is bestirring himself. The fervid is growing perfervid, and the lukewarm is becoming hotter. No longer is our countryman at home or abroad admired because he has forgotten or professes to have forgotten his mother-tongue. This exaggerated form of ignorance which did undoubtedly exist twenty years ago, especially in our towns and cities, is rapidly dying out. To deny one's native speech is now a phase of snobbery, as rare as it is detestable. If it does exist at all, it is now only among the extremely young and the supremely ignorant. While this change in the attitude of many Gaels towards Gaelic is a step in the right direction, reform cannot stop there. Gaelic speakers must learn to speak, read and write it better. The Gaels who cannot speak it, be they peer or peasant, owe it to themselves and their race that they should lose no time in acquiring it. In addition, and above all, all who can—and particularly the young—must learn to read and write it correctly. A thorough knowledge of Gaelic and English is inseparably connected with the future progress of the Celtic race. The modern Gael finds bi-lingualism necessary for his mental equipment. Of brilliant parts, and naturally endowed with a keenness of perception and a lavishness of imagination that more favoured races well may envy, he has till now been heavily handicapped in his endeavour to fit himself adequately for the battle of life, in which he would fain bear his part creditably. Ambitious to become bi-lingual, or even multi-lingual, yet up to the present his education at school has been entrusted to teachers who

cannot speak his language, nor at any time see with his eyes, hear with his ears, nor think his thoughts. What utter folly! No wonder the system has been such a miserable failure that children are turned out of Highland schools at fourteen years of age without the ability to speak proper English or anything approaching it. After all, the Gael is a valuable asset in the national life of Britain, and this neglect of his education is not complimentary to our statesmen, or creditable to our educational system. That so many Gaels, overcoming all hindrance, do fight their way to positions of eminence and earn distinction in every sphere of human activity at home and abroad, is a matter of no small wonder. It is also an earnest of what the Celtic race is capable of doing under a more rational system of education on modern lines. There is every promise of a change for the better in this direction.

Those who direct the policy of the Scotch Education Department have at last considered the matter seriously. Changes have already taken place; further changes are imminent; but not till every Gaelic-speaking child is taught by a Gaelic-speaking teacher will the educational system in the Highlands be worthy of the Scotch Education Department. Of prime importance also to the Gael is technical education, and the industrial development of the country. After all, for most of us it must be "Sìos leis a' bhrochan" first, and "Suas leis a' Ghàidhlig" next. The wherewithal is the main consideration for Gaidheal and Gall alike. A contented and prosperous people will make any language movement strong and successful. Future generations of well educated and well employed Gaels will never find cause to blush for their language, nor will they ever show unseemly haste to substitute another entirely for it.

Technical education, industrial development and an educational system which embraces bi-lingualism (Gaelic and English) are the key-notes of the propaganda which will save the Gael. Those three objects, properly conceived and energetically carried out, will materially assist to make up the leeway which he may have already lost in the struggle of the survival of the fittest among modern races. It shall raise him to a much higher level from which he can more worthily add his quota to the world's work and the world's happiness.

KENNETH CAMPBELL.

The following interesting item of information is from a contemporary magazine: "Kensington possesses the oldest voter in London, probably the oldest in the country, in John Macpherson, of Acklam Road, who is in his 105th year. Mr. Macpherson's claim for a parliamentary vote has just been allowed by the revising barrister."

THE DIFFICULTIES I ENCOUNTERED IN LEARNING GAELIC.

By MRS. BURNLEY CAMPBELL OF ORMIDALE.

I DID not live in the Highlands during my early years, but I paid brief yearly visits to the lovely glen where I am now at home—times to be long looked forward to beforehand, and to be lived over again in dreams for months afterwards. Truly a "tìr na h-òige" that glen was to me, and Paradise itself could not have offered me anything better than eternal life in the old house under the shadow of the hills, with the brown river winding below, and the great beech trees sheltering it on every side.

Each flower and fern and moss was a fresh delight; each vista of moor or loch or craggy burn filled me with a joy of beauty too deep for words; and the loneliness of the mountain sides, with here and there ruined dykes, and heaps of stones, shewing where homesteads once had been, spoke audibly to me of happier times of old, when these wastes were peopled with a loyal, happy, and contented race, whom I felt very proud to claim as kindred; and whose language, I regretted bitterly, was not my mother tongue.

I never spoke of these things, for who would understand? and the dear people in the white-washed cottages down in the hollow of the glen, who shewed their interest in the lonely girl, little dreamt of the depth of longing that often filled that child's heart for a sight of their kind faces, when deep seas rolled between.

After years of wandering I came to live in the old home; and my first thoughts were how to learn Gaelic. Fresh from lesson-time, in which French, German and Italian held important places, and full of respect for dictionaries and grammars, I proceeded to spend a good slice of my pocket-money on a Mac Alpine's dictionary, and a beautifully bound edition of Ossian's Poems in Gaelic and English, which I still possess, and sat me down one winter's afternoon to commence my studies. I remember the day well, and my bewilderment, when hardly a single word I sought for could be found in the dictionary, and not a single phrase seemed capable of bearing an English meaning! The mysteries of aspiration and inflection, not to speak of the variations in spelling, and the difference in construction from other European languages, were all, of course, inexplicable to me then.

I next bethought me of the old schoolmaster—a native Gaelic speaker—and got him to give me some lessons. We started with "An ceud leabhar," The Pilgrim's Progress and the Bible, and for weeks I wandered aimlessly over

these pages, my craving for information still unappeased. Why was the same word pronounced in so many different ways? How was the spelling no apparent guide to the pronunciation? Why? What or How? The answers I got all amounted to the same thing, "Because it was so!" I was young then, and easily discouraged, and after vainly sighing for a Gaelic edition of "Ahn," who had done me yeoman's service in beginning other tongues, I gave up the attempt in despair.

If there were grammars and text-books to be had at that time, neither I, nor anyone I consulted on the matter, knew anything about them; and although I used to try and get the people to tell me the names of things in Gaelic, and learned to say "Kemar hashie" and "Hakuma," I got no further at that time.

There are many I know who can learn languages from colloquialisms, backwards as it were, but, unfortunately, I am not one of them. I cannot pick up sentences unless I know the words of which they are composed; nor can I use verbs without being able to conjugate them.

My next serious attempt was when I had Gaelic-speaking nurses for my children, and tried to learn along with them. This time I got an Episcopal prayer-book with Gaelic and English on opposite pages; but, as before, my difficulties remained unsolved—the nurses mostly preferred English, and nothing would persuade them to go on talking Gaelic when I failed to understand them at once.

I think everyone who has tried to learn Gaelic will bear me out in this: how impossible it is to get a Gaelic speaker to continue resolutely to speak the language, to hammer away with questions and remarks, to a beginner, no matter how earnestly that poor beginner may implore!

Personally, I know only one kind old Gaelic friend who has given me much help in these latter days, in this way—never speaking a word of English and insisting that I should not do so either. But this sort are almost as rare as dodos!

The truth is, that so few native Gaelic speakers realize the difficulties of their language, and in their hearts really think one very dull, not to pick up their talk at once by rote!

My days were fully occupied at this period. Young children do not leave much time for intellectual pursuits, and I was again temporarily discouraged; but I never lost hope that some day I should find the leisure and the opportunity to accomplish my heart's desire.

Exactly three years ago an active-minded young friend, full of ardour to learn Gaelic, came to live near me for a time, and we deter-

mined to start work together in real earnest. We persuaded the parish minister to be our teacher, and he at once introduced us to Reid's Grammar. My blessings on that book and on its author, for it led me safely over the slough of despond! I should like to recommend it to every one who proposes to take up the study of Gaelic seriously. If I could only see a new edition with more exercises, and more insistence on idioms, I should be quite satisfied with it.

Since then I have gone on steadily—slowly, it is true, for one does not learn so easily as when one is young—but surely all the same, and with unflagging interest; getting lessons whenever possible, but only lately beginning to overcome the nervous shyness in trying to talk, and still finding my chief stumbling-block in understanding others. This is no doubt due to studying so much alone, and one should avail oneself of every opportunity of hearing the language spoken. I have twice had Gaelic-speaking visitors for a month at a time, and I try to attend Gaelic church services whenever possible—even in London, where the monthly and crowded Gaelic Sunday meetings are most inspiring.

These last three summers I have spent some weeks in a Gaelic-speaking district, and what delightful holidays these were in North Uist, Tiree and Barra! In this latter island I was fortunate enough to find a landlady who had no English, and three delightful young daughters who had very little, and whose sweet voices and charming manners would have made Gaelic desirable, I am sure, even to such a hardened "Gaelicphobe" as has lately been sending unpatriotic letters from Lochaber to the *Oban Times*!

In fact all my neighbours in these far-away islands exemplified the high level of manners, breeding, and pronunciation of English which prevail among the true Gaels, and which are in such marked contrast to the ways and the accent of those who allow their Gaelic to perish, and who too often lose along with it all their fine racial characteristics.

Having gone through the mill myself, I should like to offer a few hints to those who are at present learning this most elusive language. Of course, after an elementary course of grammar, the next step is to know plenty of words; and my experience says: Don't try to learn lists, but get an easy reading book, mark every word you don't know, look it up, and write the English on the margin, and always go over the same piece two days running. Have Reid beside you, and turn up constantly his lists of irregular verbs, and his table of compound prepositions.

Get as often as possible an hour's reading

with a native Gaelic speaker, and jot down phonetically on the margin the pronunciation of all the difficult words, and keep a notebook beside you, and write in Gaelic and English, and also phonetically, all useful and idiomatic sentences you come across; and keep this book beside your Gaelic Bible for daily use!

Read "Caraid nan Gaidheal" as soon as you are able. The Gaelic is delicious, but too difficult for beginners, and don't despair although the wealth of Gaelic poetry eludes your grasp long after your progress is good in other directions. Let me recommend as first reading-books:—"An Treòraiche," "Uirsgeulan Gaidhealach," "Arabian Nights" in Gaelic, Prose pieces in MacLeod's "Clàrsach an Doire," Fionn's new book "Naigheachdan Fìrinneach," and Carmichael's "Déirdre," with Gaelic and English on opposite pages.

I seem to have done nothing hitherto but dwell on the difficulties I met in the way, to such an extent that one would almost think I wished to discourage others from attempting to surmount them! Far be this from me! I certainly wish to point out that courage and perseverance are necessary, and a teacher who really knows the language; but the gospel I wish to preach to all would-be learners of Gaelic who have ears to hear, whether rich or poor, is, that the reward to be earned far exceeds any difficulties to be encountered by the way.

Even if you only reside a small part of the year in Gaeldom, surely Gaelic will be more useful to you than French or German—although there is no reason why you should not know these also. Believe me, it will open to you fresh sources of pleasure and interest for mind and spirit on every side. Place-names will tell you their story; traditions will become real; antiquarian research will be more engrossing, and music better understood. Above all, a freemasonry will be established between you and every Gaelic man, woman and child, which will certainly enlarge your sympathies and may probably enable you to understand some difficult social problems more clearly.

—:O—O:—

NA CUNNARTAN A THA 'BAGRADH NA GAIDHLIG

'S a maoideadh a labhairt a chur air cùl; na meadhanan a tha ri 'n gnàthachadh gu a cumail beò; agus dleasnas nan Gàidheal d' a taobh aig an àm so.

LE CATRIONA W. GRAND.
EARRANN III.

AIR SO aithnichteadh, ma ta, ciod e dleasnas nan Gàidheal aig an àm so a thaobh na Gàidhlig? Tha mi'n dòchas gu 'n d' rinn mi so soilleir gu leòir do gach neach a leugh na

thuirt mi cheana. Ach air eagal gu 'n abair cuid agaibh: "Tha so uile gasda na 'n gabhadh e deanamh; ach an gabh," their mi na 's urrainn domh gu fheuchainn duibh gu'n gabh.

Seallaibh air Gàidheil Nova Scotia an diugh. Ma leugh sibh riamh an *Teachdaire Gàidhealach* (1829-1836) chìtheadh sibh mar a bha na Gàidheil sin a' griosadh air Gàidheil Albann ministirean a chur am mach d' an ionnsuidh. Feuchaibh a nis iad! Tha àite clùmhòr taobh an teallaich aig a' Ghàidhlig fathast, agus pàipear-naigheachd Gàidhlig aca 'ga chumail air adhart.* Cha robh pàipear de 'n t-seòrsa aig Gàidheil Albann riamh o'n a shìubhail an Teachdaire, agus Cuairtear nan Gleann. Faicibh ar bràithrean, na Breatannaich, aig lethcheann Shasuinn, 'nan dùthaich féin, le pàipeirean 'nan teanga féin, agus a' cleachdadh litir a sgrìobhadh 's a' chainnt Bhreatannaich, gu caraid a tha bho'n tigh. Faicibh na Hunnach, mar an ceudna. Tha a' chànan Ghearmailteach air a dinneadh annta 'sna sgoilean, eadhon mar a tha a' Bheurla 'nar tìr-ne. Ach labhair timchioll air a chànan ri Hunnach air bith a choinnicheas tu, agus lasaidh a shùil, agus gheibh thu am mach an ealachd nach géill e gu bràth gu a chànan féin a chur air chùl, a dh' aindeoin gach càis; tha i aige mar ubhal a shùla. Their mi so, ged tha: tha triathan nan Hunnach air taobh an luchd-dùthcha; tha na triathan againne air taobh nan Sasunnach, mur tionndaidh iad a nis.

Ach, a Ghàidheil na h-Alba, feumaidh tu trusadh riut, agus atharrachadh spioraid tighinn thairis ort. Fhuair thu, tha mi 'gaideachadh, do losgadh beò an dèigh Chuil-fhodair, agus cha'n eil thu ach gann as a' bhreathal fathast. Ma tha agad ri dol an carann nàmhaid chogarra, fhosgaitich, théid thu 'na dhàil gu fearail, tapaidh, agus gheibh thu a' bhuaidh. Ach ma nithear aoir ort, teichidh tu, crìonaidh tu, seacaidh tu às gu tur, a chionn gu 'm bheil thu mothachail, féin-spéiseil. A nis, an uair a' dh' fhàg an Sasunnach rùisgte, gun earradh thu, agus a rinn e ùmaidh dhiot, ann do sparradh an casaig, agus briogais nam bodach Gallda, ciod a bha sin ach t' aoireadh gu h-iomlan, maille ri d' shluagh! O'n àm sin cha 'n fhuilingeadh tu ni ainneamh no éibhinn a bhì air fhaighinn, no air fhaicinn mu d' thimchioll; oir cha seas thu tàir. Tha thu féin-spéiseil, agus thug sin ort na Goill aithris, gus am bheil thu air fàs cho Gallda riu fhéin. Cha robh de mhisneach agad am féile-beag a chur ort gus an do thòisich na Goill air a chaitheamh, an uair a thug Sir Ualter uallach

*Dh' eug am pàipear-naigheachd sin an dèigh na briathran so bhì sgrìobhte.

tilleadh air sruth na spìd, agus trid a leabhraichean grinne, a thug e caochladh air Goill agus Sasunnaich do d' thaobh. Cha robh de mhiseach agad do shean chànan a labhairt an làthair nan coigreach gus an d' rinn Gearmailteach a cliù a thogail am measg nan àrd-fhòghlumaichte.

Tha a' Ghàidhlig air fàs fasanta. Tha na Sasunnaich a' toirt ainmean Gàidhlig air an cloinn. Tha na Goill a' gabhail uibhir chòir air ar cleasan,—gu sònruichte an tìrean céin—air a' phìob, 's air a' bhreacan, 's a tha sinn féin, a chionn gur Albannach gach nì Gàidhealach. Gu dearbh, is iad nithean Gàidhealach a ghoirear a nis le coigrich, nithean Albannach. Mar sin, tha e tèaruinte dhuit a nis do dhùthaich 's do chinneadh a leigeadh ris.

Mur eil spiorad na 's feàrr na sin agad cha dean thu mòran feum. Thèid do theine às an ùine ghoirid. Cho luath 's a dh' éireas duilgheadas tuitidh tu air falbh. Tilg uait gach féin-spéis neo-fhiachail, tog do cheann, agus biodh duinealas nach gabh meatachadh tre bharail aon duine air thalamh, a' lìonadh do bhroillich. Bidh tu nis deas gu do dhleasnas a dheanamh.

Theirinn gur e a' cheud dleasnas sinn féin aonadh ri Comunn air bith a tha dlùth dhuinn. Mur eil sin comasach, ri caraid, no leabhar a chuidicheas ar Gàidhlig a chumail suas. Ma ghabhas e bhì, seachnamaid uile beagan d' ar maoin gu an t-aobhar coitcheann a chòmhnadh. Faodaidh nach eil mòran againn ri thoirt seachad, ach ìobramaid leabhraichean faoine Beurla nach dean maith dhuinn, agus iomadh rud beag nach dean e coire dhuinn dol às eugmhais, a chum gu 'n ruig sinn air a' bhall-cuimse a tha air thoiseach oirnn. Ma 's pàrantan sinn, labhramaid a' Ghàidhlig leis a' chloinn. B' aithne dhomh sean iasgair, am baile beag dùthchail. Fhuair mi e, aon uair, a' leughadh litir Ghàidhlig o mhac dha a bha 'n Glascho. "Ciamar," dh' fharraid mi, "a dh' amais sibh toirt air a' chloinn a' Ghàidhlig a chumail suas?" Fhreagair e; "A' cheud latha a rachadh aon diu do 'n sgoil, ghairm mi 'n leanabh, agus thuirt mi ris, 'Tha thu nis a' dol do 'n sgoil gu Beurla ionnsuchadh; ach 's i a' Ghàidhlig a tha ri bhì air a' bruidhinn 'san tigh so; agus ma chluinneas mise facal Beurla, ach aig na leasan, sud an rud a gheibh thu!'—agus sheòl mi dha an iall an crochadh air a' bhalla. Cha robh tuilleadh dragh agamsa mu 'n Ghàidhlig." Sin agaibh mar a rinn aon Ghàidheal, far an robh Maighstir-sgoil Gallda. 'S aithne dhomh aon eile nach do thòisich air leabhraichean Gàidhlig a leughadh gus an robh e mu cheithir air fhichead bliadhna dh' aois. Cinnteach gu leòir, chual e a' Ghàidhlig air a

labhairt an uair a bha e 'n leanabh, agus bha aoradh-teaghlach air a ghleidheadh an tigh 'athar, 'sa mhadainn am Beurla, ach 'san fheasgar an Gàidhlig, agus chleachd a' chlann an rann a leughadh mu seach às an Tìomnadh Nuadh. Ach cha robh mòran suim deth, no tuigse aca air na leugh iad. B' ann an dèigh dol gu Galldachd a thuit "Oisean" an làmh an aoin so. Bha e mar fhuaran na beinne d' a bhilean. Thuirt e ris féin, "Cha 'n eil ach cunntas cuimseach de bhriathran anns an leabhar, gabhaidh mi 'm Foclair làimh rium, agus ri ùine tuigidh mi e uile." Agus chaidh aige air, ged a ghabh e bliadhnan de 'n ùine bhig a gheibheadh e 'n dèigh 'obair latha a bhì réidh. An sin fhuair e 'n Teachdaire, Sàr Obair nam Bàrd, agus iomadh leabhar eile a bhiadh a chridhe mar le mìl agus bainne. 'Na dhéigh sin chaidh e air adhart gu sgrìobhadh na Gàidhlig, agus chunnaic mi anns na pàipeirean gu 'n do bhuidhinn e duais aig a' mhòd tuilleadh na aon uair. Gu so a ruigheadh dh' fheum e iomadh uair dhùrachdach a chaitheainh thairis air a leabhraichean, gun duine làimh ris, agus gun ach glé bheag cuideachaidh. Gus an d' amais e air na chuir e roimhe dhùin e a shùil air gach nì a chumadh air ais e. Bha e dall, bodhar an aghaidh gach sòlais fhaoine a bheireadh a thaoibh e: bha e 'm feum caomhnadh a dheanamh an iomadh dòigh, agus e féin àicheamh gu minig, ach tha e comasach an diugh air a' Ghàidhlig a labhairt, a leughadh, agus a sgrìobhadh, ach beag cho deas 's a nì e a' Bheurla. Tha sin agaibh dà eisimpleir fhìrinneach de Ghàidheil a dh' fhaodainn ainmeachadh. Leigidh iad ris ciod a ghabhas deanamh le dream a tha 'n da-rireadh.

Tha 'n cuspair air thoiseach oirnn airidh air gu 'n toireamaid iomadh nì *nach 'eil feumail* a suas air a sgàth. Cuiribh air chùl na ròisgeulan Beurla a tha 'goid iomadh uair an uaireadair uaibh. Thugaibh suas ur tombaca ma 's fheudar e, gu leabhar Gàidhlig a cheannachadh a chuireas neart 'nur spiorad. Coma leibh tigh nan cleas, no nì faoin air bith nach biadh; agus fòghluimibh cliù ar sinnsir gus an cruthaichear annaibhse mar an ceudna an smior a bh' anna-san.

Tha cuid ag ràdh—"Ciod am maith a th' anns a' Ghàidhlig? 'S i a' Bheurla a tha 'cur arain air a' bhòrd, agus airgid 'san sporan, agus is ann a mhàin tre 'n Bheurla theid againn air streap gu meas, agus gu inbhe shaoghla. 'S i faireachdainn a' chridhe a mhàin a tha 'san eadraiginn an so, agus is laige neo-dhuineil strìochdadh do ar faireachdainnean. O 'n is éiginn an roghainn a dheanamh, 's e ar dleasnas leigeadh leis na sean nithean dol air chùl, agus gramachadh ris na nithean nuadha, a chumas duine féin, agus a theaghlach an

comhfhurtachd." Cagar'nad chluais, a bhobaig! Nach 'eil fhios agad gu 'm bheil an gille aig am bheil an dà chuid Gàidhlig is Beurla fichead uair na 's fhaide air adhart na esan aig am bheil Beurla a mhàin. Tha a' Bheurla uil-fheumail; cha 'n 'eil mi idir ag iarraidh ort dimeas a dheanamh oirre. Ach tha fhios agam air so; nach eil e idir furasda do luchd na Beurla cànan eile ionnsuchadh, a chiomh nach ionann modh-labhairt dithse agus do gach teanga eile 'san Roinn-Eòrpa, am feadh a tha 'n aon ghnè dhòigh labhairt agus litreachais anns a' Ghàidhlig agus a th' anns na cànaichean eile. Mar sin, co-dhiu is clèireach tigh-malairt, no sgoilear a tha a dhìth ort a dheanamh de d' mhac, thoir a' Ghàidhlig dha agus theid e air toiseach na réis le glé bheag saothair seach càch.

A thaobh airgid: bidh feum air, ach is beag eagail gu 'm bi dith sin oirnn aon uair 's gu 'm bheil sinn aointe, toileach. Ma tha gu leòir againn gu ar tighean agus ar teaghlachan a dheanamh rìomhach, tha gu leòir ri sheachnadh air son na h-obair a th' air toiseach air a' Chomunn Ghàidhealach.

Labhradh iad ri cridhe nan Gàidheal mar a tha iad air a dheanamh o'n toiseach. Thoirleadh iad an cuireadh do na comunn eile Co-bhann mhòr a stéidheachadh gu fòghlum nan Gàidheal, am bàrdachd agus seinn nan òran a chumail beò. Thoirleadh iad deas làmh an co-chomunn do chomunn 'sam bith a tha saothreachadh gu ni maith no airidh a bhuineas dhuinn mar shluagh a ghlèidheadh suas. Bithidh cuid aca co-dhiù, deas gu freagairt fhàbharach a thilleadh; rachadh iad air an adhart.

Tha 'n Fhéinn air a h-uilinn!

—:o:—

"GUTH NA BLIADHNA" has discovered for many who did not seem to know it, the correct translation of *An Comunn Gàidhealach*. It is: The Gaelic Association. Now that it is known, we trust it will be remembered.

—:o:—

ORAN-CIUIL.

*Tha 'n cridhe fuaraidh nach deanadh gluasad
Ri éisdeachd dhuanaig air fuaim cho ceòlar.*

—Am Fear-Ciuil.

SGRÌOBHADH am fonn a leanas o bheul-aithris lain Chamsbroin á Paislig; agus is aon e de 'n dà-fhichead fhonn a bh' anns a' chomh-chruinneachadh a chuir e dh' ionnsuidh Mòd na bliadhna 1904.

Chaidh an t-òran a dheanamh, mar an ceudna, le lain; agus bhuilicheadh air-san a' cheud duais air a shon aig Mòd na bliadhna so,

DEAN BA-BA, MO LEANABH. GLEUS D.

{	: l ₁ . l ₁	r : - . m : r	f : - . s : f	}
	Dean	bà - bà mo	leanabh, dean	
{		m : r : d	d : —	}
		cadal, a	rùin;	
{	: d	r : - . m : r	f : - . m : d	}
	'Sa	mhaduinn gu	mochthrachach	
{		r : - . m : s	l : —	}
		dh' fhosgail thu	sùil;	
{	: l . d'	r' : - . d' : l	s . m : — : r	}
	Nuair bha eunlaidh an	doire	ri	
{		r : d : d	d : —	}
		coireall 's	puirt-ciùil	
{	: l ₁ . l ₁	m : - . m : f	s : l : d'	}
	Bha thu 'd mhàgaran -	làir	a'	
{		l : - . s : m	r : —	
		sàrach nan	glùn.	

Cha 'n eil eunan an doire,
An coille no 'n cruaidh,
No gu seasgair a' neadach
'Sna creagan ud shuas,
Chaidh am mach anns a' mhaduinn
Le farum ri fuaim,
Nach eil nis air dol chadal
Am fasgadh nam bruach.

'S tràth dh' éirich bhàrr chlachan
Nan cladaichean garbh
An fhaoileag le 'guileig,
An tunnaig 's an sgarbh;
Bha iad saothrachail, aotrom,
Air aodann nan tonn;
'S a nis iad fo fhasgadh
An taice nan tom.

Tha na blàithean is àillidh
Tha fàs air na tuim,
A' bhuidheag 's an nòinean
'S iad òrbhuidh cruinn,
An cainicheann mòintich
Is sòbhrag na coill
Air dùnadh an sùilean
Roimh dhùbhradh na h-oidhch'.

Nis dèan-sa do chadal,
A chagarain gràidh;
'S gu'n robh Freasdal 'gad stiùradh
'S gach cùis agus càs;
'S e mo mhiann is mo dhùrachd
Thu, rùin, a bhì fàs
Mar gheug is i brùchdadh
Toradh dùbailt thar chàich,

tighinn gu aois 'sam bu chòir dhomh a bhith 'deanamh rud-eiginn air son mo lòin. 's chuir iad a ghleidheadh nam fiadh mi. Thugadh teann eirail orm am biadhadh, an taladh, agus am buachailleachd gu curamach. B' i sin a' bhuachailleachd! Bha cheart cho math dhomh dol a bhuachailleachd nan eun-iraoirh. Bha iad soirbh gu leòir a bhìadhadh. Dh' fhadh iad de bhainne blath gus am biodh iad an cunnart sgàinidh. 's dh' itheadh iad cal is luibhean eile gu foghainnteach. Bha iad cho càllaidh ris na coin, agus cho dalma. 's chuallosa air son an codach féin a thoirt a mach, ris na cait. Ach air son na buachailleachd dheth; b' e sin am briste-cridhe do'n bhuachaille. A réir coltais, bha e feumail do na creutairean sin, airson iad féin a chumail ann an staid fallaineachd, tomhas àraidh de ruith 's de leumraich a dheanamh eadar da cheann an latha—agus gu dearbh, cha bu tric leò a' chaid sin d' an dleasnas a dhearmad—ach cha robh iad idir a' tuigsinn nach robh a leithid sin de dhian-shaothair aon chuid cho feumail no cho taitneach do'n bhuachaille. Dh' fhaighnadh na dh' fhaighnadh dhà-san, 's cha robh iarraidh aig air tuillidh; ach bha cho beag eanachainn acasan 's nach robh e comasach tuigse 'chur 'nan cinn. Dh' fhairtlich orm riamh a thoirt orra chreidsinn nach ann ri feala-dha bhithinn nuair a bu mhiann leam an iomain "gu cluainibh glas" le sìth." Cha chreideadh duine 'n làn-aighear a gheibheadh iad as an iomain sin, agus b' e 'm buachaille an aona bhall-spuirt aca. Ruitheadh iad chugan is bhuam; reiseadh iad mu'n cuairt orm, agus leumadh iad thar mullach mo chinn; ach an aona cheum beag cha ghabhadh iad an rathad a bu mhiann leamsa. 'Nuair a bhithinn air mo chlaoidh leò, 's a' toirt dùil-suas anns an iomain, theirinn riu ann am fheirg, iad a dhol do Thigh-lain-Ghròta, nach bithinn a' srì na b' fhaide riu, agus thilginn mi-fhein air mo dhruim air a 'bhlàr. Thigeadh iad an sin 'nan ruith 's 'nan leum a dh' fhaicinn cìod an tubaist a dh' éirich do'n bhuachaille. Dh' fheuchadh iad mi le'n sròna biorach o mhuillach mo chinn gu bonna mo chas, a dh' fhaotainn a mach cion-fàth mo thrioblaid. 'Nan deifir thuiteadh iad tharam. 's shaltradh iad fo 'n casan mi, gus mu dheireadh am bu bhuidhe leam leum air mo bhonn gu'm dhòin féin o 'n ro-chùram a bhàtar a' nochdadh mu'm dheighinn. Ghabhainns' an sin an rathad, agus dod na dunach orm. Leanadh iad mi a' dannsadh 's a' beireis mu'm thimchioll, ach cha deanadh sin ach cur ris a' mhi-thlachd a bha ormsa cheana. Leanadh iad mi, mar so, a h-uile ceum gus an tigeamaid chum a' chrò 's am biodh iad a' cur seachad na h-oidheche. Thigeadh iad an sin mu'n cuairt domh, a' putadh a chèile, 's a' saltairt air mo chasan,

agus a h-uile h-aon diu a strì ri m' phogadh. Creutairean cho aotrom, ghuanach, theth-rhridh-each, agus cho dùilich a bhuachailleachd, cha d' thainig riamh am charabbh-sa.

Cha bhiodh e chum buannaich m'fuir do n-a' le 'sam bith fios fhaotainn air na dh' fhuiling mis' air tailleabh nan creutairean gogaideach sin. Mar a thoirt mi cheana, cha'n ann air son dad a chur ri suim ar n-eòlais mu dheighinn nadur agus abhaist nam fiadh a tha mi 'sgrìobhadh nan cuimhneachan faoine so aig an am, ach a mhaigh gu m' thoileachadh féin ann a bhith 'deanamh so 'na chaithe-aimsire is taitneach, agus nach feil cho mi-tharbhach ri bhi smuainteachadh air nithean nach gabh leasachadh; nithean mar a tha, agus nithean mar a dh' fhaodadh iad a bhi.

Faodaidh mi cunntas aithghearr a thoirt seachad air turas beag a thug mi le cuideachd na h-an-riaghailt so, an deigh dhaibh tighinn gu innb' dhamh agus aighean, agus fhaighnadh sin mar eisimpleir air iomadh deuchainn eile 'chur iad am rathad. Bha ocd no naòp de choin-eunaich againn, 's bha iad sin fo m' chram a bharrachd air na feidh. Dh' fhalbh mi, latha de na lùithean, a thoirt sràid do na coin. Cha robh iarraidh againn air cuideachd nam fiadh, ach chunnaic iad a' falbh sinn, agus lean iad sinn. Anis, bha na feidh gle thigheach air cuideachd nan coin, ach cha robh ciataich 'sam bith aig na coin do chuideachd nam fiadh. An deigh dhuinn dol astar latha sàbaid, shuidh mi air còran bòidheach, grianach, agus air ball bha na coin mu'm thimchioll; a h-uile h-aon a strì ri faotainn na bu dlùithe dhomh na càch. Chunnaic na feidh so, agus thainig iad 'nan ruith 's 'nan leum, 's cha robh iad ach goirid a' reiteach àite dhaibh féin. B' eiginn do na coin bhochda teitheadh le 'm beatha, agus bha 'm buachaille féin an cunnart a bhi air a shaltairt fo'n casan. Bha aon de na feidh a bha, 'na laogh, na bu lugha na càch, agus lean e greis 'na chranna-pneasan, ach le bhi gleidheadh aghaidh na spàine ris, bha e nis dlùth air cho mòr ri càch. Bha 'n creutair so cho làn char ris an t-sionnach. Aon de na pratan a bhiodh e cluich nuair bhiodh iad a' srì co bu dlùithe gheibheadh do'n bhuachaille: sparradh cheann a stigh am measg chàich, agus cho luath 's a bheireadh iad uilleag dha, dheanadh e sin 'na leisgeul air son tuiteam trasd air a' bhuachaille. Bheireadh am buachaille fadhar no dhà air na h-aisnean aige 's phacadh e eadar a chasan e. Cha bhiodh tuillidh a dhìth air, 's nuair gheibheadh e e-féin a dheanamh comh-fhurtachail, shealladh e 'n àird mar gu'm biodh e 'farraid, 'am fac thu cho tapaidh 's a rinn mi sud?' Ach air an là so bha Tòmas,—b' e sin ainm,—cho mòr, throm, 's na'n leiginn leis an cleas so 'chluich orm, dh' fhaodainn a bhi dol

dachaidh le mà-m-sic a'm chuideachd. Laidh iad sìos mu dheireadh, 's thòisich cuid diu air cnàmh an cìr. Bha 'm measg nan con aon a bha 'na chù-eunaich anabarrach math, ach bha e nis sean, agus air fàs cho usaideach 's gu'n deanadh e cuis-ghearain de'n rud a b' fhaoinne. Chunnaic mi e, 's e 'na shuidhe air leth o chàch, agus coltas air a bhi fìor nèò-thoilichte le 'staid. Dh' amhairc e'n rathad a bha mi 's na dèoir 'na shùilean. Ghairm mi air, 's thàinig e, agus sin mar gu'm b' ann glé earr-aigeach. Ghabh mi truas d' a chor, agus chàin mi na féidh ris, 's an déigh sin, chomh-arrach mi mach da slios bòidheach fraoich a bha dìreach fa'r comhair, agus thug mi cuir-eadh dha dol a dh' iarraidh an aodainn sin dh' fheuch an robh sealgach a b' fhiach ann. Chuir so saod air, agus dh' fhalbh e gu toilichte. Bha té de na h-aighean d' am b' ainm Jessie, 'na laidhe làmh rium, 's 'nuair chunnaic i 'n cù a' falbh, thug i ionnsaidh air falbh 'na chuideachd; ach rug mi air chluasan oirre, agus gleidh mi air a h-ais i. Bha'n seana chù nis a' fiaradh a' bhruthaich air ais 's air aghaidh, agus e 'cumail na gaoithe air a ghualainn, 's a' deanamh cinnteach as a h-uile slat de'n ghrund. Bheireadh e sòlas do chridhe sealg-air an cù sin fhaicinn mu thimchioll a ghnòthaich. D' aithnich mi air a nis, mar a bha e' gabhail a chùrsa, gu'n d' fhuair e mach an cèarn 'san robh na h-èoin, ach cha do ghabh e-féin sin air. Bha e air ais 's air aghaidh, mar a bha e roimhe, ach gu'n robh a chùrsa dol na bu ghiorra, 's na bu ghiorra, agus e 'g oibreachadh suas a chum an àite 'san robh na h-èoin 'nan laidhe. Bha Jessie a' cur roimpe bhì air falbh. Cha robh i tuigsinn ciod a bha 'n seana chù a' sireadh 'san fhraoch. Bha Jessie car nèonach mar so, dh' fheumadh ise i-féin a dheanamh cinnteach mu dhéighinn nì 'sam bith a chuireadh iongantas oirre. Cha'n fhòghnadh leatha ach an nì sin a rannsachadh air a son féin. Bha 'n seana chù nis gu faicilleach a' taruing a suas ris na h-èoin. Ceum an dràst 's a rithist 'ga thoirt na bu dlùithe, 's na bu dlùithe. Mu dheireadh, sheas e; amhach sìnte roimhe, 's a shron dìreach air an àite 'san robh na h-èoin; earball sìnte 'na dhéigh agus cho rag ri crann-brataich; trì d'a chasan air a' ghrund, 's an ceathramh cas togte, deas gus an ath cheum a thabhairt na'm biodh sin feumail. Sheas e mar sin gun char a nunn no nall, ach cho daingeann 's ged a bu dealbh-snaidhte bh' ann. Nuair chunnaic Jessie so, cha b' urrainn di cumail oirre-féin na b' fhaide; spìon i uam a cluasan 's thog i oirre dh' fhaicinn air a son féin ciod a bha cèarr air an t-seana-chù. Ràinig i e, 's chuir i a sròn air a dhruim dh' fheuch am b' ann an sin a bha 'n fhàillinn; ach cha do ghluais esan à làrach nam bonn. Dh' fheuch i 'n sin a cheann; ach cha do chiaraich

esan eang. Thug i 'n sin roid m'a thimchioll dh' fheuch an cuireadh sin gluasad ann. Chuir sin gluasad 'sna h-èoin-fhraoich air an robh esan ag èaladh, agus leum iad air falbh air an ite. Nuair chunnaic an cù bochd gu'n robh a shaothair air a toirt gu mì-bhuil leis a' chreutair ghogaidich sin, thug e aona bhurral tiamhaidh as, agus sheall e 'n taobh a bha mi, mar gu'm biodh e 'ga leigeil gu'm ràdh fein, co dhù chunnaic mi riamh gnothach eile cho mì-chiatach ris sin. Chuir so tuillidh iomag-ain air Jessie mu chor a' choin, agus bha i 'dol a chur a sròine air, aon uair eile, a dhearbhladh dha an truais a bh' aice ris, ach bha so tuillidh na b' urrainn dèasan cur a suas leis, agus leum e 's rug e air chluais oirre. Cha robh sin aige mar a chuid féin; dh' éirich ise air a casan deiridh 's leadair i 'n cù le a casan-toisich gus an robh e 'san sgiamhail. Theich e agus gearan goirt 'na bheul, 's thàinig e 'm ionnsaidh le casaid làidir 'na chridhe an aghaidh na h-aighe, na'm b' urrainn da 'chur an céill. Rinn e mar a b' fhèarr a dh' fhaodadh e, chuir e 'spàg a'm làimh a' leigeil ris domh mar a bha e air a mhilleadh, 's e aig a' cheart àm air bhall-chrith leis an dòruinn; an deur a bha 'na shùil, agus an ciùcharan goirt a bha 'na bheul a' tagairt a chèise féin cho éifeachdach 's ged a bhiodh e a' taomadh am mach a ghearain ann an Gàidhlig ghrinn, fhileanta Earra-ghaidheil. A dh' aon fhacal, cha robh nì talmhaidh bheireadh faochadh dha ach ceann na h-aighe a thoirt da air méis. Air ghaol sìthe, gheall mi sin da, agus le bhi 'taomadh briathran truacantaish 'na chluais, bha mi, air shèol, a' taomadh iocshlaint 'na chreuchdan, 's mar sin thug mi sìd fhèathail mu'n cuairt. Ach ma thug, cha b' fhad a mhair i. Thàinig Jessie, 's nuair chunnaic i 'n cù eadar mo ghluinean, ghabh i nìos a dh' fhaicinn ciamar a bha e. Anns an rùn so, agus a réir a h-àbhaist, chuir i a sròn air a dhruim cho caoimhneil 's a b' aithne dhi; ach, mo chreach, leum, agus ghlaodh esan cho cruaidh 's ged a chuirteadh saighead ann. Bha mi ion 's as mo chiall a' strì ri sìth a chumail eadar na creutairean sin. Leum mi air mo bhonn; bhrìst mi suas an camp, 's ghabh sinn an rathad a rithist. Bha tigh mo sheanar 'sa ghleann fodhainn, agus ghabh sinn 'na rathad. Nuair ràinig sinn, chaidh mise stigh, ach dhruid mi 'n dorus a'm dhéigh a chumail am mach muinntir na h-an-riaghailt. Cha robh aig an tigh ach mo sheanamhair, 's i 'cur crìch air deasachadh arain. Thuir mi rithe gun i dh' fhosgladh an doruis, gu'n robh na féidh am muigh; ach tha amharus agam nach cual' i gu ro-mhath ciod a thubhairt mi: bha i mall 'na claiseachd. Bha cruach de'n aran a dh' fhuin i—aran coirce—air a' bhòrd, agus a' chuid mu dheireadh de 'n fluine 'ga

chruadhachadh ris an teine. Chaidh ise gu mi-fhortanach chun an doruis, agus dh'fhosgail i e. 'Stigh a bhrùchd a' chuideachd a bha 'm muigh. Nuair thuig mise ciod a thachair, leum mi air mo bhonn, agus chuir mi 'n t-aran a bh' air a' bhòrd an àird air déile bha fo anainn an tighe; ach cha robh ùin' air na bha ris an teine shàbhaladh; bha sin 'na chrìomagan air an ùrlar ann am prìoba na sùla. Rachadh na creutairean riasgail sin troimh theine Bhàil air son arain-choirce. Fhuair mi na coin a chur taobh am muigh an doruis; ach mu 'n do shoirbhich sin leam bha na féidh an déigh crìoch a chur air na bha ris an teine de 'n aran, agus a' sealltainn air son tuillidh. Fhuair Jessie a sùil air na chuir mise 'n àird air an déile 's leum i suas air a' bhòrd, agus bha 'n còrr de'n fluine air an ùrlar mu 'm b' urrainnear bacadh a chur oirre. Cha robh dhomh ach an slaodadh a mach air chluasan, aon an déigh aoin diubh; agus mu'n d' fhuair mise 'n t-aon mu dheireadh dhiubh mach, cha robh mòran a làthair de dh' fluine na seana mhnà. Bha mi fìor dhùilich mar a thachair; cha robh aig a' bhoirionnach chaomh ach tionndadh ris an fhuineadh as ùr, ach bha faighidinn mhath aice. An déigh na rinn iad de chron, cha d' thuirt i ach, "O, na creutairean, nach bòidheach iad." Chuidich mi leatha 'n tigh a réiteach 's an t-urlar a sguabadh; 's an spruidhleach arain a sgap a' ghràisg feadh an tighe, thruis mi 's chuir mi 'm phòc e, agus air eagal gu'n éireadh tubaist eile dhùinn, dh' fhalbh mi le m' threud. Thug mi achmhasan do na coin air son na h-aimhreit a thog iad, agus an tàmailt a fhuair mi as an leth. Dh' éisd iad rium le 'n cinn crom, agus, a réir coltais, aithreachas orra air son an cuid de'n mhì-riaghailt a thachair; ach am feadh 's a bha mi labhairt, bheireadh an seana chù sùil nuagach, an dràst 's a rithist, an rathad a bha Jessie, a' leigeil ris gu soilleir ciod a bha 'na bheachd. Thionndaidh mi ris na féidh dh' fheuch an gabhadh beagan oilein a sparradh orra, ach cha bu mhòr a b' fhàirrd mi sin. Nuair a bha mise 'leigeadh sìos Làgh nam Modhannan dhaibh, bha Jessie, le a soc gus an dà shùil ann am phòca, far an do mhothaich i do 'n spruidhleach arain a thruis mise bhàrr an ùrlair. Thug i làn a beòil leatha, 's cho luath 's a chunnaic càch gu 'n robh rudeigin air mo ghiùlan, mach o nach d' thug iad an còta bhàrr mo dhroma, gus an d' fhuair iad a h-uile bruan dheth. Fhuair sinn mu dheireadh, air ar n-ais chum nan cairtealan a dh' fhàg sin 'sa mhadainn, 's nuair thàinig àm an treud a chur do 'n chrò, an dàil na h-oidhche, bha iad cho gaolach 's ged a bhiodh an giùlan ré an là cheart cho cliùiteach 's a b' urrainn domh iarraidh. "O, luchd nan ceann gun cheill!"

Mu'n àm so bha dà no trì de ribeagan dubha 'strì ri 'n cinn a nochdadh air uachdar a' chraicinn, eadar mo bheul 's mo shròn. Ghabh mi sodan nach bu bheag riù, agus bha mi fìor chùramach mu'n déighinn; 'g an leasachadh le ìm ùr; 'gan slìogadh le m' mheòir, 's 'gan treòrachadh an taobh a bu mhiann leam iad a ghabhail. Cha 'n e gu'm b' fhiach am beagan a bh' ann diubh na h-uiread so de dhragh a ghabhail riù, ach bha dòchas agam nach robh 'n so ach na roimh-theachdairean a bha 'gan nochdadh féin mar earlais air na bha ri teachd, agus le cothrom na còrach a thoirt daibh, ciod am fios nach faodadh am Freasdal fhaicinn iomchuidh spruidhleach feusaig a chur 'nan cois. An ùine ghoirid thàinig an cinneas so cho fhad air aghairt, 's gu 'n robh e 'deanamh seòrsa de ròibinn dhuibh mu 'm bhilean. Bha h-uile ni ceart gu leòir gus an d' thug Jessie fainear ciod a bha 'dol air aghairt. Nuair a thug, b' éiginn dithse, 'réir a h-àbhaist, fios fhaotainn ciod a bha 'cèarr. Cha chreideadh duine a gheur-leanmhuinn a dh' fhuiling mis' o'n chreutair ghogaideach sin air tàilleabh a' bheagain chinneis a bha 'n sin. A' cheud nì 'sa mhadainn, agus an rud mu dheireadh 'san fheasgar, b'e Jessie a' sparradh a gnois a'm aodann, a strì ri gréim fhaotainn air na ribeagan prìseil sin a bha cho miadhail agam fhéin. Cha diùltainn-sa Jessie a phògadh na'm b'e sin na bha dhìth oirre, oir ceart mar thuirt Donnachadh Bàn, 'cha robh h-anail breun ge b' e phògadh i, ach bha fhios agam na'm faigheadh ise aon uair, a' bhileag fhochainn sin eadar a càirean 's a fiacail, nach fàgadh i bheag de dh' fhuigheall 'na déigh. Thàinig na ribeagan sàbhailt troimh 'n chunnart sin, mar thàinig iad troimh chunnart no dhà eile, ach cha d' rinn sin iad na 's miadhaile dhòmhsa 'n diugh na bha iad 'san àm an robh Jessie 'g amharc nan déigh.

Bha dà dhamh 'san treud so, agus 'nuair chinn an cuid chabar, thoisich iad, mar is gnàth le'n seòrsa, air na cabair sin fheuchainn air duine 's air beathach, dìreach mar a bu deise. Bha mi latha àraidh a' cur seachad na h-aimsir a' spaisdearachd a suas 's a nuas ri taobh na h-aibhne. Chunnaic Tòmas mi, agus bho nach robh bheag aige r' a dheanamh, thàinig e 'chumail cuideachd rium. Cha luaithe thàinig e 'n dlùths na thòisich e air cuid' d' a chleasan fheuchainn orm. A nis bha cleasachd Thómais math gu leòir fhad 's nach robh ann féin ach am maol-cheann; ach bho'n a bha nis a cheann armaichte le sleagh 's le pic, cha robh mi cinnteach nach faodadh an rud a bhiodh dhasan 'na fheala-dhà a bhi dhòmhsa 'na dha-rìreadh. Rug mi air chluais air, agus threòirich mi leam a chum an rathaid-mhóir e. Ghabh sinn an rathad le chéile; esan 's a cheum cho uallach agus a cheann

cho àrd is ged a bu leis féin am baile ; mis' a' tachas a chluaise, 's ag innseadh dha mu chor an t-saoghail. Bha sinn mar so a' sraidim-eachid air druim an rathaid-mhòir 'nuair a thug mise sùil uam 's a chunnaic mi "banarach dhonn a' chruidh," a' tighinn dachaidh as a' bhuailidh. Leig mi as cluas Thòmais agus thòisich mi air sliogadh nan ribeag a bha 'nis soilleir ri 'm faicinn air mo bhus-uachdair, agus aig a' cheart àm stad mo chonaltradh ri Tòmas. Thug esan so fainear; co dhiù, bha e mothachail air nach robh e-féin a' faotainn na h-àire sin a bha dhligheach dha, agus dìreach a thoirt sanais dhomh gu'n robh mi 'deanamh dearmaid air mo dhleasnas, thug e bruideadh dhomh 'sna h-aisnean 's thilg e'n dìg an rathaid-mhòir mi. Thuit e mach gu'n robh an rathad gu math na b' àirde na'n dìg a bha r' a thaobh. Thug e, leis sin, beagan ùine mu'n d' shuair mise mo chasan a shlaodadh a nìos as a' pholl, 's an suidheachadh air talamh tioram. Tha mi smaointeachadh gu 'n do thuig Tòmas air mo ghuth 's air mo chainnt, am feadh 'sa bha mi streap ri cruaidh na dìge, nach robh mi uile gu léir buidheach dheth ; co dhiù, dh' fhan e fad na laimhe uam, 's an déigh dha greis a thoirt a' dannsadh air mo bheulthaobh, chuimhnich e gu 'n robh gnothach aige taobh-eiginn eile, 's dh' fhàg e'n sud mi, a' glanadh a' phuill de m' thrusgan, agus a' leigeil ruith le sreing de ghuidheachan, an dòchas gu'm beireadh cuid diubh air Tòmas ; ach cha do rug ; cha d' thug iad feachdadh air.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Gaelic song is surely beginning to interest and be a paying matter, when a firm of English concert-organisers in London now include it in their programme. A "Scotch concert" which is fixed for Saint Andrew's Day, contains four Gaelic items by Miss Iona Robertson and Mr. Roderick MacLeod.

An "Aonach" under the auspices of Comradh na Gaedhilge—that is an Exhibition and Sale by the Gaelic League of London—came off on the 4th and 6th of November. All the articles exhibited were of Irish manufacture. The purposes, as stated in the advertisement, are : to give Irish people in London a knowledge of what goods are manufactured in Ireland, and to help the Irish manufacturer in extending the market for his goods.

This active Branch of the Gaelic League holds classes for teaching the Gaelic Language, Irish history, songs and dances, in nine places; and children's classes in seven places throughout London.

The eighth part of the Gaelic-English Dictionary being published by Messrs. E. MacDonald & Co., Herne Bay, is now issued, and is of more than usual interest. Three pages are devoted to Expressions for use at Meetings. These are under five heads: (1) Names of processes and equivalents for amendments, &c.; (2) Opening remarks, dealing in general with the subject of discussion and calling upon people to speak; (3) Matters of order and relevancy; (4) Amendments, and the putting and withdrawing of same, and requests for the thorough thrashing out of any matter; (5) Closure and summing-up, voting, upshot, sending out notices, dissolving and proroguing.

It was no simple matter to construct the phrases; but "it flabbergasts, puzzles, dumfounders, baffles" us,—or, as the dictionary renders it in Gaelic: tha e dol 'sa mhuileann orm—to know how they are to be popularized. Being "the first such list published in Gaelic," they are the best we possess; but they offer a grand theme for a *controversy*. These terms and phrases are published separately at 3d. post free, suitable for waistcoat pocket.

Of interest also are the names of ear-marks on sheep, which are accompanied by a sketch showing the positions and shapes of the various marks, which are 18 in number.

Cregeen's Manx-English Dictionary is about to be reprinted by the Manx Language Society—Yn Cheshaght Gailckagh. The original edition is dated 1835. The introduction to this book has some observations which go to show that little change has taken place in the attitude of the parties in favour of or opposed to the spread of knowledge of and the use of the Gaelic Language or Dialects. We quote the following: "Some will be disposed to deride the endeavour to restore vigour to a decaying language. Those who reckon the extirpation of the Manx a necessary step towards that general extension of the English, which they deem essential to the interests of the Isle of Man, will condemn every effort which seems likely to retard its extinction. But those will think otherwise who consider that there are thousands of the natives of the island that can at present receive no useful knowledge whatever, except through the medium of the Manks Language; they will judge from experience, as well as from the nature of the case, that no work of this description will hinder the progress of the English, but in fact have the contrary effect."

At the time of the publication of the Dictionary the idea of the establishment of a professorship for the specific object of cultivating the vernacular tongue was in the mind of the author at least—as the preface shows—if not in that of others.

The book runs to about 200 pages, and is interspersed with proverbs.

The sixth number of *The Celtic Review* is out and is fully as interesting as any of its predecessors. Mr. Cecil Popham gives translations from the poems of Dafydd ab Gwilym, which are full of striking fancies. Professor Mackinnon continues his readings and translations of the Glenmasan manuscript, with foot-notes of interest and value. Una ni Ogain contributes sea-stories from Iar-connacht in which not only mermaids but mermen play a part. A. W. Wade-Evans continues his article on the Ruin of Britannia, being a contribution towards a re-statement of early Saxo-Welsh history. To illustrate his argument a map of the part of Britain which is south of the Clyde, is given, with the locations of the various Celtic tribes, and of the Roman, Anglic, Saxon and Irish invaders defined. Dr. George Henderson continues his translation into English of The Fionn Saga. The section now published relates the youthful exploits of Fionn. The Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair contributes an article on the Rev. Dr. Blair's MSS. In it we learn that Dr. D. D. Blair was a native of Strachur in Cowal, going to Canada in 1846. Dr. Blair's poems contain 16,650 lines, and consist of sacred poems, laments and secular poems or songs, and those that are valuable would make a volume of about 400 pages. Miss L. Mac Manus has a very readable article entitled "The Grey Wind," detailing interesting facts about the barony of Gallen in Connacht, interspersed with historical, traditional and superstitious lore. An excellent English translation of Posadh an dealain dé—The Butterfly's Wedding—by Mr. Hector Mac Fadyen, which appears in *Uir-seulan Gaidhealach*, a collection of Mod prize compositions, has no translator's name attached. Mr M. Mac Farlane contributes a Gaelic song, the words of which were got from the late lamented Father Allan MacDonald of Eriskay, and the music of which was got from Mr. John Reilly who had been a school-master at one time in the same island. The words are of the ordinary song type; but the melody is very quaint and striking. It is named—O, 's tu 's gura tu th' air m' aire. There are variants of the melody which it is hoped may yet see the light. Mr. Donald Mac Eacharn gives new and original words to the air of "Màiri mhìn mheallshuileach," which are a great improvement on the old ones. Dr. Watson continues his notes on the study of Gaelic, in which the work of a first year's course is set out and suggestions made as to the best methods of making it successful. Reviews of books, complete a very successful number.

Mr. Edward Lawrie, one of the Mod prize winners of this year, we learn, has been appointed teacher of the Gaelic and Music classes to be held at Inverey and Braemar during the winter. Mr. Lawrie is a credit to Poolewe School where he was trained, and we intend to exhibit some of his work in our next number.

Dr. Douglas Hyde, President of the Gaelic League of Ireland, has gone to America to spread knowledge on the work of the League and to ask for the support of the expatriated Gaels there towards the cause at home in Ireland. This is how *An Claidheabh Soluis* refers to the send-off accorded to him: "He goes accompanied by the prayers and God-speeds of an entire people. This child of the Gall, this alumnus of Trinity College, this son of a Protestant clergyman, himself a Protestant, has gained for himself a warmer place, a deeper and more passionate attachment in the hearts of men and women in Ireland than any other, Gael or Gall of our time. . . . No other worker in our cause, no other man in all Ireland, would have been sent forth with such royal honours as those which were paid to 'An Craoibhinn' by Ireland's capital in the name of Ireland. . . . In this man with the fighter's soul and the burning heart of a patriot, this man with the kindling grey eyes which so flash and blaze in moments of excitement, this strong and earnest man with his gusts of passion and his fine bursts of scorn, this kindly and tender man with his large humanity and his genial humour, this poet, this storyteller, this dramatist, this historian, this leader of men, we recognise as a sort of summary of the activities of our movement, a sort of ideal Irish type—neither Gall nor Gael, neither Connachtman nor Ulsterman, neither Leinsterman nor Munsterman—but simply and sheerly an Irishman, and such a one as in moments of exaltation we ourselves would fain be."

Eamonn O'Neill applied in Gaelic for a dog license, and was refused. He was thereafter charged with having in his possession an unlicensed dog; and he was called upon to appear before the Kinsale Petty Sessions court to answer to the same. Eamonn was convicted and fined 6d. with 2s. 6d. of costs, or in default to go to prison for seven days. Eamonn has gone to prison. In Ireland, some time ago, men were being fined for having Gaelic names on their carts. The Gaelic League are making preparations to put an end to these petty tyrannies by a simultaneous movement on the part of those Gaelic Leaguers who are so circumstanced, to put their names in Gaelic not only on their vehicles but above their shops.

One of the competitions of 1904 Oireachtas

had reference to a system of shorthand suitable for Irish Gaelic. Before awarding the prize to what was considered the best system, it was submitted to a speed test. The adjudicator now reports his satisfaction; and we look forward to seeing a published explanation of the prize-winning system—the MS. having been placed in the hands of the Publication Committee to be dealt with.

Mr. E. E. Fournier, well known in Scottish Gaelic circles, invented a scheme of shorthand founded on the Sloan-duployan system, which gives undue importance to the vowels. We have heard no more about it since it appeared in *Celtia* more than a year ago.

Ap[ro]pos of an Irish Gaelic system of shorthand, it may be mentioned that for 16 years the Gaels of Scotland have had a system suitable for their own language—a simple, flexible system which meets every requirement of the language, and which as a phonography, is far ahead of any of the English shorthand systems. The latter are practical systems meant for the *ready* recording of speech, regardless of the *correctness* of the representation of the sounds.

Verily, the Scottish Gael is *alert* in matters pertaining to his mother-tongue! Probably the Scottish Gaelic system is better known in Ireland than in Scotland, where it seems not to be known at all. The reason for the Scottish attitude is plain: *the system was not invented in Germany.*

The Gaelic League have resolved to publish in book-form, *Studies in Irish History before the Normans*, by Mr. P. J. O'Shea, which came out in recent numbers of *An Claidheanach Soluis*, in the Gaelic language.

We learn that about 20 new publications are now going through the press under the auspices of the Publication Committee of the Gaelic League, and that during the month preceding the 14th of October, over 8,000 copies of the Committee's publications had been disposed of.



SOCIETY NOTES.

COMUNN GAIDHLIG GHLASCHO. The Session of this Society began on Oct 31st by a Ceilidh in the Regent Halls, at which there was a good attendance of ladies and gentlemen. Mr. James Grant presided and addressed the meeting in both languages. Gaelic songs were sung by Miss Mary Macleod, Annetta Whyte, John Macleod, and Archibald Ferguson. "Thug mi mo lamh do'n Eileanach" and "Cabar-féidh" by Miss Whyte and Mr. Macleod respectively, were the only fresh items. Dancing followed the concert.

Professor Magnus Maclean is down for a lecture

on 28th November, on "The Historical development of the different systems of education in the Highlands"; and Mr. Henry Whyte on the 19th of December, tells of "The Origins of some of the Proverbs"—Mar a dh' éirich cuid de na seanfhacail. GREENOCK HIGHLAND SOCIETY. This active society will hold its Annual Gathering in the Town Hall, Greenock, on Tuesday, 5th December. Mrs. Burnley Campbell is to preside. Among the concert items we notice the following Gaelic ones: "Hóro mo chuid chuideachd thu" and "Bruthaichean Ghlinn Bhraoin" by the Gaelic choir; waulking songs and "Oigh mo rúin" by the Ladies' choir; "Thug mi mo lamh do'n Eileanach" by Miss A. C. MacTavish; "Cumha Mhic Criomhainn" by Miss Morag Maclellan; "Horo mo Mhairi laghach" and "A ribhinn óg" by Mr. Tom Lawrie; and "Na Gaidheil an Gaillibh a chéile" and "Cabar Féidh" by Mr. John Macleod. Mr. D. C. Walker, who so ably acted as accompanist at Greenock Mod, is to render Gaelic airs on the organ during the assembling of the audience. On the 19th December the Rev. G. R. Maclellan, Edinburgh, is to lecture on Gaelic song.

THE CELTIC UNION. This society exists in Edinburgh for the furtherance of Celtic research, and interests itself in the Language, Music, Art, Costume, and Archaeology of the Celts, more especially of Scotland. The principal office-bearers are:—Mr. Alexander Carmichael, author of *Carmina Gadelica*, and Professor Mackinnon of Edinburgh University, Hon. Presidents; Mr. David MacRitchie, F.S.A., Scot., President; Miss Carmichael, editor of *The Celtic Review*, the Rev. G. R. Maclellan, minister of St. Oran's Church, Mr. J. Bartholomew, advocate, and Mr. Bruce J. Home, author of *Old Houses in Edinburgh*, vice-presidents; Miss MacDonell of Keppoch, and Mr. Neil MacLeod, hon. bards; Mr. Graham Glen, hon. piper; and Dr. J. J. Galbraith, 14 Learmonth Place, and Mr. Dugald Maclean, LL.B., Outlook Tower, Castlehill, respectively, Hon. secretary and Hon. treasurer. A series of lectures forms the main work of the session, but not less important are the classes conducted for the study of Gaelic, Celtic art, and reels. The Union also conducts a Gaelic choir and a local Mod. Membership is open to ladies as well as gentlemen interested in matters Celtic, whether residing in the metropolis or otherwise. The meetings of the Union are held in the Philosophical Institution, 4 Queen Street. The Union is affiliated with "An Comunn Gaidhealach." The syllabus for the current session is quite up to the average, including as it does, Lectures on "The Evil Eye," by Miss Carmichael; "A Hobby for the Celts" by Mr. A. R. Forbes, author of the recent work on *Gaelic Names of Beasts, Birds, Fishes, etc.*, and "Reminiscences of an Octogenarian Highlander," by the Rev. Donald Masson, M.D. The Rev. Robert Blair, D.D., minister of St. John's Church, will lecture in Gaelic; his subject is not yet announced. The Hon. Lord Castletown, president of The Celtic Association, Dublin, and Mr. W. B. Yeats will deal with Irish subjects. "The Cornish Drama" forms the subject of a paper by Mr. Henry Jenner, F.S.A.

A number of notices came too late for insertion in this issue, among which is a particularly interesting one from An Comunn Gaidhealach an Cille-Mhaodain, Gleann-da-ruathail.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Place Names of Elginshire by D. Matheson, F.E.I.S., late headmaster Anderson's Institution, Elgin. Stirling : Eneas Mackay, 43 Murray Place. London : David Nutt, 57, 59 Long Acre, W.C.6s. net.

Mr. Matheson's list of place names has the appearance of having been taken from the Valuation Roll and not from maps of the county. Names of natural features, except when applied also to rateable subjects, are conspicuous by their absence. Great names like Spey, Lossie, and Findhorn, compel attention; but Dorbock, Divie and Geallaidh are looked for in vain. Culbin is not explained though the overwhelming of the barony by sand-drift is duly noticed. Morayscairn, a rateable subject in Alves, secures a discussion of Moray. Findhorn is correctly resolved into White Earn; but the discussion of the second term has to be sought for under Earnside, miles away in the parish of Alves. The number of names that do not enter into the Assessor's Roll, is of course much less in Elginshire than it would be in some counties.

Of the data for determining the true forms of names, local pronunciation "is of no use," it is said, "in the lower part of this county, on account of its being lost in the all-prevailing doric"; but even in dealing with the parts where Gaelic is still spoken, no attempt is made to show what is the present pronunciation. A clear indication of the present day Gaelic pronunciation wherever ascertainable, and of the "doric" pronunciation of names of Celtic origin, would have added greatly to the value of the book. Old records that exist throughout the county contain old spellings of many of the names. Mr. Matheson gives not a few of those old spellings, but not so many as might be wished. His use of the designations "old form" and "ancient form" is ambiguous and extremely unsatisfactory. Many of what he calls "old forms" are not taken from records, but are his own derivation or analysis of the names. For example, he says that the old name of Burghead is found "in Ptolemy's Geography as *Ptoroton*, which is evidently his form of the still older form *Tor-an-dun*, the fortified hill or head." The consequence is that what are called "old forms" are liable to suspicion even when they are genuine forms taken from old records. Celtic names are often descriptive, and knowledge of the locality is often essential. Attempts to bolster up mistaken derivations by pointing to the spot are, however, painfully common. Mr. Matheson has one instance of this. "In Ross-shire," he says, "there is another place very much resembling the situation of Elgin, named Aligan." Aligan clinging to the foot of a mountain that rises abrupt and barren from the shore to a height of 3000 feet, with an acre or two of level land at the mouth of a burn and a few scattered patches among overhanging rocks—does this resemble the situation of Elgin!

In history, he makes the mistake of deriving many names from Norse, though the Norsemen never had any footing in the district. He even takes Loxa, the earliest spelling of Lossie which he quotes from Ptolemy, from the Norse, though Ptolemy wrote 700 years before the Norsemen, on his own showing, set foot in Moray.

The Gaelic article has one or two unsatisfactory

sentences in the introduction, but throughout the work is times without number called or made a preposition, e.g. under Braeniddin and Balnacrine. Reidh and Reidhe common in Sutherlandshire maps and used here to explain names beginning in Ry—etc., should be ruighe. Aitneach (p. 110) should be aithneach and then does not suit. Duffshillock is held to be from "the Gaelic *Doibheas*, literally a voice, but invariably applied to a reverberating hill or rock," and Cnoc-an-doibheas and Creag-an-doibheas are cited from the west and east. Doibheas means *vice*!

The name of the Ochil Hills is derived in one place from "the old Gaelic word *Eochaill*, the yew wood" (p. 79); in another, from "the old Gaelic word *Oichen* or *Oichel* water" (p. 98); and, in a third place, from "the Celtic *Uchel* or *Uch*, Gaelic *Uchda*" (p. 143). The name is from a Pictish form of the Welsh *uchel* of which the Gaelic form is *uasal*. "Uchda" is in no way connected.

The defects of the book spring from insufficient attention to equipment and method and lack of familiarity with the latest advances in the study of place names. Much labour and study have been expended in the investigation, and many of the derivations that are advanced are unexceptionable. The author shows not a little knowledge of etymology, but is apt to let his interest in it run away with him. The book extends, with a serviceable index, to fully 200 pages, contains several illustrations of burgh seals and coats of arms, and, as regards printing, paper and binding, leaves nothing to be desired.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON COOKING AND BAKING (in English and Gaelic), published by the Clan Mackay Society, Glasgow; price 4d. This nice little book of 47 pages professes to be "an elementary introduction to the art of Cooking and Baking, aiming at nothing further than being a compendium of recipes which it is hoped may be useful to the girls in the Reay Country." The English and Gaelic contents are on opposite pages. The recipes are in most cases well within the power of housewives possessed of ordinary modern cooking appliances; but we fear many of the Reay country girls will find a large proportion of them beyond their capacity owing to the lack of proper utensils. We are grieved to find that there is no recipe requiring oatmeal as an ingredient within the covers of the book. Yet we are daily being warned of the loss of stamina in the people owing to the increasing disuse of oatmeal as an article of food. We are not deep in the mysteries of cooking, but we believe nice things can be made from oatmeal and other corn products of the mill. This want is a blot on the book; yet it is an attractive book, nevertheless. It could hardly be otherwise when one thinks (in Gaelic) of the flavour of some of the articles to be produced under the carefully balanced regulations given! Smaoinichibh air so; is mur cuir e clocras oirbh, cha 'n fhaod e bhì gur talmhaidh sibh:—

IOB MILLS

1½ phunnd min mhìn ullachte

5 ùnnsachan ime

12 ùnnsa treugail

12 ùnnsachan ruig mhillis

12 ùnnsa sìtcair

6 ùnnsachan spruidhleach arain-chruithneachd air a gheadadh.

Cuir an t-ìomlan còmhla le uiread bhainne's a nì taois eadar a bhì tigh is tana. Cuir ann am bréid e agus bruch ann an uisge; air-neo cuir ann an caucaib e agus cuir 'na suidhe ann am poit i; ann an deanamh so feuch gu'n cuirnich thu a' chuach gu teann dìonach le paipear righinn.

We commend the book to our readers, if only that it enables them to note the way in which the technicalities of modern cooking are rendered in Gaelic—perhaps for the first time. The author is Tomas MacAoidh, Na Leargaidh Ghallda, which, being translated, is Thomas Mackay, The Largs, Ayrshire. The translator is "Fionn" who has done his part with his usual success.

—:o—:—

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Q 2 Fàilt' oirbh a dhuin' uasail. Is ann le mór thlachd a leugh mi a' cheud earrann de 'n "Deò-ghreine." Gu ma fad a chrathas a' bhratach bhàna sa ghaoith.

Am bi sibh cho math agus fonn an òrain "Am faigh a' Ghàidhlig bàs?" a thoirt dhomh. no a dh' innsadh dhomh far am faighear e. agus is ann gu mòr ann bhuir comain a bhithas. MAC-TALLA.

A 2 Thainig an t-iartras a tha shuas chugainn gun fhior ainm an sgrìobhadair maille ris. Bu chòir do gach neach aig am bheil gnothuch ruinn an ainmean fein agus ainmean an àiteachan còmhnuidh a dh' innsadh dhuinn anns gach litir a chuireas iad d' ar n-ionnsuidh. Tha sinn a' toirt maithanas do mhac-talla an tràth so, oir tha sinn a' creidsinn gu bheil nàire air a thaobh aineolais mu'n fhonn cheudna.

Gheibhear anns "An Uiseag" e air 3d; agus an "Songs of the Highlands," le comh-cheòl freagarrach do 'n phianoforte foidhe, air 1s. Tha iad so 'gan reic aig Aonghas Mac Aoidh, Leabhar-reicead-air, Struibhle.

A 1 *Caddog* and *Catdog* are given in MacLagan's Games of Argyleshire, pp. 14, 16, as the Gaelic name for a game called "cat and dog" played with two straight sticks four feet long, and a piece of wood about ten inches long and one inch in diameter pointed at both ends. *Ca-dog*, accent on final syllable and letters having Gaelic value, was our name in Perthshire for a game much the same as that called Tip-cat in MacLagan's book, played with a bat and pin pointed at ends and numbered with us ii, iii, iiiii, on the sides. But this game was introduced by myself from Stirlingshire; and the Gaelic name was applied to it by a relative who saw us play it. The name *Cu-dog* there, is that either of the game referred to or some similar game that had died out before my time, but within living memory. The name of the game, in Stirlingshire, was "Cattie and Doggie." C.M.R.

In the western lowland shires the name for the game referred to by C.M.R. is "The Cat and Bat." We are still without a solution of *Biodalan*. Ed. Q 3 I notice that several good writers of Gaelic use *an ath nì* or *an ath là*, in the nominative case, when, according to grammatical law, we look for *an t-ath nì*, and *an t-ath là*. Which is the right usage?—M. A. L.

24 In some recent reviews of Gaelic literary matter, objection is taken to *leisg* for "lazy," the

allegation being that *leasg* is the proper word for the adjective and *leisg* for the noun, meaning "laziness." Is this correct?—C. O. L. M.

A 4 We believe the reviewers are quite right. The facts have been acknowledged a good many years ago by those who knew them. But since the publication of Dr. Mac Bain's Etymological Dictionary, the facts are getting better known, and reviewers and others are now airing their newly acquired knowledge. In doing so they spread the knowledge, which is a good service. But they do not remove the difficulty connected with *leisg* and many other words which, like it, have through long usage in literature, got almost fixed, although in themselves wrong. Taking a few at random: what is to be said for rithist, rithis, ris; fathast, fòs, fhathast; dithis, dithist; math, maith; caoimhneas, coibhneas; éirigh, éiridh; dàrna, dara; dha for do; do, a dh', do dh'; an diàsd, an dràst. an tràth-s', an tràth so; ann an for an; thun, chun; thugad, chugad; bhitheas, bhios; bhitheadh, bhiodh; is, agus, 'us, a's; a bhàin, a mhàin: éiginn, éigin: na h-obair, na h-oibre; tuilleadh, tuillidh; an làthair, a làthair; thubhairt, thuirt; tabhair, toir; a bhith, a bhi, etc., etc. All these and scores of others are in as much need of being settled as *leisg* and *leasg*. Then there is the question: are northern writers justified in writing *dian* when the literary usage is *dean*; *ciad* when it is *ceud*; *diag* when it is *deug*, etc.

NOTICE.

All communications, except those relating to Advertisements and the Sale of the Magazine should be sent to the Editor, Malcolm Mac Farlane, 1 Macfarlane Place, Elderslie, by Johnstone.

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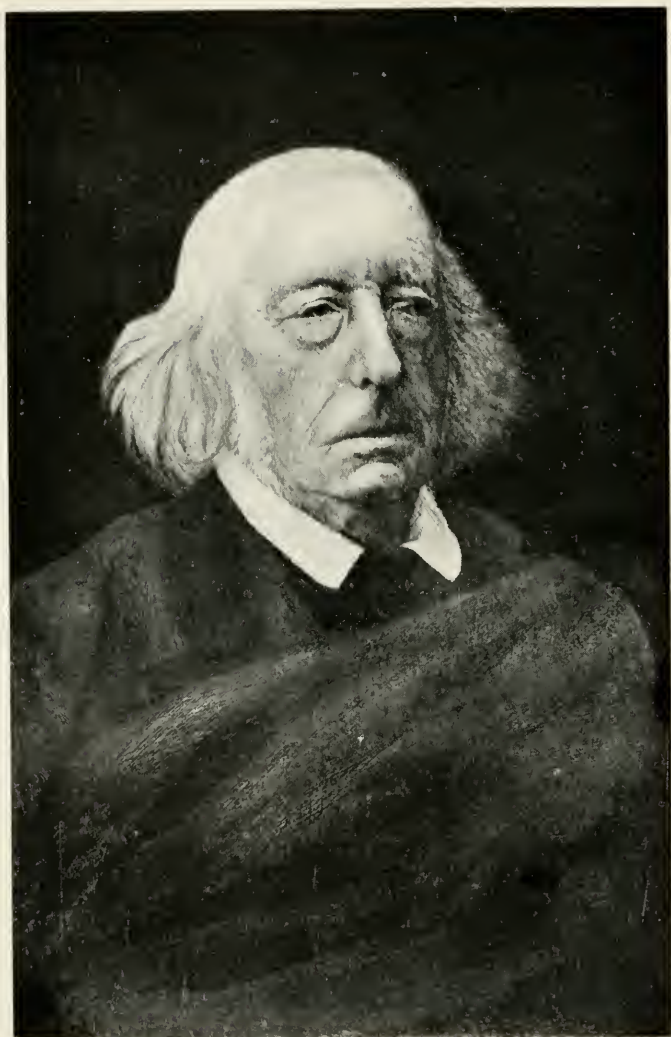
Literary contributions should be written on one side of the paper only. They should be accompanied by the full name and address of the sender on the same sheets, not necessarily for publication.

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AN DEO-THREINE

Leabhar I.]

A' cheud mhìos 1, 1906.

[Earrann 4.

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URRAM DO 'N OLLAMH BLACKIE NACH MAIREANN.

Tha e air a ràdh le mòran firinn gur iomadh rud a chì 's a chluinneas fear an t-saoghail fhada. Ach, ged fhuair an t-Ollamh Blackie saoghal maith fada, agus ged is iomadh rud a chunnaic is a chual' e, tha mi 'sa bheachd nach cual e riamh iomradh air an onoir so a chaidh a chur air féin.

Bha mi uair de m' shaoghal, nuair a bha mi gu maith na b' òige na tha mi 'n diugh, ag obair ann an àite leth-oireach 'san Eilean Mhuileach. Bha mi fuireach le sean bhoirionnach chòir aig an robh bàigh shònruichte do 'n Ghàidhlig agus do gach nì Gaidhealach. Ged bha i 'san àm so thairis air deich agus ceithir fichead bliadhna dh' aois, bha i cho sunndach, aighearach 's a chunnaic mi riamh. Is iomadh oidhche a rachadh i fhéin agus mise a dhannasadh air an ùrlar chreadha, gun duine beò maille ruinn, greis ma seach againn air port-à-beul, agus am biodhmaid claidhte.

Ach, gu mo sgeul. Bha mi anns an àm so a' faotainn paipeir bhlig á Glascho uair 'san t-seachdain, anns an robh daonnan dealbh fir no fir-eiginn air an robh daoine am bitheantas eòlach. Cha robh mi fhéin a' gabhail a' bheag de shuim de na dealbhan; ach mhothaich mi gu'n robh an t-seana-bhean 'gan gleidheil agus 'gan càradh a suas air ballachan a' chitsein a bha "gealaicht' le aol." A chum a' bharrachd urram a chur air an dealbh a chòrdadh rithe, chuireadh i iteag circe os a cheann air a' bhalla; agus an dealbh nach còrdadh rithe, ged gheibheadh e àite am measg chàich, cha 'n fhaigheadh e iteag.

Mu dheireadh, thàinig dealbh an Ollaimh Blackie ann mach; ach ged fhuair e àite am measg chàich, cha deachaidh urram 'sam bith a chur air; is coltach nach do chòrd aogas rithe. Coma leibh na co dhiù, bha oidhche an sin a thàinig bean-eòlais a steach air chéilidh; agus thuit ise, 's i gabhail beachd air na dealbhan: "Is e 'n t-Ollamh Blackie a tha agaibh an so." "Is e," thuirt mi fhéin. "An e siod fear mòr na Gàidhlig?" thuirt Anna. "Is e," thuirt mise. "O rìgh! 's gun iteag idir 'na cheann," thuirt ise.

Cha robh tuilleadh air e sin ach sin fhéin aig an àm; ach, nuair a thàinig mise gu m' lòn-maidne an là-arn-a'-mhàireach, co thachair orm 'san doras ach an coileach bochd, 's e coimhead glé mhuladach, agus cha robh ioghnadh ann; cha robh aon iteag 'na earball; bha a h-uile h-aon diubh gu àrd air a' bhalla bràigh ceann Blackie.

A nis, ged is faoin an sgeul a thug mi seachad—agus tha mi creidsinn gu'm bi a' bharrachd a nì gàire-fochaid air na nì gàire-molaidh air—b' ann le dùrachd cridhe agus deòthas anama dh' fheuch am boirionnach bochd so, 'na dòigh féin, ri urram a chur air an fhear a rinn na rinn e as leth càinain a

gràidh ; agus, leis gach urram agus stòldachd, theirinn : Rinn i na dh' fhaodadh i.

Agus sibhse leis an àill a' Ghàidhlig a bhi buan, cumaibh a ghnàth 's gun tàmh An Deo-ghréine ri crann, agus air na chunnaic sibh riamh na leigibh gu làr i, agus—co aige tha fios—'s maith dh' fhaoidteadh gu 'm bi earball coilich a' feitheamh air cuid agaibh an àiteiginn.

A' CHOILLE BHEAG.

—:o:—

DUNCAN BAN AND GLEN ETIVE.

At the foot of the Shepherds of Etive and opposite the mansion house of Dalness, on the bank of Allt Ghartain, the ruins of the house of Duncan Ban are still to be seen. There, amid the quiet of the mountains, the forester poet spent several peaceful years. His business was to provide venison for the Duke of Argyle who was then proprietor of the glen ; but we may guess that during the considerable periods of leisure permitted by his avocation, Duncan would find keen pleasure in wooing the Gaelic muse, and in idealising through poetry the beauties of Nature and the glories of the chase. The walls of his house have disappeared, but enough of the stones remains to show the outline of the foundations. Next the corner of the house stands a sturdy oak tree which may well have given shade and shelter to the bard in the olden days. It is shown in the accompanying photograph.

80 vv



The wonderful scenery of this glen could hardly fail to leave a deep impression on a mind so sensitive to natural beauty as the poet's. The wild grandeur of Loch Etive and Glen Etive is almost unrivalled in Scotland. Glencoe surpasses Glen Etive in awesomeness, with its nightmare of sheer precipices and deep gulfs ; but it is not built on so grand and spacious a scale as Glen Etive. The wonder is that the references to Glen Etive in Macintyre's poems are so few in number. But, possibly he did not stay long enough there to get really attached to the place. Ben Doran would always have the first place in his affections. Or, it may be, that the grandeur and sterner aspect of nature in Glen Etive did not appeal to him. While he shows an intense love of nature in her sunnier moods, and minute observation of natural objects, it is a question whether we find anywhere in his poems the strong delight in the grand and awful aspects of Nature found in modern poetry as, for example, in Coleridge's great ode to the Alps from Chamouni. Professor Veitch points out that even Milton, with his directness of vision and sympathy, went over Switzerland without bringing back a single image of the Alpine glories to enrich his poems. The same is true of Knox. The great reformer, during his visit to Geneva, was no doubt so engrossed in studying theology in Calvin's company that we could hardly expect him to have a keen eye for natural beauty.

But one cannot repress a feeling of disappointment that Duncan Ban has so little to say in praise of Buachaill Eite. In winter, there are few scenes in Scotland more beautiful than where the bens around Dalness lift to the blue heavens their peaks of gleaming snow. Here we have all the beauty of the Alps in miniature.

It is an interesting fact that Alexander MacDonald, the only contemporary Gaelic bard, equal to Macintyre in talent, had also associations with Dalness. Before Duncan Ban became forester there, Mac Donald must have been a frequent visitor to the glen as the wooer of Mac Donald of Dalness's daughter, who ultimately became his wife.

References to Glen Etive are found chiefly in two of Macintyre's poems — "A' chaora cheannfhiomm," and the verses to his gun "Nìc Còiseam." In the first of these the name Ionbhar-Ghinneachd occurs. This place, I understand from an old resident, was situated close to the poet's own house. Coir'-uanain was probably the place of that name in the neighbouring district of Onich. There is a place Tor-uaine in Glen Etive, but no Coir'-uanain so

far as I can find out. 'Tigh-na-sròine is not extant to-day, but there is a 'sron' on the way to Kingshouse and also another above Clachaig in Glencoe. The other places mentioned: Gleann-ceitilein, Ceann-loch-eite, Druim-a'-chothuis, Gual-a'-chuilinn, are still occupied. In the poem of "Nìc Coiseam," the place names are mostly outside Glen Etive. "Na creisean" is a steep rocky face beyond Dalness.

There was a primitive old schoolhouse in the glen thirty or forty years ago, so loosely constructed that in winter the boys used to make a slide on the ice on the floor! Near the modern schoolhouse is a hill called Tom-na-gunnairachd. No doubt Duncan Ban exhibited his skill in marksmanship with his beloved Nìc Coiseam at this very spot.

The population of the glen was never very great; but in the poet's time it was probably much greater than now. The Dalness forest never had any people but foresters upon it. It was a royal deer forest for centuries. In the lower part of the glen and along the loch side there are many ruins of old houses. These were mostly peopled by Duncan Ban's own clan, the Macintyres, three generations ago. The seat of the clan was at Glenoe. Now there are none of the name there, though some of the residents are connected with the old clan and have the blood, though not the name, of the Macintyres.

Dalness, it is said, was one of the many hiding places of the renowned Rob Roy. In a life of Rob Roy, written by Mac Lay, there is a thrilling story of the manner in which Rob, at the risk of his own life, rescued a lady from two base knights who had kidnapped her from Dunstaffnage by guile and were keeping her prisoner in the old house of Dalness.

The upper part of Glen Etive is associated by legend with the name of the beautiful and unfortunate Deirdre, the Helen of Troy of Gaelic story. Mr. Carmichael, in the notes to his fine version of the story of Deirdre recently published, places her "grianan" almost on the very site of the house of Duncan Ban. There is, however, another grianan in the glen, a tremendous pinnacle of rock with a rounded flat top at the east end of Beinn Ceitilein and opposite Allt-a'-chaorainn. It appears on the map as "Sunny Peak." This grianan is the last point that the setting sun touches in that part of the glen, as the level rays strike through a gap in the rampart of mountains to the west. It is an almost inaccessible spot, the haunt of goats in the olden time, a Cleopatra's needle nearly 2,000 feet high, joined to the neighbouring mountain by a neck of land, and un-

approachable on three sides. Some of my informants say that this is the real "Grianan Deirdre," where the princess had a safe retreat. Certainly a more romantic and wonderful



grianan could hardly be found anywhere else in the whole country.

On Loch Etive, and opposite Inverliver, is Eilean Uisneachain, connected in legendary lore with the sons of Uisneach. About a quarter of a mile further up than this island, and a hundred yards back from the shore, is a spot where a solitary apple tree grew which was commonly called "*Craobh nan Abhal*" and also "*Craobh Chlann Uisne*." A resident informs me that about twenty-five years ago this apple tree blossomed for the last time. It was supposed to be the only surviving tree in the orchard of the sons of Uisneach at Caidirle.

The death of *Craobh nan Abhal* is a parable of the neglect and gradual extinction of old Gaelic lore and poetry in a modern utilitarian age. May the Comunn Gaidhealach be successful in its efforts to make the old and fruitful tree of Gaelic literature put forth new blossom.

M. N. MUNRO.

DR. Douglas Hyde, President of the Gaelic League of Ireland, is meeting with great success in his tour in America in the furtherance of the Gaelic cause. The first fruit of his work has been flashed across the sea in the shape of an announcement of a donation of £1000. There's a president for you!

AN ATAIREACHD ARD.

BARDACHD leis an do choisinn D. Mac Iomhair 'san Eilean Leòdhas a' cheud duais aig Mod 1905.

Chuir an t-ùghdar an roimh-ràdh so ris an dàn:—Tha còrr air trì fichead bliadhna o chaidh na bailtean sin timchioll tràigh mhòir Uig a chur fàs. Chaidh aon bhaile beag air iomall a deas na tràghadh fhàgail an déigh chàich. Air son an gabhail chaorach a rinneadh de na trì bailtean eile a leasachadh, chaidh tuath a' bhaile-sa cuideachd fhògradh 'sa bhliadhna 1848. Iadsan a bha comasach air sin a dheanamh, ghabh iad aiseag air soitheach seòlaidh do Chanada. An déigh a bhi dlùth air dà fhichead bliadhna air falbh, thàinig aon duine còir, 'na shean aois, air ais a dh' fhaicinn bailtean òige. Thachair dhomh a bhi 'na chuideachd mar a bha e gu deurach, airsneulach ag amharc 's a' meòrachadh air fàsalachd a' bhaile. Tha cuimhne agam air aon nì a thubhairt e: Cha 'n eil nì a' so mar a bha, ach ataireachd na mara air an tràigh. So aobhar na bàrdachd-sa.

An ataireachd àrd:
Cluinn fuaim na h-ataireachd àird!
Tha torrunn a' chuain
Mar chualas leams' e 'nam phàisd,
Gun mhùthadh, gun truas,
A' sluaisreadh gainemh na tràgh'd;
An ataireachd bhuan:
Cluinn fuaim na h-ataireachd àird!

Gach làd le a stuadh,
Cho luaisgeach, farumach, bàn,
'Na chabhaig gu cruaidh,
'S e gruamach, dosrach, gun sgàth;
Ach strìochdaidh a luaths
Aig bruaich na h-uidhe bh' aig càch,
Mar chaochail an sluagh
Bha uair 'sa bhaile-sa tàmh.

'Sna coillte a siar
Cha 'n iarrainn fuireach gu bràth;
Bha m' inntinn 's mo mhiann
A riamh air lagan a' bhàigh;
Ach iadsan bha fial
An gnìomh, an caidreamh 's an àgh,
Air sgapadh gun dìon
Mar thriallas ealtainn roimh nàmh.

Seileach is luachair,
Cluaran, muran is stàrr
Air tachdadh nam fuaran
'San d' fhuair mi iomadh deoch pàit;
Na tobhtaichean fuar
Le buaghallan 's cuiseag gu'm bàrr;
'S an fheanntagach ruadh
Fàs suas 'sa chagailt bha blàth.

Ach chunna mis' uair
'M bu chuanar, beathail an t-àit',

Le òigridh gun ghruaim
Bha uasal, modhail 'nan càil,
Le màthraichean suairc
Làn uail 'nan companaich gràidh,
Le caoraich is buar
Air ghluasad moch mhaduinn nan tràth.

Ag amharc mu 'n cuairt
Cha dual domh gun a bhi 'm pràmh;
Cha 'n fhaic mi an tuath
De 'm bu shuaicheant carthannas tlàth;
'Nam fògarraich thruagh
Chaidh 'm fuadach thairis air sàl;
'S cha chluinn iad gu buan
Mòr fhuaim na h-ataireachd àird.

Fir-sgiùrsaidh an t-sluaigh,
Cha bhuan iad bharrachd air càch;
Bu chridheil an uail
'Gar ruagadh mach gun chion-fàth
Ach sannt agus cruas;
An duais tha aca mar thà:
Mòr-dhiomb is droch luaidh,
An uaigh le mallachd nan àl.

Ach siùbhlaidh mi uait;
Cha ghluais mi tuilleadh 'nad dhàil;
Tha m' aois is mo shnuadh
Toirt luaidh air giorrad mo là.
An àm dhomh bhi suaint'
Am fuachd 's an cadal a' bhàis,
Mo leabaidh dean suas
Ri fuaim na h-ataireachd àird.

—:o:—

DA LITIR GHAIHDLIG.

AN so tha sinn a' cur nan litrichean leis an do choisneadh a' cheud is an dara duais an aon de na comh-fharpuisean a chaidh a chur air bonn as leth an aois-òig aig Mod 1905. Tha iad an so gun leasachadh air bith air a dheanamh orra, ach dìreach mar a dh' fhàg iad làmhnan nan sgrìobhadairean òga. Is le Eachann Mac Gille Moire á Stafainn 'san Eilean Sgithean-ach, a' cheud té; agus le Eideard Labhraidh, á Poll-iù, an dara té.

LA IASGAICH.

Eilean-a-cheò.
An ceathramh là fichead do mhios deirinneach an t-samhraidh.
Mo charaid ionmhuinn,

Focal no dha mu fheasgar cridheal iasgaich a chuir mi seachad. Bha e mar a leanas. "Gu dearbh Eachuinn be'n tàm e"; cha 'n eil bata aig a chladach nach eil air astar o chionn fada, agus sinne an so fhathast gu'n ghuth na iomradh air falbh."

"Tide gu leor a Dhomhnuill"; cha 'n eil e fhathast ach ochd uairean agus cha chreid mi nach robh e naoi an raoir mas d-thug sinn ceann a stigh do 'n bhata."

"Cha choir dhuìt a bhi deanamh earbsa a

sin an comhnuidh Eachuinn—ach sud Eoghainn air falbh agus 's fhearr dhuinne bhì deanamh as a dheigh."

Cha b' fhada gus an d-rug sinn air Eoghainn, agus ann an ùine ghoirid bha sinn air astar fo dhà ràmh dhionnsuidh ionad an iasgach. Bha na bàtaichean uile gu dìchiollach ag iasgach 'nuair a rainig sinn, ach cha robh iad a deanamh am biadh dheth. Chuir sinn na slatan a mach gun dàil, agus a cheart cho luath sa bhuail an t-sìol aig Domhnall annsa mhuir ghabh smalag mhor oirre.

"Nach eil sin a nis a Dhomhnall, mar gum biodh a daigneachadh an sean-fhocal a tha 'g radh 'cha robh air dheireadh nach biodh air thoiseach," arsa mise. "Cha 'n e sin an sean-fhocal a tha fo'm chomhair an drasd" arsa Domhnall ach "se luathair is fhaigse mhaille" "oir leis a chabhaig tha 'n acain-iasgaich agam air dol troimh cheile."

"Sudaibh le bhur baoth-shugradh agus thoiribh an aire air bhur n iasgach" ars Eoghainn 'se slaodadh a stigh liùth mhor bhia 'n imis a thoirt a mach air a mhuir.

Ach bha 'n annoch a nis am fagus oir bha ghrian air dol fodha na maise, agus na sgòthan mar gum biodh, gha cuideachadh gu ait a fois. Sguir an iasgach, agus bha sinn a dol a dheanamh air an dachaidh 'u uair a thubhairt Eoghainn "S fhearr dhuinn a bhlaclachaidh fantuinn ris an iasgach-maidne oir bithidh an sìol mar-adh nis freagaraiche." Bha mi fhein 'us Domhnall ghe leis a chionn 's nach robh greim againn a dhithheadh sinn, ach co dhiu dh' aontach sinn le Eoghainn.

Bha oiteag bheag air a ghaoth, agus mar sin smaointich sinn a dhòl do bhothag iasgairean bhradan a bha laimh ruinn gus am biodh am iasgaich ann. 'S ann mar sin a rinn sinn. Bha na h-iasgairean nan cadal aig an àm agus bha srann aig aon aca shaoladh tu a bheireadh a nuas an tigh air blur muin. Bha cuideachd eile comhla ruinn, ach cha robh iad cho stòlda ruinne oir bha iad a rùrach a sìd sa so feuch am faigheadh iad greim a dhithheadh iad.

Dh' fhalbh sinne ann an camhanaich an làth agus fhuair sinn do dhiasg na reachadh againn air a mharbhadh. 'Nuair a bha sinn a tilleadh thachair a bhuidheann eile oirnn a falbh an uair sin—ach robh annoch. Thill iad cho luath sa bhaca 'nuair a chunnaic iad sinne, agus rinn sinne gaire fochaid riu.

Bha e nis mu thimchioll air trì uairean agus bhia rìgh nan speur a bagairt air éirigh. Bha neul liath-ghorm na speur ag atharrachadh. Chitear rughadh fann a dugsadh 's an ard an Ear. Bha ailleachd òr bhuidh a dìreadh nan speur. Ghabh na neoil shuas dath an òr is deirge dreach. Suas ghabh i air siubhal an aigh ann an glòir co dealrach agus solus co

boillsgeil snach eil e'n comus do shuil naduir amharc oire. Mur tha Bard fhein ag radh.

'S aoibhinn do shiubhal a sholuis aigh

A sgaoiles le d' dhreach gach doinionn

'S is maiseach do chleachd an oir

A snam siar 's do dhoigh ri pilleadh.

Sin agad cunntas goirid air an fheasgar iasgaich.

Is mise, do charaid dileas

"Mactalla."

LITIR AIR A' MUIR

Mo charaid ionmhuinn

Bha e ann am ruin sgrìobhadh a d' ionnsuidh mu 'n mhuir agus beagan nithe 'thoirt fainear mu gach feum a th' innte do 'n t-saoghal gu leir.

Tha e coitchionn ann a bhi labhairt mu'n mhuir a bhi 'ga meas mar "fhasach de uisgeachan" ach an àite i bhi mar sin 's an a tha i mar mheadhon air a bhi 'cumail an t-saoghal o bhi na fhasaich neo-thorraich; na 'n rachadh a' mhuir a thoirt air falbh bhasaichheadh gach ainmhidh th' air sliabh; bhiodh gach coill' air seargadh, s gach luibh' uaine air crìonadh.

Mar an ceudna tha an t-uisge cho neosheachanta do gach seorsa beatha 's a tha an t-athar a tha mu 'r timchioll: oir a dh' easbhuidh uisge cha bhiodh rian beathachaidh aig ni sam bith anns am bheil beatha.

'S e a' mhuir tobair beatha, slainte, agus urachaidh an t-saoghal; oir tha i a cur suas de uisge gus na neoil a cheart uibhir 's a tha de amhnaichean mora a' sruthadh d a h-ionnsuidh agus ged tha uisge na mara cho saithe gidheadh tha e tuiteam na fhraisaibh ùra, milis air an talamh gu bhi toirt air gach luibh 'us craobh fas chum math gach creutair; mar so tha a' mhuir a' toirt dhuinn an fhoghair ged nach urrainear a' radh gu 'm bheil foghar aice 'n a h-uchd.

Tha a' mhuir a deanamh dhuinn beartais ged a bhiodh sinn milltibh air falbh o a crìch, 's ged nach d' anhaire sinn riabh air a tonn luaineach, no ged nach d' eisd sinn r' a toirm bithbhuan; seadh ged a bhiodh sinn mar so air falbh am feasd as a sealladh, gidheadh tha i ag amharc oirnn anns gach luibh tha fas 'n 'ar liosaibh 's ann an eudann ait ar cloinne.

A bharr air so uile 'se an fhaireg an t-aon mheadhon glanaidh a's ionlain a th' ann: da h-ionnsuidh tha gach gaoith' shalaich air am fuadach gu bhi air an glanadh 's air an tumadh; an sin gabhaidh iad fois 'nuair a tha iad sgith; gu bhi 'g eiridh a ris a dh' urachadh 's a glanadh na talmhainn.

'S e an fhaireg mar an ceudna a tha cur air an aghaidh gach gne obair a tha feumail do'n duine ach a bhiodh neo-chomasach dha mur be cumhachd na mara. Is mise do

Charaid dileas,

Am Fiùran.

UNRECORDED GAELIC MELODIES.

5. HÒRO LASAIDH MI MO PHIOB. Compiler J. C. The tune seems to be a good variant of "Hithillcan na h-illean i."

GLEUS F.

{	m., m : s. m	r. d : d ^l	}
	Hòro, lasaidh	mi mo phìob;	
{	t., l : l. m	t. l : s	}
	Lasaidh, lasaidh	mi mo phìob;	
{	m., m : s. m	r. d : d ^l .	}
	Hòro, lasaidh	mi mo phìob;	
{	s. l, s.- : m., d	r, r.- : d	
	O'n tha mi sgìth de'n	allaban.	

6. BODACHAN A' PHINNT LEANNA. Compiler J. C. Dr. K. N. Mac Donald gives a different tune to this name in his collection of Puirt a beul.

GLEUS F.

{	d., d : d, m.-	d ^l : d ^l , l.-	}
	Bodachan a'	phinnt leanna,	
{	l : l, s.-	d ^l : d ^l , l.-	}
	Phinnt leanna,	phinnt leanna;	
{	d., d : d, m.-	d ^l : d ^l , l.-	}
	Bodachan a'	phinnt leanna,	
{	l., s : s. m	r : d	FINE.
	Bidh e air an	daoraich.	
{	m., m : m. m	s., m : m.,	}
	Bodachan nan	siolachan,	
{	m. f., r : r., r	m., d : d	}
	Nan siolachan, nan	siolachan;	
{	m., m : m. m	s., m : m	}
	Bodachan nan	siolachan,	
{	l. s : s., m	r : d	D.C.
	Bidh e air an	daoraich.	

7. MOR NIGHEAN EÒIN. Compiler J. C. The words to this fine melody are hardly fit for publication; and for that reason the following singable verse is substituted.

GLEUS F.

{	l : - : t	d ^l : - : d ^l	l : - : t	l : s : m	}
	Tha mo rùn	air gaol	nan caileagan,		
{	m : - : -	d ^l : t : d ^l	s : - : -	l : - : -	}
	Seud	laimnreach	flor	òir;	

{	l ₁ : - : l ₁	d : - : d	r : - : m	l : s : l	}
	'S nuair thèid mise	chòir	an t-sagairt,	Is	
{	s : - : m	m : r : m	d : - : t ₁	l ₁ : - : -	
	tu bhios maille ruim,	Mhòr nigh'n Eòin.			

8. AN DROBHAIR A BHA 'N SO AN DE. Compiler J. C. The words of this song might be rescued if sought for in Ballachulish.

GLEUS F.

{	. l ₁ d., d : r, r.-	m, s.- : l	}
	An dròbhair a bha'n	so an dé,	
{	s., m : m, r.-	d : l ₁	}
	B' èibhinn a bhi	g'òl leis;	
{	l., t : d ^l , t	l. s : m.,	}
	Ged tha léine	shalach air,	
{	d ^l l. s : m., r	d : r.,	}
	Tha léine	ghlan 'na phòca;	
{	m m., m : m, r.-	m, s.- : l	}
	An dròbhair a bha'n	so an dé,	
{	s., m : r. d	d : l ₁	
	B' èibhinn a bhi	'òg leis.	

:O:~:O:

AM FIADH.

LE DOMHNUL MAC EACHARN.

EARRANN IV.

BHA e glé iongantach r'a thoirt fairnear an t-eadar-dhealachadh a bha eadar na creutairean sin a thaobh càileachd. Cha robh a dhà dhiubh a dh' aon nàdur. Bha 'n t-eadar-dhealachadh so ro-chomharraichte anns na daimh,—Tómas agus Jack. Bha Jack fìor-uasal 'na dhòigh; cha b' fhiach leis a bhi ri peasanachd mar a bhiodh Tómas, 's cha robh droch-phratan 'sam bith 'na aoraibh. Bha na h-aighean comharraicht' air an dòigh cheudna, càil fa leth aig gach aon diubh.

Bha 'n t-àm a nis a' dlùthachadh 'sam b' éiginn dòmhsa dealachadh ri m' theud. Cheannaich duin'-uasal mór an oighreachd greis roimhe sin; acli cha robh cabhag air a thighinn g' a faicinn. Mu dheireadh, thàinig e-fèin 's a luchd-coimhreachd a shealltainn an àite. Bha a' Bhaintighearna fo mhòr-thrioblaid a thaobh cho fiadhaich 's a bha h-uile nì 'g amharc: beanntan gruamach; coilltean ùdlaidh; muir àiradhach, 's gun uibhir is acarsaid air son bàta, no rathad-mòr air son carbaid. "Cìod a bhuair thu," ars is ris a' Mhorair, "gu leithid so dh' àite cheannach?" "Aite," ars is, "gun eaglais, gun

tigh-sgoil; gun phosta tighinn na 's dlùithe na seachd mìle dh'astar; gun lighiche eadar dà cheann an eilein, agus na 's miosa na sin uile, gun ghreim de dh'aran cruithneachd r'a fhaotainn na's dlùithe na Ceann-Loch-Gilb, fichead mìle air falbh 's deich dhiubh thar fairge. Ciod idir," dh' fharraid i rithist, "a theum thu gu a leithid so dh' àite cheannach?" Cha robh 'n duine còir ro-chinnteach mu'n chùis, agus smaintich e sgrìob a thoirt taobh éiginn gus an ciùinicheadh a' Bhaintighearna. Bha uinneag an t-seòmair iosail ris a' ghruind, 's thog e i, 's thug e ceum am mach air an réidhlean. Thàinig Jessie mu'n cuairt; chunnaic i 'n uinneag fosgailte, 's ghabh i ceum a stigh. Bha Bhaintighearna 'na seasamh taobh eile 'n t-seòmair, 's a cùl ris an uinneig. Bha ceum na h-aighe cho grunn, 's am brat-ùrlair cho tiugh, 's nach d' fhuair a' bhean-ùasal an sanas a bu lugha gus an do chuir Jessie a sròn fhuar air a lethcheann. Chunnaic i, aig a' cheart am, 's an sgàthan a bha fa comhair, thailas an fhiadh-bheathaich a bha r'a taobh; ghlaodh i gu cruaidh, 's thuit i seachad air an urlar. Thàinig aon de na seirbheisich a dh' fhaicim ciod a bha càrr. 'Nuair chunnaic i Bhaintighearna a' tomas fad a droma air an urlar, agus fiadh-bheathach oillteil 'na sheasamh os a cionn, thog esan sgairt-fhuathais eile, 's air ball bha 'n còrr de na seirbheisich cruinn. Thòisich an sin ùspairn chruaidh a dh' fhaotainn na h-uilebheist so a chur am mach. Shaoil Jessie bhochd gur ann ri fealadh a bha iad, agus dh' aontaich i leò 'sa mhionaid, 's réis i mu'n cuairt an t-seòmair, is leum i thar gach ball èarnais a thainig 'na rathad, ach ann mach cha rachadh i; c' ar son a rachadh; nach robh h-uile nì g'a riar far an robh i? Chaidh fios cabhaig a chur thun a bhuachaille' e thighinn le ghunna, 's le chuid chon a chur as do'n bheithir-sgiathaich a bha 'n los an tigh 's na bha ann a chur bun os cionn. Thàinig e, ach gun ghunna, gun chù leis; chuir e 'làn air sròn na h-aighe 's dh' iarr e oirr a leantainn, 's rinn ise sin cho toileach 's a rinn na radain Pìobaire-ballach Hamelin a leantainn. Chuir so iongantas air na Goill; ach cha robh fhios aca gu'n robh criomann arain an cridhe na dèarna aig a' bhuachaille, 's gu'n do mhothaich Jessie dha sin 'nuair a chuir e 'làn air a sròn. Bha Bhaintighearna 'n droch chàs. Theab i 'n deò a chall leis an eagal, 's bha i nis, mar gu 'm b' ann, eadar neamh is talamh, is gun fhios co-dhiù dh' fhanadh no dh' fhalbhadh i, agus sin air tachairt ann an àite gun fhear-sgil, gun chungaidh-leighis; "gun ioc-shlaint an Gilead, gun léigh an sin." "O, ciod idir a thug air an duine ghòrach an t-àite 'cheannach?" Coma co-dhiù, bha i 'tighinn chuige uidh air n-uidh. Air madainn an là-arn-a'-mhàireach,

dhùisg i le sgaoim mhòir, 's i 'bruadar gu'n robh an creutair gun mhodh, gun nàire sin Jessie, aig taobh a leapa, 's a' strì r'a pògadh an aghaidh a toile bheusaich, bhanaill, féin; ach shaoilinn nach ruigeadh i leas a bhi cho geadasach; bheirinn' an diugh sè sgillinn, na'm biodh i agam, air son pòig-mhaidne Jessie. Leis an aobhar oibheum a fhuair a' bhean-ùasal, 's gun fhios ciod an t-at bhuaireadh a dh' fhaodadh a mealladh 'na leithid so a dh' àite, leum i air a bonn, dh' fhosgail i 'n uinneag, 's sheall i mach. Bha ghrian ag éirigh air cùl nam beann 's a' cur gathan soluis troimh na neòil thana 'bha suamh os an cionn. Bha 'n Caolas Diùrach, air nach do ràinig ach faileas nan gathan sin fathast, mar shruth mòr, leatham de dh' airgiod-beò, leis gach dath a b' urrainn di bhreithneachadh a' dol 's a' tighinn air aodann, mar an lannair a chluicheas air muineal a' chialmain. Bha 'n drùchd air an fheur, 's boltrach chùbhraidh a' tighinn as a' choille dlùth laimh. Air an réidhlean fo'n uinneig, bha na h-uidhir de chreutairean nach fhac i riamh roimhe cho dlùth air tigh; coilich-dhubha, 's liath-chearcau; easagan, is cearcan-tomain; maighich, is coineanan 's iad uile cho neo-sgàthach 's ged nach biodh tigh no duine mar mhìle dh' astar daibh. Theagamh nach robh 'n t-àite cho duaichnidh 's a shaoil i. Ghabh i mu thàmh a rithist, ach dh' fhàg i 'n uinneag fosgailte; bha tuis na coille ro-annasach leatha. Chaidil i gu suaineach gus an robh ghrian àrd 'san speur, 's an uair a dhùisg i mhothaich i gu'n robh i cho acrach ri seabhaig.

An déigh dhi a lòn-maidne ghabhail, bu mhiann leatha tuillid de 'n àit' fhaicinn, ach mu'n earbadh i i-féin an taobh am mach de bhallachan an tighe, chuir i luchd-coimhid a shealltainn mu'n cuairt, a dheanamh cinnteach nach robh fiadh-bheathaichean 's a choimhearsnachd. Thug iadsan fios air ais nach robh creutair fiadhta 's an t-sealladh. Ghabh i am mach, a' stiùradh a ceum sìos an cois na coille, a bha nis 'na làn thrusgan uaine. Bha iongantas oirre cho ùrar, agus cho pailt 's a bha gach seòrsa luibhean a' fàs mu 'n cuairt. An raineach féin, ar leatha nach fhac i riamh a leithid de phailteas de gach seòrsa. An fhrith-raineach a' ruigheachd an àird gu a h-achlais; cuinnlean na dubh-chasaich na bu ghrinne na chunnaic i idir, is teanga-'n-fhéidh cho leòbhar, chumir, 's ged a bhiodh i 'strì ri duais fhaotainn air son meud is snas a cinneis. Bha Bhaintighearna, mar so a' mealltainn na cùbhraidheachd a bha mu'n cuairt 'nuair chual i sporghail 's a choille. Thionndaidh i air falbh rathad eile, gun fhios nach faodadh math-gamhainn leum am mach an taobh sin. Cha deach i ach goirid air an rathad sin 'nuair chunnaic i, mar a shaoil ise, trì-fichead fiadh

a' brùchdadh ann mach as a' choille, 's a' tighinn 'nan leum g'a h-ionnsaidh. Cha robh ann duibh ach trì-deug, ach mheudaich sùil an eagail an àireamh. Bha iad mu'n cuairt oirre ann an tiota, 's a h-uile h-aon a' strì ri fàilt is furan a thoirt di 'na dhòigh féin, ach gu mi-fhortanach cha do thuig ise ciod a bha nam beachd; shaoil i gur ann an rùn a h-ithheadh a bha iad. Gu freasdalach, chunnaic mise 'n suidheachadh 's an robh a' bhean-uasal, 's chaidh mi 's an cadaiginn; ach, mo chreach, cha b' e 'm buidheachas a b' fhéarr a fhuair mi air a shon. 'S ann a thug i achmhasan sgaiteach dhomh a chionn nach d' thug mi oilean eubhaidh do na féidh. Mo thruaighe, ciamar a bheirinn-sa do na féidh an nì sin nach robh agam dhomh fhéin. Ach tha na h-uaislean cho mi-riasanta. Cho luath 's a fhuair a' Bhaintighearna fo dhion an tighe, shuidh i ann am breitheanas orm féin is air na féidh, agus b' i bhrèith luath, lochdach a thug i mach; ar fògradh le chéile as a' bhaile, gun latha dàlach. Chaidh crò mòr iarainn a dheanamh an àird a' mhonaidh air son nam fiadhl, far am faiceadh 's an cuireadh iad eòlas air féidh eile; féidh nach deach riamh a chuallach, 's nach do bhlais grein de dh' aran coirce. 'Nuair a bha sin deas air an son, thug am buachaille leis iad, 's thug e fad-scilbh dhaibh air an dachaidh dhuaichmidh sin a bha cho mì-nàdurra dhaibh, 's a dh' fhuathaich iad le 'n uile heart. Chuireadh e bior ann an cridhe cloiche staid nan creutairean sin fhaicinn 'nuair a thug iad a bhi ann an cunlach nach b' urrainn dhaibh féin a dheanamh farsuing. Gluidh is ghrìos iad orm 'nan dòigh féin ann siorra thoirt dhaibh. Bha Tómas a' sìleadh na deur, 's a phratan gu buileach air a thréig-sinn. Bha Jessie, 's a sùilean cho leathann ri beanntaig a' gealltainn a giùlan féin ath-leasachadh á sin am mach na'm fosglainn dhaibh cachaileith na gainntir sin, ach cha'n fhaodadh e bli; chaidh a' bhinn a thoirt am mach, 's cha robh laghauna nam Medach 's nam Persianach na bu neo-mhùitiche na bha òrdugh na Baintighearna. B' èiginn dòmhsa togail orm 's ann fàgail an sud, 's cha b' e eulaidh-mhulaid a bu lugha bh' air mo ghiùlan a' fàgail Dhiùra, an cor 's an d' fhàg mi mo thread bòidheach.

A' CHIRIOCH.

THE Executive Council of An Comunn Gaidhealach honoured the Princess Louise by offering her the Presidency of the Association. The Princess has accepted office. Some time ago the Comunn abolished all honorary offices, alleging that what was wanted was not figureheads, but workers. We presume the working president has now been found in the ranks of the alien: it seems there are none capable enough for the position or sufficiently deserving of honour in the native ranks.

MOLADH BEINN DORAIN.

THE following tune was taken down, over two years ago, from the singing of Mr. John Cameron, Paisley. According to his statement, it was also usual to sing "Moladh Mòraig" by Alasdair Mac Mhàighstir Alasdair, to the same music. The tune has the form of *piob-aireachd*. There is no such *piobaireachd* as "Moladh Beinn Dòrain" as far as we are aware. There is one named "Moladh Mòraig." But Mr. Mac Dougall Gillies, a well known authority on bagpipe music, states that there is no similarity between the pipe tune of that name and the undernoted music. He further states that the *piobaireachd* known as "The praise of Morag" was originally known to him as "The wailing of Morag," or "Gulachadh (guileagag?) Mòraig."

The tune given below, although only nine notes in compass, could not be adapted to the bagpipe, owing to its construction; and any attempt to do so must end in dismal failure. As written, the seventh of the diatonic scale is absent. But the tune can be written in the soh mode with the fourth of the scale absent, without having recourse to chromatic notes: a characteristic of a considerable proportion of old tunes.

This tune is undoubtedly instrumental in form. If not a bagpipe tune, is it a harp tune? It has *ùrlar*, *siubhal* and *crunn-lùth*. These are terms of harp music. So are *fàille* and *cumha*. Indeed, it is highly probable that *ceol mòr* is to harp music as bagpipe dance music is to fiddle music: the lower class instrument imitating in both cases, the style of a higher class instrument as far as a limited, defective gamut permits.

The song is to be given as one of the *Orain Mhòra* for next Mod. It is rather long for modern taste even in its curtailed state as below; and singers are at liberty to select such passages as they may fancy. The *ùrlar* must be sung before and after each variation, making in all three *ùrlairean*, one *siubhal* and one *crunn lùth*.

AN T-URLAR.

GLEU'S G.

{ .d | d . d : d . r | m : s . m | r : — | d : }
An t-urran thar gach beinn aig Beinn Dòr — ain;

{ .m | f . m : f . s | l : s . m | r : — , d | d : }
Na chunnaic mi fo'n ghréin, 's i bu bhòidheche leam;

{ | f . m : f . s | l : — . | s . m : m | s : — }
Monadh fada réidh, Cùil am faighteach féidh,

{ | s . s : s . d | m : s . m | r : — , d | d : ||
Soilleireachd an t-sléibh bha mi sònrachadh.

Sing the succeeding lines to the second half of the above music.

Doireachan nan geug,
Coill anns am bi feur ;
'S foineasach an spréidh
Bhios a chòmhuidh ann.
Gleidhean bu gheal céir ;
Faghaid air an déigh ;
'S laghach leam an sreud
A bha sròneasach.

Repeat the music to the following lines:—

'S annsa leam nuair théid
Iad air chrònanaich,
Na na th' ann an Eirinn
De cheòlmhoireachd ;
'S binne na gach beus
Anail mhic an fhéidh
A' langanaich air eudann
Beinn-dòrain.
An damh le bhùireadh féin
Tighinn á grunn a chléibh,
'S fad a chluinnt' a bheuc
An am tòiseachaidh.
An t-agh is binne geum
'S an laogh beag 'na dhéigh,
Freagraidh iad a chéile
Gu deòthasach.

AN SIUBHAL.

{ . s₁ | d : d : d | m : d : d | r : s₁ : s₁ | f : -m : r. }

'S i 'n eilid bheag bhinneach bu ghluiniche sraonadh,

{ . d | d : d : d | m : d : d | r : s₁ : s₁ | f : -m : r. }

Le cuinnean geur biorach a' sireadh na gaoithe ;

{ d : d : d | m : m : m | f : f : f | s : s : s }

Gasganach, speireach, feadh chreachainn na beinne,

{ : s | l : s : s | m : f : m | r : s₁ : s₁ | f : -m : r. }

Le eagal roimh theine, cha teirinn i 'n t-aonach ;

{ . s | l : s : s | m : f : m | r : s₁ : s₁ | f : -m : r. || }

Ged théid i 'na cabhaig, cha ghearrain i maothan.

Sing the succeeding lines to the last three lines of the above music.

Bha sinnsireachd fallain ;
Nuair shineadh i h-anail
'S toilinntinn leam fanachd
G'a langan a chluinntinn,
'S i 'g iarraidh a leannain
'N am daraidh le caomhheas.
'S e damh a' chinn allaidh,
Bu gheal-cheireach feaman,
Gu cabarach, ceannard
A b' fharumach raoiceadh,
'S e chòmhuidh 'm Beinn-dòrain
'S e còmhach m' a froidhnidh.

AN DARA H-URLAR.

Tha 'n eilid anns an fhrith
Mar bu chòir dhith bhì,
Far am faigh i mìlteach
Glan, fèirneineach,
Bruchaireachd is cìob,
Lusan am bi brìgh,
Chuireadh sult is ìgh
Air a lònèanaibh ;
Fuaran anns am bi
Biolaire gun dìth,
'S mìlse leath' na 'm fion ;
'S e gu 'n òladh i.
Cuiseagan is riasg
Chinneas air an t-sliabh,
B' annsa leath' mar bhiadh
Na na fòlaichean.

AN DARA SIUBHAL.

Tha leth-taobh na leacainn
Le mais' air a còmhach,
'S am frith-choirean creagach
'Na sheasann 'na chòir sin ;
Gu stobanach, stacanach,
Slocanach, laganach,
Cnocanach, cnapanach,
Caiteanach, ròmach ;
Pasganach, badanach,
Bachlagach, bòidheach.
A h-aisirean corrach
'Nam fasaichean molach ;
'S i b' fhasa dhomh moladh ;
Bha sonas gu leòir orra ;
Cluigeanach, gucagach,
Uchdanach, còmhaidh.

AN TREAS URLAR.

'S am monadh farsuinn faoin
Glacach, srònagach ;
Lag a' Choire-fhraoich,
Cuid bu bhòidheiche dheth ;
Sin am fearann caoin
Air an d' fhàs an aoidh,
Far am bi na laogh
'S na daimh chrocaich ;
'S e deisthreach ri grèin,
Seasgaireachd g' a réir,
'S neo-bheag air an eildeig
Bhì chòmhuidh ann.
'S fallain glan a cré ;
Is banail i 'na beus ;
Cha robh h-anail breun,
Ce b'e phògadh i.

{ , d | d, d, d, d : m, d, d, }
Tha'n eilid anns a' ghleannan so ;

{ , d | r, s₁ . s₁, s₁ : f, m . r, }
Cha'n amadan gun eòlas

{ , d | d . d . d . d : m . d . d , }
A leanadh i mar b' aithne dha,

{ , d | r , s₁ . s₁ , s₁ : f , m . r , }
Tigh'nn farasda 'na còmhdhail ;

{ , d | d . d . d . d : m , m . m , }
Gu faiteach bhi 'na h-ealas

{ , m m | f , f . f , f : s , s . s , }
Tigh'nn am faisge dhi mu'n caraich i,

{ , s | l , s . s , s : f , m . m , }
Gu faicilleach gle carraigeach

{ , m | r , s₁ . s₁ , s₁ : f , m . r , }
Mu'm fairich i 'ga còir e.

Sing the succeeding lines to the second half of the music.

Feadh shloc is ghlac is chamhanan
Is chlach a dheanadh falach air,
Bhi beachdail air an talamh
'S air a' char a thig na neòil air.

Repeat the music to the following lines—

B' ionmhuinn le fir cheanalta
Nach b' aineolach mu spòrsa,
Bhi timchioll air na bealaichean
Le fearalach na h-òige ;
Far 'm bi na féidh gu faruach,
'S na fir 'nan déigh gu caithriseach
Le gunna bu mhath barantas
'Thoir aingil nuair bu chòir dhi.
'S le cuilean, foirmeil, togarrach
'Gan biodh a stiùir air bhogadan,
'S e miolairtich gu sodanach
'S nach ob e dol 'nan còmhdhail.

AN T-URLAR MU DHEIREADH.

Repeat the first Urlar under the music.

—:o ⇄ o:—

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A CORRESPONDENCE which has continued for some time in the *Oban Times* anent the efforts made in support of the Gaelic Language, reveals the fact, which we have known for many years, that there is among the Gaels of Alban a number of that abject class of humanity which the world in all ages has treated with contempt: the unfaithful. They are ready to flee at the first appearance of difficulty, or if the finger of their personal interest points, and to go over to the enemy. Having done so, they outdo their adopted friends in their zeal to fight against the side on which they stood before and on which they should still naturally stand. This class is generally on the side of the big battalions.

When a soldier forsakes his own side and goes over to the enemy, no matter whether the

enemy is winning or losing, fighting in a good cause or in a bad one, when he is caught he is shot. That shows the world's opinion of a traitor. When a Gael becomes an Englishman—as “Lochaber” and “Son of Lismore” have become—his opinion on the Gaelic cause and such like, must be held of as little account as the honour of the despatched traitor.

Anyone who has sat on the Relief Committee of a Parish Council soon comes to know that human offspring is of two classes. One class will do a great deal of self-sacrifice ere they will suffer the disgrace of having laid on the public the support of their indigent parents. The other class will leave the country, or do anything, rather than sacrifice a shilling a week to help to keep them off the parish. Nature or good training, or both, made the first; nature or bad training, or both, made the second. In “Lochaber” and “Son of Lismore” we see men whom nature made unfaithful, and whom training in English made Englishmen. It would be unjust to Englishmen, who are notoriously faithful to their own language and nationality, to think that they would be proud of the accession of “L” and “S of L” to their side.

Neil Munro, in his review of J. S. Smart's “An Episode in Literature,” which appears in *The Bookman*, says:—“Macpherson, in fine, was a ‘Faker,’ a Caledonian Chatterton whose best service to the tongue of his fathers and the relics of their literature was that he sent men more honest than himself to the study of the former and the preservation of the latter.”

Admitting that Macpherson was the means of sending men on those quests, we question if he did a *good* service to the tongue of his fathers or the relics of their literature. His success affected one or two others like himself to “fake” ancient literature. The controversies which arose around the works of the “fakers” gave rise to a spirit of unveracity which survives to the present day despite the labours of the honest men. False argument, wherein matters of fact count for nothing and imagination for everything, was what Macpherson's supporters mostly depended on, and having gained vogue, it is accounted good enough still to support any side of a controversy, whether it be Ossianic or otherwise, provided it relates to the Gaelic language, or a kindred subject.

Further, the reputation which Macpherson brought on the Gaelic Language, suffices, according to the unconscious thinking of many people, for all time. They, in effect, say to themselves: “Ossian glorified Gaelic; we may go to sleep: there is nothing more for us to do in the Gaelic field.”

If there had been no Macpherson, there would have been a *straight* course for the evolution of Gaelic in Scotland; and it is not too much to claim that progress would have been less backward than it is at the present time. Macpherson sent hundreds on a false scent from which they returned bringing error, when otherwise they might have brought truth.

Mr. J. J. Doyle has sent us the following extract from a biography of Colum Cille which is appearing in the *Derry Journal*; and he asks us to apply it to this day. The extract is translated from the Gaelic, and speaks for itself.

Colum Cille stood up and he spoke.

"I have," said he, "high king and princes of the Gaels, one word more to say in this business. It is plain to every person who has been looking for any length of time upon the Gaels of Alba and on the way they have succeeded against every foe who attempted to interfere in any way with them, that the hand of God is with them and against their foes. Hence I say it is not a very wise thing for the Gaels of Ireland to accept any advice or to adopt any purpose of action which would be in danger of dragging them into hatred for the Gaels of Alba and perhaps into a war with them. It is friendship and affection and love that ought to be between the Gaels of Ireland and the Gaels of Scotland, and not hatred nor war. If the hand of God is with the Gaels of Alba against their foes, the hand of God will be with the Gaels of Ireland as long as the friendship which ought to be, is between them and the Gaels of Alba."

The hindrances to this greatly to be desired friendship are narrow political and religious views on both sides. As long as so many continue to put partisanship in politics and sectarianism in religion before language and nationality, so long will the Gaels of Eire and Alba continue to be estranged. Better acquaintanceship, the one with the other, would dispel many foolish notions begotten of ignorance. The sooner they learn to know one another the better for both. They are fighting the same enemy: rudimentary tactics call for an understanding between them.

In the *Derry Journal*, where the word *Gaedhil* occurs in the Gaelic, it is translated "Irish." This is the common practice among Irishmen. It is to be wondered at that Gaelic Leaguers who are so much alive to other things, should not perceive the folly of calling *Gaedhil* and *Gaedhilg* "Irish." It is the traditional enemy's term, leads to confusion and retards the friendly drawing together of the two main sections of those who speak dialects of the same language.

The autumn number of *Guth na Bliadhna* is of more than usual interest in respect of its general contents, and particularly in respect of the observations bestowed on An Comunn Gaidhealach and the Gaelic movement. This magazine is sectarian and political, and there is much in it, therefore, which we are precluded from criticising. Sects will be, and political parties will be to the end of time: that is a fact which has to be reckoned with. We are endeavouring to avoid both. But it is not always easy to steer a course which will not give offence to some sectarian or political party. Indeed, a single word will sometimes send the extremists into hysterics. Our own position is clear and simple. We prefer one good man to a hundred religious men, and one patriotic Gael to a hundred political, local or clan partisans. This fact greatly helps us, we think. We are open to the charge of being partisan in Gaelic affairs. Of course we are. But this charge can only come from an outsider—and he, in his own way, is a partisan to some cause opposed to ours. We respect his partisanship. But partisanship among ourselves, as Gaels, we cannot easily tolerate. But we are not above learning even from partisans.

"Ignorance and timidity are our besetting sins. We are ignorant when we despise or neglect our nationality; we are timid to the verge of abjectness when we refrain, from a motive of fear, from giving voice to that which we know and is in us. Timidity taints even the highest places of the Gael; ignorance is the portion of the common run. The Gaelic Association is timid when it transacts all its important business at the annual Mod in English."

We could give a truer reason; but we refrain—from timidity, shall we say?

"A cautious policy" (see No. 1 *An Deo-ghreine*), since it is felt to be the best and safest one, for the present at all events, commands, as moderate men, our warmest support; but we venture, nevertheless, to plead for just one Gaelic annual oration." So do we. But it so happens that figure-heads never can speak Gaelic. If the idea that figure-heads are indispensable could be done away with, then the Gaelic would come to its own. But it is hardly fair to hint that at our Mods there were no Gaelic orations. The Irish delegates for some years back have always spoken more or less Gaelic—and when an Irish man or woman speaks publicly it is always an oration.

Jokes such as that which was perpetrated at Dingwall Mod, at the expense of the Gaelic language, our contemporary thinks should be ridiculed out of existence. We think the chill silence and grave faces of every good Gael

there present, were comment sufficient on the ill-timed remarks. Men go on to platforms, and are asked to say something when there is little or nothing to say, and often no mental fund to draw from; and it generally ends in a stupid joke. The position is always trying and the guilty party deserves commiseration. The sequel is worse than the joke, when the pressman writes "laughter and applause," and forgets to state that they came from the few and the thoughtless.

The timidity of the Celtic Chair is roughly criticised. The same timidity, if displayed in Ireland, it is said, would be promptly and deservedly howled down. We remember, and not so long ago, when, in Ireland, the Gaels were timid enough, and some of themselves tell us they plucked up heart when they saw us do it. More recent still, there was a time when there was no *Guth na bliadhna* to tell us about our timidity. This sudden accession of courage grew, with the speed of an osier, out of a marsh of abject timidity; and who can say how long it will flourish. Verily, we should speak mildly of timidity. We look back over some years and we see a man who knew not timidity, who influenced the Gaelic cause in Scotland and even in Ireland: and it is largely due to him that the courageous note occasionally reverberates in either place. Dr. Hyde, President of the Gaelic League, can tell who he was. You can tell if you care to look back over twenty years. It is not timidity that keeps us from naming him; but we are curious to know if *Guth na bliadhna* and others have any conception of the man who first struck the courageous note.

"Se mo thuairm gur mhaith leis na h-Eir-cannaigh an tsean-bhaidh agus an tsean-charadas do bheith aca aris leis na h-Albanaigh, mar nìor bluail aon Eireannach liom ar feadh mo shaoghail 'na go raibh muinntireas na chroidhe aige do Ghaedhealaibh Alban"—arsa Conan Maol.

Nì h-ionann a thaclair dhuinne. Tha am measg nan Gaidheal Eireannach àireamh nach beag de dhaoine agus cuiridh iad an aidmheil spioradail air thoiseach air cinneadh, dùthaich is cànan. Is lìonmhor, mar an ceudna, iad am measg nan Gaidheal Albannach. Fhad 's a tha 'n scòrsa so air an dà thaobh cha bli e furasda càirdeas a chur air a chois is a chumail seasmach eadar an dà shluagh. Tha iad an Albainn is an Sasunn, agus cho luath 's a chli iad càirdeas a' dol am meud eadar an dà shluagh, 's e ni iad: droch alladh a thogail air na h-Eir-cannaich. Tha pailteas diubhl sin an Eirinn cuideachd, agus is dian iad. Ged is dall, aineolach iad air guothuichean Gaidhealach, am mach sruthaidh am barailean, a' chuid is mò dhiubh air an stéidheachadh air

na dearg bhreugan a dhealbhas naimhdean nan Gaidheal, leis am bheil e 'na rùn suidhichte an t-eadar-sgaradh so a bhi buan. Sibhse a tha leughadh so, na leig as ur beachd, choidhche, gu'm bheil naimhdean aguibh, agus gur lìonmhor, beairteach, innleachdach iad, am feadh a tha sibhse gann, bochd, socharach air a' chuid is mò. Air an aobhar sin, ged nach robh aobhar eile ann, is fèairrde sibh bràithreachas far an cubhaidh do bhràithreachas a bhi.

THE BAGPIPE SCALE.

In the appendix of Mr. W. L. Manson's book on *The Highland Bagpipe*, Mr. John Mac Neill, Langholm, treats of the bagpipe scale, and he exhibits a table of the vibrations of the musical scales to which tunes are played on the instrument. He compares these with the "true pipe scale" and "equal temperament" or pianoforte scale. According to Mr. Mac Neill's table, it appears that bagpipe tunes played on the key of D are correct in every note, and that there is more or less error in tunes played on the keys of C, G, and A. To the ordinary observer, Mr. Mac Neill's findings seem according to the facts. On comparison, however, with those of the German scientist, Helmholtz, serious discrepancies become apparent.

Helmholtz observed the relations between the various notes "of a Highland bagpipe made by Mac Donald, Edinburgh," and tabulated, as follows, "the number of cents in the interval by which any one of its notes is sharper than the lowest" excluding the highest note which is a duplicate of the lowest. The result, he states, is identical with Arabic and Persian scales.

According to Mr. Mac Neill, the lowest note of the bagpipe is low *fah*; and the compass of the instrument being an octave and one note, makes the highest note *soh*. This assumes that the key note of tunes on that scale is in pitch D.

f ₁	s ₁	l ₁	t ₁	d	r	m	f	s
0	204	375	498	702	853	1009	1200	—
0	150	300	487	600	825	1050	1200	—

The upper row of figures represents the number of cents by which each note rises in pitch above the lowest note, according to Helmholtz. The lower row represents the same thing when calculated on the basis of Mr. Mac Neill's figures, leaving out fractions.

f ₁	s ₁	l ₁	t ₁	d	r	m	f	s
396	445	495	556	594	668	742	792	—
396	463	513	560	627	677	729	792	—

The upper row of figures represents Mr. Mac Neill's vibrations of "the true bagpipe scale." The lower row represents Helmholtz's

findings put on a similar basis to allow of comparison.

Tabulated in another way the discrepancies between the two sets of findings are made more manifest still.

Calling the key note **d** "1" and giving the relations of the other notes to it, in the form of fractions, the result is as follows:—

f_1	s_1	l_1	t_1	d	r	m	f	s
$\frac{2}{3}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{5}{6}$	$\frac{15}{16}$	1	$\frac{9}{8}$	$\frac{5}{4}$	$\frac{4}{3}$	—
$\frac{396}{627}$	$\frac{463}{627}$	$\frac{513}{627}$	$\frac{560}{627}$	1	$\frac{677}{627}$	$\frac{729}{627}$	$\frac{798}{627}$	—

The notes of the upper row—being according to Mr. Mac Neill's scale—bear relations to one another which are simple and to appearance natural, and which admit of harmonic treatment. Those of the lower row are so complicated and irreducible to simpler terms as to preclude all idea of their being a natural scale of any kind. In Mr. Mac Neill's scale, for every 3 vibrations in **d** there are 2 in **f**, for every 4 vibrations in **d** there are 3 in **s**, and so on, the greatest complexity being in **t**, where for every 16 vibrations in **d** there are 15 in **t**. But what are we to say about the complexities of Helmholtz's scale, except to ask: Was the instrument on which he experimented, in tune?

Another question forces itself on us. It is: Do instrumentalists—and among them pipers—lose their ear for correct tune after being used to play on incorrect make-shift scales? It would seem so; and a case evidencing this is that of a certain tune known in the Lowlands as "The Brisk Young Lad." In the Highlands, it goes by two names: "Fear an duin-mhòir," and "Siubhal nan garblach." When the first-named is played on the pipes, the key is the natural key of the pipes. When the other is played, the key is different and the amount of error is great. Why any error at all when error is not forced on the player? The tune was, like a large number of pipe tunes, not composed for the pipe, but adapted to it. In the case of "Siubhal nan garbhach," like many another case, the tune has been squeezed into the pipe gamut without much regard to the correctness of the result. What is to be said for the ear of the piper who adapted the tune in a way so full of error, and for the ears of those who play it after him? Are they spoiled through the influence of a defective musical instrument?

THE Athole and Breadalbane Association of Glasgow some time ago negated a proposal to devote a small sum of money to a prize for the best singer from Perthshire at the coming mod, being of opinion that it would be unfair to vocalists in many districts of Perthshire to confine the competition to Gaelic songs. Quite right. It is unfair to the pampered rich to give help to the struggling poor. It was left to the seed of the brave and devoted Athole and Breadalbane men to discover this generous principle.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

THIS Shakesperian saying has often been quoted in excuse of the loose use of terms. But as an excuse for such a practice, it is a frail one. It is true that the object called a rose would, under any other name, smell as sweet; and, if smell were the only consideration, we might call it by any name we liked. But if we wish to preserve the sentimental associations which cling round any flower we must retain the familiar and correct name. These associations cannot be transferred to a new name or even to the accepted scientific name. Take the following lines from Tennyson's "Brook":—

"To cull the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers."

All sentiment vanishes from the lines the moment we say: "To cull the sweet *myosotis palustris*." The innovation, if attempted, would be rightly laughed to scorn.

There is much virtue, we see, in a name; and it is perfectly clear that, if we wish to preserve certain sentimental associations which are accounted valuable, we must not let the names round which they cluster be tampered with.

How do the Gaelic people stand in regard to the preservation, through names, of those sentimental patriotic associations which so many make a profession of fondly cherishing? In their own language the usage is correct and consistent. Their language is Gàidhlig; their nation is Gaidheil; their country is Gaidhealtachd; and their dress, manners and customs are Gaidhealach. The English equivalents of these names are: The Gaelic Language; Gael; Gaeldom; and Gaelic dress, manners and customs. Instead, however, of finding these equivalents in common use, some of them are very rare indeed. In many cases where we ought to find "Gaelic Language," we find "Celtic Language," and sometimes "Erse." Gaeldom is all but universally called "The Highlands," and "Gael" is called "Highlander." As for "Gaidhealach," it is nearly always rendered as "Highland." In past days, the English speaker, whether from ignorance or policy, began wrong with those names, and our fathers, from lack of policy, in their usual unthinking way, copied the bad example. There is no reason whatever why we should continue to do as they did. Every time a Gael makes use of any of those misleading names, he gives away the national individuality of his people and all the senti-

mental associations which make for cohesion among them.

The Englishman, on the other hand, not only sticks to the name which his language confers on him, but he tries to impose it upon every people who is weak enough to let him. He is succeeding with great celerity in this land of Scotland. His persistence deserves to succeed. Our want of persistence is the reason of our failure.

Of late years the term "Celtic" has gained great vogue. We constantly hear and read of Celtic art, Celtic ornament, Celtic music, Celtic fancy, Celtic glamour, Celtic gloom, Celtic fervour, Celtic temperament, Celtic fringe, Celtic renaissance, etc., etc. We have always thought that "Celtic" was a general name covering those languages which were and are akin to the Gaelic and Cymric languages, and by extension of usage, those peoples who spoke the languages referred to, together with such matters as were peculiarly theirs. According to our idea, the term "Celtic" is legitimately applied in the above series. But when we find it applied to a society composed of Gaels only, or to a concert, the only Celtic items of which are Gaelic, or to vocal music which is purely Gaelic, or to instrumental music which is mere bagpiping, or to a people who call themselves in their own language Gaidhealach, we are forced to the conclusion that Gaelic patriotism is at a low ebb.

Our national self-respect and individuality are at present in very great jeopardy from what the late Duke of Argyll called "the deplorable" misuse of terms. A section of the Lowland people of Scotland woke up some years ago to find that their people had given the case away, in regard to national names. The same fate is in store for us who have all but given the case away, if we do not at once repent of our follies and mend our ways.

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BOOK NOTICES.

SCHIEHALLION: A Posy of Rannoch Poesy, Original, Translated and Selected, with Notes and a Biographical Introduction, by the Rev. John Sinclair, M.A., B.D., Parish Minister of Kinloch Rannoch; to which is prefixed a Foreword by the Rev. P. Anton. Stirling: Encas Mackay, Murray Place, 1905. Price, 6s. net.

The first intention of the author of this work was to place in the hands of the reader a poetical picture or representation of Rannoch by means of an anthology selected from the productions of the leading poets connected with the district; but owing to the deficiency of those productions in the kind of poetry required, the intention had to be modified so far as to embrace an original effort to describe the scenery of the district systematically.

More than half the volume is occupied with translations from the Gaelic of the spiritual lays of Dugald Buchanan, and with selections from the poems of Struan Robertson, the Poet Chief, and of Principal Campbell Shairp. There are also biographies of all three at the beginning of the volume. Of the three, though all have special claims upon our attention, Shairp alone gives us descriptive poetry. The tales and legends of the Rannoch students drew him to the district, and the mystery of the solitude of the illimitable Moor of Rannoch fascinated and delighted him. "Lost on Schiehallion," "The Shepherd's House, Loch Erich," "The Wilderness," "The Moor of Rannoch," and "Cailleach Beinn a' Bhric" (translated by him), show his choice of themes, and, with his three elegies on Rannoch students, are included in this volume.

Mr. Sinclair's bent is different, and he sings of another Rannoch. The moor and the wilderness do not evoke a response from him. They are dreary and unattractive wastes. He gives one glance in their direction, but it is to view the mountains and recall the massacre of Glencoe—

"Whose 'shepherds' guard the Rannoch Moor below."

In contrast with this, a whole stanza is devoted to the Kinloch Rannoch lounging place—

"That bridge of Robertsonian sighs of old,
Whose forfeited estates supplied the gold
Which built it mid the groanings of that race."

There the villagers meet daily, hold consultations and make bargains, tourists come in the season to view Schiehallion, or watch the fish below, and—

"Gallant gentlemen fair ladies meet,
And there with them hold converse long and sweet."

Mr. Sinclair's delight is in the haunts of men. He intends "Schiehallion" to be a descriptive poem; but he is busied half the time with the ways and works of men. Descriptions of the mountain, the most prominent feature in Rannoch scenery, and meditations about the church and churchyard occupy most of one canto, the level approach by Innerchadden, Dalchosine and Tempair takes another, and the steep ascent of the mountain a third. The cantos consist each of twenty-two stanzas of sonnet form. The summit being gained, with a fleeting glance at the scenes—

"Beyond sweet Rannoch, stretching far away,
Where mount and stream and plain in fine array
Are shown by nature in perspective true."

and with telescope in hand, he continues through other four cantos the enumeration of the places of interest and the relation of their associations, up the Sliosgarbh and down the Sliosmin, and along the river side to Dunalastair and its Poet Chief, upon whom fifteen stanzas are bestowed. In connection with Allt-na-ceardaich—to give an example or two of Mr. Sinclair's method—it is told that if a man cross it on a dark night he is liable to see his own grandfather's wraith. Innerchadden has associations with St. Chad to be traced; the tradition of a fight between Robert the Bruce and an English force to be related; and much to be told of its Stewarts, descended from those of Appin through that fiery Jacobite, "Parson Duncan of

Invernahyle." St. Chad is affirmed to have given the name to Innerchadden. The writer of the old statistical account of the parish, who seems never to have heard of the St. Chad connection, explains the name as "the place where the battle began," and connects it with the tradition of Bruce's fight. So far as derivation goes, Innerchadden, of course, is innocent of all connection with either saint or warrior.

The varied beauties of the district are depicted by one who has long been observant in all seasons, and has the eye to see and the power to describe the transient effects of sunshine and shadow; while animation is lent to the scene by saint and poet and warrior, by the unruly doings of the past and the disciplined achievements of the present, and uncanny sallies from the unseen. The poet is also the preacher, and seeks to "improve" his discourse or to give out his impressions. The air at one time is still and the lake like a mirror; a little later he says:

"But now I feel a breath of grateful air,
Which brings about a change on all below;
For soon that mirror, shattered at a blow,
Is seen in broken ripples everywhere:
The sun above shines with abnormal glare,
And on the wavelets sheds a wondrous glow,
Producing on the lake a shimmering show,
Whose wealth of beauty makes me wondering stare.
O God, I feel as Peter felt of old
When he said: 'Tis a good thing to be here;
And I Thy goodness will the more revere
For the most glorious sight I now behold;
But, O my soul, this sight to thee is given
As a sweet glimpse of fairer scenes in heaven."

Lapses into unpoetical thoughts, and into incorrect and colloquial expressions are not infrequent. Struan, like a lion, "roared a cheer" when charging at Killiecrankie, where the war slogan sounded "loud and large;" and on the night before Queen Anne's death he gave "a splendid ball." The base of Mealldu displays a new hotel "which looks serene;" and "the rivalry in churches and hotels" is such that Lazarus sees the profound gulf "in worship fixed between him and the swells;" for though the king kneels with the ploughman in the Crathie Church, the man who rents a moor in Rannoch "feels too large" to worship with the poor. Thus thoughtless Christians nowadays give the sense of unity "a wide berth." A most unpoetical predilection for figures and Arabic numerals is shown, as—

"The mother of the lad peeps from behind,
A wondrous woman aged 95."

The last canto alone contains four dates all in Arabic numerals. Much of what is written in the biographies of Struan and of Buchanan is repeated in the notes to their respective poems; and most of Struan's life is repeated besides in the seventh canto.

Buchanan is said (p. 419) to have been ordained to the eldership by the Rev. Mr. Ferguson of Logierait, in 1760; but, according to the new statistical account, the minister of that parish in 1760 and for six years before was the Rev. Thomas Bisset. It would be interesting to know Mr. Sinclair's authority for what he calls "the old

account" of the meeting between Dugald Buchanan and David Hume.

The volume, which includes "Widow Dewar" and "The Second Sight," two shorter poems by Mr. Sinclair, is handsomely got up in every respect, and contains a number of illustrations, and, while making special claims upon the attention of everyone connected with Rannoch, has also much to interest the general reader.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Gaelic Society of London.—The name of the lecturer brought together a goodly company of old and new members on Thursday, the 16th November, when Mr. W. C. Mackenzie, F.S.A. (Scot.), delivered an able and interesting address on "The Highlands after the '45." The public know Mr. Mackenzie as the historian of the Outer Hebrides and the author of "The Lady of Hirta," and we of the Gaelic Society remembered the delightful papers he gave us in years gone by, and expected a treat. Viewed from either the historical or literary standpoint, his lecture was perfect in every respect. He did not, as the title might have led one to suppose, confine himself to the little-known period covering a few years after Culloden, and before the Highlanders gained fresh European distinction on the battlefields as soldiers of the power they had once defied. As he himself happily phrased it, "from Cumberland to the Crofters Commission, and from Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, down to the Congested Districts Board," Mr. Mackenzie included in his purview every movement, every trend of thought in religious, social, or political life in the Highlands down to the present day. One utterly ignorant of all these things on entering the meeting, could have learned much necessary to understand the complex nature of the Gael, as well as appreciate fully the factors which have contributed to his present deplorable economic condition. Many slippery bypaths of religious questions and pitfalls of so-called politics were cleverly avoided by Mr. Mackenzie, who dealt with everything he met in an impartial, straightforward way, and from a broad standpoint not always the practice of those attempting Highland questions. The meeting gave Mr. Mackenzie an enthusiastic ovation, and the optimistic spirit of his paper was continued by the speakers following, who included Dr. John Matheson, president; the Rev. Alex. MacRae, of Emmanuel College; Jas. Sutherland, T. L. Maclean, A. M. Livingstone, J. Rose, J. A. Chisholm, Rod. MacLeod, the secretary, and others. At this meeting the following resolution was moved by Mr. A. Mackenzie Livingstone, formerly of Glasgow, and carried:—"The Gaelic Society of London views with indignation the tyrannical measures adopted by the Government to crush the Gaelic language in Ireland, and strongly protests against the disgraceful conduct of the Irish authorities in their administrative methods. It calls upon all Scottish Gaelic Societies to take immediate action in this matter; and, meanwhile, this Society tenders its sympathy and thanks to those Irish Gaels who still continue

to use their native language at the cost of imprisonment and various other penalties."

A NEW BRANCH.—On the evening of Saturday the 11th November, a meeting was held in the Masonic Hall, Stornoway, for the purpose of forming a local branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach. Though the notice calling the meeting had only been printed and put in shop windows that morning, there was an attendance of over thirty, and evidence was not wanting that this was but a small number compared to what it would have been had more timely notice been given. Among those present were Provost Anderson, Mr. Eneas Mackenzie, chairman of the School Board and the Parish Council of Stornoway; Mr. J. M. Morrison, ex-chairman of the School Board; Bailie MacIennan, Councillor Macdonald, Dr. Murray, and Mr. Norman Forbes.

The convener of the Propaganda Committee of An Comunn Gaidhealach was called to the chair, and gave a brief outline of the objects which An Comunn Gaidhealach seeks to promote, and the lines on which the work of a local branch, when formed, might be carried on and developed.

It was thereafter moved by Councillor Morrison, and seconded by Provost Anderson, that a branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach be formed, which was carried with enthusiasm. It was resolved that the branch be called Comunn Gaidhealach Leodhais, so as to be comprehensive, and to enable it to work, either directly or through sub-branches, the whole of Lewis.

Yielding to the reiterated desire of the meeting, Dr Murray agreed to act as President, and Mr. Norman Forbes was appointed Vice-President. The chairman then called on the President-elect to take the chair, which he did amidst the heartily expressed approval of the meeting. Thereafter Mr. A. L. Macdonald, Classical master in the Nicolson Institute, was elected Secretary, and called to the table; and Mr. Alex. Fraser, bank agent, was elected Treasurer. Messrs. J. G. Macdonald, Murdo Macleod, Thomas Nicolson, Peter Macdonald, Malcolm Macdonald, Murdo Maclean, Donald Morrison (Knock), and D. Maciver (Bayble) were appointed members of committee.

It was remitted to the office-bearers and committee to draw up a constitution on the lines issued by An Comunn Gaidhealach, to frame such by-laws as might be necessary, and to submit these for approval at a general meeting to be held on an early date.

Votes of thanks to the convener of the Propaganda Committee of An Comunn Gaidhealach, and to the chairman, terminated what, there is every reason to believe, will prove to have been a meeting of no small importance in the future history of An Comunn Gaidhealach.

COMUNN GAIDHEALACH CHILLE MHAODAIN—An Gleann-da-ruathail. Fhuair an Comunn so cuireadh cridheil bho Bhaintighearn Ormadail gu cèilidh air a' cheud oidhche de 'n mhios so chaidh. Bha sabhal mòr Ormadail air uidheamachadh gu h-eireachdail air son a' ghnòthuich, le àirneis fheargarrach anns a h-uile dòigh, gu ruig lanntairean rionnach, ioma-dathach shuas ris na

sparran. Chruinnich còmhlan gasda. Bha ceann-suidhe a' Chomuinn, an Còirneal Iain Mac Aonghais, anns a' chathair agus dh' innis e am beagan bhriathran soilleir na h-aobhair a thug a' chuideachd cruinn. Thubhairt e gu 'n robh iad anns a' cheud àite a' dol a thoirt faithe chridheil do Niall Mac Leòid, am bàrd Sgitheanach, agus anns an dara h-àite a' dol a ghabhail beagan toileachas-intinn an dòigh no dhà eile. Dh'èirich an sin am bàrd agus, an toiseach tòiseachaidh, dh' innis e do 'n chuideachd trì no ceithir de naigheachdan ìbhinn; agus an deigh dha sin a dheanamh, thug e seachad òraid chudromach, bhrìghmhor mu "Shean bhàrdachd nan Gaidheal." Chaidh ceòl-pioba sunndach a thoirt seachad le dà phìobaire Ormadail: Mac-a'-phearsain agus Mac Gill-iosa. Bha coisir-chiùil Ormadail an lathair cuideachd, agus fo stiùradh Mairearaid òig, nighean na baintighearna, sheinn iad gu ceòlmhor, binn, leth-dusan òran Gàidhlig. Chaidh an sin am piobaire Mac-a'-phearsain troimh Dhannasadh a' chlàidheimh gu sgiobalta; agus b' fhileanta a ghabh Alasdair Mac-a'-Ghobha port-a-beul, agus Dòmhnall Mac Eòghainn agus Lachlan Mac Gill-iosa òran Gàidhlig. Ghabh an sin am bàrd gu binn, rèidh, a dhà d'a chuid òran féin. 'Na dhéigh sin, dh'èirich Ruairidh Mac Thèarlaich agus chomhairlich e gu dùrachdach do 'n Chomunn iad a dheanamh comh-chruinneachadh dh' ainmean nan àiteachan 'san dùthaich, mu 'n rachadh iad air dì-chuimhne. Thug Dòmhnall Mac-a'-Chainich taing do 'n luchd-ciùil air son an cuideachaidh; agus thug am bàrd buidheachas do 'n bhaintighearna air son a caoimhneis. 'Na dhéigh sin, chaidh biadh is deoch a riarachadh air a' chuideachd, agus thug an òigridh farum air an dannasadh gu meadhon oidhche.

NOTICE.

All communications, except those relating to Advertisements and the Sale of the Magazine should be sent to the Editor, Malcolm Mac Farlane, 1 Macfarlane Place, Elderslie, by Johnstone.

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COUNCILLOR J. M. CAMPBELL. PROVOST DUGALD MAC ISAAC.
EX-PROVOST MAC COWAN. MR. JOHN CAMPBELL.

THE FOUNDERS OF AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.



AN DEO-THRÉINE

Leabhar I.]

An dara míos 1, 1906.

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THE FOUNDERS OF AN COMUNN GAIÐHEALACH.

ALONG with this number of *An Deo-Ghréine* we issue a pictorial representation of the men whom we may with justice term "The founders of An Comunn Gaidhealach." They are :—

Ex-Provost Mac Cowan,

Councillor John MacMaster Campbell,

Provost Dugald Mac Isaac, and Mr. John Campbell.

all of Oban. The group might fairly have included ex-Provost Mac Isaac of Oban, and Mr. G. H. Clements, Mus. B. (Oxon.), who was afterwards for many years a member of the Comunn and conductor of the Oban Gaelic Musical Association. But the former, who was to have presided over the meeting which was called to consider the subject of founding the Comunn, was unavoidably absent; and the latter's presence was not available in making up the group owing to his having left Oban some years ago and gone south to his

own land of England. All the gentlemen who form the group are still members of the Comunn. Mr. J. M. Campbell is one of its Vice-Presidents, and Mr. John Campbell for a considerable number of years acted as Honorary Secretary.

It required considerable faith on their part to set the movement agoing, for, at the time, the materials on which to work and with which to work were poor and scarce, and such knowledge as was essential to the working of an Association with the Comunn's objects was in a backward state. Yet the lines which were laid down in the speeches made by Messrs. John Campbell, John M. Campbell, and Dugald Mac Isaac at the preliminary meeting referred to, have, in the main, been followed in the course of the Comunn's work.

The Welsh Eisteddfod was the inspiring idea of the movement, and the Comunn was afterwards the inspiring cause of the Gaelic League in Ireland. While it can be said that the former institution is a huge affair, and the latter is bidding fair to rival it, the Comunn can only be said to have made progress. The Welsh and Irish Associations command much money and the services of many workers. The Comunn has increased the amount of money which it annually receives from its friends, but it has added very few to its workers.

Much might still be learned from the Welsh Eisteddfod. At present the Comunn is endeavouring to profit by enquiring into its method of judging competitions. It might with some further profit extend the enquiry into the reason of the Eisteddfod Association and the Gaelic League being able to select capable leaders from their own ranks, for the

Comunn seems not yet to have learned that real progress can only be achieved under chief officers thoroughly in touch with the work and in complete sympathy with the objects in view. Perhaps a return of the Comunn to its early haunts may bring to pass a return to the spirit which animated its earlier efforts.

—:o:—

MAC RIGH NA SORCHA.

Chaidh mac rìgh na Sorch a dh' iarraidh nighean rìgh na Gréige ri pòsadh; agus mur faigheadh e dhèidh i bheireadh e am mach a dh' aindeoin i. Bha e falbh gus na thoill a bhonnan agus gus na dhubh a ghruaidhean. Mu dheireadh chunnaig e solus beag ann an ùrlar glinne, is rium e air an t-solus. Bha bothan beag an sin agus bhuail e an dorus aige; ach ma bhuail, cha d' thàinig neach air bith g' a fhosgladh. Bhuail e rithist e agus thuirt e mu'n fosglaidh dà gu 'n cuireadh e an dorus gu làr. An sin thàinig cailleadh mhòr, liath agus dh' fhosgail i an dorus. Bha i air aon sùil, agus bha trì gaisnean mòra liath am mach à cloich na h-aon sùlach bh' aice. Dh' iarr e a steach ach ma dh' iarr rinn ise air son a chumail am mach. Bhuail iad na h-airm agus bha iad naoi làithe is naoi oidhche 'gan iomart; agus cha robh fios có b' fheàrr na bu mhiosa gus, fa-dheòidh, an dubhairt a' chailleadh: "Tilgeamaid bhuainn ar n-airm ghràda dhoichollach is beireamaid air glaicibh a chéile." Chaidh iad ann a' cràicean a chéile agus thug iad naoi làithe is naoi oidhche ri gleachd, agus cha robh fios có b' fheàrr na bu mhiosa gus mu dheireadh dheanadh iad boglach de'n chreagan chreagach, agus an uair bu ghiorra dheidheadh iad sìos, dheidheadh iad sìos gu nan glùinean, 's an uair b' fhaide dheidheadh iad sìos dheidheadh iad sìos gu nan sùilean. An sin chuimhnich esan gu robh e fada bho chàirdinn agus am measg a naimhdean. Thug e prisgeadh as is leag e chailleadh. Phrann e a h-aisnean foipe is a h-uileann os a cionn. An sin thuirt e: "A chailleadh, co leis d' éirig?" "Is leatsa gu léir i," ars ise, "ma leigeas tu mise an àrda." "C' àite," ars esan, "a' bheil d' éirig am falach?" "Tha i gu léir," ars ise, "eadar an dà ursainn is an àrd-dorus." Thug mac an rìgh an sin tarraing air a chlaidheamh agus sgud e an ceann bhàrr na caillich; agus bu mhotha fhuair e dh' éigin a' cumail an chinn bho 'n cholluin na fhuair e 'sna h-ochd latha deug is 'sna h-ochd oidhche deug 'thug e a' sabaid ris an chaillich. Mu dheireadh chuir e an lann fuar air an chusail as an robh an fluil a' ruith, agus an sin reòdh an fluil agus dh' fhuirich an ceann air falbh bho 'n cholluin. Thòisich e an sin air leagail nan ursnan agus fhuair

e sac sheachd ghearran de dh' òr agus de dh' airgid agus de chlachan luachmhor. Rinn e air an cheud port-mara leis, agus thog e iùrach. Chuir e an iùrach gu sàl agus chuir e an àrda siùile bhreaca, bhréidgheallach air 'mu lionmhor dealbh leómhan is leopard ri croinn fada, fulanach na fiùthaidh; bha easgannan dubha nan càrn air bhrataichean am bàrr nan slat, is faochagan dubh an eagail ri gliogadaich 'na h-ùrlar. Thàinig an oiteag chiùin, lom bhàrr mullach nam beann, gu ùrlar nan gleann, bheireadh duilleach a craoibh, is fraoch as a' bheinn, is seilch òg as a fhriamhaichean. Cha chluinnteadh diàor 'na chluais le fuaim nan tonn is ràcail mhuc is beucail thorc; a' bhiast bu mhotha 'g itheadh na béist bu lugha agus a' bhiast bu lugha 'deanamh mar dh' fhaodadh e. Dheanadh e an seòl 'na toiseach 's a' stiùir 'na deireadh is sgoilteadh i an ugh circ air fheòrling le feothas 'bha 'n òigfhear 'ga stiùireadh. An uair ràinig e taobh eile an chaolais cha d' thug e snaim bhoiche gus na shàth i i féin a seachd fad a suas air glas-aich, far nach ruigeadh gaoth i, is far nach sgréidheadh grian i, is far nach bitheadh bead-again a' bhaile mhòir a' fanaid oirre. Ghabh e air adhart agus thachair duine ris. Dh' fheòraich an duine dheth: c' àite a' robh e dol. Thuirt e ris gu robh e dol dh' iarraidh nighean rìgh na Gréige ri pòsadh. Fhreagair an duine: "Tha e cheart cho math dhuit tilleadh dachaidh; tha nighean an rìgh a' pòsadh an diugh." "Cha 'n 'eil e an rioghachd na h-Inne na rioghachd na Féinne na rioghachd na Gréige 'chumas bhuamsa i," ars esan.

Ghabh e air adhart gus na ràinig e geata 'chaisteil, agus an uair ràinig e sin is ann air éigin a gheibheadh e troimh an t-sluagh a bha 'g iomchar sprùlach na bainnse. Bha e ocrach agus bha e 'g itheadh mìr arain an dràsta 's a rithist. Is misde na bochdan a bhi lionmhor, agus 's e rinn iad: chuir iad suas gearrain gu robh duine calma 'toirt bhuapa sprùlach na bainnse. Bha a' fleagh dol air adhart 'san chaisteal. Mu dheireadh fhuair e 'steach gu dorus an chaisteil. Bha an dorus fosgailt. Sheas e 's a ghualan ris an ursainn. Thàinig an buidealair thun an doruis agus dh' fheòraich e dheth: ciod bha e deanamh an sìod. Fhreagair esan gu robh e leigeil 'anail. Thuirt am buidealair an sin: mur a falbhadh e gu h-obann gu sgalladh e a cheann mu'n ursainn. Rug mac an rìgh air chaol-da-chois air agus chuir e an t-eanachain as mu 'n bhalla. Bha ise ri dannsadh air an ùrlar agus mar bha i ri tighinn mu chuairt 'san rìghile, rug e oirre agus dh' fhalbh e leatha fo achlais; agus mu'n d' fhuair iadsan carbadan is eich air dòigh, bha esan le nighean rìgh na Gréige aig an iùrach. Bha mi fhéin an sin an déigh tighinn as Aifric is mi air éirigh bho 'n teasaich. Bha

mi aig an àm a' gabhail stoc air an iùraich seo. An uair thàinig esan, thuirt e rium : a' robh mi air son an aiseig. Thuirt mi ris gur e mo charaid 'bheireadh dhomh e. "Cum an iùrach air a druim feuch a' faigh sinn gu sàl i," ars esan. Dh'innis mi dà nach robh mi ach fann ach gu'n deanainn mo dhìchioll. Ruge air chlagan-deiridh oirre is chuir e gu sàl i.

Chuir e suas sìùile bhreaca, bhréidgheallach air 'mu lìonmhor dealbh leómhan is leopard ri croinn fada, fulanach na fiùthaidh; bha easgannan dubha nan càrn air bhrataichean am bàrr nan slat is faochagan dubh an eagail ri gliogadaich 'na h-ùrlar. Thàinig an oiteag chiùin, lom bhàrr mullach nam beann gu ùrlar nan gleann 'bheireadh duilleach à craoibh is fraoch as a' bheinn is seileach òg as a fhriamhaichean. Cha chluinnteadh diàor am chluais le fuaim nan tonn is ràcal mhuc is beucail thorc; a' bhiast bu mhotha 'g itheadh na béist bu lugha 's a' bhiast bu lugha deanamh mar dh' fhaodadh e. Dheanadh e a seòl 'na toiseach 's a stiùir 'na deireadh agus sgoilteadh i an ugh circ air fheòrling le feothas 'bha 'n òigfhear 'ga stiùireadh. Thuirt e rium fhéin : "Seall suas dé luathas na h-iùraich." "Tha i mar chloich a' ruith le gleann feasgar fionn foghar," arsa mise. Tuilleadh aodaich do'n iùraich," ars esan. Thuirt e rium a rithist : "Seall suas dé luathas na h-iùraich." Thuirt mi ris gu robh i mar shaigh mhìol-chu air tràigh. "Tuilleadh aodaich do'n iùraich," ars esan. Dh' fheumainnna 'n uair sin m' fhiacalan is mo chasan is m' òngnan bhi sàs le feagal gu fàgadh i 'na déigh mi. Thuirt e rium a rithist : "Seall suas dé luathas na h-iùraich." "Tha i mar oiteag de ghaoth nam baoth," arsa mise. "Gabh aig an t-snaim sin fhéin," ars esan. A Riaghladair, giogladh mo mhìonaich ! An uair ràinig sin am fianuis caisteal an rìgh cha 'n fhaiceadh sinn sealladh air cladach le daoine 'chroinnich sìos 'na choinneamh. Cha d' thug e snaim bhoiche gus na shàth i i fhéin a seachd fad a suas air glasaich far nach ruigeadh gaoth i, is far nach sgréidheadh grian i, is far nach bitheadh beadagain a' bhaile mhòir a' fanaid oirre. Dh' fhalbh iad le mac an rìgh is le leannan agus ghiùlain iad e steach do'n chaisteal. Chuir e fìos am mach thugam fhéin gu fuireach ris a' bhanais. Thuirt mi ris gu robh mi cho fad air falbh bho m' chàirdinn agus gu'm mhath leam faighean dhachaidh. Thuirt e 'n uair sin ris an stiùbhard gun mo leigeil air falbh falamh. Thug e dhomh greim arain agus càis. Bho thàinig mi dhachaidh fhuair mi litir bhuaithe agus dh' innis e domh gu robh mac òg aige is gur e m' ainm fhéin bh' air. A nis ma 's breug bhuam e is breug thugam e.

Thoisinn an sgeul shuas duais aig Mòd na bliadhna 1902, do M. MacLeòid a mhuinntir Leòdhais.

THE GAELIC REVIVAL.

THE commonly asserted and frequently re-iterated prediction that Gaelic is doomed to die has in these days become such a stock dictum that the average individual has become acquiescent in the belief and has accepted it as a truism not worth disputing.

"And a good thing too," says the utilitarian philistine. "Gaelic is but a survival of barbarism, a relic of the dark ages. What earthly use is accomplished by keeping it alive?"

"And," said another very estimable person to me not so very long ago, "the so-called Gaelic Revival is nothing but sentimental tommy-rot." Well, I grant the sentiment, but not the tommy-rot. Sentiment is a factor in our earthly existence which only fools ignore. On sentiment largely hinge the great facts of life; and what is true of the individual is true of national life. Sentiment before now has swayed the fate of nations; for sentiment men have gone in their thousands to heroic deaths. And if from sentimental motives a fine old classic language, the heritage of a splendid people, can be preserved, thereby preventing that people from losing their national characteristics, and getting absorbed into the dominant one, then the Gaelic Revival is most emphatically *not* tommy-rot.

Consider for a moment the history of this distinctive race which down the ages has, largely owing to its language, preserved its individuality. It is the race from which sprung saintly Columba, whose feeble luminary in Iona kindled in these isles the glaring searchlight of Christianity which has penetrated to such purpose and with such far-reaching results to the remotest corners of the earth's surface.

It is the race whose military exploits are a matter of history, leaving such an indelible mark on the annals of our land as can never be blotted out.

It is the race from which our greatest romancist largely drew his inspiration and into whose wealth of legendary lore even English poets, scholars, and philosophers have delved with results that have permanently enriched our literature.

It is the race of whose men it is said in one of their own expressive folk-words "tender as a maiden, but courageous as a lion"; and whose fidelity to a hunted Prince is one of the romances of history.

It is the race, in short, sensitive, imaginative, passionate, poetic, which makes Scotland interesting, and without which she would be, to use a homely simile, like porridge without salt! "Lord, gie us a guid conceit o' oursel's," prayed an old Scots cleric. But, without an undue amount of conceit or self-sufficiency, can we

not fairly claim to be the salt that gives Scotland its savour?

Is it to be permitted that such a race should lose its nationality and its inherent characteristics by getting absorbed into the more prosaic one, to sink into oblivion and be only a memory when our children's children are men and women? No! a thousand times, No! Let the Comunn Gaidhealach and other kindred societies which have already done admirable work in this field, direct all their energies to keep alive the old traditions, the old language, and the pride of race, so that the Gaelic people may still retain that distinctive prestige which has always been theirs.

How is all this to be accomplished, you will ask. And I answer: by the cultivation of their language, the pride of race and an *esprit de corps*—if I may so express it—among the Gaelic people themselves, both at home and in that Greater Britain oversea, where so many of our kin have founded homes. No people can lose their racial characteristics if they retain their language. And Gaelic, with its ancient literature, poetry and mythology, its wealth of imagery, philosophy and romance, is as worthy of being kept alive as the Latin and Greek classics which form such a big item in the education and culture of our great thinkers.

But you will object, Latin and Greek are the luxury of the learned few. Yes, and Gaelic can be had by thousands of Gaelic children for the taking! Moreover, Latin and Greek have for centuries been dead languages; while Gaelic is still a living, breathing reality, which if fostered by native teachers and utilised as a classic study, would be of infinite value as a means of culture in the education of our Gaelic youth.

Only in the schools then can one's hopes in this direction be realised; and there the teaching of Gaelic should form part of the school life. The fact that there are in the Highlands some 30,000 children who know no other language should of itself, one would imagine, be sufficient reason why they should be educated in their mother tongue. It ought at any rate to be the vehicle with which their young minds should be opened up to begin with.

The children should be taught, instead of the heroic deeds of Greece and Rome, or perhaps alongside of them, something of the heroic deeds of their own land, of which there is ample material in the annals of the Celtic past. Thus would be fostered those inherent qualities, patriotism and loyalty, without which individuals as well as nations are apt to lose grit. Their imaginative faculties, too, would be stimulated by a knowledge of the old

legends, the old literature and the old mythology. How much has the hard utilitarian education of recent years done to foster or develop those qualities?

Our old-world ancestors whom, from the superior standpoint of 20th century civilisation, we are apt to regard as uncouth barbarians, nevertheless expressed themselves in heroic epics brimful of wondrous incident, in soul-stirring lyrics vibrating with passion, in emotional outbursts of the highest order. Their poetry contains descriptive word-painting and high-souled ideas clothed in language that will never die. Is it not worth while making the effort to retain for Gaelic children this splendid heritage, which, unless some means are taken to avert it, seems destined in this eager rushing age of ours to be numbered among the things that were.

While strongly advocating the claims of Gaelic as a classic study it is no part of my scheme that English, the language of Shakespeare, of Milton, and of Tennyson, the language of commerce and the dominant speech of the world should be neglected or excluded. That would be absurd; and no Gael would for a moment entertain such an idea. But I maintain that a person who has an intimate knowledge of two languages is far and away the intellectual superior of him who knows only one; and a person educated in Gaelic is certainly as worthy of respect as one educated in German or French.

The day has surely gone by when the Gael was ashamed of his mother tongue as being vulgar; if indeed any but the ignorant and childish silly ones, who go through this stage somewhat as they do the measles, were ever so. The mistaken idea that Gaelic spoils the purity of the English accent is also pretty well exploded; and with the example set by some of the northern aristocracy of having their children taught Gaelic, it remains for the societies professing to uphold Gaelic to spur on young Gaeldom to demonstrate what a bi-lingual race can do.

No effort is ever wasted, even if the ends aimed at are not always achieved; and whether Gaelic at some future period dies or not, there is no doubt that the efforts that have and are being made to delay its demise will count for something in the history of the Gaelic people.

The benefits that have in other directions had their rise through the various Highland and Gaelic societies are so abundantly evident that it seems superfluous to touch upon them. From small beginnings but with increasing prosperity they have multiplied within the last fifty years, their influence in every direction being very evident and far-reaching. Either

directly or indirectly they have instituted reforms in the political, educational, and material well-being of the people. They have founded bursaries but for which many a Highland man and woman who have made their mark would have remained in unknown obscurity. And they have undoubtedly revived the Gaelic and stimulated research into its literature and poetry. The Celtic Renaissance of which one has heard and read so much, and evidences of which are so apparent in the literary output of recent years, is also no doubt a direct outcome of the work of Celtic societies.

And among the many signs of the times, the most casual observer cannot fail to have noticed the wave of enthusiasm that is steadily spreading, not only at home but abroad: an enthusiasm genuine and heartfelt which finds outlet and expression in the number of associations that are everywhere springing up. These risings of the clans, happily not in the sense of the risings of days gone by, have become so marked of late that the question has frequently been raised whether they could not all unite in one great association for purposes of common action. "Union is Strength" is a trite enough saying; nevertheless, it is an axiom that has proved so true in most organisations that it is only reasonable to suppose that in this case also it would be so. Such a union has in it great possibilities for still further stimulating Gaelic sentiment, for preserving the national spirit and all that is distinctive in the Gaelic people, the music, the picturesque dress, and, above all, the language. By joining forces in this way a real bond would be established not only among Scottish Celts at home and abroad but between kindred Celtic races. The Celtic temperament crops up in the most unexpected places; and it is rare to find a southerner with even a remote strain of Gaelic blood who is not proud of the fact. The Gaelic, the kilt, the tartan, the skirl of the pipes, often strike chords of sympathetic response in the hearts of many whose Gaelic ancestors date many generations back. Deep calleth unto deep over the long years.

Where are the children of the Gael not to be found? Up and down the world they have peopled new lands; but their hearts still pulsate with affectionate remembrance of the dim sheilings and the misty hills that gave their forbears birth. At home and abroad, then, let the watchword of the new Gaeldom be the old Gaelic war cry, "Clanna nan Gaidheal an gaullibh a chèile."

SHEILA MAC DONALD.

IN the Gaelic Journal of this month D. J. Enright advocates borrowing words from Scottish Gaelic, Welsh or Breton, in cases where a new term is wanted in Irish Gaelic, rather than going for it to English or Latin. Sensible counsel which might be followed in Scotland.

MAR A SHEACHAINN DOMHNUL POLITICS.

BHA Dòmhnall Mac Iain 'na leth-shìneadh air a' bheingidh, 's e leughadh a' phaipeir naigheachd. Is glé bheag anns a' phaipear nach robh e 'faicinn, oir bha Eóghann Mac Ruairidh a' faighinn dachaidh a cheart phaipeir, agus bhiodh iad gu tric a' deasbud mu na nithean a chitheadh iad ann.

"A Dhòmhnall," arsa Màiri a bhean ris, 's i 'na seasamh aig an uinneig; "Nach faic thu cò tha gus a bhì againn."

"Cò?" arsa Dòmhnall, 's e cur car 'na cheann an rathad a bha Màiri; "an gabh e ainmeachadh idir?"

"Tha ann Seumas a' ghobhainn," arsa Màiri; "agus feuch gu'm bi thu caoimhneil ris air sgàth nan daoine còire d' am buin e."

"Bidh mise sin gu dearbh," arsa Dòmhnall; "nach math dhomh gu'n do chuir thusa 'm aireachadh mi."

"Cha 'n e sin e, a Dhòmhnall," arsa Màiri car aithreachail; "ach bha bean Eóghainn ag innseadh dhomh an diugh gur h-e chum Eóghann gun tighinn an raoir, gu'n robh connsachadh fuathasach eadar e fhéin 's Seumas mu ghnothaichean na pàrlamaid, gus an robh e seachad air meadhon oidhche; is bha e 'n dùil gur h-ann an so a thigeadh e 'n nochd. 'S e mo dhì-chuimhn nach d' innis dhuit."

"Mu ghnothaichean na pàrlamaid!" arsa Dòmhnall. "O, dìreach sin, tha mi 'g aithneachadh: as déigh na coinneimh mhòir ud a bha 'san tigh-sgoile. Nach gòrach e fhéin, ma ta!" 's e grad-chaitheadh bhuaidhe a' phaipeir. "Cha bhì e deich mionaidean a stigh an so ma thòisicheas e air na gnothaichean sin riumsa."

"Uist, a Dhòmhnall, eudail" arsa Màiri; "earbam riut o na chunnaic thu riamh, nach abair thu dad ris a' ghille a chuireas mìthlachd air; 's cho fad 's o 'na bha e so roimhe; 's e car càrdeach dhuibh fhéin."

"Tha mise deònach guleòr an gille fhaicinn," arsa Dòmhnall; "ach nach iongantach an duine e ma's e sin a leithid a ghnothaich a tha 'ga thoirt an rathad so am measg a chàirdean. O! 's beag orm na sìochairean sin a bhios greis air falbh as an àite 's a thig dhachaidh, ma 's fhìor dhaibh fhéin, cho eòlach air a h-uile rud. 'N è dùil a bhios aige gu'n cuir e mise as a' bheachd anns am bheil mi; no 'm bi e saòilsinn nach bi sinne 'faicinn phaipearan no"—

"O! Dhòmhnall," arsa Màiri gu trioblaid-each; "mo chiall 's mo nàire! So e. Nis cuimhnich an rud a thuit mi riut; neo cha chuir mi asam gu bráth an t-saoghail so e."

"Gabh gu riaghailteach e, Mhàiri;" arsa

Dòmhnall; “cha’n eil mise dol a dh’itheadh duine sam bith; ach cha ruig esan a leas tighinn an so a chonnsachadh. Na leig thusa dad ort ciod air bith a chluinneas tu.”

Cha robh na briathran so ach gam air an labhairt nuair a chualas gnog Sheumais aig an dorus. Ann an tiota eile bha e ‘stigh’s a’ cur fàilte air Màiri’s air Dòmhnall; ‘s bha iadsan a’ cur fàilte a cheart cho cridheil air. Gun dàil sam bith chaidh Màiri a null is thog i an coire air an t-slabhlairidh.

“S gu dé sin,” arsa Dòmhnall, an déigh dhaibh suidhe, “an naigheachd a’s fhèarr a th’agad fhéin, a Sheumais? ‘S tu th’ air fàs ‘nad làn-dhuine orm; ach cha’n eil thu cho garbh’s a bha t’ athair, an duine còir: ‘s gu dearbh b’esan sin.”

“S iomadh naigheachd sin a dh’ fhaodadh a bhi agam,” arsa Seumas; “ach tha uiread de nithean a’ tachairt am muigh an Glascho a h-uile latha, ‘s de ghnòthaichean iongantach a’ sìor dhòl air aghaidh air am bheil sinn air fàs cho eòlach’s nach fhiach leinn a bhi toirt iomraidh orra. ‘S e nithean mòra a bhuineas do’n dùthaich gu léir air an docha leinn a bhi labhairt.”

“Nach beannaichte ‘n t-àite beag so againn fhéin,” arsa Dòmhnall, “far an cuir mi ùgh anns a h-uile rud riamh a thachras, ‘s an dean mi naigheachd dheth, ged nach biodh ann ach gu’n do reic Alasdair Bàn a’ mhuc mhòr, rud a rinn e ‘n diugh fhéin; ‘s gu dearbh rinn e sin gu math: flunair e h-uile sgillinn oirre b’ fhiach i. ‘S tu fhéin a bhios toilichte faighinn dhachaidh a’ straighlich Ghlascho sin, ‘s fois fhaotainn do d’ inntinn’s do d’ choluinn fad beagan làthaichean. Gu dearbh tha sinne toilichte t’ fhaicinn. Tha thu ann an àite math am muigh an sin?”

“U, tha, glé mhath,” arsa Seumas, a’ cur suarach a h-uile ni eile air an robh Dòmhnall ag iomradh. “An robh sibh aig a’ choinneimh a bh’anns an tigh-sgoile?”

“Cha robh,” arsa Dòmhnall gu math goirid. Thàinig sealladh cianail ann an sùilean Màiri; ach cha dubhairt i facal.

“Ma tà, a Dhòmhnall,” arsa Seumas, “thàinig mise so an nochd gus am Fiscal policy a mhin-eachadh dhuibh.”

“An da! Sheumais, tha mise ‘nad chomaine gu dearbh,” arsa Dòmhnall. Tha mi cluinn-tinn gu leòr mu dheighinn; ach cha’n eil fhios agam fo’n athar uaine gu dé tha e ‘ciallachadh. Tha mi còlach gu leòr air an Fiscal; ach cha ‘n aithne dhomh idir có e an Policy so a bhios còmhla ris daonnan. Tha e coltach gur h-esan a bhios a’ deanamh na h-aimhreit gu léir; ‘s tha thuair nach beag a th’ann dith.”

“O, Dhòmhnall! An ann mar so a tha sibh?” arsa Seumas. “Shaoil mi gu cinnteach gu’m b’ aithne dhuibh beagan mu’n ghmòthach

so. ‘S e tha an nì a’ ciallachadh: an dòigh a’s fhèarr is urrainn luchd-riaghlaidh na dùthcha so gach duine dheanamh na’s beartaiche na bha iad riamh.”

“‘N e sin a th’ ann? An ann air son sin a dheanamh a tha e?” arsa Dòmhnall, ‘s ma’s fhìor, annas mòr air. “Tha mise air làrach nam bonn air a shon; ‘s tha h-uile duine riamh mu chuairt an so air a shon cuideachd; ‘s ann agad fhéin, a charaid, a tha an naigheachd a’s fhèarr a chuala mi fhathast.”

“Cha’n eil sibhse uile gu léir ‘gam thuigsinn-sa,” arsa Seumas, is fiamh gàire air; “ach cha’n eil sibh cho fada cèarr. Tha Chamberlain ag ràdh gur h-ann mar sin a bhithreas—‘s bu chòir fios a bhi aigesan.”

“Cò a thubhairt thu?” arsa Dòmhnall, a’ cur stad air.

“Chamberlain,” arsa Seumas gu pongail.

“Caimbeulach; an e sin a th’ ann?” arsa Dòmhnall. “‘S ann aigesan a tha’n t-airgiod?”

“Cha’n ann,” arsa Seumas, ‘s e call foighidinn; “ach ni e an t-airgiod dhuibh.”

“Gu dearbh, tha mo làn cheadsa aige, co-dhiùbh,” arsa Dòmhnall. “‘S cuin a gheibh sinn e?”

“‘S ann air doigh ain-dìreach a thig an t-airgiod so a steach oirnn, a Dhòmhnall,” arsa Seumas. “‘S e tha ‘m beachd an duine so Raw Material a leigeil a steach gu saor, agus—”

“Stad ort a nis, a Sheumais,” arsa Dòmhnall, ‘s e, ma’s fìor, anabarrach toileach fiosrachadh fhaotainn mu’n chùis. “Tha dhìth ormsa a h-uile facal a th’ann an so a thuigsinn. Coinnichidh sinne an t-airgiod rathad sam bith a thogras e tighinn oirnn. De’n rud a th’ anns an Raw Material?”

“Tha, a duine,” arsa Seumas, “nithean neo-dheasaichte, ann, mar a th’ ann an cotan’s rudan mar sin.”

“Seadh dìreach,” arsa Dòmhnall; “dh’ aithnich mi fhéin gur h-ann a’ magadh orm a bha thu o thoiseach. Ciamar eile a thigeadh an cotan ach amh? An ann bruch a thigeadh e?”

“Cha’n eil sibhse, Dhòmhnall, a’ tuigsinn an rud sin ris an abair sinne *technicalities*,” arsa Seumas, s’ e fìor-dhuilich mu’n staid dhorchais ann an robh inntinn Dhòmhnall.

“Cha’n eil—buidheachas do’n Fhreasdal!”— arsa Dòmhnall, “eòlas sam bith agamsa ach air a’ chadal-deilgneach a bhios air muinntir an àite so fhein.”

“Cha d’ thug mise iomradh air cadal-deilgneach,” arsa Seumas; “ach na’m biodh sibhse ‘nur dùsgadh cho math’s bu chòir dhuibh a bhi, chitheadh sibh gur h-e so an rud a dheanadh feum do’n dùthaich.”

“Cha’n eil thu fuireach agam a nis idir,” arsa Dòmhnall. “An e rud air son na dùthcha a th’ann? An e seòrsa dh’ inneir a th’ ann?

Nach do shaoil mise gur h-e 'n t-airgiod glan a bh' ann!"

"Am bheil sibh mar so agam fhathast?" arsa Seumas, 's e fàs car sgìth de'n t-seanachas. "Nuair a bhios mise bruidhinn mu'n dùthaich, 's e daoine na dùthcha bhios 'nam bheachd."

"Gabh mo leisgeul," arsa Dòmhnall, gu socharach; "cha'n eil mise ach a' feuchainn ri do thuigsinn cho mhath 's is urrainn domh. Dé nis a th' ann! is innis dhomh gu soilleir, socrach e, mar a théid agam air a thuigsinn."

"Feumaidh sibhse, Dhòmhnall, na h-ainmean béurla ionnsachadh 's a thuigsinn mu'n dean sibh dad de'n Fhiscal policy," arsa Seumas, 's e toirt dàil gu'n robh feum 'sam bith ann a bh' leantuinn ceistean Dhòmhnall.

"An gabh Gàidhlig cur orra idir?" arsa Dòmhnall.

"Cha'n eil cumhachd anns a' Ghàidhlig," arsa Seumas; "air son gnothaichean mar sin a chur an cèill. Tha àrd-fhear-riaghlaidh na dùthcha air son Retaliation."

"Agus co-dhiubh 's fheàrr sin na'm Fhiscal policy?" arsa Dòmhnall gu neo-chiontach.

"Nach eil sin fhéin a' nochdadh gu dé an feum a th' agaibhse, a Dhòmhnall, air na faacail bheurla sin ionnsachadh. 'S e car dhe'n aon ni a th' anna," arsa Seumas, 's e air fàs car coma ged a ghoirticheadh e Dòmhnall.

"'S droch còmhdaidh orra nach eu-coltach iad ri chéile," arsa Dòmhnall, 's e, ma 's fìor, feargach. "Nach deanadh an dàrna fear dhiubh an gnothach?"

"Dheanadh, a Dhòmhnall," arsa Seumas, 's e nis car strìochdte ris mar a bha cuisean. "Ach tha ciall aig Retaliation dha fhéin."

"'S nach innis thu dhomh gu dé th' ann?" arsa Dòmhnall. "An ann amh tha esan cuid-eachd?"

"Tha mi faicinn nach ruig mi leas a bh' strìth ruibh idir," arsa Seumas. "Ach 's e a th' ann an Retaliation *prionnsapal*."

"'S nach math an rud a th' ann!" arsa Dòmhnall. "Tha tuilleadh dhe sin a dhith oirn ann an so fhéin. 'S mòr an cothrom a tha'n t-slaightearachd a' faighinn."

"Tha faacail eile ann cuideachd," arsa Seumas; "agus bu chòir dhuibh a thuigsinn: 's e sin Reciprocity."

"Aobh! Aobh!" arsa Dòmhnall. "Nach coimheach an fhuaim a tha dheth: nach ann air a tha na spàgan; 'n ann á America 'bhios esan a' tighinn?"

"A Dhòmhnall, a charaid," arsa Seumas. "'S e th' ann an Reciprocity an seòrsa cùmhnanta no riaghailt sin a bhios eadar dùthchannan càirdeil a bhios a' ceannach 's a' reic bho chéile."

"Cha robh fhios agam gu'n robh a leithid a' dol idir," arsa Dòmhnall. "Shaoil mi fhéin, air m' fhacal glan, gu'm faodadh duine ceann-

ach far an togradh e na'm biodh an t-airgiod aige."

"Tha sibh a' tighinn uige," arsa Seumas. "Sin agaibh Free Trade."

"An e?" arsa Dòmhnall gu toilichte. "Sin agaibh, ma tà, an rud a tha ceart agus onorach; cha 'n eil mise faicinn cia mar eile b' urrainn a bh' mur a goidinn an rud a bhiodh ann."

"Tha sibhse a' smaointeachadh sin," arsa Seumas; "ach 's e mar a th' ann: 's iomadh rud a reiceamaide ri dùthaich eile mur a biodh tariff mòr na dùthaich sin garcumail am mach."

"O shiorruidh, gu dé so!" arsa Dòmhnall, 's e gabhail iongnaidh mhòir. "Am bi na tairbh a' feitheamh dhaoine mar sin?"

"Tha mi faicinn gu'm faod mi sgur, a Dhòmhnall," arsa Seumas; "ach o na thug mi iomradh air, faodaidh mi innseadh dhuibh gur h-e Preferential tariff a bh' againne a shaoireas sinn."

"O, dìreach," arsa Dòmhnall; "cha chreid mi nach cuala mi ainmean iongantach mar sin air feadhainn de na tairbh aig Poll-tallach."

"Cha'n eil sibhse a' tuigsinn an ni a th' ann idir," arsa Seumas 's e 'g éirigh gu falbh; "'s tha mi glé dhuilich air a shon sin. Na'm bruidhnadh sibhse ri Eòghann Mac Ruaraidh sin shuas, dheanadh e soilleir dhuibh gu leòr mu 'n cheist so."

"Ach, gu dearbh, 's mise bhruidhneas," arsa Dòmhnall; "'S ma gheibh Eòghann còir dad dhe'n rud sin—airgiod no inneir no ce air bith dé th' ann—gheibh mise no chuid dheth; 's na biodh cùram ortsa: tha mise fada, fada 'nad chomaine. Nach duilich leam gu'm feum thu falbh cho luath. Mò bheannachd leat, gu dearbh."

Dh' fhàg Màiri beamachd aig Seumas cuideachd; 's b' iad sin na ceud fhacail a labhair i o na chuir i air an coire nach robh fhathast air tighinn gu goil. Nuair a dh' fhalbh Seumas, shìn Dòmhnall e fhéin air a' bheingidh mar a bha e roimhe, 's thog e an paipear-naigheachd. Shuidh Màiri a' sìor choimhead air fad greise gun fhacal a' tighinn as a ceann. Mu dheireadh labhair i mar so:

"Ach thusa, Dhòmhnall. O, dhuine, dhuine! De na chunnaic no na chuala mise rianh, air m' onair 's air m' fhirinn, gun a null no nall, bha mi dìreach gu— O! chiall! a chiall! ach thusa Dhòmhnall!"

"'S nach robh mi nis glé chaoimheil ris a' ghille?" arsa Dòmhnall, 's fianh gàire air.

"Bha thu sin fhéin," arsa Màiri, "agus mar a thomhais thu 'n uair ris cho math, ach— O! dhuine, dhuine!"

GILLEASBUIG MAC CULLAICH.

THE latest thing in Irish Gaelic is an advertisement by P. J. O'Sullivan, Cork, offering ten lessons in Gaelic shorthand for one guinea.

CUMHA CHAILEIN GHLINN-IUBHAIR.

LE DONNACHADH BAN.

THE music of the following Oran Mòr is from the compilation of unrecorded melodies which took the first prize at the Mod of 1903. It was taken down from John Cameron, Paisley, a native of Ballachulish. It is one of the selected Orain Mhòra for the Mod of 1906. The following three verses are recommended to competitors.

GLEUS C.

{ | : s₁ : s₁ | d : — : r.r | m : d : — }
Smaointean truagh a th'air m' aigne,

{ | r : — : r | m : — : r.r | d : s₁ : — }
Dh' fhàg orm smuairan is airsneul;

{ | : s₁ : s₁ | d : — : r.r | m : d : — }
An àm gluasad a m' leabaidh

{ | r : — : — | m : d : — .d | d : — : — }
Cha chadal ach dùisg;

{ | : s₁ : s₁ | d : — : r.r | m : d : — }
Tha mo ghruaidhean air seacadh,

{ | r : — : — | m : — : r.r | d : s₁ : — }
Gun dìon uair air mo rasgaibh,

{ | : s₁ : s₁, l₁ | d : — .r : d | t₁ : l₁ : — }
Mu'n sgeul a chualas o'n Àpuinn,
A' fannachadh.

{ | : s₁ : s₁ | l₁ : — : s₁, s₁ | s₁ : — : — ||
Ghluais a chaismeachd ud duinn.
Na's moille.

{ | : m₁ : m₁ | s₁ : l₁ : t₁ | t₁ : d : — }
Fear Ghlinn-iubhair a dhìth oirnn

{ | r : — : — | m : — .r : d | d : s₁ : — }
Le puthar luchd-mìoruin;

{ | : s₁ : s₁ | d : r : r | m : d : — }
Mo sgeul dubhach r'a innseadh:

{ | r : — : r | m : d : — .d | d : — : — }
Thu bhi 'd shìneadh 'san ùir;

{ | : s₁ : l₁ | d : r : m | m : d : — }
'S truagh gach duine de d' dhilsean,

{ | r : — : r | m : — .d : d | d : s₁ : — }
O'n a chaidh do chorp prìseil

{ | : s₁ : s₁, l₁ | d : r : d | t₁ : l₁ : — }
An ciste chumhainn, chaoil, dhìonaich
A' fannachadh.

{ | : : s₁, s₁ | l₁ : — : s₁, s₁ | s₁ : — : — ||
'S ann an lìon anart ùr.

B'e sin an corp àluinn

Nuair bha thu roinne so 'd shlàinte

Gun chion cumbhachd no fàis ort,

Foinnidh, dàicheil, deas, ùr;

Suaire, foisinneach, fàilteach,

Uasal, iriosal, bàigheil,

Caoimhneil, cinneadail, càirdeil,

Gun chron r'a ràitinn air chùl;

Làn de ghliocas 's de léirsinn,

Dàna, misneachail, treubhach;

Gach àit' an sirtiadh gu feum thu,

Leatsa dh' èireadh gach cùis;

B'e do choimeas an dreugan,

No 'n t-seabhag 'sna speuraibh:

Co bu choltach r'a chèile

Ach iad féin agus thù!

Bu tu cridhe na féile

Dh' fhàs gu tighearnail, ceutach;

An làthair bhreitheamh Dhun-éidinn

'S tric a réitich thu cùis;

'S oil leam càradh do cheud-mhna;

'S òg a' bhantrach a'd dhéigh i;

Lìon campar gu léir i

O 'n dh' eug a céile deas ùr.

Fhuair mi 'n sealladh nach b' éibhinn:

An uaigh mu d' choinnimh 'ga réiteach;

'S truagh gach comunn thug spéis duit

O 'n chaidh thu féin anns an ùir;

'S gun dùil a nis ri thu dh' éirigh;

'S e dh' fhàg mise fo euslaint

Bhi 'n diugh ag innseadh do bheusan

'S nach tig thu dh' éisdeachd mo chliù.

—:o.❧.o:—

HOW CAOILTE FAILED TO RUN
AGAINST CONAN.

CAOILTE was the swiftest runner among the Feinne. Fionn himself was a great runner; but Caoilte could outstrip his chief and every one of his men. He was one day taking his exercise at the foot of Ben Eidir; and a fine figure he made in his tights with his lithe, supple body and his graceful pace. Dermid and Conan lay on the hill face and every time Caoilte came in view in passing and repassing, Dermid, who was envious of Caoilte's swiftness, could not refrain from remarking to Conan that he would give a good deal to be able to outstrip Caoilte in running. Conan said little in reply but seemed to think deeply. Latterly, said he, "I'll tell you what: I cannot make you a runner like Caoilte; but if you will promise to give me the white pup that I fancied yesterday, I'll cool his ardour for running and put an end to his boasting of his superiority over us." Dermid promised the pup to Conan, wondering at the same time how Conan would go about gaining his end.

When Caoilte had had enough of exercise he came over to the spot where Dermid and Conan lay and stretched himself out alongside of them on the sward. Said Conan: "You think yourself a great runner, no doubt; and so you are; but did you ever run against me?" "No," said Caoilte, smilingly. "Then, will you run against me?" said Conan. "I will," said Caoilte, "and give you a mile of a start in a two-mile race." "Then you think yourself able to run two miles for my one," said Conan. "Now I'll show you without running at all, that you never can overtake me at that rate in a two mile race." So saying he rose and went over to a wood close by from which he came back with several bits of wood.

"Now," says Conan, putting one of the sticks in the ground, "here is your starting-place and here," said he, suiting the action to the word, "is mine, a mile in front of you. Now, when you have reached the spot from which I started, I am half a mile ahead of you," and he stuck another pin in the ground, "and when you have made up that half mile, I am a quarter of a mile ahead of you; and when you have made up that quarter of a mile, I am a furlong ahead of you; and when you have made up that furlong, I am half a furlong ahead of you, and so on," and all the while he put his pins in the ground. "It is plain, therefore, that you can never make up on me, let alone outstrip me."

Caoilte was puzzled. "Do it again," said he; and Conan did it. Caoilte scratched his head for a minute or two. "Do it yourself," says Conan. Caoilte went through the process on his own account and when he came to the half of the half furlong, he walked off without saying 'soraidh leibh,' and not for many a day thereafter was Caoilte seen at his running exercises; nor was he heard to boast of his superiority in running over the men of the hosts of the Feinne; nor did he seek the company of Dermid and Conan.

By and bye, a wise man came among the hosts of the Feinne, and those who were in doubts or in difficulties, came before him and had their doubts and difficulties resolved through the wise counsels of the man. Caoilte among others laid his case before this wise man. History does not record in what manner he resolved Caoilte's difficulty; but Caoilte thereafter resumed his running exercises and became in time not only the swiftest runner in the Feinne but in the Domhan mor.

Now, there can be no doubt that the fallacy of Conan's argument was laid bare in old Gaelic; and what was done in old Gaelic can be done in new Gaelic, we believe. We therefore ask our Gaelic readers to study the subject and submit to us their solutions, written in

Gaelic, of this problem which has taxed the powers of the most advanced of ancient and modern languages to solve. We noticed the other day that a paper on Geology, written in Gaelic, was read before Ceilidh nan Gaidheal in Glasgow. In the subject which we submit there is equal scope for the exercise of ingenuity and constructiveness in the use of language.



UNRECORDED GAELIC MELODIES.

MO GHAOL AIR NA MARAICHEAN. Compiler J.C. This jolly tar's song is well worthy of an effort to recover the remainder of the words.

GLEUS F. RANN.

{ .s | s., s : s. m | d : d., }
Di-màirt mu'n d'fhàg sinn Grianraig,

{ .m | s : d', t | l. s : s }
Bu chianail na caileagan,

{ .m | s., m : m. r | d : s, }
A' crathadh an cuid bhréidean,

{ .l | d : r., m | l. s : s }
Sinn fhéin anns na crannagan.

SEIS.

{ .l | m : r., m | d : d., }
Hill u oro hú o,

{ .m | s : d', t | l. s : s }
Mo rùn air na maraichean;

{ .m | s., m : m. r | d : s, }
S'iad maraichean an t-sùgraidh:

{ .l | d : r., m | l. s : s. }
Bu shunnadh a leanaim iad

{ .l | m : r., m | d : d. }
Hill ù oro hú o.

NA 'M BIODH FIOS ANNS AN APUINN. Compiler J. C. Can any of our readers suggest to what incident the words refer or give the remainder of the words?

GLEUS D. RANN.

{ : s., l | d' : d', d' | d', d' }
Na'm biodh fios anns an Apuinn

{ : d', r' | m', r' : d', t | l : s., }
Mar a thachair an dé dhuít,

SEIS.

{ .m | d' : r' | m', l : l | l., s : m. }
Na hó i illirinn ó ro

RANN.
 { .d' | t.s : l | d'.d' }
 Bhiodh bualadh air bas ann

{ :m.m | r.d : d | s : s., }
 Agus creachadh 'ga h-éigheach ;

SEIS.
 { ,l | d' : m.m | s : r., }
 Na hì hugaidh hó ro

{ ,m | l : s.l | r : — | d : || }
 Na hì hugaidh ù o.

AN TAObh BHITHINN 'S E GHABHAINN. Compiler J. C. The words to the first and only known verse of this fine melody would hardly suit modern taste. Two hundred years ago, no exception would be taken to them. The following substituted words will serve to illustrate the measure.

GLEUS D. SEIS.

{ ,m | s : l,l.- | m : m,m.- }
 An taobh bhithinn 's e ghabhainn,

{ | s : l,l.- | m.,r : r., }
 'N taobh bhithinn togarrach ;

{ ,m | s : l,l.- | m : m,m.- }
 An taobh bhithinn 's e ghabhainn,

FINE.
 { | d' : m,m.- | r : r. || }
 'N taobh bhithinn deònach.

RANN.
 { d.,d : d.,r | m : m., }
 Sud an rud a b'fhiach leam

{ ,m | s : l.s | m : m., }
 Bhi'n àiteiginn diomhair

{ ,m | d' : r',d' | t : d., }
 A' feitheamh mo nionaig

D.C.
 { ,l | s : l.m | r : r., }
 'S i tighinn nam chòmhdhail.

GAOL NAN GILLEAN. Compiler, J. C. The words are evidently of a poor class ; but it can hardly be that they were the best set of words to the melody.

GLEUS D.

{ | l.,t : d'.t | l.s : m., }
 Nuair a chaidh thu Ghlascho

{ ,m | l.,t : d'.t | l.s : m., }
 A smachdachadh nam blai geardan,

{ ,d | d.,d : r.,r | m.,m : m., }
 Mu'n robh thu féin ach seachdain ann

{ ,l | d',l : t.s | l : — }
 Bha paidhir agad dhiubh n' sàs.

{ | m.,d : r.s | m,m.- : d.,t | l : — || }
 Gaol nan gillean fear a' bhroillich bhàin.

— : o : — : o : —

SOME BAGPIPES AND BAGPIPERS.

JUDGING by the number of literary references and of drawings and carvings which are to be met with, England must have been in earlier times, the main haunt of the bagpipe, within the limits of the British isles. The references and remains illustrative of the instrument in the other countries do not come near in number to those associated with it in England. At the present day its haunts are the outlying parts of the land, namely Ireland and Scotland. These places being last to receive the instrument as a novelty, it is natural they should be last to part with it. In England the bagpipe seems to have taken on several varieties: a domestic type, an out of doors or war type and an accompanying type. To-day the English bagpipe in all its varieties of type is dead, the last to drop out of sight being the Northumbrian instrument. In Scotland the domestic type is dead ; but the out of doors or war type is lively, particularly in the Lowlands. The latter came very near to extinction in the Lowlands ; but can hardly be said to have died out. It has been used by Lowland regiments continuously to the present day ; and at least one village community had an official piper as late as 1772, as is proved by the terms of a lease entered into with the Earl of Eglinton in regard to land in the village of Eaglesham in Renfrewshire east. The reference to the bagpiper is as follows :—

Item.—In regard the said Earl of Eglinton obliges himself and his foresaids to keep a piper properly clothed with proper bagpipes for the use of the inhabitants of the said town of Eaglesham, to play through the town morning and evening every lawful day, the said tenant obliges himself and his foresaids to make payment to the said Earl and his foresaids, of the sum of one shilling and that yearly along with the rents in order to defray the expenses of the said piper.

The out of doors or war type has great vogue at the present day both in the Highland and Lowland parts of Scotland. This is due to Highland influence working through the medium of competitions in the playing of the instrument, which have been going on for a century and a quarter, and through military associations. In all probability, these same

causes working in the 16th century, were those which brought the instrument into esteem in the Highlands. That competitions were held in the Lowlands in that century is made plain in the epitaph of Habbie Simpson, the famous piper of Kilbarchan, who is mentioned in the song "Maggie Lauder."

He wan his pipes beside Barcleugh
Withoutten dread ;
Which efter wan him gear enough,
Bot now he's deid.

The same interesting epitaph reveals clearly the fact that the piper of Kilbarchan fulfilled the functions which a Highland piper now fulfils—or at all events which he recently fulfilled.

Quha will caus our scheirers scheir ?
Quha will bang up the brags of weir ?

And in another verse the warlike uses in which he as a piper was employed are brought out :—

At fairis he playit befor the speirmen,
Al gailie graithit in their geir quhen
Steill bonetis, jacks and swordis sa cleir then
Lyke ony beid ;
Now quha sall play befor sic weir-men
Sen Habbie's deid ?

His social capacities were various, but the following verse reveals Habbie doing what many a Highland piper has done since his time :—

He was convoyer of the bryde
Wi bittock hingand at his side ;
About the kirk he thocht a pryde
The ring to leid ;
Now we maun gae bot ony guide
For Habbie's deid.

In Ireland the domestic bagpipe, or union pipes, survives and is being vigorously encouraged at the present day. A weak effort



he is followed by a company of soldiers bearing swords and battle axes.

The other sketches show English bagpipes. Number one is from a broadside of uncertain date, but probably of the 16th century. Number two is from a carved oak bench end in Cornwall, of date about 1525. From the length and thickness of the pipes, it will naturally be assumed that the English bagpipes here shown are drone bagpipes. At the same time it is plain that the drawings are not correct, as is evidenced by the disposition of the vent holes in number two, which no earthly hand could cover.

There is no reason for thinking with Mr. W. L. Manson that

is also being made to revive the war pipe. In Ireland there must have been a variety of bagpipes. The union pipes we know, and the war pipe of the present day is very similar to the Highland type in appearance ; but the sketch No. 3 shows another class of war pipe. It is a copy of a print found in a book called *Image of Ireland*, published in 1581 by John Derrick. Although the piper is shewn alone in the sketch, in the ori-



Cosguis, periodical allowance to servants.

LEASE AND RENT.

Suidhich, set, let for rent ; suidheachadh, setting, act of letting.

Gabh, take, with word for farm or lease as object.

Aonta, a lease ; gabhail, a lease, 'tack' ; farm.

Ath-chairt, renewal of a lease.

Bainn-fhreagradh, a stipulation.

Sop-seilbhe, infestment in house and land by delivery of a wisp of straw to the entrant.

Màl, rent ; latha a' mhàil, the rent-day.

Càin, rent, rent paid in kind.

Cairbhist, cairbheiste, rent paid in service, carriage or carting for the landlord.

Borlanachd, morlanachd, idem, labour performed for landlord.

GRANGE.

Baile, grange, farm buildings, farm 'town'.

Treabhair, houses in a cluster ; "outhouses," Reay Country.

Fasdail, astail, a dwelling.

Aitreabh, large building, range of building, steading.

Tigh-teine, tigh-còmhnuidh, tigh-fuirich, dwelling-house.

Tigh-muigh, tigh-mach, cùl-tigh, out-house.

CATTLE-HOUSE, FOLD.

Bàthaich, bàthach, cow-house.

Buadhall, a stall, properly a stall for cattle, from root of bó, but used also for a horse-stall in Ardnamurchan, Mull, and Perth ; same word as buaidheal, buabhall, etc., of the dictionaries.

Buaidlidh, bualaiddh, buaile, cow-stall.

Bàidheal, idem, Arran.

Prasach, a manger.

Inich, floor of a stall, West Ross-shire.

Carcair, channel or sewer of a cow-house, gruipe.

Gròb, Arran, inne, innidh, MacEachen, idem.

Bacan, stall-tree, to which the animal is bound.

Nasg, tie-band, stall-tie ; a wooden collar for a cow. The stall-tie was made of plaited or twisted birch or other twigs of old.

Bràighdean, bràidean, àrach, idem.

Dail, a wooden collar for cattle.

Dailgheach, the withe attached to a cow's collar.

Speireach, spearrach, a fetter for cows, sheep or goats.

Buarach, a cow-fetter put on the hind legs during milking.

Lunnaid, pin of *buarach*, West Ross-shire.

Sùicean, a gag to prevent a calf from sucking.

Biorach, an instrument to prevent a calf from sucking, a loose muzzle set with projecting spikes 2 inches or 3 inches long.

Teadhair, a tether.

Bacan, cipean, the tether-stake, tether pin. Buaile, a cattle-fold, sheep-fold, from root of bó.

Cuidh, cuith, cattle-fold, fenced field.

Fàl, a pin-fold for strayed cattle or sheep.

Eachdarran, eachdra, eachdarra, idem.

Faisgeadh, a fold, a pin-folding of cattle.

Maolanach, a stake used in constructing pens for cattle.

CATTLE.

Ealt, ealta, "a number of quadrupeds, as a drove of cattle ; a trip of goats ; a rout of wolves ; a pace of asses ; a sounder of swine" ; a covey of birds.

Buar, eallach, a herd ; sealbh, a herd, stock.

Feudail, eudail, a herd, property, wealth.

Iomain, bualachd, tàin, a drove.

Sgam, a herd, drove, multitude.

Speil, cattle, a herd or drove, particularly of swine.

Spréidh, cattle, cattle and sheep, live stock.

Crodh, cattle ; crodh-seasg, seasgach, barren cattle, cattle other than calving cows.

Tarbh, bull ; tarbh-tàna, bull owned in common.

Damh, bullock, ox ; àr-dhamh, plough-ox.

Mart, steer or cow fattened for killing ; mart-geamhraidh, a winter 'mart.'

Bó, mart, a cow ; bó-bhainne, mart-bainne, milch cow.

Ceud-laoigh, cow that has calved once.

Seamlach, siomlach, cow that gives milk without having had a calf.

Gamhnach, bó ghamhna, farrow cow, cow not carrying a calf but giving milk ; ath-ghamhnach, one that continues so for a second season.

Bò le a h-àl, cow with her progeny, including, according to district, in addition to "calf at foot," stirk, stirk and quey, or stirk, quey and three year old heifer.

Falbhair, a 'follower' (calf, foal, etc.)

Laogh, calf ; gamhainn, stirk.

"Oidhche Shamhna theirear gamhna ris na laoigh ;

Oidhche Fhéill-eathain theirear aighean riu na dhéidh."

At Hallow Eve the calves are called stirks ; at St. John's Eve in turn they are called heifers.

Agh, atharla, a heifer ; maoiseach, maoisleach, idem.

Biorach, bioraiche, heifer, two year old heifer ; bullock, steer, cow, calf ; colt, filly, year old colt, all given as meanings in dictionaries.

Colpach, heifer, steer.

Ainmhidh, heifer, Sutherland, properly beast ; written éanaidh in Rob Donn's Poems.

Ainmhide, idem, Sutherland, West Ross-shire.

Ainmhidean, a year old heifer, heifer stirk, Sutherland.

Seachlach, seachlaoghach, heifer that continues barren when of age to have a calf.

Breith, to calf; bàdhar, after-birth, placenta.

Deoghail, deòl, to suck; tearb, to wean.

ùth, arcuinn, udder; ballan, udder, teat, Arran.

Sìne, deala, teat.

Sprogaill, sprogan, dewlap.

Spàrsan, caisean, gearradh-uchd, idem.

Broilean, broithlean, manyplies.

Adhiarc, horn; slabhar, pith or socket of horn.

Cir, cud; ag cnàmh na cìre, chewing the cud.

DESCRIPTIVE TERMS.

Many of the descriptive and colour terms that follow do not apply exclusively to cattle.

Aidlmhillteach, a beast that steals from the pasture to feed on growing corn.

Di-millteach, cow or horse that breaks through fences.

Loireag, a handsome rough cow.

Loguid, a lean starving cow.

Seasg, barren, not bearing a calf.

Diosg, dry, not giving milk; diosgadh, state of being dry; apply to milch cows when dry before calving.

Maol, polled, hornless; maolag, a hornless cow.

Adhairceach, horned; geal-adhairceach, white horned.

Sgian-adhairceach, sharp-horned; stangach, having upright horns.

Gearr-mhàrnach, short-flanked.

Caol-chasach, slender-limbed.

Eang-ladhrach, well-hoofed; bog-ladhrach, soft-hoofed.

Seang, slender; caol, slender, attenuated.

Bliàn, lean, out of condition.

Anaculach, neochulach, idem.

Fèoil-theirceach, lean, having little flesh.

Reangach, rongach, lean, bony (so that the ribs show).

Bliànach, dubh-bhliànach, tough, lean carcass.

Reamhar, fat, in good condition.

Culach, idem; culadh, good condition, fatness.

Saodach, in good condition, strong.

Biaththa, biadhtha, fat, fed; crodh biaththa, fat cattle.

Faidhreach, showy, fit for show or sale.

Molach, shaggy, rough with hair.

Calgach, idem; calg, pile of black cattle.

Ròmach, ròinnidh, hairy, long-haired, thick-haired.

Peallach, shaggy, unkempt.

Léideach, léidmheach, shaggy, bristly, strong.

Geadach, having the hair in tufts or bunches.

Fionna, fionnadh, hair, pile.

Ròin, ròn, ròinn, idem, hair of tail, a single hair.

Ròineag, ròinneag, a single hair.

COLOUR.

Bàn, fionn, white; glas, gray; odhar, dun.

Buidhe, yellow; ruadh, red; donn, brown, chestnut.

Grìsionn, grìs-fhionn, grizzled, lit. gray-white.

Grìs-dhearg, roan, lit. gray-red.

Ball-dhearg, bay.

Riabhach, brindled, streaky with different shades or hues.

Ciar, dark-gray, dark-brown.

Iar-dhonn, brownish-black, dark-brown.

Dubh, black.

Breac, spotted, speckled, piebald.

Ballach, ball-bhreac, brocach, bracadh, idem.

Bracairneach, idem, roan.

Peighinneach, spotted, dappled.

Glòir-fhionn, spotted in face or forehead; wall-eyed, 'ringle-eyed.'

Blàr, having a white face or white spot on the face; blàras, white spot on the face; blàrag, cow or mare with white face or white spot on face.

Sròin-fhionn, white-nosed.

Ceanann, ceann-fhionn, white-headed, white-faced.

Foircheannach, foirceannach, white-headed; foircheann, a white head.

Cròin-fhionn, gray-headed or haired, white-headed or haired.

Ceann-riabhach, brindle-headed, streaky-headed.

Druimionn, druim-fhionn, white-backed.

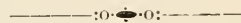
Bailgeann, bailg-fhionn, white-bellied; piebald.

Bailgneach, tarra-gheal, white-bellied.

Tarr-fhionn, idem, having white buttocks.

Fionn-chasach, geal-chasach, white-legged, white-footed.

Croidh-fhionn, white-hoofed.



ITEMS OF INTEREST.

THE Provisional Syllabus of An Comunn Gaidhealach is ready for issue, and contains, besides the usual literary and musical competitions of former years, several new items.

In the junior literary section, there is this additional competition: Letter on a simple subject, open to learners of Gaelic, irrespective of locality. Duet singing is added to the junior musical section, and, as formerly, the junior singing is confined to Gaelic speakers, with the concession that one-fourth of the members of a choir may be non-Gaelic. The

junior choral songs are: "Cothaichibh," "An t-eun-siubhal," and "Caol Muile," all from *An Lòn-dubh*.

In the senior literary section, an essay on "How the poetry of the 18th century sheds light on the history of the Gaelic people," is given as a subject. Under senior oral delivery Narration of a story is separate from Sgeulachd; which latter is confined to folk tales rendered in the traditional style. No attempt is made at defining what the traditional style is, and it will be necessary to appoint judges thoroughly conversant with the telling of folk tales in various localities, to ensure reliable decisions. Narration of a story is not limited as to style, but the story must be original or unpublished.

There is no new item in the senior singing section, and, as at the preceding Mods, the main solo items are confined to Gaelic speakers. Quartets have disappeared. The senior choral songs are: "S i luaidh mo chagair, Mòrag," harmonised by Mr. W. Moodie; "Hùgaibh air nighean donn nam meallshul," harmonised by Mr. Alan Reid; and "Foghnán na h-Alba," harmonised by Dr. Bell. The first-mentioned air was a favourite of Robert Burns, and stands a fair chance of becoming popular. The song contains internal evidence of being a Southern Gaelic one. The last-mentioned is an excellently worded song by Evan Mac Coll, the Lochfyne bard, and the air is a good march tune. The ladies' choirs are to sing: "Mo roghainn a' Ghàidhlig," arranged in three parts by Mr. W. S. Roddie; and "Iùl an Eileanaich," arranged in four parts by Mrs. Kennedy Fraser. The latter song is by the late Dr. John Mac Leod, of Morven, and it has been adapted to a variant of the air to which "Mo shùil a'd dhéigh" was sung in the North-eastern Highlands. Clarsach playing apart from the voice is omitted.

The song for which a melody is asked is "Fàilte do'n Eilean Sgitheanach," by Neil Mac Leod. The measure is thoroughly Gaelic on this occasion, and the work of composers is thereby much simplified. The prizes for music collecting have been increased.

Special competitions—by which we understand competitions not fathered by the Comunn but put forward by individuals—are kept apart. They consist of: A romance of 10,000 words, for which £10 is offered as a prize; another of 3000 words (not the '45), for which £5 is offered; collection of place names, for which £3 is offered; and a play suitable for being acted by children—prizes not yet fixed.

The conditions are in the main the same as in previous years, but are fuller and much better arranged, and the syllabus as a whole is subject to the same commendation.

SCOTTISH CATHOLICS AND AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

A Chara,—Having attended three mods: Dundee, Greenock, and Dingwall, and hoping to attend many future mods, I may be allowed, as an Irish Catholic Gael, to express my surprise at the apathy of Scottish Catholics with regard to the language movement in Scotland. They seem to be acting after the fashion of a good many Protestants in this country with regard to the Gaelic League, only more so. For though the majority of Protestants in Ireland are hostile or apathetic with regard to the Irish language revival, some of our most active workers are non-Catholics. Our president, Douglas Hyde, the most beloved man amongst Irish Gaels, is a Protestant and the son of a Protestant clergyman. We have on our executive committee at least one Protestant clergyman and several Protestant laymen.

Now it appears to me that the Irish Protestant, who holds aloof in Ireland from the language movement, has a far better excuse than the Scottish Catholic Gael who sits on the hedge watching An Comunn Gaidhealach in Scotland. In the main—of course there are exceptions—the Irish Protestants are the descendants of "planters;" they cannot help that misfortune. The Catholic Scot, on the other hand, claims to be a Gael of the Gaels. Then why does he stand aloof?

Mise agus meas agam ort.

SEAMUS UA DUBHGHAILL.

(J. J. DOYLE.)

Derry, Jan. 29, 1906.

SOCIETY NOTES.

COMUNN GAIDHEALACH CHILLE-MHAODAIN, an Gleann-da-ruadhail. Bithidh cuimhne aig ar luchd-leughaidh gu'n do chuir Baintighearna Ormadail an comunn so air bonn 'san t-samhradh so chaidh. Bha cruinneachadh mòr aig Gaidheil a' ghlinne air oidhche na seana bhliadhn' ùire, ann an Talla Ghlinn da-ruadhail. Thàinig an t-Urramach an t-Ollamh Blàrach a h-uile ceum a Dun-eideann dh'ionnsuidh céilidh a' chomuinn air an oidhche sin. Bha an Coirneal Iain Mac Aonghais, ceann-suidhe a' chomuinn, anns a' chathair. Ann an toiseach tòiseachaidh thug da phiobaire Ormadail, Alasdair Mac-a-phearsoin agus Dòmhnall Mac Gill-Iosa, seachad ceòl piòba, a' cluich le chèile. Bha Mair-eard òg Ormadail ann le coisir-chiùil, agus an dèigh dhoibhsan an t-òran, "Suas leis a' Ghaidhlig" a ghabhail gu pongail binn, eadar an t-òran agus ceòl na pioba, na'm biodh eithireach a stigh a bhiodh cho dàna is gu'n togadh e a ghuth 's gu'n abradh e: "Sìos leis a' Ghaidhlig," bu truagh a chor. Dh'èirich an sin an ceann-suidhe agus thubhairt e nach leigeadh esan a leas innseadh do'n

chuideachd cò an duine-uasal urramach a bha 'na shuidhe aig a laimh dheis, a thaobh gu'm b'aithe dhoibh uile an t-Ollamh Blàrach. Còmhallach gu a chèul, ged is ann an Ile a thuair e cuid mhòr d'a àrach. Cò an Gaidheal nach cuala iomradh air an Ollamh? Agus a thuilleadh air e sin, cha'n 'eil Gaidheal an diugh beò is cliùitiche 's is measala na'n t-Ollamh Blàrach. Dh' èirich an t-Ollamh còir agus thug e seachad òraid a b'fhiach dol fad air astar g'a h-èisdeachd, mu "Shean bheachdan agus mu shean chleachdaidhean," a bh'aig na Gaidheil 'sna linntean a dh' fhalbh. Tha Gàidhlig aig an Ollamh cho maith 's a tha aig duine a tha beò air an latha 'n diugh, agus an pailteas di. Is ciatach an ceann labhairt a bha aige agus b'ann fìor mhaith a chòrd e fhein 's a sgeulachdan ris na Glinnich. Leis cho toilichte 's a bha iad bheireadh iad an dràsda 's a rithist iolach asda a chluinnteadh thar seachd bealaichean! Chaidh an sin "Ruidhle an ochdnair" a dhannasadh gu fuathasach sgìobalta le ceathrar bhalachan anns an deise Gaidhealach agus ceathrar chaileagan ann an deiseachan rionnach. Cha mhòr nach saoiladh neach gu'm b' iad feadhainn de "na daoine beaga" mu'n robh an t-Ollamh a' bruidhinn, a bh'annta! Ghabh Seumas Camshron, Eòghann Mac Gille-dhuinn agus Dòmhnall Mac Gill-Iosa gu sunndach òrain ghasda Gaidhealach; agus sheinn a' choisir-chiùil gu fonnmhor òran no dhà eile. Thug an t-urramach Iain Mac Lachlainn, ann am briathran freagarrach, taing do'n Ollamh Blàrach air son na h-òraid fhiachail a thug e seachad, agus do'n luchd-ciùil air son an cuideachaidh. Chaidh an sin "Laoidh na rìoghachd" a sheinn leis a' chuideachd air fad mu'n do dhealaich iad.

INVERNESS GAELIC SOCIETY. The Rev. T. Sinton of Dores lectured on Feb. 1, on "Places, People, and Poetry of Dores in other days." Mr. Sinton has, we understand, a book in the press entitled—"Songs of Badenoch."

CEILIDH NAN GAIDHEAL. This society which meets every Saturday during the winter months in the Masonic Hall, 100 West Regent Street, Glasgow, and whose business is wholly conducted in Gaelic, held a Social Meeting—Coinneamh Chaidreach—on the 30th January. On the 20th, Mr. Malcolm MacFarlane read a paper on the subject, "Na Gaidheil 's an càinain." The lecturers for the current month are Messrs. Alex. Mackinnon, M.A., on the 3rd; Hugh MacLeod on the 10th; Malcolm MacLeod on the 17th; and Neil Maclean on the 24th. THE CLAN MACKINNON. This clan hold their Twelfth Annual Social Gathering on the 9th Feb., under the chairmanship of the Rev. Hector Mackinnon, M.A., Mr. John MacLeod sings, "Soraidh slàn le Fionnairidh," "An Cluinn thu leannain," and "Suas leis a' Ghàidhlig." A varied programme of solo and quartet singing in English, with dancing and bagpipe playing takes up the forepart of the night, which is to be followed by an assembly and ball.

GLASGOW ROSS AND CROMARTY RE-UNION.—Mr A. Taylor Innes, Advocate, presided at the annual gathering of Ross and Cromarty natives on 2nd February, in Glasgow. Mr. Taylor Innes is a Tain man, one of a small band of youths who sought legal distinction in the south, and all attained to high positions. Mr. Innes was an Advocate Depute under Mr. Gladstone, and has written standard

works on Ecclesiastical Law as well as several works of more general interest.

CLAN MACKAY GATHERING.—The chair at the re-union of this clan and friends, in Queen's Rooms on the 20th ult., was taken by the Rt. Honourable Lord Reay, the chief of the clan, who has just been created a Privy Councillor. Lord Reay is well known as a successful Under-Secretary for India, as Governor of Bombay from 1885 to 1890 (a statue of him having been erected in the city to commemorate his unusually successful services to the State), and as Chairman of the London School Board. A further item of unusual interest at the gathering was the presentation of an illuminated address to Mr. John Mackay, Editor of the *Celtic Monthly*, in recognition of his having been the founder of the Clan Society and its secretary for 17 years. Mr. Mackay is president for the current session. Mr. Mackay is also an enthusiastic Gael, a member of the Executive Council of An Comunn Gaidhealach, and an Ex president of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow.

PERSONAL.

It has been represented to us that an apology is due for certain remarks made by us in the second number regarding the unpreparedness of the Poolewe Juveniles for taking part in Reading and Recitation at past Mod. Apologies and compliments are so common and cheap now-a-days that sincerity is out of favour. Nevertheless, sincerity while forbidding an apology, enables us to state our opinion, from which we have never deviated, that one of the crying needs of Gaeldom is 100 or so schoolmasters such as Mr. Cameron, master of Poolewe School. For the profession to which he belongs is far from being overstocked with men possessing broadmindedness, originality and the will to put forth patriotic effort.

NOTICE.

All communications, except those relating to Advertisements and the Sale of the Magazine should be sent to the Editor, Malcolm Mac Farlane, 1 Macfarlane Place, Elderslie, by Johnstone.

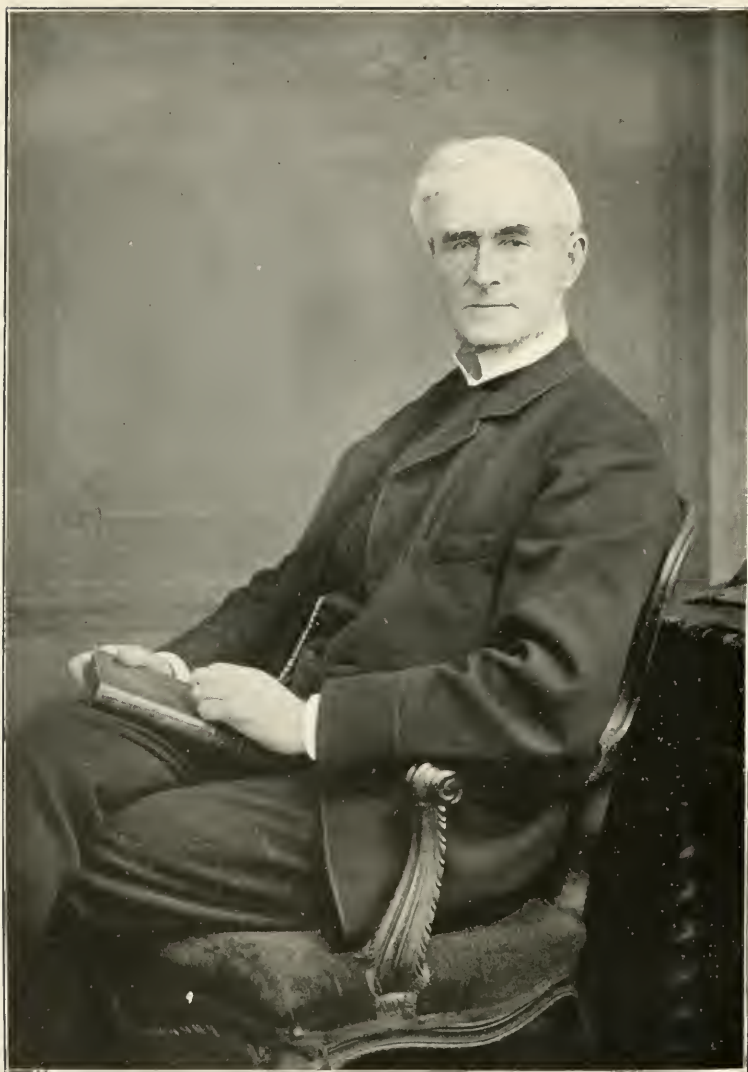
Communications relating to Advertisements and the Sale of the Magazine should be addressed to the Publisher, Eneas Mackay, 43 Murray Place, Stirling.

Literary contributions should be written on one side of the paper only. They should be accompanied by the full name and address of the sender on the same sheets, not necessarily for publication.

To ensure insertion in the succeeding issue of the magazine, contributions should be sent to the Editor not later than the 15th day of the month.

The Editor takes no responsibility in regard to rejected MSS.; but will be careful to return such as are accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

The Magazine will be sent post free to all countries in the Postal Union for 4/- per annum. Single copies will be sent by post for 4d.



THE LATE MR. JOHN MACKAY, HEREFORD.



AN DEO-THREINE

Leabhar I.]

An treas mìos 1, 1906.

[Earrann 6.

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DEATH OF MR. JOHN MACKAY, HEREFORD.

MR. JOHN MACKAY died on the 5th of February at his residence, Reay House, Hereford, at the ripe age of 84 years, after a strenuous and full life in which he shone as a man and a patriot. His name will be long revered by the Scottish Gael as a single-minded and true friend of the people. Three years ago, owing to failing health, he withdrew from active work and public life, and a final illness of two weeks' duration has now brought his end. His career was a successful one; but unlike many similar careers of men of similar origin, it did not cause him to turn his back on the land and the people wherefrom he sprang. On the contrary, his will to do them good seemed to grow with his ability to do it. For he gave without stint out of his means towards every movement which was likely to ameliorate the condition of the people or to raise their moral standard. He loved the tongue of his fathers and did what he could to prevent its decay and preserve its literature.

Mr. Mackay was born and educated at Rogart in Sutherland. His father was a retired soldier who had served in his youth in the Black Watch during the eventful years between 1810 and 1818. His education was of the best provincial kind of the time. At the age of twenty-one he obtained employment in

England under the famous railway contractor, Thomas Brassey. His natural endowments were adapted for engineering work. Physically he was tall, spare, straight and muscular. Mentally, his disposition was to move straight towards the mark. He must have attracted notice early in his career, as promotion was not long in coming to him. His duties took him to France and Belgium; and later, he was engaged mostly in the West of England and the South of Wales, where, in the course of time, he made a business for himself and carried out large contracts at home and abroad.

Although first and foremost a practical business man, he had the taste for, and found time to devote to literary work. He wrote articles on the Place-names of Sutherland, the Reay Fencibles, the Military Achievements of the Highland Regiments, the Highland Society of London and other subjects. He had a natural aptitude for language. He kept his Gaelic; was able to speak French like a native; could get on fairly well in Welsh; and had to the last a considerable knowledge of Latin and Greek. He was at one time President of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and, at the time of his death, Chief of the Gaelic Society of London. He took a deep interest in the Clan Mackay Society and supported it liberally in all its undertakings.

Many Gaels, no doubt, like the writer of this, got their first knowledge of Mr. Mackay in 1874, the year in which Professor Blackie was appointed Convener of The Edinburgh Celtic Chair Fund Committee. The Professor in sounding the first note of his appeal for money to found the Chair, said, "I have also to state that I have received from a gentleman of the Clan Mackay at present in Shrewsbury, a letter guaranteeing a subscription of 100 guineas towards the purpose and object, in the name of the Clan." This subscription was from Mr. Mackay, was the first, and with the

exception of that from the late Queen, the largest individual subscription to the Celtic Chair Fund. From that time onward every scheme which he thought was for the practical and moral good of the people of his native land has had his generous support, and he encouraged in particular the equipment educationally of young lads belonging to his native place for entering the Universities and starting life with a chance of success. He took a deep interest in the land movement which culminated in 'The Crofters' Act and gave material help to the crofters and fishermen of his native county.

He was during the years 1895 and 1896 President of An Comunn Gaidhealach and presided at the Glasgow Mod of 1895. For several years he was the Association's most generous prize-donor. At those Mods at which he was present, his unrestrained zeal and the youth-like and genuine pleasure which he found in what he saw and heard, revealed his single-mindedness and charmed those who came in contact with him.

He was by nature genial, had a pleasant eye, a captivating smile, a keen sense of humour, a wealth of imagination which was tempered by a wide experience of men and affairs, and a buoyancy of spirit which, until extreme age bore him down, carried him through the disappointments which he met—and who has not met them—in affairs generally and Gaelic affairs particularly.

It is with sincere sorrow, we feel sure, Gaels of every class have learned of the death of John Mackay, Hereford.



LEISGEUL ANNA NAN OR-CHIABH.

AN déigh do Mhòd Ionbhar-pheabharain bhi seachad chuireadh air bonn Comunn Gaidhealach am Baile Chonachair. Bha sean agus òg, firionn is boireann am measg nam ball; agus bu ghlasda na céilidhean a bha aca gach oidhche Di-sathuirne ann Talla nan Seachd Cadlaichean. Am measg nam ball a bu dicheallaiche thigeadh do'n chéilidh bha Anna nan òr-chiabh. Air a' cheud Sathuirne an déigh Là na bliadhn-ùire bha Anna air a h-ionndraim o'n choinnimh. Ach ma bha, bha litir reamhar air a seilidh le céir dheirg a' laidhe air a' bhòrd mu choinnimh fir-na-cathrach. Ciod é bha 'n so ach litir o Anna a' cur an cèill an aobhair a chum air ais i o bhi an lathair mar bu ghnàth leatha. Thug fear-na-cathrach am mach as a phòca sgian-sheoc a bh' aige air son a bhi gearradh tombaca agus reub e còmhach na litreach. Thug e sùil thairis oirre car tacan agus an sin leugh e na leanas an éisdeachd na cuideachd.

Fhir-na-cathrach,

Tha mi anabarrach duilich nach urrainn dhomh bhi maille ribh an nochd. Thachair tubaist na dunach dhomh toiseach na seachdain so chaidh; agus bhuaith sin cha robh e 'n comas dhomh mi-fhéin a nochdadh am measg dhroch chrìosdudhean a tha deas gu magadh a dheanamh agus a tha ri'm faotainn anns a' chéilidh am pailteas. Cha mhòr nach eil mi cinnteach gu 'm bheil iad uile cheana fo amharus gur e'n deoch a bh' orm nuair a thachair am mi-fhortan dhomh. Dìreach glan! Ach mur biodh gu bheil deoch a' ruith cho mòr 'nan smuaintean féin agus, ma dh' fhaoidteadh, a sìos 's a suas bruthach na h-amhach aca, cha bhiodh iad cho deas gu droch thuairisgeul a thogail air creutair cho neo-chiontach riom féin. Ach is ann, ma dh' fhaoidteadh, agam féin, agus cha 'n ann acasan tha choire.

Cha d' innis mi có mi, oir, na 'n innseadh, air leam nach eil a h-aon 'sa chéilidh a chuireadh a leithid do nì as mo leth. Ma tà, is mise Anna nan òr-chiabh. Tha mi anns a' chéilidh a h-uile oidhche a chumas am Freasdal Dòmhnall ruadh gun tighinn a choimhead orm. Tha coltach gur toigh le Dòmhnall mise. Cha'n eil sin 'na iongantas: cha bhiodh duine 's am bith am mach o leth-phaidhe d' am biodh e comasach gun tlachd a ghabhail dhìom. A dh' innseadh dhuibhse na fìrinn, tha gaol mo chridhe agam orm féin. Nuair a sheallas mi orm féin anns an sgàthan—nì tha mi deanamh na 's trice na tha mi nigheadh m' aodainn—agus a chì mi m' fhalt bachlagach, buidhe a' tèarnadh mar bhratach àillidh air mo ghuaillibh; nuair a sheallas mi air m' aghaidh mhìogaich, ghàirich, chaoimhneil, 's a chì mi deud lurach taobh a stigh mo bhilean ròsach, tana; nuair a chì mi mo shùilean domhain mar lochan ann an coille ri oidhche ghealaich; agus nuair a dh' amhairceas mi air mo phearsa chumadail, làn, àrd-uchdanach a' seasamh air dà chois chaoil, tha mi 'g ràitinn ribh—nuair a chì mi mi fhéin mar so—gur gann is urrainn dhomh falbh o 'n sgàthan idir, ach leantainn air mi féin a thionndadh air m' oir agus air m' iaradh, gus, glé thrìc, an tig mo mhathair ann an àrdan searbh air son nach eil iomradh agam air dinnear m' athar a dheasachadh, agus an èigin dhomh tèarnadh gu nithean truailidh nam poitean feòla. Cha chuir e iongantas oirbh ged a ghabh Dòmhnall ruadh rudeigin do thlachd dhìom. Ach gu ma h-anmoch do Dhòmhnall ruadh! Ma 's toigh leis-san mise, cha tugainn-sa seann phutan adhairc air-san. Cha 'n e gu bheil e gu dona, cuideachd, mur biodh na b' fhèar a' dol. Ach tha chasan cianail mòr agus a cheann cianail beag. Tha 'n dara gualann aige leth troidh nì 's àirde na a' ghualann eile; athar a bhi plob-

aireachd. Cha 'n e sin a h-uile pìobaireachd. Theap iad a bheatha a thoirt dheth maduinn na bliadhn'-ùire aig Crois a' bhaile, leis an sgreadail 's an sgiamhail a bha e deanamh— an duine truagh—le béist do phìob nach fèarr na e féin. Bha e cho toilichte gu 'n robh a' bhliadhn'-ùr a' tighinn, ann an làn dòchas gu'm faigheadh e mi-féin ri m' phòsadh gun dàil. Ach cha 'n eil aig Dòmhnall bochd ach cuid a shùl dhìom-sa, mar a bha aig Pàruig do 'n ghealaich. Dheanadh e feum math gu leòir do Sheònaid mo phiuthar—pleothaisd neònach car coltach ris féin. Ach feuchaibh sibhse an seall Dòmhnall air bainne goirt cho fad 's a chì e uachdar dlùth làimh. Ach tha eagal ormsa gu'm feum mo laochan tilleadh ris a' bhlàthaich fathast.

Ach, fhir-na-cathrach, tha nì beag agam ri thoirt 'na ur comhair mu'n tig mi dh' ionnsaidh fìor chuspair mo litreach. Tha anns a' chéilidh gillean mòra agus gillean beaga. A nis, is toigh leam fhéin na gillean mòra, feadhainn a lionas an t-sùil agus a dh' fheumas mi sealltainn sìos 's a suas mu 'm faic mi iad bho cheann gu cois. Coma leam rudan beaga a chì mi an dà chois nuair tha mi sealltainn 'nan dà shùil. Ach gu mì-fhortanach, tha an fheadhainn mhòr fuathasach toilichte le'n staid. Tha iad cho neothannach; cha'n eil gabhail choir 'sam bith orra. Dh' fhaoidteadh gu 'm beir iad air laimh air caileig is dh' fhaoidteadh nach beir. Ma thachras gu'n tig iad le 'n nàire a bhruidhinn rium, nuair a dh' fharraideas iad cia mar tha mi féin 's mo mhàthair agus Seònaid 's am bodach, 's mar sin sìos, agus a dh' innseas iad fìor staid na sìde mar a tha i an diugh 's mar a bha i an dé, agus mar a dh' fharraideas iad ciamar a chòrdas a' chéilidh rium, an ceann tacain bhig, falbhaidh iad air an taobh gu réidh a sheanachas ri fear éigin dhiubh féin 's a lasadh an pìoban. An cuala sibh riamh a leithid, fhir-na-cathrach! Agus ged a dh' fhanainn gu uair 'sa mhaduinn aig doras Talla nan Seachd Cadlaichean cha tig aon dhiubh g'am chòir tuillidh. Tha e ach gann eu-comasach dhomh thuigsinn ciamar a tha do chridhe neo-nàdurra aca gu'n leigeadh iad mo leithid féin do nighinn chiatnach—cha 'n eil mo leithid 'sa chéilidh—dhachaidh leam féin. Tha mi glé chinnteach, na 'm b' e gille bh'annam féin agus mi dh' fhaicinn mo leithid féin do nighinn eireachdail an àite 's am bith, gu 'm biodh rud ann, air-neò gu 'm bithinn an tòir oirre. An urrainn sibh innseadh dé tha ceàrr air na gillean mòra? Cluichidh mi am *piano* agus am biodh uisge le 'r sùilean agus le 'r faclan, 'gam chluinntinn—mar is math tha fhios aig na coimhearsnach—agus dé 'n còrr a dh' iarradh iad ach bòidhchead agus ceòl.

Ach air m' fhacal, ma tha an fheadhainn

mhòr neothannach, tha geurag gun chrìoch air an fheadhainn bhig. Gu ma h-anmoch dhoibh-san! Thig iad cho stopanta, 's an t-uchd sin orra, 's có ach iadsan! Cha'n eil deifir dé their mi riutha: cha ghabh iad thuca féin e. Cha 'n eil deifir c' àit' an téid mi no có bhios còmhla rium, tha aon éigin dhiubh-san ri 'm ghualainn. A dh' aindeoin mo chridhe, bithidh aon dhiubh dhachaidh leam. Tha an saoghal do sheanachas annta còmh' ris a sin. Cha téid tàmh air an teangaidh. Cha'n eil teagamh ann, mur eil an fheadhainn bheag mòr, tha iad gleusda. Tha iad cho dinnte: cha 'n eil oisinn dhiubh nach eil làn; sginnic am misneach an nàire asda; agus tha gruaidh agus bathais aca nach eil faoin. Ach dh' fheumadh iad calltach am pearsachan a dheanamh suas air dhòigh-éigin. Feumaidh mi ràitinn, ged nach toigh leam iad, gu bheil spéis mhòr agam d' an dìchioll agus d' an tapadh. Saoil sibhse am bheil an t-eagal air an fheadhainn mhòir rompa? No an e chionn gu bheil iad còir, bog, socharach, a tha iad a' leigeil na creiche leis na truaghain bheaga eile? B' fhèarr leam gu'n innseadh sibh, ma 's urrainn dhuibh; ach b' fhèarr leam os ceann gach nì gu'n robh bathais agus tapadh nan gillean beaga aig na gillean mòra agus mòr shìobhaltachd nan gillean mòra aig na gillean beaga: 's toigh leam fhéin na gillean mòra!

Ach, fhir-na-cathrach, tha prìomh chrìoch mo litreach gun tighinn fathast. 'S e sin: tha romham, ann an solus na thubhairt mi cheana agus a leanas, a dhearbhadh gu soilleir gu bheil na gillean, beag agus mòr, mar tha iad, uile gu léir féineil agus ag iarraidh bhì 'gan toileachadh féin daonnan, có 's am bith a dh' fhuilingeas air a sin. Is ann 'gan toileachadh féin a tha an fheadhainn mhòr neothannach nach toir sùil air caileig cho maith ris an fheadhainn bhig, mhìreagaich nach toir an sùil bhàrr caileig ma tha té mar mhùle dhoibh. Tha an fhèinealachd neo-laghach so ri faicinn gu sònruichte mu'n bhliadhn'-ùir. So agaibh mar a chunnaic mise an gnothuch, gu m' mhi-fhortan, air a dhearbhadh.

Tha fhios agaibh féin glé mhath, mu'n luibh bhig uaine le spìlgeinean geala a tha pailt 'sna bùthan mu'n bhliadhn'-ùir. A nis, ma phògas gille nighean, no nighean gille fo bhad do'n luibh so—ged a b' ann a' crochadh ris a' ghealaich a bhiodh am bad—feumaidh an t-aon a phògar a' phòg a phàidheadh le tìodhlac air choireigin. Ma ta, 's e a chuir an t-iongantais orm gu 'n d' thàinig na gillean mòra agus beaga a choimhead orm mu àm na Nollaige agus gu'n d' thàinig iartras gun chiall air na laochain samhladh caoimheis agus gràidh a thoirt, le 'r cead, dhomh féin! Thàinig an t-iartras so air an fheadhainn mhòir leis nach b' fhiach uiread agus tighinn fad an coise

dhachaidh leam o 'n chéilidh uair 's am bith, cho maith 's a thàinig e air na gillean beaga nach gabh cumail bhuam. Cha robh math dhomh mo chùl a thionndadh mionaid riu no bhiodh fear éigin mu m' amhaich agus a làmh os ceann mo chinn. Tha mi do 'n bheachd na 'm b' e an gràdh dhomh féin a bha deanamh nan gillean cho togarrach, gu 'n tigeadh an cìocras ceudna air cuid dhiubh uair air choir-eigin eile air thoiseach no air dheireadh air a bhliadhn-ùir. Cha 'n e nach eil mise taingeil gu leòir do 'n Fhreasdal a tha cumail a leithid sin do chuthach dhiubh. Ach 's e tha mi air: cha 'n e an Freasdal a tha 'ga chur orra aig an Nollaig mi 's mò, mar a thuigeas cuid dhiubh a 's docha a tha 'nan suidhe gu pròiseil mu 'r coimneamh, le 'n cuid neapaicinnean sìoda mu 'n amhaichean no a' fleòdraich an mach as am pòcannan. Ach cha b' e an prìs no an costas a thug dragh 'sam bith dhomh. Is ann a bhithinn anabarrach toilichte cothrom fhaotainn air mo làimh a shineadh do na truaghain 'na leithid do dhòigh is nach goirtichinn am pròis: tha gu leòir do airgead aig a' bhodach. 'S e a léir mi so: gu 'n d' rinn iad an toiseach dìol goirt orm, agus, an sin, gu 'n d' thug iad orm pàidheadh air son a bhi air mo chiùrradh am measg na feadhach a thàinig a choinheadh orm.

Bha cuid air nach robh feusag, cuid air an robh agus cuid eile air an robh friodhain. Bha peirclean na feadhach air nach robh feusag, min agus grinn gu leòir, lom, no fo fho-chann sìosach neo-chiontach a dh' fhuodas le mòr aire agus eiridinn, le oladh agus sgian-bhearraidh, tighinn gu inbhe feusaig fathast. Bha iadsan cho dìcheallach ris a' chòrr. Cha'n eil fhios agam dé their mi umpa; ach bha Seònaid ag ràitinn gu 'm bheil an caoimheas-san mar gu 'm biodh rud-eigin 'ga dhìth, coltach ri brochan gun salann, no *tea* gun siùcar. Tha aon nì air son am bheil mi gu mòr 'nan comain: 's e sin nach d' rinn iad dochann 's am bith air mi 'aodann anns an streap.

Cha mhò tha mi dol a leudachadh air an fheadhainn dhiubh a tha deanamh gàirdeachais anns na bheil do chòmhdach min air a chìreadh 's air a chéireadh air am beul àrd. Tha dùil aca féin nach eil an leithidean ann. Tha iad a' saòilsinn gu bheil am badan ròineag ud a' toirt ughdarras shònruichte dhoibh am measg nan nighean. Cha'n eil sgur orra ach 'ga chriodachadh 's a tarruing an corragan troimhe. 'S e an aon pheata th' aca. Cha'n eil teagamh na 'n deanadh iad na bu lugha dhiubh agus na'n cumadh iad an corragan asda nach biodh barrachd tlachd agam dhiubh. Cha toigh leam a' chrògairt ud idir. Is fèrr leam an gille lom fhéin na 'm fear a tha gun tàmh a' cìreadh fheusaig.

Cha mhò a their mi dad mu 'n fheadhainn

—cha'n eil iad ach ainneamh co dhiubh—aig am bheil an aghaidhean uile ach an srònan 's an sùilean tughta le feusaig. Ach thàinig aon fhear dhiubh orm gun fhiosda agus shaoil mi gun robh ruca feòir air tuitcam mu m' cheann. Chomhairlichinn do gach gille gun an fheusag a leigeadh air gus am faigh e a bhean air a pòsadh ris gu daingeann le cléir.

Chuirinn suas leo sud uile na'n do sheach-nadh an seòrsa driseach so orm—'s e sin an fheadhainn air am bheil, cha 'n e feusag, ach friodhain no biorain a' fàs. Tha an aghaidhean cho carrach ri losgann. Cha 'n eil fhios agam co dhiubh 's iad féin no bearradair no gobhainn no clachair tha 'gan lomadh. Co dhiubh, cha 'n eil mi creidsinn nach 'e òrd agus sgathair a bh' aig a' bhearradair a thug an fheusag bhàrr Thearlaich dhiubh mu 'n d' thàinig e a choinheadh ormsa. Ma 's e sin a bh' aige, dh' fhuodadh e sgrìob do reasp no do locair agus, an sin, do phaipear-gainmhich a thoirt air a pheirceal mu 'n do leig e mu réir e am measg chriosduidhean. 'S esan, fhir na cathrach, a rinn an dìol ormsa. Bha h-uile bun ròinneig 'na aghaidh cho crosda ri spuir cait. Ròd agus chiùrr agus chiùrramaich e m' aodann. B' fheudar dhomh fuailid do aran cruithneachd a chur air mo ghruaidh chli fad dà latha agus an déigh sin, plàsd-leighis. Tha fhathast làraichean agus srianan ri 'm faicinn 'nam aodann. Agus sin agaibh dé chum as a' chéilidh an nochd mi. Bùrn dubh air Tèarlach, agus sgrios lom, lom sheargaidh air fheusaig! Tha mi sgrìobhadh mu 'n ghnothuch gu fear-lagha feuch am bheil e ceadaichte a leithid a bhi ma réir.

A nis, o so uile, fhir-na-cathrach, saoilidh mi gu bheil e soilleir gur e féinealachd nach till roimh dhochann 's am bith a dheanadh, agus a cheadaicheas neart gàirdein gu buaidh a thoirt air an lag, nì cho sònruichte 's a tha ri mhothachadh timcheall air gillean òga na linn so. Bu chòir an cleachdadh so a bhi air atharrachadh. Bu chòir gu'm faodadh an nighean feuchainn ris na meatagan fhaotainn le gleusdachd féin; ach cha bu chòir do 'n ghille a neart 's a bharrachd treise a chleachdadh gu buaidh a thoirt oirre-sa.

Sgrìobh mi thugaibh an litir so, fhir na cathrach, ann an dòchas gu 'n comhairlicheadh sibh òigridh a' chomuinn. Tha cleachdaidhean an sinnsir a' falbh agus cha'n eil nì 's fèarr a' tighinn. Tha cridheachan agus caoimheas ann an caileagan fathast; cha'n eil ach fuighleach dhiubh anns na gillean ach air an son féin. Na 'n gabhadh sibh as làimh an ionnsachadh ann an cleachdainnean an sìnsearachd, ann am fìor chaoimheas, dh' fhaoidteadh gu'n tugadh sibh an fheadhainn mhòr gu sònruichte gu rud-eigin do bhùgh a bhi aca do neach éigin ach iad féin; agus gu 'n teagaisgeadh

sibh an fheadhainn bheag gu bheil rud eadar ciall agus cuthach, gu sònruichte ann a bhi 'gan cur fèin a stigh air son an toil-inntinn fèin air caileagan aig am bheil taobh bhlàth ris an fheadhainn nùòir.

Ach feumaidh mi a nis sgur. Le dòchas gu'n tig atharrachadh mòr air dòighean gillean a' chomuinn gun dàil agus a' guidhe "bliadhna mhath ùr" dhuibh uile, beag agus mòr, gun fheusag agus le feusaig—ach a mhàin Tearlach dubh a rinn mo léireadh—is mise, mar a thubh-airt mi,

Anna nan òr-chiabh.

Mu'n d' ràinig fear-na-cathrach crìoch litir Anna, chunnacas tannasg Foirbeis Mhic Coimnich a' sealltainn air a' chuideachd troimh 'n uinneig; agus am nach ghabh na gillean, beag is mòr, gun fheusag is le feusaig, a' fhliuchadh an seile, agus, mar sin, cha d' fhuair fear-na cathrach cothrom air bhi leudachadh air iartas is comhairle Anna; is cha mhò a fhuair òraidiche na h-oidhche sin cead labhairt. Agus bu mhòr an call sin; oir b' e bu cheann-teagaisg aige: Co dhiùbh b' e Griogaireach no Leathannach a bu phìobaire aig Noah 'san àirde ri am na tuile. Is coltach nach do dhearbh an t-òraidiche còir dha fèin gu'n robh pìob is pìobaire anns an linn ud. Ach is coma sin: bha e dol a dhearbhadh gu'm b' e Leathannach a bh' ann am pìobaire Noah agus gu'm b' ann aig Maois a bha 'n Griogaireach.

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ORAN-CIUIL.

FALLAIN GUN DITH THAINIG THU.
GLEUS D.

{	s :—:s m' :d' :—	r' :—:d' d' :d' :—	}
	Thug iad mi gu	Tigh an rudha;	
{	s :—:— m' :d' :—	r' :—:d' d' l :—:—	}
	Hùg oireann,	hùg oireann ó,	
{	s :—:f m :—:r m :—:s d' :d' :—		}
	Far an téid mo	ghaol 'na uidheam;	
{	s :—:m m l :—:—	r :—:d d :—:—	}
	Fallain gun dith	thàinig thu,	
{	f :—:m m s :—:—	r :—:r l :—:—	}
	Fallain gun dith,	hó ro i,	
{	s :—:m m l :—:—	r :—:d d :—:—	}
	'S aighearach mi,	thàinig thu.	

Le leine chaol 's le bhrògan dubha;
Thug mi gaol do mhac a' phìobair
Nach leig mi gu bràth air dòchuimlm
Gus an càirich iad mi 'm shineadh
An ciste chaoil 's mo cheann gle ìosal;
'S tric a shiubhail cuairt nam port mi
Feuch am faic mi fear do choltais;

Fhir a' chuill duinn 's a' chalpa shocair,
'S fada chluimnteadh fuaim do phìoba
Stigh Caol Muile o Chaol Ile;
'S na'm bu leamsa còir na rìoghachd,
Gun toil m' athar bhi 'ga sgrìobhadh,
Ghibhtinn sud agus mi fhìn ort;
'S na 'm bu leam bhi roim an fhearainn,
Cha bhiodh do mhac oighre falamh;
Bu leis Eige, Rum is Canna,
Suaineart dhubhghorm a' bharrach,
Is Lios-mòr a chumail riut arain,
Apuinn bhòidheach a' chruidh bhainne,
'S Meadar-loch nan òighean maiseach.

The words of the above song were contributed by Mr. H. Whyte to the *Highland News* within recent years. A variant of the above air is given along with them. There is another variant in Fraser of Knockie's Collection of Highland Melodies. The above tune was taken down from the singing of Mr. John Cameron, Paisley, and is from the Collection of unpublished Gaelic airs which got a Mod first prize in 1904. Mr. Cameron was able to give only the first three lines of the words as above recorded, and the choruses which differ from those by Mr. Whyte. Mr. Whyte's version is:—

FALLAIN 'S GU'N TILL.

Cha téid mi do Thigh an Rudha,
Och hoireann ì, na och hoireann ó,
Far an téid mo ghaol 'na uidheam,
Fallain 's gu'n till, chall och ho ro ì;
'S aighearach mi, thàinig iad.
Le stocaidh gheal is brògan dubha, etc.

The story of the song, according to Mr. Whyte, is that the authoress was the daughter of a sheriff who lived at Ardtornish; that she fell in love with the son of her father's piper; that the sheriff prohibited marriage and confined his daughter, who became insane and composed the song while in that state. It is but a story which has probably been devised to account for the song.

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HOW CAOILTE FAILED TO RUN AGAINST CONAN.

THE following solution of Caoilte's difficulty is the only one which has come to hand. It does not appear to be borrowed from any philosopher, ancient or modern, and if it is as unallacious as the treatment of the subject is original, there should be little cause for adverse criticism. But we leave that to our readers.

IMCHEIST CHAOILTE.

Annas an earrann mu dheireadh de 'n Deo-ghréine, tha e air a ràdh nach d'thugadh

iomradh an eachdraidh air an t-seòl air an do rèitich am Fear Glic a thàinig am measg nam Fianntan, imcheist Chaoilte. Ach ged nach d'fhugadh iomradh air an eachdraidh, thugadh beul-aithris air.

Bha pàillinn an Fhìr Ghlic a' seasamh air rèidhlean feurach aig bonn Beinn Eidir an là a chaidh Caoilte a thaghal aige; agus o nach robh dorus fiodha air a' phàillinn, cha d'rinn Caoilte gnog, ach a steach ghabh e gun sanas gun rabhadh. Fhuair e an duine 'na shuidhe air cathair 'na thurrachadal. Rug Caoilte air ghualainn air is thug e crathadh beag air a dhùisg gu grad e.

"Cò thusa," ars am Fear Glic, "agus ciod è fàth do theachd?"

Dh' innis Caoilte ainm dha agus gach nì mar a thachair eadar e féin agus Conan, mar a chaidh a chur sìos cheana 'san Deo-ghréine 'sa chàinain choimhich. Nuair a bha sgeul Chaoilte crìochnaichte, sheall am Fear Glic 'na aodann car mionaid is thug e glag gàire as; agus 's e thubhairt e:—

"Bu mhath leam eòlas a chur air a' Chonan sin."

Bha botul falamh anns an robh leann uair, crioman càise, sprùileach arain-choirce agus sgian air a' bhòrd aig làimh dheis an Fhìr Ghlic.

"Suidh a steach chun a' bhùird," ars esan ri Caoilte.

Shuidh Caoilte a steach.

"Cha 'n 'eil mi faicinn mìr r'a itheadh no deur r'a òl ach an crioman càise so is srubag leanna ann màs a' bhotuil."

"Is fìor na thubhairt thu. Molam do gheur-chuis. Ach cha'n ann air tòir bìdh do d' ghoile a thàinig thu d' am ionnsuidh-sa, ach air son bìdh do d' inntinn. Tog an crioman càise sin agus gearr 'na dhà leth e leis an sgèin a th' agad air do làimh chli."

Rinn Caoilte mar dh' òrduicheadh dha.

"Gearr, a nis, leth a' chàise 'na dhà leth."

Ghèarr Caoilte an leth.

"Gearr, a nis, leth an leth 'na dhà leth; agus cum ri gearradh mar sin gus am bi an roinn mu dheireadh gearrte agad."

"Cha bhi an roinn mu dheireadh gearrte agam a choidhche," fhreagair Caoilte gu frìonasach.

"Gearr gus am fàirtlich ort gearradh, ma tà."

Rinn Caoilte mar sin, agus cha b' fhada gus am b' fheadar sgar.

"Tha mi a' faicinn criomain bhig agad an sin fathast. Dean dà leth dheth," ars am Fear Glic.

"Cha 'n 'eil sùilean geur gu leòir agamsa no faobhar geur gu leòir air an sgèin so gu sin a dheanamh," fhreagair Caoilte.

"Ma tha e os cionn do chomais gearradh

na's fhaide, smaoinich gu'm bheil thu a' gearradh a' chàise, roinn an déigh roinn, agus lean ri sin gus an saoil thu gu'm bheil agad an roinn mu dheireadh; agus am feadh 'sa bhios tu a' deanamh sin bheir mise oidhirp air breith air a' chadalan a dh' fhuadaich thu nuair a thàinig thu a steach."

Le sin a ràdh, leig e a cheann air uchd agus dhùin e a shùilean.

"Stad oirbh!" arsa Caoilte. "Sin dìreach mar dh' fhàg Conan mi: a' roinn an dà mhìle gus nach gabhadh iad roinn na's fhaide le làimh is le sùil, 's an déigh sin 'gan roinn 'nam smaointean. Ma's e sìod tomhas t' eòlais, bu cho math dhomh gun tighinn an so idir."

"Gabh gu riaghailteach e, a Chaoilte; bithidh sinn a' tighinn chuige sin an ceartair. Bha thu féin is Conan a' roinn an dà mhìle, thubhairt thu?"

"Bhà," arsa Caoilte.

"Rach thusa am mach, ma tà, a laochain, agus thoir a steach leat an dà mhìle ud, agus chì sinn an gabh iad an roinn na's fhaide na ghabh an càise."

Spleuc Caoilte air an Fhear Ghlic, agus fhreagair:—

"Cha 'n urrainn domh mìltean a thrusadh mar gu'n trusadh mi faochagan, gu an toirt a steach, gun a bhi 'g iomradh idir air an roinn."

"C' ar son?" ars am Fear Glic.

"A chionn gur neoni iad."

"Dìreach! Agus, ma 's math mo chuimhne, 's e sin an dearbh nì a bha thu féin is Conan a' gabhail oirbh a bhi deanamh air slìos Beinn Eidir: a' roinn neoni! Ciod e am mùthadh a tha eadar nì is neoni? An fhios duit?"

"Air m' fhacal, cha 'n fhios," arsa Caoilte, "cha do smaoinich mi riamh air a' ghnòthuch."

"Ille mhaith," ars am Fear Glic, "thoir an aire dha so: gabhaidh nì a roinn a chionn gu'm bheil fad is leud is àirde ann; agus mur eil an trì sin ann, cha nì ach neoni e, agus cha ghabh e a roinn. Cha 'n urrainn duitse no dhòmhsa bhi smaoinichadh air neoni gun bhi gabhail oirnn gur nì e. Gun sin a ghabhail oirnn cha 'n urrainn duinn a ghabhail oirnn gu'n gabh e a roinn. Is neoni astar; agus an uair a bhios sinn a' gabhail oirnn gur nì e agus gu'm bheil sinn 'ga roinn, tha sinn dìreach a' roinn neoni is a' faighinn neoni. Ach ged nach 'eil sinn ach a' gabhail oirnn gu'm bheil sinn a' roinn nì agus a' faighinn nì, tha stàth air sin féin, a chionn gur e sin an aon dòigh a th' againn air labhairt air cùisean mar sin: cha 'n 'eil dòigh eile ann fathast, co dhiù."

"Ach cha 'n e idir a' roinn astair a bhiodh tu nuair a bhiodh tu a' feuchainn ri breith air Conan, 's e air thoiseach ort. 'S ann le sin a thug Conan an car asad. Thug e ort a

chreidsinn gur ann a' roinn astair a bha thu. 'Trais an sprùileach càise sin 'nad bhois, agus dinn le do chorrigan e gus am bi cho beag tomad ann 's a ghabhas deanamh leat."

Rinn Caoilte sin.

"Sin agad, a nis, samhladh air na bhiodh tu a' deanamh nuair a bhiodh tu a' ruith as déigh Chonain : an rud a bha sgaoilte, theann-
aich thu e; an t-astar a th' ann, bhiodh tu 'ga ghiorrachadh. Seall am mach troimh fhosgladh na pàillinn agus feuch an t-slat sheilich ud."

Sheall Caoilte am mach agus chunnaic e 'n t-slat.

"Am mach ort, ma tà; gèarr sìos i is thoir a steach an so i."

Chaidh Caoilte am mach, ghèarr e an t-slat is thug e a steach i.

"Tha astar àiridh eadar dà cheann na slaite," ars am Fear Glic.

"Thà," arsa Caoilte.

"Giorraich an t-astar gun an t-slat a ghearradh no a roinn."

Smaoinich Caoilte car tacain, agus mu dheireadh thainig solus 'na shùil.

"Tha e agam a nis," ars esan, agus lùb e dà cheann na slaite gus an d' thug e còmhla iad.

"Sin thu!" ars am Fear Glic. "Sin mar a bheireadh tu air Conan. A nis, lùb na 's fhaide an t-slat."

Rinn Caoilte sin.

"Sin," ars esan, "mar a rachadh tu seachad air Conan. Cha 'n e roinn astair a bhiodh tu nuair a bhiodh tu a' ruith as déigh Chonain, ach ghiorrachadh astair. Agus, nuair a bhiodh tu a' dol seachad air, 's e bhiodh tu a' deanamh: a' inudachadh astair. 'S e sin r'a ràdh: bhiodh tusa is daoine eile a' gabhail oirbh gu 'n robh nì 'ga dhinneadh gus am bu neoni e; agus, a rithis, gu 'n robh neoni 'ga at gus am bu nì e—nì nach robh thusa is Conan a' deanamh idir. Ach cha 'n 'eil dòigh eile aig mac an duine gu sin a chur an céill. Gus am bi cainnt choimhionta aige—nì nach 'eil aige an tràth so—feumaidh e cur suas leis an dòigh labhairt mhealltaich a th' aige. Cha bhi cainnt choimhionta aige gus am bi eòlas còmhionta aige. Ma 's barail leat-sa gu'n tig an là 's am bi sin aige, feith ris. Ach, ma 's barail leat nach tig, bi falbh, is soirbheachadh leat. Là math dhuit."

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UNRECORDED GAELIC MELODIES.

DH' EIRICH MI MOCH MADUINN EARRAICH. Compiler J.C. This air is like that called "Iorram" in *An Lon-dubh*, adapted by Mr. H. Whyte to words by Mr. Angus Mackechnie, Jura, and first published in "The Highland News."

GLEUS D.

{		d., d. : r., m		d', t : l, s.-	}
		Dh' éirich mi moch		maduinn earraich;	
{		s : m, r.-		m, s.- : l	}
		Hó ró		laithill ó;	
{		s., l : d', r'		d', t : l, s.-	}
		Thar mo ghualainn		fhuaire mi sealladh;	
{		m, s.- : r		d : r., e;	}
		Na hó chall		éil	
{		s., f : m, d.-		l : d	
		Na hì ri u o		hùg ó.	

'S OLC AN LA FHUAIR M' EUDAIL. Compiler J.C. No. 110 in the Rev. Patrick Mac Donald's Collection of Gaelic airs is called "'S math an là fhuair m' eudail" and is a variant of that given here. The air of the song "Tha mo chion air an òg-bhean" contributed to "The Highlander" by H. W., and afterwards given in "The Celtic Lyre" is evidently also a variant.

GLEUS C.

{		: r., r		f : s		m., d	}
		'S olc an là		fhuaire		m' eudail	
{		: r., r		d', l : d'		r', m'	}
		Dhol a reubadh na				mara;	
{		: r'		d', t : l		s., f	}
		Bha uisge, bha				dile,	
{		: s		l : d', r'		t, l	}
		Bh' ann sìor		chlacha - meallain;			
{		: s, s.-		s., f : d'		r'	
		Hoireann ó		hóg		ù.	

'S E'N T-UISGE BEATH' AN T-OIGEAR UASAL. Compiler J.C. This air was picked up by ear from a female street singer who used to exercise her vocal powers in Oban and Ballachulish. It has the true ballad ring and the words, if found, would probably throw an interesting side-light on Gaelic life.

GLEUS D.

{		s d', t : l, s		l., r : r., d	}
		'S e'n t uisge beath' an		t-oigear uasal;	
{		m., m : s., m		r., d : d., d	}
		'S iomadh àit' an		d' fhuair e còmhnuidh;	
{		s, s, s : s., l		d' : r', d'	}
		Cuiridh e bràithrean		a thuasaid	
{		l., d' : s., m		m., r : r	}
		Fiaich co fear is		cruaidhe dòrn;	
{		s., s : s, s.-		l., d' : r', d'	}
		Fiaich co fear is		cruaidhe rùdan;	
{		l, d' : s., m		r., r : r	
		'S cha b' e'n sùgradh		dol 'nan còir.	

'S ANN A BHA'N OTHAIL AIR CAILLEACH A' GHOBHAINN. Compiler J.C. At page 95 of *Sar obair nam bard*, it is said of Am piobaire dall that, during his stay with the Laird of Gairloch, whose piper he was, "he composed no fewer than 24 piobaireachds, besides numberless strathspeys, reels and jigs—the most celebrated of which are "*Cailleach a' mhuilleir*" and "*Cailleach liath Rasaidh*." The latter tune is in Gunn's bagpipe music book. The other we have not met in any book.

GLEUS F.

{ d : d : d | m.m : — : s | d : d : d | m.m : — }
'S ann a bha'n othail air cailleach a' ghobhainn :

{ : d | d : d : d | m.m : — : d | r : m : s | l : — : d' }
O, 's ann a bha'n othail air cailleach a' mhuilleir ;

{ d : d : d | m.m : — : s | d : d : d | m.m : — }
'S ann a bha'n othail air cailleach a' ghobhainn

{ : d | l : l : l : l | d.d : — : l | r : m : s | l : — : d' }
Nuair chunnaic i 'n t-ogha bh' aig cailleach a' mhuilleir.

{ d' : — : — | t : — : m | m : m : m | m.m : — : }
Haoi hó air cailleach a' ghobhainn :

{ d' : — : — | t : — : m | m : m : m | l : — : s }
Haoi hó air cailleach a' mhuilleir ;

{ d' : — : — | t : — : m | m : m : m | m.m : — : }
Haoi hó air cailleach a' ghobhainn

{ : m | r : r : r | m.m : — : d | r : m : s | l : — : d' }
Nuair chunnaic i 'n t-ogha bh' aig cailleach a' mhuilleir.

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GAELIC TECHNICAL TERMS.

TENDING CATTLE.

Buachaillich, herd cattle, sheep, etc.

Cuallaich, tend, herd cattle.

Buachailleachd, cuallaich, herding, tending.

Saodaich, drive to pasture, or to resting place for the night, tend, take care of.

Usgartadh, a driving away, as from hay or corn.

Cròth, cuir do'n bhuaile, etc., fold, put into the fold.

Biath, biadh, to feed ; fodair, fodraich, to fodder.

Fosradh, hard feeding for cattle.

Geamhraich, to winter, feed during winter.

Reamhraich, fatten, make fat.

Brot, fatten, feed plentifully so as to fatten.

Brotaich, grow fat, take on flesh.

Easradh, bracken or heather for litter.

Rongaich, become lean, become bony.

Reang, reangaich, kill or subdue with hunger, starve, become lean, become bony.

AILMENTS.

àirneach ; bòdhair, bòdhar, murrain in cattle.

Eàrnach, idem, bloody flux.

Builg, a distemper caused by heat or want of water.

Clupaid, swollen throat.

Dubh-ghalar, a disease of cattle, looseness.

Feursam, a worm in the hide, warble.

Gailleach, a disease or swelling of the gum.

Gartan, an insect found also on deer and dogs, but larger on cattle.

Sgirtan, "black spaul," or "quarter-ill."

Tòchd, a disease of the eye.

Spreangan, a cloven stick for closing the wound when cattle are bled.

Ascall-earraich, loss of cattle in spring.

Earchall, loss by death of cattle ; earchallach, subject to loss by death.

SHEEP.

Maimir, a fold for sheep or goats.

Crò, crò-chaorach, fang, a sheep-fold, fank,

Banair, idem, enclosure where sheep are milked.

Cata, càta, sheep-cot, pen ; cata chaorach, cot or hut forming part of a sheep-fold.

Meanbh-chroddh, sheep and goats, lit. small cattle.

Meanbh-spréidh, idem.

Treud, a flock.

Baidean, baidnean, a small flock of sheep or goats.

Pasgan, prasgan, idem.

Caora, a sheep.

Caora dhubh-cheannach, black-faced sheep.

Caora bhrogach, idem, Arran.

Caora mhór, idem, of old in contrast with the smaller Highland sheep that preceded, but now means Cheviot sheep.

Caora Shasunnach, caora mhaol, Cheviot sheep.

Reithe, a tup, bliadhnach reithe, shearling tup, dimmont tup ; dà bhliadhnach reithe, and so on.

Rùta, rùda, rùd, a tup ; a ridgeling.

Ruig, ruigleachan, a ridgeling.

Mult, a wether, bliadhnach mult, shearling wether, dimmont, and so on.

U'an, a lamb ; uan leth-aon a twinling.

Oisg, othaisg, a hogg, teg.

Dionag, dianag, gimmer.

Sè-ràitheach, idem ; lit. six-quarter old, West Ross-shire.

Ath-dhionag, two shear ewe, maiden ewe, "twinter."

Caora uain, ewe.

Crog, cast ewe, draft ewe, "crock."

Deat, deathaid, an unshorn year old sheep or wether.

Ath-bhliadhnach, a two year old sheep.

Seot, a rejected animal, a "shot."
Ciora, cireag, a pet, a sheep that feeds with the cows.

Glomhar, an instrument to prevent a lamb or kid from sucking.

Trus, to gather sheep from grazing; trusadh, a gathering.

Tionail, cruinnich, to gather.

Rùisg, to clip, shear sheep.

Lomair, idem; lomairt, lomradh, fleecing, sheep shearing.

Lomradh, rùsg, a fleece.

Deanmhais, deimheis, sheep shears; deamh-sadh, a fleecing, plying of shears.

Smeur, smiur, to smear.

Tum, bog, to dip.

Tearr, to tar-mark; tearradh, a tar-mark.

Clach-dhearg, keel, ruddle.

Comharradh, a mark; comharradh cluaise, ear mark.

EAR MARKS

In West Ross-shire.

Beum, a slit from the edge inwards.

Sgoradh, a slit from the tip downwards.

Bacan-beòil, a "fore-half" taken out by a *beum* from the fore-edge, and a *sgoradh* meeting at right angles.

Bacan-cùil, a "back-half" taken as above, but with the *beum* from the back edge.

Smeòrach, a notch in the tip.

Criomag, a notch made in the edge each year to indicate age. When a ewe has six notches, three in each edge, she is six years old and is then a cast ewe or "crock."

Peallaid, sheep-skin; peileid, mangled sheep-skin.

Uainiciunn, uainiceag, a lamb's skin.

Marchann, an unplucked sheep-skin [marbh-chionn, skin of animal found dead?].

Breaman, tail of sheep or goat.

Garr-bhuaic, morbid ooze in the skin of sheep.

Sar, séileann, séalan, a sheep louse, tick.

Cloimh, carr, steinle, itch, scab.

Pluc, the rot; bragsaidh, braxy; stùird, stùirdean, sturdy.

Asradh, pining, a disease of sheep, Sutherland.

Mèil, bleat of sheep or lamb; mèil, to bleat.

GOATS.

Gobhar-chrò, gobhar-lann, a goat-fold.

Gobhar, a goat.

Boc, boc-goibhre, he-goat.

Eibhrionnach, eirionnach, aibhreann, wether goat.

Laos-boc, cull-bhoc, idem.

Meann, minnein, a kid, little kid.

Meann-bhoc, a yearling he-goat.

Minseag, a yearling she-goat

Miseach, idem, West Ross-shire, Sutherland; for minnseach?

Fiadh-ghobhar, a wild goat.

Boiciunn, a goat-skin.

Miniciunn, miniceag, a kid-skin.

Raisean, goat's tail.

Meigead, bleat of goat or kid.

Speireach, spearrach, a goat-fetter.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

FROM *The Manx Sun* we learn that the Tynwald Court met at Douglas in the Isle of Man a few weeks ago. The Lieut.-Governor, Lord Raglan, presiding; and there were present, the two Deemsters, the Clerk of the Roll, the Attorney General, the Speaker, the Clerk to the Council, the Secretary to the House and a number of Members of the House of Keys, most of whom bear what appear to be Gaelic names. The business dealt with was: A report by the Advertising Board which was adopted and ordered to be printed and circulated; examination of the accounts in connection with the election of a member to the House of Keys; agricultural premiums for improving the breed of horses; local education; land drainage; finance; and government property. The House of Keys met before and after the Tynwald Court, all the members present excepting Mr. Hall Caine and two others. Leave was given to bring in bills on Methodist Trust property; the regulating of hoarding advertisements; to amend the Disafforesting Acts and to provide for the closing of public houses at 10 p.m. during the winter months. Thereafter Financial Reform, a vacancy in the Local Government Board and a Pedlar's Bill were dealt with. The Legislative Council—another body presumably—had under consideration a bill to prevent the offering and crying for sale of newspapers on Sunday and a Tied-house Bill. It seems very odd that the smallest of all the Gaelic nations should have a legislature of its own, doing its own business in ways of its own, on an island of its own, subject only to the nominal supervision of a higher legislature. It does not appear that the island people or the nation at large suffer by the arrangement.

In Mona they have a Society for the preservation of Ancient Monuments which is at present taking steps for the permanent security of Manx crosses and other objects of antiquarian interest.

The Gaelic language is now being taught in Ballamodda Board School. The Manx Language Society finds the teacher in the person of Mr. J. J. Kneen of Port Erin; and the children are said to be taking to the

language in real earnest and progressing well. Mr. Kneen it is who is editing the forthcoming reprint of Cregeen's Manx-English Dictionary. The Rev. Ernest Savage of Liverpool is giving a prize for the reciting of Manx Gaelic by children.

A concert of Manx music was given at Peel some weeks ago under the auspices of Yn Cheshaght Gailckagh; and this Society intends to hold another in Douglas on an early date. Miss Morrison, the energetic Secretary of the Society, has brought to light some fragments of old folk songs and these are to be sung by young people. The stage is to be set out as a picture of a Manx cottage interior, and a conversation in Gaelic is to be carried on between a lady and gentleman representing "Illiam is Isbal."

The Manx Sun has been adopted as the medium through which "Pan-Celtic Notes" are to be given to the public by the Secretary of the Pan-Celtic Association. In these "notes" occurrences connected with the Celtic Movement in Ireland, Wales, Bretony, Cornwall, Man and Scotland are chronicled.

The number of Manx names which begin with C and K is noticeable. Many of them are accountable to the dropping of *Ma* from the *Mac* which at one time preceded them. To a Scottish or Irish Gael quite a number of them are plainly understood, others may be guessed, and a number are dark. We append a list drawn from the pages of *The Manx Sun*. Callister and Collister—Mac Alasdair. Corkill—Mac Thorcuill.

Clucas—Mac Lucas.
Canuell—Mac Dhòmhnuill?
Cain and Caine—Mac Iain.
Cowin—Mac Eòghainn.
Cormode—Mac Thormaid.
Cowle—Mac Dhughaill?
Cadman—Mac Adamain.
Kermode—Mac Dhermid.
Kelly—Mac Ceallaich.
Kneen—Mac Níomhain.
Killip—Mac Philip (Phillip).
Kennaugh—Mac Coinnich.
Kneale—Mac Neill.
Kennish—Mac Aonghais.
Kaye, Kee—Mac Aoidh.
Kissack—Mac Iosaig (Isaac).
Kerruish—Mac Fhearghuis.

Other names in C are:—

Cowley, Connor, Curtis, Coole, Corrin, Craine, Caley, Corkish, Cubbin, Cosnahan, Colquitt, Carine, Corrooin, Corlett, Cretney, Cowell, Callow, Caugherty, Clague, Convery, Cleator, Conchar, Cregeen, Crebbin, Crellin, Cojeen, Curpley, Cannan, Costain, Creer.

Other names in K are:—

Killy, Karran, Kirwan, Keale, Kitto, Kinrade,

Kaneen, Kellett, Kewley.

Names in G:—

Gell, Gill, Gawne, Gale, Glidden, Gribbin.

Names in Q:—

Quine, Quayle, Quinney (Mac Whinnie?), Qualtrough, Quilleash, Quiggin, Quirk, to which may be added Whorall.

Odd names apparently of Gaelic origin are:—

Fell, Fayle, Fargher, Farrant, Joughin, Moughlin, Sayle, Sawrey, Taggart, Lees, Beck, Shimmin, Lewin, Teare, Moore, Dodd, Bunting, Blore, Miney, Mullin, Brew, Moran, Pinnock, Voke, Morrison.

The following two names reveal their origin:—Mylroi, Mylchreest.

We commend these names to the notice of Dr. MacBain and Rev. Chas. M. Robertson.

THE January number of *The Celtic Review* is up to its usual high standard. The musical item is contributed by Miss Amy Murray of New York, who, it is understood, has collected a number of Gaelic melodies in the Western Isles. The tune is that of the song, "An Fhídeag airgid," the words of which appeared in the October number of 1904. It is a work-song tune with one line solo and choruses. The duration marks of the second chorus words are not in accord with the music and it is not apparent which is correct. The value of musical items such as this would be greatly enhanced if both notations were used. In this instance, only the staff notation is given which prevents a great number of vocalists from understanding and appreciating the music. Very little extra trouble would have remedied this defect.

Professor Mackinnon continues his transcription and translation of the Glenmasau MS. Mr. J. J. Doyle, Derry, thinks 'do h-esrad' on page 204 and 'd' esradh' on page 206 would be better rendered in English by 'littered' instead of 'prepared' and 'put in order'. The word 'easair' (litter) is still in use in Ireland. At page 216 for 'fearaib fuinidh', he would suggest 'well-knit men' instead of 'men of the west' or 'world's men' and at page 218 he would render 'seng' by 'fleshless' or 'slender.'

Under the heading "My Highland Baptism" Mr. Wm. Jolly tells how he came under the glamour of the Celtic spirit when he was a lad, on the occasion of a visit to Loch Rannoch. Ossian made him receptive and scenery did the rest. Since his Highland Baptism Mr. Jolly has remained the friend of the Gael and at the beginning of the Conunn Gaidhealach's career he was an active member.

Mr. D. J. Watson writes on Sutherland Place names. These he divides into Pictish, Gaelic and Norse. He finds four out of six names

given in Ptolemy's map for rivers and tribes in Sutherland, surviving still. The Gaelic name for the county (Cataobh) he explains as 'the country of the cat tribe.' The Pictish *Pit*, (Gaelic *Baile*), is found in the county, proving that the Picts at one time inhabited the far north; and the fact explains 'Pentland Firth' or 'Pictland Firth' which the Norsemen named after the inhabitants of those parts. In treating of river names some interesting thoughts are brought out, among which is the suggestion that Loch Awe in Sutherland is called after that in Argyle, which in its turn gets its name from the river of that name, latinised *Aba* in Adamnan's writings and meaning simply 'river.' But, if that be so, the fact that the name of the river is pronounced by the people of Lorn *a'a* while the name of the loch is *o'a* requires explanation. Lairg in Sutherland is explained as *learg*, 'a sloping hillside.' This brings to mind that The Largs in Ayrshire is known in Gaelic as *Na leargaidh Ghallda* in contra-distinction to *Na leargaidh Chinn-tìreach*. The new generation calls the Ayrshire place 'Largs' leaving out 'The.' But the older generation names it 'The Lergs.' The name is no doubt due to a Gaelic speaking people who were relinquishing their language. Otherwise neither the article nor the plural would have been to them possible. 'Lergie' would, most likely, have been the form given by a people ignorant of Gaelic and depending on the sound, without knowing the meaning of the word.

Captain Wm. Morison contributes an article on Fearchar Leighich who was physician to a branch of the northern Mackays. Some think this Fearchar was one of the Beatons, or MacBeths, of Islay. Captain Morrison says this opinion is not supported by local tradition. He gives a rhymed list of places in Sutherland once belonging to Fearchar.

Buinidh gach aon dhiubh do mo Lord-sa

Ach 's ann a bha chòir bho Fearchar Leighich.

Dr. Henderson continues his article on the Fionn Saga and pays in passing a tribute to the memory of Father Allan of Eriskay through whom one of the versions of the tale of Fionn's birth and exploits was got from an old man in that island.

L' Ankou is the Breton "Death"—he whom Burns coupled with Dr. Hornbook. Under this heading Frances M. Jostling gives a translation of the Breton song of that name, and some quaint and striking traditions and stories, one of which, being apropos of the time we live in, may be relished by the reader.

"When the Duchess Anne was living at the Castle of Korrec in Kerfot her husband said to her one day—'The meeting of the States is about to be held: I must go to it.'

'Well, be careful what you are about then. Above all put no new taxes upon my Brittany.'

So he started, attended the congress and returned to his castle.

'Well,' inquired the Duchess.

'Heu!' he answered, 'I was obliged to consent to the imposition of the salt tax.'

'Ah!'

Then without another word the Duchess rose and went out to the kitchen, where she whispered a few words in the ear of the servant who was stirring the soup for her master's supper. A few minutes afterwards the servant brought the soup in all boiling hot, and the Duchess's husband put his spoon into it.

'Pouah!' cried he at once, 'they have forgotten to put in the salt.'

'Hé,' answered the Duchess in a jeering tone, 'what does that matter?'

'This soup is simply abominable, I tell you.'

'You will have to eat it as it is, nevertheless. You must do it as an example to the peasants. You have deprived them of their salt. Deprive yourself of it in like manner.'

'I tell you that I insist on having my food properly flavoured.'

'Then abolish the salt tax.'

'I cannot; I have sworn to help to maintain it as long as I live.'

'As long as you live?'

'Certainly.'

'Oh, very well, that shall not be for very long,' said the Duchess Anne, and taking from the table a thin-bladed knife, she plunged it into the heart of her husband. Then she ordered one of her servants to go and announce that the salt tax was dead. But the nobles protested.

'Your husband,' said they, 'swore to maintain the tax as long as he lived.'

'Just so,' answered the Duchess Anne, but he is dead and with him we are going to bury the salt tax.'

And since that time no one has heard any mention made of this scourge of humanity."

The Rev. D. S. Maclellan, New Zealand, describes how a Gaelic class was brought together and taught in that far away land, and in leading up to his subject he gives his opinion of the British colonist as a man and a subject of the Crown—an opinion which seems more like the truth than those which have been served on the public within recent months. He also gives a short account of an emigration of Gaels from Nova Scotia to New Zealand. "It was carried out without disaster, and indeed without misadventure, by the people themselves. There was no one to promote, none to lead the expedition; they had little knowledge of navigation, and no experience at all of the seas they were to traverse." Yet the British nation threw away men of this calibre to make room for rich sportsmen. Mr. Maclellan's Gaelic class differs in no way from others of the kind; and he complains of the Gaelic grammars which he has yet seen, even the most elementary, being founded upon Latin. He should look till he finds one of another kind: it can be had.

Mr. Watson's Notes on the study of Gaelic are continued. The Comunn's *Uirsgeulan* (E. Mackay, Stirling, 6d.) is recommended without reserve as a text book, being cheap, varied, and well and accurately printed. But it, he says, does not contain enough matter for a year's reading, and it requires to be supplemented. The Comunn is in possession of literary matter sufficient to make a book as big again, and when the present edition is run out, no doubt Mr. Watson's suggestion to increase its size will be given effect to. The article under review treats of the aspiration and non-aspiration of the feminine proper noun, the uses of the hyphen and the apostrophe, notes the idioms of the verb *to be* and the passive voice, and gives hints in regard to translation as an exercise.

The Syllabus of the Tenth Oireachtas of the Gaelic League of Ireland, to be held in the week beginning 6th August, has been issued, and it contains matter of great interest to members of An Comunn Gaidhealach. There are 83 competitions. Two of the novelties of the Oireachtas, calling for special notice are, "Còrn airgid an Oireachtais"—the Oireachtas silver cup—and "Sgiath airgid an Oireachtais"—The Oireachtas silver shield. The former is to be given to the competitor who secures the greatest number of distinctions in the Literary and Language sections combined. A first prize is to count as 4, a second as 3, a third as 2, and a 'highly commended' as 1. The latter is to be held for one year by the League Branch obtaining the greatest number of distinctions in the Literary and Language sections. The basis of the marking is the same in this case as in the last. These special prizes are well calculated to stimulate individual and local effort.

Among the Prose composition competitions are the following, confined to juveniles: "What I would like to do for Ireland," and "The best description of a Feis." Under the heading "Drama," a prize of £5 is offered for "A short two act play for school-going children"—an admirable idea. The Folklore competitions are confined to collecting unpublished stories and poems taken down from oral narration, the narrators sharing half of the prize monies. The Technical Terms competitions include list of terms used in Hurling (i.e. camanachd), Football, Handball, and other outdoor Irish athletic games; indoor games such as Chess, Cards, Forfeits, etc.; military, naval, and sea-faring terms; and terms or rhymes referring to the weather and its changes, the moon and its phases, the winds, the tides, signs of rain, etc. Prizes are offered for collecting traditional Irish hymn tunes; the com-

position of an Irish air set to any Irish words; and the best Irish words for any one of a prescribed list of tunes.

There is an Art section under which prizes are offered for sketches in black and white, illustrating any important event in Irish history; and for designs of an Oireachtas cup, an Oireachtas shield, a band shield and an O'Growney cup.

Recitation, Memorising, Oratory, Dialogue, Conversation, Knowledge of Irish History, Story-telling, Reading at sight, and Teaching Method are duly provided for. The last item is of special interest, being a contest in Demonstration in the method of teaching Irish. The details are to be announced later on in *An Claidheamh Soluis*. For Conversation among juvenile non-native speakers, three and two weeks' holidays free in selected Irish-speaking districts, including third-class railway fares, are offered.

There is little which calls for remark in the Musical competitions except that the Singing is to be in traditional style, and the following condition: Before the competitions, an elementary conversational test in Irish will be applied, and those who fail in this will be excluded from competing. The conversational test is to be applied even to members of brass and reed bands and to competitors in dancing. No prize is to be awarded to any competitor who is not dressed in clothes of Irish material and manufacture. First prize winners of £3 and over have the option of taking a Gold medal. No money will be given in the Junior competitions; but books or orders on selected tradesmen are to be given instead. In the non-native-speaking competitions, a certificate must accompany the entry, signed by a parent, guardian or clergyman, certifying competitor as a bona fide non-native speaker. Native speakers may not enter non-native speaking competitions.

The decision of the adjudicators is to be final as to merit; but the final decision in all questions of dispute is reserved to the Oireachtas committee who will consider objections to the awards.

The Syllabus is in Gaelic and English. The Gaelic League will in a short time be making its yearly collection of money in Seachtmhain na Gaedhilge—the Gaelic week—to help to meet its disbursements in furtherance of its objects. In every locality where there is a Gaelic Leaguer, there a collection will be made. Last year we were attacked in an irresistible manner by an Irish lassie, at the annual concert of the Glasgow St. Columba Choir, and, while we were drawing our purse's strings, we sighed to think that there was no Gaelic lassie to wile a ten-fold contribution

from us towards the Gaelic cause at home.

The result of Dr. Hyde's mission to America will be a great help to the funds of the League. Money is coming in thousands of pounds. The American Committee stipulates, however, that only one thousand pounds of that money is to be expended in one year. Only!

In commending the Seachtmhain na Gaedhilge collection to Leaguers *An Claidheamh Soluis* gives a summary of the work of last year as follows:—

"During the year that is closing the Coiste Gnotha (Central Council) has not merely maintained but added to its staff of Timthiri (Organisers) in the Irish-speaking territory. It has, moreover, sent teachers to reside permanently in some of the purely Gaelic country sides. It has co-operated with Coisti Ceann-tair (Provincial Councils) and Craobhacha (Branches) in maintaining travelling teachers in districts able to bear a portion of the financial burden. It has extended valued help to the Munster and Connacht Training Schools. It has given a Timthire to Leinster and non-Irish-speaking-Ulster. It has carried through the largest and most imposing Irish literary, musical and artistic festival that has been held in Eire since kings reigned in Tara. It has sunk large sums in the production of text books for use in Irish-speaking districts under the Bilingual Programme and otherwise. It has fought the Post Office, the "National" Board, the Intermediate Board, British "Law and Order," Dublin Castle, the British Treasury, and the British Government. It has sent forth its President and its chief Organiser to speak for it to the Gael of America, to organise the movement beyond the Atlantic, and to collect the willing tribute of our friends in the West. All this and much more than this has the Coiste Gnotha been able to do."

The League rejoices in the fact that British made law has decreed the Gaelic language illegal. A Frenchman, an Italian, a German or a Jew may use his own name in his own language; but the right is denied to a Gael in his own country. First, the court decided that Irish letters on a cart nameplate were illegal, and then that Gaelic names on carts in English letters were illegal. In this way the Law has created a grievance; and a grievance being the best basis on which to start an agitation, or to vivify an agitation, is welcomed by the League. The Gael of Scotland is so thoroughly satisfied with things as they are that he would regard it a grievance to be made to put his name and the name of his place in Gaelic on his cart. Then the spelling of it! The minister could not do it for him; the schoolmaster could not do it for him; and the policeman could not do it; and the

Ordnance Survey maps do not come within miles of doing it; and there is no Seosamh Laoide to make a Gaelic Post-sheanchus—Gaelic Postal Directory—for him, such as they have in Ireland: thanks to one of the most practical workers in the League.

Seosamh Laoide is general editor of the League's publications and his report to the Publication Committee showed that twenty-two publications, in various stages of progress are now passing through his hands.

Among the proposed books considered at last meeting of this Committee were "Robinson Crusó," translated by Tadhg O Murchadha, and a set of "Object Lessons in Gaelic and English" by Eamonn O Donnchadha, for use in schools where Gaelic is taught.

Three new books have recently been published, namely, "Feilire na Gaedhilge, 1906," "Amhrain Chlainne Gaedheal," a collection of songs noted in a district of Connacht, and "Leabhar ar Aireamh," an elementary book in arithmetic, also for use in bilingual district schools. A geographical reader—An Cruinn Eolaidhe—is to be published shortly.



NA TUGAIBH BREITH A REIR COLTAIS.

GED nach robh an àithne so air na Clàir aig Maois, aidichidh na h-uile gur h-i àithne a th' ann. Ach ann measg nan àithntean uile, tha mi a' creidsinn nach eil a h-aon duibh a bhios sinn a' briseadh cho tric 's a bhios sinn a' briseadh na h-àithne so: Na tugaibh breith a réir coltais.

'S ann a' toirt breith a réir coltais a bha Lachann Mòr Dùthairt an uair a dhiùlt e ann am briathran tàireil, an còmhnaidh a thairg Dubh-sith beag Mac Gille-sheaghanaich dha aig Tràigh-Ghruinneart. Ach b' e sud diùltadh a dhunadh do Lachann Mòr. Is tha mi a' creidsinn gu 'n deach a ràdh o chionn fada, agus gu 'n bi cuid 'ga ràdh fathast: nach robh Lachann cho glic 's a bha e foghainteach.

Ach co dhiù, cha b' ann air e sud idir dh' aithriseadh an sgeul a th' ann an so. Bha ann an Eirinn, o chionn ghreis, doctair, agus o na bha e féin air fàs sean, bha doctair òg leis daonnan mar fhear cuideachaidh; agus air uairean bhiodh an seann doctair a' toirt an fhir òg leis còmhla ris féin, an uair a bhiodh e dol a dh' fhaicinn cuid de 'n fheadhainn a bhiodh tinn.

Air là de na làithean, chaidh an dà dhochtair a steach còmhla do thigh anns an robh duine tinn. Cha robh an doctair òg ag ràdh no a' deanamh dad ach ag éisdeachd 's a' faicinn na bha 'n seann doctair ag ràdh agus a' deanamh.

Annas an t-seanchas a bha dol, thuirt an seann doctair ris an duine a bha tinn: “Bha thu ‘g itheadh eisrean.” “Dh’ ith mi a dhà no trì dhiubhl an diugh.” “Faodaidh tu sin a dheanamh,” ars an seann doctair. “Cha dean a h-aon no dhà dh’ eisrean coire ‘sam bith ort.”

An déigh do ‘n dà dhochtair an tigh ud fhàgail, agus iad air an rathad gu àite air choireiginn eile, thòisich an seann doctair air mìneachadh do ‘n doctair òg nàdur na h-anshocair a bh’ air an duine a bha tinn, agus an dòigh air am feumadh iad buntainn ris. Ach annas an t-seanchas a bh’ aca, thuirt an doctair òg ris an t-sean fhear: “Ciamar dh’ aithnich sibh gu ‘n robh an duine ‘g itheadh eisrean?” “Bha sin furasda gu leòir dhomh aithneachadh,” ars an seann doctair; “chunnaic mi na sligean a stigh fo ‘n leabaidh, far an robh iad air an ùr thilgeil. Bhiodh e ‘g itheadh nan eisrean nuair a chunnaic iad a’ tighinn sinn; ‘s cha bhiodh iad air son gu ‘m biodh fios againne gu ‘n robh e ris a sin, agus dh’ fheuch iad ris na sligean fhalach. Feumaidh tusa sùil gheur a chumail air na nithean sin, a chionn ma théid agad air innseadh do dhaoine dé bha iad ag itheadh, bidh barrachd mhòr de mheas aca air do sgil.”

Cha robh air e sud ach sud féin aig an àm ud; ach an ceann beagan làithean as a dhéigh sud, chaidh an doctair òg leis féin dh’ fhaicinn duine a bha tinn. An déigh dha bhith tacan a’ seanchas ris an duine thinn, ‘ga cheasnachadh ‘s a’ feuchainn a chuisle, thòisich e air feuchainn ri dheanamh am mach dé bha ‘n duine ag itheadh; ach cha robh sud idir cho furasda dha ‘s a dh’ fhaodadh e bhith: cha robh sìon ri fhaicinn a sheòladh e gu a thuigsinn dé bha ‘n duine ag itheadh. Mu dheireadh, fhuair e sùil a thoirt fo ‘n leabaidh, ach cha ‘n fhac e dad fo ‘n leabaidh ach diollaid. An sin sheall e air an fhear a bha tinn agus thuirt e ris “Dh’ ith thu each.” “An e mise?” ars an duine tinn, ‘s e suidhe suas dìreach anns an leabaidh. Cha b’ fhada gus an tug coltas agus briathran an duine thinn air an doctair a smaointinn gu ‘n robh e fada gu leòir ‘san tigh ud, is thug e a chasan leis cho luath ‘s a b’ urrainn e, ‘s a h-uile neach is eù a bha stigh as a dhéigh, ‘s an fhear a bha tinn ‘na sheasamh anns an dorus ‘gan stuigeadh ann.

Shaoileadh neach gu ‘m biodh an doctair na b’ fhaicilliche as a dhéigh sud an uair a bhiodh e toirt breith a réir coltais; ach cha b’ ann mar sin a bha. Goirid as a dhéigh sud, thàinig fios air a dhol a shealltainn neach a bha tinn—boireannach aig an àm so. Bha am boireannach so anabarrach dèanadach, gleusda; agus ged a bha i an uair ud am feum fuireach ‘na leabaidh, thuirt i ri cuid de na bha mu ‘n cuairt oirre gu ‘n robh poca a stigh fo ‘n leabaidh anns an robh itean, agus

iad a thoirt dhèidh a’ phoca agus cluasagan, agus gu ‘n suidheadh i anns an leabaidh agus gu ‘m biodh i taghadh ‘s a’ cur air dòigh nan itean ‘s a’ lìonadh nan cluasagan. Chaidh a thoirt dhèidh mar dh’ iarr i; agus bha i ‘na suidhe ag obair air na h-itean nuair a chaidh innseadh dhith gu ‘n robh an doctair a’ tighinn. An sin chaidh am poca a thilgeil a stigh fo ‘n leabaidh agus na bha dh’ itean sgaoilte mu ‘n cuairt a sguabadh a stigh do ‘n àite cheudna. A’ chluasag a bha i a’ lìonadh, chuir i fo a ceann i, agus an ceann a bha fosgailte de ‘n chluasag a chumail ri cùl na leapach. Thàinig an doctair a steach is chaidh e troimh na riaghailtean a th’ air an cleachdadh le sheòrsa nuair a thig iad gu taobh leabaidh an tinnis. An uair a thug e seachad gach òrdugh a shaoil e a bhi feumail, thòisich e rithis air feuchainn ri dheanamh am mach dé bha ‘m boireannach ag itheadh. Chaidh aige air sealltainn fo ‘n leabaidh, agus chunnaic e dòrlach itean ann. An sin thuirt e ris a’ bhoireannach: “Dh’ ith thu cearc.” Thug am boireannach sùil mhi-chiatach air, agus an sin rug i air a’ chluasag a bha fo a ceann—gun chuimhne aice aig a’ cheart àm ud gu ‘n robh an dàrna ceann de ‘n chluasag fosgailte—agus thug i smùid de ‘n chluasag air an doctair ann am mullach a chinn, ‘s i ‘g radh: “Cha d’ ith mise cearc no coileach.” An uair a fhuair an doctair e féin as an neul itean a bha mu ‘n cuairt air, thug e leum am mach as an tigh. Cho luath ‘s a fhuair e am mach, bha e falbh ‘na ruith agus e sguabadh nan itean deth féin.

Shaoileadh neach, an déigh an droch ghiollachd ud fhaotainn, gu ‘n stadadh an doctair de bhith toirt breith a réir coltais; ach leigidh rud éigin a thachair dha cas as a dhéigh sud, fhaicinn gu soilleir nach d’ rinn e sin. Thàinig fios air a dhol a dh’ fhaicinn neach nach robh gu math; agus cha robh mòran cabhaig air a dhol ann. Ach co dhiù, chaidh e ann an uair a fhreagair sin dà. Bha gille òg de ‘n teaghlach so—mac do ‘n duine bha tinn—a bhiodh a’ sealgaireachd còrr uair agus bha e latha am muigh leis a’ ghunna agus chunnaic e cat fiadhaich a bha fuathasach mòr; loisg e air a’ chat is mharbh e e. Bha bian anabarrach brèagha air a’ chat agus thug sin air a’ ghille gu ‘n d’ fheann e an cat. Thug e ‘n craiceann dachaidh leis; sgaoil is tharruinnich e ri clàr e; is chroch e ‘n clàr ‘s an craiceann air a’ bhalla taobh am muigh an taighe, faisg air an dorus. Ach an là a thàinig an doctair dh’ ionnsuidh an taighe, mhothaich e do ‘n chlàr agus do ‘n craiceann; agus mu ‘n deach e steach air an dorus rinn e e féin cinnteach gur h-e craiceann cait a bh’ air a’

chlàr. Bha 'm fear a bha tinn air dol gu math na b' fhèarr mu'n d' thàinig an doctair. Co dhìu, bha e air dol cho mòr am feabhas is gu'n robh fearg air a chionn an duin' uasal sin a bhì cho fada gun tighinn.

An uair a fhuair an doctair gu taobh na leapach aig an fhear a bha 'na laidhe, 's e thuit e ris: "Cìod e a tha cèarr ortsa?" "S ann a los gu'n innseadh sibhsè sin domh a chuir mi fios oirbh; ach bha sibh rud beag màirnealach a thighinn leis an fhios chugam." Cha robh sùil aig an doctair ri a leithid sud de fhreagairt fhaotainn o neach a bha tinn; agus las fhearg a thiot a thuit e: "Cha 'n 'eil e duilich dhòmhsa innseadh dhuit dé tha cèarr ort: dh'ith thu cat." Ghèarr am fear a bha tinn cruinn-leum air an ùrlar; ach cha b' ann air an doctair a thug e a' cheud ionnsuidh, ach air cuaile mòr bata a bh' ann an oisinn air taobh eile an taighe. Thug an doctair leum dh' ionnsuidh an doruis; ach cha robh e luath gu leòir. Bha 'm fear a bha tinn an sud air thoiseach air. Ach bha dorus cùil air an tigh; 's am mach air an dorus chùil ghabh an doctair. Bha 'n dorus cùil a' fosgladh do chùirt a bh' air a cuartachadh le balla, agus fad 's a bha 'n doctair a' dol thar a' bhalla, bha 'n duine tinn ag éirigh air a' cheann a bh' air deireadh dheth, leis a' bhata.

Chunnaic cuid de mhuinntir a' bhaile an coimhearsnach, a bha fios aca a bha 'na laidhe tinn, am muigh 's gun snàthainn air ach a léine 's bata 'na dhòrn ag éirigh air fear a bha teicheadh thar balla a' ghàraidh chùil, agus, rud a bha nàdurra gu leòir, shaoil iad gur h-e bh' ann an so mèirleach. Ghlaodh fear-éigin "Mèirleach," is cha luaithe ghlaodh fear e na ghlaodh triùir e, is cha luaithe ghlaodh triùir e na ghlaodh dusan e. Ann am prioba na sùla bha gach neach 'sa bhaile a b' urrainn ruith, 'na ruith as dèigh an doctair. Rug iad air mu 'n deachaidh e fuathasach fada air falbh; ach cha chreideadh iad facal de na bha e ag ràdh riù gus an d' thug iad air ais do 'n tigh anns an robh an duine tinn e. Dh' fheum e mòran mìneachaidh is leudachaidh an sin féin mu 'n do leig iad as e. Mur do stad e 'n sin de bhì toirt breith a réir coltais, cha chreid mi nach robh an t-àm aige. IAIN MAC PHAIDEIN.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With a view to the compilation of a list of schools where Gaelic is taught, and of classes conducted for that purpose, the Educational Committee of An Comunn Gaidhealach have asked me to collect information relative to same. May I, therefore, through the medium of An Deo-ghreine, ask your readers who know of such schools and

classes in Scotland to send me particulars, such as: the number of pupils, whether senior or junior; average attendance, text books used, number of teachers and whether paid or voluntary, and any other information regarding the work which will help to show what progress is being made in the study and teaching of Gaelic.—Yours truly,

ALEX. N. NICOLSON.

7 Cathcart Street, Greenock.
20th Feb., 1906.

SOCIETY NOTES.

GREENOCK HIGHLAND SOCIETY.—On January 16 the Rev. Professor Cooper, D.D., Glasgow University, lectured to the society on "The Greatest of the Successors of St. Columba;" Adamnan, the biographer of St. Columba, being his subject. In a delightfully discursive manner, the rev. professor treated his audience to a resume of the life and work of Adamnan in Scotland and Ireland. The lecture was heartily enjoyed by a large audience. A programme of vocal and instrumental music terminated the proceedings.

On February 13, Mr. Malcolm MacFarlane read a lecture in Gaelic on "Na Gaidheil 's an Cànain." Notwithstanding a stormy evening, a large number of Gaels met to hear Mr. MacFarlane, who had on a previous occasion addressed them in the old language. The proceedings were conducted entirely in Gaelic. A programme of song, sustained by members, was submitted at the close of the lecture.

The Rev. Geo. Calder, Strathfillan, addresses the society on 13th March.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON have, in common with other Gaelic organisations, sustained a severe loss in the death of John Mackay, Hereford, for many years their beloved chief. He was no honorary figurehead, but while health and strength permitted him, an active worker, as well as to the last a generous giver. He was also what a president of a Gaelic society should be: a fluent speaker of the language. No one will forget his delightful lectures on "Orain nam Bard Gaidhealach" agus "Aoir nam Bard" which he gave a few years back. What he was to the society was admirably expressed on the handsome wreath sent by them

"Bho Chomunn na Gàidhlig an Lunnainn le Bròn agus Mulad.

Caidil gu suain ar Ceannard gaoil!
Dh'fhalbh thu bhuainn, a Ghaigich threine; ach mairidh gu buan rùn do chridhe agus obair do laimh air son nan Gaidheal agus do dhùthcha."

The subject announced for last Thursday's discussion, "Gaelic Personal Names," brought together a large gathering of members and friends. The way in which it was dealt with by W. Gillies, or as he—according to the views expressed in his remarks—should be called, Uilleam Mac Gil'Iosa, was quite different from the manner in which such a subject finds more or less happy exposition.

Discarding for ever the misused, misunderstood

and misleading terms "Highland" and "Highlander," he urged the Gaels to use their proper race-name both in Gaelic and English. This was being done by such magazines as "Guth na Bliadhna" and "An Deo-ghréine" with good results in the direction of race-building and independence of thought and action.

As regards surnames he urged their use in their Gaelic form on every occasion, or as he put it, "on shops or *even* carts," which, in view of the recent events in Ireland, amused the audience. Self-assertion of the Gael in the land of his inheritance was the key-note of the address. Subsequent speakers did not, however, take up points which Mac Gill'Iosa had evidently expected them to do. The president, Dr. John Matheson, let fall some remarks *re* "Totems," and we hope one day to have a lecture from him on this old and interesting phase of tribal development.

Mrs. Burnley Campbell, whose presence at the gathering was much appreciated by the Gaelic Society, who have followed with interest her work in Scotland, impressed upon all present the putting of Gaelic to use, mentioning the fact that she wrote and addressed her letters in that language whenever possible.

The next meeting will be held on March 22nd, when Rev. A. Connell, M.A.B.D., will give a reading of the most complete version of "Deirdre and the children of Uisneach," the one rescued by Mr. Alex. Carmichael of Edinburgh.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Q 4 The name of the magazine—An Deo-ghréine—has excited considerable interest, and many, like the querist, would be glad to have some enlightenment regarding it. From whence is it derived and how comes it to be in the aspirated form in the latter part of the compound term? X.Y.Z.

A 4 *An Deo-ghréine* is taken from the heroic ballad poetry of the Scottish Gaels—which is an off-shoot from that of the Irish Gaels. In those ballads which belong to the cycle of Fionn, the banners of the leaders of the Feinne have special names bestowed on them, which vary more or less in the different versions of the ballads. There is an approach to consistency throughout, nevertheless. The banner of Diarmad O Duibhne is called *An liath luidneach*; that of Oscar, *An sguab ghábhaidh*; that of Goll Mac Morni, *A' bhriachaiill bhrochaill*; that of Fergus, *Fulang dorraín*; that of Raoinne, *An aon chosach*; that of Caoilte, *Dubh nimhe*; that of Mac Trein, *Iulla ghuanach*; while Fionn's own banner is variously known as (1) *An deo-ghréine*, (2) *A' ghile-ghréine*, (3) *An gath-ghréine*, (4) *An geal-ghréine*, (5) *An geal gheugach*. Number 1 is the form which most commonly appears. If *gréine* unaspirated, coming after *deo*, occurs at all it has escaped notice. *Gile-gréine*, and *gile-ghréine*, and *gath-gréine* and *gath-ghréine* are met with. In the dictionaries, *deo-gréine* and *deo-ghréine* are both found; but the former has not been found in the ballads given in *Leabhar na Féinne* and *Reliquiæ Celticæ*. The following stanza, in which the name appears, forms part of

Comhrag Fhinn agus Mhánuis, and it occurs in ballads having no connection with it:

Thog (sgaoil) sinn (an) Deo-ghréine ri crann

Bratach Fhinn bu ghairge treis (teann 'sa chath);
Lom làn de chlochaibh òir:

'S ann leinne gu'm bu mhòr a meas

(Is cosmhuil bu mhòr meas is rath)

One of the choral songs to be sung at the coming mòd is, 'S i luaidh mo chagair Mòrag, the following verse of which has the word in its aspirated form. It is taken from Stewart's collection, 1804:

Tillidh 'n t-uaisg ri sléibhteann,

'S bithidh sneachda dubh air gheugan,

Mu 'n caochail air mo ghaol duit,

'S tu m' annsachd 's mo dheò-ghréine

Cha tréig mi ann mo chéill thu.

Again in the same collection we meet the word in the song entitled, *Miann an fhior Ghail 'nuair a bha e 'n tìr aineoil*; also in its aspirated form.

'S truagh gu 'n bhi san aite.

San d' araicheadh m' òig' an tìs,

'G amharc maise Naduir,

Taobh aithne nam badan dlù;

Do 'n tug i, mar chaomh-mhàthair,

Gach sgeimh, 's math a d' fheudte luaidh

'S am bheil mo ghaol, 's mo chàirde,

A's m' Ard-mhath, Deo-ghréin nam buadh.

The authorities quoted are at least 100 years old, and, right or wrong, they are not to be lightly set aside. They are besides, supported by grammatical usage.

NOTICE.

All communications, except those relating to Advertisements and the Sale of the Magazine should be sent to the Convener of Editing Committee, Rev. M. MacLennan, 6 Polworth Terrace, Edinburgh.

Communications relating to Advertisements and the Sale of the Magazine should be addressed to the Publisher, Eneas Mackay, 43 Murray Place, Stirling.

Literary contributions should be written on one side of the paper only. They should be accompanied by the full name and address of the sender on the same sheets, not necessarily for publication.

To ensure insertion in the succeeding issue of the magazine, contributions should be sent to the Editor not later than the 15th day of the month.

The Editor takes no responsibility in regard to rejected MSS.; but will be careful to return such as are accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope

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AN DEO-THRÉINE

Leabhar I.]

An Ceathramh mìos 1, 1906.

[Earrann 7.

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FAD MONADH.

CHA'N'EIL mi cinuteach nach e fòd mòine bu chòir dhomh a radh. 'S dòcha gur h-e, agus is dòcha nach e. Sud mar a chanadh mo sheanamhairs' e co dhiù, agus cha robh i air droch Ghàidhlig 'na là. Ach cha'n ann mu'n fhacal a tha mo sheanachas, ach mu'n rud e fhéin. Tha ceangal aig mo chridhe ris, agus bithidh fhàd 's is beò mi, ged nach biodh ann ach cho Gàidhealach 's a tha e. "Cho Gàidhealach ri fàd mònadh"—sin agad teisteanas, agus 's mòr gur h-fhearr i na ad mholach. Is iomadh fear is té do'n choisinn i saobhbheas, agus urram, agus inbhe. Ma tha i agad na dean tàir oirre air na chunna' tu riamh.

Bithidh ceangal agam ris, oir is iomadh là a dh' fhàisg mi ri mo chridhe e. An uair a bha mi 'na mo bhalach, agus a' dol do'n sgoil, bha e 'na chleachdadh aig na sgoileirean a bhi toirt fàd am fear do'n sgoil a h-uile là. B' àill leinn gu mòr fuireach as a' sgoil na dhol innte gun fàd mòr breagha fo ar h-achlais. Mar sin bha am fàd agus mo chridhe-sa cho tric an cuideachd a chéile, 's gu'n thuit iad ann an

gaol a chéile, agus chuir iad snaoim nach gearr a' sgian.

Cha robh teine anns a' bhaile a bhiodh cho breagha ris an teine a bhiodh againn anns a' sgoil. Cha bhiodh a' chuil-mhònadh uair sam bith falamh, agus mar sin cha bhiodh dìth teine oirn fad a' gheamhraidh. Cha b'e sin a mhàin ach bhiodh ann a chòrr na bha cumail teine ris a' mhaighistir-sgoile cuideachd.

Agus a nis, so fàth mo sgeòil. Tha sinn air son gu'm bi *An Deo-ghréine*, an gathan breagha bóidheach, air a chumail suas le cridhealachd agus le spionnadh. Cha dean nì sin ach am fàd mònadh. Thigeadh mìle fear againn, (c' arson nach can mi cuig mìle?) gach fear cho Gàidhealach ri fàd, agus tilgeadh e fhàd anns a' chuil-mhònadh, agus theid mise an urras gu'm bi teine againn. 'S e lionmhorachd nan làmh a ni an obair aotrom.

THE OBAN CONFERENCE.

A CONFERENCE, as inspiring as it was practical, was held in Oban in February under the auspices of An Comunn Gàidhealach, the subject of discussion being "Education in the Highlands." These are the days of Conferences on all sorts of subjects, whether political, social or philanthropic. For a conference held in the Charing Cross of the Highlands, the capital of a large Gaelic-speaking area, no subject could be of more importance and none calls for more earnest consideration than that of the education of Highland children. In the past, these children have been seriously handicapped in regard to the means and opportunities of acquiring mental and moral training. Placed under the tuition of those who, with few exceptions, neither understood their language nor could have very clear ideas of their difficulties in

acquiring English, many of these children became disheartened on the threshold of their school career, while those who did acquire a certain fluency in reading and writing that language could not be said to be really educated just because they did not understand what they read. Gaelic, the one language they understood, the language which in the hands of a trained Gaelic-speaking teacher could have been so valuable an aid towards acquiring English and so useful an instrument of culture, was banished from the school curriculum. And the excuse for this barbarism—an excuse, by the way, offered by parents and school managers equally with the teacher—was, forsooth, that the child's advancement in life, his welfare and happiness depended on a sound English education which could only be given him by endeavouring to wipe Gaelic out of his thoughts and, if possible, out of his recollection! This state of matters has continued more or less to the present, notwithstanding the somewhat tardy concessions of the Education Department to recognise Gaelic as a Class and Leaving Certificate subject. But now when great changes in the training of teachers are impending and when the school curriculum must of necessity be revolutionised, there seems to be an excellent opportunity of pressing the claims of Gaelic and Gaelic-speaking children on the Education Department. It is, unfortunately, the case that in the Draft Regulations for the training of Teachers recently issued by that Department, the educational disadvantages of Gaelic-speaking children are not referred to, nor is there a hint that Gaelic-speaking teachers are needed in the Highland area. But as these Regulations are yet at the plastic stage when omissions may be rectified and mistakes corrected, it is absolutely necessary that a strong representation of the facts should be immediately made in the proper quarter before the Regulations become law as a minute, and be embodied in the Scotch code. One, and that not the least important object of the promoters of the Oban Conference was to draw public attention to this omission in these Regulations, and to devise means for remedying the same. That they secured the assistance of some of the ablest educationists in the country in ventilating this subject and in discussing other educational matters of great importance redounds no less to their credit than to their zeal for furthering the cause of education in the Highlands.

The programme submitted at the Conference was excellent, and it attracted a representative gathering of persons keenly interested in education and the language movement in the Highlands. They came from Golspie, Tarra-

dale, and Inverness in the North; from Dundee in the East; from Edinburgh, the Kyles of Bute and Greenock in the South; while Oban and its immediate neighbourhood turned out in fair numbers. But notwithstanding this, the attendance was not what it ought to have been in view of the importance of the subjects discussed, and the ability of those who discussed these subjects. That terrible personage, the man in the street, whose opinions are being continually quoted, whose presence seems as elusive as the wind, and who, like the wind, "bloweth where he listeth," was conspicuous by his absence! And there are others who would have liked to be present but who denied themselves that pleasure through dread of that word "Conference." It must be confessed that the word Conference has something alarming in the sound of it. It somehow conveys the idea that only experts can speak there, and that only experts are fitted to listen and to understand. If this be one's idea of the ordinary conference how much more so of a conference on education! The man who is not well versed in the subject expects to be assailed by a continuous stream of polysyllables, and is in terror lest, at such a conference, he be utterly lost in a labyrinth of technical terms and complex clauses. Those who had the privilege of being present at the Oban Conference must have had their ideas of a Conference greatly modified. For there, simplicity and directness were the two keynotes of the meeting. The papers read, the discussion which followed, and the resolutions which were proposed and carried were each and all expressed in the clearest terms and simplest language. A synopsis of these papers would convey but little idea of their importance, and accordingly most of them are given at length elsewhere in this magazine. When our readers have perused them with the care and attention they deserve one feels sure they will one and all resolve to attend the next Annual Education Conference of An Comunn Gaidhealach.

In his opening address the Very Rev. Dr. Russell, who presided, struck a high key note which was well maintained all through the Conference. He declared that the Highlander is worthy of being educated in the fullest measure and by the best methods. To give him opportunities of acquiring such an education was no less than his due, and might be considered a sort of repayment of the debt which Britain, particularly, owes to a race who did such noble pioneer work in the cause of education and civilization more than thirteen centuries ago. He admitted the general truth of the expression used by a speaker at the Inverness Conference of 1904, to the effect that it is a misfortune to be born in some districts

of the Highlands and Islands, but he held that the misfortune arose partly from the Geographical separation of these districts from important educational centres, and partly from the fact that Gaelic-speaking children were being instructed by those who were unable to educate them through the medium of their mother-tongue. To obviate this state of matters a supply of trained, Gaelic-speaking teachers is an absolute necessity; and as these localities are generally poor and already over-rated, a supplementary grant should be obtained from the Education Department so that such places might enjoy the advantages of higher education without having to bear an additional burden in the shape of increased taxation. Very interesting was Mr. Cameron's paper and reminiscent of much good work done by him in the teaching of Gaelic. As he read and explained his method of teaching one felt how much even one enthusiastic Highlander, endowed with a capacity for teaching can do for the language movement in the Highlands.

Two thoughtful and suggestive papers dealing with Technical Education and Technical Schools were read by Messrs. MacLeod and Read, the former being Rector of Hamilton Academy, the latter, headmaster of the Technical School at Golspie. Mr. Read having given a graphic account of the founding of the first Technical School in the Highlands—that of Golspie—proceeded to point out the aims and objects of that institution. The curriculum of the school, extending over a period of three years, was specially designed to train the faculties and to strengthen the physique of the pupil. By the end of that time it could be definitely ascertained in what direction the bent of the pupil's mind lay. Whether he settled down to a life on the croft, emigrated or learned a trade, the instruction he received in the Technical School would assist to make him an intelligent and careful workman, with a brain and hands trained not only to work, but also to initiate and carry out new designs and much needed improvements. He emphasised the necessity of establishing one or more such schools in the Western Highlands and Islands. Mr. MacLeod sketched a scheme of Technical Education for the Highlands, and in the course of an able and valuable paper maintained that the work of such schools ought to be preparatory to the work of life. Because of this, he declared that *hand* as well as head-training must begin even in the elementary school. When it has been decided what trade or profession the pupil is to follow he should receive practical instruction in that trade for a specified time each day. After leaving the day school he ought to continue his education in an evening school, and these

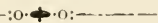
evening schools should be trades schools. He advocated the establishment of schools of industry similar to those in Denmark which are known as People's High Schools. He saw no reason why the system of co-operation which obtains in these Danish schools should not succeed in Scotland also.

In view of the proposed immediate alteration in the training of teachers and the selection of suitable candidates for the teaching profession, Professor McKinnon's paper on the "Training of Gaelic-speaking Teachers" was probably the most noteworthy contribution to the Conference programme. In a lucid and practical manner the Professor pointed out the defects of the Draft Regulations as these affected the Highland area. He suggested that in Gaelic-speaking parishes, the candidates for the teaching profession should be selected from the number qualified under Art. 19 (1) who can speak and read Gaelic with ease. Gaelic, he maintained, should form one of the subjects of study during their studentship career, and before they were acknowledged as provisionally certificated teachers they ought to take the Higher Leaving Certificate in Gaelic, or if no such examination be instituted, they ought to produce satisfactory evidence that they could pass such an examination.

No feature of the Conference gave greater pleasure to the audience than the eloquent address delivered by Professor Anwyl of Aberystwyth on "Welsh in the Welsh Schools." Given without the aid of a single scrap of paper, it charmed the ear no less by the beauty of its diction than by the delightfully clear articulation and easy manner in which it was delivered. Many of us can recall, very vividly, the frequent application of solid leather and the consequent accompaniment of tears which marked our progress through the thorny rules of Reduction, Practice, and Vulgar Fractions. Our poor English-speaking teacher, grievously harassed and quite as much afflicted as we, considered us grossly stupid when our difficulty was that we could not understand his explanation of the rules in the unknown tongue! They do things differently in Wales. It is quite a usual thing for the Welsh schoolmaster to explain arithmetical rules and problems through the medium of the Welsh language. At our earnest request Professor Anwyl wrote his speech for publication in *An Deo-ghreine*, and we have much pleasure in giving it in this month's issue.

It is impossible at a date so near the Conference either to forecast its probable results or to say what its effect on Highland education may be. But one thing can be said and that with certainty: the Conference was a decided success. One could not fail to be struck with

the absence of frothy sentiment, cheap rhetoric, and the sort of clap-trap which appeals to the gallery. A spirit of deep earnestness was manifest throughout the whole proceedings. All present felt their sympathies were being more keenly enlisted and that a special call was made upon them to "be up and doing" in the cause of the language movement in the Highlands. As a practical outcome of the Conference, a Deputation, composed of members from An Comunn Gaidhealach and other Highland Associations is shortly to approach the Scotch Education Department with a view to obtaining for Highland Schools and Highland children concessions on the lines advocated in the addresses delivered, and the resolutions carried, at the Oban Conference. This is a step in the right direction and one which we earnestly trust will be crowned with success. But in the meantime we can all do something. School Board Elections are yet going on all over the country. Here is an excellent opportunity. Why not make Gaelic one of the questions on which the School Board Election is to be fought in the Highlands? Let every voter, dwelling in a district where Gaelic is spoken but is not taught in the schools, endeavour to have members returned to School Boards who are alive to the educational value of Gaelic as an instrument of education and culture, and who will pledge themselves to do what they can to give it a place in the curriculum of the schools under their charge.



SGEULACHD DHUIN-STUAIDH.

(Prize-Sgeulachd-1903. A. Stewart, Glenlyon.)

BHA ann o chionn iomadh linn a nis rìgh mòr cumhachdach a bha riaghladh thar na Tìr-mu-dheas. Bha e a' fuireach an lùchairt mharmoir nan iomadh stuadh, agus na h-uile stuadh dhiubh so agus spìocaid ainneamh de'n òr air a mullach. Bu ghreadhnach, da-rìreadh, an lùchairt Dùn-stuaidh aig an àm ud. Ma's fìor an sgeul, 's ann ri linn an òir a thachair na nìthan so—

“Nuair a bha Gàidhlig aig na h-eòin
'S a bha bainne air an lòn mar dhriùchd.”

Bu chòir 's bu fhìlthail an rìgh fhéin; bu chaoimhneil e ris na h-ìochdarain; agus is iad a bha sona dieth fo 'n riaghladh aige. Mu'n cuairt de'n lùchairt, bha mòran cheudan de ghaisgich eireachdail fo làn armachd—na bu tréine cha d' thug claidheamh riamh á truaill. An luchd-ciùil a b' ealanta laimhsich pìob no clàrsach riamh, bha aige gu cluicheadh dha. Agus, ma bha 'n rìgh maith, bha a' bhan-rìghinn àillidh maiseach da-rìreadh. An uair a bhiodh i sgeadaichte an sìoda geal is sròl, 's

iad còmhdaichte thairis le òr agus seudan luachmhor, 's a bhitheadh crùn na mìle daoim-ean air a ceann, 's ise a dheanadh an dealradh. Bha aca mar theaghlach an aon chaileag bu laghaiche air an d' amhaire dà shùil riamh.

Aig an Dùn bha fasgadh do 'n choigreach, co-aca b' fhear-calain, bàrd, no déirceach e. Latha de na làithean, thàinig seann duine liath chun an Dùn, agus fhuair e gabhail ris gu maith. Fhuair e cuid oidhche, deagh bhiadh, is deise mhaith aodaich. Dh' fhalbh e an ceann latha no dhà is thubhairt e anns an dealachadh mar a leanas:—“Cha 'n eil annamsa ach duine bochd, ach theagamh gu'm bì e 'nam chomas gnìomh maith a dhèanamh do mhuinntir an Dùn fathast; agus ma bhitheas, nì mi e.”

Ach bha crìoch dol a thighinn air na làithean sona so a bha an teaghlach rioghail agus sluagh na rìoghachd a' mealltuinn. Chuala rìgh Tìr-fo-thuinn mu'n t-sonas a bha anns an Tìr-mu-dheas, agus o'n is e duine borb, iargalt a bh' ann féin, bhuail am farmad e gu mòr. Uime sin chuir e roimhe gu'n cuireadh e crìoch air an staid shòlasaich so. Gus so a thoirt mu'n cuairt, chuir e fios gu Borban, draoidh cumhachdach, a bha còmhachadh air an fhearann aige. A nis, 's e creutair cho grànnda is cho ana-cneasda a bha 'm Borban 's a chunnacas riamh. Bha ceann mòr air, is dà shùil cholgach, lasarach, 'nan seasamh ann. Bha a shròn cho fada 's gu'n robh i, cha mhór, coinneachadh a smig; bha cruiteag air; bha croiteag air; bha cas crùbach is làmh liùgach aige; ach o'n is e draoidh a bh' ann, bha e comasach air e féin a chur an cruth lasgair sgiamhaich an uair a bhitheadh so gu feum 'sam bith dha.

“Falbh,” thubhairt rìgh Tìr-fo-thuinn ris, “agus cuir fo dhraoidheachd ban-rìghinn na Tìr-mu-dheas; agus bheir mise dhuit duais is urram. So dhuit litir-bharantais uamsa chun an rìgh, agus dean do ghnòthuich ceart: agus mur dèan!”

Leis an litir so ràinig Borban Dùn-stuaidh an riochd an lasgair a b' eireachdala chunnacas riamh, le fios sònruichte o'n aon rìgh chun an rìgh eile. Liubhair e an teachdaireachd so an làthair na ban-rìghinn aig an Tìr-mu-dheas, anns an t-seòmar èisdeachd; ach dìreach mar a bha Borban a' fàgail an t-seomair, shìn e a làmh an rathad a bha a' bhan-rìghinn. An ceann tiota bhig thuit i am plathadh. 'S ann an sin a bha 'n othail 's an ùpraid. Tharruinn Borban; agus bu mhaith dha gu'n do tharruinn; oir na'm bitheadh e air fantuinn, cha bhitheadh a charamh ach truagh. Thàinig àrd-lìghiche na cùirt; ach cha b' urrainn e nì 'sam bith a dheanamh. Bha a' bhan-rìghinn, a réir coltais, marbh; agus bu mhòr am beud e. Bha bròn da-rìreadh an Dùn-stuaidh, agus

cha b' ann gun aobhar. Cha ghabhadh an rìgh féin comhfhurtachd o aon neach; bha'n nighean a' sìor-chaoinneadh: dh' fhalbh an sòlas as an Dùn gu h-ìomlan.

Chuir iad a bhan-rìghinn 'na sìneadh ré seachduinn anns an t-seòmar a b' inbhich a bha 'san lùchairt, còmhdaichte le spìosraidh agus nithean cùbhraidh na h-àirde-'n-ear. An dèigh sin, chuir iad i an cobhan airgid agus dorus gloine air. Thòrr iad i an Tom-na-suaine far am binne sheinneadh na h-eòin; am bu chaonhail a thuiteadh an driùchd; agus am bu chùbhraidhe dh' fhàsadh na blàithean an tùs an earraich. Bha i 'na sìneadh 'san tom ré bliadhna agus latha. Fad na h-ùine, bha an rìgh agus a chaileag a' dol na h-uile latha dh' fhaicinn an àite. An ceann na h-ùine so bha àm suidhichte a' bhròin thairis; ach ma bha, cha robh gnothuichean a' dol air adhart ach gu h-olc 'san Dùn.

Dh' fhàs an rìgh anabarrach mi-thoilichte. Air son a mhulad a chur air falbh, chuir e roimhe dol air thuras do thìr fad as. Latha de na làithean, thog e air, agus c' àite ràinig e ach lùchairt rioghail Tìr-fo-thuinn. Fhuair e féin is a luchd-leanmhuinn deagh ghabhail riutha an sin. Bha aig rìgh na dùthcha sin aon nighean mu aois ochd bliadhna deug. Cha robh i idir ro laghach, is cha robh i iomraiteach air son a caoimhneis. A nis, bha toil aig a h-athair air a ceangal am pòsadh ri rìgh na Tìr-mu-dheas. Chuir e fa chomhair an riaghlair so cho buannachdail 's a bhiodh e dhoibh o gach taobh an ceangal càirdeis so. Chaidh na cùmhnantan a tharruinn a mach, chaidh am pòsadh air adhart, agus an ceann beagan ùine, thriall a' chàraid dhachaidh do Dhùn-stuaidh.

Cha robh gnothuichean ro shoirbheachail an dèigh dhoibh ruigheachd. Bha a' bhan-rìgh òg mì-chaomhneil ris an rìgh féin, ach gu sònruichte ris a' chaileig. An àite bhi faotainn ionnsachadh mar a thigeadh do bhana-phrionnsa, 's ann a bha i air a cumail ris an obair bu tàireala, mar gu'm bitheadh banathràill ann. Bhitheadh i air uairean a' seinn iorraman bochda mar so:—

“S truagh nach fhaicinn an Dùn a ris
Aobhneach, ait, mar bha e 'n tus;
Mo mhàthair a ris gu blàth ri m' thaobh,
Gair air gach aghaidh is aoidh air muir.”

Latha de na làithean, chunnaic i a' tighinn 'na còir seann duine eireachdail, is falt fada liath sìos gu ghuaillibh is ciabhadh a' crochadh a mhaìn m'a bhròilleach; agus 'na chuideachd an t-aon òganach bu fhlattha air an do dhearc a dà shùil riamh.

“Cìod e fàth do mhulaid an diugh, àilleag nam ban; oir is maith a tha fios agamsa nach 'eil thu sona dheth?”

Labhair e cho caoimhneil agus gu'n d' innis

i dha na h-uile nì mar a bha. “A! cìod tha 'gam bhriseadh-sa an diugh ach na droch gheasan a tha crochadh thairis air an Dùn.”

“Thigibh leamsa le chèile gu Tom-na-suaine agus chì sibh rud a chuireas iongantais oirbh.”

Lean iad an seann duine, agus an uair a ràinig iad an t-àite 'san robh a' bhan-rìghinn 'na laidhe, ghrad-shìn e a shlat thairis air agus thubhairt e: “Fosgail suas, a chobhain chaoil, is thig a sin gu d' annsachd ghaoil.”

Am prioba na sùla, dh' fhosgail an cobhan suas agus thàinig a' bhan-rìghinn a mach as na bu mhaisiche na bha i riamh. Bha a' cheathrar dhiubh air an giùlan do 'n Dùn, mar le draoidheachd. Nuair a chunnaic an rìgh a' bhan-rìghinn, rinn e aobhneas mòr; ach leis an eagal is leis an eud thuit nighean rìgh Tìr-fo-thuinn na spadaig mharbh air an ùrlar. Thiodhlaic iad i anns a' chnoc 'san robh an té eile 'na laidhe; ach cha d' rinn iad bròn fada air a son.

Phòs a' bhana-phrionnsa, nighean an rìgh, an t-òganach àluinn, prionnsa-òighre Tìr-an-àigh—oir is esan an gille òg a bha'n cuideachd an t-seann duine. Bha gàirdeachas 'san Dùn nach robh riamh a leithid. Cha d' thàinig sgeul am bàis fathast. Ma tha iad idir ri'm faotainn, is anns na h-eileanan sona anns a' chuan nach deach seòladh a tha iad. Agus ma 's beò dhoibh is sona dhoibh.

—:O:—

ONLY A MEDLEY.

“ONLY A MEDLEY” is not, perhaps, the most attractive or the most euphonious title that might be selected for these columns, but it may serve the purpose as well as another, and we venture to hope that it will prove a fairly accurate title, for under it will be inserted, from time to time, brief notes and comments on men, books, and events, as well as short tales and bright anecdotes, all of which, it is hoped, will interest the juvenile and adult readers of AN DEO-GHREINE.

* * *

Lovers of Gaelic music and song in Inverness are indebted to Mr. Rodk. McLeod and his Gaelic Choir for the excellent programme submitted at their annual Gaelic Concert, in the Music Hall, on the 9th March. This concert is now looked upon as one of the features of the musical season in Inverness, and accordingly, there was present a large and very appreciative audience. The choir gave a capital rendering of several fine concerted Gaelic songs, and individual members of the choir also contributed Gaelic solos with spirit and good taste. Than Mr. McLeod, no singer has done more to popularise what one may

call the more difficult and less well-known Gaelic songs, and, true to his reputation, he on this occasion gave a delightful interpretation of John MacCodrum's song, "Smeorach le Clann Dhomhnuill Mì." Variety was given to the concert by the presence and assistance of artistes of considerable fame. Miss Iona Robertson gave a dainty rendering of that quaint song "Cuachag na Craobh," and was particularly successful in her recitation of "The Thin Red Line," which she delivered with dramatic insight and artistic expression. Very remarkable was the violin playing of Mr. Scott-Skinner, who contributed selections of Scotch airs with florid variations, in a manner which none but a genius could hope to equal. His rendering of "Paganini's Dream"—one of the encores he was so good as to give—was as marvellous an exhibition of delicate bowing, swift yet light fingering and weird expression, as one could well imagine. Mr. John McLeod delighted the audience with his magnificent singing of "Caberfeidh," and he was very successful in his rendering of several other Gaelic songs. The Highland Strathspey and Reel Society and the Dochfour Pipe Band gave spirited selections of Highland music in the course of the evening.

* * *

For some months past there has been a strong desire to have a branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach inaugurated in Inverness. Those interested in the movement, considering that this Gaelic Concert afforded a good opportunity of stirring up interest in the matter, invited Dr. Kenneth Campbell, of Oban, to be present and give an address on the aims and objects of local branches of An Comunn. This the doctor did in a happy vein, and in clear and forcible language. At the close of the concert Comunn Gaidhealach Inbhirnis was formed, with Raigmore as president, Messrs. J. P. Grant of Rothiemurchus, and W. J. Watson of the Royal Academy, as vice-presidents, while Miss Kate Fraser consented to act as secretary. *Buaidh leis.*

* * *

A well-known *littérateur* who writes the paragraphs headed "Here and There in the Highlands," in the *Oban Times*, is very eloquent on the lectures on Celtic subjects which are presently being delivered in Glasgow University, by Kuno Meyer. He says "Alas, that we should have to go to Germany for men to explain ourselves and our language! If my humble opinion is worth anything, he is giving his audiences in Glasgow University the best, the sincerest, the most permanent contribution to Celtic research we have had or

are ever likely to have in Gilmorehill or anywhere else in this country." In purely literary matters his "humble opinion" carries very great weight, indeed. Few authors can delineate Highland character, paint the salient features of Highland scenery, or portray incidents in Highland history more powerfully than he. And yet, it is possible his judgment regarding the finality of Herr Meyer's Celtic lectures and researches may be mistaken. No one can question the ability, energy and industry with which Kuno Meyer has dug in this particular field; but it is a wide field of which only the corners have as yet been explored. The final word on the subject *may* come from Germany, but nearer home we have scholars of equal ability, of defter touch, and of clearer powers of exposition than even Herr Kuno's. Of such is Mons. De Jubainville, Professor of Celtic at the College of France, whose recently published book on "Irish Mythology and the Mythological Cycle," is one of the best, as it is one of the clearest, expositions of this interesting subject which has ever appeared. De Jubainville has done a good deal already in the field of Celtic research, and in this book, of which an English translation is published by O'Donoghue & Co., Dublin, he has made the study of Celtic mythology perfectly fascinating to his readers. While emphasising many points of resemblance between Celtic and Greek mythology, he proves that the former, though based on conceptions originally identical with those from which Greek mythology springs, has not developed the fundamental elements of the myth after the Greek model, but in a manner all its own which is both original and independent of the Greek. Why should the writer of such a book as this not be able to add as sincere, as good, and as permanent a contribution to Celtic research as Herr Kuno Meyer? At this moment, we have in our own country students of Celtic literature who have not only achieved a reputation as scholars, but have also gained distinction in writing on Celtic subjects. They have brain-power, a trained faculty for research, a patient industry, and some of them are but young in years. Am I too optimistic when I venture to prophesy that one or more of these will add as good, as sincere, and as permanent a contribution to Celtic research as any foreigner of them all?

* * *

Mons. De Jubainville's book is one that appeals to every Celt, and should have a place in every Celt's bookcase. As a specimen of his delightfully clear and simple style, let me give this extract: "One day Cormac MacAirt, high King of Ireland, was in his stronghold at

Tara. He saw in the adjacent plain a young man who had a wonderful branch in his hand, with nine golden apples hanging from it. And when he shook the branch, the apples beating against each other made strange sweet music. And whosoever heard it forgot forthwith sorrow and care; and men, women and children would be lulled to sleep by it. 'Does this branch belong to thee?' asked Cormac of the young man. 'Yes, verily,' he answered. 'Wilt thou sell it?' said Cormac. 'I will,' said the young man; 'I never have anything that I would not sell.' 'What is thy price?' asked Cormac. 'I will tell thee afterwards,' answered the youth. 'I will give thee whatever thou thinkest right,' said Cormac; 'tell me now what is thy price?' And the young man answered 'Thy wife, thy son, and thy daughter.' 'I will give them to thee,' said the king. The young man gave him the branch, and they went together into the palace. Within were Cormac's wife, and his son and daughter. 'Thou hast there a jewel of great beauty,' said his wife. 'It is not wonderful,' replied Cormac; 'I pay a great price for it.' And he told them of his bargain. 'Never shall we believe,' cried his wife, 'that there is a treasure in this world thou wouldst prefer to us three.' 'It is truly hard,' said the daughter of Cormac, 'that my father should have bartered us for a branch.' And the three were in desolation because of it. But Cormac shook the branch, and straightway they forgot their sorrow, and went out joyfully before the young man, and departed with him. Soon the news of this strange event was spread abroad in Tara and finally throughout all Ireland. The Queen and her two children were held in great affection, and a great cry of grief went up from the people. But Cormac shook the branch, and immediately all plaining ceased, and the sorrow of his people was changed to joy."

* * *

To make room for the able and suggestive papers read at the Oban Conference, many items of general interest are necessarily crushed out in this issue of AN DEO-GHREINE, which is, to a great extent, a special Conference number. The readers of the magazine will be glad to learn that the May issue will contain a short pathetic tale, entitled "ANOTHER REAPETH," from the able pen of Norman McLean, author of "DWELLERS IN THE MIST." The author of "STRONBUY," and other well-known writers are expected to contribute to these columns later on. But to make our magazine the success it ought to be, every Highlander must take a hearty interest in it, and help to increase its circulation.

* * *

There must be many young readers of AN DEO-GHREINE who have a gift of composition. Well, then, a prize of *five* shillings is offered for the best account or description of some Highland legend, some incident, or some custom which has passed away or is rapidly passing away. The composition may take the form of a letter or not, as the competitor chooses, and it *must not* exceed 150 words in length. Boys and girls below sixteen years of age are eligible for the competition. The composition must be the unaided work of the competitor; it should be written on one side of the paper only; and it must reach the Editor of the English Department of AN DEO-GHREINE, Manse of Petty, Inverness, not later than the 15th April. It is possible the best composition may find a place in a future issue of this magazine.

—o—o—o—

UNRECORDED GAELIC MELODIES.

DH' FHALBH MO THRIUIR NIGHNEAGAN. Compiler, J. C. The following music was sung as a cronan; and the words admit of any variation which maintains rhyme. The melody ought, probably, to be written in the Soh mode.

GLEUS F.

{	d., m : s		m., r : d		m. m : s		r., d : d	}
Dh' fhalbh mo thriuir nighneagan Leis an triuir chibairean;								
{	d., m : d		ta., d : d		m. m : s		r., d : d	
Dh' fhalbh mo thriuir ghruagaichean Leis an triuir bhuachaillean;								

HAOI HO RO MO MHORAG. Compiler, J. C., who has heard English words sung to the melody—possibly, "Tally ho the grinder." "Tally ho the grinder" has however, another and quite different melody which has been published.

GLEUS C.

{	l., r	:	r., m		d	:	d	}
Haoi ho rò, mo Mhòrag;								
{	m., r	:	r., m		s	:	l	}
Molam - sa do dhicheall;								
{	l., r	:	r., m		f	:	f	}
Haoi ho rò, mo Mhòrag;								
{	m., d	:	d. r, m		s	:	l	}
S math a dheanadh tu sniomhadh;								
{	l., t	:	d ^l , r ^l , d ^l		r ^l , d ^l , r ^l	:		}
S math a dheanadh tu peatagun;								
{	l. l, t	:	d ^l , r ^l , d ^l		r ^l	:	r ^l	}
Dheanadh tu ghearradh a riaradh;								
{	m ^l , r ^l , d ^l	:	r ^l , d ^l , t		d ^l	:	l	}
Dh' fhuairheadh tu leis an t-snath'd mhòr e,								
{	s, m, d	:	d., r, m		s	:	l	
Bhroghadh tu'n crò le mianan.								

ANNA NIC ILLE-MHAOIL. Compiler, J. C. The words of this song have not been preserved by the compiler.

GLEUS D.

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

UILLEAM GLEN. Compiler, J. C. This song is interesting in that it is a translation of an English ballad which appears in Christie's "Ballads of Buchan." The tune given in that book differs from the following. John Whyte many years ago published another melody for the same song in "The Highlander"; and the recorder of this is aware of another and different melody which has not been published as far as known to him. Mr. Whyte states that the Gaelic words are in Maclean's (Tìre) collection of songs.

GLEUS G.

{ | .l | l :-s | m : r.d | r :-m | s :- . | }
 Bha long ro ainmeil ann ri uair
 { | .l | l :-s | m : r.d | r :-m | s :- . | }
 A sheòl a Sasunn a dhol thar chuain;
 { | .l | d :-t. | l : s.s | l : d | r :- . | }
 Bha'n oidhche stoirneil, ach thàinig sìth,
 { | .d,r | m : s | m : r.d | t :-l | l :- . | }
 Air an t slighe dhuinn dol gu Barbari.

—:o:—:o:—

GAELIC TECHNICAL TERMS.

STABLE, HORSES.

Stàbull, stable.
 Each-lann, marc-lann, idem.
 Mainnshear, manger, West Ross-shire, Perth-shire.
 Seic, rack.
 Eachliath, horse-rack or manger.
 Greigh, graigh, graidh, stud of horses.
 Eachradh, eachraidh, idem; cavalry.
 Each, horse.
 Marc, horse, steed.
 Steud, steud-each, steed, war-horse.
 Capull, horse; mare, usually.
 Fàlaire, ambler, pacer; mare.
 Sodar, trotting horse, trotter.
 Each-réidh, hack.
 Gearran, gelding, small horse, 'garron'.
 Pònaidh, pòbhnaidh, pony.
 Aigeach, oigeach, stallion; stalan, idem.

Siolaich, idem. Arran, siolidh, Shaw; sioltaiche, MacAlpine (for Arran), MacEachen.

Greighear, idem, Arran; greadhaire, Shaw, MacAlpine (for Islay), O'Brien who has also greadh, a horse.

Greigheach, graideach (a misprint for graidh-each, *i.e.* graigheach or greigheach?), meidheach, are given in dictionaries. O'Brien has meadhach.

Capull, làir, mare; fàlaire, deil, idem.

Alaire, brood-mare.

Searrach, foal; ban-shearrach, mare-foal.

Biorach, bioraich, bioraiche, foal, colt, filly, etc.

Loth, filly; cliobag, clibeag, filly, young mare.

Bromach, colt.

Cliobag-eich, shaggy colt.

Colpach, calpach, colt, etc.; colpa, horse, colt, etc.

DESCRIPTIVE TERMS.

Luirg, luirgeann, gambrel, hind leg of a horse.

Luidhean (for luighean), fiarag, fetlock, pastern.

Crubh, crùb, a hoof.

Crudha, a shoe; crùdh, to shoe.

Gaoisid, gaoisd, horse hair, hair of mane and tail.

Dos, loigidh, tap, forelock.

Gead, idem; star or spot in a horse's forehead.

Muing, muimidh, gath-muing, mane.

Muingeach, mongaineach, maned.

Ard-mhuingeach, high-maned.

Glas-mhuingeach, glas-mhuinneach, gray-maned.

Stuadhmlhor, broad-chested.

Leth-bhreac, a match, one of a pair.

Ionamhuil, well-matched.

Ionnruidh, equal-paced.

Treasdach, thorough-paced.

Meamna, meannma, spirit, mettle.

Meannach, meannnach, spirited, nettlesome, fiery; ard-mheannnach, idem.

Eangbhaidh, bearracasach, idem.

Do-mhuineadh, do-mhuinte, intractable, hard to subdue.

Beic-leunnach, adj., prancing, curvetting.

Beiceasach, idem.

Cloich-bhéimneach, stamping, prancing.

Breab, noun and verb, kick, stamp, prance.

Stailc, to stamp.

Slapraich, sound of trampling.

Stairn, idem.

Cop, foam, froth.

Sgeun, a fright, bolt; ruith an t-each air sgeun, the horse bolted; sgeunach, apt to bolt.

Sgiansgar, a shy, start aside; sgiansgarach, skittish, apt to shy.

Srannartaich, srannail, snorting.

Séidrich, smotail, idem.

Sitir, a neigh ; sitrich, sitirich, neighing.

MANAGEMENT.

Bris a steach, bris a stigh, break in (a horse.)

Stamhnaich, idem ; quiert (an unruly horse) ; stamhnadh, a taming, training or breaking, as of a young horse.

Giodhran, "an instrument placed on the nose of an unruly horse. The word means also a barnacle, and the instrument in question doubtless is the 'barnacles.'

Cuip, duiseal, a whip.

Cas-cuip, whip-handle.

Lall-cuip, slais, a lash.

Cord-cuip, cord-sgiùrsaidh, whip-cord.

Sgiuthadh, a lash or stroke with the whip, a 'cut.'

deubhann, a fetter for horses, hopple.

Langaid, langar, idem.

Gadair, to hopple a horse.

Galuban, a band that muffles the dugs of a mare to prevent the foal from sucking.

Gead, to clip.

Cir, sgriob, to curry.

Each-chìr, a horse-comb.

Aonachadh, galloping ; a hand-gallop ; swift running.

YOKE, HARNESS.

Cuing, cuingealach, a yoke.

Cuing-cheangal, bond used to fasten a yoke to the neck of an animal.

Cuingich, beartaich, to yoke.

Cuing-cheangail, coimh-cheangail, to yoke together.

Fuasgail, tualag to unyoke.

Seisreach, team ; pair of horses, West Ross-shire.

Paidhir, càraid, pair.

Caigeann, coingir, coinnir, pair, couple, brace. Caigeann is used of two animals coupled together to prevent them from wandering or of two things that have become interlocked or entangled. If two carts, e.g., trying to pass, did not clear one another, "Rinn iad caigeann." The word seems to be the same as the Irish caingean, a compact, etc., and contains the same stem as coingir, buingeach, a pair, couple, is obviously from cuing.

Caighnich, to bind, couple together.

Cuing dhamh, a pair (lit. yoke) of oxen, West Ross-shire.

LONDON NOTES.—The Gaelic Dramatic Society of London is now rehearsing a new Gaelic play entitled "An Dugadh" which will be performed at the Sixth Annual Concert of "Coisir chiuil Lunnainn, to be held on the 28th April in the Ladbroke Hall, Notting Hill. In addition to this play the programme will include part-songs, duets, solos, and recitations. The whole of the proceedings is to be in Gaelic.

OBAN CONFERENCE PROCEEDINGS.

VERY REV. DR. RUSSELL'S OPENING ADDRESS.

The subject of this Conference is the very important and, for many years, pressing one of Education in the Highlands. The Highlander is worth educating in the fullest measure and by the best methods. He is a member of the great Celtic race that once peopled Europe, but is now mostly found within the western portion of the British Empire—especially in Ireland, Wales, Cornwall, the Isle of Man, and the Scottish Highlands. Quoting Mr. Morley and Matthew Arnold to prove that the Celt is by nature artistic, that he has influenced English literature and that he has always been susceptible to the magic of nature and anxious to understand her secrets, Dr. Russell showed that a feature in the character of the Celt is an innate reverence, a deeply religious feeling, and that this disposed him to accept Christianity at the hands of St. Columba, and led him to become a pioneer in the work of civilization in Europe. He then said :—It has long been felt, and often with equal force and truth expressed, that there exists, in many instances, an unjustifiable inequality in the means and opportunities secured to the youth in the West and North, for their early mental and moral training. It cannot, indeed, be said to-day, as was stated on the floor of the General Assembly by Principal Baird in 1824, that 100,000 human beings in the Highlands and Islands were unable to read or write, or that there were innumerable districts where the people could not hear a sermon above once a year.

Much has happened and great advances have been made since then. The spirit that found expression in an Act of Assembly, 1694, determining the erection of a school in every parish in the Highlands, has been ceaseless in its movements, though these have not always been of equal force, and has been urging the S.P.C.K., the Gaelic School Society, and, in more recent years, the State, to make more adequate provision for Education. The S.P.C.K. was founded at the beginning of the 18th century by a few public-spirited Edinburgh gentlemen. In 1707 Queen Anne granted letters patent for erecting certain of the subscribers to the scheme into a Corporation. These resolved to establish schools in such parts of the Highlands as would, from time to time, most need them. The progress of the Society was such that before the close of that century they were supporting over 300 schools.

But, great as the services of the Society

were, the need for other agencies arose, as the desire for education increased. The Gaelic School Society was established in 1811 and existed till 1892. Its labours during the 80 years of its existence were attended with great success, and it was the means of conferring incalculable benefits upon the Highland people. Before its establishment the only education given was—as it is so commonly given now—through the medium of the English language. It was found then, as it is too often found now, that although the pupils are taught to read and recite English fluently, great numbers of them attached no meaning to the words they were taught to pronounce.

It is very interesting to notice the plan adopted by the Society. It was that of *circulating* schools, which had previously been in successful operation in Wales, in similar circumstances. Under this system the teachers, after having taught the children in a given district, which generally took about three years, were removed to another district for a like period. The Education Scheme of the General Assembly was launched in 1824, and the schools carried on under this scheme, with the Normal institutions for the training of teachers, have conferred lasting benefits on the Highlands and Islands.

The Education Act of 1872 revolutionised our old systems, and put an end to the parochial schools, and most of the other agencies it found at work. For 34 years it had been in operation, with changes more or less important in its codes from year to year. It cannot be denied that, if it has not in every respect raised the *standard*, it has greatly increased the *volume* of Education, and to that extent, and in that direction, benefitted the Highlands and Islands.

Yet after all that has been done, it can still be said—as it was said by Dr. MacKay, of Wick, at the Educational Conference at Inverness in 1904—that “there are districts in the Highlands and Islands in which it is a misfortune to be born, because there are none of the gates to advancement easily accessible to children in other parts of Scotland.” Part of the misfortune arises from the ignorance of their teachers of the language of the country, and their consequent failure to bring their instructions home to the intelligence of Gaelic-speaking children. It was early seen by the directors of the Gaelic Society that, in order to the intelligent education of our Gaelic-speaking population, which number many thousands, the natural and reasonable course was to teach the use of their native tongue in the first instance, in accordance with what is the prevailing practice in all primary teaching. It was one of their re-

commendations to the Lord Advocate in 1875, relative to the then existing code: “That it should be made optional for certificated teachers and for pupil-teachers labouring in districts where Gaelic is spoken, to be examined in that language; and, in the event of their passing such examination, that they should be registered as qualified to teach the reading of Gaelic.”

“The crying need in Highland education at the present time is the trained bi-lingual teacher. Let it be clearly understood that no mental training or instruction worthy of the name can be given by the teacher who cannot speak to the children in their own language.” So said Professor Mackinnon last year. These children come into daily contact with no educated person except their teacher, and unless he is bi-lingual there can be no true and profitable touch between master and scholar. The Church has again and again held want of knowledge of Gaelic to be a relevant objection against the settlement of a preacher in a Highland charge. It stands to reason that, if a bi-lingual preacher can best fulfil his ministry in such a charge, the mental and moral training of children who have little or no English, can best—can only—be overtaken by duly trained and duly qualified Gaelic-speaking teachers.

This is not a question of preserving the Gaelic language. That language requires no artificial help for its preservation, either from Church or State. It is a question of providing Gaelic-speaking children with a sound English education. To that they have an undoubted right; and to secure that, Gaelic is a *help* and not a hindrance.

Following the Chairman's Address, Mr. Cameron of Poolewe, gave a paper entitled “Fifteen Years of Gaelic Teaching,” in which he first detailed his own efforts to acquire a thorough command of Gaelic, and then he gave an account of his work and his success in teaching Gaelic reading, composition, and music to pupils in Fochabers, Beaully, Kilmorack and Poolewe. In eloquent terms he urged the duty and necessity of maintaining the Gaelic language.

THE PLACE OF THE WELSH LANGUAGE IN WELSH SCHOOLS.

BY

PROFESSOR ANWYL, ABERYSTWYTH.

It is a great pleasure to me to have found myself able, though with some difficulty, to attend your Educational Conference here to-day. Many of the things for which you are

contending are considered in Wales as axiomatic truths, and our language holds a very important place in the life of our people. Before the place of the Welsh language in Welsh education can be understood, it is important to realise its position in the life of the Welsh people generally, both within and without Wales. The prominence of Welsh in the life of Wales does not by any means imply that the study of English is neglected. On the contrary, it can be safely said that the standard of the English spoken in those parts of Wales where Welsh is spoken is far higher than in those border districts where English only is known. Where Welsh is spoken, those who learn English learn it with an added linguistic incentive, and in a more intelligent way; while the English spoken in the non-Welsh parts of Wales—such as the small and insignificant County of Radnor, on the borders of England—is a feeble patois that would not always be intelligible to a true Englishman. The same also may be said of the English patois of the English districts of South Pembrokeshire and the Gower peninsula in Glamorganshire, as well as the eastern part of Montgomeryshire. Generally speaking, it may be said that in Wales, wherever Welsh has been lost, there has been lost with it a certain spirit of mental and artistic energy, zeal for progress, and that feeling for literature, especially in poetry, which forms one of the most marked characteristics of the genuine Welsh people. Higher education in Wales draws its support mainly from the districts that are thoroughly Welsh in feeling and in speech. This prominence of Welsh as a factor in Welsh life is reflected in the religious institutions of the Welsh people. The Church of England in Wales itself has Welsh-speaking bishops, dignitaries and clergy. Some of the greatest benefactors of Welsh literature have belonged to the Established Church, and now for some years the appointment of non-Welsh speaking clergy to Welsh-speaking districts has become more and more impossible. I mention this because the Church of England in Wales is more in touch with anglicizing influence than most of the other religious bodies. The Nonconformist bodies, the Calvinistic Methodists, the Congregationalists, the Baptists, the Wesleyans, which form by far the largest proportion of the Welsh people both at home and abroad, have some small English churches here and there, chiefly for the use of summer visitors; but the vast majority of their churches are Welsh, in which everything is carried on in Welsh, and the same is true of the deliberative assemblies of these important and powerful bodies. Nor is this state of things confined to Wales. In

Liverpool alone, there are about thirty Welsh places of worship, and a considerable number in Manchester, London, Birmingham, and other towns of England where Welshmen are to be found, as well as in America, South Africa, Australia, and in the Welsh colony of Patagonia in South America. The religious bodies in question conduct their Sunday Schools and other educational meetings in Welsh, so that every child has an opportunity of learning to read Welsh, if not in the home at any rate in the Sunday School. The result is that it is a rare thing to find a respectable Welshman who cannot read Welsh. This is no doubt partly due to the highly phonetic character of Welsh spelling, which tends to make the task of learning to read easy. Added to this, it should be borne in mind that in every Welsh district there are constant competitive meetings, choir-practices, singing-festivals, concerts, and the like, carried on entirely in Welsh. There are also regularly held provincial Eisteddfodan, of the same kind and in addition, the National Eisteddfod held annually, in North and South Wales alternately, which is attended by thousands of people. Many young people, who would not by temperament be inclined to read much literature, acquire considerable familiarity with the reading of Welsh through the choir-practices and singing-festivals, whereby the words of a great many Welsh songs and hymns become familiar to them. Welsh singers, too, who attain high distinction in the English world as soloists, like Mr. Ben Davies, the famous tenor, constantly sing Welsh songs to Welsh audiences, even when at the height of their fame. Further, we have numerous living Welsh composers of great merit in the more complex as well as the simpler forms of music. The great fondness of the Welsh for singing, and their proficiency in it, has undoubtedly done a great deal to familiarize many young people—who would not otherwise have been prone to literary studies—with the forms of literary Welsh, at least in hymns and songs.

Nor, again, should it be forgotten that the pulpit of Wales is a very living and important force, and that its oratory reaches a very high level of excellence. The religion system of Wales, too, is such that the laity have abundant opportunities of taking public part in the services, in reading, praying, catechizing and public speaking. The political life of Wales, too, is conducted in Welsh-speaking districts almost entirely in the Welsh language, and there are many of the representatives of Wales in Parliament who habitually address their constituents in the Welsh language. I have several times heard the present President

of the Board of Trade, the Right Hon. D. Lloyd-George, M.P., make brilliant speeches in the Welsh language. There are cases known to me in which one or two would-be prominent men on the fringe of Welsh public life, have made ludicrous attempts to conceal their ignorance of the Welsh language, owing to the loss of prestige and influence which they would suffer if their ignorance were discovered. Ignorance of Welsh on the part of a Welsh public man raises an impassable barrier between him and the heart of the nation, and in consequence parents who wish their children to play a part in the public life of the Welsh people, strive to impart to them a knowledge of Welsh, and this is done not in Wales only, but also in English towns, and to some extent in America. In the greater part of Wales doctors, solicitors, bank managers and others, find it distinctly to their advantage to know Welsh. The transference of the control of education to the County and Borough Councils of Wales, also tends to make the teaching as well as the teaching profession of Wales, more and more Welsh in tone and spirit. For some years Welsh has had its place in the educational examinations of the Principality, in the Pupil Teachers' Examinations, the Scholarship Examination for entrance into Trinity Colleges, in the Certificate Examinations of the Central Welsh Board for Intermediate Education, in the Matriculation Examination of the University of Wales, in all the Degree Examinations of the University of Wales, in the Scholarship Examinations of the Welsh University Colleges. The Chief Inspector of the Central Welsh Board for Intermediate Education is a Welsh-speaking Welshman, nearly all the Elementary School Inspectors of the Board of Education in Wales speak Welsh; the chief founder of the Welsh National Library shortly to be erected at Aberystwyth—Sir John Williams, Bart., K.C.V.O., Surgeon to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales—is a Welsh-speaking Welshman, who has bought for the Welsh Nation some of the chief private collections of MSS. now in existence. Some of the English members of the staffs of the Welsh University Colleges have acquired a fair knowledge of the language. This state of things has arisen not from any special attempt to infuse new life into the language, but from the vitality of its living tradition and its remarkable adaptation to modern social, religious, and political needs. One of the chief missionaries in China—the Rev. Griffith John—is a Welsh-speaking Welshman. The Rev. John Thomas, head of the British and Foreign Bible Society's Dépôt in Rome, who has been in Sardinia and Italy for many years, still speaks his

native tongue. In Patagonia a Spanish grammar has been published in the Welsh language. There are many Welsh ministers who are prominent in the pulpits of England, whose knowledge of their native tongue is unimpaired, and who preach in Welsh on their visits to Wales. The Professor of Philosophy at Glasgow University and the Lecturer in Economics are both eloquent Welsh-speaking Welshmen. Capacity for the public use of both Welsh and English is such a familiar thing among us as a people that it is not regarded as a thing in itself remarkable, and the men who are lacking in this capacity are apt to be regarded as somehow stunted in their growth.

In order to understand Welsh life it should be borne in mind, too, that we have a very flourishing vernacular Press, with an output of quarterly and monthly magazines, with and without illustrations, and a number of weekly newspapers. These tend to stimulate both Welsh reading and writing, and they have done a great deal to adapt the language to modern social needs. Of late years more and more use of Welsh has been made in the study of English, so that the valuable instrument of translation (which has proved so valuable in clerical education), shall be employed to the full in the linguistic education of the bilingual Welshman. The nationalism of Wales is pre-eminently progressive and practical, but to the Welsh people the truly practical view of life is not that which robs it of its traditional interest and colouring, or which reduces it to an undistinguished, prosaic, and dead level. A life of conventional dullness without any local literary activity or national incentive, would seem to Wales utterly out of keeping with the national setting of the Welsh people, and a descent from a higher plane of existence to a lower, when one of the great bulwarks against materialism, namely, the absorbing love of country, had been swept away. The example of the parts of Wales (happily few in number), where the Welsh language has been supplanted by an English patois, hardly more intelligible to the stranger than Welsh, has not encouraged Wales to extend the area of such an experiment. These districts are almost invariably the most backward in all that is worth striving for in life. In coming among you to-day to speak of Wales, I cannot help expressing my deep regret if your ancient tongue, which now has a flourishing life, were to die out or sink into disrepute. Apart from the patriotic and Celtic aspect, I should like to be permitted to say, as a student and teacher of Comparative Philology, that it would be a calamity to see a tongue which, along with Irish Gaelic, has

shed invaluable light on the early history of Latin and the other Italic languages, and through them on the Indo-European languages generally, were to die away while the mines of philological and ethnological information which it contains (along with the Celtic languages), are only just being opened. Gaelic and its kindred tongues should at least receive, even from the unthinking, the respect due to their high lineage as the next-of-kin to the Latin tongue itself in point of origin. A race possessing such honourable qualities as the Highlanders of Scotland, who are viewed with respect and admiration all the world over, should be the last to feel ashamed of its ancient tongue, or to treat it with neglect and disrespect. A self-respecting people cannot but respect its own native speech, and an ancient language like Gaelic, sprung from the same stock as the Latin tongue, has a special claim upon its sons for their filial attention and regard. The idea that the knowledge of Gaelic must necessarily mean ignorance of English is belied by the experience of Wales, not to speak of the experience of men in many parts of Europe, where a working knowledge of two languages is but a small demand to make from intelligent men. It is the insular-minded monoglot Englishman (who frequently knows only a patois of his own noble tongue), that regards a knowledge of two languages as something superhuman. Indeed, familiarity with two languages from childhood is an invaluable aid and incentive to further linguistic attainments, and is an excellent training for the organs of speech, which, like all muscles, require proper training in order to acquire linguistic flexibility. In conclusion, I sincerely trust that this Conference, which I have been privileged to attend, will give a fresh impetus to the thorough and devoted study of the noble Gaelic tongue.

THE TRAINING OF GAELIC-SPEAKING TEACHERS
UNDER THE DRAFT REGULATIONS OF THE
SCOTCH EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.
BY
PROFESSOR MACKINNON.

THE main object of these Regulations is "to secure a sufficient supply of well-equipped teachers for the work of the ordinary public schools of the country." They are being subjected to a searching examination from every point of view by the Scottish people.

The remarks which I offer are confined to one aspect of this many-sided problem. How can the training of a suitable supply of Gaelic-speaking Teachers be secured under this Draft Scheme? The first observation is, I regret to

say, one of disappointment. There is not a word from beginning to end of the Scheme to suggest the need of such a person as a Gaelic-speaking Teacher. This is somewhat surprising. For many years the Annual Report of the Scotch Education Department recited the efforts made to secure a supply of such Teachers. And not later than last year, when a Leaving Certificate in Gaelic was instituted, it was very properly laid down as an essential condition that candidates must have gone through an approved course of instruction in the language.

The need for suitably trained Gaelic-speaking Teachers could be urged on several grounds; but I am content to rest it mainly on these three:—*Firstly*, and foremost, that they and they alone can provide the best and most efficient education and training for the twenty-five to thirty thousand school children whose home language is Gaelic; *secondly*, that in the expenditure of public money upon the Training of Teachers, the Gaelic-speaking section of the community should participate; and, *thirdly*, that bilingual youths, brought up in the country, are among the most promising material from which to form the best type of Teacher.

It may be said that under the Scheme as it stands Gaelic-speaking Teachers may be trained. This is true. They *may*; but, on the other hand, they *may not*. If it be admitted that such Teachers are necessary, it follows that measures must be taken to place the matter of their training beyond doubt. Unless such steps are taken it is much to be feared that the present imperfect supply, instead of being improved, will under this Scheme diminish if not altogether vanish. The selection of Candidates on Probation is entrusted to the County (and Burgh) Committees on Secondary Education. The only limitations on these Committees are that all Candidates must have previously passed the Qualifying Examination under Article 19 (1) of the Code, and that one place be reserved for qualified Candidates from each parish. Otherwise these Committees may nominate as many (or as few) as they please.

Now what are the prospects of Gaelic-speaking Candidates under such a mode of selection and nomination? In the Highland Counties, the Committees will naturally prefer as Candidates on Probation those who appear to be the best scholars, and those who require least assistance. In both cases the Gaelic-speaking section will be at a disadvantage in comparison with their neighbours. At the early stage at which these Candidates are selected, a Gaelic-speaking boy or girl, although in reality as well educated and, it may be, more capable, cannot shew his or her ability and knowledge to best advantage

when all the tests applied are through the medium of the English language, of the free use of which he or she has not as yet acquired thorough command. Further, the Gaelic-speaking Candidates will as a rule, be from the rural schools; the English-speaking from the large villages and burghs, where the schools are better equipped and more efficient. The Gaelic-speaking Candidate, in nearly every case, must be sent from home immediately he is nominated; the English-speaking, in many cases can, after nomination, continue his attendance during the first stage of his training at his old school and from his own home. It is manifest, therefore, that on the grounds of economy and of apparently, if not really, superior qualifications the County Committees in the Highlands will nominate English Candidates in preference to Gaelic Candidates. Thus, unless some check is interposed in the Scheme itself, the Gaelic-speaking Teacher will necessarily disappear within a few years.

The Teachers of the future will be of two classes—those who receive full training at their own charge; and those who need assistance during their training. It is to be feared that for some years to come the Gaelic-speaking section will be, nearly all, of the latter class.

Their training proceeds by three stages:—

(1) As Candidates on Probation they receive higher education at a suitable Intermediate or Secondary School.

(2) As Junior Students their higher education is continued at a Secondary School, with practical experience in teaching during six months of their course.

(3) As Students in Training practical experience and professional instruction receive most attention but, as circumstances permit, classes for further instruction of a non-professional character may be attended at a University or Training College.

In April, 1905, I submitted to the Conference at Inverness some suggestions as to how a suitable supply of Gaelic-speaking Teachers could be provided. These suggestions were in many respects similar to, but necessarily less comprehensive than, those embodied in the Regulations of the Department as applicable to the whole country. In order to make these Regulations cover our Highland needs, they would require to be supplemented somewhat on the following lines:—

(1) In Gaelic-speaking parishes the Candidate on Probation will be selected from among the number qualified under Art. 19 (1) who speak and read Gaelic with ease.

(2) In Gaelic-speaking Counties Candidates will be selected from the same class as the above, to the extent that the Census of 1901

shows the County to be Gaelic-speaking.

(3) Before such Candidates are promoted to the rank of Junior Students they shall have taken the Leaving Certificate in Gaelic.

(4) Before such Junior Students complete their course as Students in Training and receive their provisional certificate as Teachers, they shall have taken the Higher Certificate in Gaelic, if such be instituted, or otherwise produce evidence of their ability to take a Higher Certificate.

(5) Teachers thus trained will serve their two years' probation in a Gaelic-speaking district.

(6) Acting Teachers in Gaelic-speaking districts who attend the Classes to be set up for their further instruction by the Provincial Committees will include Gaelic among their subjects of study. It will be the duty of Provincial Committees to make suitable arrangements to meet their case.

Until these or similar provisions are made for the Training of the Teachers of Gaelic-speaking children, the latter will continue to be denied what they are justly entitled to in the matter of educational administration. A sufficient supply of Trained Teachers suitable for service in the Highlands would bring about many changes for good in that part of the country. For one thing, the progress of an intelligent knowledge of English among the people would to a certainty be furthered. The future of the Gaelic language in Scotland might, probably would, be affected. The life of the old tongue might be prolonged, as many think; or curtailed, as I believe. But this consideration, interesting though it be, is at best speculative, and in my view secondary. It ought not to be mixed up with the practical, urgent, and most important question of the education of the children. They are entitled to the best education and training, mental, moral, aesthetic, which can be provided; and that can be given only by well trained Teachers who can speak to them in their own language. Of this inestimable boon they have been too long deprived.

A SECOND STAGE IN THE EDUCATION OF A HIGHLAND BOY,

BY

E. W. READ, ESQ., HEAD MASTER OF THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND'S TECHNICAL SCHOOL, GOLSPIE, N.B.

I am specially requested to make reference to the school which was founded by the Duchess of Sutherland with the object of supplying, to some extent, the needs of some of

the outlying districts of the more northerly counties. To do so, let me quote at length from the Duchess of Sutherland's introduction to the school prospectus, as this will enable you to realise more clearly the particular direction in which she hopes to advance education in the Highlands:—

"To aspire to be sons of Empire—to learn to think imperially—by the nature of things at the present time, grows to be the platform advice of half our orators.

"And, within proper limits, good advice it certainly is, provided that the youth of the country can be educated to follow it.

"The old days of 'a shilling in your pocket and luck go with you, my boy,' are passed; a man needs the full equipment of education if he is to hold his own in the neck-to-neck race between peoples and policies to-day.

"The hardest thing to combat is the well-worn assertion made by new countries suckled on new systems, that Great Britain is digging her own grave. That she is puzzled by the additions and subtractions of new systems and ideas goes without saying; but to be puzzled is not to be outwitted. It rests with our sons and daughters, the coming generation—those that in this period of difficult if interesting transition we must educate—to prove the fact to the world.

"The counties in the north of Scotland, commonly called the Highlands, have always presented to such as know and understand them serious and absorbing problems.

"The Highlander as a being alternates between patience and perseverance. He is by nature a child of moors and mists, he can feed on dreams, and meet the worst of poverty-stricken circumstances in a spirit of philosophic torpor, of patient acquiescence, unimagined in, let us say, Massachusetts or Montreal. On the other hand he is singularly imaginative and receptive, gentle in manner and refined in temper, and so exceptionally intelligent that given his chance he can leap forward where others can only crawl; he can be head and shoulders above any other race in existence.

"For the sake of the Empire and for his own sake the Highlander must be educated; not only through the wisdom of the past, but through the new wisdom of to-day. Put into his hands the weapons that are now being forged in all enlightened centres for the education of the coming generation. Let the Highland boy learn in his own northern land to mentally master his surroundings, and to combine his own experiments with the experiments of the great ones of the past; let him be taught to use his hands for the production of things of beauty and usefulness, and bring him to the solving of the great

scientific secrets hid in every cloud of his sky, every wave of his sea, every clod in his soil; call out his reserve force and his self-reliance, and make him indeed in all things a man in the likeness of God. Once these things are accomplished the anxiety brooding over the Highlands will be removed; we shall undoubtedly have made sons of Empire fit to conquer from sea to sea, but we shall, above, all, have built up a generation in the Highlands that will know how to deal to the very best advantage with the problems of its country.

"With an ideal of this kind set before it, however imperfectly the ideal may be attained, the Sutherland School has been built. Is it not an old Eastern saying that 'a journey of a thousand miles began with a single step'? The founders of the School know well that rural education is just now occupying the attention of the new world and of the old. It is called 'the reform movement in rural education,' and the reform has been brought about by the gravely insistent conviction in the minds of those who think that our best men, physically and mentally, will ever be those who in their youth were trained with their foothold on God's green earth rather than in the streets of the cities of men.

"The aims of the School are these:—To take a lad straight from the primary school and to give him a three years' course of training under circumstances which should, by the end of the time, have so marked out his special capacity, and so strengthened his faculties and his physique, that if sufficient funds are found for him, or found by himself, almost any career of practical usefulness, may be open to him at home or at a distance. On leaving the School it is above all things desired that his capacity and his ambitions should keep him from joining that great army of unskilled labour which sweeps year after year into our towns, to sink or swim as luck will have it, and which, owing to the stress of competition, sends such large numbers to swell the ranks of the unemployed.

"A boarding-house is attached to the School with accommodation for forty-eight pupils, and sufficient funds are at the disposal of the Governors at the moment to provide for forty pupils for the course of three years. The boy's parents or guardians—all of whom so far belong to the class of crofters, cotters, and fishermen in the counties of Sutherland, Ross, and Caithness—provide his outfit, and the boys themselves, as it were, contribute to their maintenance by doing all the manual work in the School except cooking and washing. As at the Mount Hermon School in the United

States, these items, it is felt, should in time be added to their training.

"The Sutherland School, while at the moment educating boys from Caithness, Ross, and Sutherland, aims at being a pioneer School—a model for the erection of the same class of school in other rural centres in the Highlands. The crying need of the North, and, indeed, of too many districts in Great Britain, is the want of practical education with a scientific bias, in the country districts. Yet in the Sutherland School a strong point is made of encouraging boys to take an interest in literature, history, and geography, especially in connection with their country's development and progress, and of conducting their manual training on artistic lines. The very greatest expectations are held as to the result of the art training of a Highland boy as his taste and imagination in artistic design are of a high order.

"Possibly such schools might be advantageously used for the preliminary training of the teachers for the rural districts. A writer in a contemporary journal remarks that 'the number of teachers who are *born*, in the sense that their success is independent of outside influence, is infinitesimal, but there are an immense number in whom the essential combination of human sympathy with intellectual keenness is embryonic. Training is imperfect unless it rouses in these not only a clear perception of the individual and social ends of education, but also a living interest in the subjects they teach.' I understand that in the United States and in Canada the training of rural teachers is associated with the work of either agricultural colleges or high schools, and the methods adopted are most interesting. All the professional training lays stress on aims rather than on methods."

These ideals, summed up, amount to this—other nations are rapidly advancing in educational matters, and adapting their methods to suit their peoples and industries; our towns are striving to make themselves equal to any in the world—those who live in the country must put their heads together to see if it is not possible to carry forward the education of their children, so that in their own line they may be well equipped not only to make the best use of their opportunities, but to make opportunities. The wave which has been carrying our people into the towns will surely turn, and we must provide a form of education suited to the needs of the country.

The more a boy is educated, provided that his education is of a suitable nature, the more clearly will he see the advantages of life in the country, and the less will he be at a loss if he is thrown on his own resources for his

recreation and amusements. He should be taught not to magnify the importance of book-learning, and he must realise that manual work and a liking for good literature and for beautiful surroundings may go together. He must take greater pleasure in his house, his garden, and in the study of nature.

To these ends we think that English, Mathematics, Natural Science, Natural History, and Handicrafts should form the basis of his education.

We use the term Natural History in a wide sense—including Gardening, Agriculture, and Forestry."

I must not detain you with details as to the inner workings of a boarding-school, in reality a miniature world, but will content myself with reminding you that in such a school a boy has many opportunities of strengthening his character; that the individual having to give way so often for the good of the community, the life is an excellent preliminary training in citizenship; that regularity at lessons, and in the matter of food, is made possible; and that it is easier to supervise and encourage the boy's private reading, and to lead him to make good use of his leisure. Though I do not dwell on this side of the life, it is not because I am not fully aware that it is by far the most important side; and that if we fail to put the short time we have the boy to the best use in developing his character—character in its broadest sense—we fail altogether.

It will be asked—what is to become of the boys after they have finished a three years' course?

Some will become crofters, some foresters, gardeners, some apprentices to the trades, a few may emigrate, others may go to busy centres—wherever they go, whatever they do—we believe that the training they have received will greatly assist in making them intelligent, trustworthy workmen, with a considerable amount of initiative.

A few may wish to become teachers in rural districts, and to such the discipline of a boarding-school cannot fail to be of very great value—especially if they could stay on for a fourth year.

We hope to found a workshop and dépôt for handicrafts where we can employ some of our best boys; we hope to acquire sufficient land to allow of further special training in agriculture and sylviculture, with the idea of providing for a few boys who might afterwards become farm managers, or skilled foresters who would be able to assist in extending forest areas. Generally, we shall not lose touch with our past pupils, but rather do everything in our power to assist them in

finding scope for their abilities. Is not the idea of establishing several such schools in the Highlands worthy of very careful consideration? And might not the idea be extended so as to include girls—Domestic Economy, Housework, and perhaps Weaving, being taken in place of, or in addition to, Handicrafts?

A PROPOSED SCHEME OF TECHNICAL EDUCATION
FOR THE HIGHLANDS.

BY

D. MACLEOD, ESQ., M.A., Hamilton Academy.

In view of the short time at my disposal I will proceed at once to mention a few of the things which seem to me to be necessary, if technical education in the Highlands is to become a living reality.

The first necessity is a Committee on technical education for the Highland area. The circumstances are special, and they need special treatment. A Highland Committee might come into being in different ways, and it might have varying degrees of authority, such, for example, as might be conferred upon it by statute or by minute, but if you are to take up this work at once and are in earnest about technical training, then you will proceed without delay to appoint a Committee of your own. It will be for your Committee to define its policy, to know clearly what it wants, and to make quite sure that it gets it. Whatever form the Committee may ultimately take, an unofficial and representative Highland Committee which can speak and act with authority on Highland affairs is the necessity of the moment.

The second condition of success is the provision of adequate funds. These should come from the National Exchequer. Has the Highland area a just claim on the State for a grant of this kind? It has several. For one thing the Highland districts are at present paying more than their share of the cost of the education of the people. This may seem strange in view of the fact that special grants are made to Highland schools. Nevertheless, it is a fact. You will find the proof of the fact in the Registrar General's Returns, which show that for every two children the typical Highland parish educates for the work of the parish it educates three for the work of Glasgow and other parts of the empire.

Another important point is that the material is excellent and that advantage would readily be taken of any really suitable provision that might be made. And when this is the case it is almost a national crime not to make the provision. There is no such extravagant waste as the waste of great possibilities.

The third step towards an effective system of technical training in the Highlands is the re-organization of the schools. At the present time technical education in the Highlands is in the condition of the old Highland roads "before they were made." The time has come to convert the broken footpaths of Highland industry into broad highways built upon the methods of science and leading out into the great world, which no longer consists of foreign lands, but has, under modern conditions, become one country and one market. A few of the things which might first receive attention may be indicated.

PRACTICAL TRAINING IN THE ELEMENTARY
SCHOOLS.

1. The curriculum of the elementary schools should be extended. The present condition of Highland schools compares quite favourably with that of elementary schools in the southern parts of the island. Teachers, School Boards, County Councils, Inspectors and the Education Department are all doing their work well within their respective spheres; and yet the results are disappointing, and they are disappointing mainly because the training given has too little bearing on the life work of the pupils. It is of little use to those who migrate to the centres of industry and who from want of adequate preparation find themselves submerged in the rising tide of unskilled labour, and is of less use to the future crofter and fisherman. The idea of school work being of any practical value to a fisherman, crofter or city worker, beyond equipping him with some knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic, is so novel as to seem to most of us a trifle ridiculous. All this must be changed. The work of the school must be a preparation for the work of life. The hands must be trained as well as the head. And this should be done from the outset and throughout. There are various devices to secure this end. These consist of an endless variety of practical exercises of all kinds, the great aim and purpose of which is to bring the child into intelligent touch with the real things which lie everywhere around him, to develop in him little by little a sense of power over these things, to train hand and eye and will and intelligence, so that in due time physical circumstances become an opportunity and not a menace. I would, then, have real training as a part of the curriculum in every school in the Highlands. The Education Department, as may be seen from the Code, is perfectly aware of the importance of this discipline, and for some years it has used every means to secure its introduction throughout the country; but the local bodies are not convinced, and, so far, not much pro-

gress has been made. With the advent of the influence of the Highland Societies, however, local opinion in this, as in other matters, would ripen quickly, and the inherent reasonableness of the claim for "real studies" should receive frank acknowledgment.

The practical discipline for which I am pleading would aim only at securing general alertness and fitness of mind and body. It would not seek to prepare children for any particular trade or business. Indirectly, however, it would exercise a valuable influence in that direction. This would become more and more evident during the last years of school life. Under the regulations of the Department the older children should be divided into groups according to the general nature of their future occupations. One group should contain the pupils who are to engage in some trade or industry, including in this case crofting and fishing. It is with this group we are concerned at present.

After reaching the age of 12 or 13, then, these pupils are placed in the industrial course, the practical training of the junior classes will be continued, and more time will be given to this part of their work. An hour or two daily will be spent in the workshop, in the fields, or in the school garden, pupils become expert with the pencil, and they learn to handle tools and to study nature; some are working at the joiner's bench, some are chiselling soapstone, some are shaping Highland clay into dishes and fishes, some are experimenting on plants and dyes and wool, and some are beating metal. At the age of 14 Scottish children are free to leave school, but, if a training of this useful kind were given, many would remain at school for a year or two longer. In the Highlands there is no market for child labour, and thus the temptation to leave school to earn a little money is scarcely felt. Even within living memory lads and young men used to come back during the winter months to the school in the clachan, but the system of payments for individual passes put a stop to that. Under happier conditions, however, the old tendency may be trusted to reassert itself, and school life may be continued for two or three years beyond the compulsory limit. A boy on leaving the industrial course at the age of 15 or 16 would not be a joiner or blacksmith or a tradesman of any kind, but he would be in a fair way to become one, and an intelligent one besides. He would have caught fire, his imagination would be stirred, possibilities would open up to him, and he would want to go on. A demand would thus arise for something better than industrial courses.

EVENING SCHOOLS.

2. In this demand the controlling authority

would be offered a great opportunity. So it would find itself devising schemes for setting up various kinds of technical schools and technical classes. Some of these schools would meet only in the evening, but there should also be quite a number of day schools.

The evening school of the Highlands should be a type of its own. At present it has died out. In other parts of Scotland evening schools abound. In the Highlands, outside a few towns, there are practically none. The government offer to pay three-fourths or seven-eighths of the cost, on certain conditions, but the local bodies cannot find the remaining fraction. And there is no directing hand. So the weary winter nights are spent around the peat fire in fruitless dreams of days of old—and in a creeping paralysis of strenuous manhood. Can we wonder that the young prefer the toil and variety of the city to the torpor of a Highland winter? They cannot yet know that the sordid slavery of unskilled labour too often begets a torpor too sad for dreams. The Highland Evening School should be a true Continuation School, a thing which evening schools elsewhere profess to be, but are not. It should carry the work of the industrial course one stage further. The training of the industrial course is general, that of the evening school should be distinctly special. In the Highlands the evening school should be frankly a trade school. In all cases the training will be severely practical. The pupil-joiner will work at the bench, the would-be smith at the forge. The discipline will be a scientific apprenticeship. The mysteries of the craft will be tackled in systematic detail, and explanation will accompany practice. Only one thing is requisite to secure these results—in addition to organization and equipment—and that is the provision of suitable teachers.

But it will be asked is it possible to learn a trade in this way. It is possible. It is being done elsewhere. It can quite well be done in the Highlands. Indeed this is the only way in which the whole problem as it exists in the Highlands can be adequately dealt with. Of course the task would be a somewhat difficult one, but we do not want to coddle the young Highlander. We only want to give him a chance. Therefore let him work and make money in summer in any way that is open to him, but let him take his classes during the winter months, as many a University student does. After all, an interruption of six months is not worse than the interruption of two or three years which the German conscript has to put up with.

The argument in favour of trade schools in the Highlands is brief and to the point. The young Highlander has plenty of leisure during

the winter, and he would gladly use this in learning a trade, if he had an opportunity. On the other hand, he cannot afford to go for instruction to an industrial centre. An idle winter and an empty pocket, these are the facts which make the thing possible and desirable. To this I would add that under modern conditions a trade can be learned more thoroughly and much more quickly in a proper trade school than through the old fashioned apprenticeship. The school exists for the profit of the pupil, but the apprentice exists for the profit of his master. Further, I would repeat, that owing to the excessive subdivision of labour consequent on the use of machine tools, it is seldom possible to give an apprentice the all round training which goes to the making of a true craftsman. Hence the system is gradually dying out. In the merchant navy, for example, the number of apprentices decreased from 18,303 in 1870 to 5,239 in 1903 (*Daily Mail*, December, 17th, 1904. In England, according to the testimony of Sir John Bunner the system is practically extinct (*Spectator*, January 7th, 1905.) In Germany the master cannot afford to provide room and a bench for an untrained apprentice. Everywhere the hope of the future is the trade school. So the Navy League is setting up training schools or "homes" for the systematic training of boys for the mercantile marine and the Navy Reserves, and County Councils and other authorities are contributing to the support of the scheme (*St. James Gazette*, 28th December, 1904.) Should not our educational authorities establish similar schools along the Celtic fringe? What more natural than that the Highland lad who loves the sea—and long may he flourish—should spend the summer months of his early years with the fleet and the winter months in the Seamen's School.

DAY TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.

3. We thus come to the third stage in the organization of Highland schools. The Department would be called upon to provide Day Schools for technical training. The Day Technical Schools might be of two kinds. One type would spring from the industrial course of the elementary school, the other from the evening classes. There should be no hard and fast lines of demarcation and development. Let each school grow according to the life that is in it and the conditions that surround it, and let us cherish and foster the native spark, and make the conditions as favourable as possible.

Here and there under the magic touch of an able headmaster the industrial course would become more and more important. Pupils would remain until they reached the age of 16 or 17. Some of these would gain scholar-

ships offered by the Department, and they would proceed to the great Technical Colleges in Glasgow or Edinburgh or elsewhere. Others would secure rapid success in trade or commerce. Additional aid would come from the central authority. Suitable equipment would be provided, and thus the industrial course would gradually blossom into the technical school. In the nature of things there cannot be very many such schools in the Highlands, but if we find dozens of real schools among the sand dunes of Jutland, there must surely be room for a few in the north and west of Scotland. One example of this type of school exists already in the Highlands, and for this we are indebted to the creative intelligence of the Duchess of Sutherland. The success of the Sutherland Technical School seems assured under the guidance of the present Headmaster, but it is the duty of all Highlanders to make that success instant and striking. The Sutherland school must be made an object lesson in Highland education and an irresistible argument in favour of a thorough-going system of technical training for the whole country.

The second type of technical school would consist of day trades schools. Where the evening classes proved most successful, students and teachers would begin to ask each other, why not meet in the day time? In winter, at least, there would be no difficulty in finding time. "Plenty of time" (*tide gu leoir*) is the staple commodity of the Highlands. So the evening class would naturally grow into the day school. In most cases, and for some time at least, these schools would meet only during the winter months. As in the case of the evening classes, many or all of these day schools could exist side by side in the same place as departments of one school. Nay more, in favourable circumstances, this complex trades school or polytechnic, and the first-mentioned or academic type of technical school might quite well meet in the same buildings and be under the same direction. Two things would have to be kept in view. Development means differentiation and specialised training, but development does *not* mean isolation. The living sap must course freely through the whole organism. There must be a community of feeling, a sense of mutual helpfulness, and of unity of aim and purpose in regenerating the industry and the social life of the Highlands.

SCHOOLS OF HUSBANDRY.

The aim of the school of husbandry would be to train the small farmer or crofter to make the most of his holding. In the interesting report on the "Social Condition of the People of Lewis," issued two years ago by order of the King, the Commissioners submit as their principal recommendation "that technical

instruction should be established and fostered in the Island for the teaching of trades and handicrafts, and of the elements of scientific avocations." "The one thing," they say, "that can be done is vigorously to carry on the improved system of education which has been so well commenced, with the conviction that as knowledge spreads among the occupants of these narrow home limits, they will more and more desire to quit these limits, and boldly face the issues of life in the outer world." But surely something should also be done for those who remain? As soon as we come to close quarters with the question of providing useful instruction for crofters and fishermen, we at once see why it is necessary that the Congested Districts Board should be associated in the most intimate way with the Education Authority. For the problem is an economic one quite as much as it is an educational one. Already the state has recognised the duty of ameliorating the circumstances of the crofter-fishermen. The Congested Districts Board is the living proof and embodiment of that important concession. The question now is to what extent should assistance be given. What form should it take? What safeguards should be taken to conserve the interests of the State, and to secure that the help given is a stimulus and not a narcotic? Is the policy of "enlarged holdings" to be carried out on a larger scale? Is the tenant to have a chance of purchasing his holding? Are fishermen to be assisted to buy petrol liners and steam drifters? Are the fishery stations to be connected with the markets by a daily steamboat service, or other means? Are the circumstances of the stay-at-home Highlander to change greatly? If so, his training must change also. If the Education Department and the Congested Districts Board are to take "long views"—and "short views" will not avail—then they must act together.

At present the Congested Districts Board are contented with "short views"; but at any rate they are beginning to take up educational work. Like other bodies in London and elsewhere, they are trying to revive the apprentice system. If it is the case, as is reported, that considerable numbers of apprentices are to be indentured in the workshops and dockyards of the Clyde,—and I understand that over a hundred Highland boys have been provided for in this way already—if this policy is to be carried out on a large scale, it is earnestly to be hoped that the scheme will make adequate provision to secure first, that the physical and moral wellbeing of the apprentices is safeguarded, and, secondly, that the practical training is accompanied by a systematic course of instruction in theory. The experiment is one that should be keenly watched by the Highland Societies. On the whole one cannot

help wishing that the Board had faced the question more boldly, and had decided to set up a trades school in Stornoway. The Board are also preparing the way for schools of husbandry by giving attention to the improvement of farm stock and farm produce, to potato-spraying "and the minor operations connected with poultry, bees, etc." The results we are assured "have been encouraging." (The Fifth Report of the Congested Districts Board, 1903). These are small things, but at least they are a beginning, and they are of the right kind. The school of husbandry should deal with all the operations of Highland agriculture, and it should do so in a comprehensive and systematic fashion. And we must have patience. We must begin with the young. The work should grow out of the practical training of the industrial courses, which might in some cases be carried on in school gardens, where the pupils could study the living plant and the conditions of its growth. The right attitude of mind towards the problem might, in this way, be developed. "After all," says the headmaster of a school of husbandry in Prussia, "it is not so much the amount of information or skill that I may impart which counts with me, as the spirit which I have succeeding in arousing among the boys, and the happiness which I have introduced into their lives." (School Gardens in Germany: "Special Reports, II, p. 365, (*op. cit.* p. 403). Practical instruction in gardening is compulsory in all rural schools in Prussia, while for young people who have left the elementary schools there are no fewer than 1,100 continuation schools of husbandry (*op. cit.* p. 403). We are not, of course, to look for an Eldorado on a Highland croft, but fortunately an Eldorado is not a necessity of life—at least to the majority—and this much is certain that with "information" and "skill" and the right "spirit," a Highland croft—especially if it were a little larger and the crofter's own property—would be something quite worth having. And all these things are well within the limits of possibility.

One development of the Schools of Husbandry which I should greatly like to see grow up in the Highlands is something corresponding to the People's High Schools of Denmark. In those schools the students not only study together during the winter months, but they also board together. The fare is of the simplest kind, such as young peasants are accustomed to in their homes, and the cost is surprisingly small. Men of culture are content to conduct these schools, and to live the life of the students; and, as time goes on, the students learn to live the life of the master. These are true missionaries, men of strong moral purpose and of high ideals, and the benefits they confer on Denmark are incalculable.

Something of this kind I would have in the Highlands—a sense of the dignity of the work, a certain grandeur of sentiment, and a passion for the regeneration of the people. And I would begin with what is near and true and accessible. I would strike the Highland chord that sounds strong and clear and undeniable. Therefore with our technical training and technical instruction, I would combine lectures in Gaelic on the history, the literature, and the art of the Highlands. I would re create the past, and especially the recent past. We should sing the song of *Ben Dorain*, of the *Birlinn* of Clan Ranald and of Iseabail Nic-Aoidh at the sheiling, we should hear thrilling tales of Highland valour, scale the heights of Abraham with Wolfe, and the heights of Alma with Colin Campbell. We should found colonies, people continents, and react on old civilisations; and ever we should bear aloft the flag of the empire. This I would do to show that the race is young, and that the future is before it. And thus I would begin because “the heart is Highland.” Then we should proceed to study the glorious literature of our common country, and the thoughts and aims of other lands and other times; and we should seek to understand something of the moral forces that have shaped the world. Thus would the Highland heart find itself in a larger whole, and learn that

“There is
One great society alone on earth :
The noble living and the noble dead.

CO-OPERATION.

One of the things the Danes learned in the peasant boarding schools is co-operation. They thought together and they worked together. They soon began to club the results of their industry. They pooled their earnings and bought machinery. The churn gave place to the centrifugal. Thus they soon found themselves in a position to send their daily produce to the markets as cheaply and as quickly as if they were great capitalists. Now see how co-operation would act in the Highlands. It has been calculated that on the one item of eggs a sum of over £20,000 per annum might be gained for the Highlands if Highland eggs were collected daily, shipped two or three times a week, and then sold direct to the public from special depots in the great cities. What is true of eggs holds equally for poultry. But there are vastly greater possibilities in the case of the fishing industry. With co-operation, scientific curing, and regular despatch of the commodity in the best condition, the whole aspect of things would be changed. The Congested Districts Board of Ireland send experts to Norway to study the curing of mackerel. The Norwegians send their experts to America,

the great market for this fish, to study the tastes of their clients. They send their fleets to the Dogger Bank and elsewhere, and they seem to find now as of old that there is plenty of room on the sea. The Highlanders fare forth in detached units to seek casual occupations as hired hands. With co-operation and training and such help as the fishermen of Ireland and Norway receive from their governments, Highland fishermen would soon have at their disposal markets and fleets and “their heritage the sea.”

One more illustration from Denmark of what co-operation might do for the Highlands. In connection with the “People’s High Schools” there has grown up a remarkable society called the “Heather Club.” Its object is not convivial, as Scottish associations might suggest, but rather the severely practical, if to us rather Utopian one, of converting the sand wastes of Jutland into beech forests. First, they get heather to grow in the sand, then fir in the heather, and in course of time it is hoped that beech and other trees will follow. And they succeed. In one year the society distributed among the peasantry “five million fir plants and one million and a half of plants of other trees.” In thirty years they have “reclaimed more than 230 square miles of useless sand heath and peat bog” (*Der Danske Hedeselskab* 1866-1891, (Copenhagen 1892) quoted in *Special Reports*, vol. 1, p. 614). They say in the Highlands that in ancient times “the Fir Blackener” (*Dubh a ghiuthais*) came from Lochlin and burned down the ancient forests of Caledonia. Be that as it may, in milder mood Lochlin of to-day teaches us how these forests may be restored.

THE DUTY OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETIES.

But neither a Highland Committee nor a great scheme of Technical Training for the Highlands, nor the industrial and social regeneration which such a scheme would secure—not one of these things will come into existence of itself. And herein lies the opportunity and the responsibility of the Highland Societies. The Highland Societies are the magnetic centres of Highland opinion. It is there that schemes of Highland reform are conceived and developed. For, not only have the Societies an organization and a status, but they also consist of individual members, and everyone of these is forever dreaming of the mountains and the sea. This subtle nostalgia is the incurable malady of the race. The Glasgow Highlander may sit in his office, or swelter at the forge, or inspect schools, but ever and anon comes the haunting echo from the hills; and so he sings to himself, as sings my namesake—

“And from afar, for ever calling,
Across the weary leagues of foam,

Like angel whispers, sweet, entralling,
The moorland voices lure me home."

Home, therefore, he goes in the golden summer time across the still and milk white sea, past purple headlands, past distant sun lit isles that gleam like opals in the west, home to the mystic moorlands. And home goes with him the influence of the Societies. If he goes to Sutherland, he will find here and there in the homes of the people an excellent hand-loom, which has been placed there by order of the Duchess. He will find also a skilful weaver in charge of it. And he will begin to wonder and to enquire whether here and there one of these looms might not develop into a fully equipped weaving school with pupils in plenty and a department for applied art and design, and another department for technology to secure the scientific treatment of the material, and to prevent, for example, the breaking of the fibre by machine carding and the consequent deterioration of Highland tweed into superior shoddy. And so the people would begin to wonder also, and wonder would pass into aspiration.

But effective action can be taken only by the organised societies and the leaders of the movement. Will the societies realise and accept their opportunity? Will they take up this great question, and make it the Highland question of the day? Will they combine and determine to see this thing through? It is not enough to pass resolutions, although these have their place; but it is not enough to ask others to do the work. Gentlemen, the work is ours. The cause is that of our people. It is for us to take up the burden. Therefore, I say, let us approach, let the Comunn Gaidhealach approach the other societies, and let us secure their co-operation, and conjointly let us approach the Education Department and the Congested Districts Board and the local School Boards and, if that does not suffice, let us approach Parliament. Let us have our scheme fully prepared and aims clearly defined, and let us not rest until somehow or other we have accomplished them. If you do this, and if with these aids you succeed in securing a great and comprehensive system of technical and higher education for the Highlands, then there is little doubt that we may look for the dawn of a new era.

In view of the School Board Elections now proceeding in the Highlands of Scotland

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH
makes this patriotic appeal

TO THE GAELS OF SCOTLAND.

"For the first time in our history the necessity of demanding fairplay for our Language in our Schools has become a burning question. Here and there are still to be found, in the twentieth

century, among ourselves, a few unenlightened or superior persons who court notoriety by proclaiming that some day Gaelic must die. They support their doleful prophecy by refusing to raise a finger, or utter a syllable in support of the dear old Language which our forefathers would have died for. This incomprehensible attitude of a few has given colour to the charge often levelled against us that we, as a race, are apathetic regarding the preservation of our own Language. It is not so, and the coming School Board Elections will once for all prove to all the world that the Scottish Gael is not a whit behind the Welshman, Irishman, or Englishman in his determination to win honour and respect for his Language and for his race.

At Oban, on the 24th February last, a Conference of Gaels from all parts of Scotland unanimously passed the following Resolution, among others:—

"That the time has now come when Gaelic-speaking parents must use every possible opportunity to press upon School Boards their emphatic desire to have their children taught to Read and Write Gaelic."

Fellow Gaels, your duty is plain, and easy, and patriotic. Demand from Candidates for School Boards, at the approaching Elections, a promise, which will in most cases be willingly given, that they, if elected, shall lose no time in endeavouring to introduce Gaelic Teaching into their Schools. See to it, above all, that the children are taught to read the Scriptures in the Mother Tongue, and the result will be its own reward."

It may be added that this timely appeal is printed in poster-form and is being circulated throughout the whole Gaelic speaking area.

SOCIETY NOTES.

CEILIDH COMUNN GAIDHLIG, ARD-SGOIL, GHLASCHO.—Miss Carmichael, acting-Editor of the "Celtic Review," had a crowded audience at this Ceilidh on the 10th March, when she lectured on the "Evil Eye." She gave interesting quotations from ancient and modern writers, and travellers in Egypt, Greece, and Rome, to illustrate the prevalence of the belief in these countries in the baneful influences following injudicious, though, perhaps, perfectly innocent, admiration of any person or thing. In a racy and picturesque fashion she recounted some charms and ceremonies which are, or were, in these and other European countries used to avert the evil influence of this sort of eye. She concluded an interesting lecture by reciting several amusing tales of the evil eye in the Highlands.

GLASGOW CELTIC SOCIETY.—The Marquis of Tullibardine presided at the annual dinner of the Celtic Society on Friday, the 9th March, and in proposing the toast of the evening—that of the

Glasgow Celtic Society—he referred to the great importance of maintaining the Gaelic language. In explanation of this statement he said that two years ago he had headed a deputation to the Secretary for Scotland in connection with this question, and had brought under the notice of the authorities the urgency of making provision for the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools. In the Bill which was subsequently introduced, there was a clause which would have done something for the maintenance of the old language. That Bill, unfortunately, had not become law, but he hoped that when the time came for the new Government to bring in an Education Bill, Highland Societies would see to it that the ancient language was given due recognition in its provisions. The Marquis also emphasised the necessity of preserving the antiquities of the Highlands, for, he said, unless this is done many of the more valuable antiquities would be lost to Scotland.

COWAL SOCIETY.—Mr. Henry Whyte (Fionn) read an interesting paper on “Highland Surnames” before the Cowal Society, on the 9th March. In the course of an excellent paper, he affirmed that surnames in Scotland were, first of all, territorial as Douglas, Murray, and just as these heads of houses were called by the names of their respective estates, their tenants were called after the farms they rented, and so they found names like Hillocks, Sandilands, Greenfield. These territorial surnames arising from farm-names, gave rise to others, such as Laids, Grieves, Shearers, &c. The tradesmen employed by these got the surname from their trade, as Butcher, Skinner, Cooper, Smith. Personal peculiarities gave rise to surnames like Cruickshanks, Littlejohn, Meiklejohn. The Campbells, doubtless, owed their surname to “cam” wry, and “beul” mouth—“Cambeul” wry-mouth; while the Camerons owed it to “cam” and “sròn”—wry-nose. Surnames were not common in Scotland till the fourteenth century. In the Highlands they gained no great currency before the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the patronymics “Mac” and “Nic” being held quite sufficient for purposes of identification. . . .

THE ATHOLL AND BREADALBANE SOCIETY.—Lecturing to this Society on Celtic Music, on the 13th March, Mr. John A. Stewart of the Perth Gaelic Society, bespoke for the Gaelic movement the support and interest of all who claimed to have Highland blood in their veins. Much had been done, he said, to popularise Gaelic songs and to elucidate Highland matters generally, and those who toiled in that field deserved not only their thanks, but their encouragement and genuine support.

CEILIDH NAN GAIDHEAL.—Tha an Comunn Gàidhlig so a' coinneachadh gach feasgar Di-sathuirne o mhios deireannach an fhoghraidh gu mìos meadhonach an earraich ann an Talla nan Clach-airean, 100 sràid West Regent.

Léughadh aig a' choinneimh a bh'air a cumail air an 10mh de'n mhios so paiper comasach a sgrìobhadh, airson na Céilidh leis an Urr. Tearlach Domhnullach, Ministir Sgrèachd na h-Apuinn—air a' cheann-labhairt—“A Ghàidhealtachd a bhitheas.”

Bha an t-òraidiche de'n bheachd gu'n tigeadh

ann an ùine ghoirid atharraichean mòra agus matha air a' Ghàidhealtachd an lorg nan gluasadan lùidir a bha dol air aghaidh air an àm airson leas an luchd-àiteachaidh, 's airson gach nì bha airidh agus cliùiteach na duthchasachd a chur air aghaidh. Bhe e mar fhiachailbh air gach fìor Ghàidheal e fhein a chur le rùn cridhe anns na gluasadan sin gus am barrachd saorsa agus soirbh-eachaidh a ghreasad air sealbh a chonh-luchd-dùthcha.

Ghabhadh ris an òraid gu toileach agus chomh-aontaicheadh mòr bhuidheachas a chur a dh'ionnsuidh an uasail a sgrìobh i.

Air an 17mh. léughadh òraid ghrinn a chuir an t-urr. Alasdair Dùghallach Cholasaidh a dh'ionnsuidh na Céilidh air a' chuspair—“Na sgoilean 's an robh mi òg.” Bha eachdruidh ro-thlachdmhor agus ann an Gàidhlig iomlan air a toirt seachad anns an òraid so air dà sgoil àraid anns an robh an t-ùghdar o choinn mu thuaiream trì fichead bliadhna. B'e sgoil bhéurla bh'anns a' chéud té anns nach robh e ceadaichte aon fhacal Gàidhlig a bhruidhinn. 'S e sgoil Ghàidhlig a bh'anns an tè eile ach ged b'e bha beagan de theagasg béurla air 'thoirt seachad innte mar an ceudna, act bha 'Ghàidhlig air a sàr theagasg innte ionnus gu'm b'urrainn do'n chuid bu mhotha de na sgoileirean a sgrìobhadh cho math ri 'léughadh. Thoisich na sgoileirean ri léughadh cainnt am màthar nì a bha na bhuannachd mòr dhoibh.

Labhradh gu togarrach ann am fabhronah-òraide le mòran de na bha lathair 's aig a chrich dh'iarradh buidheachas aonghuthach a' chomuinn a chuir a dh' ionnsuidh an uasail a chur air aghaidh i.

'Se oidhche “sop as gach seid” a bhios ann air an 24mh. 'S air an Di-sathuirne as dèigh sin a rithis gheibhear òraid bho'n Urr. D. Mac Phàrlain, Minister Sgrèachd Arrochair air “Rob Ruadh.”

We desire to draw special attention to the Juvenile Literary Competition inaugurated in this number of AN DEO-GREINE, the conditions of which are fully explained in the last paragraph of “Only a Medley.”

BOOK NOTICES.

Wallace, Burns, R. L. Stevenson. By Lord Rosebery. Stirling: Eneas Mackay, 43 Murray Place, 2/6 net.

This book makes delightful reading. It is equal to some of Rosebery's best, and reflects great credit on the publisher. It is beautifully got up, and worthy of being regarded as an *édition de luxe*. It contains three anniversary addresses—one on Wallace, and two on Burns—and an address on Stevenson, delivered from the chair at a meeting convened for the purpose of determining on a worthy memorial to the memory of that charming personality. All the addresses are of a very high order. They compress into a narrow compass a living delineation of each subject. Having perused this volume one must feel what a distinct loss it would have been not to have read it.

Revivals in the Highlands and Islands in the sixteenth Century. By the Rev. Alexander MacRae, minister of the United Free Church, Creich. Stirling: Eneas Mackay. London: James Nisbet & Co., 2/6.

The TRAINING of GAELIC-SPEAKING TEACHERS.

A LARGE and influential deputation was received at the House of Commons on Monday, the 2nd April, on the selection and training of Gaelic-speaking Teachers in the Highland area. The deputation owed its inception to An Comunn Gaidhealach, which, at its annual Education Conference held this year in Oban on the 24th February, resolved to memorialise the Education Department on this subject by a deputation thoroughly representative of the Highlands and Highlanders. The deputation consisted of Dr. Campbell, Oban; Dr. Murray, Stornoway; Wm. Mackay, Esq., Inverness; Rev. D. Macgillivray, B.D., Petty; Rev. L. Maclean-Watt, B.D., Alloa; Rev. M. Munro, M.A., Taynuilt; The Maclean of Lochbuie; Mr. Morton, M.P., Sutherland; Mr. Ainsworth, M.P., Argyll; Mr. Younger, M.P., Ayr Burghs; Mr. Dewar, M.P., Inverness; Mr. Munro-Ferguson, M.P., Leith Burghs; Mr. Galloway-Weir, M.P., Ross and Cromarty; Dr. Hew Morrison, Edinburgh; Mr. Nicolson and Mr. MacAulay, Greenock; Mr. MacGregor-Whyte, Artist, Tiree; Mr. Peter MacDonald, Glasgow; Mr. MacRitchie, Celtic Union, Edinburgh; Messrs. Martin, Watt, representing London Ross and Cromarty and Sutherland Associations; Messrs. MacKerchar and Shaw, London Argyllshire Association; Messrs. Bruce, Carmichael, McNaughton, Maxtone Graham, MacInnes, Menzies, Murray-Waters, MacLaren, Duff, Horton-Smith; Scott-Keltie, Sir H. K. Dawson and Rev. A. Fleming, London Perthshire Society; Dr. Matheson, Messrs. MacMillan and Grant, London Gaelic Society; Messrs. MacKay, Hall, MacKechnie, MacKenzie, Wallace, Watson, London Scottish Clans Association; Mr. Bain and Dr. John Matheson of Greenwich. Letters of apology for absence were read from the Marquis of Tullibardine, Lord Lovat, Archdeacon Sinclair, and others.

Mr. Dewar, M.P. for Inverness-shire, having introduced the deputation, and Dr. Matheson of London having uttered a few sympathetic remarks bearing on the objects of the deputation, Mr. Wm. Mackay, solicitor, Inverness, was called upon to speak. He emphasised the necessity of making adequate use of Gaelic in the education of children whose home language was Gaelic. He contended that such children could only be taught properly by Gaelic-speaking teachers, and therefore, that in the educational interests of the Highlands, it was necessary that a clause providing for the selection and training for the teaching profession of an adequate number of Gaelic-speaking teachers should be inserted in the Draft Regulations.

He was followed by Dr. Campbell, Oban, who proved conclusively that the concession was necessary, and he showed how enthusiastic this people in the Highlands were in regard to this language movement by noting that many of the most important School Board contests already decided turned upon this very question. He stated that Highland newspapers, educated Highlanders, and parents and guardians within the Highland area were unanimous in declaring that a system of bi-lingual teaching was absolutely essential in the Highlands. He concluded an eloquent and sensible

speech by referring to the educational disadvantages under which Highland children laboured in the past, and by urging that an end be put to a state of things which was fraught with hardship to Gaelic-speaking children, and which was prejudicial to the educational progress of the Highland people. Dr. Morrison, Edinburgh, and Dr. Murray, Stornoway, who emphasised the needs of Lewis specially, followed in the same strain.

The Secretary for Scotland gave the deputation a cordial welcome, and thanked them for pressing the matter on the notice of the Education Department. He said that anything that tended to stimulate in the people a love of their own literature and history, and to raise the standard of general culture, could not but appeal to all who loved their country. It stood to reason, he said, that the language in which children had been brought up, must be a most useful instrument, *and the only instrument* for the introduction of wider education and learning. While noting that the two points emphasised by the deputation were, that a teacher in the Highlands must know the language of the people, and that Gaelic-speaking teachers should be found and trained for that purpose, he stated that much of this work depended, and would depend, upon the School Boards and School Authorities. The Department had done something to help this movement already. The Department, however, would see to it that at such centres, where there were a number of Gaelic-speaking pupil teachers studying, there should be reasonable facilities for the teaching of Gaelic and its study. Then in the general aid grant, which had just been published, there was, for the first time, a bonus of £10 for the employment of each Gaelic teacher. Dr. Struthers having answered clearly and fully several questions asked by the members of the deputation, the Secretary received a hearty vote of thanks for his kindly reception of them, whereupon the deputation withdrew.

NOTICE.

*All Gaelic contributions may be sent to the Con-
vener, Rev. M. MacLennan, B.D., 6 Polworth
Terrace, Edinburgh; and English contributions
may be sent to Rev. D. MacGillivray, B.D.,
The Parish Manse, Petty, Inverness.*

*Communications relating to Advertisements and
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AN DEO-ÌHRÉINE

Leabhar I.]

Bealtuinn, 1906.

[Earrann 8.

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ATH-BHEOTHACHADH NA GÀIDHLIG.

C'ARSON a bhitheas sinn ag radh 'ath-bheothachadh' mu'n Ghàidhlig? Cha robh i marbh no leth-mharbh, 's cha mho tha tuar a' bhàis air a h-aghaidh. 'Thair daoine gu'm bheil i bàsachadh 's nach gabh i cumail beò. Cha toir sinn urram fàidhean dhaibh air son sin. Tha deireadh an t-saoghail a' tighinn, ach cha'n ann am bliadhna. Tha feallsanaich ag inns-eadh dhuinn gu'm bheil a' ghrian a' fàs fuar, agus gu'n tig an là anns am bi i cho fuar ris a' ghealaich. Cha'n eil teagamh nach 'eil an fhirinn aca, ach bheil i maise is glòir air foghar no dhà fhathast ma's tachair sin. Bàsaichidh a' Ghàidhlig, ach c'uin? Tha sinn cinnteach gu'n cuir an saoghal car no dhà dheth ma'n tachair sin, oir is deimhin gur e bàsachadh an rud *mu dheireadh* a ni i.

* * *

Tha mu dhà mhilè bliadhna bho thòisich a' Ghàidhlig a' bàsachadh anns na h-eileanan Breatunnach, 's cha'n 'eil i marbh fhathast. Anns an ùin sin thainig is dh' fhalbh, an taobh stigh de ar crìochan, trì no ceithir de chànanan

cumhachdach eile. Am fear a b' fhaide sheas aca, cha do sheas ach mu chùig no sea de chiadan bliadhna, gus an d' fhuair e bàs. Tha lorg spàgan an Lochlannaich bho chladach gu cladach air feadh na Gàidhealtachd. Tha chànan air a sgideadh air fheadh gach baile is monadh, gach-eilean is sgeir. Gidheadh 's fhada an t-saoghail bho thug am fear ud a chasan leis, 's bho chaidh a chànan air di-chuimhn', ach tha Ghàidhlig cho "beò 's ged nach pòsadh i riamh."

* * *

Bho chionn iomadh bliadhna nis tha daoine mòra 's daoine foghlumte ri faotainn a mach cho luachmhor 's a tha Ghàidhlig, 's tha iad a' cur meas oirre dha réir. 'Tha daoine foghlumte 'g a h-ionnsachadh anns a' Ghearmailt, anns an Fhraing, agus ann an iomadh cearnaidh eile. Tha àireamh chiatach de dh' uaislean, tighearnan 's ban-tighearnan-fearainn, air feadh Alba a tha 'g a h-ionnsachadh, agus a' gabhail tlachd innte. Tha mòran am measg an t-sluaigh a tha nis airson gu'm bi i aca, ged nach biodh ann ach a bhi anns an fhasain. Tha Inbhirnis air éiridh 's i fhéin a sgeadachadh 'na h-eudach sgiamhach a thaobh na cuise-sa. Tha còrr maith is dà chiad sgoileir cruinn aice a h-uile seachduin ag ionnsachadh ar cànan. Agus 'n uair a dhùisgeas Inbhirnis cha'n ann ri brudair a gheibhear Inbhirpheotharain, no Baile Dhùth-aich, no idir "Steornabhagh mhòr a' Chaisteil." 'S ioghnadh leim, mur a cluinu sinn ann an ùin nach bi fada Steornabhagh a' toirt cunntas rioghail oirre fhéin ann an cath na Gàidhlig.

* * *

Bha farmad a riamh aig Glaschu ri Dunéid-eann, 's e sin, an seorsa farmaid a ni treabhadh. Bha Cathair Ghàidhlig againn ann an Ard-Oilthigh Dhunéideann bho chionn iomadh

biadhna. Bha sin againn, agus an deadh Ghàidheal 'g a lionadh—"gu'm bu fada beò e 's ceò as a thigh," pailteas mharagan air a bhòrd agus Mac a' Leisdeir 'g a sàbhadh. Ach a nis tha naidheachd air a thighinn thugaim gu'm bheil ar deadh charaid, an t-Urramach Seoras Henderson, air a shuidheachadh ann an Caithir Ghàidhlig ann an Ard-Oilthigh Ghlaschu. Cha b' urrainn na b' fheàrr. Gu'm meal e naidheachd 's gu'n caith e chaithir! Fhad 's a bhitheas esan beò slàn cha bhi Ghàidhlig gun charaid.



APPEAL ON BEHALF OF FÉILL A' CHOMUINN GHÀIDHEALAICH.

BY MRS. BURNLEY-CAMPBELL OF ORMIDALE.

IN order to provide funds for carrying on an active propaganda in aid of the language movement in the Highlands, and with a view to fostering native arts and industries, An Comunn Gàidhealach has resolved to hold a bazaar in Glasgow in the winter of 1907. The Executive Council of An Comunn, with members from other societies, form the bazaar committee, and of this committee Mrs. Burnley-Campbell of Ormidale is convener. To explain the objects of and to enlist interest in the bazaar, Mrs. Burnley-Campbell gave an "At-home" in the Grand Hotel, Charing Cross, Glasgow, on the 3rd inst. The "At-home" was very largely attended by ladies and gentlemen who take a keen interest in Highland matters. Several members of the deputation who waited the previous day on the Secretary for Scotland regarding the training of Gaelic-speaking teachers, were present, and they considered the function a very delightful sequel to their successful visit to London. In the course of the evening refreshments were liberally served, and an excellent musical programme was gone through. The Very Rev. Dr. Russell and Dr. Blair, of Edinburgh; the Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway; Dr. Campbell and Rev. D. Macgillivray, members of the deputation; Mr. H. Maccallum, of Glasgow University; Mr. Graham, of Glasgow School Board, gave short addresses. But the outstanding feature of the evening was Mrs. Burnley-Campbell's eloquent and patriotic address. It was as follows:—

I am very glad to welcome so many fellow-countrymen and women here to-night. I must thank you very sincerely for responding so heartily to what must at first sight have appeared rather an unusual kind of invitation. Let me proceed at once to explain the object for which this gathering has been called. I

take it for granted that as most of those present are members of Highland and clan societies, we are all "Fìor Ghàidheil," all proud of our Celtic lineage, all reluctant in a greater or less degree to allow the beautiful old language of our forefathers to perish; all interested more or less in the welfare of our "Co-Ghàidheal," who are now, alas, so sparsely scattered over the land of mountains and glens. But something more is needed than a sentimental affection or an impersonal interest to save the one, or to materially help the other. There must be a strong, united effort, which requires heads and hands as well as hearts. And money—that necessary concomitant of all good, as it is also the root of all evil—must be forthcoming. A few months ago it occurred to some members of An Comunn Gàidhealach that, as what our Sassenach friends call a bazaar, is apparently nowadays one of the most effectual means, not only of raising money, but of focussing interest in a cause, we should attempt to get one up on behalf of the Gaeltachd. As the word bazaar is altogether odious, we will avoid using it, and as the idea originated with An Comunn Gàidhealach, the undertaking, which is now fairly under way, is christened "Féill a' Chomuinn Ghàidhealaich." The objects of An Fhéill are, then, as follows:—To promote the teaching of Gaelic, to develop Gaelic literature, music, and arts, and to encourage home industries among the Gaels. The St. Andrew's Halls in this city are already taken for October 31, and November 1st and 2nd, 1907, since such time is needed to prepare for an event of the magnitude our Féill aspires to. There will be stalls or "Buthan," as they will be called, for each of the Highland counties. Many ladies in different parts of Scotland are showing keen interest, and recruits are almost daily coming in. An Edinburgh stall and a London stall have already been arranged for, and it is hoped the Glasgow stall may be one of the most important. I should like to see an art stall, and also a colonial one. Will any one who is in touch with Colonial Highland societies, or who has friends in the Gaelic colonies, communicate with me on the subject? For I am here to-night to try and enlist your interest, your sympathy, and your co-operation in this big scheme. There are so many ways of helping the cause that no one, great or small, but may find a means of usefulness. The most obvious way to begin, it seems to me, if you will forgive a few practical suggestions, would be by forming at once Féill committees among the ladies of every friendly society, who might arrange work parties or circles for Féill work at home, and who would also try and start similar circles

among their friends in different parts of the Highlands. Then, will all the young men who can paint, or carve, or bind books, or work metal, think of the art stall in their spare moments? And here let me mention that Mr. Duncan, 36 Torphichen Street, Edinburgh, has offered to supply Celtic designs, at a small price, for all kinds of art work to those who care to write for them. He is much interested in Celtic art, and offers to help the Féill in this way. As a very important side of our project is to help and encourage the working at home industries in the Highlands, a Féill fund has been opened at the National Bank of Scotland, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, to which subscriptions are now invited, a great part of which will be expended in purchasing home industries, such as tweeds, hose, yarn, wood-carving, baskets, and other things from poor Highland homes, all of which will be sold at the Féill. Every subscription will be promptly acknowledged, and a list of subscribers will be published later, and an account of how the money is expended. Might I also suggest each society opening a subscription list, no matter though each individual subscription be small, so long as there are totals to be entered finally in the Féill fund under the names of the different associations. It is, above all, the moral support we want of every Highland born man, woman, and child. If you can do nothing else you can help to make our project known in the far corners of Gaeldom. It will encourage diffident parents to assert themselves in the matter of having their children taught to read and write their native tongue at school. It will, perhaps, impress those living on the border-lands, the advantage of making an effort to keep Gaelic the language of the home. I feel strongly that the sympathy of a poor woman in the far distant Hebrides, who can only afford to show it by hemming a pocket handkerchief for the Féill, is as valuable a contribution in its own way as a rich man's cheque. For there is a great difference between Féill a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealach and an ordinary modern bazaar, whose sole aim is to extract money from unwilling pockets, and the minute the affair is finished and the cash handed to the particular charity, the whole business is over and done with, and thankfully banished out of mind. But in this case, there is far more behind. I hope and believe our Féill will have far-reaching results—probably beyond what you or I can dream of to-day; that it may be the means of arousing interest in the minds of thousands who have never given a thought to this matter before; of stirring up an enthusiasm which lies dormant in many

breasts, and of creating opportunities for many more who are ready and eager to work for the cause. Believe me, this is a critical time for the Highlands; not only the life of a language but of a people is at stake. It is now or never whether we shall be absorbed in the teeming Saxon population around us, or whether we shall save for the British Empire one of its finest units—a people celebrated for its loyalty to high ideals, incorruptible, brave, courteous, and independent. You may be sure if the language dies the sense of nationality will die too. It is the bond that knits a people together, that gives cohesion to its councils, and weight to its just demands. We Highlanders have an instinctive shyness in expressing our feelings, which is not shared by our Irish cousins. The leaders of the Irish Gaelic movement do not hesitate to say that in the marvellous success of their Gaelic League the hand of God is clearly visible, that many of their noble workers have been, by its purifying influence, rescued from a life of sin; and if we, too, work for land and language, unselfishly and single-heartedly, God's blessing will assuredly crown our efforts also.



AM TOGAIL NAN CREACH.

TURUS a bha mi 's an Eilean Mhuileach, iomadh bliadhna air ais a nis, bha mi aon latha sràidimeachd feadh nan cnoc 's nan glac, 's a' gabhail seallaidh mu'n cuairt orm, air a chuan mhór 's air an tìr uile. Bha a' Ghrian bhlàth, cur neart, anns gach lus 's gach flùran a bha 'nam miltean a' cur maise air clèoca sròlach gorm an t-samraidh, leis an robh an tìr uile air a deadh chomhdach bho mhullach beinne gu srath. Sheas mi air mullach cruic àird an sin, bho'n robh sealladh cho ait 's air an do dhearc suil duine riamh. Bha'n cuan an iar mar mhias mhòr airgid sgaoilte mu'm choinneamh cho fad 's a ruigeadh mo shealladh; spur gun smal a cur cearcall gorm mu'n cuairt air, 's e cho sàmhach ri leanabh na chodal. Bha Staffa, 's am Baca, 's Lunga, 's Tiriodh, 's Colla, mar chlachan luachmhor ann am bràiste airgid; agus far an robh an spur 's an cuan a' coinneachadh, mur gu'm biodh iad a' pògadh a chéile. Air an darna laimh bha 'n Sgeir Mhòr 's an Dubh-tutach, le'n tighean-soluis, nach robh a' sealltuinn, anns an astar, na bu mhotha na coinneirean. Air an laimh eile bha Diùra le 'bheanntan corrach 'g an sin-eadh fhéin suas gu ruig an spur; Colosa iosal an fheòir, 's air a chùl an Roinn-Ileach sinnte mach 's a' chuan, mar amhach geòidh air iteig. Gu h-ìosal fotham air an t-sliabh, bha meanbh chrodh, 's treud diubh, ag ionaltradh air an fhraoch, agus seann duine, le bhata crom-

agach 'g am buachailleachd. 'Theirinn mi 'n leathad, air son uair a chur seachad an cuid-eachd a cheile; Shuidh mi' làimh ris, 's ghabh mi a sgeul.

"An ciobair sibh" arsa mise? "An da," ars esan, "'s ciobair an dràsd mi co-dhiù, ach chuir mi seachad na deich bliadhna-fichead a 'b' fheàrr de mo shaothal air fàirge.

Cha'n'eil cearn de'n t-saoghal nach do shiubhail mi, 's tha mi nis a' cur nan làithean mu dheireadh de mo bheatha seachad far an do chuir mi seachad na ceud làithean." Chunnaic mi gu'n do thachair companach fiosrach, eòlach, bruidhneach, orm, agus bho'n bha sinn 'nar suidhe, mar tha'n sgeulaiche ag radh "ri cùl gaoithe 's ri aodan gréine" rinn mi suas m'inn-tiun greis thaitneach bhi agam comhla ris. "N da mata," arsa mise ris, "nach iomadh sealladh neònach a chunna' sibh; agus cunnart mòr a ruith sibh n' ur latha?" "'S iomadh," ars esan, "ach an creid sibh so, gur h-ann am dhùthaich fhéin, agus mu'n, d' fhàg mi riamh i, 'a ruith mi 'n cunnart bu mhotha ruith mi riamh. Ma tha ùin' agaibh innsidh mi naidheachd iongantach dhuibh."

"Bidh mi ro-thoileach," arsa mise, "'s fhiach naidheachd mhaith éisdeachd, agus fuireach rithe" Thuig mi air gnùis an duine gu'n robh rud-eigin taitneach aige r'a innseadh, agus ann an tiotan bha e na ghleus. Chuir e cutag dhubh phioba na bheul, thug an chuach-theine sgread air an spòr, 's nuair tharruing e ceò as a' chut-aig, dh'-'aithris e sgeul cho neònach sa chuala mi riamh idir, agus so agaibh e facal air an fhacal:—

"Nuair bha mis' am ghill' og," ars esan, "bha e 'na chleachdadh againn daonnan dol tràth s an Earrach a shealg a' choilich-dhuibh do'n choille. Aig an àm shonruichte so de'n bhliadhna, tha sibh a tuisinn, tha e na ghré nas choileach-dhubh cruinneachadh 'n am ficheadan, aig bad sonruichte, aig oir na coille gu cath an àm suiridhe na circe, agus an coileach a choisinneas an cath gheibh e seilbh air a chirc. 'Se sin fàgail nadurr 'n eoin. 'S an uair tha iad a cruinneachadh mar so nan aon tòrr tho cothram sonruicht aig an t-sealgair orra. Air latha sonruichte mata, rinn mi-fhìn agus companach domh suas r'a cheile dol a Dhun-dubh a' shealg a' choilich mar b' àbhaist. A nis tha'n Dùn astar mòr as an so, agus bha againn ri falbh oidhche roimh 'n àm, agus cur suas ann an àiridh gu maduinn. Thànaig an latha, agus deadh latha cuideachd, an deigh greis do shide ghairbh. Bha làithean roimhe sud, mar gu'm biodh an t-earrach òg mear neartmhor an deigh buaidh fhaotainn ann an gleachd ghairbh air a' gheamhradh fhann. Bha neòil mhòra, thromha, dhubha, a snàmh gu socrach anns na speuran; agus iad mar gu'm b'eadh sgith claidhte leis an strìth.

Bha ghrian mhùgach air siaradh gu maith 'nuair a dh' fhàg mise an tigh, agus a casan-carabaid a spùtadh a soluis air gach cnoc, 's mi air an rathad troimh 'n mhonadh gharbh. Bha mi cumail suil gheur air gach taobh dhìom, is romham is am dheigh air son Mhurchaidh, ach alt dheth cha robh r'a fhaicinn. Bha mi'n dòchas maith dh' fhaoidte gu'm biodh e romham 's an àiridh, oir creidibh gu'n robh seòrsa de dh' fhiamh orm mi bhi 'm aonar ann an gleann dubh, dorcha, fàsail, uaigneach, fad oidhch' Earraich. Coma leibh na cò-dhiubh, rànaig mi'n gleann an tuiteam na h-oidhche. Cha robh duine romham. B'e sud an àrach fhuar, gun aoidh, ach thog mi téine, 's an uair a bhoisg e mach thog mo, mhisneach mar an ceudna. Chuir mi seachad pàirt de'n oidhche ri 'g iogsaireachd, tarruing a mach luaidhe, sa gearradh chiophainean—ach Murachadh cha d' thanaig. Shuidh mi taobh an téine, phaisg mi mo lamhan, 's leig mi mo smieg air m' uchd, chum greis do shocair a ghabhail agus codhiù 's e tuiteam ann an dùsal cadail a rinn mi, na gu dé, thachair rud cho neònach 'sa chuala duine riamh. Agus a chionn 's gu'm b'e bu reusan sgu'n d' thanna' mi thro'n chunnart as an d' thanna mi'n oidhche ud innsidh mi mar a bha. Bha leam mata gu'n cuala mi casad, 's gu dé ach gu'n de shaoil mi gu'm b'e Murachadh a bh' ann, ach cò 'choisich a steach ach seann duine mòr liath. Chuir e ioghnadh mòr orm a leithid de sheann duine a bhi 'na leithid do dh' àit, iomalach, aig a leithid do dh' àm de'n oidhche. Ach co dhiù thug mi cuireadh a steach dha. Thànaig e air aghaidh, 's shuidh e mu'm choinneamh gun aon diog a radh ach a' suathadh a bhàs 's a' sealltuinn orm 's an dà shuil. "Tha i fuar" arsa mise. "Tha i car fuar" ars' esan. "Cha 'n' eil a' so ach àite gu maith iomalach. Tha fios gu'n e an rathad a chall a rinn sibh," arsa mise, "O! cha 'n e" ars' esan. "Thanaig mi far an robh thu fhéin dìreach, oir bha turus beag agam riut." Chuir sud ioghnadh na bu mho' air fad orm—duine nàch faca mi riamh roimhe, agus gu dé fios a bh' aige gu'n robh mi 'n Dùn-dubh an oidhch ud? "Cha'n'eil dùil agam gu'm faca mi riamh sibh," arsa mise. "Cò sibh mar a miobhail a cheisd i?" "Cha 'n' eadh," ars' esan. "An cual thu riamh iomradh air Seamus Bàn a bha'n Tir-eargair? "Iomadh uair sin," arsa mise. "Piobair cho maith 'sa bha' Muile 'na latha. 'S a sibhse Seamus Bàn, piobaire mòr Thir-eargain? "Cha mhi," ars' esan, "ach 's mi mhac. 'S e piobaire 'bha 'm athairse mar tha thu 'g radh; agus 'se sin a thug far am bheil thusa nochd mi." Be sud ioghnadh bu mho air fad. Chuimhnich mi gu'n deach' Seamus Bàn 'sa theaghlach do dh-Ameriga fad mu'n do rugadh mise, 's gu dé air an t-saoghal an turus a b' urrainn a bhi aig an

duine neónach so riumsa? C' uin a thill e á Ameriga, no gu dé'n coimhcheangal a bh' aig piobaireachd athar riumsa? Ach leig mi leis gabhail air aghaidh.

"Bha port piobaireachd aige cho loinneil 'sa chaidh a chluich riamh air piob, 's cha 'n 'eil duine beò an diugh aig am bheil e. 'Se fear de Chloinn-ic-Artuir, *Ulubhà*, 'rinne, 's bha toil agam gu'n sgriobhadh tus 'e.'" "Bidh mi glé thoileach," arsa mise, "canntairichibh e." "Cha leig mi leas" ars' esan, "tha feadan agam ann an so," 's leis na facail a radh tharruing e 'nuas feadan caol dubh gu maith sean, a mun-achill a chòta. "Nis," ars esan "cluichidh mi 'n toiseach 'na phiosan e gus an tuig thu mar tha e dol."

Thòisich e agus meur bu ghloine air feadan cha chuala mise riamh. "Sud agad an t-urlar," ars' esan, agus an ceann greis. "Sud agad an *siubhal*," 's a' rithist an *siubhal* sleamhainn," "an Taorladh," 's mar sin air aghaidh, a h-uile pios de'n phort gu ruig an Crunnluadh Breabach. "Cluichidh mi nis e bho thoiseach gu dheireadh gun stad," ars' esan. Rinn e sud, agus chuala mise ceòl an uair sin nach cuala mi riamh roimhe no as a dheigh a leithid. Bha leam gun robh mi faicinn na duthcha fo sgeudach-adhl gorm an t-samhraidh, 'sa' cluinntinn nan ian a ceilearadh 'sna speuran. Bha'n crodh a laghanaich 'sna laogh a geumnich. Bha'n uair eile, armailt a tighinn an coinneamh armailt. Sgread aig claidheamh air claidh-aimh, agus teine geal a tighinn á stailinn ghuirn. Bha rithist na beanntan fo chleochda dubh na stoirn agus tein-adhair 's tarnaineach a' reubadh nan nial. Ach sguir an ceòl. Chuir an seann duine làmh air gach glun 's tharruing e anail, "Sin agad a nis am port," ars esan, "agus cha'n 'eil duine beò 'n diugh a chluicheas e." "Nuair thug sinn mionaid no dha 'buidhinn leum e gu grad air an urlar. "Tha 'n t-àm agamsa nis falbh," ars esan, "oidhche mhaith leat." 'S a mach ghabh e na fhior chabhaig. Ghlaodh mi na dheigh, "Cìod e an t-àimh th' air a' phort a dhuine?"

Ri leantuinn.

ONLY A MEDLEY.

"I HAVE seen the greatest wonder which the world can show to the astonished spirit; I have seen it, and am more astonished than ever—and still there remains fixed in my memory that stone forest of houses, and amid them the rushing stream of faces, of living human faces, with all their motley passions, all their terrible impulses of love, of hunger, and of hate—I am speaking of London." So wrote the poet Heine after his visit to London in 1826, and even so strongly, if less poetically,

might any member of the recent Deputation on the Training of Gaelic-speaking Teachers write or speak of it. For London is immense, wonderful, awe-inspiring. It is not only the largest city in the world; it is pre-eminently the city with which the world associates what is best in wealth, noblest in charity, grandest in liberty. It is a city of contrasts. After traversing some dingy street in which the buildings have no distinction save that of a dull uniformity of appearance, you suddenly come upon some stately church or some palatial public building. In the most crowded of thoroughfares you are never far from those breathing-spaces of London, the public parks, which form such refreshing oases in the wilderness of brick and mortar. Everywhere you find splendid luxury and sordid poverty rubbing shoulders in its streets. And towering high above the whole, as if it were the guardian angel and presiding genius of this mighty city, is that "orbed mass, dark blue and dim," the dome of St. Paul's. A visit to its Abbey and Cathedral, its Tower, Temple, and Houses of Parliament, its squares and public parks, is a liberal education in British history.

* * *

The favourable reception accorded to the Deputation which waited on the Secretary for Scotland on the 2nd April last, still forms an interesting topic of conversation in Celtic circles. Nor is this surprising. From every point of view the Deputation was a success. Numerically it was strong, for it comprised fifty-five members; it had the countenance of all the Highland Members of Parliament; the four members selected to speak stated their case briefly, clearly, and without overlapping of statement; and both Captain Sinclair and Dr. Struthers indicated that they were, to a great extent, in sympathy with the aims and objects of the Deputation. Sympathy is always pleasant, but the Deputation received something more practical than mere sympathy from the Secretary for Scotland. They were the first to be informed that a bonus of £10 was to be paid for each Gaelic-speaking teacher, other than a pupil-teacher, employed in Highland schools. And they received the gratifying assurance that the Education Department would see that at such centres where there were a number of Gaelic pupil-teachers studying there should be reasonable facilities for the teaching of Gaelic and its study.

* * *

There are yet some Highland friends who do not quite seem to understand the nature of the work which An Comunn Gàidhealach is endeavouring to do. For years these have suffered from the blighting effects of the "wind

that blows on the feet of the dead," with the result that they are full of a frosty spirit of caution which now and then becomes vocal in pessimistic warnings. And just now they are vocal. They warn us against rushing the language movement too much. They fear our advocacy of Gaelic-teaching will lead to making Highland education inferior to that which prevails outside the Highlands. They hint that we desire to foster Gaelic at the expense of English; that we intend to create an antagonism between it and a general education; and that in trying to preserve intact our nationality we are seeking to isolate the people of the Highlands from the rest of the empire! These warnings are uncalled for, the fears groundless, and the hints wide of the mark. Unfortunately, we Highlanders are neither accustomed to push our interests nor to "rush" what is personally valuable and dear to us. We are at once too proud and too shy to do that. If any warning be required, it is that we do not push this language movement quite enough. We advocate the teaching of Gaelic in schools, because we consider it a valuable means of culture and a powerful aid in developing the intelligence of the children. And to impart culture and train the intelligence is not to lower, but to *raise* the standard of education. It is not for sentimental but for practical reasons we desire to foster the teaching of Gaelic. And yet sentiment alone might afford a strong ground for fostering it. The language in which Christianity, the greatest civilizing agent the world ever saw, was spread through Scotland and north to the Faroe Islands, through more than one half of England, and through a great part of the continent; the language in which instruction was imparted for several centuries, in the branches of a general education as well as in such arts and industries as were then known; the language which voiced and is voicing the prayers and aspirations of a people, brave, loyal, and high-minded—that language deserves to be perpetuated. And the school is the place in which it can best be fostered. The more Gaelic is taught, studied, and used as a medium of interpretation in the schools the more generally will English be understood, and the more easily and correctly will it be spoken. And to aim at this is not to isolate, but to *unite* the Highlands with the rest of the empire.

* * *

An robh e an dàin? (was it destiny?). Such is the question asked by a gentleman who tells the following pretty story:—"A very dear friend of mine and I, both members of the Gaelic Deputation, intended travelling together to London on the Saturday morn-

ing preceding our reception at Westminster. Owing to unexpected press of work, my friend found it impossible to leave home till a late hour that evening, but being unable to inform me of this fact ere the train we had decided to travel by left Scotland, I had, much to my disappointment, to journey to London without him. We had not fixed on any particular hotel in which to stay during our visit, so when I arrived in London, I went, as much by accident as of settled purpose, to an hotel in the vicinity of the Strand. During that evening I naturally enough thought a great deal about him, wondering how and where we should meet before we had to appear on Monday afternoon at the House of Commons. In St. Paul's, where I attended morning service on Sunday, I found my thoughts dwelling more on my friend than upon the solemn ritual, beautiful music, and good preaching which are always features of the worship in that stately edifice. Service over, I loitered, for no particular reason that I am aware of, in the Cathedral (I had been there several times before), moving aimlessly through aisle and cloister for fully an hour, and then I resolved to go to my hotel for lunch. Reaching the corner of Fleet Street, I felt strongly impelled to go down to the Embankment, which I did. There I spent some time admiring Cleopatra's Needle, and gazing with wonder on that obelisk which was venerable with age when Moses led Israel out of Egypt. When I had sufficiently studied this singular relic of antiquity, I moved on homewards, full of the idea that London was a sort of peopled wilderness, cold, dreary, and unfriendly to a degree. Some few hundred yards along the Embankment, some influence which I tried to resist, prompted me to retrace my steps and copy that inscription which records the connection of Pharaoh Thotmes III. with the obelisk. I returned, and as I reached it the second time you can judge how great were my surprise and pleasure to see my friend coming straight to meet me! His experience was somewhat similar to mine. Since his arrival early that morning he, too, was much occupied in thought as to how and where he could find me. Some time after mid-day he perambulated a few of the best known thoroughfares—best known to comparative strangers, that is—in the faint hope that we might meet. Disappointed in this hope, he was returning to his hotel when, almost unconsciously, he found himself on the Embankment, and both of us face to face! Had we not been strongly attracted to that spot; had I not retraced my steps with the intention of copying an inscription, every word of which I knew from memory—I did not copy it after

all—we most certainly should not have met that day. And what a difference the meeting made to both of us! London was no longer a cold, dreary, unfriendly wilderness, but a city of bright sunshine and pleasant faces. Its parks seemed full of bands playing, "God save the King," and its streets filled with happy crowds, the undercurrent of whose happiness found expression—we thought—in the melody, "*Suas leis a' Gaidhlig*." Was it destiny? Yes, decidedly. That it was fated is, I think, the truest as it is the simplest answer. But this answer may not, probably will not, satisfy the enlightened reader, and for him a more abstruse one must be found. Mind is allowed to be the most mysterious and greatest force in the world. It is not hampered in its workings by conditions of time and space. Before the pulse can beat twice, it can sum up the universe in thought—one of the phases of its activity. The power of electricity, the swiftest agent man can thoroughly control, may be measured in terms of ohms, volts, and amperes; but who can measure the mysterious telepathic influences emanating from the mind of man? May not such telepathic influences have been sufficiently powerful to bring to the same spot, and at the same time, two friends of similar tastes and sympathies, devoted to one another, anxious to meet one another?

* * *

In order to report the result of the Gaelic Deputation's visit to London, the April issue of *An Deo-Ghreine* was delayed until the 4th ultimo, with the result that very little time was left for the children to take part in the Competition announced in these columns last month. We shall keep this Competition open till the 20TH MAY. A prize of *five shillings* is offered for the best account of an old Highland *castle, custom, legend, or anecdote* bearing on the Highlands. The composition is to be in English; it should be written on one side of the paper only; it *must not* exceed one hundred and fifty words in length; it must be the unaided work of the competitor, and it should reach the English Editor of *An Deo-Ghreine*, Manse of Petty, Inverness, not later than 20th May.

* * *

Elsewhere in this magazine a powerful appeal is made to all Highlanders to help make FEILL A CHOMUINN GAIDHEALAICH, to be held in 1907, a grand success. But why should not our children do something for the Féill? I think it would be delightful to have a Highland Children's Stall—buth, Mrs Burnley Campbell prefers to call it—at the Féill. Well, then, I offer a *first* prize of *five shillings* and a *second* prize of *three shillings* for the

best suggestions as to furnishing, arranging, and conducting such a stall, the conditions to be exactly as detailed in the previous paragraph. Now, then, children, help us with your suggestions.

—:O:—

ORAN AN T-SEANA-GHILLE.

A fhleasgaich gu'n chéill gur beag a tha dh'fhios agad,
Fhleasgaich gu'n chéill nach tuigeadh tu chòir,
Mur h-aithne dhuit fhéin e, innsidh mise dhuit,
Liuthad rud ceanalta dheanadh bean òg.

Ged bhiodh tu brònach 'n àm tighinn dachaidh dhuit,
Thilgeadh bean òg dhìot callach a bhròin :
'S ged rachadh an saoghal truimeach airh-earrachort,
Gheibheadh tu cadal an achlais mna òg.

Dheanadh i càrdadh, dheanadh i callanas.
Dh' fhuineadh i aran is bhleothnadh i bò.
Dheanadh i eibhinn 'n àm dol a chadal thu
'S iomadh rud beannaicht' bhiodh agaibh gu lè.

Chuireadh i teaghlach briagha mu 'n teine dhuit,
'S b' eibhinn an sealladh a faicinn mu 'n bhòd ;
Oganaich fhior-ghlan sior dhol a fearachas,
Maighdeannan beadarrach, leadanach òg.

'Ged bhiodh fear-pòsda greis air an allaban,
Nuair thig e dhachaidh bidh aitreabh air dòigh ;
Ach 's ann tha mo thruais ri fàrdach an t-seana-ghille,
Bidh i gu 'n eine gu 'n duine na còir.

Chuireadh i fàilt' ort, cuireadh i furan ort,
Dh' eisdeadh tu mànnan lurach a beoil.
Bi fear na mna òige gu sòlasach cuideachdail,
'Seann fhleasgach luideach na bhurraidh ri bheò.

Nuair thig an aois chreubhach ort treigidh do
mhisneach thu,
Tuitidh do spiorad le cudthrom a' bhroin ;
S nuair ni thu éiridh gu teanntuinn ri gillealas,
Caillidh na h-ìosgaidean gligeach an treòir.

Sguiridh tu shuiridhe 's coma leat leannanachd,
Leigidh thu d' phears' ann am fasan nach còir.
'S cha bhì càil eibhinn tuilleadh air thalamh a'd,
Ach leisg agus cadal, tombac' agus òl.

Nuair thig ort an aois gu 'n duine ri d' anacladh,
Searbhan' no sgagal cha 'n fhaigh thu ri d' bheò.
Feumaidh tu strìochdadh 's do chùisean thoirt
thairis,

'Se airgid na 'n cailleach bhios agad fadheoidh ?

'Nuair thig am bàs ort cò ni alair dhuit ?

Tilgidh fear-fuadain thairis ort fòd.

Triallaidh tu null 's cha bhì ionndrainn air
thalamh ort,
Bidh thu mar mhadadh a thachdadh air ròp.

* * *

Rinneadh an t-oran so le Iain Smith nach mair-eann a bha ann an Iarshiadar, Uige, Leodhais,
Dh' ionnsaich e bhi 'na dhotair, ach bhris air a shlàinte, mu 'n d' fhuair e troimh 'n fhòghlum uile.
A dhìdh gach neach a chuala 'orain nach d' àrach Eilean Leodhais bàrd d'a leithid.

IAIN M. MACLEOID.

ANOTHER REAPETH.

BY

NORMAN MACLEAN,

Author of "Dwellers in the Mist."

At Spidean Mileach hunger and pestilence had laid heavy hands on the people that once dwelt in peace round Balquoich. In the shelter of the rocks, in turf and heather huts, they lay waiting the coming of a better day. In every sphere of life the law holds good which says, "One man soweth and another reapeth." The men to whom authority was committed had sown the seed of war; the poor had to reap the full harvest of its misery.

In the crevice of the rocks, slenderly protected by heather laid on branches stretched above him, lay a young lad moaning. His face was so swollen that his eyes were shut; over all his skin hard, red pimples stood out, with a little hollow at the top of each pimple. Under him was a bundle of dry heather, and over him a covering of torn sacking. An old woman, his grandmother, whose face showed that she had been once in the grip of the fell disease, sat on the ground watching the sick boy.

"So hot, so hot," moaned the boy, tossing on his heather bed.

The old woman replaced the sacking on the hot and fevered hands.

"Father, father," he cried again, his tongue uttering the tail of a thought that ran through his wandering mind.

"Oh, Calum, my hero," cried the old woman, "your father lies buried in a trench on Drum-ossie, and neither you nor I will see him again." And she rocked backward and forward in her misery, watching her grandson. Then there was a pause. He lay quite still, his breath coming in gasps; his thin, worn, disfigured hands groped over the coverlet of sacking, picking at it here and there, searching blindly for what they would never find.

"So hungry," he moaned.

The old woman shivered. There was no food for him.

"So thirsty," he continued.

"Have patience, Calum, my little hero," she said, "till Ian comes with the milk and then you will get food and drink all at the one time."

"So hungry; so thirsty and so hot," moaned the feeble voice, and the hands continued groping.

The old woman moved outward till she could see the path along the hill down which her grandson Ian Beag would come with the milk. Her gray hair streamed loose round her pitted face. Her faded eyes were hard and

dulled with misery. One frayed skirt of coarse cloth and a shawl round her shoulders were all the clothing she wore. Her feet were bare, and her fingers and toes were twisted and swollen with rheumatism. She stood there, looking with dull eyes up the path, and Torquil coming up from below saw her and stood still.

"What a picture of misery," he exclaimed.

"It is Mairi Eachann," said Hector.

Mairi heard their voices, and turning she cried out to them,

"Stand between me and the wind, she exclaimed, waving her hands in her excitement.

They understood at once, and moved slowly to the left so that the west wind blew from them to her.

"Further away," cried the old woman, "I would not for the world have any one say that your father's son got the pestilence from me."

"Who has been smitten by it," asked Torquil, the wind carrying his voice to the old woman.

"Calum, my grandson," she wailed, throwing her words with a hoarse cry against the wind; "he lies in there crying for food and for drink. I have no food; and I am waiting for milk to come from the cows. Calum and Ian are all I have left; and Calum is dying."

Torquil, moved with great pity, walked suddenly towards her.

"Stand back, stand back," she cried, moving away. Stand between me and the wind. You can do nothing for him. Not for the world would I have any one say that your father's son got the pestilence from me."

Torquil turned to Hector. "You have some food with you," he asked, shortly.

Hector opened his wallet.

"Here is some bread and some cheese," cried Torquil.

"Place them on the ground there," cried the old woman, "and I will get them, but stand you further away between me and the wind."

Down the hill there came a cry, and turning they saw a bare-legged, bare-headed boy, coming running towards them.

"It is Ian Beag," cried the old woman, "but he has not got the milk."

"What has happened Ian?" asked the old woman, motioning him to keep away from her.

"The red-coats he answered, panting for breath, have come and carried away the cattle. There will be no more milk."

The old woman sat down on the hillside and began to rock herself to and fro.

"*Mille Molochd*," she moaned; "a thousand maledictions! No more milk, and Calum dying of thirst."

In the crevice, sheltered by the branches, the feeble voice went on:—

"So hungry; so thirsty; so hot; and the

thin, red, pimple-covered hands picked at the sacking.

"When did it happen?" cried Torquil.

"A little while ago," answered Ian; they came on us suddenly as we were with the cattle in the hollow behind the hill and we fled. They drove away the cattle towards Fort-Augustus."

"Where are the rest of the people?" asked Torquil.

"They moved to the other side of the hill," answered the old woman; "they are afraid of the pestilence."

"You do the best you can till the evening," said Torquil to the old woman; "and we will then return to help you and bring you food." And followed by Hector and Ian beag, he strode with swift steps towards the other side of the hill.

There were only five men that could be found to follow Torquil at that moment; but he resolved to make an effort to save the cattle from the red-coats. They had much in their favour in that they knew every hillock, every stream, every rock, every bog which made up the country that lay between Spidean Mileach and the great glen in the centre of which the red-coats had their fort. The policy of the soldiers was to live on the country; and the people who had raised many a cattle-raid in the good old days, were now raided in the days of their extremity. And the cattle would travel very slowly; they had not yet recovered the leanness of the spring—nor the bleeding.

"If we can get to the Coire Caol before them," said Torquil, "we can perhaps manage it."

And the five men, who until he came, were without a thought of resistance or of effort to retrieve their loss, when they heard his voice, lifted their heads with a new look in their eyes. They would not die like dogs if they could help it.

(To be concluded).



TO OUR READERS.

THE editors regret that much valuable matter, Gaelic and English, had to be held over from this number. A Gaelic poem of distinct merit, composed by "Seonai Phàdruig," Iarshadar, Lewis, appears in this issue. We hope to give a short account of himself, with a photo, and part of another of his poems in the next number.

We have another characteristic contribution from the pen of Mr. Donald MacEacharn, and will appear if possible in the next number. We should advise Gaelic friends, who do not read their own language, to hurry up and complete their education, if for no other reason than that they may not miss the quiet humour and sound sense that drip out from MacEacharn's pen. Some of us would like to borrow a pen from him.

NACH GORACH MI 'GAD CHAOINEADH.

GLEUS A.

: s₁ | m₁, r | d₁, l | s₁ : m₁, s₁ | d : r₁, m | r
Nach gorach mi 'gad chaoineadh 's nach caoineadh tu mi;

: s₁ | d₁, r | m₁, f | s : m₁, r | m₁, m | s₁, l | s
'S ro ghòrach thug mi gaol dhuit, 's gu'm faod thu bhì 'gam dhith;

: m | f₁, s : l₁, f | s : m₁, s | f₁, m | r₁, d | r
Ma's e lugh'd mo stòrais a dh' fhàg do dheòin 'gam dhith,

: m | s₁, s₁ | l₁, d | s₁ : m₁, s₁ | d : d₁, r | d
O's fheadar dhomh bhì beò ged nach pòsadh tu mi.

Ciod rim mi ort a dh'eucoir, 'n uair thréiginn an tìr?

Cha tugainn beum ort, ged thréigeadh tu mi;
Cha chreidinn droch sgeul ort, cha bu léir dhòmhsa i;

'S ged chuireadh iad breug ort, cha'n éisdinnse rith'.

Ged gheibhinns' an Roinn-Eòrpa, 's na bheil de stòras innt'.

Ged gheibhinn sud air m' òrdugh, is àite còmhnuidh innt'.

Ged dh' éigtheadh am dhiùc mi, 's ged chrùinnteadh mi'm rìgh,

O b'fhearr a bhì riut pòsda, mur diùltadh tu mi,

'S i mo ghaols' an òg-bhean, is bòidhche na càch;

Do chùl daithte 'n òrdugh, mar neòinean a' fàs;
Mo ghaolsa nìhaighdean bhòidheach, o'n tig an còmhradh blàth—

Na'n gealladh tu mo phòsadh, bu bheò mi o'n bhàs.

Gur mise tha fo ghruaimean, 's nach gluais mi leam fhìn,

Mu'n ghàol thug mi do'n ghruagaich, 's gun duais dhomh da chinn;

Ma bheir fear eile bhuam thu, nach truagh a bhios mi;

O b' fhearr a bhì 's an uaigh na thu, luaidh, bhì 'gam dhith.

Comhail' thoirt air òig-fhearr—'s cha ghòraiche i—

Gun ghaol thoirt do dh'-òg-bhean, cho bòidheach 's g'am bì i,

Ma labhras i gu ciùin riut, cum dùinte do chridh'

'S feuch, mu'n toir thu rùn di, gu'n lùb thu leat i.

The melody of the above song is from the first prize Mod Compilation of 1904 by John

Cameron, Paisley. The Compiler states that the sacred song "Is iongantach thu, shaoghail" by Peter Grant, and the ballad, "Jamie Raeburn, the poacher" are sung to the same air. The air was sung by the St. Columba Gaelic Choir of Glasgow at their recent annual concert to a song other than the above.

The preceding words are from *An t-Oran-aiche*.

—:o:~o:—

NOTES FROM OUR WATCH-TOWER.

Those who are at the centres will much oblige the editor of this column and will help to make this magazine interesting, by forwarding, not later than the middle of each month, bright, brief but clear paragraphs descriptive of the work of the various Highland societies in the cities and towns of the British Isles and colonies. Editor and reader alike are keenly anxious to learn what is being done by and for the Highland people, and for the Gaelic language. We are anxious that every one of you, fellow Gaels, at home and abroad will

"Knit fast the ties which form your heritage,
And cleave to your beloved fatherland;
Hold to it firm, with all your heart and soul,
Here are the hardy roots of all your power."

* * *

One is delighted to make room in AN DEO-GHREINE for so sensible and practical a request as the subjoined, from an Ediuburgh gentleman, whose address I have:—

"Sir,—I shall be glad if any of the readers of AN DEO-GHREINE will give information as to the best place to find board with a Gaelic-speaking family for a few weeks in summer, where English is not likely to be heard. The Comunn Gaidhealach is trying to assist the Gaelic-speaking people in the Highlands in various ways. If An Comunn could assist visitors to obtain board in purely Gaelic-speaking districts, it would be a means of doing a service both to the natives and to those who wish to improve their knowledge of Gaelic. The people would be less likely to neglect their mother-tongue if they found that it attracted visitors in summer.—I am, sir, yours truly,

"VISITOR."

There must be many places in the Inner and Outer Hebrides where "Visitor" could be easily accommodated. Will readers who know of places fulfilling the condition of "Visitor's" letter, and parties willing to take in summer boarders like "Visitor," kindly write me full particulars, to the Manse of Petty, Inverness, as early as possible? It will give me much pleasure to put such parties in communication with "Visitor."

* * *

The annual concert of the Glasgow Skye

Association was held in the Masonic Hall, West Regent Street, on Thursday, 5th April. There was a large audience, presided over by Col. MacDonald Williamson, V.D. In the course of an interesting address, the chairman stated that the association gave a prize of *two* guineas to the Mòd for the best collection of unpublished Gaelic songs or poems, *composed in Skye*, and that Mr. John N. McLeod, of Larkhall, had kindly agreed to give a second prize of *one* guinea for the same competition. He expressed the hope that a great many competitors would come forward for these prizes, as there is a great amount of unpublished poetry in Skye, and it would be a pity if it was not collected and ultimately printed in book form.

* * *

The winter session of the various Highland societies in the cities of the South was concluded early last month. From the Gaelic Union, St. Oran's, and Gaelic Society of Edinburgh; from the Oban and Lorn, Mull and Iona, Uist and Barra, Lewis and Harris, Sutherland, and Ross and Cromarty Associations in Glasgow; and from Greenock Highland Society, very encouraging reports have come to hand of much good work done and pleasant social intercourse enjoyed during the past winter. The Ross and Cromarty Association, at their annual meeting, on the 3rd April, agreed to co-operate heartily with An Comunn Gaidhealach in the endeavour to make the Fèill, to be held in Glasgow in 1907, an unqualified success.

* * *

Shinty from a Cockney standpoint.—"Gle mhath," the Gaelic "Well-played!" was, says the "Daily Mirror," heard on all sides on Friday when Highlanders met Lowlanders in a shinty match on Wimbledon Common. It was the Good Friday gathering of the clans called by the Scottish Clans Associations, and the red and green tartan of the Menzies and the blue, green, white, red, and black tartan of the Macleods blended prettily with other tartans innumerable. True, it was only English turf under a glorious English blue sky, but the gallant Scots played with all the greater ardour under these depressing circumstances. They came in their thousands—low-browed, bristly young Scots, grizzled old Scots, and fair Celtic belles. And those who did not play shinty shouted "Gle mhath!" There were fourteen players on each side—shinty is a rollicking game which can be played with any number. They were all brawny athletic men. Mr. Watson, the captain of the Highlanders, is a white-bearded veteran, who has played shinty south of the

Tweed for the past thirty-five years. Three kilted pipers marched round the shinty ground skirling strange airs and followed by a disorderly but happy rabble of wide-eyed gamins. Inspired by the pipes the players strained every nerve and muscle. It was a keen game, the teams swiftly sweeping from goal to goal, which were 250 yards apart. Stick after stick was shattered to fragments in the melee, and the Highlanders won by 4 goals to nil.

* * *

The June number of AN DEO-GHREINE will contain, among other articles of interest, a delightful paper on "The Life of Modern Wales," from the pen of Professor Anwyl. The admirable speech which the professor delivered at the Oban conference, and which our readers had presented to them in our April issue, will have prepared them to expect much from this forthcoming article. We guarantee that they will not be disappointed. May we plead that the readers of AN DEO-GHREINE will endeavour to interest their friends in the magazine and get them to become subscribers? Will not all our readers help us to make this magazine worthy of our name and tradition as Highlanders?

* * *

We again desire to draw special attention to the couple of competitions for children under 16 years of age, announced in this number of AN DEO-GHREINE. The subjects and conditions of competition are fully stated in the column headed ONLY A MEDLEY. We hope a great many boys and girls will compete.

* * *

GREENOCK HIGHLAND SOCIETY—The Annual Business Meeting of the Society was held on 3rd April. The President, Dr. MacDougall, was in the chair. There was a good attendance. Messrs. Angus MacAulay and Alex. N. Nicolson who represented the Society on the deputation which waited upon the Secretary for Scotland, on the previous day, gave a hopeful report and were thanked for their service. The treasurer, Mr. Neil M'Innes, submitted the financial statement which showed an income, inclusive of balance from last session, of £164 6s 2d, and disbursement amounting to £126 8s 3d, leaving a credit balance of £37 17s 11d.

The disbursement included a donation of £5 to "An Deo Ghreine" fund, and the annual Mod prize.

The secretary, Mr. Alex. N. Nicolson, submitted the annual report by the directors. It stated that while their work had not been characterised by any great undertaking, yet they were satisfied that much good work for the Gaelic cause had been accomplished, and that in the general advance Greenock was maintaining its place in the front rank of *working* societies. The Gaelic classes conducted under the auspices of the Society had closed a most successful session. There were two senior and four junior classes. The number on the roll

was 106. The average attendance was 64. Book prizes, to the number of seventeen, most of which were the gift of the Glasgow Gaelic Society, were awarded to successful pupils at the examination which concluded the session. The teachers were Dr. MacDougall, Mr. James Barron, B.A., Miss Morag MacLellan, Miss A. C. MacTavish, Mr. John MacLean, and Mr. Alex. N. Nicolson.

Compared with last session, there was a decrease of 14 in the membership of the Society, which now stood at 175. Thanks were recorded to all who had assisted the Society in any way during the past year. The chairman, in moving the adoption of the reports, said that with the exception of the slight decrease in the membership they had every reason to be satisfied with them. Mr. Alex. MacGillivray seconded, and the reports were unanimously approved of. The office-bearers for the ensuing session were then appointed as follows: Chief, His Grace, the Duke of Argyll, K.T.; Hon. Presidents, Sir Hugh Shaw-Stewart, Bart., and Mr. Geo. MacDonald; President, Dr. John MacDougall; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Peter MacCallum and Mr. James Brown; Hon. Secretary, Mr. Alex. N. Nicolson, 7 Cathcart Street; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. M. N. MacInnes, 13 Belville Street; Librarian and Assistant Secretary, Mr. John MacLellan; Directors, Rev. D. C. MacMichael, B.D.; Bailie MacCallum; Mr. James Barron, B.A.; Mr. Dugald MacFarlane, B.A.; Mr. John MacDougall; Mr. Alex. M'Intyre; Mr. Angus M'Aulay; Mr. Alex. MacGillivray, and Mr. Robert Laurie. A programme of vocal music, sustained by the Junior Gaelic Choir, under Mr. H. M. Milloy, and lady and gentlemen friends, concluded a successful meeting.

A. N.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO MAGAZINE FUND.

Miss S. F. Yule, Tarradale, £11 8 10; Greenock High-Society, £5; Eneas Mackay, Stirling, £1 1s.

We earnestly solicit contributions to this Fund.

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DHEOGHAIL NA LAOIGH.

THA "Bàrdachd Bhàideanaich" a nis air a chur am mach leis an Urramach Tómas Sinton; agus is brèagha, luachmhor an leabhar e. Is truagh nach 'eil na fuinn còmhla ris na h-òrain.

Ach thig sinn beò an dòchas ra-mhath
Gu'n tèid a' chùis a leasach' fhathast.

Cha 'n e mhàin nach 'eil na fuinn ann; ach, cho fad 's is aithne dhuinne, cha d' thugadh oidhirp air an teasaiginn. Chaidh fonn "Braig Uisge Spé," a tha 'n leabhar an Sintonaich, a theas-airginn le Iain Camshron á Paislig, agus a chur an clò mu cheithir bliadhna roimhe so. Agus, a nis, tha sinn a' toirt am follais fonn laghach eile a bhuineas—ma's fìor an sgeul a leanas—do Bhàideanach. Thugadh e á cruinneachadh a rinn an t-Iain Camshron ceudna an uraidh agus leis an do choisinn e duais aig Mòd A' Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich. Chaidh an sgeul innseadh anns "An Gaidheal" anns a' bhliadhna 1877. Tha mùthadh eadar na facail a th' anns "An Gaidheal" agus iadsan a th' aig J. C., ach is soilleir gu leòir gur e 'n t-aon òran a th' anna. So mar a tha e air a chur sìos anns "An Gaidheal":

Tha "Dheoghail an t-al" no mar a their feadhainn eile ris, "Dheoghail na laoi," 'na cheòl ro bhriagha air a' phìob an uair a thuigear 's a chluithgear gu pongail e. Uime sin, cha 'n 'eil fhios am misde le'r luchd-leughaidh a chluinntinn mar a shuair e an t-ainm.

Is ann am Bràighe-Bhàideineach a tha Gealaghaidh; ach 's ann de thigh na Ceapaich a bha 'n Raonall so. Bha Gealaghaidh fada aige fhéin 's aig a sheòrsa; ach chaill iad i air dhòigh air choireiginn nach ruigear a leas innseadh an tràth-sa. Coma, bha Raonall latha 'sa bheinn-sheilg, 's thigear an oidhche air. Bha spréidh is buachaillean aige 'sa mhonadh; ach bha e car sgith, agus ged a bha 'n t-ainm gu'm bitheadh na sìthichean 'na uaireannan a' tachairt air feadhainn 'sa ghleann sin, b' fhada leis dol do thigh an àirich. Ghabh e mu thàmh ann am bothan fàs air an d' thàinig e, agus dh' fhadaidh e teine. Bha, mar a tha fhios gu math, na seann daoine bhò shean an dùil gu'n robh buaidh-choisrigidh air ceòl na truimpe a theasraigeadh bho na daoine-sith iad. Is ann air sin a tha am facal so a' tighinn:

Is math an ceòl an tromp
Mur bhi am pong tha 'na dhéigh.

Cha 'n fhaicear tromp an diugh air son annais; ach, theagamh, nach ionntaichear cho mòr iad bho 'n a chaidh na daoine-sith fo thuinn. Bha paidhir thromp aig Raonall air a shiubhal, a rinn gobha mòr Ionbhar-lòchaidh dha a dh' aona ghnòthuch; agus an uair a ghabh an teine, chaidh e air a dhruim-a-dìreach an leaba-chùl-beinge bha 's bhothan, is thòisich e air cluith orra: bha e 'na thrompair ainmeil. Cha do chluich e ach port no dhà trath chuala e an t-sithiche taobh thall an uisge; ach cha tug e feairt oirre. Coma, cha deachaidh sin air mhìopadh air an t-sithiche; bhuail i stigh is luinneag aice air "Dheoghail

an t-àl," an dùil gu'n tàlaidheadh i a mach e. Cha d' thug sud snaoidheadh air Raonall; is trath chunnaic ise sin dh' atharraich i pong agus thubhairt i:

A ho ró, 's mithich bhi falbh
Hù ho ró, gu ceann Locha Trèig.

Ach innsidh am port fhéin mar a bha eatorra na's fheàrr na 's aithne dhòmhsa.

RANN. A horó, a Raonail ud thall (*trì uairean*)
Hù ho ró, nach imich thu nall?

SEIS. A ho ró, dheoghail an t-àl (*trì uairean*)
Raonall Hù ho ró, ma dheoghail leig dhaibh.

A ho ró, co bha riu sin?

Sìthiche Hù ho ró, bean an tigh-bhàin.

A ho ró, bean an tigh-mhòir,
Hù ho ró, bean an tigh-bhàin.

Raonall A ho ró, có chaidh an ghleann?

Sìthiche Hù ho ró, bean an tigh-bhàin.

A ho ró, banarach ann;
Hù o hó, bha mise 'na teann.

A ho ró, a Raonail ud thall;
Hù ho ró, tha mise gu d' chall.

Raonall A ho ró, cha 'n 'eil mi a'd thaing;
Hù ho ró, dà theangaidh 'nam cheann.

Sìthiche A ho ró, 's mithich dhomh falbh,
Hù ho ró, mach an t-Sròn-gharbh.

Raonall A ho ró, ceana a théid?
Hù ho ró, mach an t-Sròn-gharbh.

Sìthiche A ho ró, stigh an t-Sròn-liath,
Hù ho ró, 'g iomain na spréidh.

A ho ró mach an Càrn-dearg
Hu ho ró, gu ceann Locha Tréig.

DHEOGHAIL NA LAOIGH.

GLEUS G. RANN.

{	: l ₁ ., t ₁	d	: r. r. r	s	}
Hù	o	hó,	dheoghail na	laoigh;	

{	: f., m	r	: r. r. r	s	}
Hù	o	hó,	dheoghail na	laoigh;	

{	: l ₁ ., t ₁	d	: r. r. r	s	}
Hù	o	hó,	dheoghail na	laoigh;	

{	: f., m	r., d	: l ₁ , l ₁ , t ₁	d	}
Hù	o	hó, ma	dheoghail leig	dhaibh.	

SEIS.

{	: l ₁ ., t ₁	d	: r. r. r	s. s. s	}
Hù	o	hó,	dheoghail iad,	dheoghail iad;	

{	: f., m	r	: r. r. r	s. s. s	}
Hù	o	hó,	dheoghail iad,	dheoghail iad;	

{	: l ₁ ., t ₁	d	: r. r. r	s. s. s	}
Hù	o	hó,	dheoghail iad,	dheoghail iad;	

{	: f., m	r., d	: l ₁ , l ₁ , t ₁	d	
Hù	o	hó, ma	dheoghail leig	dhaibh.	

THE LIFE OF MODERN WALES.

BY PROF. ANWYL.

No one who has observed with any degree of closeness the local life of the various parts of the British Isles can fail to have been struck by the peculiar individuality of the life of the little country which lies west of Offa's Dyke. In religion, in politics, in literature, in her musical skill, as well as in various other ways, Wales lives a life of her own which is often in a striking manner in remarkable contrast to England, her closest neighbour. The life of Wales herself is not, indeed, homogeneous but in spite of its own variety it is everywhere distinctive in its nationality in the industrial and commercial centres of Glamorgan and Monmouth, in the slate-quarrying districts of Carnarvonshire and Merionethshire, in the health resorts of the coast and of the interior, in the fishing villages and the homes of Welsh mariners, in the mountains and in the valleys. These notes are being written in Glamorgan-shire, in one of the busiest industrial districts in the British Empire, but the life of the thousands of inhabitants in this thriving community is characteristically Welsh as is indicated by the large and numerous chapels around, where the services are conducted throughout in the Welsh tongue. The County Court Judge of this district, Mr. Gwilym Williams, has recently died. He was a thoroughly Welsh-speaking Welshman who fostered his language and its literature and whose father was a bard, Alaw Goch. He is succeeded, as I hear to-day, by Mr. J. Bryn Roberts, a Welshman who is thoroughly conversant with Welsh and who for many years has been one of the most highly respected of our Welsh members of Parliament. There are here around me many prominent public men as there are in other parts of Wales whose success in spheres which require skill in the use of the English tongue has been in no way impeded by their familiarity with the tongue of their fathers.

Wales affords a curious spectacle of a small country in closest proximity to a most powerful neighbour yet calmly endeavouring to express her own individuality and to work out her own destiny in her own way. To England her closest neighbour, Wales is linked by ties, subtle and innumerable: her sons enter freely into the busy life of the large towns of England; London, Liverpool and Manchester, for example, contain a very large proportion of successful Welshmen. During the summer months Wales in turn is flooded by English visitors to all her health resorts. Railways, canals and the whole machinery of commerce bind the two countries

in the closest ties, so far as the material life is concerned, but if we turn to the expression of thought and aspiration we see at once, especially in the spheres of religion, politics, music, literature and education that in things of the mind and spirit Wales unflinchingly follows a path of her own, and that with the most extraordinary unity and solidarity. In politics, for example, whatever may be our own point of view, it cannot but arrest thought to observe that in the whole of Wales (including Monmouthshire) not a single Conservative representative was returned to Parliament. The marvel is all the greater when we reflect that at the time of the Commonwealth Wales was a most zealous supporter of the Royalist cause.

This, however, is not the strangest thing in this mysterious land of ours. A short time ago within but a few months of the General Election there was held at Cardiff under the presidency of the Lord Mayor of Cardiff (himself a Conservative Welshman) a National Conference for the purpose of advocating the creation of a Welsh National Council of Education. This National Conference included not only representatives of the County and other Local Authorities but also three of the Welsh Anglican Bishops, two Welsh Roman Catholic Bishops, the titular leaders of the Welsh Nonconformist denominations and a few others. A resolution, advocating the principle of a Welsh National Council was carried with but three dissentients and these were representatives of one of the most Liberal and Nonconformist of the Welsh Counties, their contention being that the proposal to form a National Council was premature. Wales is in many respects a country of surprises and paradoxes. Her separate system of Secondary Education was granted her by a Conservative Government and this was recently the case, too, with the granting of the Charters for the formation of a Welsh National Museum and a National Library, the former to be located at Cardiff and the latter at Aberystwyth. Another curious paradox is that some of the leading Welshmen of the day in all that is distinctly national are Conservatives in Imperial politics. The linguistic life of Wales, too, is full of curious surprises. English is of necessity widely known in Wales, but any hasty conclusion from this that those who speak it must be ignorant of Welsh is entirely unwarranted. The truer state of things comes to view when we remember that even into England the Welshman who is worth the name carries his language with him, so that in a district like that of Liverpool alone there are between twenty and thirty Welsh places of worship. The importance of a knowledge of Welsh for the prestige of a Welsh public man among his

fellow-countrymen is curiously indicated by the extraordinary attempts of some prominent Welshmen, who have never learnt the Welsh tongue, to hide their ignorance. The Welsh public are not now so tolerant of such Welshmen as they were about forty years ago, and many ludicrous stories are in circulation in Wales about the traps set for non-Welsh-speaking Welshman and the ease with which they have fallen into them. Wales soon discovers who of her sons know Welsh, since the occasions when it would be the appropriate tongue for public men to use are so numerous. Some time ago a Welshman by blood who had long tried to conceal from the public his ignorance of Welsh had been invited to preside at the National Eisteddfod, and at the beginning of his presidential speech apologized for his inability to address the huge gathering of several thousands in Welsh. The chilling effect of his apology will never be forgotten by him or his hearers. Had he been invited simply as a man of wealth or social position, his ignorance might have been forgiven him, but as he was regarded till then by the ill-informed crowd as a prominent and representative Welshman, the disappointment was such that the experiment has never been repeated. The life of the Welsh language is difficult for anyone to understand unless he has the most intimate acquaintance with Wales. For any man who wishes to enter fully into the characteristic life of the country, whereby Welshmen live in grooves distinct from those of England, Welsh becomes an absolute necessity. An inhabitant of Wales who is ignorant of it will be unable to enter into the native life and must live in those spheres of activity wherein the life of Wales is identical with that of England, or is a kind of pale reflection of it. If a man of leisure, for example, is content with a life of present commonplace enjoyment he can doubtless live as comfortably without a knowledge of Welsh as with it, but if he turns, let us say, to a study of local or family history, or even to the study of the fauna and flora of a given district, he will find himself greatly hampered in his work, and made dependent, to a great extent, upon others if he be unacquainted with the Welsh language.

In view of this state of things the superficial observer might say that a country so conservative of speech and apparently so obstinately indifferent to the needs of progress must be entirely out of touch with the modern spirit. What, however, is the case? In a very brief period Wales has built up a system of Secondary Education whose certificates, granted by the Central Welsh Board for Intermediate Education, have been accepted by a large

number of professional and similar bodies in the United Kingdom as legitimate avenues of entrance into them. Moreover, a federal University has been created which has brought unity and concentration into the higher education of Wales, technical education in Agriculture, Mining, Metallurgy and Fisheries have been encouraged, and last, but not least, a post-graduate B.D. degree has been established in Theology which has given most valuable encouragement to the scholarly study of Theology and of the Scriptures in the original tongues. A country, whose children from their very childhood see nothing strange in the acquisition of two languages has already done much to remove from other tongues that aspect of strangeness which is, as a rule, so formidable a barrier to the monoglot English child and which tends among the English masses to associate a passion for knowledge and higher education with eccentricity. In most things it is the beginning that is the hardest, and in few things is the difficulty of approaching a new habit so great as in the case of language. The children of the well-to-do have the way of language prepared for them in childhood by means of foreign nurses and governesses, but if the children of the poor and the middle classes are to have the way out of insularity opened to them their organs of speech and linguistic instincts must be trained and encouraged in some less expensive way. It is here that the bilingualism of Wales is proving for her the way of educational salvation and an excellent avenue out of that deadening provincialism and prosaic insularity which make the normal monoglot Englishman so uninteresting and aggravating a being. There are some parts of Wales that have become English in speech, but the result is, that they count for nothing in the National life and in all matters of modern progress are as stagnant as the most bucolic parts of England. They have lost Welsh and have acquired instead dialects of their own which certainly are not English. The English deliberately learnt by the children of the Welsh speaking parts of Wales is infinitely better.

The great danger of the life of the United Kingdom, in England at any rate, is that of sinking into a state of intellectual apathy and dulness, a state in which the temptations to morbid excitement produced by wrong means are extremely great. This state of mental inertia needs overcoming in the years of childhood before it becomes a settled habit, and the bilingualism of Wales has contributed materially to this end by making the child exercise its mind in the region of speech, thereby stimulating also its activities in the region of thought as distinguished from mere sensation

and emotion. Every power that will aid in preserving the life of the community generally from mental stagnation deserves encouragement, if only for this reason alone. For this and for the other reasons given as well as from a patriotic pride in her inheritance from the past, Wales to-day has decided to encourage, rather than to suppress, the preservation and use of her ancient tongue. Wales has gained thereby, and if Scotland does the same, she, too, need not fear to find herself a loser.



IAIN SMITH, BARD IARSHIADAIR, UIGE.

A MEASG bàird Leodhais air fad dleasaidh Iain Smith nach maireann an t-àite 's àirde. Rugadh e ann an Iarshiadar, an sgìr Uige, 'sa bhliadhna 1848. B'e athair, Padruig Smith, am fear aig an robh tuathanachas Iarshiadair aig an àm. Bha e na dhuine gleusda tuigseach, agus na dheadh bhàrd cuideachd, agus tha sinn a' creidsinn mar sin, gur h-ann bho dhualachas a fhuair Iain a mhac an gihht bàrdachd a bh' aige. Fhuair Iain Smith toiseach fhòghlum ann an sgòil bheag Chrùlibhig. Bha e geur gu ionnsachadh mar is tric leosan a tha 'nam bàird a bhi, ged a bha 'n spiorad so fhathast falaicht' ann.

Aig ochd bliadhna deug a dh'aois chaidh e Steornabhagh do'n sgòil. Bha e'n sin dà bhliadhna. B'e dhlùth-chompanach agus a charaid re an dà bhliadhna sin—an t-Urr. Domhnall Macneacail, a tha na mhinistear an Dalbriag, 'n Uidhist-a-Deas.

Tha e coltach gur h-ann mu'n àm so a thoisich spiorad na bàrdachd ri e fèin fhoills-eachadh ann an toiseach. Bha nàbaidh àraidh aige dà'm b' ainm Calum Smith. Rinn Calum rud-eigin air nach do chòrd ris, agus 's ann a theann am bàrd ri aoireadh. Tha'n aoir anabarrach sgaiteach, deas-bhriathrach, agus 'b' fhurasd' aithneachadh gu'n robh laithean mòra bardachd a feitheamh air a neach a rinn i. 'N deigh dha sgòil Steornabhaigh fhàgail, chaidh e do Oil-thigh Dhunéideann a dh'fhoghlum airson na dotaireachd. Bha so mu thimchioll na bliadhna 1870. Re a chuairt anns an Oil-thigh dh' oibrich e gu cruaidh. Bha deadh cheann aige, ach bha e air a chumail air ais le cion nan sochairean mòra sin a bhi aige na òige, bh' aig na foghlumaichean sin bh' air an ionnsachadh ann an sgoilean mòra 'n taoibh-deas. Fad na'n cuig bliadhna bha e ann an Dunéideann, cha robh e aig an tigh ach dà uair, a' sealltuinn nach b' ann dìomhain a bha e cur seachd ùine. Cha'n fhaicte ro thrìc dìomhain e, agus 's iomadh

uair a thuirt a chompanaich ris' nach seasadh a bhodhaig ris mur gabhadh e tàmh, agus mur d' thoireadh e aire d'a shlàinte. Mar a thubhairt b' fhiar, bhris air a shlainte ann an ceann nan cuig bliadhna. Rinn tuilleadh 's a chòir do dh'ionnsachadh an gnothachair. Thromaichair cho mòr 's gu'm b' fheudar dà Dunéideann fhàgail agus fhoghlum thoirt thairis. Thòisich pian na thaobh agus bha e cur a mach na fala. Cha robh e fhéin a' gabhail ris cho dona 's a bha e, agus mar sin cha robh e toirt an aire bu chòrr dha air fhein. Thàinig e dhachaidh do dh' Iarshiadar, aite 'bhreith agus àraich,

sgil agus seòlaidh aig àm trioblaid. Bha eòlas math aige air cùisean lighiche mar a bha e, agus na'n robh e air a chùimhnadh, tha sinn cinnteach gu'm biodh Dr. Smith á Iarshiadar ainmeil anns a Ghaidhealtachd air fad.

Rinn e an t-òran a leanas air dha cuairt a thoirt do'n àirdh.

AN SAMHRADH.

Tha 'n samhradh cridheil eibhinn ann.
Tha thus 'us blàths' na'n speuran ann.
Tha gathan grinn na gréine,
Air na speuran 'cur dreach òir orr'

Fonn :—

Eiribh rachamaid do'n ghleann,
'S gu faic sinn ann na caileagan.
Eiribh rachamaid do'n ghleann,
'S gu faic sinn ann na h-òighean.

Bidh crodh is buair 's treudan ann,
Mar dh'òrduich Rìgh na speuran dhuinn.
Chaidh crìoch air uail na'n eucorach,
A nis bho cheusadh Dòmhnall.

Na beanntan boidheach gaolach ud,
O! marbhaig air na daoine sin,
Le'm b' àillgu 'm biodh na h-aonaichean,
Fo aolach damh na cròice.

B'e fleasgach amh neo-threubhach e,
A bhiodh gu rìghinn éislinneach,
Aig baile 's tlàth na'n eibhlean air,
Nach sireadh 'eimh na h-òige.

Tha gruagaichean cho lionmhor ann,
Le gruagan dualach sniomhanach.
Cò 'shealladh air an sgìomh a th' orr',
Nach miannaicheadh am pòsadh.

A mhaise 'bhuilich nadur orr'
Chab'usgràichean's chab'fhàinnichean,
'S cha b' iomhaigh bréid na tàileasgan,
Mar tha aig luchd na pròise.

Bu ghoirid cuairt na h-oidhche leinn,
Gu 'n deanadh latha soillseachadh,
Ri leannanachd 's ri coimhnealachd,
'S gur fada thall bha bròn uainn.

J. N. M.

—:o·φ·o:—

AN FHEILL.

CHaidh Dòmhnall a chéilidh air Alasdair an oidhche roimhe. Bha Dòmhnall mar a tha mòran eile, ri 'g altrum beachdan faoine mu luach a chainnt mhàtharail. Shìn Alasdair is e fhéin air còmhradh mu'n chùis, agus so mar a chrìochnaich iad:

Alasdair—Tha 'chùis mar sin eadhoin gus an latha diugh nach fhaod a' chlann Gàidhlig a bhruidhinn anns a' sgoil; ach a's e rùn a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich nach bi i ann mòran na's fhaide. Bha iad cheana 'n am meadhan



agus ged a bha e breoite tinn, thuige 's uaith' a sior chaitheamh, agus a dol sìos le bochdainn, chuir e seachad seachd bliadhna fada 'n sin mu'n do bhàsaich e. Bha sin timchioll air a bhliadhn' uir 1881, aig tri-bliadhn' deug thar fhichead a dh' aois, air a bhriseadh sìos ann an toiseach a latha 'nuair a bha' ghrian fhathast ann an aird na'n speur. Na'n robh Iain Smith air sìneadh saoghail fhaighinn bha e air cliu oibrèachadh a mach dha fhéin araon mar lighiche agus mar bhàrd, agus ged nach d' fhuair e cothrom dol troimh 'n fhoghlum uile 's iomadh duine an 'sgìre do'n d' rinn e feum le 'bhi toirt

air Ard Bhord an Fhoghlaim a ghealltainn deich puinn Shasunnach 's a bhliadhna do gach Bordsgoil m'a choinneamh gach maighstirs-goil a tha 'teagasg Gàidhlig. Fhuair iad mar an ceudna a' chànain air a h-aideach mar chuspair dlìgheach aig gach ceasnachadh. Tha 'n am beachd mòran tuillidh is so a dheanamh fhathas air son na seann chànain. Ach, tha cosgais nach beag ceangailte ri saothair a' Chomuinn; agus a's ann a chum airgid a chruinneachadh a tha'n Fhéill ri 'gleidheadh an ath-bhliadhna. 'S e còir gach Gàidheal aig am bheil meas air fhéin, air a shìnnsean agus air a dhuthaich gach cuideachadh a tha'n a chomas a dheanamh leis an Fhéill.

DOMHNALL.—Tha mi 'cur mo lan aonta ris gach smid a tha thu 'g radh. *Tha mi cur romham gu'n cuir mi, 'n ath bhliadhna, leth a's na chuireas mi de airgead anns an tombaca air adhart 'chum na Feille. Ni mi sin co dhiubh, aig a' chuid a's lugha!*

—:O.❖O:—

THE OBAN CONFERENCE.

The Oban Conference, promptly followed up as it was by an influential and representative deputation to press its resolutions at headquarters, bids fair to mark an epoch in the history of Highland education. From the remarks of the Secretary for Scotland and the Secretary of the Scottish Education Department, it is clear that once the Highland people are seen to be in earnest in desiring that Gaelic shall be taught in our schools, not only will no official barrier be interposed, but reasonable assistance and encouragement will be given.

So far, three important concessions have been made. The Certificate in Gaelic, counting as one of the subjects of the school Leaving Certificate, has come to stay. It has been largely taken advantage of, and it is gratifying to note from the Examiner's report that the papers were of a high order of merit. The institution of this Certificate will, without doubt, have good results, direct and indirect, the most important of which is that it at once raises Gaelic to its proper place among languages, deserving serious study as a means of culture. The number of candidates may be expected to increase; in the meantime there is in several places a difficulty in respect of qualified teachers. It is to the credit of non-Gaelic speaking headmasters in Gaelic districts that they have proved most willing to arrange for the inclusion of Gaelic in their curriculum.

Two further concessions are now announced—first a grant of £10 for each teacher who gives instruction through the medium of Gaelic; second, under the new regulations it is to be arranged that Gaelic shall be taught

to intending teachers at centres where there is a sufficient number desiring instruction. With regard to the £10 grant, the question has been raised whether it is intended to be annual, or merely paid once for all at the appointment of the Gaelic-speaking teacher. We hope to make a definite statement on this point in our next issue; meantime we have no reason to doubt that the grant is to be an annual one. Under the second head, it should now be essential that Gaelic-speaking students should proceed to the training centres in possession of the Gaelic Certificate. At those centres their instruction should be continued to the level of the Higher Grade Certificate, and when their course of training is complete, the £10 grant will serve as a very practical inducement to teach for a time at least in their native Highlands.

These proposals of the Department are sympathetic and eminently practical. Properly utilised and insisted on, they should go far to solve one of the problems of Highland education, and to satisfy the legitimate and reasonable sentiments of the friends of Gaelic. There are doubtless some who would have liked to see "My Lords" doing still more, and more may be expected to follow, but in the meantime the Department deserves our thanks, and that gratitude which is a lively sense of favours to come.

One thing cannot be insisted on too strongly. The future teaching of Gaelic in our schools is in the hands of the Highland people themselves—farmers, tradesmen, crofters, fishermen, as well as teachers and ministers. We have been taunted that the demand for Gaelic teaching comes from London rather than from Lewis—we take these as types. Whatever truth there may be in this lies in the fact that parents who speak only Gaelic sometimes think that the success of their children is best assured by speaking English only. They have themselves experienced the want of English, they have too often heard Gaelic decried as useless and barbarous, and they have come to the sorrowful conclusion that the Gaelic of their fathers, dear to them as it is, will be to their children only a hindrance. It is not that they love Gaelic less, but that they love their children more. We are assured that this attitude is a complete mistake. The knowledge of two languages is a great gain. The Gaelic-speaking boy or girl will learn English through Gaelic more quickly, more intelligently, and more thoroughly than through English. It is the recognition of this principle, that children are best taught through their own language that has roused the Education Department. By all means let our Highland children learn English; but let them learn to

read and write Gaelic also. Our aim should be bi-lingualism. Let every Highlander, gentle and simple, be educated in both languages, and let it be as disgraceful to know only English as some would have it to know only Gaelic. This we believe to be the only sane and practical policy, fair to Gaelic and to the Gaelic-speaking people. Far from involving the extinction of the language, we believe that such a policy would tend to prolong it. The experience of Wales, as so well set forth by Professor Anwyl, is to the point. Wales is thoroughly bi-lingual; every Welshman speaks and reads both Welsh and English, yet there is no talk of Welsh dying out. Gaelic possesses a vitality that has survived many changes. It has already seen at least two languages disappear before it in the Scottish Highlands within the last two thousand years.

What is wanted above all at present is a strong and educated public opinion in favour of giving Gaelic its rightful place alongside of English, but not to the exclusion of it. This by no means implies any slackening of our efforts to promote the study of Gaelic, both where it is spoken and where it has partly ceased to be spoken. These efforts are as necessary as ever, and we believe that it is on the lines indicated that they will receive most general sympathy and support. W.J.W.

—:O.Φ.O.:—

TREUNTAS SHEANN DAOINE.

(LE DOMHNUL MAC EACHERN.)

“Gnìomha làithean nam bliadhna dh’aon.”—*Carthonn.*

THOISICH mi air innseadh naidheachd do bhean-an-tighe, an là-roimhe, bho nach robh tuillidh agam r’a dheanamh. Thuit e mach nach robh ise an deadh ghean air son a leithid sin de chaithe-aimsire, ’s thuirt i gu’n cual i an naidheachd sin uair is uair cheana. Thuirt mi, eadar fheala-dhà ’s da-rìreadh, theagamh nach bu mhisid i ’cluinntinn aon uair eile na ’n èisdeadh i rithe. Cha ’n èisdeadh ise. ‘Theagamh,’ arsa mise, ‘nach cual thu riamh mu’n taibeist a mharbh mi air Eilean-nan-rón,’ ’s a b’ éigin domh snámh a mach’s a Chuan Siar as a dhéigh, ’s a thobhadh gu tìr, ’an aghaidh sruth is soirbheis.’

“Chuala mi sin cuideachd,” arsa ise.

‘No,’ arsa mise, ‘mu’n bhradan mhór a bha air mo dhubhan fad latha geal Samhraidh, ’s a fhuair air falbh an deigh a a-uile car? B’e sin am bradan! ’S ann a bu choltaich e ri cuilean muic-mhara na ri bradan cumanta; gu dearbh, cha bu bhradan cumant’ idir a bh’ ann; cha’n fhaca mise riamh a leithid.’

“Cha’n fhaca na duin’ eile,” arsa ise, “’s ma’s math mo chuimhne-sa, a cheud uair a

chuala mi ionradh air, cha do chaith thu ach dara-taobh mheadhon-latha a’ strì ris, ach tha nis an tìr air sineadh a mach gu latha geal Samhraidh.”

‘Tha sin nàdurra gu leòr,’ arsa mise, ‘tha ar làithean féin a’ sineadh a mach, ’s c’ arson nach sineadh latha a bhradain. A réir mo chuimhne-sa ort-féin, cha robh annad, an uair a thachair sinn an tús, ach caileag bheag, chutach, nach d’ rinn mòran sinidh an cnaimh no ’m féith, ’s cha mhò a rinn na luideagan aodaich a bha umad; cha robh snàthainn diubh a’ tigh ’n a bheag na b’ isle na do ghluinean, ach fhaic thu, shìn thu-féin is t’ aodach o’n àm sin, gu sònraicht’ an gùn; feumaidh dà no trì throidhean deth-san a bhi ’sguabadh an ùrlair a’ d’ dhéigh, ’s a’ deanadh àite na sguabaich a b’ àbhaist a bhi againn.’

“Biodh sin mar a dh’ fhaodas e,” arsa ise, “cha’n eil e ciatach a bhi ’n còmhnaidh ag innseadh na naidheachd cheudna, thairis is thairis a ris.”

‘Tut,’ arsa mise, cha mhisde naidheachd mhaith a h-innseadh dà uair.’

Ghearr ise ’n conaltradh goirid le ionnsaidh a thoirt air leabhar a bh’ air a’ bhòrd, ’s ann an tiota, bha i gus an dà chluais ann an sgeulachd a bu taitnichte leatha na aon dad a b’ urrainn dòmh’s a ràdh mu thimchioll mo threuntais féin. Chuir so mì-thlachd orm, ach bha leth-amharus agam gu’m faodadh càileigin de stéidh bhi aic’ air son na thubhairt i; ’s e sin ri ràdh, gu’m faodadh a bhith gu’n cual i na naidheachdan sin na bu trice na bha uile gu léir feumail, ach air a shon sin, cò nach fhaodadh a bhi coma. Tha amharus agam mar an ceudna, gu ’m bheil an fhàilinn a bha i a’ cur as mo leith-sa dlùth-cheangailte ris an aois an còmhnaidh. B’aithne dhomh seann duine còir, onorach, a dh’ innseadh dhomh h-uile treuntas a rinn e riamh a h-uile uair a thachair dhomh tadhall air. Bha e ceithir-deug is ceithir-fichead bliadhna dh’aois an uair mu dheireadh a chunnaic mi e, ’s dìreach mar a b’ àbhaist, b’ éigin domh èisdeachd ris na seann sgeulachdan aon uair eile. Ag èisdeachd ris an duine chòir shaoilinn nach d’ thainig leud boise de neul trioblaid air iarmailt a bheatha riamh, gur ann a bha: ‘An sòbhrach ’s an nèoinein a comhdach nam bruach,’ a Shamhradh, ’s a Gheamhradh ri linn òige, ’s gu’n do lean grian nan làithean sin ris ré a thuruis troimh ’n t-saoghal. Bu chulaidh fharmaid an spiorad aoibhneach, misneachail a bha ’g àiteach a chuim. Bha fhios agam gu’n d’ thainig a chuibhrionn féin de trioblaidhean an t-saoghail na rathad, ach cha robh facal aige mu’n déighinn. Co dhù a bha iad sin tuillidh is deuchainneach gu bhi ’g am brosnachadh as ùr; no, gu’n robh an intinn gu gnèitheil, an comh-fhulangas ris a’

choluinn, a seachnadh gach nì a chuireadh ri uallach nam bliadhnachan a bha nis a' cromadh sìos nan daoine làidir. Theagamh gur ann do thròcair an Fhreasdail a bhuineas so; gur ann an truas ri cor an duine 'nuair a tha chàil 'g a thrèigsinn, a tha 'n comas so air a bhuileachadh air; comas gu bhi tionndadh o na làithean trioblaideach a th' ann, gus na ceud làithean a b' fheàrr na iad so. An àite, matà, a bhi faotainn coire do'n aosda air son a bhi ghnàth ag ath-bheothachadh na tim a chaidh seachad, nach ann a bu chòir dhuinn a bhi taingeil air son a leithid de shochair bheannaichte bhi air a bhuileachadh oirnn? Cha tuig a' mhuinntir òg so. Fhad 's a tha iadsan a' mealtainn lànachd am beatha féin, cha bhi co-fhlungas aca ris an aosda a tha 'ghnàth ag aibhiseachadh "Gníomha làithean nam bliadhna dh' aom," làithean anns an robh an saoghal dhàsan air atharrach dreach; anns an robh "gloir na speur 's an t-saoghail gu leir," miorbhuileach na shuilean, 's a' gintinn na anam smuain a b' àirde na nithean aimsireil.

'S e rud-eigin mar so a bha ruith troimh m' chnuaic 'nuair a thog bean an tighe a sùil bhàrr a leabhair 's feath-ghàir air a fiacail, an dùil gu 'n cuireadh sin saod ormsa, 's thuir i,

"A Dhòmhuill, eudail, éisd ri so."

'Cha 'n éisd, arsa mise, 'cha'n eisdeadh tusa ris na bh' agamsa ri ràdh.'

"Nach faoin thu, 'ars' ise, "ciod a b' fhiach na bha agadsa ri ràdh làmh ris na tha 'n so."

'Tha e cheart cho fiachail agamsa ri aon dad a gheibh thu 'n sin,' arsa mise, 'ach mur 'eil e fiachail leatsa lean air an nì a th' agad, 's faodar a bhi cinnteach nach mòr is fhiach sin ma tha e taitinn riutsa.'

Chuir so dod oirre; spàrr i sròn 's an leabhar a rithist, 's ghabh mis air m' aghairt le m' chnuasachd féin. Ach stad ort! C' àit an robh mi? Cha'n'eil anns na mhathan ach am briste-cridhe! 'Nuair a bhios mi 'm shuidhe gu socrach, ciallach, 'g am chomhdach féin le glòir nan dàn, 's le cèò 'n tombaca, faodar a bhi cinnteach gu'm brist

ise a' stigh air mo throm smuain le faoineis a thaobh-éigin. 'S ann dìreach mar so a bha chùis aig an am so. Gha mi air m' each meannach 's e 'siubhal air sgiathan a luathais troimh fharsuingeachd na cruithreachd, 's mi dian bhreithneachadh air ceud-cranncuir an duine, agus nàdur an t-sluic sin 's an do thilg a cheud bhean-tighe e, 'nuair a thug an grabadh gun seadh a chuireadh orm gu talamh mi. Tha e soilleir gu leòir nach robh ach fìor bheagan de na mnathan air a' chnoc nuair a chaidh gliocas a roinn.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

ONLY A MEDLEY.

THE group which is here given ought to be of interest to all readers of AN DEO-GHREINE. It is from a photo kindly supplied by Rev. M. N. Munro of Taynuit, himself a member of the Deputation on the Training of Gaelic-speaking Teachers which waited on the Secretary for Scotland on the 2nd April. Previous to the appearance of the Deputation at St. Stephen's on that Monday afternoon, a preliminary meeting to discuss the order and method of procedure, was held at the Inns of Court Hotel where 18 out of the 55 members of the Deputation attended. These were photographed

GAELIC DEPUTATION TO LONDON.

MEMBERS PRESENT AT PRELIMINARY MEETING—INNS OF COURT HOTEL.

GROUP.



Front Row—Dr. Campbell, Rev. M. Munro, Mr. MacKerchar, Mr. M'Aulay, Dr. Murray, Mr. Gillies, Rev. L. Maclean Watt, Mr. Nicolson.
Back Row—Mr. Grant, Mr. Wm. Mackay, Mr. MacRitchie, Rev. D. MacGillivray, Dr. Matheson, Mr. MacDonald, Dr. Hew Morrison, Mr. MacGregor Whyte.

immediately before leaving the Hotel for the House of Commons. Mr. Munro makes a valuable suggestion. He proposes to print enlarged copies of the group and to sell them to all well-wishers of the Gaelic Language movement at the moderate charge of *half-a-crown* per copy. All the money thus received, less the actual cost of chemicals and production, he offers to hand over to our Magazine Fund. It is an extremely generous offer and one we thoroughly appreciate. We feel sure that our readers will respond heartily and avail themselves of this opportunity of giving practical help to the Magazine. For AN DEO-GHREINE is, primarily, a propagandist organ. Its main function must always be to help in fostering our language and literature, our industries and arts, and therefore to help the Magazine is to help the Gaelic cause. Orders for the enlarged copy of this group may be addressed to Mr. Munro, or to the editors of AN DEO-GHREINE.

* * *

Ireland, with its Gaelic League, the president of which has only to appeal for subscriptions for the cause with which he is identified and straightway thousands of pounds are forthcoming, has long excited our admiration and our secret envy because of the rapid strides made by the Language Movement there. We considered ourselves immeasurably behind her in this respect. That, however, is not the opinion of a Gaelic-speaking Scottish officer who has lately travelled a good deal in Ireland. Writing from Dublin to the "Irish Independent" a fortnight ago, he sounds a note of discontent regarding the progress of the Irish Language Movement which contains something of the nature of a surprise for us. He is far from showing contempt for the work already done, or for the instruments by means of which that work has been accomplished for he believes that

"He who feels contempt

For any living thing, hath faculties

That he hath never used : and thought with him
Is in its infancy."

On the contrary, he accords a generous measure of praise where he considers praise to be due, but he does not hesitate to point out stumbling blocks in the path of progress, and two of the most serious of these he finds to be, the apathy of parents and the general lack of instruction in Irish in the schools. These introductory sentences in his letter are at once bold and patriotic:—"During my travels in Ireland I noticed that the Irish-speaking people use their mother tongue, in public at any rate, much less than the Highlanders. A Highlander prefers to use Gaelic as long as he knows it better than English; but the Irishman seems to prefer to speak English. Highlanders generally

speak Gaelic to their children; but Irish parents often speak bad English to their children in preference to good Irish. All this is due to the fact that the Highlander loves his mother tongue more, and is prouder of it than is the Irishman. If Irish is to flourish as a spoken language, something must be done to rouse the Irish-speaking people to take far more interest than they do at present, in the preservation of their native language." Does not all this come as a surprise to us? Frankly, we were not prepared to hear of indifference towards the language movement in the land of the Gaelic League, and yet, there must be something in the charge. The "Irish Times" of April 21st devoted a leading article to the subject in reference to a communication from the same correspondent complaining that the upper classes in Ireland view the language movement with apathy if not with actual hostility. In the course of a brilliant article, frank acknowledgment is made of the good work already done by the Gaelic League in brightening and vivifying the intellectual side of country life, in helping to develop industries, and in tending to foster a spirit of self-respect and energy in the Irish people. But with all this the writer complains that, while the League is non-political in theory, it is not so in practice. As a proof of his assertion he affirms that the majority of its members use the language propaganda for political purposes, one of which is to make Ireland a separate and independent nation and so sever its connection with the Empire. In Scotland, the Gaelic language movement is associated with loyalty to the throne, and so it commands the respect of all classes; in Ireland, it is not so, he maintains, and therefore the well-to-do classes view it with suspicion and dislike. And the unfortunate thing is that "the genuine study of the Irish language and literature is the principal sufferer from this state of affairs."

* * *

Whatever may be the nature and tendency of the Language movement in Ireland—personally we believe that the Gaelic League is working with a single eye to the preservation of the Irish language and the welfare of the Irish people—there is no question of its nature and tendency among Scottish Gaels. With us, the movement is entirely non-political and wholly unsectarian. It embraces within the sphere of its activities all ranks and classes of society, all shades of opinion, all degrees of faith. To its workers, kinship is more than rank, the preservation of the Gaelic language more than sect, the training and proper education of Highland children on sound bilingual lines, more than party. It is a thoroughly sane and healthy movement which seeks to

maintain intact that spirit of honour, that pride of race and that love of country which have been no insignificant asset for the Empire in the past. Loyal? The men and women directing the movement are Highlanders, descendants of those who more than once proved their loyalty to a lost cause, their devotion to a hopeless enterprise. Bound by a thousand ties of interest, goodwill and sympathy to the rest of the British Empire, they rejoice and will always rejoice in every extension of dominion, every fresh accession of glory which valour may achieve and honour obtain for it. And in fostering a love for the Gaelic language and literature, in endeavouring to have Gaelic-speaking children taught the history of their race and nation, they believe they are, in some measure, preparing the children of to-day for their responsibilities as the citizens of to-morrow. As the fruit of their labours they can point to some solid work done during the comparatively short period since the Language movement was inaugurated, but very much remains yet to be done. And as in Ireland, so in Scotland: the great obstacles in the way of progress are the apathy of parents and the far too general omission of Gaelic from the school curriculum. Had the parents not been apathetic in the past Gaelic would not have been relegated to the back seat it had so long occupied. Had they been anxious to have it taught in school and used as an instrument of education and training, school managers in many places, would have found ways and means of satisfying the demand. But they were not, and therefore, much lee-way requires to be made up. They are, however, being roused to take an interest, and even to exhibit enthusiasm in the Gaelic movement. But not all parents. Quite recently we came across Gaelic-speaking parents from the Isles of the West who migrated years ago to one of the few Highland glens where Gaelic is *not* generally spoken. To this day they have but a very precarious hold on the English tongue, much as they love to air their knowledge of it! Anger, not amazement held us speechless on discovering that their children could *not* speak Gaelic, and that they, far from being ashamed of the fact, rejoiced that their offspring like the other children of that glen, fluently spoke a language which is no more like pure English than Esperanto is like Greek! And this is far from being an isolated instance of parental apathy and neglect. Something in the nature of a crusade is required to convince such persons that Gaelic cannot be a hindrance, but on the contrary, may be a valuable help in the education and future career of their children.

The workers in the Gaelic movement will

be cheered, and the few superfine Highlanders who occupy a position of "splendid isolation" as regards the movement will be dismayed to find how many, how eloquent and how sincere are the tributes paid to the Gaelic language, literature and tradition by scholars of European reputation. Speaking at Glasgow University the other day apropos of the appointment to the Celtic lectureship Principal Story said:—"An appointment full of promise of future progress has been made to the Celtic Lectureship, and the studies under it are held to qualify for a degree, so that even those who reckon time wasted which is not directed to that goal may learn something of the characteristics of the language and traditions that still linger in the Highland glens—may come to recognise their *delicacy* and *refinement* of feeling, their *sensitiveness* to spiritual influences; the spirit of awe and reverence with which they realise the unseen, the glamour of their poetic sympathy. That branch of the Celtic race which has peopled our own stormy North, has been in many a field the champion of the lost cause, and has clung to it only the more loyally the more hopeless it became. Their language, however, is *not lost* nor will it be if *we do* our part in preserving its great inheritance of legend, of tradition, of poesy, of memories dear to the heart, and instinct with the genius of a brave, true-hearted people."

One is not prepared to find the Education Committee of London County Council aspiring to the dangerous post of literary censorship, but so it is. It seems the Council award prizes to the pupils attending Public Elementary Schools, and its Education Committee, a few days ago, resolved to exclude two editions of Grimm's Fairy Tales, Kingsley's "Hypatia," and George Eliott's "Romola" from the list of prizes on the ground that they are not fit for children to read. Is not this a trifle grandmotherly? "To the pure all things are pure." Often as we have read these tales alone and to children we cannot, at this moment, recall anything which renders them unsuitable. Certainly if the Committee desire to deaden imagination to "scotch" the spirit of make-believe, that spirit which enters so largely into, and forms so happy a part of child-life, they are quite right to ban the stories. What is wrong with "Hypatia" and "Romola"? The youngster who reads either or both intelligently and with interest has more than the average brain capacity, and he will find in neither nothing to undermine his modesty or shock his sensibilities. We wish that children read those books in preference to the shilling shocker variety of books which are so much in vogue nowadays.

ÀM TOGAIL NAN CREACH.

(Ri leantuin bhò thaobh-duilleig 133.)

“FUAIM nan tonn,” arsa’ esan, ‘s e fàgail mo sheallaidh ‘s an dorchadas. An còrr cha’n fhaca ‘s cha chuala mi. Bha mi mar gu’n togadh sgleo bhar mo shùl. Sheall mi mu’n cuairt na bothaig, ach cha robh agam ach mi fhéin. Bha’n teine air tuiteam, ‘s gu dol as, ach cha do dh’ fhairich mi ‘n ùin a’ dol seachad. Sheas mi ‘s an dorus ach cha robh creutair r’a fhaicinn no r’a chluinntinn, ach a’ ghaoth ag osnaich, ‘s a’ siubhal gu fann bho chraoibh gu craobh, ‘s a’ crathadh an geugan loma. Bha torman trom na h’ aimhne gu h-ìosal ‘s a’ ghleann, ‘s i siubhal gu lùbach an measg nan clach gu cladach. An còrr cha robh r’a chluinntinn.

Bha an grioglachan air dol an iar, ‘s an crann gu car a chur,—ag innse gu’n robh e na b’fhaide ‘s an oidhche na shaoil mise. Cha d’ thàinig Murchadh, ‘s chuir mi romham nach fhanainn na b’ fhaide ‘s a’ bhothaig, ‘s air falbh gu’n ghabh mi.

Thug mi orm gu àiridh eile a bha mu mhìle bh’ uam, an earlas nach do thuig sinn a cheile, agus gur h-ann oirre so thug esan aghaidh. ‘S a nis ‘s ann air a’ so a thogadh mo sgeul.

Chunnaic mi gu’n robh solus dreòsach ‘s a’ bhothaig agus thog mo chridhe. Chaidh mi steach, ach cha robh duine romham. Sheas mi greis ‘s an dorus, agus dh’ éisd mi, oir bha fios agam nach b’ urrainn Murchadh a bhì fad as. Chuala mi monmhur bruidhne tighinn a nìos am bruthach, ‘s thuir mi rium fhéin gu’n robh tuilleadh ‘s e fhéin le Murchadh; agus creidibh gu’n robh mi toilichte, an deigh mar a dh’ innis mi dhuibh a cheana.

Rinn mi gu dol am falach fo thòrr fraoich a bha ‘n oisinn na bothaig, a chum eagail a chur air na fir an uair a shuidheadh iad greis mun’ chagailt. Ach fhearaibh ‘s a ghràidh! An uair a thog mise am fraoch cò bha ‘na luidhe fodha, ‘s a cheithir chaoil ceangailte, ach Murchadh! “Gu dé air an talamh tha so?” arsa mise, bodhar balbh le ioghnadh. “Iain bhàin, eudail,” arsa Murchadh bochd, “an d’ thàinig thu mu dheireadh? Sàbhail mo bheatha.” Thug mi chùis ‘s a’ mhionaid. Thug mi mach a’ chorc mhòr ach ma ‘s d’ fhuair mi Murchadh a leigil fa sgaoil bha na robairean gu bhì stigh. “Tìlg thu fhéin thairis orm cho luath ‘s a rinn thu riamh,” arsa Murchadh, agus ann am prioba na sùla bha mi fo’n fhraoch. Thàinig triuir fhear mòra stigh. “Nis,” arsa fear dhuibh, “bidh an sgeir bhuidhe air lionadh ann an tiota, ‘s feumaidh sinn a bhì sgiobalt, ‘s an treud fhaotainn air bòrd mu’n gann a bhitheas a’ ghealach os cionn Bhuirg.” “Agus a bhì thar na Linne

leathan ma ‘s ionndrain na Mullich an cuid treud,” arsa fear eile. “Agus gach poit an Cille Chatain a’ plubail a’ bruicheadh maragan muilt mhòra Rois ma ‘s ionndrain nighean bodaich chòir air chor-eigin a leannan, ha! ha! ha!”

“Bidh luirgean muilt air gach dùnan an Collasaidh mu choinneamh a h-uile h-òrdag Collasach a chaidh fhàgail air tràigh Phort-Bheathain—ha-ha-a-a—” arsa’ an treas fear.

“‘S mac Iain Ghior à Muile,

Ghoid e mo chuid chaorach uile;

Ghoid e do phuithar ‘s do mhàthair

‘S ma’ s fag e gun goid e tuille.”

“Ach tha car eile an adharc an daimh a nochd,” arsa’ a’ cheud fhear. “Ach tha an ùin a’ dol seachad, fhearaibh, agus—

“Tròm, trom, os do chionn, a chaileach

Gu dé éirig an fhir a tha ‘na luidhe?”

“Tha nach till e dhachaidh a’ dh’ innseadh an ath sgeòil.”

‘S bha iad mar sin gu sunntach a’ toirt a mach binn beatha Mhurchaidh, agus sinne le chéile cho samhach ris an luch fo spòg a chait. Bha fallus-fuar an eagail a’ brùchdadh throimhinn ‘s cha robh ioghnadh ann. Ach bha a’ chorc mhòr fosgailte ‘nam làimh, deas, an uair a thogadh iad am fraoch; ach mar a bha ‘m fortan an dàn duinn le chéile, chaidh iad uile mach, agus ann am prioba na sùla bha mi air mo bhonn. Leig mi Murchadh fa sgaoil, agus a mach gu’n ghabh sinn ‘n ar dearg leum. Bha fios againn gu ‘m biodh an bàta aig Tra’ Geal, agus chuir sinn romhainn an gad a ghoid a chum ‘s nach b’ urrainn daibh an t-iasg a thoirt leotha.

Ràinig sinn an cladach, ‘s mar a thuirt b’ fhior. Bha m bàta mòr air acair pìos a mach bho’n chreig, ‘s a’ gheòla an cois na tuinne. Leum sinn innte, ‘s an uair a ràinig sinn an te mhòr chuir fear a nuas a cheann as an toll-thoisich. “An d’ thàinig sibh?” arsa’ esan. B’ e’m freagradh a fhuair e dòrnag a’ ràimh ‘s an uchd, ‘s thuit e a’ crathadh a chas air clàr-uachdair a’ bhàta. “Gu dé mi-fhortan mòr a tha so, no gu dé idir a tha ‘n ur beachd?” arsa’ a chompanach. Ach fhuair esan cuideachd a’ cheart chòdhail agus a’ cheart leaba. Cha robh an còrr air bòrd, agus mhùigh sinn an cinn ‘s an amhaichean air na fir mur a biodh iad sàmhach. Ann an àm cur rithe a h-aod-aich chuala sinn càch ‘nan sradaichean anns a’ chladach, agus anns a’ mhionaid cha robh fear nach robh a’ toirt seachad dusan ordugh, muinn air mhuinn d’ an companaich ‘s a’ bhàta, ‘s iad gun fhios gu’n deachaidh “car eile an adhaire an daimh.” “Leigibh a nall a’ gheòla, a ghalaidean. Feumaidh sinn bhì as ‘s a’ mhionaid, neo bidh na Rosaich air ar muinn gun dàil. Na togaibh an acair an dràsda, gus am faigh sinn air bòrd. An cluinn

sibh? A chlann an Uile, gu dé tha 'n ur beachd? A dhà chealgair! Am bheil sibh an dùil ar brath? Cha toir fear agaibh sgrìob ri nhaireann, ach sinne dh' fhaotainn air bòrd."

"Maduinn mhaith leibh, fhearaibh, 's gu'm bu slàn a theid maragan muilt mhòra Rois dhuibh—na gheibh sibh dhiubh—" arsa Mur-chadh. Leig sud an cat as a' phoca, 's mar gu'n tuigeadh iad a' chùis, bha iad 's a' mhìonaide cho sàmhach ris na mairbh 's an uaigh. Cha chuala sinn dìog tuille, 's sheòl sinn gu ciùin bòidheach sìos taobh a' chladaidh air an t-slighe gu caol lthe. Ach an uair a bha sinn mu choinneamh beul faodhail eilean Erraite thall ann an sud chuala sinn iomramh, 's gu dé bha gu bhì againn ach sgoth mhòr dhubh. A mach a thug sinn anns a' gheòlaidh, 's a mach a thug iadsan as ar deigh. Bha iad 'g ar toirt a steach a lion beag is beag. Rinn sinn dìreach air an fhaodhail, ann am beachd, an uair a ruig-eamaid an tanalachd gu 'm faigheamaid as òrra. Fad chòig mìonaidean bha "beir cha bheir" aca oirn. Bha sinn a' guidhe gu'm buailleadh iad an grunn, ach bha barrachd uisge ann na shaoil sinn. Fhuair iad mu dheireadh suas ruinn. Leum am fear a bh'air an ràmh toisich a bhreith air dheireadh air a' gheòlaidh, 's shaoil sinn gu'n robh sinn rèidh, ach dh' iomair sinn oirn gu sgairteil, 's ma 'u d' rinn e grèim thug druim na sgotha duibhe sgrad air a' ghainmhich, agus bu bhinn leam am fuaim. Fhuair sinn as gu maith caol.

Sin agaibh a nis an cunnart bu mhodha ann an deachadh mise riamh, a h-uile taobh a thug mi, agus 's iomadh taobh sin.

Ach mu dheighinn an t-seann duine a thug còdhail dhomh 's a' bhòthaig, cha'n urrainn domh bhreithneachadh cò no dé bh' ann. Theireadh cuid gu'm bu tamhasg a bh' ann, cuid gu'm bu shìthiche e, agus cuid eile gu'm b' fheudar gu'n do thuit mi 'm chadal, 's gu'n do bhruadair mi a' nì. Ach coma co dhiù cha do dhi-chuimhnich mi riamh an port. So agaibh mar a tha e dol—agus channtairich mo charaid a h-uile car de, 's e cluich a mhearan air a' bhata.

Dh' fhàg sinn a' sin là maith aige chéile, agus ghabh gach fear againn a rathad fhéin. Ach an uair a bha mi 'g imeachd troimh 'n raon leam fhéin cha b' urrainn domh gun bhì smaointeachadh air sgeul an t-seann duine, agus gu seachd sonraichte air a' phìobaireachd a thug cho fada air chall.

NOTE.—This Sgialachd was contributed to the Literary Competition at the last Mod by Mr. John MacCormick, Glasgow. It divided the first prize with another sgialachd. Like all the sgialachdan that appear here, this has received a few necessary editorial corrections.

ANOTHER REAPETH.

BY

NORMAN MACLEAN,

Author of "Dwellers in the Mist."

(Continued from page 137).

CHAPTER II.

So, warily and swiftly they made their way amid the silence of the moorland and the hills. They knew the tracks; and no stumbling into bogs hindered their progress. They saw the gleam of water among the hills, but they spared no time to look at it; the moor fowl rose before them and flew away, fluttering and screaming, but they gave them not a thought. They thought only of the cattle they were following and the hungry women and children they left behind them.

The cattle raiders had driven their prey down to the valley, and it was clear that they intended to go by the track which led the whole length of Glengarry, to the road which Wade had constructed through the great glen. But Torquil and his men did not descend to the valley; they kept on the high ground that lay alongside it; and pressing on they kept a wary watch on the rough road far below. The day was fast wearing away when they saw the first sign of the enemy. When they drew near the west end of Lochgarry, Hector Ruadh stood still.

"I heard the lowing of cattle," he cried.

"And so did I," they all answered.

"They must be at the head of the loch," said Torquil; and he sent Hector to get a nearer view and report.

Hector went crouching and crawling and hiding himself behind every clump of ground and every bush. Soon he came back running.

"The cattle are grazing at the head of the loch," he reported; "and the soldiers are taking a rest and refreshing themselves with food.

It made me hungry to look at them."

"How many are there?" asked Torquil.

"About fifty," he answered, "and they evidently think they are quite safe, having got so far on their way back."

Then the little band held a hasty consultation. Six miles away at the other end of the loch is a narrow defile through which the water roars and tumbles through a narrow gorge. By the time the soldiers got there the night would be falling. They would hurry on and meet them there.

"Fifty of them, only," said Hector, "and we are six, not counting Ian Beag, who is as good as other six. We will manage it."

The day was wearing to its close when they came to the head of Lochgarry, where the water hurls itself over the rocks, and the precipice rises steep above it, and the deep gorge

yawns far below. From the head of the loch the path led up a steep hill, and on the other side it dipped suddenly down into the glen again. On the top of that ridge Torquil set his men. A turf wall was on the lower side of the path; boulders of rock, birch trees and fir clung to the slope above it. The walls of a house stood a few yards away; fire had consumed the rest of it.

Behind the boulders above the path, Torquil set his men so that they could all fire at the little hollow where the road began suddenly to ascend. Here and there he placed them. When they had fired behind one boulder, they were to run in the shelter of the brushwood to another spot and there they were to fire again and show the gleam of steel. Thus the soldiers would think that they were attacked by large numbers. "You will make no sign till the cattle are over the ridge first. Then you will fire on the soldiers and stop them," ordered Torquil. "And you, Ian Beag, whenever the cattle are across the ridge and going down the other side, you will turn them and go off with them towards Faichem, and drive them as fast as you can to Inverarigie. If you do that you will be better than six men."

So they lay, each behind his boulder, their hearts thumping against their chests. From the spot where Torquil lay he could see the turn of the path, and the deep hollow below where the river foamed against the rocks in its stony channels and spread out into deep pools shadowed by the dark firs. The light still lingered on the tapering crest of Ben Tigh; but the foam of the river below was all the brightness left in the dark gorge. The sound of the water tumbling over the rock issuing from its long silence and rest in the loch, as if eager for action, tearing itself in its keenness to hasten seaward, filled the dark valley with a dull, monotonous roar.

"No man is to fire till I fire first," was the last command of Torquil."

At last when the day was nearly done, the sound of hoofs came up the road, dominating the sound of the water throwing itself down the gorge. They came lowing through the narrow defile, turning their horned heads to right and left. Torquil felt his hands trembling and his musket he poised on the rock to steady it. Very slowly they came; at least it seemed so to him; and behind them came the soldiers laughing and talking; so near the fort there was no thought of danger. In the valley a mile away was one of their outposts.

Torquil waited till the cattle were past him, and the first of them well over the ridge. And then when the soldiers were come to the hollow at the foot of the steep brae, he fired. Here and there from the brae, out of the dark-

ness six bullets came hissing into the compact band of soldiers, and there rose among them yells of agony.

Torquil and his men ran to the shelter of other rocks; and as they ran they shouted. A sudden panic seized the soldiers. The gathering gloom; the unexpected attack; the uncertainty as to how many were lurking there on the slope—all filled them with dismay. Putting his shoulder to a rock that stood poised on the slope, Hector Ruadh pushed it with his might and it came tumbling down with a roar. Striking his sword on a stone he cried out:—

"Give them the claymore!"

At the word, the soldiers nearest the turf wall leaped over it and ran down the gorge, and the rest ran after them. The horror of the night in that narrow defile seized them. Behind every bush a wild Highlander seemed to lurk. And as they leaped down into the gorge, Torquil and his men stole up the slope, and skirting a bog, came up with Ian Beag who was herding the cattle before him towards Faichem. The brushwood lay between them and the soldiers in the dark, gloomy valley where the rough flowing river foamed and fretted.

"How many soldiers were left on the path?" asked Torquil.

"Three," answered Hector; "they will not seek to steal the cattle of honest men again."

Clouds came up from the west and quickly darkened the sky. To the soldiers in the gorge the night fell suddenly blank. The horror of desolate hills wrapped in the sable garments of night, seized them. Carrying their wounded men they made their way to the fort, bringing no spoil with them.

In the moor above Glengarry there is a sudden dip, and when a stranger comes upon it unexpectedly he is surprised to see a circular hollow large enough to pasture a few hundred cattle, with a clear stream flowing through the midst of it. It is so hid that one might pass within a few hundred yards without ever seeing it. The raiders had often rested their stolen cattle there.

"We will make for the cattle stealers' glade," said Torquil to his men, "and we will rest the beasts there, and take them back the following night. They will be safe there."

So they decided. But Torquil and Ian Beag in the dawn of the day set forth to return to Spidean Mìleach taking milk with them—the milk for which Mairi Eachann had so waited the previous day.

Torquil called her as he came near, and she came out, standing in the crevice of the rocks, with her grey hairs streaming in the wind.

"We have brought you milk for Calum," cried Torquil, "and the cattle are coming back,

so you will not be without milk again."

"Calum is dead," she answered, in a passionless, hard voice; "he kept on saying, 'I am thirsty; I am thirsty;' but he is not thirsty any longer."

Ian Beag broke forth into a torrent of sobs and tears. The young are blessed in having an outlet for the relief of their misery.

"I am truly sorry that Calum is gone," said Torquil, moving nearer to her as if trying to make her feel his sympathy.

"Stand back, she screamed, waving her gaunt hands, and her eyes gleaming beneath her matted hair; 'stand back, between me and the wind; for Calum is dead of the pestilence and I would not for the world have anyone say that your father's son got the pestilence from me.'"

—:o:—

UNRECORDED GAELIC MELODIES.

BIDH SINN AIR NA STRAIGHLICHEAN. Compiler, J.C. The words are mere *port-a-beul*.

GLEUS D.

{	$\begin{array}{c} \\ r., r \\ \text{Bidh sinn} \end{array}$: m., f		$\begin{array}{c} \\ s., f \\ \text{air na} \end{array}$: s.,		$\begin{array}{c} \\ s., f \\ \text{straighlichean} \end{array}$	}
{	$\begin{array}{c} \\ l \\ \text{Air oidhche} \end{array}$: d., l	: s., m		$\begin{array}{c} \\ d., r \\ \text{banais} \end{array}$: m, d.-		$\begin{array}{c} \\ m, d.- \\ \text{Màiri 'n doctair;} \end{array}$
{	$\begin{array}{c} \\ r., r \\ \text{Bidh sinn} \end{array}$: m., f		$\begin{array}{c} \\ s., f \\ \text{air na} \end{array}$: s.,		$\begin{array}{c} \\ s., f \\ \text{straighlichean} \end{array}$	}
{	$\begin{array}{c} \\ r, l \\ \text{Air oidhche} \end{array}$: d., l	: s., m		$\begin{array}{c} \\ r \\ \text{banais} \end{array}$: r.		$\begin{array}{c} \\ i. \\ \text{Màir} \end{array}$
{	$\begin{array}{c} \\ f., m \\ \text{U - bhi} \end{array}$: r., m		$\begin{array}{c} \\ f., m \\ \text{à - bhi,} \end{array}$: r., m		$\begin{array}{c} \\ f., m \\ \text{U - bhi} \end{array}$	}
{	$\begin{array}{c} \\ m, d \\ \text{Air do} \end{array}$: s., m		$\begin{array}{c} \\ d., r \\ \text{shlàint', a} \end{array}$: m, d.-		$\begin{array}{c} \\ m, d.- \\ \text{Mhàiri 'n doctair;} \end{array}$	}
{	$\begin{array}{c} \\ f., m \\ \text{U - bhi} \end{array}$: r., m		$\begin{array}{c} \\ f., m \\ \text{à - bhi,} \end{array}$: r., m		$\begin{array}{c} \\ f., m \\ \text{U - bhi} \end{array}$	}
{	$\begin{array}{c} \\ m, d \\ \text{Air do} \end{array}$: s., m		$\begin{array}{c} \\ r \\ \text{shlàinte,} \end{array}$: r.		$\begin{array}{c} \\ i. \\ \text{Mhàir} \end{array}$	}

LATHA BREITHIHEANAIS. Compiler, J. C. This air for the famous sacred song by Dugald Buchanan is of the semi-recitative class to which Ossianic ballads and poems of the narrative order were generally sung.

GLEUS C.

{	$\begin{array}{c} \\ l, l \\ \text{Am feadh tha} \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{c} \\ m., l \\ \text{chuid is} \end{array}$: l., l		$\begin{array}{c} \\ l., l \\ \text{mò de'n} \end{array}$: d.,		$\begin{array}{c} \\ d., \\ \text{t-saogh'l} \end{array}$	}
{	$\begin{array}{c} \\ d \\ \text{Gun ghaol do} \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{c} \\ d., d \\ \text{Chriosd, gun} \end{array}$: d., m		$\begin{array}{c} \\ r., d \\ \text{sgoinn da} \end{array}$: t.,		$\begin{array}{c} \\ t., \\ \text{reacht,} \end{array}$	}
{	$\begin{array}{c} \\ l, l \\ \text{Gun chreideamh} \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{c} \\ l., l \\ \text{ac' gu'n} \end{array}$: s., l		$\begin{array}{c} \\ d., d \\ \text{tig e} \end{array}$: t.,		$\begin{array}{c} \\ r, l \\ \text{ris} \end{array}$	}

{ $\begin{array}{c} | \\ l, l \\ \text{Thoir breith na} \end{array}$: $\begin{array}{c} | \\ l., l \\ \text{flrinn} \end{array}$: s., l | $\begin{array}{c} | \\ d., t. \\ \text{air gach} \end{array}$: l., } ||
neach.

—:o:—

MOD DHUNEIDEANN.

BHA Mòd ciatach aca ann an Dunéideann air an t-seachduin a chàidh. Bha e air a chur air chois leis an *Celtic Union*, agus gu dearbh faodaidh iad moit a bhi orra air son cho eireachdail 's a rinn iad. Thàinig mu'n cuairt air dà fhichead air adhart a ghabhail pàirt anns a' ghleachd, a dh' fheuchainn cò choisinnadh an duais. Bha duaisean air an tairgseadh air son a bhi ealant ann a' sgrìobhadh na Gàidhlig; agus a bhi air thoiseach ann an comas a labhairt; agus ann an comas a séinn.

Bha iad air an ceasnachadh eadar meadhonla is feasgar le daoine geur-chuiseach agus comasach, mar a tha Mr Watson, à Innbhirnis, agus Mr M'Rury, ministear na h-eaglais steidhichte ann a' Sniosairt.

Bha Céilidh ann a' ris feasgar, agus thàinig mòran sluagh thige. Bha na duaisean ri'n toirt seachad aig a' chéilidh. Rinn Nic 'ille Mhicheil uasal an gnìomh sin gu snasail, agus 's ann dhith fhéin bu dual. Bha làthair anns a' chuideachd càirdean uasal a thàinig a' chéilidh as a' bhaile ud thall—Calum Mac-phatharlain còir, agus Fionn caomh's a nighean, agus feadhan eile. Cha'n ann anns a' h-uile poll mònadh a thachradh caigeann coltach ris an dithis ud agus am Bàrd cridheil faoilidh—Niall MacLeoid oirn. Bha iad air a' chéilidh ud, agus buidheann eile cuideachd de bhalaich 's de nigheanan cho eireachdail air a' h-uile dòigh 's a chitheadh tu air cabhsair.

Bha dòigh no dhà cur-seachad's dibhearsoinn air a' chéilidh—seinn òran, comhlabhairt, oraidean agus a' leithid sin. Ach bithidh an céilidh ainmeil gu h-àraidh air son feala-dhà sonraichte a bha aig a' chuideachd. 'S e *tableaux* a chanadh na Frangich ris—'s e sin air eadar theangachadh riochdachadh. Bha caob no dhà air a ghabhail as a' sgialachd eireachdail ud a thug Mac 'ille mhicheil dhuinn air Deirdre—agus feadhaim a dol ann a' riochd na seann laoch's a' sealltuinn dhuinn fa chomhair air sùl dìreach mar a thachair a réir na sgeoil.

Chaidh a' ris buidheann eile ann a' riochd agus sheall iad do'n chuideachd mar a fhuair Diarmad am ball-seirc bho'n t-sithich. Agus riochdaireachd agus cluich eile mar sin. Bha gach nì cho poncail air a dheanamh 's gu'n robh a' chuideachd gu léir anabarrach riaraichte leis na chunnaic 's leis na chuala iad. Bidh fadachd orra gus an tig àm air son céilidh eile mar sud.

NOTES FROM OUR WATCH-TOWER.

"IT is a far cry" to Manitoba, yet from Manitoba has come to us a graphic account of the Annual Gathering of the Clan Stewart and their friends, held in the Liberal Building, Winnipeg. The gathering was most successful. There was a splendid representation of the stalwart sons and fair maidens of Scotland, many of the former in full Highland dress, and all the latter wearing tartan sashes and ribbons. Pipe music, Highland step dancing, Scotch songs and recitations, made up a programme which gave much satisfaction. But the feature of the gathering was the Gaelic songs sung so splendidly by Mr. J. C. Thompson, which, to quote from our correspondent, "went to the heart of the large audience." We are delighted to have this direct testimony to our exiled brethren's appreciation of our beautiful Gaelic songs. We are no less delighted to learn that the Gaels in Manitoba are prospering, and that the clan of royal name and race are as loyal and patriotic in Winnipeg as are their brethren in Appin. As we read this account of their doings in that distant land, the words of the bard of Ledaig occur to us:—

"Ged sgaipteadh 's an uair na fàilleinean uain
A thàinig bho shluagh nam beann,
Tha'n spiorad mar bha, 'us bithidh gu bràth,
A' ruith anns gach àl d'an clann."

* * *

No more enthusiastic Gaels are found anywhere than the members of the Gaelic Society of London. Upholders of their country's language, literature, and traditions, they are so conservative in spirit that at many of their gatherings the musical part of the programme consists entirely of Gaelic music. This was particularly the case when, on the evening of the 24th April, the Ladbroke Hall contained an audience of fully 400 Highlanders who had come to hear the magnificent singing of the London Gaelic Choir, and to witness the representation of a Gaelic play entitled "An Dugadh." Dr. John Matheson, president of the society, presided, and he delivered a stirring and eloquent address in Gaelic, which, we regret, space prevents us from reproducing in these columns. In view, however, of the indifference to Gaelic which prevails among a certain type of Gael in Scotland, it may not be amiss to give a rough translation of one or two paragraphs of Dr. Matheson's pregnant speech:—"Your language is capable of giving adequate expression to the feelings of your people and to the wisdom of the learned. Why, then, do you not speak it habitually? Ignorance prevents some of you from speaking it, laziness others, while a few refrain from speaking it out of deference to strangers, and a great many, alas, because they dread the ridicule of the Sassunach! Ye who are here assembled, who love Gaelic, work for it always. You have good, fluent Gaelic, then see you speak it continually. Hand down, pure and intact, to your descendants the Gaelic language, that precious treasure you received from your ancestors. For remember this, Gaels cannot stand without the Gaelic, and the Gaelic cannot live without the help of the Gaels." The play, which was nicely staged and well acted, was an acceptable interlude in a programme which was much

appreciated by the audience. Just as we are going to press, we observe that the Gaelic Society of London is advertising their "Empire Day" concert, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the society's educational work. The concert will be held in the Queen's Hall on the 24th May, and the artistes will include Misses Jessie M'Lachlan, Iona Robertson, Helen Blain, Helen Fraser; Messrs. Peterkin, Anderson-Nicol, Scott-Skinner, Arthur Godfrey, and the boy pipers of the Royal Caledonian Asylum. Many of the Scottish nobility and M.P.'s, including the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Marquis and Marchioness of Tullibardine, Lord Lovat. Lord Strathcona, Miss Farquharson of Invercauld, Sir Lewis MacIver, M.P.; Sir John Leng, M.P.; R. L. Harmsworth, M.P., have signified their intention of being present. We understand that the Countess of Seafield and the Marchioness of Breadalbane have sent donations to the society's educational fund.

* * *

Notwithstanding the lukewarmness and passive resistance of a few Gaels, there is no doubt the Gaelic language movement is making steady progress. The necessity for such a movement, as well as the healthy and sensible manner in which it is being conducted, has been recognised by many of our nobility and gentry, who give it their countenance, and by able and energetic workers who have been attracted to it from every rank, class and profession in Gaeldom. A very hopeful feature of the movement is the active interest which the members of the different local branches of An Comunn Gaidhealach take in the children. The local branch inaugurated at INVERNESS on the 9th March last, under the presidency of Neil D. Mackintosh, Esq. of Raigmore, has already a membership of 114, nine of whom are life members. Under the auspices of this branch, Gaelic classes are being conducted and taught by members of An Comunn in four of the schools within the burgh. The attendance is over 200, and much diligence and interest are shown by the children in the work of the classes. A children's Mòd is to be held on the 21st June in the Music Hall, when competitions in choral and solo singing, reading, reciting, and playing of Highland music on piano and violin will take place. The prizes comprise three gold and four silver medals, in addition to handsome book and money prizes. A grand concert is to be held in the Music Hall on the evening of the Mòd, the whole programme to be in Gaelic and entirely sustained by the prize-winners and children's choirs. The local branch of An Comunn at KILMODAN has had a most successful winter session. Its membership now numbers 51. During the session, lectures of a very interesting nature were given before the branch by Rev. Dr. Blair and Rev. M. MacLennan, of Edinburgh; Mr. J. R. Bannerman, of Glasgow; Bard Neil MacLeod, and Col. MacInnes, Glendaruel. The whole of the proceedings at every meeting of this branch was conducted in Gaelic. Mòd Dhuneideann is to be held under the auspices of the Edinburgh Celtic Union, in the Philosophical Institution, Queen Street, on the 26th May. There is a capital programme of literary and musical competitions, which

will adequately test the competitors' knowledge of Gaelic. Though PAISLEY has not yet formed a branch of An Comunn, the Gaels there are alive to the necessity of keeping up the mother tongue. At a recent meeting of the Highland Association there, its president, Mr. John Woodrow, reported that the School Board candidates had been interviewed, and all had expressed themselves in sympathy with the idea of appointing, at the earliest opportunity, a certificated teacher with Gaelic qualifications to further the interests of the Gaelic class so enthusiastically initiated last winter. May all success attend this effort! We note with much satisfaction that the TIREE ASSOCIATION is to be affiliated with An Comunn Gaidhealach, and that the CLAN MACLEAN ASSOCIATION is to give loyal support to our Feill Committee.

CHILDREN'S COMPETITIONS.

JUST five children—three girls and two boys—took part in the competition inaugurated in our April number. I expect a good many more to take part in the May competition. But I actually will not be satisfied till five dozen of you, boys and girls, are writing me regularly every month. And what a splendid subject our Feill (bazaar) of 1907 is! We all want to help to make it a success. And the Highland Children's Buth (stall) must be one of the most interesting and successful at the Feill. Now I want ideas and practical suggestions as to how we shall furnish this stall, procure material for it, and make it so attractive that visitors will be easily tempted to buy. We shall keep this competition open till the 15th June. Remember to write on one side of your paper only. You are not to exceed 150 words. Your composition is to be in English, and should reach me at Manse of Petty on the date mentioned. A first prize of five shillings and a second prize of three shillings are offered for the two best papers.

I have pleasure in giving the best paper I got in response to the April competition. In fact all the papers were fairly good, Ian's being distinctly good. A nice story-book has been sent him. But this is quite the best:—

"In a Highland parish in the north-east part of Inverness-shire, a curious custom prevails in connection with the burial of the dead. When the remains are carried into the cemetery it is customary to go round the church keeping it always to the right hand, and thus following the apparent course of the sun. This is called going *deiseal*. At table, also, it was always thought proper to pass refreshments from right to left (*deiseal* or south meaning the right way), but never from left to right (*tuathal* or north meaning the wrong way), and the right hand was called *lanh dheas* probably for the same reason. Many who follow this custom do not know why they do it, but simply because their ancestors from time immemorial have also followed it. This curious custom survives among many others from the sun-worship of the ancient Celts.

"MARION."

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DETAILED CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.



AN DEO-THRÉINE

Leabhar I.]

An Seachdamh Mios 1906.

[Earrann 10.

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EADARAINN FHÌN.

Tha an ath Mhòd a' teannadh ruinn, agus tha cuisean a' gealltainn nach bi e dona. Ma 's urrainn balaich an Obain cha robh Mòd againn fhathast nach bi fada air dheireadh air an fhear-sa ann an doigh no dhà. Tha iad ag ullachadh air son na miltean ris am bheil duil aca, agus tha sinn cinnteach gu'n teid leo ged a b' ann air Crò Mhic Caig a chuireadh iad mullach. Theid call ort nach dean thu suas am bliadhna mur a bi thu làthair comhla ri cach.

Tha ni àraidh air son am bi cuimhne air a' Mhòd-sa seach gach Mòd eile bha againn. Tha òraid Ghàidhlig gu bhi air a toirt seachad aig fosgladh a' Mhòid, agus 's ann anns a' Ghàidhlig a bhios an Runaire a' gairm air an fheadhainn a bhios a' gabhail pairt ann an obair a' Mhòid. Bha sinn a' searmonachadh mu'n Ghàidhlig fada gu leòr, ach tha sinn a nis a' dol a thoirt greis air cleachdadh ach dé mar a theid leinn. Tha amharus gur h-ann mar is fhearr an cleachdadh gur h-ann mòran is fhearr an searmonachadh.

* * *

Chunnaic sinn ann an àit-eigin gu'n ghabh

Ceann-suidhe urramach "Connradh na Gàidhlig" an t-aiseag a nall air cuan America, agus suim mhaith airgid 'na sporan, air son a bhi cuideachadh aobhar na Gàidhlig ann an Eirinn. Gu'm bu fada beò e fhéin, agus buaidh agus beannachd le shaothair air son Gàidhlig chòir na h-Eirionn. Cha'n'eil iadsan 'nan cadal, 's a chor 's nach 'eil bidh piseach air ceann na Gàidhlig 'nam measg.

Tha sinn fhìn taingeil nach 'eil sinn gun cuid-eigin 'nar measg anns am bheil cuibhrionn de'n dearbh spionnadh ud. Tha dòchas maith againn a thaobh na Gàidhlig ann an Alba, a chionn gu'm bheil againn caigeann no dhà nach caomhainn saothair inntinn no cuirp anns an t-seirbhis. Tha ullachadh mòr 'g a dheanamh air son Féill a tha gu bhi aig a' Chomunn ann an Glaschu an ath bhliadhna, 's tha sinn an dòchas gu'n dean na Gàidheil anns gach àite an dichioll gus am bi féill againn a bhios eireachdail. Gabhaidh an fheadhainn a tha an earbsa rithe bathar de sheorsa sam bith ma ghabhas e reic, 's tha iad an dòchas gu'm bi daoine fiadhlaidh riu. Tha sinn a' cur feum air suim mhòr airgid a chum na bu mhaith leinn a dheanamh air son na Gàidhealtachd, a canan, 's a litreachas a chur gu maith air adhart. Tha iomadh dòigh eile cuideachd anns am biodh e comasach dhuinn ar luchd-dùthcha cuideachadh a chum an teachd-an-tir a dheanamh na's socair 's na's pailte. Gach fear leis am maith leas a dhùthcha, agus do am bheil e idir furasda, cuireadh e ghualainn fo'n ealach.

* * *

Tha sinn a' cluinntinn gu'm bheil e fàs air leith fasanta a bhi cur eòlas air a' Ghàidhlig. Cha'n fhiach céilidh no cruinneachadh fealadh a nis mur a bi òrain Ghàidhlig air an seinn. Leugh sinn uaireigin mu chéilidh a thug té ann am Boston o chionn ùin ghoirid, agus an

uair a sheinn i aon de ar n-òrain Ghàidhlig bha a leithid a bhualadh bhas ann, de dh' eughach, 's de dh' fheadalaich, 's gur ann a bha iad coltach ri feadhainn air a chuthach. Tha mòran de dh' uaislean na tìre a' toiseachadh air a' Ghàidhlig ionnsachadh. Tha mòran leis am maith eadhon ainmean Gàidhlig a thòirt air an cloinn, ged nach urrainn iad fhéin mòran Gàidhlig a labhairt. Tha e 'na thoil-eachadh daoine a bhi toiseachadh air a thigh-inn gu'n céill a thaobh an nì-sa, bharrachd air mar a bhà cùisean.

Bha uair gur h-i Bheurla a bha anns an fhasan, agus nach leigeadh cuid aig an robh barrachd àrdain no bh' aca a dh' uaisleachd le'n cloinn a bhi bruidhinn Gàidhlig air eagal gu'm milleadh i fuaim na Beurla orra. Dh' ionnsaich iad Beurla air chosg cànan an dùthcha, ach ma dh' ionnsaich cha b' ann gun bhlas na Gàidhlig a bhi oirre. Cha'n e sud an dòigh air Beurla ghlan ionnsachadh. Cum a' Ghàidhlig ris a' chloinn agus bi anns an fhasan. Cum a' Ghàidhlig ris a' chloinn, 's lorgaidh iad fhéin Beurla a bhi os mòran na's glainne a chionn a' Ghàidhlig a bhi aca cuideachd.

Bha té ann an Glaschu a bha air fàs cho gallda 's nach bruidhneadh i ach Beurla. So mar a thuirt i ris an t-searbhannt là :

"Mary, is the tea confused?" "No, ma'm," arsa Mairi, "it's no dragged yet." Cha'n'eil teagamh nach robh iad sud an dùil gu'm bu ghlan a bhruidhneadh iad Beurla. Och, 's mo shiaradh !

—:o:—

THE HARP IN GAELIC LEGEND AND HISTORY.

BY REV. ARCHD. MACDONALD,

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A BARD of Erin of the tenth century writes a poem of fifty stanzas on the creation of the world with the names and ages of the primeval patriarchs. In this poem he accepts of the Biblical version of the origin of music when he tells us that :—

"Two sons had Lamech, who were heroes of power,
Their names were Jubal and Tubal Cain ;
Jubal invented the musical harp,
And Tubal-Cain was the first Smith."

The mind of Gaeldom was not satisfied with an account so simple and orthodox and a legend was evolved which does ample justice to the fanciful genius of the race. For purposes of comparison it may be well to quote the classic fable on the same theme. On a certain day Mercury on returning home from his wanderings in which he had been engaged as the messenger of the Gods, found the shell

of a tortoise at the mouth of his cave. Taking it up he tied seven strings of gut over its mouth, and on touching it with his fingers found that beautiful sounds issued from it. Thus did the lyre originate according to Grecian myth, but Mercury having been detected by Apollo in the theft of cattle had to surrender it to that deity receiving in turn the famous *caduceus* with which Apollo was wont to drive the flocks of Admetus. The strains of the *Testudo* so charmed Apollo that he forgave the robber and became himself the patron of song and the associate of the muses.

Quite as interesting is the account which the legendary lore of Erin gives of the first stringed instrument of music. It is contained in an Irish story entitled "The Proceedings of the Great Bardic Institution" or "Imtheacht na Tromdhaimhe." Marvan who is described as the prime prophet of heaven and earth "Primhfhaidh nimhe agus talmhan" put a poser to Casmael the harper in these words :— "I question thee, Casmael whence originated the science of harp-playing, who composed the first poem or which was first constructed, the harp or the timpan?" "I cannot answer that, chief prophet," said Casmael. "I know it," said Marvan, "and will tell it thee. In bygone times there lived a married couple whose names were Macuel the son of Miduel, and Cana Cluadhmor his wife. His wife took a hatred to him and fled before him through woods and deserts and he followed in pursuit of her. One day that the wife went to the strand of the sea of Camas and walked over it, she found the skeleton of a whale (mil mhòir) and as she heard the sound of the wind passing through the sinews of the whale, she fell asleep by that sound. Her husband followed her up and understanding that it was by the sound that sleep fell on her he proceeded to a forest near at hand. There he formed the frame of a harp and put strings in it of the tendons of the whale and that was the first harp that was ever made." Who Macuel the son of Miduel was and in what region lay the sea of Camas we are not more definitely informed. The early legendary notices of the harp are associated with the Tuatha-De-Danans who belonged to the mythological cycle of Irish culture and were indeed the Euhemerised deities of the Celtic Pantheon. The Tuatha-De-Danans had a trinity of harpers who were named *Ceol*, *Bind* and *Teidbind*, that is "Music" "Melody" and "Harmony of Chords" an interesting illustration of the principle of development from the general to the particular.

The Irish historians tell us that the Tuatha-De-Danans were succeeded by the Milesians in the colonisation of Erin and the latter dynasty brought a harper with them. Far back in the

mists of time before the Aryan races had quite forgotten their common origin and traditions a legend sprang up which is nearly akin to the classic myth of Midas, the difference being that, while the King of Phrygia was adorned with ass's ears, the Irish monarch Lavra Loingseach rejoiced in a horse's ears. The Irish King referred to was naturally sensitive about his equine adornments, and every one who cut his hair was instantly put to death to prevent the physical disfigurement becoming known. Lavra Loingseach also indulged in the luxury of an annual shave, lots being cast to determine who should perform the unenviable service, as death followed its completion. On one occasion the lot fell upon the only son of an aged widow, and she upon hearing of it went to the King, beseeching him not to put her only child to death. Her prayer was granted, provided he should maintain a sacred silence as to what he was about to see. After the youth had shaved the king the secret of the horse's ears so weighed upon his spirit that he grew sick with an ailment that would not yield to medical treatment. After a considerable interval he was visited by a learned Druid who told his mother that a secret was the cause of his distemper, and that until he disclosed it recovery was impossible. As he was under a vow not to disclose the secret to any human being he was advised by the Druid to go to the meeting of four roads, turn to the right, salute the first tree he should meet and divulge his secret to it. The first tree he met was a large willow. To it he repeated his secret; whereupon the sickness departed and he went home strong and well. The point of the legend for our present purpose is that Craftiny, a contemporary harper, having broken his harp, selected, by chance, this very tree for materials to make a new one, and when it was made and strung and played upon by Craftiny, all who listened to its strains were sure to hear these words—

“Da chluais capaill àr Labhra Loingseach.”
Two ears of a horse on Lavra Loingseach.

To the student of comparative mythology the analogy of this legend to the classic myth of Midas is full of interest. In the latter case the person who was consumed by the secret whispered it into a hole in the earth which he afterwards covered up. There grew a number of reeds which, when the wind passed through them, uttered the words that had been buried beneath and published to the world that Midas had the ears of an ass. The fancy assumed different forms with the different races; but the same principle appears in both, the consciousness of a responsive soul in nature

A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

One prosaic aspect of the legend is that as a matter of fact ancient harp makers considered the willow to be the best wood for making a harp from. The *cruit* or *clarsach* and its players had special and honoured place in Irish history as well as in its legends. A seat was assigned to the harpers in the great hall of Conn's royal capital, for who has not heard of

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed.

The harp was used as the royal arms of Ireland from a very remote period, and it continued as a national emblem long after the termination of the monarchy. It appears on the coins of Henry VIII. and a number of the pensions awarded to the Captains of Irish gallowglasses at the expiry of the ancient military system are said in the Irish records to have been payable in Irish harps.

—:O O:—

TURUS EOGHAIN BHAIN DO'N ROINN EORPA.

LE CATRIONA WHYTE GRANN.
MAR A CHAIDHTEAR MU'N GHNOTHUCH.

“A CHIORSTAN!” arsa mise ri'm mhnaoi air feasgar àraidh air an t-samhradh chaidh seachad, “'S iomadh latha o'n a thàinig thu fhéin agus mise do'n oisinn so de'n dùthaich. 'S iomadh ùnna *tea* agus peic mhine agus baraille sgadain a chaidh a reic 's a cheannach leinn o'n àm sin. Agus tha bhlàth 'sa bhuil. Air an là air an d' thàinig thu cha robh agad ach aon ghùn cailico a thuilleadh air an fhear a bh' air do dhruim. Ach feuch ort an diugh! Tha deise cho eireachdail ort a' dol do'n t-searmoin 's a th' air mnaoi-uasail 'san dùthaich; agus air an ath sheachduin tha do nighean is òige tighinn dachaidh á Dùn-Eideann, le uibhir sgoil 'na ceann 's a th' aig clann a' mhinisteir, ged is fad air adhart iad.”

“Seadh Eoghain,” arsa Ciorstan, a' toirt suil-gheur a nall orm fhéin, “agus ciod a thug an uachdar na smuaintean sin? B' fhada shios iad mu'n àm so 'n uiridh.”

“Innsidh mise sin duit,” fhreagair mi, a' tilgeadh a' phaipeir-naigheachd a sios air a' bhòrd. “Tha 'n so fios air a thoirt; gu'm faighear cothrom air dol, fad deich làithean, do chuid de na h-àitean is bòidheche 'san Roinn Eòrpa, agus sin air glè bheag airgid. A nis, tha, mar a thubhairt mi, Peigi tighinn dachaidh air an ath sheachduin, réidh d' a sgoil, agus bu chiatach lean aon sealladh fhaighinn air an t-saoghal mhòr. Bha'n t-iarrtas a'm bhroilleach fad mo bheatha, ged nach do leig

mi mach e gus a nis." Rinn am bùth gu math air a' bhliadhna chaidh thairis; mar sin ma bha riann cothrom gu toil-inntinn de'n t-seòrsa so ghabhail, 's ann a nis. Theagamh nach tig e rithis an ealachd. Nach bu ghasda leat na'n rachamaid 'nar triùir taobh air chor-éiginn?"

Cha do fhreagair Ciorstan car mionaid no dhà.

"Ciamar a gheibheamaid air adhart gun a' Bheurla?" ars i mu dheireadh.

"Huts!" arsa mise, "ciod am feum a bhiodh air Beurla far nach 'eil daoine 'ga bruidhinn! Dheanadh Peigi na h-uile facal a labhairt air ar son, an Sasunn cho math ris an Fhraing; air neo cha mhòr feum a rinn a h-ionnsachadh dhi."

"Ach ciamar a rachadh leis an tigh fhad 's a bhitheamaid air falbh: an dùineadh tu suas am bùth?"

"Cha dùineadh. Saoil thusa nach tigeadh Màiri, do phiuthar, le a teaghlach, fad na h-uine bhiodh na sgoiltean fa sgaoil. Cha'n iarradh clann a thogadh an Glascho na b' fheàrr na tighinn; agus tha'm balachan is sine pògail, dèanadach. Ghlèidheadh e'm bùth, le glé bheag cuideachaidh o mhàthair:" agus sheall mi gu dìl an aodann mo mhnatha.

"Ach Eòghain," arsa Ciorstan a rithis, "nach biodh e car fadalach le Peigi bhi gun chuid-éiginn òg a chumadh cuideachd rithe? Tha fios agad fhéin nach biodh e daonnan comasach dhòmhsa dol leatha na h-uile taobh. Cha'n'eil mi cho deas gu bealach a dhìreadh 's a bha mi aon uair. Ma tha triùir ri dol ann, feumar an ceathramh a chur ris a' chuideachd; agus am bheil thusa deas gus an costas sin a ghabhail ort fhéin?"

"Tha mi toileach rud cuimseach 'sam bith a thabhairt no a dheanamh a bheir toileachadh dhuibh le chéile!" ghlaodh mi gu h-aoibhneach; oir bha eagal orm fad na h-uine nach éisdeadh Ciorstan ri facal idir mu'n chùis.

"Och, Eòghain, a ghràidh, 's fheàrr dhuit féin 's do Phèigi falbh as m' eugmhais. Cha bhithinn ach a'm uallaich dhuibh. Bhiodh na h-uile rud neònach leam; agus bhithinnse neònach seach na h-uile duine—gun Bheurla gun eile."

"M'eudail," arsa mise, a' leum 's a' toirt sgailce pòige dhi, "tha fhios agam gu'm bheil thu nàisneach am measg choigreach; ach ciod an toileachadh a bhiodh againne gun thusa còmhla ruinn! Cumaidh Peigi 's mis' eadar-uinn thu gach car a théid sinn; agus feuch ciod na naigheachdan a bhios agad ri innseadh do mhnathan an Tairbeirt an uair a thilleas tu! Cha'n fhalbh sinn ceum às t'eugmhais, agus cha chluinnear tuilleadh m' a dhéighinn mur téid thu leinn."

"Ma ta," arsa Ciorstan, "air mo shon fhéin deth, cha ghluaisinn eang bho thaobh mo

theallaich; ach 's fheàrr dhomh sgioblachadh ris air sgàth Peigi; bu duilich leam grabadh a chur 'san rathad oirre-se. Ach cò bheireamaid leinn mar bhana-chompanach do Phèigi?"

"Cò ach a' chaileag laghach shìobhalta sin, Màisi Stiùbhard, a th' aice mar bhana-chompanach 'san sgoil. Bha i leinn fad seachduin an uiridh; 's tha fhios againn gu'n còrdadh i fhéin agus sinne gu ciatach. Air son Peigi dheth, tha leatha nach 'eil a leithid eil' air an t-saoghal. Faic thusa, tha na h-uile sìon deas, glan, socruichte cheana, 's théid sinn an dàil a' ghnothuich cho luath 's a thig Peigi dhachaidh."

A' CHEUD TEANNADH A MACH.

Tri seachduinean an dèigh a' chòmhradh ud eadar Ciorstan is mise bha Màiri, mo phiuthar-chéile, le a teaghlach, suidhichte anns an tigh againn aig an Tairbeart, agus bha mo bhean 's mi fhéin, leis an dà chaileag, air bòrd carbad-na-deathach air ar rathad do Lunnainn.

A nis, cha'n'eil e 'm bheachd dol tuilleadh's mionaideach a stigh anns gach car a chuir sinn dhinn. Cha deanadh sin ach muinntir a sgìtheachadh. 'S iad na seallaidhean a b' ainneamh a chunnaic sinn air an toir mi a mhàin cunntas.

Foghnaidh innseadh mu Lunnainn ant-eagal a chuir mi air na gillean-giùlain. Cha bu luaithe 'ràinig sinn ar ceann-uighe na leum leth-dusan gille gu bhi 'm badadha'm mhàileid-thuruis. Gu dearbh fhéine, 's ann a bha fear diubh 's greim aig air, a' dol g'a tharruing às mo làimh. "Theirig a Choire-na-sheanachair!" glaodh mi gu reachdmhor, agus le spraic a thug orr' uile tuiteam air an ais mar gu'n d' thug mi sgleog 'san leth-cheann daibh; 's fhuair sinn ar n-anail a tharruing.

Cha do chuir sinn mòran uine seachad an Lunnainn; oir bhiodh cothrom againn air ar tilleadh gu fuireach an sin cho fada no cho goirid 's a fhreagradh e dhuinn.

Mar sin, air an Di-Luain an dèigh an Tairbeart fhàgail, bha mi fhéin 's mo chuideachd air bòrd a' bhàta, air an aiseag mhòr eadar Sasunn 's an Fhraing.

"Taing do Ni Math, a Chiorstan," arsa mise an dèigh suidheagan fasnachach fhaotainn dlùth air an deireadh, "cha bhi feum tuilleadh air Beurla gus an till sinn do Shasunn. Tha sinn cho fad air adhart d' a taobh ri muinntir eile 'sna ceàrna so."

"Tha aon rud ann," arsa Ciorstan, "bidh na Sasunnaich 'nan coigrich uidhir ruinn fhéin; 's cha'n urrainn daibh tàir a dheanamh air muinntir aig nach 'eil Beurla."

Air dhi so a ràdh, thàinig fear de na seòl-adairean le mèis bhig fheadair 'na làimh, agus sheall e gu dùrachdach 'na h-aodann. Thug Ciorstan utag 'san uillinn domh, air

dha a' mhias a shìneadh dhi. "Feuch am bheil mùthadh agad," ars i an cagar rium.

"Phàigh sinn am faradh," arsa mise, "'s cha'n urrainn gu'm bheil tuilleadh a dhìth orra: 's ma thogair esan!"

"Ach nach faic thu 'n sreath dhiubh a tha dol chun chàich, gach fear le 'mhèis!"

Air so thuirt am maraiche ni éiginn nach do thuig mi, agus air dha bhì fathast a' tomhadh a' mhèis ri Ciorstain, rinn mi glaoth ri Peigi, a bha air dol le Màisi gu taobh a' bhàta, dh' fheuchainn am faigheadh iad a' cheud sealladh air còrsa na Frainge.

Ciod a bha'n duine cneasda ris ach a' tairgseadh mèis dhuinn air eagal gu'm fàsadh gin againn gu dona le tinneas fairge; oir bha coltas robach a' tighinn air an t-sìd. Thug sinn mòran buidheachais dà; ach thuirt sinn nach cuireadh oiteag a null no a nall sinn, 's nach biodh feum againn air a leithid. Agus cha mhò chuir sinn feum air còmhnaidh, ged a bha chuid a bu mhodha mu'r timchioll 'san sgeocail mun d' ràinig sinn tir.

Air dhuinn Càlais a ruigheadh fhuair sinn an t-each iarunn a' feitheamh ris a' bhàta, 's air falbh ghabh sinn do Bhaile-mòr na Frainge.

Thug e toileachadh dhuinn ainmean bhailtean a thug 'nar cuimhne a' Ghàidhealtachd a chluinntinn air an éigheach taobh an rathaid. Bha gille-frithealaidh aig aon cheann-uidhe a' glaothaich "Lagny-torrigny!" cho àrd 's a bh' aige. 'S coltach gu'n robh *Na Toirinne* an sin cho math ris na creagan de'n ainm sin a tha cùl Mhuile.

Air dhuinn tòiseachadh ri labhairt ri chèile mu thimchioll sin, dh' fheòraich duin-ualas Sasunnach gu modhail, ciod an dùthaich d'am buineamaid?

"Do Albainn" fhreagair Peigi.

"Ciod a' chàinain a bha sibh a' labhairt?" dh' fharraid e; "shaoil leam an toiseach gu'm b'i Ghearmailteach a bh' ann ach an sin thug mi 'n aire nach b'i."

"'S i Ghàidhlig a tha sinn a' bruidhinn," fhreagair Peigi.

"Seadh!" ars an Sasunnach, "'S iongantach an ni gu'm biodh càinain choigreach mar sin air a labhairt fathast 'san dùthaich againn!"

"Le 'r cead," arsa Màisi gu h-ealamh, le a sùil a' lasadh, "'S i Bheurla tha 'na teangaidh choigrich an Gàidhealtachd na h-Alba!"

Thug an Sasunnach clisgeadh, ghabh e aige fhéin, agus thuirt e gu h-aithghearr: "Tha thu ceart, a nigheann, agus cha d' thug mi faineas gus a nis gur ann mar sin a tha. Cha d' chuimhnich mi e 'n ealachd—no'n dòigh air an d' fhuair mi fios air;" ars e le aoidh, a' toirt modh do Mhàisi, ni a thug rughadh bòidheach 'na gruaidh.

Air dhuinn Parais a ruigheadh chum mi orm fhéin, agus leig mi le Peigi agus Màisi

sealltainn as déigh ar treallaichean. Bha dà charbadair a' sméideadh aig an aon àm ri cuideachd a bh' air ar beulaibh, a dh' fheuchainn cò de'n dithis aca a gheibheadh an togail do'n Hòtel g'an robh iad a' dol. Fhuair aon fhear diubh a' chuideachd mhòr, agus ghabh am fear eile a' chuideachd againne. Ach bha'n fheadhainn eile fada na bu bhrèagha na sinne; agus an uair a bha'n dà charbad a' dol a mach o'n cheann-uidhe air sreud a chèile, thionndaidh an carbadair a bh' air thoiseach oirnn a cheann ris an fhear againne, gus nach mòr nach robh a smig air meadhon a dhroma, 's chuir e'n draon magaidh ud air a b' oillteala chunnaic mi riamh.

"Marbhaig air a' bhéisd!" arsa Ciorstain. "An déigh sin cha b'e h-uile Frangach ris an earbainn mi fhéin. 'San dùthaich chneasd' againne cha deanadh ach isean balaich braoisg a chur air mar sin."

Co dhiubh b'e 'n draon a mhill barail Chiorstain air na Frangaich, cha'n aithne dhomh; ach cha robh aic' orra tuilleadh 'na dhéigh.

Chaidh sinn a dh' fhaicinn nan seallaidhean iongantach agus annasach a tha tarruing iomadh fear-turuis chun a' Bhaile-mhòir sin. Bha gu leòir ann gu ar cumail gun fhadal fad bliadhna na'n robh sinn 'sa bheachd uibhir sin de ùine chur seachad ann. A chum agus gu'm faigheamaid deanamh mar a thoilicheamaid fad fionn an latha, an àite tilleadh chun an tigh-òsda bha sinn a' gabhail greim bidh c'ait' air bith am biodh e goireasach. Bha bùird bheaga air an cur fo fhasgadh aig dorus nam bùth, no fo sgàile nan craobh, far an robh craobhan a' fàs. Bha sinn aon latha 'nar suidhe mu bhòrd beag cruinn, an Doire Boulogne, ag òl cupan càfé. Bha Ciorstain a' talach air an *tea* a bheireadh na Frangaich dhi; mar sin bha sinn am bitheantas ag òl na càfé chiataich. Ach, mar a thubhairt mi, bha sinn aig a' bhòrd an uair a thug Peigi 'n aire gu'n robh duine mòr eireachdail a bh' aig bòrd eile goirid uainn, ag amharc gu dil ormsa. Air do Pheigi so innseadh dhomh, thug mi tionndadh an taobh a bha'n duine. Air an ath mhionaid bha e nall 'na leum, 's mò làmh aige 'na dhòrn 'ga crathadh mar gu'n cuireadh e as a' ghualainn mi.

"Gu dé so! Gu dé so! Eòghan Bàn an Dromain a choinneachadh 'san Fhraing!" ars e. "Agus so Ciorstain; agus cuiridh mi geall gur iad so do nigheanan, air an suaip ri teaghlach an Dromain!"

Dh' éirich mi, agus greim aige fathast gu teann air laimh orm. "Cò sibhse?" arsa mise, a' dearcadh gu dùrachdach an clàr an aodainn air. Cha'n'eil cuimhn' agam gu'n do choinnich sinn riamh air an t-saoghal so."

"Ma tà 's ann air an t-saoghal so a b' aithne

dhuinn a chéile, 's cha b' ann air saoghal 'sam bith eile. Nach faic thu'n fhiacail an dorus mo bheòil, a bhris thu le'd chaman air an nollaig mu'n d' fhàg mi'n Srath!"

"Mise'n duigh! An e so da-rìreadh Dòmhnall Iain!" ghlaodh mi, agus neo-ar-thàinig mur d' fhuair a làmhnan crathadh cho math 's a fhuair mo thé-sa. "Gu cinnteach," arsa mise, "coinnichidh na daoine nuair nach coinnich na cnuic! Ach dean suidhe, a laochain, 's gu'n cuir sinn eòlas as ùr air a chéile. 'S i so Ciorstain, mar a thubhairt thu; agus 's i so Mairearad, mo nighean. Ach saoil an tomhais thu cò tha 'n so? Tha fios nach tomhais; cha d' rugadh i gus an déigh dhuit falbh."

Ma tà cha'n urrainn domh a ràdh, Eòghain; ach, cò air bith i, tha i bòidheach, lurach."

"Ma tà cò th' ann ach nighean Fleòiri do phiuthar, agus is tu dh' fhaodas a bhi mòr a' d' bhean-cinnidh." 'S am feadh a bha mo charaid a' cur fàilt air Ciorstain 's air na caileagan, ghabh mi beachd air o mhullach gu bonn. "A Dhòmhnall," arsa mise, "cha'n aithnichinn gu'm faca mi riamh thu. An uair a dh' fhàg thu'n Srath bha do leth-cheann cho min ri gruaidh caileig, am feadh a tha feusag ort a nis mar am fraoch air a' Chreachainn. Bha do chraiceann an sin cho geal ris a' bhainne."

"Am feadh a tha e nis cho odhar ris na cnothan calltuinn a bhitheamaid a' losgadh air Oidhche Shamhna," arsa Dòmhnall le fiamh-ghàire. "Ach, mur 'eil e mi-mhodhail dhomh fharraid, ciod a thug an taobh so sibh an dràs?"

Agus mu'n d' éirich sin as a sin bha fios aig Dòmhnall air na h-uile car mar a tha mi chean' air innseadh.

"C' àite 'bheil sibh a' dol an déigh so?" dh' fheòraich e.

"Bha sinn air bheul tilleadh dhachaidh," fhreagair mi.

"Cha dean sibh ni d'a leithid," ars esan. "Lunsidh mise dé ni sibh: gabhaidh sibh mìos no sè seachdainean a thuilleadh, agus théid sinn uile dhachaidh còmhla. Cha rachainnse gus an dragh dol air feadh nan rìoghachdan aineoil air mòr-thìr na Roinn Eòrpa na'm bithinn leam fhéin. Ach tha sibhse, 's nighean mo pheathar an so, agus bheir na nìgheagan foghlumte troimh gach càs sinn a thaobh na slighe; mar sin c'arson nach gabhamaid an t-saorsa, 's an toileachadh am feadh a tha'n cothrom againn? Ciod a their sibh ris a sin?"

Dh' amhaire mi air Ciorstain 's dh' amhaire Ciorstain ormsa. An sin thug sinn suil air na caileagan. Cha robh feum air fheòraich dhiùbhsan ciod a bu mhaith leò, oir bha'n sùilean a' lasadh le toil-inntinn leis an smuain a mhaìn.

"Bheir mise leam Màisi, oir tha còir agam oirre; pàighidh tusa air son do mhnatha 's do

nighinn, agus roinnidh tusa 's mise seòmar eadarunn, a chaomhnadh costais, 's cha chuir sinn a mach air a chéile mu'n chùis."

Ciod a b' urrainn domh ach aontachadh, le dà ghnùis mhàlda grìosadh orm a dheanamh, ged nach deachaidh smid a labhairt. Cha d' thuirt Ciorstain diog 'na aghaidh, ged a bha fadal gu leòir oirre tilleadh dhachaidh. 'S beag fios a bh' againn ciod an comh-dhùnadh a bhiodh aig ar turus!

(*R'a leantuinn.*)

—:o:—

THE RECLAMATION OF THE WASTES.

A REMEDY FOR CONGESTION.

By DAVID MACRITCHIE, F.S.A. SCOT.

PRESIDENT OF THE CELTIC UNION.

IN the admirable paper read by him at the Oban Conference in February—printed in the April number of *An Deo-Ghreine*—Mr. D. MacLeod, M.A., drew attention to the existence in Denmark of "a remarkable society called 'The Heather Club.' Its object is "the severely practical, if to us rather Utopian one, of converting the sand wastes of Jutland into beech forests. First, they get heather to grow in the sand, then fir in the heather, and in course of time it is hoped that beech and other trees will follow. And they succeed. In one year the society distributed among the peasantry 'five million fir plants and one million and a half of plants of other trees.' In thirty years they have 'reclaimed more than 230 square miles of useless sand heath and peat bog.' They say in the Highlands that 'the Fir Blackener' (*Dubh a ghiuthais*) came from Lochlin and burned down the ancient forests of Caledonia. Be that as it may, in milder mood Lochlin of to-day teaches us how these forests may be restored."

If any exception may be taken to Mr. MacLeod's statements, it can only be one which in no way detracts from the importance of the information conveyed by him, and that is the suggestion or hint that a scheme so "severely practical" in Denmark should seem to us in Scotland to be "rather Utopian." If 230 square miles of desert can be reclaimed in Lochlin, there is no apparent reason why many thousand acres of sandy waste surrounding the shores of Alban may not be utilized in like manner, although perhaps not in the identical way followed by the Danes. Our peat bogs may be left out of the question at present; if only because in many cases an attempt to reclaim them would mean an interference with existing game rights. No such objection as this arises in connection with our wastes of sand.

Not only in Denmark, but along the shores

of North Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium, Gascony, and Atlantic North America, has man been engaged in a successful combat against the desolating sand-drifts; and this for a considerable time. Nor is the idea a new one in the British Isles. "In William III's day our Parliament passed an Act for the preservation of marram and sea-lyme (sand-binding grasses) along the Scottish coast," observes one writer, who explains with regard to "marram," better known to us as *muran* or "bent":—"The peculiar property of this grass is that it will not flourish unless continually covered with fresh sand, and that where there is most sand, the stronger and greater is its growth. With its far-spreading roots below ground, and its shoots above ground, it takes a firm grip on the dry sand, binding it, and holding it fast in the face of the winds." This, then, is its mission—to arrest the movement of the sand, which otherwise is blown into changing drifts during every gale, and often invades and desolates the arable fields further inland.

But *muran* or bent is only a pioneer. Where bent grows, true grass soon begins to grow, and eventually a thin surface of fine sweet turf is formed, available as pasture for sheep and cattle. Thus, under favouring circumstances, the arid and useless waste of yesterday becomes to-day a distinct asset in the nation's wealth. And it must be understood that in many cases the land so gained is not former earthy soil which (as, for example, in Morayshire) has been unfortunately overwhelmed with sand, but is an actual gift from the sea, which has been obliged to recede from sandbanks thrown up by its own action, and heaped into hills by the force of the winds.

It is not enough, however, to leave the matter to Nature. Nature has done much in this way along our coasts, but she must now be aided and anticipated by man. Man's skilful and successful work in this direction is notably illustrated by the Holkham sandhills on Lord Leicester's Norfolk estates. Prior to 1850 these were mere barren wastes, three miles in length. Now they are covered with grass and pine trees, the latter thirty or forty feet high. And this without the addition of any soil from inland. The trees are rooted in pure sea sand. A like success has been achieved at Culbin on the Moray Firth, as described by Mr. J. Hutton in the *Transactions of the Royal Scottish Arboricultural Society*, Vol. VIII. (1878), pp. 19-24. In Vol. XIII. of the same journal, Mr. A. Gorrie gives an account of the work at Holkham, and while strongly advocating the use of bent (*Psamma arenarius*), he also mentions that *Lathyrus sylvestris* has proved very successful on the North German coast. Our Hebridean island of Barra furnishes us with another

instance, for there the movement of the sand was effectually arrested by the systematic planting of bent, at the instance of the proprietor.

It will be seen, then, that for a long time (and further historical references could be adduced, were that necessary), the practicability of arresting the fluctuation of wastes of sand, and of utilizing them as forest and pasture and even as arable land, has been recognised and demonstrated by European people, not excluding those of the British Isles. Here, however, there is no concerted action on the part of associations or of Government officials. This is certainly one of these things that they manage better on the Continent. "In Gascony," says a writer already quoted, "men called *gardes cantonniers* are employed on the sand dunes to look to the proper growth of the marram and the proper condition of the dunes. Under the protection of the Continental sand dunes forests are often planted or sown. These dune forests are always strictly protected; no grazing or removal of litter is allowed. In Germany fines up to £8 are inflicted on anyone who breaks the dune forest laws, while in Holland four weeks' imprisonment is the punishment for cutting the grass on the dunes."

Whether it is possible, or, if possible, desirable, to rear plantations on our Scottish sand-wastes, is a question of minor importance. That such plantations flourish vigorously along the coasts of the Low Countries is known to every traveller in those parts. At one place one sees reclamation in its initial stage, the newly-enclosed sand waste being carefully planted with bent, or some kindred growth, and its future safeguarded by placards forbidding anyone to enter the enclosure, under pain of fine. At another place, where the process of reclamation has been going on for some years, strips of incipient woodland are beginning to show. The final stage is seen where, protected and enriched by these woodland belts, small fields are laid out in pasture or are under the plough. By this time the sand has become leavened by the leaf-mould from the woods, and the manure of successive years, and the composition is veritable soil, although sandy soil. What was once wilderness is now plantation, pasture, and arable land.

Undoubtedly these belts of woodland play an important part in the reclamation of the sands. For, planted with a scientific attention to the course of the prevailing winds, they soon form an efficient windbreak, and thus prevent the sandy enclosures from being torn up by violent storms and reduced to their original waste condition. Moreover, their leaves and twigs shower down a rich supply of vegetable matter every autumn.

That such plantations can be successfully grown among British sand-dunes has been demonstrated by the Earl of Leicester at Holkham. There is a belief, however, in the minds of some, that the climatic conditions existing along the North Sea and Baltic coasts are much more favourable to such a scheme than those which obtain among our Hebridean islands, exposed as they are to the full fury of Atlantic blasts. To a certain extent this is true, although it is possible to exaggerate the difference. But if we cannot grow trees among our Northern sand-hills, we can at least grow whin and broom, and these, if sown or planted as hedgerows would soon afford a sufficient shelter. In a very few years the area of sand rescued by this means and by planting *muran* would form a fairly good pasture for sheep and cattle. And this again could safely be partitioned off into small fields by additional lines of hedgerows of whin and broom.

In all this there is nothing but what is quite practicable. The immense scale upon which this reclamation work has been carried out in foreign countries, and the marked success with which it has been attended, would fully warrant a like effort in our own land. As already pointed out, something has been achieved in this way in the British Isles. But that something is only a fraction of what might be done. The initial question of expenditure has, of course, to be faced. Mr. MacLeod has told us that no less than 230 square miles of useless sand heath and peat bog in Denmark has been reclaimed by the generosity and the zeal of a co-operative society called "The Heather Club." In several other countries the funds are furnished by Government. Either or both of these methods might be followed in our country. The question is well worthy of consideration by the Congested Districts Board. It is obvious that, in whatever way the attempt were made, skilled supervision would be essential from the outset, and the humble class to be ultimately benefited would only find occasional work, in this connection, as paid labourers and *gardes cantonniers*. Eventually, there would be a large area of new land available for settlement by crofters. I have referred above to our sandy wastes as extending to thousands of acres, but, as in Denmark, the extent of these areas could easily be computed in square miles.

WRITING GAELIC.

In order to encourage writing in Gaelic we shall be glad to receive letters from young or old written in Gaelic. We shall make necessary corrections and either find room for them in *An Deo-Ghreine* from time to time, or point out possible errors by private correspondence.

UNRECORDED GAELIC MELODIES.

ORAN MOR MHIH LEOD. Compiler J.C. The tune here given differs altogether from that published for the use of choirs by An Comunn Gaidhealach. It is less of a melody and partakes more of the nature of an *Oran Mòr*. Perhaps it should be written in the *Soh* mode, and the flat seventh made *fah* instead of *ta*.

GLEUS F.

{ : d., l₁ | l₁ : s₁ : l₁ | d : d : - . }

Miad a' mhuilaid tha'm thadhall,

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

Dh' fhàg treaghaid mo chleibh gu goirt,

{ : m., r | d : l₁ : s₁ | l₁ : l₁ : - . }

Aig na rinn mi a'd dheaghaidh,

{ . s₁ | l₁ : m : s | r : - : r | d : - }

Air m'aghart 's mo thrial gu port.

{ : m. m | s : - : s. s | d¹ : - }

'S ann bha mis' air do thoir,

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

'S nì a' meas gu'n robh còir agam ort,

{ : s. s | d¹ : - : ta. l | s : - }

Dheagh mhic a - thar mo ghraidh,

{ : s₁. s₁ | l. m : - : s | r : - : r | d : - ||

Bu tu m'aighear is m'agh is m'olc.

CAILE DHUBH RAINEACH. Compiler, J. C. The melody is that to which Donnachadh Ban's song was sung near the bard's haunts.

GLEUS F.

{ : s₁ | d : - r : m | s : m : s | l : d¹ : r¹ | s : - : m }

Chuir nighean dubh Raineach orm faran is mionlachd

{ | d : t₁ : d | s : - : m | l₁ : s₁ : l₁ | r : - : }

Nach cuir mi dhìom le calbhaig an dràs;

{ | d : - r : m | s : m : s | l : d¹ : r¹ | s : - : m }

Ghoid i mo sporan 's na dolair gu lìonmhor

{ | f : s : l | s : - : l₁ | d : t₁ : r | d : - : ||

Bh'agam fos n losal feitheamh ri m' làimh.

COMHACHAG BHOCHD NA SROINE. Compiler, J. C. The following tune to which this very old song was sung is semi-recitative and no doubt did service for Ossianic and other songs of 4 line stanzas. It is of the class to which the tune of *Latha bhreitheanaid* belongs.

GLEUS A.

{ | l₁. l₁ : l₁. l₁ | d., d : d. d | d., f : m., r | d., l₁ : }

Nis o'n tha thu aosda, Dean-sa t' thaosaid ris an t-sagart;

{ : s₁. s₁ | s₁. s₁ : l₁. l₁ | d., d. d. l₁ | s₁ : s₁. d | l₁. l₁ : ||

Agus innis dha gun eiradh Gach aon sgeul gam bheil agad.

A CROWN OF SORROW.

BY HARRY ST. CLAIR.

A CLEAR, melodious voice of fair compass, singing with unmistakeable heartiness "*Hòro mo chuid chuideachd thu*" early yesterday morning in the room adjoining mine in the small West Highland Inn which has been my summer lodging these five years past, wakened once again the sorrow that is covered but not conquered in my heart. In itself the song is neither mournful in sentiment nor sad in music, but to me it is now, and ever will be, indissolubly associated with the most painful episode in my life. And yet until that happened which robbed life of its joy, friendship of its tender beauty, and love of its sweetness, it had for me associations of the most delightful kind. For it was the favourite Gaelic song of the two people I loved best. From that wonderful moment when Love found us and thenceforth became our guide through the rose-coloured days which led to the evening preceding that fixed for our wedding, she who was to have been my wife sang it oft and brilliantly. In her enthusiasm for it she wrought hard to teach me the song, and only gave up the task as hopeless when she realised that Nature, which gave me an ear for melody forgot to give me the power of producing musical sounds. Then he came who was to me more than companion or friend, and in the compass of one short week she taught him the words and melody perfectly. And then, the sorrow of which I spoke came into my life.

I have read somewhere—it is possible I may only have dreamt it—that when our first parents were being expelled from Paradise, Eve loitered behind her husband and the angel who was conducting them to the fields of Human Experience, her object being to pluck from the Tree of Life some of its fruit which she might keep by her as a guarantee of Immortality. Quite close to this tree and resembling it not a little in shape and size, there grows the Tree of Sorrow, bearing fruit which only the thoughtful mind and the trained eye can distinguish at sight from the fruit of the Tree of Life. Now Eve did not know this, nor yet that the Tree of Sorrow ever grows on the side nearest him who would approach the Tree of Life. Hastily plucking what she thought was the right fruit she had barely time to conceal it in her breast, when the angel, turning round, sternly commanded her to hurry forth from the garden. As she went, the fruit which she could by no means now dislodge from its place, seemed to burn her breast and to excite keen pain in her heart. Too proud to confess her anguish to her

husband who had but now accused her as the direct cause of his transgression; not at all sure of his power of understanding and sympathising with her, she concealed this, her first sorrow within her own breast. And ever since that day her sons and daughters, following her example, and realising that Sorrow, like Life and Love is eternal, have to a great extent concealed their sorrow also. Only it sometimes happens that when some circumstance, trivial in itself it may be, comes across the chord to which Sorrow vibrates, the wounded heart, yearning for human sympathy, must find expression in speech or else must break. And thus it happened to me. The circumstance which revived my sorrow and impelled me to speak of it was the singing, by an unknown singer, of that Gaelic song yesterday morning.

Rather more than six years ago I became medical officer of the parish of Glentaladh. For grandeur of scenery, for beauty of situation, Glentaladh is unrivalled even in the Highlands. A panorama comprising a chain of mountains, two rivers, several lakes, a noble arm of the sea dotted here and there with tree-clad islets—well, that is a picture to carry about in one's mind, but it is one impossible to paint accurately in words. A parish 27 miles in extent, sparsely peopled, and with uncertain roads, occasionally entailed a good deal of hard work in the way of visiting. But for a great part of the year my work was comparatively light, and left me a good deal of spare time for recreation and reading. Through the courtesy of the leading proprietor, Sir Ludovick McCombie of Glenforsa I had many opportunities of plying rod and gun, a privilege which I greatly appreciated. In short, I could quite truthfully say that my lines had fallen in pleasant places.

My nearest neighbour at Glentaladh was Major McQuarrie, a retired Indian officer, who was the shooting tenant of Glenmore Lodge. Having been successful in my treatment of a slight gun-shot wound accidentally inflicted on him by a guest, the Major and I speedily became fast friends. The fact that he spoke Gaelic fluently, cultivated its literature and music assiduously, and kept up the best traditions of the old Highland chief attracted me to him strongly. Irascible in temper and dogmatic in opinion, no one dared cross or contradict him save his only daughter Flora, and she seemed to be able "to twist him round her little finger." Flora had certainly the most bewitching ways. She was not, strictly speaking, pretty; bright, dainty and piquant are the adjectives which best describe her. But when you heard her sing our sweet Gaelic songs, and saw her wait lovingly upon her father, or twine her beautiful arms round his neck, you

felt that here was a woman to make home, life and love beautiful for a man. When she confessed her love for me and I had gained her father's consent to our speedy union, I believe the world contained no happier man than I. The wedding was to take place in Glenmore Lodge in the last week of September, and my life-long companion and bosom friend, fair-haired, blue-eyed, bright-faced Neil Mackenzie was to act as groomsman.

When Neil came to me a week before the date fixed for the wedding, I was grieved to find that Flora and he did not take kindly to one another. He declared more than once that she was vain, frivolous, inconstant, and not at all worthy of his dear friend, while she assured me that Neil was an insolent puppy who had nothing to recommend him save a moderate share of good looks and a figure neatly enough arrayed in tartan kilt and velvet jacket! Ah me, how earnestly I strove to conquer the mutual prejudices of those two who were dearer to me than all the world! I brought them together, left them together, got them to sing my favourite song, *Flòra mo chuid chuideachd thu* together, and when we were all together I took care that my friend should have every opportunity of displaying his brilliant conversational powers. I had my reward. Late in the evening preceding the wedding I was unexpectedly summoned to attend a patient more than 20 miles distant. Bending over Flora to wish her goodnight and to assure her that nothing would prevent me from being with her by noon on the morrow, she filled my cup of happiness to overflowing by saying that she liked Neil and now quite understood why I loved him so much. And it was like the dear fellow himself to rush after me as I vaulted into the saddle, draw my head down to his shoulder, kiss me on the forehead, and in solemn, earnest tones say, "God for ever bless you, dear Harry!"

At Kilbeg farm I discovered that the telegram summoning me thither was a bogus one! No one there had sent it for no one there was ill! Despite my rage at the trick played upon me and my natural anxiety to get home as early as possible, the worthy farmer and his wife persuaded me to rest for a few hours, which I did. By noon next day I was back at Glenmore Lodge, which I found in the wildest confusion. The servants, apparently panic-struck by my appearance on the scene, could tell me nothing coherently. In the library to which I repaired, I found the Major lying on the floor in a dead faint—a clear case of apoplectic seizure. My efforts to restore him to consciousness being successful, the poor man, pointing to a letter on the floor invited me to read it. There I found these words:—

"I am a blackguard who has abused your hospitality and betrayed his friend. Flora and I will be husband and wife before you read this, so pursuit will be useless. I entreat you, break the news to poor Harry as gently as you can.—Neil Mackenzie."

The poor Major was amazed to see how quietly I took it all. I neither stormed, nor wept, nor swore; I was beyond that. The novelist would say that my heart was broken. Oh, nothing so merciful as that happened. For if sorrow broke hearts and mine had then been broken, I should at once have been freed from the anguish of the days and years which followed. Only I lost then and I fear for ever, the two most beautiful things in life—a woman's love and a man's friendship. These should be the guardian angels of a man's heart. Lacking these, he is poor indeed.

Consequent on the bitter memories awakened by that song yesterday, I spent these two days in the seclusion of my room, brooding over my sorrow. When the waiter came in with the lights this evening he brought me a letter, the contents of which are as follows:—
"My very dear Harry,—Long ago I forfeited the right to address you thus affectionately, and yet God knows I never ceased to love you even though I sinned so deeply against you. And now, when they tell me I have at most but a few days to live, I cannot go out into the Great Silence, until I have begged your forgiveness and made clear to you one or two things regarding which you are still in the dark. Manlike, you have blamed poor Neil for all that happened, but you were wrong. I, and I alone, am the transgressor. Long before I ever saw him I was prepared to like him, because from your deep affection for him I knew he must be clean in thought and pure in heart. You know how nice-looking, how loveable, how sympathetic he was, and what a "genius" he had for saying the things which a woman loves to hear. In two days' time I loved him madly, and when on the third day I begged him to marry me, I cannot describe the horror—of me—depicted on his countenance. He appealed to my honour, to my affection for you and father, to the shame and sorrow which must inevitably follow if this should happen, but to no purpose. I declared he had compromised me and must marry me. Briefly, I need only say that I employed all the arguments which the madness of a great passion and the determination of a woman could furnish, and he had to yield. I had you sent on a wild-goose chase to Kilbeg, and in less than twelve hours after your departure Neil and I were married. Five years have passed since then, years not altogether loveless

nor unhappy. Neil has always been good to me, always courteous, always ready to sacrifice his pleasure to my caprice. But he has never loved me truly and deeply, never loved me as he loves you. When he has laid me to rest in the God's acre on the banks of the Guadalquivir—our home is in sunny Spain—he will bring, to the lonely inn in my beloved Highlands, where we know you spend your summer holidays, this letter to you from the woman whose mad passions spoiled the lives of two good men. And you will forgive him freely, and if possible, restore him to the old place in your affection."

After reading this letter I sat for hours lost in reverie. The things that *were* passed before my mental vision, but as yet there was for me neither present nor future. It was a time of peace. It seemed as if the deep silence which generally pervades Nature immediately before daybreak, entered my room and laid a healing hand on my heart. Suddenly this silence was broken by a deep sob, and a masculine voice, a voice I loved to hear in other days, cried out, "Harry, dear fellow, I am so glad to see you once more; can you possibly forgive me?"

Two hours later Neil Mackenzie and I walked out into the golden sunlight, arm-in-arm, and with no shadow of suspicion between us.

TREUNTAS SHEANN DAOINE.

(LE DOMHNULL MAC EACHARN.)

Air a leantuinn bho thaobh-duilleig 148.

MA'S math mo bheachd, 'nuair a chuireadh bacadh orm, bha mi toirt faineart an dèidh a th' aig seann daoine air a bhi luaidh air làithean an òige fein, 's ag aibhiseachadh gach ni a thachair 's an àm sin, 's a' lughdachadh deanadais na tìna 'th' ann. Cha ruigear a leas iongantais a ghabhail de so, b' iad na ceud làithean gun teagamh a b' fhearr na iad so. Tha e mar sin nàdurra gu leòir gu'n roghnaicheadh an duine a chuid a b' fhearr d' a làithean gu bhi mèorachadh orra. Anns na làithean sin, bha e fein gu lùthmhor, laidir, a' mealtainn Céitein a bheatha, gun ghaoid, gun fhàilinn an cnaimh no'm féith; an saoghal gu léir glòrmhor 'na shùilean; nàdur uile ceòlmhor 'na chluais, 's a deanamh co-sheirm ri cèol a chridhe fein. Ciod an t-ìoghnadh, tha mi 'g ràdh ged a bheireadh e 'n t-urram do na làithean sin gu bhi, 's an spiorad, a' tàmh 'nam fochar, a roghaim air na làithean neothorach a tha nis ann. Làithean anns an dorch-achear a' ghrian agus a' ghealach, 's an till na neòil an deigh an uisge. Làithean 's an

criothnach luchd-gleidhidh an tighe, 's am bi uamhasan 's an t-slighe. An àite cèol an doire a bhi binn na chluais 's ann a chlisgeas e aig guth an eòin, do bhrìgh gu'n d' ìslicheadh uile nigheanan a' chiùil. Co a their nach b' iad na ceud làithean a b' fhearr na iad so?

Tha mi mothachail air a' chuis, gu'n d' thuirt an Searmonaiche rud-eigin car coltach ris na ceart bhriathran so, trì mìle bliadhna roimh 'n àm so, ach tha iad a cheart cho freagarach air son ar latha-ne, 's a bha iad air son a latha-san. Tha mi, air an aobhar sin, ann am beachd suidhichte, gur gnothach misheirceil a bhi diultadh éisdeachd do'n t-seann-duine, no, a bhi bacadh dha bhi 'g aithris air gnìomha làithean òige fein.

Tha e soilleir gu leòir an tlachd a tha e fein a' gabhail anna; tha e, mar gu'm b' eadh, a tighinn beò a ris anns na làithean air am bheil e ag ìomradh. Ceadachibh dha sin a dheanamh; is suarach an nì dhuibhs' éisdeachd, agus is sochair phrìseil dhasan a bhi mealtainn thairis a ris subhlachas na tìna nach till ris air dhoigh eile.

'N uair thainig mi gus a cho-dhunadh so, chuir mi mo chasan am forcadh ri leac an teinntein, sgrog mi mo churrachd-oidhche mu'm chluasan, chas mi m' fhiacalan, 's thuirt mi rium fein ann an guth mùchta,

"Mo chrochadh is mo cheusadh.
Is m' éideadh nìor mheal mi e,"

mur innis mi thairis, is thairis a ris, mar a mharbh mi 'n taibeist, 's mar nach do mharbh mi 'm bradan, 's a h-uile nì eile a rinn, 's nach do rinn, mi riamh, dìreach, a chionn gu'm bheil e air a thoirmeasg dhomh sin a dheanamh. A cheart cho luath 's a chì mi MacGillemhich-eil a' tigh 'n a stigh air an dorus, buailidh mi air toinneadh ran sìoman, 's cumaidh mi suas an iomairt gu gairm nan coileach. Is iomadh sgeul ris an d' éisd esan, 's mòran diubh nach robh idir cho fìrinneach ris na gheibheadh e bhuamsa. Bha e 'n oidhche roimhe ag ìns-eadh dh' ise—'s i bean-an-tighe tha mi 'ciallachadh—mu dhuine truagh d' an d' thugadh an ceann an tuasaid a thaobh-eigin. Cha'n eil cuimhn' agam a nis, co dhù a b' ann le claidheamh geal soluis, no le corran dubh fiachlach a chaidh an ceann a sgathadh dheth—bha mi leigeil orm nach robh mi 'g éisdeachd—ach coma codhiù, a réir coltais cha robh an duine bochd toileach dealachadh r'a cheann, 's leum e as a dhéigh 's ghrad chuir e air ais na àite fein e, 's ann an tiota bha e cho daingeann air a mhuineal 's a bha e roimhe; ach gu tubaisteach, chuir e, 'na dheifr, taobh-beòil a chinn ri taobh-cùil na coluinn, air chor 's gu'n robh a nis a bheul far am bu chòir cùl a chinn a bhi, agus ubhal a sgòrnain air cùl a mhuineil. Ciamar a fhuair an duine truagh troimh 'n

t-saoghal air an doigh chùl-air-bheulaibh sin, cha'n fhios domh, cha d' éisd mi ri tuillidh; spàrr mi mo chorragan am chluasan air eagal 's gu'n truailleadh e mo bheusan a bhi 'g eisdeach ri leithid de sglèo. Dh' éisd ise ris an sgeul g'a chrìch; suil, beul, is cluas, fosgailte 's a' deoghal suas a h-uile facal dheth.

A' beachd-smuainteachadh air an iartras a th' aig cuid air a bhi cluinntinn rabhdaireachd de'n t-seòrsa sin, agus an t-saothair a tha cuid eile gabhail a chum an iarrais so a shàsachadh, le bhì tional anns gach càrn gach sgeula spleadhach, eachdraidh annasach, gràiteannas is deanadas an duine anns na linntean a dh' fhalbh, 's gach nì eile bhuineas do na làithean 's an robh an saoghal òg a reir ar beachd-ne; tha mi deanamh dheth gu'm faoidte leigheil leis an t-seann-duine bhochd a chuibhrionn fein a chur ri stòr na bòilich; tha e cheart cho creideasach ris an dreamasgal a thainig a nuas oirnn o linntean céin. Linntean, a reir coltais, anns nach robh an duine na b' fhlirinniche na tha e'n diugh, ma mheasar e a réir nàdur nan rò-sgeul a dheilbh e 's a leige e nuas le sruth nam bliadhna g'ar n-ionnsaidh-ne. Nach mì-chiatach dhomhsa, mata, nach creid mo bhean fein na naigheachdan firinneach a bhios mi 'g innseadh do m' luchd-tathaich, 's gu'n creid i h-uile facal a thainig a nuas bho na h-amanna dorchas sin anns nach b' fhearr an duine a bheag na fiadh-bheathach an fhàsaich. Nam bu sgeulachdan toiniseil sin, ach ruais cho làn de ghnothaichean mì-nàdurra agus aocomasach 's nach éisdeadh neach 'sam bith riu aig am biodh làn spàinne de thuigse; ach sin agaibh a' cheart seòrsa ris an éisd na mnathan.

A bhàrr air a bhi tional nan sgeulachdan sin air uachdar gruinnd, nach ann a tha sinn a' caitheadh nam mìltean punnd Sasunach, bliadhn' an deigh bliadhna, a' cladhach 's a' bùrach am measg làraichean sheana bhailtean-mora 'n t-saoghail, dh' fheuch ciod a dh' fhaodar fhòghlum mu thimchioll nan daoine a thog 's a dh' àitich iad, no, ciod a' ghnè oilein a bha dol nam measg. Tha sinn cho dian air tòir fiosrachaidh de'n nàdur so 's nach d' fhàg sinn cladh no cill air an d' fhuair sinn sgeul, gun ruamhar. Shlaod sinn Pharaoh an deigh Pharaoh a mach as an uaignean, an earalas gu'm faodadh iad a bhi ceiltinn dad oirnn air am bu choir dhuinn fios a bhi againn. Theagamh gu'n bheil so ionmholta air dòigh, ach air dhòigh eile, saoilidh mi gu'm bheil e nàrach. Cho fhad 's is leir dhòmhsa, tha 'n t-eòlas a bhuidhinn sinn leis na meadhanan sin, a 'dol a dhearbhadh an nì a thuirt mi cheana, gu'n robh seann daoine nan linntean sin a' cheart cho labhar ri seann daoine' ar latha fein, agus neo-air-thaig cho breugach. Na sgeulachdan a bha cumail am fadail dhiubh,

a cheart cho spleadhach ris an fheadhainn a thainig a nuas g'ar n-ionnsaidh fein; cho aibhiseach riu fein.

A' cur sud is so ri cheile, tha mi 'deanamh dheth gur e an t-aon nì a tha càrr air mo naigheachdan-sa nach 'eil iad breugach gu leòir, 's gur ann air an aobhar sin a thàtar 'g an cur an suaracheas. Ma 's ann mar sin a tha, cha chuireadh e mise bheag as mo ghabhadh ged a bheirinn tomhas fialaidh seachad. Ciod a bhacainn airson dà, no trì, throidhean eile chur ri earball a bhradain, agus an latha geal Samhraidh a shineadh a mach gu latha 's bliadhna. Saoilidh mi gu'n toir sin air bean an tighe a cluas aomadh, 's a sùilean fhosgladh.

Cha d' rinn mi suas m' inntinn fathast mu dheighinn na taibeist, ach mur dean mi uile-bheisteireachdail dheth fàgaibh mise breugach!

'S coma leam fein muinntir a shiolaidheas a' mheanbh-chuileag 's a shluigeas an càmhail.

ONLY A MEDLEY.

WHILE there may not be a consensus of opinion regarding the righteousness of legislation by departmental minute, there can be no question that the Amended Regulations for the Training of Teachers, presented to Parliament by the Scotch Education Department on Tuesday the 12th June, is an earnest and honest attempt to cope with a very difficult subject. When the Regulations were first issued in draft form they evoked much hostile criticism, chiefly on the grounds that the pupil-teacher system was to be abolished, that candidates on probation for the teaching profession were to be selected at too tender an age, and that the condition on which monetary assistance was to be given to certain students during their course of training, savoured too much of eleemosynary treatment. The terms of the amended Regulations indicate that its framers have, during the past few months, kept a watchful eye on intelligent public criticism, and that they have embodied some of its results in their minute. The section dealing with Candidates on Probation having been omitted from this minute, the future teacher will have to pass through two stages only—that of junior student and that of student in full training. Reasonable provision is to be made for ensuring that those nominated for junior studentships will have the necessary qualifications as well as the fitness for their future profession. Nomination for junior studentship will be made, in the case of counties, by the County Committee on Secondary Education; by the Burgh Committee will nominate pupils from the voluntary and endowed schools only; while the School Boards in large burghs will nominate their own candidates. It is enjoined that committees who nominate such candidates make provision, by means of bursaries or otherwise, for their preliminary instruction. When they become junior students the Education Department will give a grant of £8 per annum for each, but the onus of their maintenance will depend largely on

county and burgh committees, who are directed to institute bursaries or maintenance allowance for them. In the Training College, when a student can show "good cause" why he be exempted from paying fees, the training authorities have power to remit such fees, and, if necessary, make a maintenance allowance.

* * *

We confess to a predilection in favour of the pupil-teacher system. Whatever its defects, it has done much good work in the past. Very many of the most brilliant and successful teachers in Scotland have become what they are, not despite this system, but by means of it. During their long apprenticeship they gained valuable experience in teaching and a facility for imparting instruction which stand them in good stead to-day. If they received little assistance in the matter of superintendence of their education and teaching, that only made them more self-reliant, more anxious to conquer, unaided, the difficulties in their way. And we question if the modern tendency in education is to make young people self-reliant. But this is by the way. Like other mundane things, this "old order changeth, yielding place to new." Just as the ancient Britons had to retreat before the forces of superior arms and numbers, so the pupil teacher is retreating before the forces of higher education and superior professional training. His place will know him no more after July, 1909, for then he will no longer be reckoned as part of the school-staff for the purpose of securing a Government grant. But by that time we shall have become accustomed to his successor and the new nomenclature which designates him. In the meantime a plain duty lies before all of us who are members of County Committees, School Boards, and Gaelic Societies. If we believe that the Gaelic language is the breath of our distinctive life as Highlanders, if we consider its preservation as of first importance, we must see to it that those nominated for junior studentships, in our respective districts, be *bona-fide* Gaels, able, not only to speak, but also to read and write Gaelic. In the past, even in the poorest, most remote and sparsely peopled parish, there was at least one door by which the young person of "pregnant pairs" could enter a learned profession, and that door was teaching. This door must not be shut in the face of those whose parents are not in affluent circumstances. Natural ability, personal aptitude for teaching, and a good knowledge of Gaelic must be the grounds on which such nominations shall be made in Gaelic-speaking districts. When the nominees have entered on their course of training as junior students in a Higher Grade school, we must follow their career with interest, and when their circumstances require it, be able to eke out their maintenance allowance by a small bursary given from the funds of An Comunn Gaidhealach and kindred associations. We hope that some day in the near future a School of Gaelic will be inaugurated at a convenient centre or centres in the Highlands, where young persons studying for the teaching profession could perfect their knowledge of Gaelic and become acquainted with the best methods of imparting it to others. Lectures, extending over a period of six weeks, might be

given by thoroughly competent teachers, on the general principles of Gaelic phonetics, the grammatical construction of the language, and the best methods of teaching pupils how to write and read Gaelic. They do these things in Ireland. Why should not we do them in Scotland?

* * *

We are quite unable to understand how any reader of the "Medley" notes in our June issue could so misinterpret these as to find in them an exhibition of political bias and sectarian narrowness. There most certainly was no such thing in the notes. In the second paragraph we gave, in the *form of a report*, a brief *resumé* of letters bearing on the Irish language movement, addressed by that enthusiastic Highlander, Major E. D. Cameron, to Irish newspapers, and the comments of one of these papers on that movement so far as they referred to Major Cameron's letters. Be it observed, we *reported* but did *not comment* on the matter. This must be evident to any one who reads the next par, where we emphatically affirm that the language movement in Scotland is "entirely non-political and wholly unsectarian." So little are we afflicted with political or sectarian tendencies that we should unhesitatingly reject for publication in the pages of AN DEO-GREINE any article, no matter how able and brilliant, which indicated to our mind a bent in either direction.

—:o:—

GAELIC TECHNICAL TERMS.

Acfhuinn, acuinn; congaidh, cungaidh, harness.

Asair, fasair; beart; uidheam, idem.

Peallag, coarse harness (primitive or ill-kept harness.)

Cuir an acfhuinn air, cuir a chongaidh air, harness (the horse).

Beartaich: fasair, fasairich; uidheamaich, idem.

Aghastar, a bridle, halter.

Srian, idem; bridle and reins.

Ceannrach, ceannraig, bridle, headstall.

Cabstair, cabasdair, bridle, bit, curb.

Taod, halter, rope for leading or tying.

Gadag, idem; a straw rope; originally a rope of twigs.

Brangas, a halter, a horse's collar.

Brang, idem; a slip of wood in the head-stall of a horse's halter, resting on the jaws. The halter meant consists of two bars of wood some 12 inches long connected at one end by a cord about 9 inches long and at the other by a rope fixed to the one bar and running free through a hole in the other bar, with a cord fixed to the middle of each bar to go over the top of the head. The same kind of halter is used in some districts, e.g., Sleat, for tethering cattle.

Claigionn, claignonnach, head-stall of a bridle.

Muinghiall; ceannrach, idem.

Aodannach-sréine, "front-stall of a bridle" (musrole?)

Sròinean, iall-sròine, musrole, band over the nose.

Smeachan, the band under the jaw.

Sparrag, mireanach, bridle-bit.

Beulanach, cabstair, àill-bhil, idem.

Gog-shuilich, gogailich, blinders, blinkers.

Arannach-sréine, a bridle rein; for airgheannachs, from airghean, idem.

Iall-sréine, idem.

Bràighdsach, bràid, horse-collar: in Arran, bràighd (*ai* diphthong).

Siola, wooden collar for plough horses.

Bràid-chluaisean, crann-bhràid, hames.

Siolachan (plu. of siola *supra*), idem, West Ross-shire, etc.

Bann-bhràid, truis-bhràid, hames-strap.

Diollaid, diallaid, riding saddle.

Pillean, pack-saddle; pillion; pad; cloth put on a horse's back under a burden.

Sumag, a mat under a pack-saddle or burden.

Sodag, plàt, plàt-eich, idem. The mat was made of woven straw, etc.

Srathair, cart-saddle, pack-saddle.

Sac-srathair, pack-saddle.

Cuireall, a kind of pack-saddle. Cf. curral *sub*.

Fasair, girth-saddle.

Corrag-shacaiche, a sort of hurdle set on the back of a horse to carry straw, etc.

Curran, curral, horse panniers for heavy loads

Cairb, cairb-srathrach, bent ridge of a saddle, the wooden arch of a saddle. The crook-saddle used in the Hebrides for carrying panniers or creels, consists of a piece of wood suitably curved or arched, with hooks cut out of the solid wood on either side of the ridge to receive the suspenders of the creels. A sufficient thickness of sacking or matting—sumag, etc.—is put under this saddle on the horse's back.

Tarrach, girth of a pack-saddle.

Bronnach, bronnthach, girth of a saddle; belly-band of a cart.

Bann, a girth.

Giort (gaort, girt) idem; also used for belly band.

Uchdach, chest-band that prevents the saddle from slipping back.

Eisleach, plu. eislichean, stretchers of withe or cord from the ends of the tail-beam to the corresponding sides of the saddle, cuirpean, cruipean; bod-chrann, botrachan; crupper, tail-beam crossing under the horse's tail to prevent the saddle from slipping forward. Tail-beam and stretchers together correspond to breeching.

Beart-dheiridh, briogais, breeching.

VEHICLES.

Crùbag, a wooden frame placed on a horse's

back for the purpose of carrying anything bulky as hay or straw.

Cairt, a cart; tumbrel or coup-cart, East Ross-shire.

Carn, a cart (sic Ross-shire); peat cart; sledge.

Carn-fiodha, a wood-cart, East Ross-shire.

Cùb, cùp, copa, cùpag, a tumbrel, 'coup-cart'; from Scot. coup, upset, tilt. Cf. cap cart, tumbrel, Irish cap, cart.

Feun, waggon, wain, cart.

Feunaidh, little waggon; cart (sic Sutherland); peat cart, North Inverness.

Lòban, lòpan, loban, wicker peat cart. When peats are to be carted the ordinary sides and ends of the cart in many districts are laid aside and lighter ones of spars or rods provided for the purpose are substituted. These had been preceded evidently by sides and ends of wicker or wattle work.

Criol, peat cart, Arran; formerly a peat creel (Shaw). This is the Scottish word 'creel' borrowed. It has not even been naturalised, *i.e.* it has not been made to sound like a Gaelic word; *iol* is sounded exactly as a Gael pronounces *eel* in the Scottish "weel weel." Creel is in Perthshire cruidheal.

Ceallach, peat cart, or creel placed upon a sledge to carry peats, manure, etc. Provincial. Ceitean, a vehicle formed of twigs; Irish, ceitim, ceiteadh.

Losgann, a sort of drag or sledge.

Slaod, carn-slaoid, carn-slaodaidh, a sledge.

Bocsa, box or body of a cart.

Taobh, cliathach, side.

Toiseach, bord-Aoisich, front-board.

Deireadh, bord-deirigh, bord-cùil, dorus, tail-board.

Beul, rim of cart.

Ceap, sgiath, top or float for raising sides and ends.

Cliath, frame put on a cart for carrying hay or straw.

Crò, a high wattled cart rim.

Urlar, bottom; màs, idem, North Hebrides.

Sail, cross-beam supporting bottom.

Bonn, sole-beam supporting cross beams.

Cas-cuirn, shaft, thill, 'tram.'

Crann-tarruing, spòg, trama, idem.

Stapull, runner-staple.

Udalan, spéilear, runner, runner-hook.

Drumanach, dromanach, dromach, ridge-band or saddle-chain of a cart, Scot. rigwiddie (from rig, a ridge and widdie, a withe).

Guailleachan, draught-chain, 'sling,' by which a cart is drawn.

Cromag-guaille, cromag-tharruing, cromag-thoisich, draught hook, 'sling-hook'; dubhan-guaille, etc., idem.

Cromag na briogais, cromag-dheiridh, breeching hook; dubhan na briogais, etc., idem.

Sorchan, bolster, part that rests on the axle.
Tarrang-aisil, lynch-pin, draught-pin, axle-pin.

Crann-tarruing, pinne na h-aisil, idem.

Aiseal, aisil, crann-aisil, axle, axle-tree.

Deil, mul, idem.

Aisridh, idem, Arran; from Scot. ax-tree.

Roth, roth cartach, a wheel, cart-wheel.

Cuibhle, cuibhill, cuidheal, idem.

Cloch, ceap, crubh, crùb, nave.

Ceap-cartach, cairt-cheap, nave of a cart wheel.

Bas, a spoke; tarsnan, tarsanan, idem.

Clàr, spòc, idem.

Cuairsgean, felloc.

Roithlean, ruithlean, rim.

Crudha, hoop of a cart-wheel; crùdh, to put on a hoop.

Sac, a load, horse-load, cart-load.

Càrlach, a cart-load, load of hay or straw.
Arran: (wrongly marked obsolete in dictionaries).

Eallach, uallach, luchd, load, burden, cargo.

Crann-teannachaidh, a rack-pin.

—:o:—

NOTES FROM OUR WATCH-TOWER.

OBAN is always well to the front. It has been the first to arrange a Bazaar Committee—the Oban and Lorn Committee it is called—of which Mrs. Campbell of Dunstaffnage is Convener, Mrs. Mac-Master-Campbell, 1 Victoria Pl., is Secretary, and Mrs. Munn is Treasurer. At an American tea held the other day at which a large and representative gathering was present, Major E. D. C. Cameron gave a spirited address. At the close of the meeting it was found that a sum of £6 was forthcoming. This sum was placed to the credit of An Fheil fund.

* * *

The Inverness Juvenile Mod to be held on the 29th June for which full arrangements are now made, promises to be a great success. There are over 200 entries for the various competitions. Six local choirs are to compete and quite a number of youngsters enter for the piano and violin competitions. Besides money prizes, the awards will comprise 3 gold and 5 silver medals as well as book prizes. The literary and histrionic competitions take place in the Town Hall and the musical competitions in the Music Hall. The coming tournament is creating no small interest even outside of Inverness. A pleasing exemplification of this fact is found in the circumstance that the Glasgow Inverness-shire Association, the Glasgow Clan Grant Society, and the Glasgow Gaelic Society have sent substantial donations to the Mod fund. A grand concert will be given by the juvenile choirs and children on the evening of the Mod, and we hope to give a moderately full account of the proceedings in next month's issue.

* * *

He—There is a certain word in the English language which spells atrociously.

She—What is it? He—Atrociously.

CHILDREN'S COMPETITIONS.

THIS was the best anecdote I received in response to the May competition:—"An old woman called Nancy Weir told me how, about sixty years ago her uncle, Robert MacLachlan went to Castle Lachlan to have some wool spun. As he passed a rock called Sithen Sluaithe, he saw on a green patch in front of it a number of little people dressed in green, dancing to the bagpipes! When Robert saw this, he wanted to run away, but the fairies would not let him. A little old man, whom Robert had known but who was then dead, came up to him on the sly, and warned him not to eat anything they would give him. The fairies stopped dancing, and offered him bread and cheese which he put in his pocket. At last he got away, and on arriving home, he put his hand into his pocket and found it full of horse manure! Robert was very ill after his fright, for a whole month."

"DAISY."

Postal Orders for 5/- each have been forwarded to Marion MacDonald, Manse of Kiltarlity, and Daisy Burnley Campbell, Ormidale, for the best papers to hand for May and June Competitions. Ian Fleming, Glendaruel, received a Book Prize from the editor. For July, there are to hand well-written and well-composed papers on An Fheil from Georgina M'Kay, Bella Campbell, Dolly Urquhart, Duncan Sharman, A. Strachan, Hector MacRae, Caleb MacLennan, Georgina C. Mackay, Anna M'Gillivray, Anna Nicolson, all from Maryburgh School, Ross-shire.

MAGAZINE FUND.

We hope that our Appeal for Donations to this Fund will not be in vain. We are meantime doing our best to keep down expenses, and to work up towards a point of efficiency and sufficiency. Mr. MacKintosh, 17 Queensgate, Inverness, will acknowledge any donations for this object that may be sent to him. We very much need your help.

NOTICE.

All Gaelic contributions may be sent to the Convener, Rev. M. MacLennan, B.D., 6 Polwarth Terrace, Edinburgh; and English contributions may be sent to Rev. D. MacGillivray, B.D., The Parish Manse, Petty, Inverness.

Communications re the Sale of the Magazine should be addressed to the Publisher, Eneas Mackay, 43 Murray Place, Stirling, and communications re Advt. to Mr. T. D. MacDonald, Appin, Argyleshire.

The Editors take no responsibility in regard to rejected MSS.; but will be careful to return such as are accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

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AN DEO-THREINE

Leabhar I.]

Liunasdal 1906.

[Earrann II.]

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EADARAINN FHIN.

'S e *farmad a ni treabhadh*. Faodaidh nach 'eil a h-uile sean-fhacal firinneach, ach 's cinnteach mi nach cuir sinn teagamh anns an fhear-sa. Tha na Gàidheil ann an seilbh air dà raoinn cho àluinn 's air 'na dhealraich grian—Gàidhealtachd na h-Alba agus na h-Eireann—agus cha dona an t-saothair a tha iad fhéin a' cur air gach raoinn. 'S breagha an t-àiteach a tha ar càirdean ann an Eirinn a' deanamh o chionn dusan bliadhna a nis, agus cha mhiosa na sin an toradh a tha e cur a steach dhaibh.

Tha ceatharnach cruadalach turail air ceann a' ghnòthuich aca—an t-Ollamh *Douglas Hyde*—agus sgiobadh easgaidh ealanta ag obair fo a riaghladh. 'S mòr an obair a tha an duine uasal ud a' cur as a dheigh, agus tha meas aig a luchd-dùthcha air a réir sin. Thill e dhachaidh á America bho chionn ghoirid, agus cha 'n e h-uile prionnsa a gheibheadh an di-bheatha a fhuair e air feadh Eirinn. Chuir e litreachas Eirinn fo chomain nach 'eil beag le chuid sgrìobhaidhean, agus leis gach saothair eile a rinn e air son Eirinn. Agus cha'n eil e fhathast ach a' blàthachadh ris an obair. Nach tug e nall leis á America cho maith ri deich mìle air son na h-oibreach!

Chuir an Comunn air am bheil e 'na cheann-

suidhe—Connradh na Gaidhilge—Gàidhealtachd na h-Eireann fo chomain leis 'na chuir i de sgoiltean Gàidhlig air chois, agus na chuir i mach de leabhraichean Gàidhlig. Bho chionn beagan bhliadhnachan cha robh Ghàidhlig air a teagasg ach ann am beagan sgoiltean. Tha i nis air a teagasg anns na ceudan 's anns na mìltean sgoil—iosal agus aird. Reic iad seachd mìle leabhar Gàidhlig ann an aon mhios am bliadhna—mìos na Bealtainn! Tha i ri moladh cuideachd air son an tomhais anns am bheil i misneachadh 's a' cuideachadh oibrichean-làmh de iomadh seòrsa air feadh Eirinn, oibrichean as am bheil cur-a-steach maith aig an fheadhainn a tha sàs anna.

Tha daoine dha'n aithne a' togail fianuis air an deagh fhuil a tha saothair Connradh na Gaidhilge a' cur anns na h-Eirionnaich, agus a' bhuaidh mhaith a tha aice air beusan modh-annail, mar a tha cùisean stuaimachd, agus a' leithid sin.

* * *

Tha sinn ag aideachadh gu'm bheil farmad againn ri ar càirdean an taobh thall de'n chaolas. 'Tha sinn a' deanamh gàirdeachas 'nan saothair agus their sinn, "Tuilleadh buaidh leis na seoid." Tha sinn ag aideachadh mar an ceudna gu'm bheil an cath buadh-mhor a tha iad a' cur a' cur gluasad ann an cuisil cuid 'nar measg, agus a' cur spionnadh anna air son an cath a chosnadh air an taobh-sa de'n chaolas.

Is e ar barail gur h-ann leinn a tha dol, agus gu'm bheil a' dol leinn mòran na's fhearr no tha sinn fhìn a' smaointeachadh. An uair a thòiseas feadhainn nach 'eil na'n càirdean da 'n aobhar a' leughadh an eagail faodaidh sinn a bhi cinnteach gu'm bheil sinn a' cosnadh. Bha feadhainn ann a roimhe a fhuair air lagh a dheanamh a bha dol a chur as do'n Ghàidhlig, agus a' dol a choireachach a h-uile fear a chuireadh suas féileadh, ach fhuair iad a mach

nach robh e cho furasd. Faodaidh nach 'eil sinn fhìn cho umhail 's bu chòir dhuinn do ar màthair, ach mo thruaighe fear eile, biodh e uasal no ìosal, a ghabhas air a lamh a chur innte! Bidh peirceal goirt aige an ùin gun a bhi fada!

Tha fear do 'n ainm Tearlach Stiùbhard—gu'm meal e ainm—a' sgrìobhadh a dh' ionnsuidh an "*Times*" agus a' deanamh casaid air aobhar na Gàidhlig. Tha e cumail a mach gur e call mòr a tha ann a bhi teagasg na Gàidhlig anns a' sgoil! Agus tha e 'g radh gur h-ann a chum leas clann agus parantan Gaidhealach a tha e sgrìobhadh! An cluinn sibh? A chum leas agus buannachd clann agus parantan na Gaidhealtachd an teanga chur fo an crìos! Dé air an t-saoghal a bhuannachd a bhi 'g ionnsachadh Gàidhlig, tha e faighneachd? Cha deanar reic no ceannachd leatha. Cha gheuraich e inntinn neach a bhi 'g a h-ionnsachadh mar a ni a bhi 'g ionnsachadh Gréigis is Laidinn, cànan na Gearmailt na Fraing na h-Eadailt! Agus c'arson, uime sin, a bhithear a' cosg tìm na sgoile, agus neart na cloinne, ri leithid a rud gun bhrìgh?

Sin an doigh anns am bheil an duine ud a' sgrìobhadh, 'na ainm fhéin agus feadhainn eile nach 'eil "tearc, no gorach, no an-an-fhios." Mur a canadh e fhéin e, cha chreideadh sinn gu'n reusonaicheadh duine sam bith air an doigh ud, co dhiù duine ciallach sam bith.

Air son na tha aig na Gàidheil ri reic no ri cheannach cha mhòr a' chainnt a ni 'n gnothuich. Gus an tig atharrachadh air cùisean cha ruigear a leas mòran dragh a ghabhail a' teagasg do chlann nan Gàidheal cus Gréigis no Laidinn, no air son sin dheth Fraingis no Gearmailt, a chum gu'm bi iad sgiobalt air margadh. Ach, fhìr chridhe, 's fhada bho sguir sinne a dheanamh malairt ri muinntir na Gréig 's na h-Eadailt, agus an uair a thoisicheas sinn a' dol leis a' chrodh gu féillean na Fraing 's na Gearmailt theid sinn an urras gu'n seall sinn dhaibh co mheud car a tha ann an adhairc an daimh.

Tha an duine ud ag radh, 's cha chan sinne gu'm bheil e 'gorach', nach coisinn Gàidhlig tasdan 's an t-seachdain do bhalach no do nighean sam bith. Tha balach ann an sud agus choisinn eòlas air Gàidhlig dha cho maith ri *punnd Sasunnach* 's an t-seachdain. Bheir sinn do'n duin uasal, ma tha e 'g a iarraidh, ainm ceithir cheud balach a tha cosnadh barrachd air tasdan 's an t-seachdain le 'n cuid Gàidhlig.

An uair a tha an duine ud a' sgrìobhadh mu litreachas na Gàidhlig, agus mu chomasan na Gàidhlig tha aobhar eagail gur h-ann a tha e sgrìobhadh air thuaims. Tha e fada gu leòir air seacharan air a' phuinc sin. Cha do chuir

e chomhairle ri daoine foghlumaichte an uair a sgrìobh e cho tàrmusach mu ar cànan—a comas, a maise, no a feumalachd.

Ach 's ann a tha an argumaid is neònaiche aig deireadh a sgeòil. Tha e cur an t-saoghail 'na rabhainn gur h-e a tha anns a' mhuinntir a tha cur aobhar na Gàidhlig air adhairt feadhainn a tha tolladh fo bhunaitean na rioghachd, luchd millidh, a tha deanamh an dichill air sgaradh a chur eadar buill na rioghachd-sa. Tha e faicinn gur e a tha ann-ta feadhainn a tha 'g iarraidh Alba, Wales, agus Eirinn, a sgaradh bho 'n rioghachd, agus cead a thoirt do gach dùthaich an toil fhéin a bhi aca.

Cha 'n ionnan sin 's mar a thà. Cha 'n 'eil sinn a' gabhail gnothuich thall no bhos ri càil a bhuineas do riaghladh rioghachd. Biodh am beachd a thogras e aig gach fear air na nithean sin, ach ann an gnothuichean a bhuineas do ar Comuinn cha 'n 'eil am facal bochd ud *Politics* uiread 's air ainmeachadh.

A dh'aindeon na their Mr. Tearlach Stiùbhard cumaidh sinn romhainn, agus bidh sinn a' misneachadh a chéile le bhi 'g radh, "*Suas Leis A' Ghaidhlig, Sios Leis A' Bhrochan.*"

* * *

Bha a' bhan-tighearn uasal ud, Mrs. Burnley-Campbell, Ormadale, ann an Ardrishaig bho chionn ghoirid a' fosgladh féill a bha air a cur air chois le buidheann de mhnathan Eaglais na sgìre. An deigh dhith an fhéill fhosgladh, agus obair na mnathan agus crìoch carthannach na féille a mholadh, thug i òraid chiatach seachad air aobhar na Gàidhlig. Tha uail oirn air son a leithid de bhan-tighearna chridheil a bhi 'g ar dùsgadh gu dian shaothair as leith ar dùthcha 's ar cànan. Tha sinn an dòchas nach fhada gus am bi gach fear is té an sàs anns a' ghréim, agus a' cur an uile neart, mar le aon chridhe, anns a' ghniomh. 'S ann an sin a bhitheas an gàirdeachas.

Tha an òraid ri moladh air son cho làn 's a tha i de dh' uail ion-mholta as a' Ghaidheal, agus cho làn 's a tha i de dh' eòlas air na tha càirdean a' deanamh as leith nan cananan Ceilteach thall 's a bhos. Tha sinn a' cur ar làn aonta ris a' ni a thuirt a' bhan-ualas, gur h-e luchd-teagasg is mo tha dhith oim an drasda, agus nach e luchd-foghlum. Seall cho lionmhor 's a tha luchd-foghlum na Gàidhlig 'nuair a chruinnicheas ceud timchioll air ministear aig Tighnabruaich gus leughadh na Gàidhlig ionnsachadh, agus trì cheud ann an Inbhirnis a' cruinneachadh air a' cheud fhìtheadh. Nach coimhlionta am freagradh sin do Mhr. Tearlach Stiùbhard, a ghabh air a radh, nach robh e fhéin agus a' chuideachd a' creidsinn gu'n robh fìor mhiann sam bith air pàrantan gu'n ionnsaichadh an clann a' Ghaidhlig! Ann an àite sin, 's e tha fìor,

nach 'eil a dhith air pàrantan is clann ach an cothrom a thoirt daibh. Eireadh luchd-teagasg suas anns gach cearnaidh de'n Ghàidhealtachd agus theid sinn an urras nach bi gainne sgoilairean orra.

* * *
'S ann falamh gu leòr a tha chuil mhònadh againn. Cha deanar teine gun chionnadh. Cha'n ann gun chosgais a chumar an *Deo Ghreine* dol. Tha an luchd-deasachaidh deònach a bhi sparradh so air an luchd-leughaidh a chionn nach 'eil iad fhéin a' gabhail duais sam bith air son an saothair, no eadhon air son cosguis sam bith a tha orra. Bho thoiseach gu deireadh cha do chosg an deasachadh sgillig. Agus an deigh sin 's ann gann a tha 'n t-ionmhas. Ma tha tasdan no òr fuasgailte agad fiach an cur thu e a dh'ionnsuidh fear-gleidhidh an ionmhais, Mr. Mac an Toisich, 17 Queensgate, Inverness. Dean, agus cuiridh sinn clach 'na do charn.

Thug sinn cuireadh air a' mhios mu dheireadh do neach sam bith leis 'm bu mhaith cuideachadh ann a bhi 'g ionnsachadh Gàidhlig a sgrìobhadh. Fhuair sinn sgiòla beag breagha, air a sgrìobhadh ann an deagh Gàidhlig, bho fhear a tha 'g ionnsachadh leughadh agus sgrìobhadh. Chuireadh e toileachadh air fear duilich a riarachadh fhaicinn cho maith 's a bha an sgiòla air a sgrìobhadh, agus cho beag 's a bha de dh'iomrallan ann. Chuir sinn ceart am beagan iomrallan a bha ann, agus chuir sinn air ais e a chum 's gu 'm faiceadh e fhéin iad. Bidh sùil againn ri tuilleadh bho'n fhear ud.

Ma tha duine no té sam bith eile leis 'm bu mhaith an cuideachadh ceudna, air an doigh cheudna, 's e am beatha sgrìobhadh gus an Urr. Calum Macghillinein, 6 Polwarth Terrace, Edinburgh.



THE INVERNESS JUVENILE MOD.

WHETHER viewed from a musical or literary standpoint, the first Juvenile Mod held at Inverness on the 29th June must be pronounced a distinct success. The inhabitants of the beautiful town on the banks of the Ness have long enjoyed an enviable reputation for the purity of accent with which they speak the English language, a purity which many educated people maintain is due to the Gaelic atmosphere in which the Invernessians have been reared. To their town is frequently conceded the honour of being considered the capital of the Highlands. Within their gates reside Gaelic scholars whose books are known to all interested in the Gaelic language in this country and on the Continent. They

have long had in their midst a Gaelic Society the members of which, in point of numbers, scholarship and intellect compare very favourably with those of any Gaelic society in the British Isles. In the neighbourhood of their town are magnificent glens and fertile straths where Gaelic is the language of a people who have much commerce with Inverness. They have, thus, every motive which might appeal to personal interest as well as to public and private sentiment to foster the Gaelic language and to be proud of its history, traditions, poetry and romance. That they have not allowed their zeal for the "mountain tongue" to pass the bounds of indifference has been a frequent accusation against them. We venture to predict that such an accusation will never again be laid to their charge. The children's Mòd which has come to stay, has evoked so much interest and stirred up so much enthusiasm in Gaelic matters in the town and neighbourhood that it is safe to affirm that Inverness will take its place in the van of the language movement from henceforth.

The Gaelic Revival in Inverness is due, directly, to the efforts of the local Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach. This Branch which owes its existence to a few enthusiastic members of the Central Association, and whose aims and objects are identical with those of the parent body, was instituted on the 9th March last. No more eloquent tribute to the zeal and earnestness of the able and energetic secretary, Miss Kate Fraser, and to the co-operation of the initiators of the Branch could be adduced than the fact that in four months from its inception Comunn Gaidhealach Inbhirnis attained to a membership of 140 persons. This membership is composed of representatives of nearly every rank and profession in the town and neighbourhood, all of whom worked earnestly to make the children's Mòd a success. But excellent as Mòds are for stimulating interest in Gaelic literature and particularly in Gaelic music, the members of Comunn Gaidhealach Inbhirnis felt that something more than the holding of a Juvenile Mòd must be attempted in order to render practical assistance to the Gaelic language movement. They believe that the success of this movement depends, to a great extent, on the children of Gaelic-speaking parents. If these children are taught to speak, read, write and *love* Gaelic, then success is assured; and it must follow that the language which has voiced the prayers and aspirations of Highlanders for centuries will become more than even in the past, a vehicle for the expression of the profoundest thoughts, the deepest pathos and the tenderest passion. Parents, too, are easiest laid hold of through their

children. Wherever Gaelic-speaking parents through apathy, indifference or foolish pride have ceased to speak Gaelic, who can rouse them from their lethargy so effectually, who can persuade them to take an active interest in the movement as can their own children fired with an intelligent zeal for Gaelic? Imbued with these ideas Comunn Gaidhealach Inbhirnis inaugurated Gaelic classes for children under 16 years of age, more than 200 of whom have attended classes taught by Rev. D. Macgillivray, Messrs. Lamont, Whyte, and H. MacDonald, Inverness, and Mr. Don. MacDonald of Nairnside School these four months past. During the session, instruction was imparted in Gaelic reading, spelling, recitation and conversation, and on the whole, very fair progress was made by the pupils. Naturally enough, a good deal of the work done was preparatory to the Mòd Competitions, but nevertheless a solid foundation was laid on which much good Gaelic work can be built during the coming winter session when the classes will be resumed. The children attended with gratifying regularity and they evinced a hearty and intelligent interest in their Gaelic studies.

The Mòd which was favoured with magnificent weather was formally opened with a brief but sympathetic speech by N. D. MacKintosh, Esq. of Raigmore, in presence of a large number of children, their parents, friends and visitors. The competitions in Gaelic reading and recitation, conversation and music, were held in the Town Hall, Council Chamber and Music Hall respectively, and the following are the results:—

I. Recitation of 20 lines of Gaelic Poetry from some one poem of literary merit. Adjudicators, Revs. A. MacDonald, Kiltarlity and D. Lamont, Glenurquhart. No. of entrants, 46. Prizes, £1; 10s. and 5s. (1) Maggie A. McPhail, Guisachan; (2) Kenneth MacRae, Inverness; (3) Flora McTavish, Inverness.

II. Reading with expression St. John's Gospel, chapter xv. Adjudicators, Revs. T. Sinton, Dores, and A. Munn, Kirkhill. No. of entrants, 49. Prizes, £1; 10s. and 5s. (1) Maggie A. Macphail, Guisachan; (2) Cathie McPherson, Inverness, and Archd. Grant, Aldourie, equal.

III. Gaelic Conversation. Adjudicator. Mr. W. J. Watson, Inverness. Prizes, £1; 10s. and 5s. Number of entrants, 38. (1) Annie Morrison, Blind Institution, and Alex. McLeod, Inverness, equal; (3) Annie MacDonald, Clachnaharry.

The fact that 133 children entered for these three competitions proves conclusively that the study of Gaelic is being pursued with zeal and intelligence. The youthful competitors ac-

quitted themselves creditably. The recitation of the poetry was nearly word-perfect with the majority of the candidates, their pronunciation was tolerably good, and if spirit and expression were a little lacking in both the recitation and reading, we feel sure these will be particularly attended to in view of next year's Mòd, since there will be ample time to get over all the work prescribed with a thoroughness which was not possible for this first Mòd. Maggie A. McPhail who carried off first prize in Recitation and Reading was awarded a special prize for having secured the highest aggregate of marks in Reading, Reciting, and Conversation.

IV. Singing. Judges, Messrs. Menzies, Edinburgh, and Barrett, Forres; Revs. A. Stuart, Daviot, and A. MacDonald, Killearnan. Accompanist, Mr. W. Stewart Roddie.

(a) Solo Singing for boys. Prizes, first, gold medal; second, 10s.; third, 5s. Number of entrants, 12. (1) Willie Robertson, Orphanage, Inverness; (2) Charles Cameron, Inverness; (3) George Grant, Inverness.

(b) Solo Singing for girls. Number of entrants, 62. Same prizes as above. (1) Maggie Finlay, Inverness; (2) Margaret MacTavish, Inverness; (3) Annie and Nellie MacLeod, Inverness, equal.

V. Duet Singing (a) for boys. Prizes £1 and 10s. (1) George Grant and Andrew Fraser, Inverness; (2) Allan Matheson and Willie Robertson, Orphanage. (b) Duet Singing for girls. 20 entries. Prizes as above. (1) Janie MacKenzie and Jeannie MacDonald, and Minnie Cameron and Ida Reid, Inverness, equal; (3) Madge McBean and Chrissie Tolmie, do.

VI. Solo Singing for former prize-takers at the Mòd Mhor. (1) Kenneth MacRae, Medal and 10s.; (2) Ebenezer Ballantyne, Inverness, 10s.

Mr. Menzies, one of the judges, publicly stated in the course of the Mòd that the singing was excellent and that he had never heard better from such young children. It was indeed, so remarkably good that we *pitied* rather than *envied* the judges who had to decide between the merits of more than half-a-dozen singers whose performance was simply splendid. The favourite song of soloists was, "Thug mi Gaol do'n Fhear Bhan," and it was very well rendered by most of the singers, yet we fear many in the audience, hearing singer after singer giving this song with the same pronunciation, rate of movement, shades of expression and to the same setting, felt alarmed lest the monotony of it all would induce incipient madness which might lead to dangerous results! Those who sang that song so well could quite easily add to their *repertoire* music and words of a more difficult kind and of much greater variety. A feature of the singing of the soloists was distinctness of enunciation.

VII. Playing of strathspeys and reels on the piano. Judges, Raigmore, Messrs. Menzies, Barrett and Andrew MacKintosh. Prizes, gold medal, silver medal, book of Highland music, book of Gaelic airs. 17 entries. (1) Minnie Cameron; (2) Marjory Mackenzie; (3) Chrissie Fraser, Inverness.

VIII. Do. on Violin. (1) Donald Noble; (2) Ian Roberts; (3) Fred Miller. There were 7 competitors.

IX. Playing one song air, one strathspey and one reel on violin, for competitors over 12. Number of entrants, 8. Prizes, medal and 10s.; second 10s.; third, book of Gaelic song airs. (1) Maimie McDonald, Inverness.

The instrumental section of the competitions was most successful, the pianoforte playing being specially good. The fingering was good, the touch clean and decided, and there was no undue use made of the *forte* pedal. The violin competitors over 12 years of age were not quite so good as the juniors, who gave much pleasure to the audience by their nice playing.

X. Six choirs entered for the choral competition in 2 part harmony and they all did remarkably well. The prize-takers were (1) High School Choir, Miss Kennedy, conductor; (2) Merkinch School, Miss Mackenzie, conductor; (3) High School Choir No. 2, Mr. Morrison, conductor, and Central School Choir, conductor, Miss Mackenzie, equal. How thoroughly the Gaelic movement has permeated Inverness was evidenced by the large and thoroughly appreciative audience which crowded the Music Hall on the evening of the Mod to enjoy the Gaelic programme sustained by the combined children's choir of 150 voices, the prize winners at that day's Mod, and some children specially invited to take part in the concert. A year ago that person would be considered a madman who would venture to predict that 200 children or more could be found in Inverness ready and willing to learn Gaelic speech and Gaelic song, and to present a Gaelic programme, sustained wholly by themselves, before an Inverness audience. To-day the thing has been done, and most successfully. Many who are ignorant of Gaelic were present, and since the concert have showed interest in, and sympathy with, the Gaelic language movement. In an interval of the concert Miss MacKintosh of Raigmore, who like all the members of that family are taking very keen interest in the movement, presented the medals to the prize-winners.

A circular recently issued by the Scotch Education Department suggests that the *written* part of the Leaving Certificate Examinations be taken before the Easter Holiday rather than at present. This change will permit of the results being declared before the Summer Vacation begins, and will also give more time for the ordinary work of the school. Unless strongly opposed, this alteration will take effect in 1907.

TURUS EOGHAIN BHAIN DO'N ROINN EORPA.

LE CATRIONA WHYTE GRANND.
MAR A CHAIDHTEAR MU'N GHNOTHUCH.

AN FHAIRGE CHLOICHE.

CHaidh sinn troimh àite no dhà de na ceàrn-aibh a b' ainmeala 's a Ghearmailt, a' gabhail seallaidh air na fion-liosan, agus na seana chaistealan a bha ri taobh sruth briagha na Rhein. Ràinig sinn cho fada deas ri Munchen, baile-mòr Bavaria. An déigh càraid laithean a chaitheamh an so, ghabh sinn carbad-na-deathach gu Salsburg. Gu ruig Rösenheim bha'n dùthaich réidh, fosgailteach; ach aig a' cheann-uidhe sin tha meur de'n t-slighe iar-uinn a' dol deas gu Innsbruck, agus a' mheur eile 'tionndadh ris an ear. Ghabh sinne ris an taobh an ear. An déigh Rösenheim fhàgail, ruith an carbad a stigh gu garbh-chrìochan beanntach. Chaidh sinn, a' snìomh am mach 's a stigh, troimh ghleanntaibh cumhann, aig ìochdar nam beann, a bha 'g éirigh mar bhall-achan corrach, àrd os ar ceann. Air gach sgeilp agus sgoltadh 's a chreig air an robh e comasach do dhulach trusadh, bha giubhas air freumhachadh, agus a' tilgeadh sgàile cho tiugh gu'n robh solus latha os ar ceann mar eadar-sholus dùbhrach uaine. Dh' fhàs an dùbhlra na bu truime air dhuinn tionndadh a stigh gu bealach cumhann lùbar mu fhreumh nan sliabh. Bha abhainn bhras a' ruidhleadh 'n a caoir làimh ri taobh na slighe iar-uinn. Tuilleadh leud cha robh anns a' bhealach lùbar chaol, ach na dh' fhoghainn do'n t-sruth agus do'n t-slighe iar-uinn. Bha toirm nan uisgeachan agus fuaim nan carbad cho àrd, agus bha'n sgàile 'thilg na craobhan cho trom gu'n do chuir e gaoir tromhainn amharc sìos do'n amar ghoileach, agus a suas do'n ghlòmanaich dhoilleir uaine. "Is eagalach an àill-eachd so!" arsa sean Ghearmailteach còir, a bha 'g amharc am mach air an uinneig còmhla ruinn. An so bha mar gu'n robh ar slighe air a druidealh suas gu buileach. Fosgladh cha robh ri fhaicinn, an uair a thug an t-each-iaruinn cuibhle air mu'n cuairt; leum e gu drochaid ghoirid a bha thairis air an tuil bheucaich, agus le sgread thàr e stigh air dorus dorcha gu cridhe na beinne 'bha fa 'r comhair. An déigh dol 'n ar deannaibh troimh an dubh dhorchadas fad chòig mionaidean, leum sinn am mach gu soille geal an là, air còmhnaid farsuing réidh, agus sheas sinn aig ceann-uidhe Salsburg.

Bha tigh-òsda dlùth làimh cho briagha ri àros tighearna. Bha Dòmhnall air fios a chur a dh' ionnsuidh an tighe so gu'n robh sinn a' tighinn; agus chuireadh neach 'n ar còmhail aig an robh Beurla. Fhuair esan ar màileidean

troimh 'n tigh-chuspainn gun dragh; agus dh'innis e dhuinn gu'n robh seòmraichean cheana air an cur air leth air ar son air an treas ùrlar.

Bha fòr-sheòmar taitneach air a' bhalla air beulaibh nan seòmraichean againn. Bha sealladh grinn ri fhaotainn uath, air an dùthaich mu'n cuairt. Bha uinneag seòmar Ciorstain a' fosgladh mar dhorsan dà dhuilleig, gu ùrlar an fhòr-sheòmair; agus shuidh sinn uile còmhla an sin a' lìonadh ar sùilean leis an àilleachd a bha fà'r comhair. Bha sinn a nis an Austria, tìr monadail, far an cluinnear na h-uillt a' tuiteam o'n bhruaich mar aig an tigh. Air taobh eile 'n rathaid-mhòir uainn, bha dail bhuntata. Air cùlaibh sin bha bruthaichean feurach, air an robh crodh ag ìonal-tradh. Bha doire beag air uchdan, anns an robh tigh aoibheil, geal, le lios de chraobhan meas mu thimchioll an tighe.

A' sineadh am mach seach gualainn a' bhruthaich, cho fada 's a chitheadh an t-sùil, bha na beanntan troimh'n d' thàinig sinn. B' ainm dhaibh, "An Fhairge Chloiche." Bha iad uile mu'n aon àirde, agus cho teann air aon a chèile gu'n robh iad an riochd muir ghlais chloiche, a dh' éirich 'n a tonnan borba, agus, am feadh a bha na tonnan aig an àirde, a sheas bith, mar fo òrdugh Guth, a reòdh iad gu sìorruidh anns a' chruth sin anns an robh iad. Fuar, glas, fàsail mar a bha'n Fhairge Chloiche ri coimhead oirre o chéin, bha i do-innseadh glòrmhor ri fhaicinn air an fheasgar sin fo òradh na gréine, aig àm dhi dol fodha air chùl nan tonnan tiamhaidh, neo-ghluasadach.

"Theireadh duine gu'n robh sinn 's a Ghàidhealtachd an so, a Chiorstan," arse mise, a' tionndadh ri'm mhnaoi a bha 'dearcadh le aoibh air an dùthaich mhaisich mu'n cuairt.

"Ma tà," fhreagair i gu socrach, "'s e 'cheud àite chuirinn an coimeas rithe o'n a dh' fhag sinn an Tairbeart. Theirinn gu'm b'e mìr dhe Albainn a bh' ann, ach gu'm bheil còmhnaidh mòr an so an àite loch."

MEINN AN T-SALAINN.

Air dhuinn teannadh am mach air an ath mhaduinn cha robh ar toileachadh air a lughdachadh. Bha'm baile cho coltach ri Dùn-éideann 's a tha aon bhloigh ubhal ris a' bhloigh eile. Bha 'chreag an sin, leis an Dùn air a mullach; ach, an àite gàraidhean Sràid a' Phrionusa, bha sruth na Saltsa a' ruith aig a bun geal le sneachd nan eigh-shléibhte reòidhte. Bha e mòr aig na caileagan an tigh fhaicinn 's an d' rugadh Mozart. Air mo shon-sa dheth, cha robh suim agam d' a leithid; ach rinn e math dhomh iadsan fhaicinn cho toilichte. Chaidh sinn do'n Dùn, a' dol an toiseach troimh 'n rathad a rinn na sean Ròmanaich, tre 'n chreag a tholladh o aon taobh gus an taobh eile. Chaidh sinn, mar an ceudna, do'n chladh aig ìochdar an dùin,

taobh na h-aibhne. Bha anns a' chladh sin seachd uaighean, le seachd stuib iaruin, air an robh leacan beaga cuimhneachaidh aig ceann gach uaigh. B' iad seachd mnathan aon duine bha 'nan laidhe 's na h-uaighean sin. Dh' innseadh dhuinn gu'n do mharbh e iad, air ghaol an airgead oighreachadh. A chum nach faigtheadh brath air gu'm b'esan a mharbh iad, no an dòigh air an do mharbh e iad, chuir e gu bàs iad le ciogailt a chur 'n an casan! Mar sin cha robh aile air an cuirp. An aghaidh nì cho sgreamhail, bha, air an gearradh air clach-chuimhne eile, briathran cho freagarrach, tha leam, 's a chunnaic mi riamh, thairis air uaigh màthar:—"Maith bha thu, a Mhàthair, maith; mòr bha'n gaol a thug thu dhuinne."

Bha'n dùthaich cho taitneach ris a' bhaile. An àite gàradh cloiche eadar na dailtean, bha ann sreath de chraobhan ubhal. Bha na daimh 'nam beothaichean briagha, sliogte; anns a' chulaidh a b' fheàrr agus air an cìreadh cho min ri steud-each.

Ach bha sealladh ris an deas a chuir smior annainn, agus a dhùisg dian thogradh gu dol na bu tinne air. B'e sin an Watsmann; beinn a bha 'g éirigh àrd os ceann guailne a comh-aoisean. Bha ceud sneachd na bliadhna air tuiteam cheana oirre, agus air a ceann a liathadh, ged nach robh againn fhathast ach an t-ochdamh latha de cheud mhìos an fhogharaidh. Ghabh Dòmhnall forfhais air an rathad a bu ghoireasaiche gu dol sgriob am measg nam bean anns agus bha carbad ri bhì deas aig seachd uairean air an ath mhaduinn gu ar toirt gu Loch-an-Rìgh, cùl an Watsmann. Air sin bha sinn ri gabhail a suas taobh na beinne, gu tigh-òsda beag far am faigheamaid fuireach car-òidhe. Thilleamaid mu'n cuairt air sligh' eile, a bheireadh sealladh dhuinn air an dùthaich air taobh eile na beinne.

Chaidh sinn an uidheam tràthail 's a mhaduinn, agus air falbh ghabh sinn gu sùrdail, air buille nan seachd uairean. Air dhuinn an còmhnaidh fhàgail, agus astar ochd mìle dhean-amh air rathad réidh ri cliathaich monaidh, thàinig sinn an sealladh lagan bòidheach, le ùrlar gorm de fieur lom, agus le tigh beag aig gach ceann deth. Bha 'n carbad againn air tighinn air aghart dìreach os ceann an rathaid a bha dol a sìos do'n lagan, an uair a blùrchd am mach air dorus am bruach na beinne air taobh thall an lagain, buidheann de shluagh cho éibhinn 's a chunnaic mi riamh. Chaidh roinn de'n chuideachd a stigh do'n tigh bheag a bu dlùithe orra, thàinig an còrr dhiubh a dh' ionnsuidh an tighe bu tinne oirne. Rinn an carbadair air a shocair am feadh a ghabh sinn beachd orra. Thug mi aire shònruichte do'n dream bu dlùithe làimh. Thug iad a'm chuimhne dealbh nan Escimòthach. Bha iad

beag, cuideil, ach aig a' cheart àm neònach.

"Ma tà," arsa mise rium fhéin, "'s iomadh earradh amasach a chunnaic mi o'n a dh'fhag mi'n tigh; ach tha na daoine so cho àbhachdach ri muinntir a chunnaic mi fhathast. Bha boineid mhaol ghorm orra. Bha briogaisean bùcail, geala orra. Bha còta goidid gorm orra, le crios leathair m'am meadhon, agus apar an crochadh o'n chrìos: cha b'ann air am beulaibh, ach air an cùlaibh. Mar a thubhairt mi, bha bùc's na briogaisean, a thug air na daoine sealltainn geanntach, goirid. Air do'n fhear mu dheireadh dhiubh dol as ar fradharc, dh'fheòraich sinn de'n charbadair cò b' iad na daoine bha'n sin. "Tha cuideachd a bha stigh's a Mheinn Shalainn a th' anns a' bheinn sin thall. Ma's math leibh fuireach gu dol troimpe, tha ùine gu leòir agaibh air a shon;" fheagair an carbadair.

Cha bu luaithe 'thuing Mairearad is Màisi cìod a bu chiall do'n t-sealladh, na ghrios iad oirnn feitheamh, agus, aidichidh mi 'n fhèirinn gu'n robh mi fhéin, mar an ceudna, glé dheònach air a' mheinn fhaicinn. Sheòl an carbadair dhuinn an tigh a b' fhaide thall mar an t-àite 's an deanteadh còrdadh mu'n fharadh. Mar sin dh'fhalbh Dòmhnall agus mise gu amharc as déigh gach nì feumail, am feadh a chaidh na mnathan a ghairm a stigh do'n tigh bheag aig a' cheann a bhòs. Cha bu luaithe 'thuing muinntir na meinn gu'n robh toil againn dol troimpe, na chuireadh dà mheinneadair a dh'ullachadh na slighe air ar son; agus thugadh deise meinneadair an t-aon dhuinn g'a cur oirnn, a chaomhnadh ar n-aoaich.

Am feadh a bha sinn 'n ar seasamh taobh-mach an tìghe, a' feitheamh Ciorstain 's na caileagan, thàinig g' am chòir fhéin, bodachan crìon, leibideach, seargte. Cha 'n fhaca mi riamh abhag de dhuine coltach ris. Dìreach aig a shàilean thàinig da ghiollan cho bòidheach gu'n do ghabh mi iongantais. Bha'n triùir anns an t-seòrs eideadh 's an robh a cheud cuideachd a chunnaic sinn; agus coinnleas an làimh gach aoin.

Chlisg mi nuair a thuirt an duineachan, an Gàidhlig,—“Tha eagal orm fhéin, Eòghain, nach aithnich thu mi 's an earradh so!” 'Se guth Ciorstain a bh' ann. Spleuchd mi oirre, 's an sin air an dà ghiollan, a bha 'call an lùth le gàireachdaich.

"A bhiasdan!" arsa mise, a' maoidheadh orra le'm dhòrn; "na'n robh mis' air a thuig-sinn gu'm b'ann air a' mhodh so a rachteadh ris a' ghnothuch, cha'n'eil fhios agam am bithinn air aontachadh tighinn an so leibh! Cìod a theireadh am ministeir na'm faicheadh e sibh!"

"So, so," arsa Dòmhnall, "sguir de'n bhruidhinn ghòraich sin, 's na fir a' feitheamh"—agus lean sinn e chun an doruis a bh' air taobh a' bhruthaich.

Thàinig dà mheinneadair eile gu ar treòrachadh, aon air thoiseach, agus aon air deireadh oirnn. Bha coinnleas an t-aon againn le coinneal bheag chéir. Chaidh na coinnleas a lasadh air dhuinn dol taobh stigh an doruis, far an d'fhuair sinn sinn fhéin aig bun staidhreach aihm-leathain chloiche, air a gearradh às a' charraig bheò. Bha dath na creige meirgeach, ruadh; bha i uile gu léir a' drillseadh le salann. An dìreadh na staidhreach, thachradh oirnn, an so air an làimh dheis, agus a rithis an sud, air an làimh chli, fosgladh anns a' bhalla le trannta dubh, dorcha a' treòrachadh fada stigh, gu cha'n'eil fhios cìod an t-astar—cho fada stigh 's a chaidh a' chreag a tholladh. Thug e crith uamhais thairis orm smuainteachadh air a' chunnart a bhiodh ann dà-san a chailleadh a rathad, agus a rachadh air seachran am measg nan toll dìomhair sin a bha ruith gach rathad troimh 'n bheinn. A suas, agus a suas streap sinn, mar nach robh crìoch a' dol a bhi air an staidhir. An ceann deich mionaidean, no uime sin, thàinig stad oirnn. Bhamisneach Ciorstain uidh-air-n-uidh a' toirt géill anns an duibhre thiamhaidh, thosdaich. Shuidh i sìos air an staidhir.

"Cìod a th' ort, m'eudail?" dh'fheòraich mi, le iomagain.

"Tha e uamhasach," arsa ise, "'bhi air ar glasadh a stigh an creig mar a tha sinn. Tha na facail a' tighinn a stigh orm a dh'aindeoin—

"Cha till, cha till, cha till mi tuilleadh."

"Tha eagal orm nach tig mi beò as an àite so, 's cha'n fhaic sinn an Tairbeart gu bràth tuilleadh." Agus thug an dùile bhoichd a neapaicinn as a pòca, 's thoisich i ri gal 's ri caoineadh.

"Tillidh sinn! Tillidh sinn a nis fhéin!" arsa mise; ach air dhomh ospagail eile 'chluinntinn air mo chùlaibh, thionndaidh mi. Bha'n sin Màisi, 's na deòir a' sìleadh gu frasach, agus i gun anail a' gàireachdaich. Dhearc mi le mì-chiatadh oirre.

"O!" bhris i mach, "na bithibh diombach rium! Tha e cho neònach bodachan fhaicinn a' caoineadh, agus a' suathadh a shùilean le neapaicinn bheag ghrrinn!"

Agus, air m'fhacal fhéin, air dhomh amharc a rithis an rathad a bha Ciorstain, cha b' urrainn domh trod ris a' chaileig. Ach chuir mi rithis ri Ciorstain gu'm b' fheàrr dhuinn tilleadh. Stad i d'a gul; agus dh' éirich i le cabhaig, ag ràdh. "Rachamaid air adhart. Théid dhòmhsa mar a théid do chàch, agus is leòir sin."

Mar sin thòisich sinn às ùr air an staidhir a dhìreadh. Mu thuaiream deich mionaidean eile ràinig sinn am mullach. Bha trannta math a' ruith am mach air gach làimh. Ghabh am meinneadair a bh' air thoiseach, chun na làimhe deise, lean sinn e agus am faca sinn

gath fann soluis astar air thoiseach oirn. Air an t-solus a ruigheachd, chunnaic sinn gu'n d' thàinig e a seòmar soilleach a bha ris an deas. Bha trannsa goirid a' treòrachadh g'a iounsuidh. Bha sreath de chobhnan snaidhte air gach taobh de'n trannsa, le bogha cloiche tarsuing eadar gach paidhir. Bha na boghachan so greadhmaichte le mìrean gloinne iomashlisneach, agus de ioma dath, mar an uinn-eagan Eaglais-Mhòir Ghlascho; agus bha maise air a thilgeadh air gach nì tre dhealradh an t-soluis trompa. Chaidh sinn air adhart do'n dorus. Bha'n seòmar air a chladhach as a' charraig, a bha'n so cho geal ri marmorfiorghlan, agus a' dèarrsadh fosholus ceud coinneal bheag chèir, a bh' an coimleair mòr, an crochadh bho'n mhullach. Am meadhon an t-seòmair air bha coslas altair ceithir-oisnich, de'n aon seòrsa cloiche ris a' chuid eile. 'Na shuidhe air bha crùn na h-Austria, leis an dà litir, F.I. mu throidh air fad, os ceann a' chrùin air son Fraing Ioseph, lompair na h-Austria. Bha'n crùn agus na litrichean air an grinneachadh le seudan dealrach, mar anns an fhìor chrùn. Ciod an t-iongantas a chuir e oirn an uair a chaidh innseadh dhuinn gu'm b' ann de chlachan salainn a bha na seudan uile, agus na mìrean gloinne òirdheirc air an gearradh. Bha iad an sin de dhearg, de phurpur, de uaine, de ghorm agus de bhuidhe; an feadh a bha'n seòmar, bho ùrlar gu mullach, geal mar an sneachd.

—:o.❖:o.—

GAELIC REVIVAL IN IRELAND.

By MAJOR E. D. C. CAMERON.

THE recent revival of Gaelic in Ireland is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable movements of modern times. Fifteen years ago Gaelic in Ireland had reached a very low ebb indeed. The language had opposed to it not only the English-speaking people of Ireland; but also the Gaelic-speaking peasantry themselves. Irish Gaelic had come to be looked upon by the people themselves as the hallmark of ignorance, and in itself a nuisance and an obstacle to material progress and to enlightenment. The Irish people were then of their own accord giving up their ancestral tongue as quickly as possible. They were at special pains to prevent their children from speaking Gaelic. In fact at the time that the Gaelic League was founded, the case of Gaelic in Ireland appeared to be absolutely hopeless, and its eventual death seemed to be merely a question of time.

The Gaelic League had, therefore, what appeared to be humanly speaking an absolutely impossible task to restore the language

to a people among whom it had fallen into such disrepute. The amount of success that they have already achieved is nothing short of the marvellous. They have succeeded in reinstating the language in the favour of the Irish people generally, at any rate among those who are mainly of Gaelic descent. The efforts of the Gaelic League have been directed with great persistence towards the general introduction of efficient teaching of Gaelic in the Schools. These efforts have been unquestionably rewarded with marked success. The Irish children generally are willing and keen to learn Gaelic, which is taught in something like three thousand schools throughout the country. It is a significant fact that the excellent and efficient Christian Brother Schools which are not under government control teach all their children Gaelic. As regards the National Schools which were at one time regarded as one of the chief causes of the destruction of the Gaelic language in Ireland, it is not too much to say that they have now become one of the chief instruments of its restoration. The Gaelic League may justly claim a triumph in this matter.

Another significant fact is the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church (which includes nearly all the Irish people of Gaelic descent). At their annual meeting last year, the Roman Catholic Hierarchy passed a resolution in which they earnestly exhorted their school managers to have their teachers trained for the teaching of Gaelic, and to see that it is taught in their schools. All the students at Maynooth College are now being taught Gaelic, so that in a few years all the younger Roman Catholic priests will have some knowledge of Gaelic.

The Gaelic League have also made vigorous efforts for the teaching of Gaelic to those who have left school. Many of these classes are largely attended and the self-denying exertions of the many earnest men and women who teach them are greatly to be commended. In the matter of grammars and other elementary books for the teaching of Gaelic, Ireland is far before Scotland.

What perhaps strikes a visitor to Ireland more than anything else is the business-like manner in which the affairs of the Gaelic League are carried on, and the thoroughness with which it does its work. In the past, Celtic efforts have too often been of a spasmodic nature and have not been carried out on business-like lines. The Gaelic movement in Ireland is an exception to this general rule. The fullest possible use of the language is made by the officials who conduct the affairs of the league in Gaelic both orally and in writing. At the classes, Gaelic is much more

used as the medium for explanation and for oral work than it is in similar classes in Scotland. Notwithstanding all that has been stated above, much still remains to be done for Gaelic in Ireland. In the first place it may be mentioned that in the opinion of the writer, the statements that have hitherto been made regarding the progress of the Gaelic League in Ireland have been wholly optimistic. In the next place, although the attitude of the Irish peasantry towards Gaelic has been very much improved, it is by no means yet what it ought to be. The Gaelic-speaking people in Ireland do not even yet use Gaelic to nearly the extent they ought. They are still far too fond of speaking bad English in preference to good Gaelic, and of talking broken English to their children. It is also very often the case that the foes of Gaelic are those of its own household. For instance, notwithstanding the declaration of their bishops, there are still some of the Gaelic-speaking Roman Catholic clergy who are bitter enemies of the language of their fathers, and refuse to have it taught in their schools. The same remark though perhaps to a less extent, applies to a few of the schoolmasters. The Gaelic League will, however, no doubt, take measures to deal with and overcome these obstacles.

The work of the Gaelic League in Ireland is by no means confined to the revival of the language. It aspires to unite all races, classes and creeds to combine in one great effort for the good of their common country. It has done much to encourage the revival of the ancient sports, to brighten the country life, to foster self-reliance, self-respect and temperance; and to develop Irish arts and industries. In fact it tries to make Ireland a country worth living in, rather than one from which to emigrate to the United States.

Much may be learned from the Gaelic League by us Scottish Gaels. It has shown us what splendid results are possible with hard work, co-operation and business-like methods, and avoiding vain disputations about trifles, and barren controversy which absorb so much of the energies of us Scottish Gaels. Considering that the Highlander loves his Gaelic much better than the average Gaelic-speaking Irishman, a great revival of Gaelic in the Highlands ought to be really a much easier task than it has been in Ireland. The marked success of the Irish Gaelic League has been undoubtedly due to the personality and exertions of its great President, Doctor Douglas Hyde. It is to be hoped that Scotland will before long produce such a leader to organize and direct the scattered forces of the Gaelic cause. The great danger of the Irish

Gaelic League has undoubtedly been that it might develop into a sectarian and political organization. It is earnestly to be hoped that "An Comunn Gaidhealach" will always steer clear of a development so fatal to its success, and that it will always include patriotic Gaels of all classes, creeds, and politics working together for the common good of our dear fatherland, "Tir nan beann 's nan gleann 's nan Gaisgeach."

—:o. o. o.:—

GAELIC TECHNICAL TERMS.

LAND.

Gabhaltas, a rented farm, holding.

Gabhail, idem; properly a lease, tack.

Treabhachas, treabhachd, an arable farm, agriculture.

Aiteach, àiteachas, àiteachd, tillage, delving, ploughing, agriculture.

Ar, ploughing, tillage, agriculture.

Aireanachd, agriculture.

Grainnseach, a grange or corn-farm; grainn-searachd, agriculture, occupation of an agriculturist.

Mànas, mains, home-farm, large or level farm.

Sgot, sgotan, a small farm.

Doid, idem, a croft, a pendicle; dòidire, a crofter.

Croit, a croft; croitear, crofter.

Fearann, land.

Talamh, earth, soil, land; na talmhannan, the lands or cultivated lots of a crofting township.

Ùir, soil, earth.

Machair, low and level part of a farm.

Baile-geamhraidh, an infield, low grounds of a farm.

Gearraidh, enclosed grazing between the arable land and the open moor.

Riasglach, land that cannot be cultivated.

Talamh-treabhaidh, arable land.

Earghalt, idem.

Talamh-treabhtha, idem; rather tilled land in Scottish Gaelic.

Gnàithseach, arable land under crop, Mac-alpine, who has also "grainnseach, a granary; confounded with gnàithseach, land under cultivation." The word is only another spelling of grainnseach, *supra*, with assimilation as usual of *nn* to *s*; gnàithsear, husbandman (M.A.) i.e. grainnsear.

Màg, an arable field, field that can be ploughed; a lazy-bed. According to Mac-Alpine it means arable land in the North, and a very broad ridge of land in the West.

Géotan, a spot of arable ground, a pendicle.

Gead, geadag, a spot, is used of a spot or plot of land, a small ridge, a lazy-bed, a garden bed, etc.

Pliad, pliadan, a plot of ground.

Ceann-ràcain, a small portion of land, lit. a rake-head.

†Ceapach, a tillage plot, common in names of places.

Seisreimn, a carucate, plough-land, as much land as can be tilled with one plough in the year.

Dabhach, a measure of land of variable extent according to locality. It may extend to four carucates or to one only, and may support 60 cows only, or in the Hebrides 320. According to Mr. W. J. Watson's *Place Names of Ross-shire* (p. lxxxi) Lewis was divided into fifteen davochs. Borrowed into Scottish as daugh, davoch, etc., it is defined as an extent of land sufficient to produce forty-eight bolls, and when divided has given place names like Haddach, Haddo, *i.e.* half-davoch.

Leth-dabhach, half-davoch, in place names Lettoch.

Ceathramh, a quarter or fourth part of anything; in denominations of land the fourth of a davoch usually; in place names Kerrow, etc.

Ochdamh, an eighth; in place names Octo, Octow.

Cóige, a fifth, appears in the names of five places in Strathdearn.

FISCAL DENOMINATIONS.

Cionag, cianog, one eighth of a farthing-land.

Cleitinn, cleitig, clitinn, etc., half of a farthing-land; one cow's grass; a croft.

Feoirinn, feòirig, a farthing-land; fourth part of any farm. MacAlpine says a mite, twelfth part of a penny for which he gives as another name 'turn-odhar' ('turn' in Eng. = Gael. part), Scot. turner, a bodle, Fr. turnois.

Leth-peighinn, a half-penny land.

Peighinn, a penny-land. Multiples occur *e.g.* Na Coig Peighinnean, the Five Pennies, a holding in Eigg now absorbed in another farm. MacAlpine says peighinn is equal to a groat-land—cota-bàn in Mull. The word appears to mean a share (of land) in some of the islands and consequently to vary in such cases according to the value of the particular shares.

Duipeighinn two-penny land, occurs once or twice. Dippin in Arran, in 1405 Dupennylandis, is in Gaelic An Duipeighinn ('Duipeinn').

Cota-bàn, a four-penny-land, groat-land; "leirtheas, two of them; ochdamh, four; ceithreamh, eight," says MacAlpine, but he explains ochdamh as "eight groats land." The unit here should be the mark and in that case the ceithreamh (fourth) and the ochdamh (eighth) would be respectively ten groats and five groats.

Sgillinn, a shilling land. The word meant a shilling in Scots money when this system of denominating land was instituted, but when English money came into use, it was found that the English penny was of the same value

as the Scottish shilling and so sgillinn came to mean in modern Gaelic a penny sterling. So bonn-a-sè which meant a sixpence now means a halfpenny, and a shilling sterling is often called sgillinn Shasunnach or an English shilling (penny.) In denominations of land sgillinn retains its old meaning. For example the forty-shilling land at Acharn Kenmore, mentioned in Mr. J. Christie's "Lairds and Landlords of Loch Tay-side," is in Gaelic, An dà fhichead sgillinn."

Unga, an ounce-land, twenty-penny land, or one eighth of a mark-land.

Marg, a markland, thirteen shillings and four pence.

The extent of those respective denominations of land no doubt varied greatly. Pennant in his description of the island of Canna says: "Pennylands are named from some old valuation. The sum necessary to stock one is £30. It maintains seven cows and two horses. The tenant can raise on it eight bolls of small black oats, the produce of two; four bolls of bear from half a boll, and seven bolls of potatoes from one." Tour, vol. I. p. 315. The markland should be 160 times the size of the pennyland, but the known marklands are nothing like so many times the size of Pennant's pennyland. Can it be that the converse of what took place in the case of the word sgillinn, has happened to the word peighinn and that the latter means in land denominations not the Scots but the English penny which in value means a Scots shilling? Probably there is evidence, not available here, to decide the question. In any case the proportion of a markland to a *peighinn*-land is more like that of a mark to a shilling than that of a mark to a penny.

According to Skene (*Celtic Scotland*) the davoch was divided into four ploughgates to the east of the central watershed of the country, and into twenty pennylands to the west where the davoch was called also a *tirung* or *oumeland*. In place-names the davoch which according to Mr. Watson was "The old standard measure of land in Pictland," is much in evidence about the Moray Firth—Sutherland, Ross, Inverness and on to Aberdeen,—and the *peighinn* or pennyland in Argyll and the Hebrides including Bute and Arran. In Perthshire and some other districts the marg or markland predominates; there are sixteen place-names containing the word on the sides of Loch Tay.

FIELDS.

Achadh, a field, meadow, plain; raon, idem.

Cliatan, cliathdan, a level plot of ground, 'harrowed place' from cliath, harrow; cliata, a meadow, (M.A.)

Geadhail, a ploughed field, a park.

Cuidh, cuith, an enclosure, fenced field.

Gort, gart, goirtean, a field, corn-field, field of standing corn.

Atharnach, land that has been cleared of 'green crop' (potatoes, turnips, etc.) and that will be or used to be, sown next with barley, *i.e.* 'red land,' North Argyll, West Ross-shire and Badenoch. In Badenoch athairneach pronounced there 'athainneach'; in West Ross-shire 'athurnach' as though the word were abharnach. It is given variedly as to form and meaning by the authorities.

Atharnach, second crop, M'L. & D. etc.

Aitheornach, land where barley has been the last crop, M'A.

NA GAIDHEIL.

THE song which follows is by Mr. Neil MacLeod, Edinburgh. The melody is known as "Anna Nic Ille-Mhaoil," the original words of which are of no merit. The song is to be commended for its patriotic sentiments; and it is hoped that it will be added by Gaelic singers to their stock of songs, too few of which are of the patriotic class.

GLEUS D.

{	{s		s., s.	:	m. d		m., f	:	s.,	}
	Co'n		sluagh tha'n		diugh 's an		ceann fo		chis,	
{	{s		s., s.	:	m', r'		d', l	:	l.,	}
	'Nan		dùthaich		fhéin nach		fhaigh iad		sith,	
{	{s		s., s.	:	m. d		m. f	:	s.,	}
	Air		son an		d'rinn iad		iomadh		strì?	
{	{s		r'	:	r', r'		d'	:	d',	}
	Na		Gàidh -		eil, na		Gàidh -		eil.	
{	{d'		d', d'	:	m', r'		d', d'	:	d',	}
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	'S		nach d'thug		an nàmh iad		riamh fo		smachd,	
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	'S		ri		am an		fheum bu		treun an gleachd?	
{	{t		l	:	s. r'		d'	:	d',	}
	Na		Gàidh -		eil, na		Gàidh -		eil.	

Co dhòirt am fuil air iomadh raon.
'S a thug a' bhuaidh am mach cho daor,
Air son gu'm biodh an gineal saor?
Na Gaidheil.

Co thug ar srathan is ar glinn
Bho gharbhach doirbh gu fearann mìn,
'S a dh' fhàg cho torrach, soirbh an tìr?
Na Gaidheil.

Co'n sluagh le cridhe truasail, blàth,
Do'n deòiridh bhochd a nochdadh bàigh,
'S ri coigrich fialaidh aig gach tràth?
Na Gaidheil.

Co chaidh fhuadach thar a' chuain
Le uachdarain gun iochd, gun truas,
Mar thràillean dìblidh air an ruaig?
Na Gaidheil.

Co'n sluagh tha nis air feadh gach càrn,
A' faicinn mar a sgaoil an àl,
'S 'nan dùthaich fhéin nach fhaigh iad
tàmh?
Na Gaidheil.

Co'n sluagh tha'n diugh cho treun 'nan
gnìomh,
Cho lìonmhor, pailt 's a bha iad riamh,
Cho cruadalach air muir 's air tìr?
Na Gaidheil.

Co 'n sluagh tha nis a' dùsgadh suas
A thoirt an còir am mach le buaidh.
Bheir do luchd-foirmeirt aca 'n duais?
Na Gaidheil.

Co'n sluagh bhios fhathast anns na glinn,
A' seinn nan òran ceòlmhor, binn,
An càinain Oisein agus Fhinn?
Na Gaidheil.

ONLY A MEDLEY.

THERE is no more interesting personality in this country than that of Lord Dundonald's. Whether engaged in fighting our country's enemies or in assisting to govern our fellow-subjects in one of our Dominions, he is always brave, loyal, upright and warmhearted. It is possible to question his perfect wisdom in some matters, but no one can question his perfect sincerity. As a true patriot, he cannot view the deserted state of many glens and valleys, the ruins of what had once been happy homesteads, and the paucity of young men in many Highland districts without sorrow and a foreboding for the future of the country. He was present recently at the London City Company's dinner, and it was clear this matter weighed upon his mind, for when he rose to speak on the subject of Army Reform he said he was sure our army would fight with no less valour and success, should occasion arise, than did their forefathers at Waterloo; but in order to obtain this admirable force, we had been obliged to reject, owing to physical unfitness, an appalling number of recruits. Where could we now find, he said, the splendid population from which we drew the Waterloo heroes? Could modern statesmen to-day repeat the great Earl of Chatham's memorable words:—"For I sought for merit wherever it was to be found, and I found it in the mountains of the North." Although it was the Highlanders who contributed so largely to form this mighty Empire, yet now, alas, no human voice is heard in many of these northern glens which produced those splendid men. He was convinced, he said, that any great scheme of army reform must be accompanied by constructive legislation with the object of planting the people once more upon the land. The hardy and physically sound race of men necessary for the creating of an efficient army could never be obtained from the overcrowded populations of our towns and great cities.

Space forbids making more than a passing reference to two things which greatly delighted us when in Glasgow recently—the one, a visit to Mr. MacGregor-Whyte's studio; the other, a visit to the King's Theatre, where we witnessed the representation of four short Irish plays in the course of the same evening. Mr. MacGregor-Whyte, an enthusiastic member of An Comunn Gaidhealach, is an artist who is steadily growing in reputation, and of whom we expect to hear great things in the near future. He is equally at home as a portrait and landscape painter. Nothing could be more delicious than his sea and landscape scenes in which he portrays very faithfully the glory of colour and the beauty of sunlight and shade so characteristic of our Western seas and islands. Very interesting were the Irish plays, "A Pot of Broth," "Riders to the Sea," "The Building Fund," and "Spreading the News." It may be that they are neither very brilliant in composition nor very clever in plot, but there is no question that they are true to the life depicted in them. The stage represented the interior of such a cottage as you find the crofter inhabiting in wild Connemara, or the fisherman in the Isles of Aran. Equally correct were the dresses worn by the actors, who one and all gave a realistic presentation of their respective parts. When are *we* to have a play or plays, skilful in construction, realistic in plot, and written, not in English as these Irish plays are, but in pure, idiomatic Gaelic? A good Gaelic play, suitably staged and well acted, would draw large Gaelic audiences in either Glasgow or Edinburgh.

* * *

It needs no apology to give so much prominence to the Inverness Juvenile Mod as to have two accounts of it in a single issue of An Deo-Ghreine. The movement which originated the Mod and of which the Mod is the first, direct practical result, is one that deserves every recognition in this magazine, for we believe it to be fraught with issues of greater importance than we can imagine at the present moment. We give, ourselves, an article on the Mod in the course of which we give the prize list fully. The subjoined article, vigorous, warm-hearted and eloquent as it is, comes from the pen of Dr. Kenneth Campbell, Oban, who was present at the Mod:—"Assuredly Gaelic shall not die in Inverness until at least two hundred intelligent and well educated boys and girls will know the reason why. At its first annual Mod this gallant band nailed its Gaelic colours to the mast and set forth on a fair voyage of conquest and discovery. Their battle cry is "Suas leis a Ghaidhlig." Already they have captured Inverness, have those gay and fearless descendants of the old sea kings. The capital of the Highlands capitulated at discretion and joined the enemy. It was freely admitted alike by friend and foe that a great victory for Gaelic had been won at the Mod.

What a splendid ally in Gaelic song An Comunn Gaidhealach has enlisted in its fight for the language! According to Sir Hubert Parry, "Celtic music is the most human, the most varied, the most poetical, and the most imaginative in the world." This is high praise from a great authority. Gaelic song breathes the very spirit of freedom, patriotism and pride of race. Of equal importance is the fact

that the Gael in common with other mountain races, like the Welsh and Swiss, is a born singer. This is becoming yearly more evident since An Comunn Gaidhealach has set to work. A lack of efficient, or indeed of any, training in many cases still leaves him far behind his Welsh brother. There is still ample room for better musical training and more of it, but the material is there, much progress has been made and the future is still of promise. Of yet greater importance is the additional fact that the Gael is singularly sensitive to the influence of his own music. It stirs him to the very depths of his being. It speaks to him of noble deeds, of brotherhood and unity. Had Prince Charlie been able to teach his army to sing "Na Gaidheil an guaille an cheile" he would have taken London and won his Culloden.

The Mod itself was a great success. To see and mix freely with two hundred bright and bonnie children who had not bent the knee to Baal, was more than agreeable, it was inspiring. And how they sang too! Surprise and delight were on every face among the audience. "This is a revelation to us," said Dr. M'Bain to the writer, and mixed with one's satisfaction at this announcement there was a pang from the pity of it, that so beautiful a revelation had been so long withheld. How bracing and how real it all was. Affectation and posing are entirely foreign to such gatherings. All was simplicity, fervour, and bright intelligence. Here was the true ideal Gael in the making. If the boy makes the man, then the man promises to become a very fair product indeed.

The late Professor Blackie, than whom our race never had a truer friend, would have been in his element at the Mod. How he would have revelled in the company of the youthful competitors! What a spirited, eloquent and withal practical address he would have given, and what prizes he would have announced for the next Mod. The pity is he did not live to see the Celtic revival and the fulfilment of one of his fondest dreams—the birth of a new generation of Gaels, true to themselves, independent in thought and action, and always actuated by the determination to prove to all the world that both physically and mentally their race is the equal of any.

To have learned by actual demonstration that Northern Gaeldom is awake, was alone worth a visit to the Mod. All will yet be well with the old language. It has not lived 2,000 years for nothing. Our forefathers as a rule spoke it because they must; now it is being spoken and studied by many for its own sake, and people who don't know it are taking the trouble to learn it. This is surely a great advance even upon the days "Nuair a bha Ghaidhlig aig na h-eoin."

To a trained eye some of the children bore traces of the session's work in the school. Some—only a few—appeared to have taken too little to heart the latter half of the altogether excellent maxim, "Suas leis a Ghaidhlig, sìos leis a bhrochan." It is hardly necessary to remind Highland parents that tea and "combustibles" and "a little of anything that's going" are not the materials from which strong thews and sinews, a good chest, and healthy vocal chords, are made. Tea and Gaelic ought to be formally declared incompatible. Let "An luis bheannaichte" be totally banished from the children's

dietary; let them be fed on porridge and milk, eggs, fish, vegetables, fruit, etc., and soft bones, soft heads, and the bogie of malnutrition will never trespass north of the Grampians."

Our readers must have observed that several of the articles which appear in An Deo-Ghreine from month to month are of more than ephemeral interest because of the fullness of knowledge with which they are inspired and the practical suggestions which they contain. In our July issue, for instance, the article on the "Reclamation of the Wastes" was one that well deserves the consideration of every Highlander who is earnestly interested in the welfare of his race and country. To conduct an active propaganda merely for the sake of fostering the Gaelic language can serve no practical purpose if the Highlands continue to be depleted of their inhabitants who are compelled to seek, elsewhere, the livelihood they cannot obtain in their native glens, and straths, and islands. Our language will live and flourish, only when our people who speak it have sufficient inducement offered them to remain in their own land. And why should they not have that? It ought not to be impossible to establish woollen mills in many parts of the Highlands; to develop the fishing industry; to interest our Highland women in reviving the ancient custom of making natural dyes from plants, trees and lichens so common in the Highlands as bog-myrtle, iris, sorrel, hawthorn and crotal, and to use these in the preparation of yarn for stockings which would readily command a good sale. But after all, agriculture is, and will continue to be, the chief industry of the Highlands. And to make that industry the success it ought to be and *can be*, regular and systematic instruction in agriculture ought to form part of the curriculum of every school in the Highlands. Boys who are to follow farming might well be exempted from taking up many of the ornamental phylacteries which go to form our modern system of education, and receive instruction instead, in the nature of soils, manures, best methods of tillage, etc. A gentleman having expert knowledge of Industrial and Technical education who is at present holidaying in Denmark, where he intends to study the system of agriculture which obtains in that country, has kindly consented to give us, in the course of a few months, one, perhaps more, papers dealing with those ideas which we have ventilated above, and which we have suggested to him.

* * *

There is another idea we should like to bring before our readers. In October, An Deo-Ghreine will enter on the second year of its existence, and it is our sincere desire as it will be our utmost endeavour, to make it thoroughly interesting, practical, and indispensable to all readers who love the Gaelic language and desire the good of the Gaelic people. It has occurred to us that we might devote a page per month, beginning with the October number of the magazine, to a brief symposium on some important article which may have appeared in the issue previous to that in which the discussion is to be initiated. We shall, naturally, invite persons thoroughly conversant with the subject to be discussed, to undertake the symposium, but we shall be glad of hints, suggestions, and criticisms from any of our readers, and if these are suitable, we

shall endeavour to find room for some of them. Our September issue will contain a very able and brilliant article on "The Proposed Welsh National Council of Education," and *apropos* of this article, might we not commence our symposium by initiating a discussion on the advantages or otherwise, of getting Parliament to sanction a "Highland Provincial Committee" for the training of teachers? It is our own personal opinion that many educational reforms much needed, and more especially the Training of Gaelic-speaking Teachers, will never be thoroughly undertaken until there is *one Committee for the whole Highlands*, meeting at some central spot in the Highlands, and composed of thoroughly qualified Gaelic speaking Highlanders. But before initiating this symposium we should be glad to know, through private correspondence, what many of our readers think of this idea.

* * *

The children's competitions inaugurated in our columns some months ago promise to produce good work. But in order to carry on these competitions money and book-prizes are necessary. Will the Editor of the English Department appeal to the readers of An Deo-Ghreine in vain for support in this interesting work?

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NOTES FROM OUR WATCH-TOWER.

A VERY interesting function was that within the Caledonian Hotel, Inverness, on the 30th June, when Mr. Roderick M'Leod, in the presence of a large, representative and fashionable audience, was presented by Provost Ross, in the name of his many admirers throughout the United Kingdom, with a purse of 200 sovereigns and a handsome silver salver bearing an appropriate inscription. Than Mr. MacLeod no one has done more for Gaelic song, and indirectly, therefore, for the Gaelic language. His poetic insight, dramatic instinct and intense power of sympathy, enable him to impress on his audiences as no other Gaelic singer we know can, the passion and the pathos contained in the songs which he sings so beautifully. These words which form part of the inscription on the salver with which he was presented, give no inaccurate account of his vocal powers:—

"Nuair a sheinneas tu na h-brain
Cuiridh tu na h-òin an crannaibh
Nuair a theannas tu ri luinneig
'S binn thu na guileag na h-eala."

* * *

We must congratulate Oban School Board and people on their loyal attitude towards the Gaelic language movement. Following on the resolutions adopted at the February Conference there, the Board decided to extend the opportunities for teaching Gaelic in the High School, and in order to ascertain the mind of the parents on the matter, a circular was issued asking them whether they desired their children to be taught Gaelic. The response to the circular was overwhelmingly in favour of the teaching of Gaelic. We must not omit to mention that the local branch of An Comunn through Messrs. MacMaster-Campbell and Munn, Joint-Presidents, and Skinner, secretary, strengthened the hands of

the Board by a timely appeal in the local press, setting forth the many advantages which a thorough knowledge of Gaelic confers. Other School Boards, please follow suit.

* * *

A pleasant sequel to the Inverness Juvenile Mod was the gathering of some 30 happy children in Miss Kate Fraser's rooms, 42 Union Street, to be presented with the prizes which they had gained at the Competitions a week previously. Though the medals were presented on the evening of the Mòd Concert, the other prizes were not given away till the Thursday following. Rev. D. Macgillivray presented the prizes, congratulated the prize-winners, and in the course of a short speech urged the children to practise reading, speaking and singing in the Gaelic language during the holidays so that when the Gaelic classes re-opened in Autumn they might be all the better prepared to benefit by the instruction imparted to them. Major E. D. Cameron, who was also present, delivered an interesting address on the same lines. It is worthy of note that exclusive of the gold and silver medals, the sum of £18 5s. was forthcoming for prizes, and that £28 2s. 6d. was collected at the doors on the day and evening of the Mod. Special prizes were awarded to James and Willie Donaldson, Henry Urquhart, Cecil Roberts, and Sophia Hoare for violin playing; to Georgina Fraser, Sarah M'Lennan and Jane Jack, for pianoforte playing; to Maggie Brodie, Nellie M'Leod, Flo. Logan, Christina M'Culloch, and Alastir M'Kenzie, for solo-singing; and to Maggie MacDonell, Guisachan, the competitor who came the longest distance. On the motion of Mr. M'Gillivray, a very cordial vote of thanks was given to Miss Fraser for her kindness on that occasion and her splendid work in making the Mod the success it was.

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CHILDREN'S COMPETITIONS.

THE papers received last month gave suggestions as to the adorning and furnishing of the Children's Buth at Feill a' Chomuinn. Never had a poor editor harder work than I had to decide between the merits of several papers which came to me from the scholars of Maryburgh School, Ross shire. The papers were all well written and well composed, and I wish I had space to reproduce them. The best I give here, but two others, signed Hector MacRae and Annie M'Gillivray, run it close, and to these I send book prizes. A Postal Order is to be sent immediately to Georgina C. Mackay, Maryburgh, Conon Bridge, and this is her paper:—

"This stall should be draped with tartan to show that it belongs to a Highland Association. Dolls dressed like Highlanders would attract the smaller children. Tartan ribbons for girls' hair would sell well. I think Gaelic song books would also sell well, and school children could paint some flowers. The stall should have some wild and garden flowers tied up in bunches with tartan ribbon, and also a collection of wild birds' eggs (named.) A spinning wheel, and a girl about 18 years of age spinning thread and then selling the thread, would draw the visitors' attention and make them buy. There should be bugles, balls and toy engines. The stall

should be placed near the door and should be arranged with taste. It should be conducted by big girls dressed in tartan."

Our competitions are not always to run on the children's stall at next year's Feill a' Chomuinn, but we must have this subject several times and for this reason. I am to undertake the children's stall and you must all give me your hearty co-operation as well as your sympathy. Now how would this idea work? Suppose we provide a number of undressed dolls and materials with which to dress them. Then let us get hold of our bachelor uncles, cousins, friends and acquaintances (male); place an undressed doll in the hands of each; make them buy materials for dressing them; get them to retire to a side room to dress the dolls, and give some small reward to the one who has done the most artistic work. Visitors on paying a charge of sixpence, would be admitted to view the dressmaking operations. Would not that bring money to our Buth? Criticise my idea freely, and to the best and second best criticisms, no matter whether favourable or adverse will be awarded prizes of half-a-crown and two shillings respectively. The criticisms must reach me before the 20th August.

AN DEO-GHREINE.

The Editing Committee would welcome suggestions as to improvements that might be made in our Magazine. The subject will in all likelihood be discussed at the next meeting of Council, in connection with the Report of the Committee, and such suggestions from our readers would prove useful. They may be addressed to Rev. Mr. M'Gillivray, Petty; or Rev. Mr. MacLennan, 6 Polwarth Terrace, Edinburgh.

MAGAZINE FUND.

We hope that our Appeal for Donations to this Fund will not be in vain. We are meantime doing our best to keep down expenses, and to work up towards a point of efficiency and sufficiency. Mr. Mackintosh, 17 Queensgate, Inverness, will acknowledge any donations for this object that may be sent to him. We very much need your help.

NOTICE.

*All Gaelic contributions may be sent to the Con-
vener, Rev. M. MacLennan, B.D., 6 Polwarth
Terrace, Edinburgh; and English contributions
may be sent to Rev. D. MacGillivray, B.D.,
The Parish Manse, Petty, Inverness.*

*Communications re the Sale of the Magazine
should be addressed to the Publisher, Eneas Mackay,
43 Murray Place, Stirling, and communications
re Advs. to Mr. T. D. MacDonald, Appin,
Argyleshire.*

*The Editors take no responsibility in regard to
rejected MSS.; but will be careful to return such
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envelope.*

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Mios Meadhonach an Fhoghair 1906.

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EADARAINN FHIN.

THA am Mòd a' teannadh ruinn. Tha sinn an dòchas gu'm bheil mòran de ar càirdean air feadh na Gàidhealtachd ag ullachadh air son a bhi lathair. Tha an t-Oban 'na bhaile breagha, agus 's maith is fhiach e cèilidh. Tha am Mòd fhéin a' sàs ann an obair cho cudthromach 's gur h-ioghnadh ma tha fìor Ghàidheal an àite sam bith leis nach maith a bhi làthair gu làmh chuidich a thoirt. Comhla ris an sin bidh féisd againn air ceòl 's air sgialachd a chuireas spionnadh nuadh anns gach cridhe. A thuilleadh air an sin uile tha dùil againn gu'm bi a' bhana-phrionns' Louise, Ban-Diùc Earraghaidheal, air ar ceann, oir is i is Ban-Uachdaran air a' Chomunn Ghàidhealach am bliadhna. Theid call ort mar a bi thu ann.

Tha sinn a' tuigsinn gu'm bheil mòran air an ainmean a chur a steach ag innse gu'm bheil iad a' gabhail pàirt anns a' chòmh-stri ach an coisinn iad an duais. Dh' fhiach mòran an uraidh, ach tha sinn a' tuigsinn gu'm bi barrachd a' fiachainn am bliadhna. Bidh am Mòd 'na shuidhe fad trì là, bho'n t-seathamh là fichead gus an ochdamh là fichead de mhios September.

Tha aon rud bu mhaith leinn a chur fa

chomhair ar comh-Ghàidheil a bhitheas a lathair. Bu mhaith leinn gu'n gabhadh iad bòid nach labhair iad Beurla ri neach a thuigeas Gàidhlig fhad 's a bhitheas iad aig a' Mhòd. Ma ni iad sin gheabh a' Ghàidhlig togail nach d' fhuair i fhathast. Bidh mòran a làthair a tha 'g ionnsachadh na Gàidhlig, agus cha bheag an cuideachadh 's an toil-eachadh dhaibh gu'n cluinn iad i air a bruidhinn. Bidh coigrich ann, 's cha bheag a nàire dhuinn ma 's e an sgiala bheir iad leo gu'n robh iad aig coinneamh muinntir a thaeudmhor air son a' Ghàidhlig a chumail beò, ach gur ann glé choma bha iad fhéin mu bruidhinn.

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Tha an t-àireamh-sa a' criochnachadh a' cheud leabhar de'n *Deo-Ghréine*. Tha sinn an comain gach neach a chuidich sinn le 'm peann no le sporan. An uair a shuidheas Comhairle a' Chomuinn anns an Oban cuiridh iad an cinn ri chéile ach dé mar 's urrainn iad an ath leabhar a dheanamh na's fhearr no am fear-sa. 'S e deagh fhàidh a b' urrainn innse dhuinn de 'n comhdhùnadh gus an tig a' Chomhairle, ach faodaidh sinn a bhi cinnteach, ma ghabhas e deanamh, gu'n téid am Pàipeir air adhart le spionnadh 's le sùgradh. Deanadh ar luchd-leughaidh cinnteach dhuinn gu'm bheil iad 'g a iarraidh, agus deanadh iad an dicholl air an t-àireamh a tha 'g a ghabhail a chur an lionmhorachd, agus théid sinn an urras gu'm bi Pàipeir againn is fhiach ann t-saothair. Na'n cuireadh a' h-uile neach a tha 'g a fhaighinn ainm fhéin, agus còignear eile as ur, a steach, agus prìs na bliadhna fa chomhair gach ainm, bhitheadh sinn air neor-thaigh fear na fiach. Tha Gàidheil na h-Eireann a' cumail dà Phàipeir air adhart, an *Claidheamh Soluis*, a tha tighinn a mach uair 's an t-seachdain, agus *Irisleabhar na Gàidhlig*, a tha tighinn a mach uair 's a' mhios. Cha bheag an tàmailt

dhuinne mar a cum sinn beò beothail *aon Phàipeir miosail*.

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Bha Oireachtas mòr aig Connradh na Gàidhlig a'm B'la Cliath air an Liunasdal-sa. Thug an t-Uachdaran aca, Douglas de Hìde, a bhàrail gu'm b'e Oireachtas bu shoirbheachail a bh'aca fhathast. Fhuair teachdairean a, Chomuinn Ghaidhealach fàilte chridheil bho'n Uachdaran agus bho'n Oireachtas gu léir. Bha e soilleir gu leòr gu'm b' fhaigse uilinn no dorn, gu'n robh càirdeas agus bràithreachas gun ghò, eadar Gaidheil na h-Eireann 's Gàidheil na h-Alba. Cha di-chuimhnich na teachdairean an ceilidh air an Oireachtas, no an t-eòlas maith a chuir iad air càirdean ann an Eirinn.

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Tha e 'na aobhar misnich dhuinn an t-atharrachadh a tha air tighinn an coimheangal ri foghlum na Gàidhlig. Cha'n'eil fada bho bha sinn ann an còmhraidh duin' uasal a thuir ruinn gu'n robh e air a bhacadh dhasan, an uair a bha e 'na bhalach, cha'n e mhàin fiachainn ri Gàidhlig ionnsachadh, ach a bh'far am biodh Gàidhlig air a bruidhinn. A dh'aindeon sin, air dha fas 'na ghille, dh'ionnsaich e i, agus tha thlachd innte agus bidh.

Dh'fhalbh an là sin. Tha daoine uasal a nis thall 's a bhos air feadh na tire ag ionnsachadh na Gàidhlig, agus a' deanamh adhartas ciatach innte. Tha sinn a' creidsinn gu'm bheil feadhainn ann a rinn an dicholl air an cuid Gàidhlig a leigeil air di-chuimhn' gus am biodh iad am measg nan uaisil; ach tha là an dioghaltais air tighinn. Tha na h-uaisil a nis a' tionndadh ris a' Ghàidhlig, agus meas mòr aca air a bh' 'n cuideachd luchd-labhairt na seana chanain. Ach na bròin ud—chail iad an Gàidhlig 's cha d'fhuair iad am measg nan uaisil. 'S nach sinn tha coma!

—:O:—

THE PROPOSED WELSH NATIONAL COUNCIL.

BY PROFESSOR E. ANWYL, OF ABERYSTWYTH, WALES.

ON the 1st of June of this year I was privileged to attend a Conference of the Drafting Committee of the proposed Welsh National Council at Llandrindod Wells in Mid-Wales, a favourite meeting-place for the promotion of Welsh National movements. This Committee consisted mainly of representatives of Welsh County Councils, which are now the County Education Authorities in Wales as they are in England. In order to preserve the non-political

character of the Committee, it had been arranged that in each county one of the representatives should represent the minority. In addition to the representatives of local education authority the two national educational bodies, the Central Welsh Board for intermediate education were also represented by three members each, and it was as chairman of the Central Welsh Board, elected as one of its representatives at this Conference that I attended. Though the great majority of the members of the Conference who were present were Liberals in politics, yet they elected as chairman, a strong and convinced Conservative, the Hon. P. P. Pennant, who was for years a member of the Executive Committee of the Central Welsh Board for intermediate education. No feature of this meeting impressed me more than its very conciliatory and non-political character. On no point was there any difference of opinion, as far as I can recall, on political lines. The convener of the Conference, who, owing to ill-health, was himself absent, was the Lord Mayor of Cardiff, himself an active Conservative in party politics, but who has thrown himself, heart and soul, as the chief magistrate of the city of Cardiff, into this movement for the creation of a National Council. There were present several men who on questions of Imperial politics would be bitter antagonists, but who co-operated most cordially and willingly in an attempt to create a new Welsh national institution for educational purposes. The truth is that the desire for the development and control of Welsh education on national lines has its origin in causes that are quite distinct from the topics that agitate men in Imperial politics. The desire arises from historical reasons that are of a purely pacific and laudable character. The Welsh people have taken seriously the distinguishing feature of the traditional British method of government, namely that of giving the locality as much freedom as possible in the management of its own affairs. Under every British Government, Liberal or Conservative, the ruling spirit is the same in the matter of encouraging local effort and local responsibility. It is contrary to the traditions of our system of government to ride rough-shod over the wishes of the responsible men of any locality. Owing partly no doubt to the experience in public life which Welsh religious institutions have brought within reach of the humblest in the land, there is a very general aptitude for the management of local affairs whether secular or religious, and nothing is more marked to an observer of Welsh life than the widespread interest which Welshmen now take in problems of local government and administration. It is a great mistake to think

of the men of modern Wales as being dreamy, mystical and unpractical. There are no doubt men of that type in Wales as there are elsewhere, but the makers of modern Welsh history are men of a very different stamp. They have in administration something of the skill which Welsh football players have in their sphere of distinction. For several years now there has been gradually accumulated in Wales, quite apart from party politics, a body of administrative experience, which naturally longs for a wider sphere for its exercise. To some extent this sphere has been found in the administration of university education and of the secondary schools of Wales: it will not be satisfied, however, until a field is provided for it in a unified national sphere. It may, perhaps, be said that it is one thing to administer the affairs of a parish, a district or a county, but quite another to conduct the affairs of a nation such as Wales. At first this answer may seem final, but on reflection, it cannot be truly said that men might not be found in Wales whose powers of administration would not be adequate for the discussion of problems of a national character. Men of this type are certainly to be found, nor are they confined to any one side in party politics. Through various ways Wales has all along been able to train men who possessed a national outlook. We already have national institutions of various kinds, so that the habit of thinking nationally has not to be created: it already exists, and the creation of a national council would only be a further means of giving it a sphere for its exercise. For my own part I see no danger that a national council, if constructed along the familiar lines of Welsh national institutions, would become a mere political machine. To take this view of it is to ignore the leading feature of modern Welsh history, where the ruling passion is that for successful administration, a problem into the solution of which Welsh public men enter with no less zest than their more muscular fellow-countrymen enter into their favourite athletic contests. The danger in Wales is, not that these institutions may be dominated by considerations of party politics, but that a capacity for administration alone, without regard to the nature of the thing administered, may be the all important qualification for taking a part in the administration. But this, if it be a fault, is not confined to Wales. Do we not constantly see men placed in charge of great departments of State, whose knowledge of those departments heretofore has been of the very vaguest kind, and who have to be continually prompted by the permanent officials of their Department. It is no wonder, then, that the Welsh County Councillor feels that if necessary he could with

expert advice easily administer a university or universities, just as with medical assistance he now carries out successfully the work of sanitation. It is this passion for administration infused by a real love of Wales that has brought about the present desire for a national council and not any motive arising from any phase of Imperial politics. The passion in question is felt by many Conservatives as well as by Liberals and there is behind it a strong body of popular feeling that arises from a habitual tendency shown in other spheres to regard Wales as a unified whole, in spite of the many obvious links which unite Wales to England in the commercial and other spheres. It would be very unfortunate if the House of Lords through an inadequate analysis of the motives which have brought about the present desire for a Welsh National Council, were to view it as a political product and based on a desire for separation from England. Separation of this kind has not the faintest place in the national aspirations of Wales. The administrative impulse which has largely led to the movement for a national council is essentially constructive not destructive, and is the result of experience already acquired. The Conservative Lord Mayor who convened the two Conferences and the distinguished Conservative County Councillor who presided over the second Conference were both, like the Liberal delegates, obeying impulses that belonged to an entirely different plane from party politics. One of the great benefits of the spirit of race and nationality within a great empire such as ours is that it constantly unites for the good of certain areas of the empire men whom Imperial politics alone would keep asunder. Moreover the sense of nationality promotes public spirit by awakening social impulses and devotions that are wider than interest in a single municipality or county and are more concrete and human than a philosophical cosmopolitanism. The true spirit of nationality, too, does not produce hostility to other nations, but a sense of co-operation with them in a common cause. Nor need the preservation of an ancient national tongue be any barrier to this. It is this very attachment to the heritage of the past, linking as it does the men of the present with them that have gone before that is the best earnest of a regard for posterity and for the simultaneous fellowship of those who are living contemporaries. Human society is not a mere passing bond that includes the living only. It owes its stability very largely to the fact that its bonds link together many generations, and it is not a bad sign when the men of one age are unwilling to lose even the bond of a common tongue that links them to the generations that have gone before them.

The spirit that would break away from the past too hastily even for the sake of apparent material advantages is not one that greatly aids the stability of human society or encourages men to work for the future if they feel that posterity will be only too ready to discard their work whenever it may seem to be in the least degree unprofitable. The bonds of human society are of a far more subtle character than they appear to be to the superficial observer, and reluctance to sever any of these subtle bonds even with the past arises from a true human instinct. Wales is very tenacious of these subtle bonds upon which her historic continuity as a separate people has, since the loss of her independence, mainly depended, and one of the most real of such links with her past has been her ancient tongue. The motives which have led to the formation of national institutions like the Central Welsh Board for intermediate education and the proposed National Council are very subtle and complex and have arisen from the natural desire of the continuous national life of Wales to embody itself in appropriate institutions and not from any spirit of political partisanship.

It is very noticeable that in Wales the movement for giving the Welsh language an honourable place in the national system of education is not a propaganda simply of individuals or of unofficial associations, but is part and parcel of the official programme of public administrative bodies to whom it seems only the natural and right thing. I was greatly struck by this some time ago in a meeting of the Free Library Committee of the Borough of Aberystwyth, a committee which consists mainly of Town Councillors, but upon which a certain number of non-Council members like myself have been co-opted. Nothing impressed me more forcibly than the zeal shown for the purchase of Welsh books, a zeal that was perfectly unanimous and spontaneous. The characteristic institutions of Wales, to-day, are all products of the same instinctive and spontaneous spirit, and it is from the promptings of this spirit that the desire for a National Council of Education has arisen. It is this spirit, too, that makes Wales anxious to see it composed of men who are themselves in touch with the traditional spirit of the nation, so that it may not be a dead but a living institution. It would be a great misfortune if any mistaken political suspicions were to prevent Wales from receiving an institution the genesis of which lies in an entirely different sphere from that of Imperial politics and which is in line with institutions which the Imperial Parliament has already granted and which in the opinion of Parliament itself have abundantly proved their efficiency. Indeed from

the truly British point of view in the matter of government nothing ought to give greater satisfaction than to see the several parts of the Empire longing to undertake responsibility in their own concerns and that in a spirit, not of hostility to the Empire but of pride in its greatness and cordial devotion to its civilizing aims, and this is certainly the spirit of Wales.

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TURUS EOGHAIN BHAIN DO'N ROINN EORPA.

LE CATRIONA WHYTE GRANND.

AN FHAIRGE CHLOICHE

Air dhuinn ar leòir amhairc a dheanamh air an iomlan, dh'fhàg sinn an seòmar soillseach, thill sinn do'n trannsa dhoilleir, agus ghabh sinn air adhart. "C'ait' am bheil na carbadan anns an d' thubhairt sibh gu'n robh sinn ri tilleadh?" dh' fheòraich Peigi de'n mheinneadair a bh' air deireadh, oir b'e a b' fhaigse dhi. Rinn e snodha gàire, 's bha gàire 's an t-sùil aige, air dha an fhreagairt a thoirt: "Dean foighidinn beagan; thig na feunad-airean an deagh àm."

An ùine ghoirid thàinig sinn gu ceann na slighe. Air thoiseach oirnn bha sloc domhain. An àite staidhir bha sleamhnachan gu teumadh air. Bha'n sleamhnachan air a dheanamh de fhiodh. Bha e cho ainm-leathann ri fàradh; ach, an àite rongais, bha treasa maide air a leagadh a sìos an meadhon, agus, mar ùrlar, gus na trì maidean a chumail 'n an àite gu dìongmhalta, bha maidean beaga tarsuing, air an taobh gu h-ìosal. Bha ròpa air gach taobh gu greim a dheanamh air leis na làmhnan anns an dol a sìos.

Shuidh a' cheud mheinneadair air an rong mheadhoin, le cas air gach taobh air an ùrlar fhiodha. Thug e air Dòmhnall dol air a cheart seòl air a cùlaibh, agus greim daingean a ghabhail air amhach a' chòta le aon làimh. Shuidh mise air cùlaibh Dhòmhnall, a' gabhail greim air a chòtasan. Shuidh an sin Ciorstan, agus air a cùlaibh-sa bha Màisi. B'ann a nis a bha feum aca air na h-aparain leathair. Chuir iad na h-aparain fodhpa, air an rong mheadhoin, agus shuidh iad orra. Bha 'n rong cho sleamhain, le ùis, ri eigh, no gloidhe. Bha Peigi air tì suidhe air cùlaibh Màisi; ach shìn an sean mheinneadair, a bha cho càirdeil rithe, a ghàirdean am mach g'a bacadh.

"Théid thusa sìos leamsa," ars esan, le gàire 's an t-sùil. "Cha'n fhaod tuilleadh 's a' chòir dol sìos còmhla; dh' fhaodadh sin a bhi cunn-artach." Air dha so a ràdh sheas Peigi gu h-ùmhla air a h-ais.

Shleamhnaich sinn a sìos gu socair, athais-

each, seach eagal a chur air Ciorstan; agus ruig sinn an t-ìochdar gu tèaruine. Air dhuinn uile faighinn a rithis gu ar casan, rinn am meinneadair againne glaoth ris an fhear a bha gu h-àrd gu'n robh an rathad rèidh. "Seadh!" fhreagair am fear eile, "thig sinn am prioba!"

Sheas sinn mu'n cuairt aig cas an t-sleamhnachain le fiughair ri Peigi fhaicinn a' turn-adh cho socair 's a rinn sinn fhéin; ach mu'n gann a thog sinn ar sùilean—deis-dé!—bha i aig ar casan.

Chum an sean mheinneadair air a h-ais i a dh' aon obair; agus thàinig e leatha cho grad agus ged a thuiteadh iad as na speuran. Chaidh a' choinneal aice às, agus cha mhòr nach do stad a h-anail le luathas an t-sleamhnachaidh; ach, an uair a thàinig sinn uile mach le glag gàire, ghàir i fhéin cho cridheil ruinne.

"Cha b' urrainn domh thuigsinn," ars i, "c'arson a thuir an duine, dà uair thairis, an robh mi cinnteach gu'n robh greim dìong-mhalta agam air a chòta. An droch stic esan!"

Bha sinn a nis air ùrlar a b' isle, 300 troidh bhò sholus latha. Ris an làimh dheis bha dà shloc fharsuing, às an deachaidh an salann a chladhach. Bha'n sloc a bu lugha 50 troidh air doimhneadh; an aon eile 60 troidh. Air ar beulaibh, beagan shlatan uainn, bha bruach creagach ag éirigh mar bhalla. Fo'n chreig, a' ruith a nunn às an t-sealladh foidhe, bha cearcall de choinneal, mar chrìos rionnagan, a' lasadh suas oir lochain shàile. Thug so tomhas éiginn duinn air meudachd an lochain. Chaidh sinn chun ceadha beag, agus ghabh sinn a stigh do bhàt an aiseig.

Cha'n eil e comasach dealbha thoirt dhaibh-san nach fac a leithid, air cho dubh 's a tha coslas uisge far nach 'eil leus idir de sholus latha. Bha sinn a' seòladh mar air loch duibh. Ged a bha na coinnlean a' tilgeadh soluis fhann air, cha d' rinn iad ach an dùibhre 'dheanamh na b' fhollaisiche.

Dh' amhairc mi suas. Os ar ceann bha sgaoilte speur creige, cho ìosal gu'n do chuir mi suas mo làmh gu beantainn ris. Cha d' éirich grian no gealach riamh air; ni mò rinn sgiath eòin itealaich thairis air. Cha do thilg iasgair riamh a lion 's an lochan so, gu iasg a ghlacadh. Thum mi mo làmh anns an t-sàile, agus dh' fheuch mi e air bàrr na teanga. Bha e gu math na bu shailte na sàile a' chuain.

Dh' innis an sean mheinneadair gu'n robh feadain air an leagadh eadar an lochan so agus na bailtean uile mu'n cuairt, gu astar ceud mìle. Mar so, an teis-meadhon tìr-mòr na Roinn Eòrpa, bha e comasach do mhuinntir nam bailtean iad féin fhaicheadh an sàile. Mar so bha ionmhas dìomhair nan sléibhtean

a' craobh-sgaoileadh slàinte agus neirt air son a chinnidh-dhaonna.

Air dhuinn taobh thall an aiseig a ruigheachd, agus faighinn air tìr aon uair eile, dh' fharraid Peigi:

"An ann an so a tha na carbadan?"

"S ann dìreach an so a tha iad," fhreagair an sean mheinneadair. "Ach 's e 'cheud rud na coinnlean a thrusadh; cha bhi feum tuilleadh orra."

Air so a ràdh, thug e na coinnleirean uainn, agus chuir e iad a leth-taobh, air sgeilp 's a chreig.

Thugadh am follais, an sin, furm fada, caol. Bha e air a dheanamh de aon rong mìn fiodha, le cathair dà-làimh aig gach ceann deth. Bha'n dithis ag amharc an aon rathad. Bha cuibheall bheag air gach cas de na cathraichean, agus bha stiùir air a' chathair-mhòir air thoiseach. Thug sinn an aire gu'n robh slighe a-mh-leathann iarunn air a leagadh air an rathad. Chaidh na cuibhleachan a chur mar a bu chòir, air na slatan iarunn. Shuidh a' cheud mheinneadair air a' chathair toisich, agus ghlac e'n stiùir. Mharcaich Dòmhnall air an fhurm, air a chùlaibh, agus ghabh e greim daingeann air cùl na cathrach. Chaidh mis' air a chùlaibh-san, agus ghlac mi e mu'n mheadhon. Thàinig an sin Ciorstan agus na caileagan, aon ma seach, a' gabhail greim air meadhon na té air thoiseach oirre. An sin shuidh an sean mheinneadair air a' chathair aig an deireadh.

"A nis," ars e, "air na chunnaic sibh riamh na caraichibh làmh no cas; ach cumaibh ar làmhan glaiste mu chèile; ma ghluaisas sibh eang, cha'n abair mise ciod a thachras ma thuiteas sibh dheth."

Shéid e às a choinneal agus air falbh ghabh sinn 'n ar sgrìob, le luathas na gaoithe, 's le daìriche gun chiall, troimh an trannsa dhubh, dhòrcha. Thigeadh fead an so, agus sgread an sud an uair a bha sinn a' ruidhleadh seachad air na fosglaidhean 's a chreig.

Faodar bruidhinn mu chleas nam buidseach, a' dol troimh 'n adhar air sguabaich; ach, gun fhacal bréige, bha sinn cho fad' air adhart riù, a' marcachd air furm air an t-seòl so. Ciod a theireadh muinntir an Tairbeirt na'm faigh-eadh iad sealladh dhinn air sgéith 's an earradh so!

Chuala mi Ciorstan a' feuchainn glaoth a dheanamh rium; ach aon smid cha b' urrainn domh 'thuigsinn. Bha eagal mo chridh' orm gu'm feuchadh i ri gluasad air an dreòl, agus chuir mi aon làmh air mo chùlaibh gu greim a chumail oirre. Ghlaodh mi cho àrd 's a bh' agam: "Na caraich air na chunna tu riamh!" Ach 's gann a bha'm facal as mo bhilean an uair a leum sinn am mach às an duibhre gu soillse geal meadhon latha, agus leum sinn air

an ath tharruing, le cabhaig na nàire bhàrr ar steud-each lom.

“Eoghain!” arsa Ciorstan, “Na biodh a chridh’ agad innseadh do mhuinntir an Tairb-eirt gu’n do chuir sinn dhinn an cleas so. Cha robh mi idir toileach an t-aodach so ‘chur orm.”

“Tha mi deagh chreidsinn ma gheibh iad fios air gu’n toirear an làthair an t-seisein thu;” fhreagair mi.

“Ma tà,” arsa Dòmhnall, “ma ni iad sin ’s urrainn dòmhsa fianuis a thoirt a’d aghaidh, ’s bidh tu air do mhaslachadh.” Is mhaoidh e oirre le ’dhòrn.

Thug Ciorstan sealladh grad ’na aodann; dhùin i a beul, agus lean i Peigi agus Màisi do’n tighean air taobh thall an lòn.

Deich mionaidean ’na dhéigh sin bha sinn ’s a charbad ’n ar n-uidheam féin, air an rathad gu Loch-an-Rìgh.

LOCH-AN-RÌGH.

Ràinig sinn Loch-an-Rìgh mu dhà-uair-dheug. Am feadh a bha muinntir an tigh-òsda ’g ullachadh tràth bìdh dhuinn, chaidh gille leinn, le bàt’ iomram gu ar toirt gu ceann eile ’n loch. Cha ’n ’eil an loch tuilleadh na sè mìle air fad; ach tha na beanntan air gach taobh dheth cho brègha gu’m bheil e ainmeil mar an lochan is bòidheche ’s a Ghearmailt.

Bha beinn air an aon taobh mar bhalla corrach ag éirigh gu àirde 6000 troidh. Air an taobh eile bha bruthaichean feurach, le doireachan tana, am measg am faicteadh na féidh ag ionaltradh. Bha ’n taobh so 4000 air àirde. B’ ann air an làimh dheis dhinn a bha na bruchan corrach. Bha druim, astar uainn, air an robh coille ghiubhais. Na bu dlùithe bha meall maiseach creige a’ tilgeadh sgàile thruim air an loch, agus a’ folach na gréine uainn.

Chuir an gille mach am bàta, agus chum e fo’n dùbhra fhionnar cho fada ’s a b’ urrainn da. Bha Màisi ’n toiseach a’ bhàta, a’ tarruing a làimh troimh ’n uisge. Thilg si i féin air ais, a chum a cheud phlathadh de’n ghréin a ghlacadh air dhuinn a bhí ’fágail sgàil na creige. Thàinig glaoth as a bilean a thug oirnn uile tionndadh an rathad a bha ise ’g amharc. Air an druim, a bha nis ach beag os ar ceann, bha ’choille ghiubhais a’ boillsgeadh mar a’ ghrian a bh’ air a cùlaibh. Sheas gach craobh am mach air a cruth-atharrachadh gu solus fìorghlan. Cha robh de dhuirche ann an craoibh dhiùbh ach mar shnàithne caol, no mar chùl sgéime a’ ruith a suas an stoc; na geuga soillseach a’ gluasad a suas ’s a nuas fo oiteig shèimh.

Bha’n sealladh òirdheire na bu chothaiche ri taisbean nèamhaidh na ri ni bhiodh fuighair aig duin’ fhaicinn air thalamh. Cha chuala mi riamh iomradh air a leithid; mar sin

thàinig an sealladh orm gun fhios; ach an déigh dhuinn dol seachad air an àite às am faiceamaid a’ choille fo leithid de shoillse, agus a ghabh na craobhan an dath ’s an coslas coitcheann, dh’ innis na caileagan duinn gu’n do leugh iad na h-uile rud m’a dhéighinn ann an leabhar a sgriobh Iain Ruskin, agus a thuilleadh air sin, nach robh crann anns a’ choille a ghabhadh an cruth-atharrachadh ceudna, ach a mhàin an giubhas. Cha dì-chuimhnich mi gu bràth an sealladh glòrmhor. Lìon e ar sùil uibhir gur gann a thug sinn an aire do na féidh, no do na bruthaichean air an robh iad.

Thill sinn an deagh àm air son na dinneir; agus an déigh iasg ùr agus buntàta, agus cearc roiste, le peasair, fhaighinn, chum sinn air adhart air ar slighe; ged a thilg ar turus do’n mheinn beagan air ar n-ais sinn.

B’ ann a suas am monadh a bha’n rathad a’ dol. Thàinig an oidhche; ach bha sinn fathast gun cheann ar turuis a ruigheachd. Dh’ éirich a’ ghealach os ceann nan giubhas a bha tighm air timchioll air gach taobh. Bha e àillidh amharc a sìos air doimhne dubh-uaine na coille fodhainn, agus a suas air a’ ghealaich làin a’ snàmh thairis air barraibh nan crann rioghail, a bha còrr agus 120 troidh air àirde; seadh, bha cuid diubh eadar 140 agus 150 troidh.

Bha sinn a’ fàs acrach an uair a tharruing an carbadair a suas aig tigh geal, air mullach uchdain, le gualann a’ mhonaidh ag éirigh air a chùlaibh. Ghabh e trì gu leth uairean an uaireadair, a’ dìreadh gun sgur, gus an tigh-òsda so a ruigheachd.

Chuir e faobhar air ar càil tighinn cho fada troimh àile glan fionnar na beinne, agus bha sinn tàingeil cupan teth tea fhaotainn gun dàil. Bha sinn mar an ceudna taingeil na bh’ againn de bhreacain a chàrnadh thairis oirnn an déigh dol a laidhe, oir bha smior anns an osaig a thàinig a stigh air na h-uinneagan.

Cha robh brat air na h-ùrlair, ach bha iad cho glan ri bòrd; cha robh pàipear air na ballachan ach bha iad cho geal ’s a dheanadh aol iad. ’S an àite fhuar, lom, ghlan so, cha bu luaithe bha ar ceann ris an adhart na thuit sinn ’n ar suain chadail.

AN STEALLAIRE.

Chaidil mi tuilleadh ’s fada ’s a’ mhaduinn, agus an uair a dhùisg mi cha robh Dòmhnall aig mo thaobh. Chaidh mi ’n uidheam, agus thog mi orm gu sealladh a ghabhail air an dùthaich gus an tigeadh àm braiceis.

Dhìrich mi frith-rathad a bha treòrachadh gu oirbearraidh chais. Os mo cheann bha stùcan liath na beinne ’g éirigh às na neòil. Fodham bha na coillteam troimh ’n d’ thàinig sinn air an oidhche chaidh seachad, a linndeachadh a’ choire mu’n cuairt. Làimh rium bha allt

a' leum car fichead troidh a sìos do'n choire. Troimh sgàile nan giubhas bha, fada shìos, fosgladh anns am facar steallaire a' tuiteam le toirm a lion an coire le fuaim bhinn.

Bha mi 'dearcadh air an t-sealladh so le tlachd an uair a thàinig Màisi, agus a sheas i làimh rium.

"Am faca sibh Peigi?" dh' fheòraich i.

"Ma tà cha'n fhaca: 'bheil i air chall?" arsa mise.

"Dh' fhalbh i mach dìreach air dhomh dùsgadh, agus shaoil leam gu'm faighinn i'n àit-'èiginn dlùth làimh."

"A cheart nì a thachair riumsa 'thaobh Dhòmhnuill. Bidh iad air falbh a' sràidim-eachd; ach cò aig tha fios c' àite!"

"Tiugainnibh," arsa Màisi, "agus théid sinne sràid leinn fhéin; cha bhí 'm biadh deas fad leth-uair fhathast; rachamaid sìos chun an steallaire sin!" agus thug Màisi taruing air mo làimh.

Bha 'm frith-rathad a' teurnadh a' bhruthaich chun na coille. Chaidh sinn a sìos an leathad; Màisi làn toil-inntinn leis na flùragan bòidheach de nach fac i 'n leithid riamh gus a nis. Bha aon dùbhl de ghuirme cho trom, agus de chumadh cho àluinn gu'n d' thàinig na deòir 'n a sùilean gorm féin ag amharc air. Bha e air lith an speur an uair is guirme e. Bha foghnan an sin air nach robh fad òirlich de chas. Bha e suas gus an amhach anns an talamh. B' ann le m' sgian a gheàrr mi 'n ceann deth, o mheasg nan duilleagan sgaoilte eadar e 's an làr. Bha Màisi mar gu'n d' fhuair i cùnnradh anns gach blàth ùr a choinn-ich i.

Bha sinn a' dlùthachadh ris an Steallaire, agus thug sinn sùil troimh na geugan tiugha an rathad a bha e. Bha ceò ag éirigh às an amar anns an robh e tuiteam, agus bha 'fhuaim cho àrd gu'm b' fheudar ar guth a thogail an labhairt r'a chéile. Troimh 'n cheò chunnaic sinn gu'n robh cuideiginn air an àite ruigh-eachd air thoiseach oirn.

"S iad Dhòmhnull is Peigi a th' ann!" arsa Màisi.

"S iad a th' ann gu dearbh!" arsa mise, 'g amharc air a' chàraid a bha trang a' bruidhinn; is e 'n a suidhe air stoc craoibhe bh' air tuiteam; esan a' leigeadh a thaic ri craoibh làimh rithe.

Thug sinn an aire d' a chéile aig an aon àm. Dh' éirich Peigi, 's thàinig i 'n a leum 'n ar còmhail.

"Seadh gu dearbh! Is gasda theich sibh as an rathad," arsa mise, a' tighinn air adhart.

"Seadh gu dearbh!" fhreagair Dhòmhnull, agus nach gasda 'thàinig sibhe air ar lorg! Fhuair sibh a mach an t-slighe cheudna!"

Sheas sinn càraid mhionaidean aig bruaich an t-sruth, a' gabhail a stigh àilleachd an

àite; an sin thionndaidh sinn a dhìreadh an uchdain chun ar braiceis. Chaidh na caileagan gu h-eutrom air thoiseach oirn, mar dhà eilid a suas ri taobh na beinne.

"Eoghain!" arsa Dhòmhnull a' tionndadh 's ag amharc orm eadar an dà shùil, "tha rud-éiginn agam ri ràdh riut, agus tha mi 'n dòchas nach diùlt thu éisdeachd rium. Bha e'm bheachd, air dhomh tilleadh gu'm dhùthaich, bean a thaghadh o mheasg nan caileagan Gàidhealach. Mur 'eil dad agads' am aghaidh, cha ruig mi leas feitheamh gus an téid mi dhachaidh. Air na h-uile dòigh air an gabhar i, cha'n'eil aon, tha leam, is freagarraiche no is gaolaiche na do nighean fhéin."

"Stad! Stad!" arsa mise, "Na rach na's fhaide. Cha'n'eil dad agam a'd aghaidh mar dhuine; ach tha leam gu'm bheil Mairead tuilleadh 's òg air son duine thàinig gu d' inbhe-sa. Cuimhnich gu'n robh thu fhéin 's mise 's an sgoil còmhla."

"Bha; ach tha fhios agad gu'm bheil mi còrr agus deich bliadhna na 's òige na thusa, agus gu'n do phòs thu glé ghoirid an déigh dhomh 'n dùthaich fhàgail. Cha'n'eil mi 'm ghiullan, cinnteach gu leòir; ach mur 'eil dad aice-se 'm aghaidh, an tilg thusa cnap-starra 's an rathad?"

"Cha'n'eil fhios agam gu ro mhath ciod a their mi!"

"Eisd riumsa," arsa Dhòmhnull a rithis, "Tha fios agam gur nì mòr a tha mi 'g iarraidh ort; ach smuaintich air an aoibhneas a bheir-eadh e dhòmhsa do nigheansa fhaighinn! Nighean mo charaid; caileag Ghàidhealach, às a' bhail' againn fhéin. Bhiodh boirionnach 's am bith eile,—ciod air bith cho math 's a dh' fhaodadh i 'bhi,—mar choireach dhomh a nis, an déigh an spéis a th' agam do Pheigi."

Bha sinn air an tigh a ruigeadh; mar sin cha robh tuilleadh cothrom air bruidhinn mu'n chùis aig an àm; ach 's e 'thàinig às, gu'm faca mi gu'n robh taobh blàth aig Mairead ri'm shean charaid. Shocruch sinn nach biodh ceangal eatorra gus am biodh Dhòmhnull greis aig an tigh. Mur tachradh e air té bu docha leis, dh' aontaicheadh a mathair agus mise gu'n tilleadh i leis do'n dùthaich chein a bha nis dha mar dhachaidh.

Goirid 'n a dhéigh sin thill sinn dachaidh do'n Tairbeart; oir cha robh fonn air Ciorstan no ormsa dol na b' fhaide. Bha e goirt oirn an caileag a chall.

Tha greis uaith sin. Air son Dhòmhnuill dheth, cha do chòrd nighean eile ris ach a' cheud té air an do leag e shùil. Cha robh atharrach air ach strìochdadh, agus Mairead a thoir suas dha, a chionn cha b' fhiù leatha gille 's a' bhaile làimh ri Dhòmhnull.

Tha mi 'n dòchas nach do sgithich mi sibh leis a' chuid mu dheireadh so do'm naigheadh;

ach faiceadh sibhse, cha'n'eil uair a chuimhn-icheas mi air meinn an t-salainn nach tig na thachair air an ath mhaduinn an dèigh fhaicinn, air ais a'm inntinn mar gu'm b'ann an dé a bha e.

Eadar aon ni agus ni eile, fhuair Ciorstan is mise air ar turas na dh'fhoghnas dhuinn an iomadh latha so.

Ghléidh Ciorstan di fhéin gus an latha 'n diugh an seòrs' uidheam 's an deachaidh i troimh Mheinn an t-Salainn, air eagal, na'n rachadh an naigheachd am beul mnathan an Tairbeirt, gu'n toirteadh air beulaibh an t-seisein i.

A' chrìoch.

CAINNT AGUS DUTHAICH.

(Language and Country.)

By MAJOR MATHESON, LEWIS CASTLE,
STORNOWAY.

A RECENT letter in the *Times* signed "Charles Stewart" reminds us of the attempts which we all made in our extreme youth to stay the flowing tide with a little rampart of sand. There must be something after all in a name. It was a Charles Stewart who went to the scaffold in the courage of his convictions of Divine Right; it was our very own Charles Stewart who, in his convictions of inalienable right, made that ever glorious bid for a crown; and now we have a Charles Stewart, alone and unaided, rushing in where those, who "are neither few, nor foolish, nor obscure," feared to tread.

We are not now, however, concerned with the statements made in that letter, though some of them are remarkable enough. Take this one:—"They (European languages) are infinitely richer in their history and literature than our own poor unscientific Gaelic." *Theara 's a ghaoil! thug sin barr air na chunnaic duine riamh!* This of a language which possessed works of poetry, learning, and science, co-eval with the earliest remains of other countries! Gaelic writings were known and valued on the continent in very early days, and a writer of the sixteenth century, speaking of it as being then old, says:—"The poetis makis poetis, offering to their eruditoun and science, with mony gret cerimonyis. Beside mony craftis and science, quhilkis thay have translatit in thair awin tounge, thay profess maist the science of medcinary, and ar richt excellent in it. Thay that spekis with the auld tounge hes thair asperatioun, thair diptongis, and thair pronounciatioun, better than ony other pepill." Every schoolboy now knows that MSS. in Gaelic exist which go back to at least

the eighth century, and their contents were probably written originally in the third or fourth centuries. And more, they show that there existed then an elegance of thought and a chivalry of conduct no whit behind the most famous classical epics. What if anarchy and civil war, the hand of the invader and of enemies of our race, ruthlessly destroyed in every direction valuable libraries and private documents, still enough remains to form overwhelming evidence of the ancient pre-eminence of the language.

But, as has been said, we are not now concerned with that letter so much as anxious to draw attention to one or two points in which, perhaps, we may strengthen our claim for recognition of the Gaelic language, and better avert hostile criticism. Let us take the instance of a person coming fresh to the language and anxious to acquire it. Probably he will start with the idea, not uncommon in the south, that it is a phonetic jargon evolved from the mists of Northern Europe, and entirely unconnected with the river of speech which flowed from the East westward over the world. It will be a surprise to him to find the large number of words common to the Latin languages and to other European tongues, and also words having a Hebrew and Sanscrit root. But this is by the way. The points to which it is desired to refer are as follows:—First, he will provide himself with grammar and dictionary, but it will not be long before he finds that one dictionary is not sufficient, and then that a second may be supplemented by a third. This is not due to local dialects, which exist in all spoken languages, but to the fact that so many writers, even those of acknowledged authority, use words so different in form and spelling as to be almost unrecognisable by the novice. He will ask whether this may not be due partly to the use of form and spelling which are more properly Irish, and partly to the use of a more colloquial style of writing than is worthy of serious compositions. The appeal is not a new one, but he will appeal for more universal agreement on this point and for closer adherence to a classic standard.

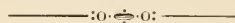
Again, having acquired some book knowledge of the language he will look for literature to improve his powers, anxious to explore the new world of thought opening up to him, and it will be a disappointment to find how large an amount of current Gaelic literature is devoted solely to absolute trivialities, fairy tales, commonplace anecdotes, and even, in order to fill a column, translations from the English. He will take in, say two magazines, but after whetting his appetite he will have to wait impatiently for their next issue. There

are plenty of talented Gaelic writers, will they not supply this undoubted want in current Gaelic literature? History affords them a large field, and the historical novel is a suggestion for a new departure offered to the William Blacks and the Stevensons of the Gaidhealtachd.

Thirdly, another surprise awaits him. In his reading he will meet with idioms he cannot master, and he will turn for explanation to his Gaelic-speaking friends. What a revelation to find that a large number of them, even those who have spoken it from boyhood, cannot read a word of it! Is not this a reproach? Is it not an opening which the enemy may fairly take advantage of? Every true Gael should feel the reproach, and if the watch-word "Cainnt agus Dùthaich" is anything to him, he should not delay a week till he has wiped it away. It is a strong argument for the necessity of Gaelic-speaking teachers, so that the younger generation, who even now speak it, may also read it and write it correctly.

If we recognise the disadvantages of the shortcomings referred to, if we see ourselves as others see us, and realise the impression made by them on an impartial observer, we shall, if we remedy them, make a distinct step forward. Do we need an incentive? Then think for a moment what the Gaelic language is. Centuries and centuries ago it was the language of all Scotland. It had a beautiful and cultivated literature. Centuries ago, and still it was the language of Court and people. Centuries ago, some seven or eight, and the decline began; it ceased to be the language of the Court and of the nobles, slowly it was driven backward to the hills and the glens, its literature was swept away, its form as expressed in written characters, faded and faded and failed. And yet—and yet, strange marvel it did not die! Divorced from writing, divorced from culture, it lived on. For four five, six, centuries it lived on, lived on, on the lips and in the hearts of the people, and that people the Gael. What an inheritance! What man is there that would let that light which, unfed and untended, still kept burning through the centuries, now flicker out. Marvellous language that could so survive! And what of the people? Marvellous people, that in mind and memory alone—yes, may we not add love, love of country—could keep that language a living language, and hand it down to this generation unsullied and unchanged. Enshrined in it are their history, their faith, their deeds, their ambitions, these all of the past; enshrined in it are still their faith, their aspirations, their joys, their sorrows, their needs, these all of the present. We Gaels, whose pride it is that we

are one race, one family, high and low alike of one blood, determine that it shall not die.



GAELIC TECHNICAL TERMS.

Aithearnach, idem; land ploughed for a second crop, M'L. & D.

Raghar, radhar, an arable field not in tillage; in Perthshire it appears to mean sometimes grazing ground enclosed between the arable land and the open moor.

Glasach, lea-land; fiadhair, idem.

Glasra, glasradh, glastrach, idem.

Glas-mhagh, glas-ghort, idem:

Fearann-bàn, idem; fallow-ground.

Bàn, fallow ground.

Banbh, banbhan, land unploughed for a year.

Sean-talamh, a fallow field, land long unploughed, 'old lea.'

Glasraich, convert into meadows or pasture land, lay under grass.

Terms descriptive of the physical appearance or character of land fill an important place in pastoral life but are too numerous to enumerate and differentiate here. Those applicable to flat or comparatively flat grassy ground must suffice.

Blàr, a field, 'spot.'

Dail, a 'haugh,' low-lying level land by a stream.

Faiche, a green, a field.

Fèdran, a green, green land by a stream.

Glasanach, a grassy plain.

Magh, a field, a plain.

Miad, miadan, miadar, a meadow, grassy plain, mead.

Mìn-fheur, a meadow, soft or smooth grass.

Réidhlean, a green, a level plain.

Ailean, cluain, làna, lòn, lunnan (Perthshire), grassy holm, a green, a meadow; primarily, oozy or marshy ground. Cluain, however, is often if not indeed always applied to sloping land. Lòn goes through all the gradations of meaning, mud, morass, marsh, meadow, lawn, and in certain districts also means a sluggish brook such as often flows through marshy ground.

CULTIVATION.

Crannarachd, ploughing, art of ploughing, Perthshire.

Treabh, delve, plough; till with spade or plough.

Aitich, idem; occupy, inhabit.

Ruamhair, dig, delve; brutaich, idem.

Bùraich, dig lightly, irregularly.

Brucaich, dig, turn ground irregularly or imperfectly.

Bruid, bruidich, bruidlich, dig, stir up ground by a sort of digging or prodding.

Cladhaich, tochail, ceachail, dig, trench, excavate.

Ar, crann, to plough, till.

Dearg, make red, turn the soil, plough, delve.

Dearg, talamh-dearg, ploughed land.

Gort-threabhadh, a ploughing.

Eilgheadh, a first ploughing that requires to be followed by a second to prepare the land for seed; levelling a field for sowing; fallow ground. Ploughing the stubble, West Ross-shire, etc.

Ar meadhonach, second ploughing, Islay.

Bàn, left hand side of a furrow.

Dearg, red, or right hand side.

Gruaidh, edge of a furrow.

Sgrìob, a furrow in ploughing.

Clais, furrow between tilled ridges.

Iomair, imir, a ridge of tilled land.

Feannag, màg, idem; the kind of ridge called a lazy-bed.

Gead, idem; ridge in a croft, West Ross-shire.

Putag, small ridge.

Ceann-iomaire, head-ridge.

Ceann-mhàg, ceannag, idem.

Bonnchart, a balk, land between two ridges.

Balc, bailc, a balk, boundary; ridge of earth between two furrows.

Cnocaid, a land-mark, boundary, balk.

Cnaimh-crìche, idem.

Puta-fuaraidh, first sod or spadeful of a furrow in delving; also called ceap-fuaraidh, both West Ross-shire.

—:o:—

GU'M BU SLAN DO NA GILLEAN.

GLEUS Eò.

{		:r.,r		f.,s	:l		d'.l		}
		Gu'm bu		slàn do	na		gillean		

{		:s.l		s.,m	:r		d	:r.m	}
		Thug an		linne	mu		thuath	orra.	

{		d'	:l,l.-		d	:r.,	}
		Hao	rithill		a	hó;	

{		d'	:l,l.-		d	:r.,	}
		Na	hì		éil	e;	

{		d'	:l,l.-		d	:r	
		S na	hì		a	hó.	

Annas a' bhàta dhuibh, dharaich,
'S ro-mhath ghearradh i 'n fuaradh.

Ge b' e rachadh g'an tilleadh,
Bhiodh an iomairt glé chruaidh orra.

Bhiodh leus air am basan,
Is lasan 'nan gruaidhean.

Bha Eóghan is Ailein,
Is Alasdair Ruadh ann.

Bha Eóghan Mac Phàraig,—
Cùl fainneach nan dual, ann.

Dé ma chaidh do bhàthadh,
Bu ro-mhath 'n snàmhaiche cuain thu.

'S math a shnàmhadh tu 'n linne,
Eadar Muile is Suaineart.

Och nan och, mar a thà mi,
'S mi air àiridh 'n Gleann-cuaiche!

Mi leigeil nan gobhar
'S a' bleoghan cruaidh ghuaill-fhinn.

Ciamar gheibh mi nochd cadal
'S mi air leaba gun chluasaig?

'N déigh na fhuair mi dhroch cleachd-
'N àm leantainn nan uaislean. [adh

'N uair bhiodh neapaicean sìoda
Cumail dìon air mo ghuailllean.

Tha mise 'gam leònadh
'S gun mi chòir mo chuid sluagh-se.

—:o:—

ONLY A MEDLEY.

GAELIC is flourishing! Of that there can be no doubt. The outlook for our language and race was never brighter or more full of promise than it is at the present moment. That ignorant and short-sighted policy which led to the all but total banishment of Gaelic from the schools is gradually giving way before more rational and enlightened ideas. In many parishes in the Highlands and Islands, school managers, realising the valuable educational possibilities contained in the language, desire to afford facilities for teaching it, and with this end in view, they are advertising for Gaelic-speaking teachers to fill vacancies on their school staff. The heresy which had been steadily inculcated into the hearts and minds of parents and children these many decades past that a knowledge of Gaelic, far from being an acquisition, was a decided hindrance to success in profession, trade, or employment of any sort, has been pretty thoroughly exposed and its absurdity made so manifest that only those who hate the language can believe it. Many of the influences which tended to make the race and language generous, gracious, noble and inspiring in the past, are being revived through the zeal and earnestness of societies and private individuals who believe that in fostering the Gaelic language they are also fostering the best traits in the character of the Highland people. Many Highlanders who had few opportunities of studying their mother-tongue in youth, are now perusing grammar and lexicon with diligence. Many, whose mother-tongue was not Gaelic, have come so much under the spell of that beautiful language that they study it assiduously, and when occasion offers, they spend weeks in

some remote Gaelic-speaking district in order to acquire fluency in speaking, as well as ease in reading and writing Gaelic. The plaintive melodies with their undercurrent of passion, the dainty lyrics, the tender love songs which charmed our forbears as they must charm every true Gael who hears them sung, are once again being sung by our young men and maidens, by our boys and girls. These songs once again enter many homes from which they had been long banished through a mistaken zeal for righteousness, they are found in the musical programme of not a few of our public schools, and wherever they are sung in Gaeldom they are an inspiration to the old, a delight to the young. A language that has the freshness and vigour of youth though it is more than twenty centuries old ; whose poetry and music have power to calm as well as to excite the strongest emotions, to inspire the loftiest ideas, to enkindle the noblest ambitions ; a language whose extensive vocabulary of terms of endearment indicate how strong is the Gael's love of kindred and home ; a language instinct with the spirit of devotion, reverence and chivalry ; such a language is Gaelic, and if it receive but fair treatment at the hands of the sons and daughters of the race it cannot but flourish.

* * *

Gaelic is flourishing ! The *Times* of July 21st affords excellent proof of our assertion. On that day, the great London journal devoted a leading article of very considerable length to the Gaelic language movement in Scotland. It is surely a remarkable circumstance that this, the greatest daily paper in the world, a paper that sometimes discusses the rise and fall of governments in a column, describes an appalling catastrophe in the compass of a few paragraphs, often omits reference other than its parliamentary report, to matters of national importance discussed in our Houses of Legislature, should devote a column and a quarter of prominent space to a vigorous denunciation and an alarmist criticism of the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools. Than this adverse criticism from the *Times* nothing could be a more sincere testimonial to the sanity and practical utility of our language movement and the wide spread interest it excites in all ranks and classes throughout the Kingdom. Our heartiest thanks are due to Mr. Charles Stewart whose letter to the *Times*, having missed the mark intended, has been directly instrumental in conferring upon all workers in the Gaelic field in Scotland a recognition at the hands of the great London organ which they did not expect quite so soon. That gentleman's letter is singular. On reading it one could not help thinking the poet Gray had persons like Mr. Stewart in his mind's eye when he wrote :—

"Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign
And unknown regions dare descry ;
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy."

Mr. Stewart must have been "snatching a fearful joy" when he wrote that he expressed the opinions of persons who are "neither few, nor foolish, nor obscure." If he does not quite convince us as to the characteristics of those he represents, there is

no doubt he made a creditable attempt to round off a neat alliteration which would have been perfect had he substituted "flippant" for "obscure." His letter has a mighty semblance of cleverness ; it is, doubtless, quite sincere from his standpoint. He declares he loves the literature, music and traditions of the Gael, but from his letter, it is evident he loves these best when they lie buried and forgotten in some musty library, or repose amidst the dust and rubbish of some unopened family archives. The arguments he brings forward in opposition to the teaching of Gaelic are neither new nor convincing. We have been acquainted with them for a generation at the very least. We have even suffered bodily harm for our inability to carry them into effect when as a pugnacious youngster we, one day, forgot the Draconian law of our schoolmaster that no Gaelic be spoken even in the playground, with the result that we gave vent to our fierce exultation in meeting "a foeman worthy of our fists," in very voluble and forcible Gaelic !

* * *

The space at our disposal is so limited that we can do no more than indicate what, in our opinion, are the weaknesses of Mr. Stewart's arguments. He poses as an out-and-out utilitarian. He will not (if he can help it) permit a moment of the short school life of the Highland child to be wasted in learning Gaelic since that language has no commercial value and will in no way help the speaker of it to procure employment ! He asserts that Gaelic is a poor unscientific language—poor in history and literature, poor in terms relating to science, the mechanical and cultured arts—and he says that the educational value of the mental exercise of acquiring it is not to be compared to that of acquiring a knowledge of the classics or of a modern language ! He assures us that there is no desire on the part of parents to have it taught to their children. His eagle eye has roamed over the Gaelic region from the Butt of Lewis to the Firth of Clyde, and he finds in that extensive area very few schools where a teacher of Gaelic is necessary ! This is the Gospel according to Mr. Stewart. That gentleman, however, appears to have forgotten that the 25,000 children for whom we hope to provide Gaelic-speaking teachers are already Gaelic speakers ; that the majority of them do not understand a word of English when they go to school ; and that the teachers in the Gaelic area, with few exceptions, are unable to understand the language of the children. Under these circumstances *quite a slice of the short school life must be wasted* in the mutual efforts of teacher and taught to understand one another, for until they do so progress is impossible. That slice would have been saved had the child been taught by a teacher who knew Gaelic and could make clear to him, through his mother-tongue, the difficulties which stood in his way. Gaelic is the language of 170 large and fairly populous parishes in Scotland. None but Gaelic-speaking clergymen must be appointed to these. It is quite as necessary that the teachers, doctors and lawyers appointed be Gaelic-speaking, and many of them are. Most merchants and tradesmen in the area, and they are "neither few, nor foolish, nor obscure," must speak Gaelic in order to transact business intelligently. To all these, Gaelic is, un-

doubtedly, of commercial value, and just because of their knowledge of it they are able to find employment. And as Gaelic is in no immediate danger of dying very many Gaelic-speaking persons will continue to find remunerative employment in the Highland area. English is quite as unscientific as Gaelic and much less valuable to the philologist. It was equally poor in technical and scientific terms until it had borrowed these from several other languages. There is no law that we know of, to prevent Gaelic from borrowing such terms. To talk about Gaelic history and literature being poor is absurd! Why, the Gaelic manuscripts preserved from the 8th century afford evidence of a wonderful literary activity on the part of the Gaels at a time when some of the modern nations of Europe had not yet felt the breath of a national life, and when there was certainly no Stewart in Appin! It ought not to be necessary to tell anyone that the mental exercise of acquiring Gaelic is of the same nature and of the same intellectual value as that of acquiring any other language, be that language ancient or modern. Mr. Stewart greatly errs when he says that parents evince no desire to have their children taught Gaelic. They evince a very keen desire indeed now that they begin to realise the value and advantage of a bilingual system (Gaelic and English) of instruction in the schools. When the Oban School Board recently expressed its readiness to provide facilities for the teaching of Gaelic in the High School, the great majority of the parents in the town signified their intention to have their children avail themselves of these facilities. At Inverness, this session, so keen was the parents' desire to have Gaelic taught their children that the teachers were not able to cope with the numbers who voluntarily attended Gaelic classes. These are fairly large centres of population, but the same spirit prevails in many of the parishes and districts throughout the *Gaidhealtachd*. It needs no prophet to foretell it, for already the cry is "*Suas leis a' Ghaidhlig*."

* * *

During the week ending Saturday, 11th August, the Irish language was much in evidence in Dublin, the special occasion being the holding of the Tenth Oireachtas in that city. This function was quite as brilliant and successful as in any former year. The attendance, which included an Indian Maharajah and members of the Japanese Legation in London, was larger than ever. Representatives from Scotland, Wales, Chicago and Bolivia were present and delivered stirring addresses. On the opening day Dr. Douglas Hyde was elected, for the fourteenth time in succession, President of the Ard-Fheis, an honour which he well deserves and which he highly appreciates. So far as the literary section was concerned there was a falling off in the number of competitors as compared with last year, but this was more than balanced by the increase in the number of those who entered for the dialogue and story-telling competitions. There was also a slight falling off in the number of choirs competing. One of the features of the gathering was the representation of a four-act play in *Irish* which was well received by a very large audience.

* * *

During the last week of this month we hope every Gael and every well-wisher of the Gael and his

language will discover that every road leads to Oban. Beautiful at all times, Oban is delightful in September and will be very specially so on this occasion. For, beginning on Wednesday, the 26th inst., the fifteenth Mod of An Comunn Gaidhealach, will be held on that and the two succeeding days, and fellow Gaels, we must make this Mod the greatest and grandest success possible! By so doing we shall testify that the Gaelic language movement is not merely a matter of sentiment but a matter of the most practical importance, a matter worth working earnestly for, worth sacrificing much for. The number of entrants for the different competitions is equal to that of former years and there will be one or two new features. H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, is expected to be present and to perform the opening ceremony. Our readers may confidently depend upon a hearty reception and a warm welcome from our Oban friends.

* * *

In addition to many interesting articles and new features the October number of *An Deo-Ghreine* will contain a valuable article on "THE ARCH-ANGEL MICHAEL AMONG THE CELTS," from the pen of Mr. William Mackay, Solicitor, Inverness.

—:O:—

NOTES FROM OUR WATCH-TOWER.

THE Stewarts as a clan do not all object to the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools. The Clan Stewart Society of Winnipeg, Manitoba, concerning whose doings we gave a report in a recent issue of "*An Deo-Ghreine*," held a meeting in that city on the 2nd July last, and apropos of *Feill a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealach*, came to the following conclusion, according to the "Canadian Scotsman":—"The special committee appointed at the previous meeting in connection with the proposed Highland Colonial Bazaar to be held in Glasgow in aid of the movement for the encouragement of the Gaelic language and literature and Highland industries, reported favourably, and the project received the hearty endorsement of the clansmen. The services of Mr. J. W. Matheson, the famous Gaelic singer, have been secured for a concert to be held here in the Fall in furtherance of the matter."

* * *

We are most anxious to keep in touch with, and hear of, the welfare of any members of An Comunn Gaidhealach, Mod prize-winners, and all who love the Gaelic language, Gaelic music and song, and who may have emigrated to distant countries. Mr. Fraser of the British Linen Bank, Stornoway, has therefore greatly obliged and conferred a favour on us in forwarding for publication the following interesting particulars, which he entitles—"Mod competitors gone to other lands":—

Among the stream of emigrants from this country to foreign lands, during the past two years, have been several of the prize winners in the musical competitions at our Mod gatherings. In April last, Mr. John MacLeod, gold medalist at the Dingwall Mod, one of the very best Gaelic singers in Scotland, and a most popular Highlander, sailed for Canada, to take up his abode there permanently. Shall we ever forget the musical power and rousing effect

with which he sung "Cabar-feidh" at the Mod concert last year. And how appropriate to sing the clan-song of the Mackenzies, with its biting sarcasm against the Munros, in the capital of Ross-shire—in almost the very heart of the Mackenzie and Munro country.

Mr. Hugh MacLeod (another of the MacLeod family), also a Mod prize winner, and a sweet and most promising singer, left Inverness for New Zealand in November last. At St. Pancras Station, London, he had a most hearty send-off from members of the Stornoway Gaelic Choir, who were then in London.

We are pleased to hear of another prize-winner, an enthusiast for the songs and language of the Gael—Mr. John H. Matheson, of Valtos, Uig, Lewis—who emigrated to the United States over a year ago. He is presently along with others engaged in the ponderous undertaking of bridging *The Devil's Lake*, North Dakota. From the April number of the "Fiery Cross" of Boston, Mass., we observed that at the last annual Burns' concert in Duluth, Mr. Matheson, who was dressed in Highland costume, "sung Gaelic songs in a manner never excelled." He quite electrified the Duluth Highlanders by his fine rendering of "*Caol Muile*" and "*An Gleann 'san robh mi og*." Recalled he gave "*Duthaich nan Craobh*" and "*Hè ro mo nighean donn Bhoideach*." But this did not suffice, the blood of the Duluth Highlanders, among whom were scores of Lewismen, was up, and they shouted for "*Mairi Laghach*," that sweet and perhaps most widely known song in the Gaelic language, the famous composition of John Macdonald, at one time tacksman of Crobeg, Lewis. Nor is it any wonder that Lewismen, in a foreign land, should be moved by this song. How often they were lulled to sleep to its sweet strains! And were their parents not the friends, if not the companions, of the fair haired "*Mairi Laghach*." Well done, John Matheson! Keep it up! "*Suas leis a' Ghaidhlig*"!

"Ard sheinnibh a cliu ann am bardachd 's an ceol, 'S na leigibh le coimhich a masladh r'ar beo."

Close up the ranks! Close up the ranks! The best men are leaving us, but they unfurl the banner in other lands. There is plenty of talent in the Highlands to worthily fill their places. To Oban, then, Highlanders in September next in your thousands and make this year's Mod the most successful that has ever been held.

"Clannaibh nan Gaidheil an guallibh a cheile
Faicidh a tighinn iad 's farum 'nan ceuman
Bratach na Gaidhlig a nis air a sgaoileadh
Clannaibh nan Gaidheil an guallibh a cheile."

CHILDREN'S COMPETITIONS.

THE Glasgow Fair Holidays, which empties that great city and sends many of its sons and daughters to coast and country, for upwards of a fortnight, affected our printing office also, with the result that the printers being on holiday, the August issue of *An Deo-Ghreine* was delayed for a few days. Our children had not sufficient time therefore, to engage in the Children's Competition for this month. Perhaps the following explanation of home proverbs,

sayings and phrases may be of interest to our juvenile readers:—

"*Giving quarter*." This saying originated from an agreement between the Dutch and Spaniards that the ransom of an officer or soldier should be a quarter of his pay. Accordingly to "beg quarter" was to offer a quarter of their pay for their safety, and to "refuse quarter" was not to accept that composition as an offer.

"*Good wine needs no bush*." This is a well-known proverb and alludes to the bush which was usually hung out at a wine-seller's shop—a vintner's shop it used to be called. It is not, however, so well known that the bush should be *ivy* according to classic propriety. The ivy was sacred to Bacchus, the god of wine and mirth. Many of our old writers specially name the ivy bush. At most public houses and beer shops and other than wine-shops, a branch of elm, hazel, or any other appropriate tree was hung out.

"*Mad as a March hare*" is a saying almost as old as the above. Hares are said to be unusually wild in the month of March, which is their rutting time. We find "as mad as a March hare" occurring in Heywood's epigrams about the middle of the sixteenth century.

We propose for next month's competition the well-known saying "A Baker's Dozen" Book prizes will be given to the best and next best explanations of this saying. If these explanations are correct they will appear in a future issue of *An Deo-Ghreine*.

MAGAZINE FUND.

We hope that our Appeal for Donations to this Fund will not be in vain. We are meantime doing our best to keep down expenses, and to work up towards a point of efficiency and sufficiency. Mr. Mackintosh, 17 Queensgate, Inverness, will acknowledge any donations for this object that may be sent to him. We very much need your help.

NOTICE.

All Gaelic contributions may be sent to the Conventer, Rev. M. Macdennan, B.D., 6 Polwarth Terrace, Edinburgh; and English contributions may be sent to Rev. D. MacGillivray, B.D., The Parish Manse, Petty, Inverness.

Communications re the Sale of the Magazine should be addressed to the Publisher, Eneas Mackay, 43 Murray Place, Stirling, and communications re Adverts. to Mr. T. D. MacDonald, Appin, Argyleshire.

The Editors take no responsibility in regard to rejected MSS.; but will be careful to return such as are accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

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