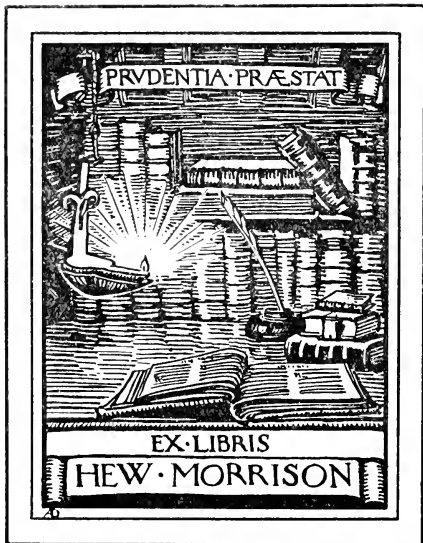




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I. LEABH.

2. AIR.

A. N.

# GAIDHEAL;

Paipeir-Naidheachd Agus Leabhar-Sgeoil.

DARA MIOS AN FHOGHAIR, 1871.

## CLAR-INNSIDH:

Mu na Seann Ghaidheil .....	19	Niagra .....	30
Mu Iompaireachd Shlua .....	20	An Len-Dubh .....	31
Naidheachdan .....	21	Seonaid, Flur Boidheach a Ghlinn. ..	31
Beatha-Eachdraidh Choluim Chille ..	23	Tuireadh Seann Fhleasgaca .....	32
Eigh O Chreig-Eileachaidh .....	24	Oisein: a 'Linn agus a Bhardachd ..	32
Dun bhrusg'igh agus Iain .....	25	Ro' na Chomhraig .....	33
Oran, ar Fogradh nan Gaidheal ..	26	Tuire' Fhinn airson Baile-Chluaidh ..	34
Caitream do Rìgh Tearlach, II. ..	27	Marb-rann .....	35
Canada .....	18	Laoidh, air Cor an Duine .....	36

“Gabhaibh—eolas thar an òr thaghta.”—GNATHFHOCAIL VIII 10.

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CONTENTS OF No. 2.

To our Readers	19	Niagara	40
About the Ancient Highlanders	19	The Black Bird	31
About the Chinese Empire	20	Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane	31
News	21	The Old Bachelor's Lament	32
Life of St. Columba—Continued	23	Ossian, his Time and his Poems	32
A Cry from Craigellachie	24	Just before the Battle	33
Dunbrus, ruigh and John	25	Pingal's Lament for the fall of Bal-Clyde	34
A Song on the Highland Evictions	26	Elegy on the Rev. P. McLean	35
A triumphal Song to King Charles II.	27	A Hymn on the State of Man	36
Canada	28		

ENGLISH SUPPLEMENT.

The Structure and Affinity of the Gaelic Language	37	Philological Enquiries	43
Remarks on Gaelic Orthography	40	Ossian	43
News of the Highlands and Islands	41	Burton's History of Scotland	44
Answers to Correspondents	42	To Our Subscribers	45
Kind Words for The Gael.—Opinions of the Press	42	Emigration to Canada—Advertisement	46

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AN


# G A I D H E A L ;

PAIPEIR-NAIDHEACHD

AGUS

LEABHAR-SGEOIL GAIDHEALACH.

A' CHEUD LEABHAR. ANNS AM BHEIL DÀ AIREAMH DHEUG.



“ Mar ghath seòl do m' anam fein  
Tha sgeula na Bèaich air a dh'fhalbh.”—OISEAN.

GLASCHU :

MAC-NEACAIL 'SA CHUIDEACHD.

1873.

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# CLAR-INNSIDH.

(CONTENTS OF VOL. I.)

	TAOBH.		TAOBH.
Abraich Ghlaschu, . . . . .	293	Pòsadh Thighearna Lathurna, . . . . .	15
Alba, eachdraidh, . . . . .	60	Pat O'Connor, . . . . .	257
Ardfhear foghlum Gailig, . . . . .	15	Réaltaireachd, . . . . .	225, 251,
Astralia, litir á, . . . . .	58		279, 307
Bantraichean, na trì, . . . . .	202	Roinnradh, . . . . .	1
Bàs naislean Gáidhealach, . . . . .	90	Rùn ar turuis, . . . . .	75
Callum a' Ghlinne, 167, 195, 231, 253,		Rùnasdach, litrichean bho, 113, 181,	
	281, 309		206, 319
Canada, . . . . . 13, 28, 56, 111, 179,	210	Samhlaidhean air nithean spioradail, 118	
Céum no dhá o'n Chagailt, . . . . .	151	Sgenlachdan, . . . . .	209, 285
Ceann-a-Ghiusaich, . . . . .	180, 228	Sgìre ma Cheallaig, . . . . .	146
Cogadh na Frainge, . . . . .	5	Sgrìos nam Pìocach, . . . . .	266
Colum-Cille, . . . . . 3, 23, 115		Sìna, mu ìompaireachd, . . . . .	20
Comunn Oiscineach Ghlaschu, . . . . .	91	Sìthichean, na, . . . . .	234
Comunn Gáidhealach Lunnainn, . . . . .	59, 236	Smuid Shoitheach, . . . . .	143, 172
Cosamhlachdan, . . . . .	240	Sop às gach seid, 95, 126, 155, 185, 214, 325	
Cuimhneachan, . . . . .	120	Thomas, Mrs Captein, . . . . .	57
Dubh a' Gliubhais, . . . . .	142	Toimhseachain, 11, 61, 94, 126, 155,	
Fáilte bho'n Olla Mac Aoidh . . . . .	91		185, 214, 314
— bho'n Sgiathanach, . . . . .	176	<b>BARDACHD.</b>	
— na Ban-Phrionnsa, . . . . .	60	Abhuinn Dùlais, . . . . .	237
Feillire, am, . . . . .	316	Bas Mhorair Chluaidh, . . . . .	125
Freagairtean, &c., 18, 60, 94, 127, 155,		— Sheanacherib, . . . . .	212
	185, 214, 242, 317	Beannachadh leannain, . . . . .	237
Gáidheil, na seann, 2, 19, 47, 70, 107,		Brasailte, . . . . .	259
	198, 228	Buaidh an t-Soisgeil, . . . . .	65
— Chamada, . . . . .	7	Cabar-féidh, . . . . .	174
— Ghlaschu, . . . . .	77	Comhairle do na gillean òga, . . . . .	9
Gaidhealach, na Tighearnan . . . . .	59	— Gaidheil, . . . . .	57
Gailig anns na Sgoilean, . . . . .	296	Comunn Gaidhealach Ghlinne Gairidh, 53	
Gearain, . . . . .	59	Creag-Eileachaidh, . . . . .	24
Iolaire Loch Tréig, . . . . .	285	Cumha do Bhaintighearna Dhubhairt,	
Leabhraichean ùra Gáilig, . . . . .	15, 87		296, 312
Luchd-Leughaidh, do ar, . . . . .	19, 326	— Maighdne . . . . .	62
MacDhunnleibhe, Uilleam, . . . . .	314	Dan Spioradail, . . . . .	17
Mac Leoid, an t-olla, . . . . .	139	Doctoir Céitín, . . . . .	236
Mairi agus an t Admiral, . . . . .	122	Duan Callainne, . . . . .	148
Manitoba, . . . . .	14	Duanag a' chìobair, . . . . .	151
Miann na Ban-Eireannaich, . . . . .	178	— Ghaoil, . . . . .	12
Naidheachdan, 14, 21, 50, 85, 124, 149,		— Ullamb, an, . . . . .	260
	184, 213, 242, 267, 295, 325	Duanan, . . . . .	96, 127
Nithe nuadh' agus sean, 11, 60, 93, 123,		Dùn Bhrusgraigh agus Iain, . . . . .	25, 51
	155, 185, 214, 314	Dundiagh, boireidean, . . . . .	284
Oidheche air chéilidh, . . . . .	238	Eilein an Fhraoich, . . . . .	128
— Shamhna . . . . .	264	Failte-ghaoil, . . . . .	87
Oisein, a linn agus a bhàrdachd, . . . . .	32,	An Fear-Ullachaidh, . . . . .	17
	48, 80, 108, 170, 200	Fionnairidh, Slan le, . . . . .	150
Ontario, litir á . . . . .	240		
Oraidean Gailig, . . . . .	89, 289		

	TAOBH.		TAOBH.
Freagradh Gaoil, . . . . .	148	Raman, . . . . .	146
Gabhaidh sinne 'n rathad mor, . . . . .	288	Rìgh Tèarlach II, Caithream do, . . . . .	27
an Gaidheal agus an Eala, . . . . .	286	Roimh'n Chòmhaig, . . . . .	33
an Gaidheal 'an measg nan Gall, . . . . .	10	Ruathar Mhic Mhuirich, . . . . .	117
Gaol dùthcha, . . . . .	12	Seonaid flùr boidheach a' Ghlinn, . . . . .	31
Geallaidhean luachmhor, . . . . .	96	Sir Coinneach Mac Choimnich, . . . . .	211
Homer, . . . . .	205, 317	Sir Seumas Mac Mhathain, oran do, . . . . .	16
Laoidhean, . . . . . 36, 110, 121, 154, 256		Solus a' dealradh mach a dorchadas, . . . . .	206
Loch nan Garr, . . . . .	156	Suspìria, . . . . .	121
Lon-dubh, an, . . . . .	31	Taladh na bean shith, . . . . .	235
Magh Léuna, . . . . .	63	Taobh mo theine fhéin, . . . . .	9
Marbhrann, . . . . .	55	Tuireadh Baintighearna Chola, . . . . .	179
Mo Mhathair, . . . . .	149	— Fhinn, . . . . .	34
Neòinein, do, . . . . .	212	— Seann fhleasgacha, . . . . .	32
Niagra, . . . . .	30	— Seann mhaighdim, . . . . .	9
Orain, 12, 26, 54, 55, 58, 86, 92, 186, . . . . .	238, 268, 318, 322	Uilleam Mac-Dhùnlèibhe, . . . . .	314
— umnd Sasunnach, Air . . . . .	122	Urnaidh Oisein, . . . . .	83

## INDEX

## TO ENGLISH DEPARTMENT OF VOL. I.

	PAGE		PAGE
Agents, list of, . . . . .	74	Highlands, the history of the, . . . . .	187
Blackie, Professor, on nationality, . . . . .	165	Homer, Gaelic, . . . . .	220
— letter from, . . . . .	221	Inverness Gaelic Society, . . . . .	163
Burton's History of Scotland, . . . . .	44	Leabhar na Féinne, . . . . .	302
Celtic, the place of, . . . . .	273	Logan, James, . . . . .	101
Celtic Society, Glasgow Students, . . . . .	99	Maclauchlan, Dr., Gaelic Class, . . . . .	100
Correspondence, . . . . . 276, 303, 333		— Letter from, . . . . .	102
Correspondents, answers to, . . . . . 42, 74,		Murdoch, Mr, retirement of, . . . . .	248
105, 137, 166, 222, 250, 278, 306, 332		Nationality, what determines, . . . . .	136
Editor, letters to, . . . . .	6, 249	Nether-Lochaber, letter from, . . . . .	221
Finlay, farewell to, . . . . .	192	Ossian, . . . . .	43
Gaelic, the affinity of, to Latin and Greek, . . . . .	157	Ossianic poetry, fragment of, . . . . .	189
— Grammar, . . . . .	332	Philology, Gaelic, . . . . . 215, 243, 249, 329	43, 74
— Language, . . . . .	67	Poetry, the spirit of, . . . . .	134
— Lore, . . . . .	271	Preaching, bilingual, . . . . .	129
— Orthography, . . . . .	40	Readers, to our, . . . . .	332
— School society, . . . . .	132	River names of England, . . . . . 246, 299, 327	135
— Society of London, . . . . .	44	Skye, my captivity in, . . . . .	135
— Specimens of ancient, . . . . .	98	Subscribers, to our, . . . . .	45
— Statistics, . . . . .	301	Thankful breathings, . . . . .	134
— Structure and Affinities of the, . . . . .	37	"The Gael," kind words to, . . . . .	42
Glen Truim ball, . . . . .	161	The Bonnet Kilt and Feather, . . . . .	303
"God save the Queen," Gaelic, . . . . . 221, 250		"The Highlander," . . . . .	305
Highland Marching Song, . . . . .	101	The Highlanders of New Brunswick, . . . . .	160
— Regiments, . . . . .	218	The Highlanders of North Carolina, . . . . . 97, 160	
— Societies, meetings of, . . . . .	103	Tuam News on The Gael, . . . . .	278
Highlands and Islands, News of, . . . . . 41, 73,			
101, 134, 161, 193, 222, 277, 306, 331			

# AN GAIDHEAL.

I. LEABH.] DARA MIOS AN FHOghAIR, 1871.

[2 AIR.]

## DO AR LUCHD LEUGHaidH.

Tha AN GAIDHEAL a nis a cur failte air a chairdean an dara 'uair, agus ag' iarraidh maitheanas air son a bhi cho fadalach. Cha 'n eil teagamh nach robh cuid dhiubh a caoidh air a shon a cheana, a smuaineachadh gu'n deach e air chall anns a choille, no gun d' thachair aimlisg no dochann eile de 'n t-seorsa ris a chuir as an rathad e. Ach tha sinn rò thoilichte innse' do ar cairdean nach do thachair dad de 'n t-seorsa; cha 'n 'eil eu slaint no eugailt sa 'm bith a cur air. An aite sin 's ann a tha e ga fhaighinn fhein moran na's treise agus na's misneachail gu gabhail air a thurus gu reith direach, na bha e roimh.

'N uair a thoisich sinn air a GHaidHEAL, bha e rhùn oirnn a chur a mach gach mios; tha sinn duilich gu 'n deach' na raihailtean sin a thilgeadh bun o's ceann oirnn, le Mr. MacNeacail, 'am fear ullachaidh, a bhi air a chur a mach le uachdranachd Chanada, gu sealtainn as deigh gnothaichean luchd-iomruich, bhò 'n Ghaidhealtachd agus ceann tuath Alba. Tha moran ullachaidh aige ri dheanamh air son a thurus agus gun an uine ach goirid air son a dheanamh; tha e eu-comasach uime sin an Gaidheal a chur a mach ach gach dara mios, gu toiseach na bliadhna ùir. Cha bhi call 's am bith aig ar luchd leughaidh a thaobh na riaghailt so, oir gheibh iad da aireamh dheug air son pàidheadh na bliadhna; se sin aon air son gach mios sa bhliadhna.

Tha sinn a nis air cluintinn bho mhoran d' ar luchd-duthcha, as gach cearna bho Lhoch-na-Madadh an Uist, gu Australia agus Duthaich na h-Aimhne Deirg; agus gu dearbh ma bha teag-

amh s am bith againn 's a cheud dol a-much mu shoirbheachadh a GHaidHEIL, tha e nis air fhuadach buileach air falbh. Tha sinn fo chomain agus a toirt moran taing dhoibh uile air son an gnìomhara agus am briathraibh caimhneil.

## MU NA SEANN GHaidHEIL.

II.

NA PICTI, NO DAITHTICH.

Roimh dheireadh na treas linne cha robh ainm sam bith eile ach *Caledon- aich* air luchd-aiteachaidh Ceann tuath Bhreathuinn aig na h-Eachdraichibh Romanach. Ach mu 'n bhliadhna 296 thugadh ainm nuadh orra, 'se sin "*Picti*," na Pictich, no Daithtich, no a mhuinntir Dhaithte. B'e *Eumenius* an Caintear a chleachd an t-ainm so air tus anns an Oraid chliuthachaidh a rian e do *Chonstantius Chlorus* air son na buaidh a thug e air an traoiteir Alectus. Air dha labhairt mu na Deas Bhreatunnaich thubhairt e "Os barr bha an cinneach aineolach aig an am sin, agus a chionn nach b'aithne do na Breatunnaich ach na *Picti* agus na h-Eirionnaich a mhain, nainhdean leth-ruisgte, uime siv gheill iad gu furasda do airm agus do bhrataich nan Romanach." Gum b' iad na *Picti* so an t-aon sluagh ceudna ris na *Caledon- aich* tha *Eumenius* so fein a' nochdadh gu soilleur anns an oraid a rinn e air beulaobh an Impire *Constantin* mac *Chonstantius* anns a' bhliadhna A. D. 309. Nuair a mhol e *Constantius* d'a mhac thubhairt e, "Nach bu deoin leis coilltichean agus catharraich-mointich nan *Caledonach* agus nam *Picteach eile* a ghlacadh, no eadhon Eirinn a bha

fagus air laimh, no eilean Thula a bha fad as." Tha e dearbhadh gun robh cogadh aig na Deas Bhreatainnich ris na *Picti* roimh theachd *Iulius Caesair*, agus a' feuchainn an dealachaidh a bha eadar Caesar agus Constantius. Agus nuair a tha e ag' radh gun robh na *Picti* leth-ruisgte freagraidh an t-ìomradh so gu math do na Gaidhil sgeadasichte leis an fheile-bheag.

Tha e coltach gun d' thainig an t-ainm *Picti* o' n chleachdadh a bha aitheachann am measg seann luchd aitheachaidh Bhreatainn, oir tha *Iulius Caesair* ag innsadh gun robh iad 'gan dath fein le dath liag-horm a chum an aogus a dheanamh na b' eagallaiche ann an àm cogaidh; agus tha Herodian ag radh mar an ceudna gun robh na *Caledonaich* uile *Daithte* ri linn an Ìmpire *Severus* nuair a chaidh e gu tuath sa' bhliadhna 207. Tha am Bard Claudian mar an ceudna ag radh "Nach ann cearr a bha an t-ainm *Picti*" (*Nec fulso Nomine Picti*), a ciallachadh gun robh an t-ainm freagarrach dhoibh a chionn gun robh iad air an dath, oir tha am facal Laidin *Pictus* a' ciallachadh "daithte." Tha e ro choltach gun do lean na Gaidhil Thuathach air a' chleachdadh so, a bhi 'gan dath fein sa' chogadh, an deigh dhoibh sgur dheth ann an ceann a Deas Bhreatainn, ni a thachair co luath sa cheannsaicheadh an tìr leis na Romanaich, agus gu h-àraid an uair a thainig an creideamh Crìosduidh a steach do 'n Eilean. Os barr tha am Bard Claudian a' feuchainn dhuinn an doigh anns an robh an dath so air a dheanamh, eadhon le roinn bhioraich iarruinn leis an robh an craiceann air a tholladh agus an dath air a chur a steach anns na lotaibh, "*ferroque notatus perlegit exanguis Picto moriente figuras.*" "Leugh e cruthan neofhinelteach air an dealbh le iarruinn, air corp marbh a' *Pictich*." Mu'r h-ann o' n chleachdadh so a fhuair iad an t-ainm cha-n eil e soilleur cia bhuaithe a dh' eirich e, oir cha 'n eil focal sam bith cosmhuil ris anns a'

Ghailig Eirinnich no Albannaich o' m faodadh an t-ainm *Pictich* a bhi air a radh ris an t-sluagh. Agus chan 'eil dearbhadh sam bith gun robh an t-ainm so air a radh riutha leatha fein no leis a' chuid eile de mhuinntir dhuchasaich Bhreatainn. D.B.B.

*Gu bhi air a leantuinn.*

## MU IOMPAIREACHD SHINA.

Tha an treas cuid de'n chinne-daona gu leir 's an duthaich fharsuinn so. Eadar dhaoine, mhathann as chloinn, tha mu dha cheud deug muillein pearsa 's an t-shaoghal; agus dhiu sin, tha corr a's ceithir cheud muillein an Sina amhain, moran tuille na tha 's an Eorpa gu leir. A reir coltais, bha na Sinich ainmeil bho cheann ìomad linn; oir tha am Faidhe Isaiah ga'n ainmeachadh, (Caibdeil XI. 12) am measg nan cinneach a thigeadh gu Crìosd'a.

Bho cheann corr a's da cheud bliana, cheannaich na Tatarach gu tuath orra na Sinich; agus chum iad fo smachd iad gus an latha 'n diugh. Is Tatarach an t-Iompaire 's a theaghlach, agus moran de na h-ard uaislibh. Tha saighdeirean diu, cuideachd, aig an Iompaire; agus tha pairt mhòr de thir nan Tatarach 's an ìompaireachd aige. Ach is Sinich a chuid mhòr d' a shluagh.

Tha na Sinich uile coltach ri cheile, ann pearsa 's an intinn. Tha am falt dubh dìreach, gun lùb gun dual, le feusag dhubb, thana agus sùilean dubha. Tha an craiceann donn dorcha, le aghaidhibh plubach, agus car an aird an taobh anach na sùl. Cha'n eil iad am bitheantas co mòr na co trèim ri Breiteannaich, na idir co laidir no co misneachail. Tha iad seachnach air bainne, im a's caise; ach ithidh iad coin, agus gach sorsa blianaich. 'S e cotain is aodach do n chuid mhòr dhiu, ged tha side aig na h-uaislibh: oir tha caoirich gann n' am measg.

Tha iad buileach modhail, n'an doigh fhèin; agus tha e mar fhasan aca

brògan beag iaruin a chuir air na baintighearnaibh oga, agus a cumail orra gus am fas iad suas. Tha so ro phianail do 'n chloinn; agus tha e a cumail an casan gun lùth gun neart; ach cha bhitheadh iad fasanta air dhoigh eile. Chan 'eil nigheanan dhaoine bochda 'g an cur fo 'n chràdh so; agus uime sin tha an casan mar a chuid eile de n' chinne daona.

Tha na Sinich deanadach, sìobhalta, agus grunn-dail; agus uime sin tha moran de na thainig do na Staidean diu a deanamh airgid. Ach tha iad co rùnach mu 'n tìr fhein 's gum bheil iad a dol air ais co luath 's a gheibh iad an leoir. Air an laimh eile, tha iad carach, cealgach, an-ìochdar. Tha moran diu a tilgeadh amach an leanaban nighinn, gu bàsachadh am feadh 's a tha iad ro speiseil mu 'm pàrantaibh.

Tha iad co fein-speiseil 's gum bheil iad a sealltuinn sìos air a chuid eile de 'n t-shaoghal gu leir; ach fhuair iad dearbha laidir, bho cheann ghoirid, nach eil iad coimeas do dhaoine na h-Eorpa an coga'; oir chaidh an ruaig air am feachdaibh, roi aireamh bheag de naimhdibh. Tha iad buileach fiadhta ri coigrich, air dhoigh 's gum bheil e cunnartach do dhaoine fuireach 'n am measg; agus chan 'eil doigh air tearantachd ach eagal a chuir orra, le peanas trom, gach uair a ni iad aineart air coigrich. Bho cheann ghoirid, chreach agus mhört iad moran choigreach aig baile ris an abrar *Tien-tsin*. Bha Iarla Chlarendon gu mor ri choireachadh airson so. Oir b'e ard-fhear-comhairle na ban-rìgh mu chuisibh choigreach; agus sgriobh e litir gu rìgh-theachdaire Bhreiteann an Sina, nach dìonadh am feachd Breiteannach an luchd-teagasg Crìosdaidh an Sina. Co luath 's a chuala na Sinich so, ghabh iad misneach, gu droch run an crìdhe a chuir an gnìomh.

Is cinnich dhall na Sinich; ach tha a nise iomad coi-thional Crìosdaidh n' am measg, a chaidh iompachadh bho cheann ghoirid; agus tha iomad min-

isteir a searmonachadh an t-shoigheil dhoibh. Chan eil iad idir ro eudar mu 'm baath-chreideamh fhein. Tha moran diu a deanamh aoradh do thaibhsibh an aithrichean, agus thaobh amach de sin, chan eil ach beag aoraidh air bith aca. Tha muilean urnaigh 's an duthaich; agus tha iadsan a creidsinn gum bheil eifeachd, an tilgeadh urnaigh sgriobhta air paiper anns a mhùilean. Tha iad ag' radh gum bheil gach car de 'n phaiper co math ri urnaigh air a toirt suas bho 'n bheul: agus gun teagamh tha sin fìor, thaobh urnaigh-ean ri diathaibh breige.

Tha sinn an dòchas gun cur luchd-riaghlaidh na h-Eorpa agus America. casg air ainneart nan Sìneach, air dhoigh 's gum bi gach coigreach 'n am measg sabhailte, agus gun sgaoil an soisgeil dorchadas na tìre, gus am bi faisneachd Isaiah air a coilionadh, agus an tionndaidh na Sinich uile gu Crìosd.

### NAIDHEACHDAN.

Tha a bhann-shìth eadar Breiteann agus na Staidean air a daineachadh, air dhoigh 's nach 'eil coltas gum bi cogadh na conn-sachadh eadar an da dhuthaich car iomad linn, agus math dh' fheuta a chaidh. Reitich a bhann so gach connspaid a bha eatorra. A thaobh iasgach air cladaichibh Chanada, agus seoladh air amhainn Saint Larans, chan 'eil comas sin a dheanamh gu bhì aig sluagh nan Staidean mur aontaich Parlamaid Chanada ris. Agus mur faidh iadsan sin, cha toir iad comas do shluagh Chanada seoladh air cuid de 'n uisgeachaibhsan. Dh' aontaich Eilein Phrionnsa Eudard ri so a cheana; agus ged a tha cuid de mhuintir Chanada an aghaidh aontachadh ris an ni so, 's e is coltaiche gun dean iad e. Oir bheir sin moran airgid do bhaile mor Mhontreal.

Bha an Samhradh buileach tioram air feadh Chanada agus na Staidean mu thuath; ach tha am bar math am bitheantas, agus an cruineachd son-

nichte math. Tha prìs mhath air feudáil 's na duthchaibh sin, agus tha deagh àm aig luchd-ceird as tuarasdail.

Am Breiteann mhuth a Bhann-rìgh, air comhairle a h-ard luchd riaghlaidh, an seann ghnath mu dhreuchdaibh 's an arm. Bho cheann dà cheud bliana, bha iad sin air an reiceadh ri daoine beirteach: oir cha b' urrainn daoine bochd' an ceannach,—Uime sin bha moran de na h-oifigich neo-fhreagarrach airson an dreuchd, on a tha e tric a tachairt gum bheil beirteas aig uimhidh. Agus on a tha daoine glic, cruadalach agus tapaidh gle thrìch bochd, bha iad sin air an cumail fodha, agus daoine gun seagh os an ceann. Bha so ro mhi thaitneach do 'n duthaich gu leir ach na h-ard uaislean. Dh' oireapaich iad sin air an seann ghnath a chumail suas; ach dh' fhairtlich orra; agus a nis tha dochas gum faidh daoine air aghart 's an arm Bhreiteannach mar an armaibh eile na h-Eorpa—a reir an toilltinneis, 's chan ann a reir cothrom an sporain. Ni so an t-arm gu mor ni 's neartaire; agus bithidh e n' as fhasa daoine freagarrach fhaidhinn.

Tha cuisean a dol air aghart 's an Fhraing n' as fhèrr na bha duil aig moran. Ghlac feachd an luchd riaghlaidh Paris; agus chaidh moran de 'n luchd ceannaire a mharbhadh, agus ro mhoran diu a glacadh. Rinn na daoine coirbte sin moran dochainn do n' bhaile-mhor, mus an do chuireadh sios iad. Mhort iad moran de 'n luchd aiteachaidh, agus thilg iad sios agus loisg iad iomad taigh-mor riomhach agus carn-cuimhne grinn. 'Na 'm measg bha cuid de luchairtibh seann rìghrean na Frainge, agus carragh ard a bha mar chuimhneachan air na buaidhibh a fhuair na Frangaich thair an naimhdibh an laithibh a cheud Bhonaparte, le iomhaigh fhein air a mhullach, 'Nuair a leag iad an carragh, chaidh an iomhaigh a bhriseadh, agus thilg cuid de na bha 's an lathair smugaidean oirre, oir rinn an t-Iompaire mu dheire a lheitid a dh' aintighearnas orra

s' gun robh iad lan feirg an aghaidh a luchd-dàimh gu leir, gun sgoinn do mhoralachd Bhonaparte nuair a bha e 'n aird a chumachd agus iomad rìgh fo a smachd. Tha na Frangaich a paidheadh an airgid do na Gearmailtich, a reir na bainn-shith eatorra, agus tha feachdan nan Gearmailteach a dol dachaidh agus a fagail na Frainge, uidh air uidh. Tha cairdean aig teaghlach nan sean rìgh agus aig Bonaparte 'n am measg; ach a reir coltais tha a chuid mhòr de 'n duthaich 'n an aghaidh; agus fanaidh iad air fogradh, mar a tha iad: ach aig an Fhreasdal amhain tha fios ciod a thachairas 's an Fhraing.

Cha robh an cogadh an aghaidh nam Frangach gun chall trom do na Gearmailtich; agus tha gainne bidh 'n am measg; ach on a thug iad buaidh air na Frangaich, agus tha an tìr uile fo aon riaghladh, tha iad toilichte misneachail.

'S an Eadailt tha baile-mor na Roimhe a ris na cheann-bhaile air an tìr gu leir, ni nach robh e roimhe bho cheann corr as ceithir cheud deng bliana. Tha an rìgh, a luchd comhairle, agus na rìgh-theachdairean a nis a conuidh an sin. Tha am Papa fhathasd 'na sheann luchairt, air taobh tuath na h-aimhne Tiber; agus a reir coltais tha e a runachadh fantuinn an sin. Tha an rìgh a tairgseadh sea ceud mìle dolar 's a bhliana dha.

Tha aithris gum bheil an canal mòr eadar amhainn na h-Eifeid agus a Mhuir Ruadh a lìonadh suas le gainneamh na Fasaich a tha ghaoth a seideadh ann. Ma 's fìor so, theid an canal bho fheum an uine ghorrid, mur glanar amach a ghainneamh. Bithidh so ro chostail; agus chan urrainn na Frangaich aig am bheil e an laimh an cosd a phaidheadh. Dh' iar iad air fear-rioghlaidh na tìre (ris an abrar an Khedive) gu conadh leotha; ach dhiult esan; agus is coltach gur eiginn do na Frangaich an canal a reiceadh eio no Sasunnaich, aig am bheil pailteas airgid. Tha an canal gu mor n' as feumaile do na Breiteannaich na do na Frangaich,



de bhrìgh nan duthchan mòra an *Asia* air am bheil tighearnas aig Breiteann.

## BEATHA-EACHDRAIDH CHOLUIM CHILLE.

### CAIB II.

Dheoninch a dha-dheug do na foghlumaich aig Colum Cille falbh maille ris a Eirinn. Is iad an ainmean Buithen (a Chlerach), Diarmid (a mhinistear) Mochonna, Cobthach, Ernaau, Rus, Fecho, Scandal, Eochoid, Tochannu Cairnaau agus Grillnaau. Bha Colum Cille a toirt comhairle air Mochonna (mac Rìgh Ulster) gu'n a dhuthaich agus a pharantan fhagail. Ach dhiult e tilleadh, a freagairt "Is e thusa m'athair, "an Eaglais mo mhathair, agus an aite "anns an cruinnich mi an toradh as mo "do Chrìosd, mo dhuthaich." Bha mar so intinn theachdairean-soisgeulach aig Colum Cille agus a chompanaich a fagail Eirinn. Sheol iad ann an currach, a bha na bàta laidir, agus rainig iad tìr aig Port-a-Churraich ann an Eilean I, (ris an abrar mar an ceudna Innisnau-Druineachaig 's an àm sin). Dh'irich Colum Cille an cnoc a b'airde bha 's an eilean, 's chunnaic e gu robh e a sealladh Eirinn; oir bha do gradh aig da dhuthaich, 's nach bitheadh e toilichte a bhì ga fuicinn gu'n bhì innte. Runaich e a chomhaidh a dheanamh san eilean bheag sin oir chunnaic e gu' robh e so-ruigsinn do na h-eilleanan mun cuairt, agus gun robh e na eilean a bha maith airson barr agus ioualtradh, agus mar sin ro fhreagarrach airson aite-taimh fhoghlumaich agus theachdairean. Bha so anns a bhliadhna A. D. 563. Chaidh carn a thogail air mullach a chnuic a dh'irich Colum Cille, ris an abrar fhathast *Carn-cul-ri-Eirinn*.

Thug Conal, Rìgh na Scuite (*Scots*), Eilean I, do Cholaim Chille mar sheilbh, agus dhaingnich Bruidhe no Bride, Rìgh na Pìocuich (*Picts*) a choir, agus anns a bhliadhna 565, thog Colum Cille Cathair Chuldich anns an Eilean. Bha

a Chathair a co-sheasamh ann an eaglais, tigh do na coigrich, agus tighean do na ministearan agus na foghlumaich. Bha na tighean air an togail le fiodh agus slatan caoil.

Tha an t-Urramach Bede a sgrìobh Eachdraidh na-h-Eaglais ann an Sasuinn, mu chiad bliadhna 'n deigh bas Cholaim Chille, a toirt an cunntas a leanas air a theachdaireachd:—"Ann "am bliadhna Chrìosd, cuig-ciad trì fich-ead agus a cuig, 'nuair a bha Iompaire-eachd na Roinne fo riaghladh Justin "a b'oige, thainig Colum Cille a bha na "Phreasbitair agus na Abba, agus a "bha ro chluiteach airson a shaothair "agus a ghiulan agus sin gu fuighail, a "Eirinn do Bhreatuinn. Be a rùn ann "a bhì teachd,—focal Dhe a shearmon-achadh ann an duthchannan na Pìocuich Thuathach (*Northern Picts*) oir "bha 'n sluagh a bha mu Dheas dhiubh "sin air an iompachadh a chum a chreidimh le Nìnian ùine fhada roimhe "an àm sin. Thainig Colum Cille do "Bhreatuinn 'nuair a bha Bride, prionnsa ro chumbachdach a rioghachadh "osceann na Pìocuich, agus rinn cumhachd teagas an duine naomh agus "buaidh eseamlair, an cinneach sin "iompachadh a chum a chreidimh."

Bha Colum Cille a thaobh a phearsa, a chumbachd inntinn, agus ionsachadh ro fhreagarrach airson an obair mhor agus iongantach a thugadh dha ri dheanamh—

"Is fìor, nach faigh am focal buaidh  
A dh' aindeoin achd an te'id a luaidh  
A dh' easbhuidh cumhachd Dhe nan sluagh,  
A bhì, 's an nair' g a chuideachadh.

Ach far 'n do chuir e roimhe féin,  
A bhì le 'shoisgeul deanamh feum,  
'N sin bheir e deasachadh is gleus,  
Do 'n, Inneal reir na h-oibre sin."

Bha e ard, tlachdmhor na phearsa, a shuil ro bheothail, agus a ghuth cumhachdach gidheadh binn. 'Nuair bhith-eadh e seinn nan Salm chluinnte mìle air astar e. Bha e air mhodh chorpóra treun agus foghainteach, air alt 's gu'm burrain e moran saothair

agus allaban a ghiulan. Ge d' bha e duineal neo-sgàthach agus smachdail, bha e làn do shumplidheachd, dilseachd agus caomhalachd. Nuair a bha na tiodhlacaidh nadurra so, air an maiseachadh le gràs agus e air uidh-eamachadh le "ulluchadh soisgeil na sìthe," bha buaidh shòmruichte aig "claidheamh an spioraid" na laimh.  
(*Gu bhì air a leantuinn.*) A. C.

## EIGH O CHREIG-EILEACHAIDH:\*

(O'N BHEURLA).

Thìr nam Beann, nan Gleann, 's nan Coire,  
Nan sruth eas, 's nan tuiltean mòr,  
Leinn cha d' shaoil gu'm faict' an càramhs'  
Air do fhìridhean àrd' r'ar beò.

Feuch a nis tha feachd a's tréine  
Na feachd *Chromucill* nan geur-lann—  
'S colgarra na feachd Dhùie Uilleim  
'Teachd mar thuil air Tìr nam Beann!

'Trasladh Thatha, 'casgadh Theamhuill,  
'Snaidheadh sìos le buillean dian  
Glacan beithe Coille-Chragaidh,  
'Magadh air an cliù o chian!

Aimnean caomh'! Ach dh' fhalbh an druiddheachd!  
Chuinn 'g an éigheach gill' an Ròid,  
Blàr-an-Adholl! Dail-an-Spideil!  
Feuch Dail-Chuinnidh! Agaidh-mhòr!

Gairidh druidd' le tòrr 'us daingnich,  
Stèud sinn suas 'n ar deann r'a taobh,  
'Fuadachadh a chaidh o 'loch an  
Codal tosdach nan linn aosl'.

Bàideanach nan gaillinn fiadhaich,  
Ann an lionmhor liath-chlach mhòr,  
'S carragh-cuimhne bhàran fuilteach—  
Uaigneach cha bhì 'cuic ni's mò.

Ghluais sinn tosdachd chian nan àrd-bheann,  
'Stèudadh sìos an gleann le gaoir,  
Air Srath-Spé 'us Ratamhurchuis—  
Fridhean àrd' nan giuthas aosl'.

'Mhuc 's an Torc† theich as 'n an deann-ruith!  
Beinn ri beinn gu teann a' stri!  
Sgòrr, 'us creag, 'us sliabh a' ruidhleadh—  
'S gann a "sheas Creag-Eileachaèdh" †

\* *English* by PRINCIPAL SHAIER, *St. Andrews*.  
† Sow of Atholl and Boar of Badenoch, two contiguous mountains, the one on the Atholl side, and the other on the Badenoch side of the hill of Druimnachdair.

‡ "Stand fast Craigellache," is the war-cry of the Clan Grant.

'S a' Ghleann-mhòr, 'n Gleann-Feiscidh uaigneach,  
Suas air fad an cluaintean glas',  
C'uinnear sgàl an fheadain bhuisireant',  
'S àirde fuaim na 'n easan eas'.

Carbaid iarunn ged is neònach,  
'S neonaiche an luchd do shluagh—  
Sràidean Lunnuim air an taomadh  
Mach air raointean an Taoibh-Tuath!

Sas'naich, Frangaich, spailp, 's luchd-turuis,  
Ann an uidheam do gach lì!  
Brìgìs fharsuinn, pòcan leathrach,  
Brògan lainn'reach, 's osain shìod'!

'S anns 's gach uinneig carbaid, maighdean  
'G ràdh, 's i 'sealltuinn suas gu dian:  
'S ainmean neònach Carn-an-t-sabhail,  
Beinn-mac-duibhe, † 's am Braigh'-ria'ch †

'S beag an sgoinns' do'n bholtrach chùbhraidh  
'Dh' èireas ùr o lus 's o chrann,  
'S uillt a' ruith feadh ghleann gu fuaimneach,  
'S tosdachd shòluint' bhuan nam beann!

'S coma leò-san Loch-an-eilein,  
Loch-nan-dorb, 's a dhaingneach liath,  
'N Cuimeanach 'us 'euchdan gabbaidh,  
'S Faol-chu Bhàideanaich o chian.

O Chùirn-ghuirm! 'us thus', Bhràigh'-riabh-  
aich!  
Tilgibh sìos mu 'r creagan neòil,  
Chum nach dean na daormuinn 'thruagha  
'Tarcuis air 'ur cruachan mòr'.

'Dian-ruith seach! Cluinneadh Cuil-fhodair,  
'N àit' gairm-chogaidh Threubh, an  
fhuaims';  
Criothnaicheadh gach coil' mu'n Mhan'-  
chuinn—  
Dhruim, mu'n iadh gach àille, gluais-s'!

'Sior-dhol tuath, a chaidh cha srianar  
Na h-èich iarunn 'n an steud dheirg,  
Gus am bòdhrar le an srannail  
Creagan geala Rudh' na-Feirg'.

'N fheadar buileach do na Gaidheil  
Triall o 'n àrdis 'meas nan gleann!  
'Chuid 's a chuid an saltair Sas'naich  
Tur fo'n casan Tìr nam Beann!

Fineachan a chean' air dibreadh,  
Ceòl na pìob' 'dol as gu luath;  
'M bàsaich tur & Tìr nan àrd-bheann  
Gàidhlig àdhmhor aosl' nam buadh!

"S coma," 'deir thu, "ged a rachadh  
Na seann chleachdaidhean air chùl,

† Beinn-Mhic-Duibhe (Ben-Macduff); or, Beinn-muc-duibhe (the mountain of the black sow).

Bheir an Triath gu buil tre 'n sgrios-san  
Cricochan ris mach 'eil do dhùil!"

Feudaidh sin 'bhi; ach 'n toir Innleachd,  
Le a h-ealdhain mhìn 's a snas,  
Treu-n-laoidh cholgarran nan ard-bheann,  
No 'n seann chàirdeas ris air ais!

Ni h-eadh; ach ge mor am buannachd  
Far an tig an cruaidh-ghaoir ghrannnd',  
Dh' fhalbh gu tur a' bhuaidh 's an druiddh-  
eachd,  
'S cha bhi 'Ghàidh'ltachd chaoidh mar bha!

Ach tha fathast glacan bruachach  
'Dhùisgeas annam smuaintean 'rd',  
'S glinn gun àireamh nach do thruailleadh,  
'S iomadh dìthreabh namhalt, fhàs;

Iomadh allt an coirean uaigneach,  
O sheann fhuarain 'g éiridh suas,  
'Taomadh 'n linnean dorch' an uisge,  
'S caorann ruiteach air gach bruaich;

Iomadh loch, le creagan cuairticht',  
'Tàmh gun bhruaillan 'measg nam beann,  
Air nach d' thàinig slighe duine,  
No fear-turuis fathast teann;

Iomadh sgòrr, mar iolair mhara,  
Suas fa chomhair laidhe gréin',  
Geal-cheannach le stùchdan crnachach,  
'Beachdach' 'chuain 's nan Eilean céin.

Fàilnichcadh iad sin, 'us théid mi  
Gu creig éigin 'measg nau stuadh,  
'Mhealtuinn saorsa, gus an crochar  
Drochaidean os-ceann a' chuain!

EAD. LE A. C.

## DUN BHRUSGRIGH AGUS IAIN

Bha so air a chur r'a cheile 'nuair a  
bha 'n t-ùghdar na oganach beag, air  
da Ghaidealachd fhagail agus dol a  
dh'fhuireach do bhaile mòr Dhùneidin.  
Dà bhliadhna roimhe so chaill uach-  
daran Ila an oighreachd. Bha 'n  
t-uasal so ro chaoimhneil ris an tuath  
agus bha dulichinn mhòr orra 'nuair a  
bhris e. Bha oighreachd air a cur fo  
cheileadair ris an abradh iad Brown,  
agus maille ris bha seambarlair ris an  
abradh iad Webster. Bha maoir aca  
so deas aig an laimh ris an abradh iad  
"am Boc," mar fhar ainm, agus thei-  
readh iad "a Chaora" ris an fhear eile.

Bha 'n tuath air an cur thuige gu mor,  
le riaghladh nan daoine so, dh' fhag  
cuid mhòr dhiu an tìr, 's chaidh na  
fearuinn aca chur fo chaorich 's crodh.  
S' ann le cridheachan goirt a dh' fhag  
cuid dhiu an dachaidhean, 's a chuir-  
eachd air falbh-cuid eile dhiu as na  
h-àiteachan ud far an d' rugadh 's  
an do thogadh iad, far an do chaith  
an athraichean 'us an sean-atbraichean  
an laithean gu toilichte. 'S iomad aite  
dhuiling mar so anns a Ghaidheltachd,  
agus b'ann diu gleann Chatadal far an  
robh air an àm so dà bhaile dheug  
fearuinn 's moran tuath agus gillean  
treun a bha ghnàth ullamh gu coir na  
dùthcha agus na Ban-Rìgh a sheasamh.  
Bha iad mar gu 'm b'ann air an  
iomain air falbh agus treudan mòr  
chaorach agus chruidh air an iomain  
n'an aite, agus cha bu bheag sgeig na  
muinntir ud 'nuair a bha so air a  
dheanamh leo, gun smaointean idir aca  
gu faod an latha tighinn 'nuair a  
bhitheas gairm air a dheanamh a  
measg nan gleann air son diou na  
rioghachd, ach cha'n fhaigh iad do  
fhreagairt ach meilich nan caorach  
agus geimnich a chruidh, a bhithis ag  
ionaltradh a measag nan lathrichean  
fasa, far 'm bheil dreasdan 's feandagan  
a comharachadh a mach far am b'abh-  
aist an teintean a bhi.

## ARS IAIN.

"**A** Dhuin Bhrusgrigh nan cas chreag,  
Ged bha mi tacan air falbh uat;  
Thainig smaointean fo m' aigne  
Gu tighinn a shealltuinn do ghorm-bhrat,  
'S gun gabhainn sealladh o'd chuirnan,  
Air gleannan cubraidh nan tolman,  
Far an d'fhuair thu do leaba,  
'S Leac-an-darraich na colbh dhi,  
'S cha'n 'eil i lag.

"'S iomadh linn chuir thu tharad,  
Is garbh 'char chuir an gnìomh ort,  
Cha'n e sin tha fui m' achuing  
Ach part de dh'eachdruiddh na linn so.  
Innis dhomh mu m' lnehd duthecha  
Ciod an curs' an do thriall iad,  
Cha'n 'eil a h-aon dhiu ri f'haicinn  
Ris a' leiginn mo bhriathran  
Ged bhithinn lag.

“Tha mi faicinn nam bailtean  
 'S an tric robh aighear 's toilintinn,  
 Na'n lathraichean farsuinn  
 Gun fasgadh na dìon ann.  
 'N aite gleadhraich nan eirdean  
 Nan seisreach 's nan cliathan,  
 Anns an earrach cha'n fhaic mi  
 Ach eibear 's madadh r'a chliathaich  
 'N sa h-uile srath.

“Tha na h-innisean maiseach  
 'S an tric a thagail mi 'm oige,  
 Na lagain tha fasgach  
 Le fuarainn 's biolair mu 'm poran.  
 Gach gleana, gach cnoc, 's glacag  
 Gach srath agus mointeach,  
 Tha iad uile mar b'abhaist,  
 Ach e'ait 'eil na cairdean 's na h-colaich  
 A chai' chur as.”

## ARS AN DUN.

“Ma 's e Gall a tha labhairt  
 Gabh mo chomhairle trathail,  
 Cuir car ann a d' chasag  
 'S thoir ort sìos chois na traghaidh.  
 Ged tha sibh laidir 'san tìr so  
 'S air 'ur lionadh le ardan,  
 Cha dean sibh amadan dhiomsa  
 Le cur a sìos air na Gaidheal  
 Nach d'rinn dhuibh eron.”

## IAIN.

“A Dhinin' aosda nan glas-chreag  
 'Se a th'annam fìor Ghaidheal,  
 A dh'fhag an tìr so car tamuil  
 'S tha measg nan Gallaidh a chomnaidh.  
 Thug mi 'n sgrìob so dh'amharc  
 Gun fanaid no morchuis,  
 Dh'fheuch am faighinn nat sgeula  
 Mu gach eucoir 's dolun  
 Air Ila bhoehd.”

## AN DUN.

“S ionadh aon thig am amharc  
 A bhios ri fanaid 's ri morchuis,  
 Ach 's iad na Goill tha mi 'gradhtinn  
 Oir tha iad laidir 'san doigh so.  
 Le 'n ada' spairte mu'n chusan,  
 'S dreach an fhuachd air an srointean,  
 Cha'n fhaic 's cha'n fhuin leo a Ghaeltachd  
 Ged chuir i loinn air na sgròbain'  
 Fhuair innte blàs.

“Ach tha mi tuigsinn od' chanain  
 Gur ann sa ghleann fhuair thu d' fhol'um,  
 Ged tha thu giulan na h-ada'  
 Si bhonaid chochte bu chorr dhuit.  
 Bha do chairdean gu seoir  
 Anns a ghleannan 'n an comhuidh,  
 Ach trid nan triochdan aig Webster  
 A port-as-Marg gun d' sheol iad  
 A null do'n Ross.

“Tha moran thua'nach 'san am so  
 Anns a ghleann eur an ordubh'  
 Dhol thar na h-Atlantic  
 Chum gun seachain iad foirneart ;  
 Chionn tha Brown agus Webster  
 Mar mhadaidh-alluidh gun trocair,  
 A eur thuige nan truaghani  
 'Sa toirt uatha guch fìorlìnn  
 A gheibh iad ae'.

“Sann leam is duilich r'a aithris  
 Gu bheil na nathsinneich dhileas  
 Air an eur as na fearain  
 Le ainneart 's dimeas.  
 Na Goill a faotuin an nachdar,  
 Ga'n ruagadh 's ga'n diobairt,  
 Anns gach baile cha chluinn mi  
 Ach falbh thar tuinn gus an tìr sin  
 A tha ro mhath.

“Tha cuid dhiu fagail na duthcha,  
 'S cuid dhiu sgrudadh na màltan,  
 Cuid gun fhios cìod a mi iad,  
 A trusadh bidh do na paisdean.  
 Gach maor a faotuin lan chosnadh,  
 Gach *Boc* 's gach *Caora*,  
 Mar choin air eil 's iad ri sodan  
 A chum bli 'm broilleach gach Gaidheal  
 O'n tha iad boehd.

“O'n dh'fhailnich ceanard an Eilain  
 Tha Ila sgeith as a cuid Ghael,  
 'S cha'n 'eil aogas an gradaig  
 Gun d'theid stad air an nì so.  
 Ach gabh mo leisgeul car tamuil  
 Oir tha mi'n cabhaig an trath-so.  
 'Nuair thig thu rithist an rathad,  
 Bidh agam naigheachd is fearr dhuit,  
 'S mo bheannachd leat.”  
 (Ra *Uchaintinn*.)

## ORAN, AIR FOGRAIDH NAN GAIDHEAL.

AIR FONN—“*Tha mise fo mhulad 's an am.*”  
 'S fìor airidh air beannachd nam Eard,  
 Deagh Chomunn\* nan Àrmanan fial,  
 A bheothaich gach cleachdadh 'us gnàths  
 A bha aig na Gàidheal namh  
 O'n 's toileach leo fhaicinn 'an dàn,  
 Mar sgapadh 's gach ceàrn an siol,  
 Nìor mhead mi ldir mo sblàint,  
 Mur cuir mi gun dàil e 'sìos.

Na Gàidheal bha ainneil 's gach linn,  
 Gu seasamh an rìgh 's a choir,  
 'S tric dhearbh iad le 'n armaibh 's an strì,  
 Nach faighte fo chis an seors',  
 'NÀM Èirdh 'n an Èideadh gu grunn,  
 Le torman nam plob fo shrol,  
 'S iad thilleadh mar bhuinte 'na still,  
 Na thigeadh le spid 'n an coir.

Na beathraichean sgaitheach 'an streup,  
 A chòisneadh le 'n euchdan buaidh,  
 An caismeachd mar thorrann o'n speur,  
 'NÀM tarraing nan geur lann cruaidh,

Gum b' aigeantach, sgairteil an ceum,  
A leantúin 'an dèigh na ruaig,  
'S 'n uair philleadh iad, 'gairthis an sgeul,  
B' e 'm fasan 'bhi éibhinn, suairc.

Réir nádair 's e thainig m' an cuairt,  
Gu-n thaisgeadh 's an uagh na suinn,  
'S Cha-n fhaicear, an sliochd far 'm bu dual,  
Ach an neamh 'measg sluagh theid cruinn,  
'S ann lionadh a' fearann a suas,  
Le coigrich gun truas, gun suim,  
'S gur annsa leo mèilich nan uan,  
Na caithream o thuath an fhuin.

Ghluais acad roghuineach a' m' chri,  
'S gu-n d'fhalbh uam mo chli, 's mo shunnd  
Ri deàchdadh na 's fhiosrach mi fhlin,  
Mu tharruing na sgrìobh bha ciùirt',  
Sliochd ghaiseach le abcaidh 'g am binn',  
'Cur aitreabh m' an cinn 'n an smùr,  
'S gan cartaidha mach as an tìr,  
Gun chairid, gun nì, gun iùl.

Bu tuirseach a muigh air a' raon,  
A chunnaic mi 'n aois 's an oig,  
'S gèiread an acain 's an gaolr,  
Cha-n fhaigh mi o m' -maoin ri m' bheo,  
Gun dachaidh, gun fhasgadh o ghaòith,  
Ach tionail 'an tìobh nam frog,  
Gu'm b'èiginn bhì gabbail mu sgaoil,  
'S a' fàgail nan caol fosheol.

A's furasd' a thulgsinn, 's gur cinnt,  
Na th' agam ri ions' 'n am sgeul,  
Gur lionmhor trioblaid 'us teinn,  
A choinnich ri 'n tìribh cèin;  
Ged b' fheadar dhoibh dealach' ri 'n glinn,  
Tha pàirt dheth an cri 'na 'n dèigh,  
S ged chàrnadh iad airgid 'n a mhìll,  
Cha leighis e mir dheth 'n creuchd.

O'n thréig iad gach fireach 'us gleann,  
Cha-n fhaicear ach Gall 's gach cùil,  
'Am fochair a chaoraich gu trang,  
'S e 'cleachdadh a chaint ri a chù,  
Le 'bhreacan air fhilleadh m' a cheann,  
'S 'us caogad car càrn 'n a rùn,  
'S gur fneart leis an t-anam a chall,  
Na ribeag bhì gann a rùsg.

O'n dh' imich na gaisgich thar chuan,  
Cha-n èisdear leinn duan no eol,  
Cha chluinnear caomh chailln gu suairc,  
Ri luinneag aig buar mu chro,  
Cha-n fhaicear na fhasgaich bu dual,  
A siubhal gu ruag fìr chroc,  
Am beanan dhiubh sud nach do ghluais,  
'S e th'orra 'n diugh tuar a bhroin.

Gu-n d'fhàgadh Mac-talla fophràmh,  
'S gach ionad 'n robh àbhaist riamh,  
'S ann tha e air leabaidh ri bàs,  
A cumba nan sàr fhear fial,  
A chumadh e 'n cleachdadh gach là,  
'S do 'n tug e a ghràdh 's a mhìladh,  
Cha-n fhuì leis an dream tha 'n an àit,  
'S nach toir e à 'n cànan ciall.

Ged shiubhlainn o Ghearr-loch an fheoir,  
Gu 'n ruiginn an t-Oban clair,  
Cha-n fhaicinn Ceann-taighe air fhod,  
A dh-fhuirich a phor nan Triath,  
'An àit nan leomhann 'bha coir,  
'S e th' ann an diugh seorsa fiat,  
Air sòn drochait 'us airgid 'n a spoig,  
A thilgeas à coir a' siad.

B' e fasan 'us aiteas nan Triath,  
'Bha barraicht' 'am miadh 's am mùirn,

'Bhi fuilleachdach, calgach, 'nan triall,  
A' leantúin nam fiadh 's an stòc,  
'Bhi sachd'adh an gillean le iasg,  
'S toirt bhradan air fiar gu dlùth,  
'Bhi oranach, cornach, gie fhial,  
'Nàm tionail nan clearg gu 'n Dùin.

'S na 'm b' fheadar dhoibh tachart 's an àr,  
Cha ghabhadh iad -gàth no gruaim,  
Bha fir ac a sheasadh an càs,  
'S a rachadh 'n am pàirt le h-naill,  
Na mìlidhean colgarra, dàn',  
'A ruigeadh le 'n stràchdan smuais,  
S a ghleidheadh an reachdan o thair,  
Le iomairt nan stàllinn fuar.

Ach 's m'ithich 'bhi crìochn'adh mo dhàin,  
Le focal no dhà 'chur sios;—  
Mo shoraidh le dùrachd mo ghràidh,  
A dh-ionnsaidh gach Gaidheal fior,  
'S e m' aiteas gum bhì iad fàs,  
'An urram, 's 'an stà gach ial,  
'S gu-n tionail iad fathas' gu 'n àit,  
'S gus gapar a' chàth roimh 'n t-sìol.

LOCH-AILLSE.

## CAITHREAM DO RÌGH TEARLACH II.

(O' BHEURLA AN RIDIRE SCOTT).

FONN.—“*Dean cadal gu sàmhach,  
A chuillean 's a rùin.*”

Nall a' chuach—còrn nam buadh,  
Lian a suas i dèur-làn;  
Slàint an Rìgh a's ro-ionmhuinn,  
'S a luchd-leannmhuinn 's gach àit';  
Air ur bonnaibh, a ghaiseach'—  
Air ur n-ais sibh, a ghrùsg!  
Ged robh 'm bàs ann an smearsadh—  
Slàinte Thèarlaich-a-Dhà!

Tha e 'n cunnart 's air fògradh,  
'S e gun eomhnadh, 's fo thuinn;  
Ged is coigrich a 's ùidh dha,  
Fad bho 'dhùthchas gun suim;  
Dh' aindeoin teanntachd us chisèan—  
Ged 's fos n-iseul ri 'ràdh—  
Sìod air onair 's air dillseachd  
Slàint an Rìgh, fear mo gràidh!

Biodh gach urram iar 'locadh  
Mar a dhìolas an t-àm;  
Air an làr biodh an glùn,  
Air lainn, le dùrachd, an làmh;  
'S thig mu'n eairt an là sùgach,  
An còisir Dhiùc, Iarla 's Shàr,  
An seinn an tròmpaid le stèarsadh:  
Slàinte Thèarlaich-a-Dhà.

“Tha 'bhriogais so tuille 's goirid air mo shonsa,” ars' fear a fhuair briogais o thàilleir Eirionnach. “Cìod an sgil a th' agadsa air briogais, amandain?” arsa'n t-Eirionnach. “Cha'n eil a bhriogais tuile 's goirid ann a chuir thusa do spògan grànda chas tuile 's fada troimhpe.”

## CANADA.

Tha 'm barr agus cuisean eile air tionndadh a mach ro fhabharach a thaobh Chanada bho cheann fhada. agus gu h-araidh air a bhliadhna so, agus da reir, tha sith, sonas agus pailteas ri fhaicinn 's gach aite, 's ri aithneachadh air gach gnuis; agus gu cinnteach cha 'n ioghnadh sin, oir tha 'n duthaich air a beannachadh leis an Fhreasdal air iomadh doigh: cha 'n eil cogadh, plaigh no gainne a cur dragh oirre, mar a tha air iomadh cearna eile de 'n domhainn. Uime sin faodaidh sinn a radh le firinn, agus ann am beagan fhacal, gum bheil Canada aig a cheart am so, cho sona agus riarachtaiche le crannchur, agus cho saor bho gach euslaint agus amhghar, ri aon chearna de 'n t-saoghal. Le Canada innsidh sinn a rithisd gu 'm bheil sinn a ciallachadh na sia mor-roinnean sin: Canada Ard agus Iosal, (no mar a theirear riutha a nise, Ontario agus Cuibec) New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Manitoba, (Duthaich na h-Aimhne Deirg) agus British Columbia, --oir tha British Columbia a nis air aonadh ri Canada. Tha so a cur Chanada a thaobh farsuingeachd fearuinn, a measg nan duthchannan a's motha, 's a's farsuing 's an t-saoghal--morann na 's motha na Staidhean America fhein, ge ainmeil iad, agus mu 'n cuairt air an aon mheud ris an Roinn-Eorpa gu leir; agus cha 'n 'eil a nise a dhith oirre ach an luchd-aiteachaidh airson a cur a measg nan duthchannan 's cumachdaich 's a's beartaiche. Tha de dh'fhearann fàs cadar na morroinn so, ni nach teirig ann an aireamh mor bhliadhnachan, agus fearann cho math agus cho torach, 's a tha ri fhaighinn an aite 's am bith, agus cho fallainn ri aon chearna de 'n t-saoghal.

Cha d' rinn uachdranachd Chanada a bheag bho cheann fhada, gu luchd iomruich a chuireadh agus a stiuireadh do 'n duthaich so, ach tha iad a nise air beothachadh thun na cuis, agus a toirt gach misneach a ghabhas deanamh, do dhaoine stuama, dichiollach gu dachaidh a dheanamh dhoibh fhein 's an duthaich fharsuing, sheasgair so. Tha moran de dh'fhearann aig New Brunswick, Canada Ard agus Iosal, agus duthaich na h-Aimhne Deirg, air a chur air leith mar fhearann saor, air son luchd iomraich, agus gach misneach' agus comhnadh a ghabhas deanamh, aca ga thoirt dhaibh gu tighinn ga aiteach.

Ann an aireamh mu dheireadh, thug sinn beagan seachad mu 'n chuis so, bho *Chuairteir nan Gleann*, a bha air a chur mach bho cheann deich bliana thar fhichead, le fìor charaid nan Gaidheal, an Dr. Macleoid, nach maireann. Co-dhuinidh sinn so le bhì tarruing bho 'n aon cheudna, mu Chanada agus an t-sluagh 's freagarraiche air son tighinn ann, agus tha sinn a cur ar làn aontaris gach facal deth. Gheibhear na leanas ann an *Cuairteir nan Gleann*, 1841:

Cha 'n eil Canada fhathas ach 'na h-òige, ach tha i' g eiridh gu luath' ann an luach agus ann an cumhachd, agus gu dearbh cha 'n iongantach so, oir tha iomadh ni a' co' aontachadh chum soirbheachadh leis an dùthaich mhòir so. Tha i air ioma doigh air a beannachadh le freasdal Dè; agus uair no uaireigin bidh Canada 'na dùthaich co mór 's cho cumhachdach ri Breatainn fein.\* Tha 'n tir so anabharach tarbhach, agus nam biodh a' choill air a' gearradh agus an tir air a h-aiteachadh, 's duilich a radh cia lionmhor an sluagh a dh' fhaodadh tamh ann le cothrom, agus ann am pailteas. Cha 'n eil slèibhtean arda lóm neo-thorach fo chreagan agus fo fhraoch ann mar th' ann an Gáidhealtachd Albainn, no bog-

\* Bha e an so a ciallachadh Canada Ard amhain.

laichean agus móintichean farsuing nach urrainnear a chur gu feum mar th' ann an Eirinn; ach faodar an dùthaich uile chur fo bharr agus fo fheur cosmhal ri machraiche na Gaidhachd, no Shasunn. Am bitheantas tha'n dùthaich còmhnaidh iosal, agus far a' bheil beanntan, na dh'fhaodar beanntan a radh riutha, tha iad fo choille gu 'm mullaichean.

'Se ni a's iongataich' ann an Canada na lochan uisge tha ann; a thaobh an meud agus an doimhneachd, tha iad a' toirt barr air lochan-uisge 'n t-saoghail; tha gach loch dhiubh mar chuan mòr. Is mòr 'nar beachd-ne Loch-Odha, Loch-Laoimunn, Loch-Nis, Loch-tatha's Loch-Fireann, ach cha 'n fhearr iad na luban beaga 'n coimeas ris na lochan farusing tha san dùthaich m'a bheil sinn a' labhairt; cuid diubh mar tha *Lake-Superior*, tri cheud agus tri fichead mìl' air fad, agus seachd fichead mìl' air leud! Tha astar chòig-cheud-deng mìle' ceithir thimchioll an loch-uisge so, agus tha daoine 'deanamh a mach gu bheil e dlùth air mìle troidh air doimhneachd. Tha tri no ceithir dhiubh so dlùth d'a chèile; agus a' tearbadh Chanada uachdrach o rìoghachd America the air an taobh eile. O loch gu loch dhiubh so tha aibhnichean a' ruith, a' meudacha' gu mòr mar tha iad a' dol air an aghaidh, gus a bheil an abhain mhòr d' an ainm an *St. Lawrence* a tòiseachadh. Tha 'n abhainn so dlùth do cheud mìl' air leud far a' bheil i ruigheachd a' chuain. Tha dà mhìle do mhìltean o'n àit' o'm bheil an abhainn mhòr so ag éiridh, 'ionnsuidh an àite 'bheil i 'coinneachadh na fairge. Tha eileanan àillidh luachmhor air na lochan-uisge so, cuid diubh tri fichead mìle air fad. Tha aon àit' air an abhainn mhòr so tha air ainmeachadh "loch nam mìle eilein"; chunndadh iad, agus tha seachd-cheud-deug eilean ann an aon ruith air an abhainn so. Tha iad do gach cumadh agus meudachd, fo choille dhreachmhoir, agus uile gu lèir anabharach aillidh ri amharc orra 's ri seòladh 'nam measg. Anns na h-aiteacha sin far a' bheil loch a' tuiteam a stigh do loch eile mar tha iad a' tèarnadh le leathad chum a' chuain, tha sruthan brasa, agus leumannan uisge nach 'eil an coimeas ri fhacinn anns an t-saoghal gu lèir.

Tha abhainn mhòr eile ris an abair iad an *Ottawa*; an dèigh dhi ruith ceithir cheud agus leth-cheud mìle troimh thìr

cho tarbhach's a tha r'a faotainn, agus troimh choille cho dosrach reachdmhor's a tha 'cinntinn air' thalamh, a' tuiteam a stigh do'n abhain *St. Lawrence*. Anns an àite far a' bheil iad a' còmhlachadh a cheile, tha eileanan luachmhor, agus 'sann air a h-aon diubh sin a tha 'm baile mòr *Montreal* air a thogail.

Tha e soilleir o so gu bheil air na lochan-uisge so agus air na h-aibhnichean so slighe fad fichead ceud mìle, a' ruith suas o iochdar gu braighe na duthcha, air am faodar malairt agus marsantachd an t-saoghail a ghiulan. Anns na h-aiteachan sin far a' bheil aon loch a' tuiteam a stigh, agus le so leum-uisg ann nach leig le soitheach dfreadh le tearnadh, tha claisean-uisge, *canals*, air an deanamh, air a' bheil na soitheichean air an giulan air an aghaidh gun uhoille no grabadh air bith a' tachairt. Tha fearann na dùthcha so tarbhach, 's tha 'n duthaich fein fallain, ged tha 'n t-sìd fuar. Ach ged tha 'n t-sìd fuar, tha i tioram, agus math-dh' fhaoidte nach 'eil ceatharnaich a' seasamh air bonn brèige cho calma, churanda, làidir ri Gàidheil *Canada*.

Cha 'n eil pòr a chinneas an Sasunn nach fas san dùthaich so; tha cuid do thalamh ann 's an cinn an tombac' agus cainb. Airson coille tha i 'n so do gach seòrsa; 'se saothair an t-sluaigh bhì 'ga gearradh chum a sgrìoc, agus g'a losgadh. Tha 'chraobh-ubhall a' fàs ann an Canada gu reachdmhor; tha iad a' beathachadh mhuc leis na h-ùbhlán, agus a' deanamh na thogras iad do dh-fhion (*Cyder*) dhoibh fein diubh, deoch tha taintneach fionnar ri teas an t-samhraidh. Tha 'n geambradh, mar chì sinn 'na dhèigh so, anabarrach fadhaich agus fuar; ach aon uair 'n tig an reothadh gu math a stigh tha 'n t-sìd tioram fallain. Tha 'n sneachd an sin cho cruaidh 's gu 'n ruith eich le slaoid agus cuirn air 'nachdar 'nan làn luathas gun uiread a's lorg an coise fhagail.\* So an t'am an àbhaist doibh am bàrr a chur gu muileann 's gu cladach, àm, chum na h-uile goireas fhaotainn o aiteachan fad' as; tairngidh aon each le carn no sload, barrachd air an àm so na dheanadh ceithir dhiubh air an rathad mhòr san t-samhradh. 'Se so an t-àm a's cridhela 's a's aighearaich' air feadh na bliadhna; cairdean a' falbh 's a' tighinn,

\* Bha e le so a ciallachadh na roidean, far am bi an sneachda air a stampaidh cruaidh le coisneachd dheòine agus bheithichean.

sùgradh agus suilbhearrachd, taghall agus ceilidh eadar bhailtean, pailteas r'a fhò-tainn 's r'a sheachnadh, agus tha 'n aoidh-eachd agus an fhialaidheachd a's cairdeala dol air aghaidh. Mur 'oil aite-codail sna tighean-cumhnuidh a dh' fhòghnas doibh uile, tha ann na dh' fhòghnas do na mnathan, agus tha "leaba mhòr na h-àiridh" ann an sabhal fiodha airson nan daoine; tha ceòl agus dannsa, orain agus feadhachas cairdeil a' dol air aghaidh; agus mar so, le leughadh agus seanachas, tha 'n oidhche gheamhraidh a' dol seachad.

(Gu bhì air a leantuin.)

### NIAGARA.

A Thi mhoir a chruthaich na Duilean,  
'S a shocruidh an Cruinne,  
Le d' ghardean cumhachdach neartmhor,  
Air a bhunait;  
'S gloirmhor an obair a rinn thu,  
Niagra ainmeil,  
An t-Eas mor a rinn thu chumadh,  
'S an t-sean aimsir.  
'Sud an t-Eas ioghantach loghmhor,  
Eas mor na garraich,  
Eas ciotranach riaghlas na smuidrich  
'S na bùirich ghabhaidh;  
Eas fuaimearra lòbhar na beucail  
A leum na steallaibh  
Thar bhìle' nan creagan òsmhar,  
Na chaoiribh geala,  
Gu sridagach, sradagach, sneachdghéal  
'S a dhreach soilleir;  
A tearnadh 'o bhaigh gu iochdar,  
Le dian bhòlle';  
Sruth uaine briseadh na mullach,  
'S e ruith na dheannaibh,  
Thar bharradh nan stocan airda,  
Le gair' mhaireann;  
Le siachdruich ghabhbeach a' tuiteam,  
An slugan domhainn,  
Gu linneachaibh du-ghorm doillear,  
A goil mar choire.  
An t-aigéal ga thionndadh o'n iochdar,  
Le fior ainneart,  
'San glas uisge 'bruchdadh an uachdar,  
Le luaths saighd';  
An linne ga shoitreadh 's ga maistreadh,  
Troimbe cheile,  
'S i fosgladh a broillich-duibh,  
Ris na speuraibh.  
B'ìogantach an sealladh bhì faicinn.  
Deatach lath-ghlas,  
Ag èirigh anns an athar,  
Rì latha griannach;  
'Nuair shealladh tu fad air astar,  
Air an loghnadh  
'Se theireadh tu gur bata-toile,  
A bh' ann le smuidrich;  
Ach 'nuair thigeadh tu 'm fagus da  
Ghabhail beachd air,  
Throm-fhluicheadh an eathadh caoir-ghéal  
Le braonaibh dealt thu,  
'S chitheadh tu am bogha froids  
Le dhathalbh sgiamhach,  
Ged bhìodh sìde thioram shesgair,  
Anns an iormailt.  
Am mì-uisge a tuiteam mu'n cuairt dhuit,  
Air an ailean,  
'San fhaiche gu h-urail uaine,  
Mar a b'ail leat;  
Na craobhan a cinnlìn dosrach,  
'S lusan ùr-ghorm,  
'A fas le feartaibh na greine,

Gu reith fo 'n driuchd ud.  
Na lusan a tha mu d' thimchioll.  
Cha'n iarr uisge,  
Chan aithne dhoibh idir tiormachd  
Rì aimsir loisgleh,  
Cha tuigear leo eòd a's ciall do  
Bhì gun fhìiche,  
Ged thean'ficheadh gach aite mun cuairt doibh  
Mar chruas cloiche.  
Tha 'n t-athar gun ghoinne gun chaomhnadh  
A' taomadh feartan  
A storas do-thraoghadh na h-aimhne  
Gu saobhir beartach;  
Dh'f bag aghaidh an fhuinn ud  
▲ dh'oidhche 's a latha  
Gu h-urail uaine-fhearach aluinn,  
A' fas gu falain,  
Nuair theireadh tu sìos do 'n t-slugan  
Gu oir an uisge.  
Bhòthradh an tormanalch uamhaidh,  
Do chluasan buileach.  
Nuair shealladh tu 'n sin mun cuairt duit,  
Air a' chas-sìruth  
Chun eadh e do cheann 'na thuaineal,  
'S tu 'nad bhreisliche;  
Us nuair thigeadh tu 'm fagus do 'n'  
Phlaide lha-ghlais,  
Tha 'n crochadh rì aghaidh na creige,  
Bhìodh geit us fiabh ort,  
Nuair sheideadh a 'ghaoth gu laidir  
'S an t-uisge frasach.  
'Ga chathadh'gu fadhaich a d'aodunn,  
Gach taobh g an teich thu,  
Mar latha gabhbeach 'san fhaoilteach  
Le gaith us uisge,  
A fhluchadh am prioba na sul thu,  
'S a dhruigheadh tur ort.  
Mar osag o inneal seididh,  
Fuirneis iaruinn,  
'S amhluidh ghaoth sgalanta chruaidh ud,  
Thig le dian-neart,  
Eadar a charruig agus a steall a tha  
Nuas a' tuiteam:  
An comdach a tha air do cheann  
'S gann gu fuirich;  
Shoileadh tu gun d' èirich doininn  
Anns an iarmailt;  
Ach trian ehan urainn mi aithris  
De gach iognadh,  
A tha rì fhaicinn air an Eas ud,  
An t-Eas chuitach;  
Bu mhòrdhalach e gun teagamh:  
Ma tha iongantais air an t-saoghal  
'S an duibh easan:  
Miltean tunna gach mionaid  
A' tuiteam comhladh  
Thar bhìle na creige do'n linne,  
'Na aon mhòr shruth,  
Us dluth air oehd fìchead troidhean  
Anns an leum ud,  
O bnaigh gu iochdar na creige  
'Na seasamh dìreach;  
'S a chreag ud gu h-ard aig a mullach  
Air chumadh leith-chruinn,  
Cosmhail rì cruith an eich charbaid  
No leith coareid;  
An t-uisge a sputadh 'na steallaibh  
A mach gu fada;  
O bhonn na creige san linne  
Fìcheadh slat uap;  
Chiuinnendh tu thorman seachd mìle  
Uaith air astar:  
Mar thairn'each anns na speuraibh  
Rì beucaile neartmhor.  
'S nuair bhìodh tu 'nad sheasamh laimh ris  
B' amhluidh thartar,  
Us mìle carbaid air cabsair  
Nan deann dol seachad:  
Gu'n crìchadh an t-athar mun cuairt duit  
Leis na buillibh,  
Tha 'n t-uisge trom a' shìor bhualadh  
Air o'n mhuilich;



Us maoth-ehrith air an talamh throm  
 Fo bhonn do chasan;  
 Mar mhòthachear latha stoirmeil,  
 Tigh 'ga chrathadh;  
 Ach ged bhòdh mìle teang' am bheul,  
 Chan innsin uile  
 Na h-iongantais a th'air an Eas ud,  
 Mar sin sguiream.

D. B. B.

## AN LON-DUBH.

LE EOGHAN MACCOLLA.

[Rinneadh an dàn a leanas goirid an deigh  
 bàs maighinn do 'n d'thug am bàrl mòr-speis,  
 agus air bhì dha aon latha 'coimhead an ionaid  
 anns an tric a chum è còmhail rithe—badaid  
 coille far a d' eisd e ri lon-dubh a' seinn 'òran  
 tiamhaidh air gèag am fagus do'n àite 'san do  
 thachair dha bhì 'na shuidhe.]

A Lon-duibh, a Lon-duibh, O gur beag tha  
 thù 'm feum

Air teicheadh bhuan féin le do cheòl;  
 B'è 'n sealgair gun umhail a chuireadh 'nad  
 dhéidh

An luaidh' leis am faodadh do leòn.

A Lon-duibh, a Lon-duibh, 's leat-sa 'n diugh  
 thar gach eun

An ribheid is fearr thig air m' fhonn;  
 Cha n' eil mi gidheadh gun mhòr iogna' ciod è  
 Dh-fhag d' òran co dolasach, trom.

A Lon-duibh, 'bheil do leannan riut coimh-  
 each no dùr,

'S i gu pròiseil a' diùltadh leat tàmh?  
 O, 's cinnteach nach eil,—b' ise 'ghogaid gun  
 tùr

Nach mealbuth 's nach maoth'cheadh do  
 dhàn!

A Lon-duibh, 'nè gu'n d' fhuair an druid  
 buaidh ort ri ceòl

Dhùisg buaireas 'us bròn ann ad chrìos?  
 No 'n d' fhuair thu an nead 's an robh d'  
 isinean òg

Air an goid bhuaite le gàrlach gun iochd?

A Lon-duibh, a Lon-duibh, tha mi 'cuimh-  
 neachadh nis!

Bha 'n clamhan an rathad so 'n dé:  
 'S mòr m' eagal gu' n d' réub è do chéile 'sa'  
 phreas,

'Gad fhàgail-sa dubhach 'na déigh.

A Lon-duibh, ma's fìor sud, tha mi dulich  
 do d' thaobh,

Le co-fhaireacain chaomh, mar is dual  
 Do neach tha 'nad chor 'faicinn ceart a chor  
 féin:

Eisd, 'us innsidh aobhar mo ghruain.

A Lon-duibh, 's dearbh gur cuimhne leat ribh-  
 inn mo ghaoil,

An caitin a b' aobhaiche snuadh,

'S is tric a dhéisd còmhla riun d' òran 's a,  
 chraoibh,  
 Ann an coill Bhaile-n-taoir an sud shuas.

A Lon-duibh, mar dhriùc Maighe fo bhlàth-  
 shùil na gréin

Bho 'n talamh rinn m' eudail grad-thriall;  
 Bha h-ionhaigh cho nèamhuidh 's nach ioghn-  
 adh leam féin

Na h-ainglibh bhì 'n déigh air mo chiall.

A Lon-duibh, a Lon-duibh, nis 'an coille nam  
 blàdh—

Leig leam a bhì làmh riut a' caoidh:  
 Cha 'n ann do na h-uille eun dhinnisinn fàth  
 Trom-osnaidhean cràiteach mo-chrì!

Ach stadam mo bhronn: 'S ole mo chòir air  
 bhì 'caoidh,

'Cur milleadh air aobhneas mo ghràidh;  
 B' fhearr sealltain gu fòil air an doigh anns  
 am faod

Mi bhì fathast 'na caoin-chaidreamh blà.

SEONaid, FLUR Boidheach a  
 GHLINN.

(O'N 'BHEURLA.)

Tha 'ghrian air dol sìos nis air ùla Bheinn-  
 Loinn,

'Toirt àite do neulta is òr-bhuidhe lóinn,  
 Smi 'n so feasgar Ceitein a 'farsan 'n am aonar,  
 Dluth-smuainteach air Seonaid, Flur boidh-  
 each a Ghlinn.

Ged's millis an Earra-dhreas le 'dhearg-ghuca  
 eubhraidh,

Ged's àillidh am Beithe 'na ghorm-thrus-  
 gan grinn,

Gur h-àille's gur mìlse, 's gur rionhaiche  
 dhò'sa

Mo Sheonaid bhàn òg—Flùran boidheach a  
 Ghlinn.

Tha i modhail na gluasad—cùin, maiseach,  
 gun ghuaineis,—

Do no-chiontas intinn fhuair m' anasachd  
 làn roinn:

O gunna fa' naipe an slaoiteir mi-shuairee  
 Air droch diòl a dh' fhàgadh Flùr àluinn a'  
 Ghlinn!

A Smòbraich! cum suas do bhinn, dhuanaig do  
 'n fheasgar,

'S gle chaomh le mactalla nan ereag ud do  
 rann:

Ach 's caoimhe leam féin, gach deagh-bheus'  
 rinn mo thàladh

Ri Seonaid bhàn, òg—Flùran boidheach a'  
 Ghlinn.

Mu 'n faca mi Seonaid, b' fhaoin sòlas mo  
 làithean,

Cha robh aigh nar a bhaile 'nam aithre ach  
 faoin;

Ni mò b'èol dèmh aon nionag a theumadh gu gràth mi

Gus an d' fhuair mi mo shùil air Flùr cùbraidh a Ghlinn.

Ged bu leam-sa gun dàil staid co àrd 'sa tha 'm dhùthaich,

Gun ise ri m' thaobh bhithinn aonarach, tinn,

'S mi cuinntas mar neoni gach onoir 'us storas  
A dh' easbhuidh mo Sheònaid—Flùr bòid-  
heach a Ghlinn. EAD. LE P. C.

BATHURST, ONT.

NOTE.—Dumblane is a corruption of Duablane—the latter being in its turn Dun-bilathain (i.e., the hill of flowers). Anglicised.

#### TUIREADH SEANN FHLEASGACA.

SEISD.

Fionndaidh nis is eisid,  
Fionndaidh, fionndaidh, 's gabh gu feuma,  
'S na deam-sa mar a rinn mi fein,  
Thoir te a meas na'n eailceagan.

'S tha mise 'n so an diugh leam fhein,  
Gun agam n' a ni dhomh feum;  
Gun mhart, gun each, gun bheathach spreidh,  
Gun cheare, gun gheadh, gun tuinagan

'Sa 'huair a bha mi a'm ghill' og,  
Bha caoraich agam 's crodh gu leor;  
Co theireadh rium an sin ri'm bheo,  
Gu'm faicinn la-cho uireasbhuidheach.

Mo mhallachd aig an fhear gu brath  
Nach tagh a bhean 'huair bhios e traight',  
Gun f'heilbhidh gus an tig an lan  
No bithidh e baithte le cunnartan.

'S beag a shaoil mi 'n laithean m' oig,  
Gu'm bhithinn-se gun neart gun treoir;  
Gun bhean, gun m'haic, gun neach am chòir  
A bheireadh dhomhse comh-fhurtaehd.

'Sa bhòthan bhochd 'an soleam fhein,  
Am dhragh do chaeb, 's mi fein gun fheum;  
Gach la a dol n' s dluithe do'n eug,  
'S gun neach n'am dheigh le m' dullch mi.

Is 'llean caoinleibh am fear,  
Am feadh 'sa bhithias a ghrìan a' dears';  
Oir thig an aois an uine ghearr,  
'S b' fhearr leibh gun robh bean agalbh.

Cha'n ioghna' eiod a d'heilreadh dhomhs',  
'S an car a thoir a te le m' dheoin;  
Oir dh'fhag mi nighean steidheil chòir,  
An toir air storas amaldeach.

Chall mi 'n storas, chall mi 'n treud,  
Cha d'fhuair mi 'n te bha mi an deigh;  
'S an te a gheibhinn, 's thug dhomh speis,  
Thug mi le eacòir car aiste.

Tha ise 'n diugh co math 'sa mlann,  
Tha aice fear is lomadh ceud;  
Tha mise 'n so 'nam bhodach lath,  
Thug lomadh bliadhna fo àirsneal.

Is dh' l'nis mise nis mar bha,  
'S do ghabhainn rabhadh uamsa trà;  
'S ma's toigh leat te, thoir dhì do lamh,  
Is gu brath na bi na d' Bhaithelear.  
J. C.

#### OISEIN: A 'LINN AGUS A BHARDACHD.

Faodaidh cairdean agus eascairdean  
an treun-'bhaird Oisein an aidmheil so  
a thogail le cheile, gum bheil a radh  
fein araon firinneach agus freagarrach:

"Sgeul ri aithris air am o aois;  
Gnìomharan laithean nam bliadhnachan  
a dh'aom."

"An Seallama, an Taura no'n Tighmori,  
Cha-n 'eil slige no oran no clarsach;  
Tha iad uile nan tulaichean uaine,  
'S an clachan nan cluainibh fein;  
Cha'n fhaic a'neal o'n lear no o'n fhasach  
A h-aon diu 's a bharr ro neul."

Cha'n 'eil ni's mo oighean nan rosg  
mall aig Morni a' bualadh clarsaich no  
togail dain. Tha clarsach gun tend 'am  
Morbheinn: cha'n 'eil guth no ceol an  
Cona: thuit araon an triath 's am bard,  
's cha'n 'eil cliu 'san àird ni's mo.  
Cha'n 'eil laun a' bualadh beum-sgeithe.  
Tha Fionnghal nan iomadh beus 'us  
buaidh ann an stri nan lann, 'us Oisein,  
bard milis caomh nam fonn, 'us Oscar  
gaisgeach mòr meannach ard nam feart,  
maille ri treun-laoich na Feinne a thog  
oran 's a laim sìch claidheamh anns na  
laithean a bha 's a dh'aom,—tha iad  
uile, 'nan cainnt fein, nan ciar thalla a'  
sealg feidh dhoilleir nan niall. Mhar-  
caidh iad uile ann an laithean nam  
bliadhnachan a dh'fhalbh, air iomall an  
sgiathan le greadhachas gu clann nam  
Fionn, 'Am Morbheinn cluiteach nan  
sruth gaireach 's nan aonaichean neul-  
ach sprochdach, cha'n 'eil le siol nan sar-  
ghaisgeach sgiath leathan g' a sgaoil-  
eadh, no claidheamh geal g' a tharruing;  
ni's mo cha chrathar craosnach agus cha  
seinnear dan catha baoisge le laoch ard  
dhuineil aiginneach Fhionnghail mhoir  
nan sleagh, 'nuair a bhitheadh gach  
suil air lann 'us tuar 'righ ard nam  
beum 's nam beusan mòr.

Cha robh na linntean tearc anns an  
robh bardachd na Feinne—nan-orain  
chaomha chiuin a b' abhaist do mhìle  
bard air mìle clarsaich agus cruic chiul

a sheinn ann an talla fhial mac Chaomhail, air an giulan a nuas le beul aithris o ghinealach gu ginealach, gus fadh-eoidh an d'èirich buidheann de dhaoine foghlumte suairce, aig an robh mòr-mheas air na dain d' am bu nòs aighear agus sunnd a dhusgadh le 'm fuaim thiamhaidh fhonmhor ann an luchairtean nam Morbheinn, an trath a blait-eadh an-t-slige 'dol mun cuairt, agus solàs 'us thusalachd air àm faireachduinn ann am bròn 's 'an tuireadh dian na sìthe. Mun rannsuich sinn na doighean trid an robh dain Oisein air àn gleidheadh air chuimhne rè uine co fada agus co dorcha; 'us mun gabh sinn beachd air an am agus air a' mhodh a bha iad fadheoidh air àn cruinneachadh le Senmas Mac a' Pheursainn agus Gaidheil threun-inntinneach theochridheach agus ealanta eile, bithidh è iomchuidh dhuinn pilltinn air 'ur n' ais, agus feuchainn, le comhnadh nan sgoilearan a rinn feum co maith de na gathannan faoin a tha 'nis agus a rithist a dearsadh anns an dorchadas, an dean sinn a mach suidheachadh nan Gaidheal bha tuineachadh ann an Albainn ann an ceud linntean a' chreidimh Chrìosduidh. Than comhdhunadh bunaiteach agus soilleir a dh' ionnhsuidh am bheil daoine teachd mu thiomchioll ceudshuidheachadh nan Gaidheal ann an iomadh cearna iomallach de'n Roinn Eorpa. Ghluais iad gu moch air falbh bhò'n aird an ear far an robh air tùs an cinne daoine uile' tuineachadh. Sgaòil iad gu deifireach thairis air comhnardan reamhar, thorrach na Mòr-Roinn, a' fagail 'an sùd agus 'an so—ann an ainm duthcha agus ann an cleachduinn aosmhor iongantach, cuimhneachan do na fineachan lionmhor a thainig 'nan deigh. Cha'n 'eil è furasda aig an àm so, an deigh do linntean co dorcha an cuairt a ruith, ceumannan nan Gaidheal 'nan ceud thuruais a lorgachadh. Thuinich iad anns an duthaich a tha 'nis air a-h-aiteachadh leis na Frangaich, agus thainig iad le beagan dragh thairis do Bhreatuinn. Dh' imich iad re uine mu

thuath, agus ann an eileannan cnocach lionmhor, ann an glinn 's an srathan fhasgach uaigneach Albainn, thuir na Gaidheal agus an canain fhoghainteach fardach, agus daighneach a choisinn doibh tearuinteachd 'us seasmhachd 'us soirbheachadh, am feadh a bha aghaidh nan duthchannan mun cuairt air a-hatharrachadh 's air a millidh gu miuc le feachdan garg nan Romanach, nan Lochlinnich agus nam fineachan neo-cneasda alluidh aig an robh an ionad comhnuidh fein am measg fuachd 'us reotha na-h-airde Tuath.

(*Gu bhì air a leantuinn.*) CONA.

## RO' NA CHOMHRAIG.

(BHO 'NA BHEURLA.)

AIR FONS:—"Just before the Battle, Mother."

A mhathair ghaòil ro àm na còmhraig,  
Tha mo snuaintean ort-sa 'mhàin;  
Air an fhaiche rè an latha  
As ar n' eascaraid aig laimh.  
Companaich dhaimheil tha mu'n cuairt  
dhomh,  
Le gradh Dhé a's fùrdaich làn,  
'S fhios aca gur h-ioma' gaisgeach  
'Bhios an ath-lath' 'n glaic a Bhais!

## LUINNEAG.

*Soraidh leat a nis a mhathair,  
Siubh'laidh mi gu blàr nam beum;  
Ach na di-chuimhnic gu bràth mi  
Ma bhios m' aireamh aig an 'Eug!*

'S fada leam gach latha 'mhathair,  
Gus gu faic mi ghraidh thu-fhéin;  
Ach gu bràth cha 'n fhàg mi bhratach,  
'S pilleadh dhachaidh dh' easbhuidh euchd.  
An luchd-brath a ta mu 'n cuairt duibh,  
'S mòr an lochd iad ann ar càs—  
Mheall ar gaisgeich anns gach baileal,  
Le 'bhi caidreamhach ri 'r nàmh!

*Soraidh leat a nis a mhathair, &c.*

Eisd! is cluinn an triumbaid cheolmhor  
Tha g' ar seòladh dh' ionnsaidh 'chath;  
Teasraig sinne 'Dhé na glòrach,  
Buanaich dhuinn ar còr a's ceart.  
Cluinn a nise guth na Saorsa  
Air a ghaoth a tigh'nn le seisd;  
Mar a buanaich sinn ma 'r brataich,  
Gheibh sinn fàs gach reach 'san t-sreup!

*Soraidh leat a nis a mhathair, &c.*

FILIDH NAM BEANN.

## TUIRE FHINN AIRSON BAILE-CHLUAIDH.

LE OISEIN.

Ghlaic Cumhal, athair Fhinn, Baile-chluaidh, agus loisg se e. Bha am baile air craig Dhun-Breiteann, an nìsge Chluaidh; agus sgrios Cumhal e, chum 's nach bitheadh e na dhaingneach na aghaidh.

“Togaibh, bharda a 's caoin, am fonn,”  
Thubhairt Fionnghal ard shonn nan sgiath;  
“Togaibh cliu min Mhaona nan tonn,  
A's i cadal am fonn nan sliabh.”<sup>1</sup>

“Gairnibh 'h-anam gu mall fo dhuan  
Nall gu talamh nan stuadhan mor:  
Biodh' caoin astar osceann nan cruach  
Air Mòr-bheinn a 's buadhach òigh—<sup>2</sup>  
Gathan greine nan laithean a dh' aom,  
Solais bhanail nan daoine bh' ann.

“Chunnam balla Bhail-chluaidh nan lann,  
Air nach eirich ach gann guth slòigh:  
'S an talla bha teine nach fann.  
'N diugh gun chaidre measg chlann a's òigh.

“Dh aom Cluaidh;<sup>3</sup> bha sruth eatrom air raon  
Bho ard bhalla thuit claon fo smùr.  
'N sin bha cluaran gluasad fo ghaoith,  
A's coineach a caoineadh fo 'n tùr.

“'N sìonnach ruadh bha 'n a uinneig fein,  
A's mall lhubadh an fhèir m' a chùl.  
'S fàsach cònuidh Mhaona nan teud;  
'S doilleir talla nan ceud 's an tùr.

“Togaibh, bharda, bròn caoin nam fonn  
Mu ard thalla nan tonn a bh' ann:  
Thuit a trenna fada fo thom,<sup>4</sup>  
A's thig laithean nan sonn so nall.

“Cuim' thogadh leat talla nan corn,  
A mhic aimsir nach mòthar sgiath,  
Thu coimhead an diugh bho d' thùr mhòr,  
A's ant aih-lath fo scòrr nan sliabh?”<sup>5</sup>

“Cha mhall blian'au 's cumhachdach triall,  
Le osaig nan ciar mhonadh fàs  
A gairm ann an talla nan triath,  
Nis' air tuiteam gu thrian air làr.

“Chiar osag, thig bho mhonadh fàs;<sup>6</sup>  
Bì'dh sinne sàr 'n ar laithibh féin;  
Bì'dh comhar mòr mo lhainn am blàr,  
'S bì'dh m' ainm aig iomad bard an céin.

1 An duslach nan sliabh.

2 Bhiodh anaman nam marbh a siubhal air na neoil, a reir beachdan nan linn ud.

3 Bail-Chluaidh. 4 Dh' eug iad. 5 'S an uaigh. 6 Tha am fonn a caochladh an so.

“Tog fonn, 's cuir slige ait m' an cuairt:  
 Biodh sòlas ard ri lhuaidh a' m' chòir.  
 Nuair dh' aomas tusa chi mi shuas,  
 Ma thig thu nuas, a sholuis mhòir,

“Ma ta 's air àm 's air àm gun tuar,  
 Mar Fhionnghal òg a 's luaithe ceum,  
 [Bì'dh mis' mar thusa fad fo bhuaidh;]  
 Is ceart co buan mo chliu 's tu féin.”

Mar sin a thog an rìgh am fonn,  
 Air làith' nan sonn a b' airde clìth:  
 Bha ceud fear-facail 'g eisdeachd shuas,  
 Ag aomadh balbh gu luaidh an rìgh.  
 Bu chosmhuil sin ri fuaim nan teud  
 Nuair dh' eireas mall a ghaoth bho 'n fhrìth.

B' àillidh smuaintean uasal do chléibh;<sup>7</sup>  
 Cuim' ta Oisein a' d' dheigh gun neart?  
 Ach seasaidh tu, athair, leat fein;  
 Co e coimeas rìgh treun nam feart?

## MARBH-RHANN DO 'N URRAMACH PADRUIG MAC-ILLEADHAIN.

LE RUARI MOIRASTAN.

[Bha 'n duine uasal, Urramach so na fhear teagaisg ro mheasail agus ainmeil 's gach aite anns an robh e. Rugadh e ann an eilean Leoghais; bha e uair na mhinistir ann an Ceap Breatuinn, *Nova Scotia*, as a' sin chaidh e air ais do dh' Alba, agus bha e rè uine na mhinisteir na h-eaglais Saoir ann 'n Steornabhagh, far an do bhasaich e air mìos dheireannach an Earraich, 1868.]

Cha 'n urra' mi, cha 'n aithne dhomh,  
 Do chliu gu ceart a luaidh,  
 Ann am braithraibh comhnard falainn,  
 A bhiodh airidh air do chuairt;  
 Ach se do chliù gu h-araidh,  
 Anns gach aite gu'n tug thu buaidh,  
 'S tha thu nise sabhailt,  
 Aig gairdean deas an Uain.

Cha bu gheug gun toradh thu,  
 Ach maiseach a measg chaich,  
 Suidhichte anns an fhìonan,  
 Nach do chaill a riamh a bhlàth;

Ghlanadh mar an t-airgiod thu,  
 'S mar an t-òr 's deirge gnath,  
 'S bu shoitheach glan lan eifeachd  
 thu;  
 Le sgeimh an tì tha 'n aird

Bha iorasalachd 's gradh,  
 A tighinn 'n airde ruit 's gach ceum,  
 Bha do phearsa maiseach aluinn,  
 'S buaidh do naduir bha da reir,  
 'S do chliù bidh aig na braithrean,  
 Anns an fhasach's fad' an rèis,  
 Oir chaill iad nis Faidhe,  
 A bha gradhach ac' gu leir.

Cha 'n 'eil thu nise ga d' sharachadh,  
 'Sa phaileann so air chuairt,  
 Cha bhi trioblaid inntinn ort,  
 'S cha bhi thu tinn car uair,  
 Chaidh thu suas le òrdheareas,  
 'S dh'fhalbh na deoir 'o d' ghruaidh;  
 A Dhia nan gràs gun deonaich dhuinn  
 Bhi comhla riutsa shuas.

Feumaidh sinne a chairdean,  
Thiglinn a lathair 'Bhrìtheamh  
mhoir,  
Chi sinn 'n sin Padruig,  
Measg an aireamh chaidh thoirt beo ;  
'S cuiridh e' sa a sheula,  
Ris a bhinn theid eigheachd cruaidh,  
Na 'n aghaidh-san a dbitear,  
Leis an fhirinn bha e luaidh.

Guidbheam air mo chairdean,  
A dheisd Padruig air a chuairt,  
Gu 'm pilleadh sibh gu 'r Slanaighear,  
Mu 'n tig am bàs gu luath ;  
Mu 'n toir e sìos do dhoruinn sibh,  
Gu staid eu-dochais bhùan,  
Mu'n duinear dorus trocair oirbh,  
O thigibh beò gu luath.

#### LAOIDH AIR COR AN DUINE.

LE EALASAIÙ RHUDH NI'N DONNACHAL,  
E RAINEACH, A BHA THUINEADH, RI SEANN  
LAITHIBH, AN CROIT LHAIBHRAINN, OS-  
CIONN LHEARAGAN.

O 's mithich dhuinn dùsgadh ;  
Tha sinn fada neo-shurdail gun stà ;  
Sinn gun omhail gun chàran  
Gun tig sinn gu cunntas gu bràth.  
Nam bu lheid duinn an gnothach,  
Cha bu choir dhuinn bhì gabhail na dàil ;  
Gum bi 'n obair ri fheuchainn  
Nuair thigteachdair g' ar d' 'neigheachd bho 'n  
bhàs.

Ciamar lhabhras sinn facl  
Nuair a bheir an Tì Cheart sinn na là'ir  
'S a lhiuthad lath agus bliana  
A bhùilich sinn dìomhain mar thà ?  
'S ann chum nìle bha ar togradh :  
'S bha sinn leisg a chum obair nan gras.  
S' cruaidh an gnothach ri eisleadh  
Gach lochd tha ri lheughadh 'n ar là'ir

Nuair theid trompaid a sheidleadh,  
Theid an cruinne gu leir bun osceann ;  
Na bhios marbh nì iad dusgadh,  
'S bheir an euan an sin cunntas nach gann.  
Thig crith-thalmhainn a dhuisgeas  
Na h-uaignean bha duinne gu teann,  
Nuair thig Breithe' na còrach  
A thoirt breith air gach seors a bhios ann.

Is fath cagail a's curam  
A bhì sinnaineach ma 'n uine sin fhein.  
Bhìh neul ruadh air a ghealaich,  
'S culaidh bhroin a cur falach mu'n ghrein :

Theid an saoghal 'n a smùraich,  
Agus leoghaidh gach dùthaich mar chéir  
Nuair thig Buachail' a Cheartais  
'Ghabhail cunntas air fad anns an treud

Nuair thig Breithe' na Firinn,  
'S beag t-ìoghnadh ar 'n inntinn bhì trom,  
Nì ar cogais ar dìteadh ;  
Bhìdhidh litir ar binn ann ar com.  
Theid ar tearbadh bho cheile  
Mar nì 'm buchail' an spréidh air an tom—  
Cuid gu subhachas sìorruidh,  
'S a chuid eile gu diogh'ltasuibh trom.

Ach tha 'n saoghal so 'n cònaidh  
'G ar cumail an dòchas gach làth  
Gun toir esa dhuinn sòlas,  
Sinn a gabhail a sheoil anns gach càs.  
Ach nuair thaisgear 's an uir sinn,  
A's a chuireas e cul ruinn gu bràth,  
B' fhearr d' arn anamaibh bhì 'n sìochaint  
Na na choisinn sinn riamh air a sgàth.

Ach na sheallas tu cinnteach,  
Chan 'eil moran toillinntinn fo'n ghrein  
Nì is mò tha do dhùil ann,  
S' ann is doeh e chuir eul riut gu leir :  
'N aite aighir a's sugraidh  
Gum bheil bròn agus curam 'n a dhèigh ;  
A's air pailtead do stòrais  
Cha toir thu fo'n fhòid ach thu fhein.

Ach 's e leigheas ar dochainn  
Sinn a rhannsach an doruis 'n a thràth  
A tha treoireach ann fochair  
Caithir Dhe a's a shochairan àillt,  
A bhì 'g earbsadh le durachd  
Gun do ghlan E ar cunntas 'n a là'ir,  
A's gum meal sinn an reite  
Choisinn Esa chaidh cheus' air ar sgàth.

Bha réisimeid ann an aon do dh-Inn-  
sean na h-àirde 'n iar ; bha mòran do na  
daoine 'bàsachadh, agus cha mhór gum  
b'fhèarr na h-ìfigich. An déigh do'n iar-  
mad tighin dachaidh, bha duin'-uasal a  
choinnich aon do na saighdearan, a feòra-  
dhe ciod bu choireach ris na daoine bhì  
'iubhal co lionmhor. "Se bhì 'g òl a  
rum ùr a bha 'gam marbhadh," arsa'n  
saighdear. "Creididh mi sin mu na  
daoine," arso'n duin'-uasal ; "ach cha'n  
urraim e bhith gu'n robh na h-oifigich  
ag òl an rum ùr !" "Cha robh idir, le'r  
cead," arsa'n saighdear ; "se 'n seann  
rum a chuir as do na h-oifigich."

# THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDER,

AN ENGLISH SUPPLEMENT TO "THE GAEL."

A GAELIC MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED BY NICHOLSON & CO., TORONTO, CANADA, AND GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

## ON THE STRUCTURE AND AFFINITIES OF THE GAELIC LANGUAGE

BY P. MCGREGOR, M.A.

(Continued from No. 1.)

We had prepared a comparative list of words in all the parts of speech, but we find that our limits will compel us to omit the nouns, the common adjectives, and the verbs. We select these for exclusion, because they are the parts of speech which most easily pass from one language to another, and therefore they are a less reliable test of affinities than those words which yield only when the language to which they belong becomes extinct. Although the English contains myriads of words of Latin or Greek origin, yet the pronouns, the numeral adjectives below a million, and the indeclinable parts of speech, are nearly all of Germanic origin. We may, therefore, infer that the Gaelic words in the following list are original, even where similar words are found in contiguous languages, which is frequently not the case; the Gaelic often agreeing with the Greek or Sanscrit, where Latin, Welsh and German differ.

### PRONOUNS.

GAELIC.	LATIN.	GREEK.	SANSKRIT.	WELSH.	GERMAN.	ENGLISH.
am, *inn,* me, mi tu, thu sē, ē sī, ī (eadh) amuid* imis* (nus) sinn (bhuis) sibh	} ego, me tu, te is ea id } nos vos	{ egōn, iōn, ego tu, su, se he hē	{ aham ma, me twam, twa sa sā	{ av,* wñ* mi, vi ti ev, e hi	{ ich, mich du, dich er sie	I, me thou, thee he, him she, her it } we, us ye, you they, them
siad, iad mo to, do e, a nor, arn, ar bhur, 'ur so, sa sud, 'ud, sin	se, ii, eae me— tu— { ejus (of him) her noster vester ut (conj.)	{ hēmeis iō spho? } spheis, } sphas em— t—, s— } hos, hē nōiter sphōiter	{ vayam † nas vas } te, tas me (of me) te (of thee) vam (of you) esha tat	{ em,* om* ni } hwynt, } hwy (my) vy dy ei hwnw	{ Go, † veis ? uns Go yus ? } sie mein dein unser euer Go, so, sa das, jen	

\* These forms are found only as nominatives affixed to verbs. The modes in which they are used prove that they are not oblique cases.

† The Go is for Moeso-gothic. •

GAELIC.	LATIN.	GREEK.	SANSKRIT.	WELSH.	GERMAN.	ENGLISH.
cō, cē, a	qui, quae	hos, he	{ kas, kau } { yas, yau }	Pa	{ Go, chwo* } { ei }	who, which, that
ciod, cat	quid, quod		kat, ke		Go, chwas	what
fein, hein	} su—		swa	hun	eigin	own, self
se, sa						

## NUMERAL ADJECTIVES.

aon	un	hen		un	ein, Go ain	one
dō, dā	duo	duo	dwi, dwa	dau	Go twa	two
trī	tria	tria	tri	tri	{ drei, Go thri }	{ three
ceathuir	} quatuor	tessar	chatur	pedwar	Go, fidwor	four
ceithir						
(cuing) coig	quinque	penie	paneha	pump	fuenf	five
(seis) sē	sex	hex	shash	chwech	sechs	six
(secten)	} septem	hepta	saptan	saith	sieben	seven
seachd						
(octon) ochd	octo	okto	ashtan	wyth	{ acht, Go, achtan }	{ eight
(naoin) naoi	novem	ennea	navan	naw	neun	nine
(decen) deich	decem	deka	dashan	dēg	Go, taichan	ten

## PREPOSITIONS.

(uab) bho, o	ab, a	apo, ap	apa, vi	o	{ af, fon, Go, abu, ab, }	{ from
de	de					off, of
in, an	in	en		yn	in, an	in
(indir) eadar	inter		antar		unter	{ between among
do, adh	ad			{ at, tua (towards) }	Go, du	to
chum, gu	} cum (with)	} sun (with)	} sam (with)	} can (with)	gen	{ up or on to
thun						
(uabhar) air	super				bei, Go uf	{ under, by at
fo, aig	apud	hupo	upa (near)	ach		
es, e	} ex, e			oc	aus	out of
as, a						
(umba)	}	} amph	} abi (towards)	} am	} um	{ about, around
uine, mu						
tras, thair	trans			tros, traus		over, across
(froi) roi	prae	pro	puras, pra		for	before
(fris) ris		pros	prati			by, against
troi, tre	per ?			trwy	{ durch Go thairch }	{ through
eamh†	} coram				cer (by)	{ close to, before
coir						
gun, aonais†	sine ?	aneu			ohne	without
cuide †		kata		cyda		{ with, even with
seachad, seach secus						past, along

## ADVERBS AND CONJUNCTIONS.

co, eadh	ceu, ita	ke		so	so, thus
ciamar,	} quam, qua	} koiē		Go, chwe	how
cia					

\* The modern pronunciation of the Germanic dialects most closely allied to the Moeso-Gothic, shows that its *k* was guttural; and, like the Sanscrit, it had only one character for *v* and *w*. Only the radical part of adjectives is given, excluding the varying inflections.

† These are properly nouns, but they are used only prepositionally.



GAELIC.	LATIN.	GREEK.	SANSKRIT.	WELSH	GERMAN.	ENGLISH.
mar				mor, mal		as
ni na chan, cha	} non, ne	ouk, ouch	ni, na	na	{ nicht, kein Go, ni, no	} not
nior, nach ro, ra, sâr fagus				nec, neu		
moch	mox	engus,		moch		{ early, presently
(tan) cuine	quando		kada		{ Go, than, chwan	{ when
far, caite, ca cuime			kutra, kwa kim	cwdd, cw	vo, Go, chwær	where why
nuise, nise ris, ais	nunc ro	nuni, nun aps			nun, Go nu	now again, back
eadhon	etiam		yatha		eben ?	{ even likewise
suas sior, riamh agus, (ceo)	sursum semper		cha		immer Go yach	upward ever and
acht, ach nan, an	atque, ac, que ast, at an	kai atar ean, an		eithr nwau, nu	Go, ak, ith Go, an	but if, whether

PREFIXES.

GAELIC.	LATIN.	GREEK.	SANSKRIT.	WELSH	GERMAN.	ENGLISH.
ana				en		Signification excess
an, ain, ao, neo mio, mi	} in	an, a, ne <i>me</i> (not)	ana	an	un	un, not
di, do		dis, di	dus, du	<i>dus</i> (difficult)	dis, di, dos	mis
ath		aute, au		ad		{ again, back
comh, con co so	} com, con, co	sun, sum su		cym, cyn, cy		together easily, well

AFFIXES.

GAELIC.	LATIN.	GREEK.	SANSKRIT.	WELSH.	GERMAN.	ENGLISH.
adas, eadas ad, ead as, eas acht, eacht nuis*	} itas, atus itia, itio	{ asis, esis, tetos, tes os	{ is, as, us twa, ti tra, tu	{ edd, id yd, ydd aeth, as	heit, ness	{ concrete state or quality
adair, eadair air, ear		{ ator etor, or	{ etes, ites, otes, er or ides ades	{ ata, it		
an, † ean ag, eag ach, each or, ar ail, il aidh, idh ta, da amh, eamh	} ac, ie or, er al, el at, et ion av, iv	ion, isk		{ yn, an, eu ig, og	{ chen, in	{ diminutive tives
		{ ik, uk, er, êr, al, el al, im, em	{ ak, ik, uk, ar, er, al, il, at, ma, may	{ wg, og ig, or, awr iol, awl aid	icht	{ abstract station quality

\* This is probably the noun *nos*, custom or habit.

† Gaelic masculine diminutives terminate in *n*, and feminines in *g*. The Welsh termination *yu* is masculine, *an* common, and *en, ig* and *og* feminine.

The rules of composition and derivation are the same in Gaelic as in Latin; but the collocation of words is somewhat different, the Gaelic always putting the verb before the nominative. The common adjectives generally follow, in stead of preceding the qualified nouns. Where, as sometimes happens, they may either follow or precede, the sense differs. Thus *an sean duine* is the old man, as distinguished from the young man, while *an duine sean* signifies simply the man who is old. So *sean dan* signifies a poem composed long ago, while *dan sean* would denote an aged poem, and therefore, this form would here be improper. The numeral adjectives immediately precede the qualified nouns, as in English. In the structure and collocation of words, Gaelic differs little or nothing from Old English or German. It admits of greater freedom in the arrangement of words than modern English or French, but much less than Welsh or the classic languages. The significations of words are also remarkably precise and definite. In what relates to the arts and sciences, it is of course very defective; but in everything that regards external nature and the mental feelings, it is quite copious. Owing to its precision and simplicity of structure, the meaning of a speaker is readily perceived, if he has any, and if he has not, that also is generally apparent. In several of these respects it is widely different from the Welsh. The words in this language are, on the whole, much less precise in their signification; and this, combined with its complex syntax and loose arrangement of words, renders the meaning of a speaker or writer not unfrequently obscure. Gaelic is also richer in primitive terms, and those expressive of emotions. Hence it is better adapted for poetical compositions and such as excite the passions.

Considering the comparatively small number of mankind who have ever spoken it, the amount of poetical compositions of merit which it contains, is surprisingly great; and we believe many will study it for these, long after it has ceased to be a living language. The extent of its poetical treasures is unknown to very many, even of those who speak it, while beyond its own limits, they are very little known.

In conclusion, we may be allowed to say a word regarding the affinity of the Gaelic to the Hebrew and the Syro-Arabian languages in general, a subject on which much has been written. We deny, then, that Gaelic shows any affinity with those languages much more marked than any other Aryan language. In fact, many of the resemblances pointed out hold equally true of Old English. At the same time we admit that the affinity is marked and striking. Though the languages differ widely in structure, yet many of the words and idioms are the same, both in form and signification, so that we cannot hesitate to conclude that the Gaelic has a common origin with the Hebrew. This, however, has been recognized as true of the Aryan and Syro-Arabian languages generally, by several eminent philologists. The Gaelic has preserved so many ancient forms as to show that it has changed surprisingly little for many long ages.

#### REMARKS ON GAELIC ORTHOGRAPHY.

Some of our readers having taken exception to our mode of spelling certain Gaelic words, a brief explanation becomes necessary.

We may state at once that we are, and have long been, familiar with Gaelic orthography; but we do not feel bound to write every word precisely as those readers would. There are at this day many hundreds of words variously

written by English authors, although the English language has been extensively written for a much longer period than Gaelic. The fact is, that Gaelic orthography is by no means fixed; we could not reasonably expect that it should be. The language was not cultivated to any great extent till within the memory of persons still living; and there is no single authority that deserves to be implicitly followed.

The first Gaelic printed books resembled the English printed books of the same age in the spelling being very bad; there was nothing like uniformity, and there were several letters inserted that were better omitted. When the Bible was first published in what purported to be Scottish Gaelic, it in fact contained many forms exclusively Irish, evidently copied from the Irish Bible. A revised edition came out in 1816, in which some of the Irish forms were excluded. A second revised edition was published in 1826, in which more of the Hibernicisms disappeared. But many were still retained, such as confounding *de* and *do*, writing *luidh* for *laidh*, putting single vowels for diphthongs, and diphthongs for triphthongs, as *tigh* for *taigh*, or *taigh*, and *coileach* for *caoileach*. We reject all Hibernicisms, and write Scottish Gaelic purely.

There is a glaring defect in Scottish Gaelic, from which the Irish Gaelic is free, as it does not distinguish the secondary from the primary initial sounds of *l*, *n* and *r*. The Irish distinguish all the secondary forms, by putting a dot or stroke over the initial consonants. In Scottish Gaelic, the distinction is shown in the case of the other consonants by writing an *h* immediately after them; but the three unlucky consonants *l*, *n*, and *r*, are left out in the cold, so to speak; and you cannot tell, when you read *chunnaig i a leannan air an sheill*, whether it was her own, or her lovers sweetheart that she saw. We obviate this defect by indicating the secondary

forms by simply writing an *h* after them, as in the case of all the other consonants, as was suggested long ago, by Dr. Alexander Stewart, in his Gaelic Grammar, and we know some other writers of Gaelic have done. The large Gaelic Bible of 1826 followed the Irish mode to distinguish the secondary forms of these three letters; but the other plan is better, as it dispenses with particular forms of letters, and makes the method uniform throughout.

We may add that no Gaelic writer of any note implicitly follows the Gaelic Bible in spelling; and some writers of note, such as Mr. James Munroe, a poet, and author of a good Gaelic Grammar, have departed from its forms more widely than we have.

It would detain us too long to give our reasons for every departure, but this is needless. We aim at writing pure Scottish Gaelic, rejecting both obsolete and Irish forms, and excluding quiescent consonants that should never have been admitted, such as *dh* in *oire* (Latin *haeres*), an heir, and in *bliana* (Welsh *blynedd*) a year. So in all words compounded with *comh*, or *co*, we would reject the *mh* before consonants, and retain them before vowels, as is done in Latin. We think the few changes we have introduced are warranted by good reasons, and that they render a composition easier to read and understand, and make the language more adapted to the communication of thought accurately and rapidly.

We have thus given our views freely; but we are ready to listen to anything which any of our learned readers have to say on the subject; and if they convince us that our views are wrong, we will act accordingly.

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#### NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

A POSTAL telegraph office has been opened at Glencoe.

A GAELIC Society is about to be formed in Inverness.

**THE HARVEST.**—In spite of a good deal of rain and cloudy cold weather, harvest is now nearly over throughout the North. And to all appearance the result is not unsatisfactory. Turnips look remarkably well, but potatoes, we regret to learn, are showing symptoms of disease over a wide range of country.—*Inverness Courier*.

THE members of the Clan Campbell who subscribed to the gift presented to H. R. H. the Princess Louise are informed that the committee have sanctioned the publication of an interesting volume in connection with this event

**CALL.**—At a meeting of the Free Church congregation, Kildalton, Islay, held on the 28th August, and presided over by the Rev. Mr. Pearson, Kilmeny, it was unanimously resolved to give a call to the Rev. Alexander M'Donald, preacher, Stornoway.

WE learn by the newspapers, that a Lewis boat during the herring fishing, at Wick, hauled such a quantity of herrings, that with the moderate swell in the sea she filled and sunk, before assistance could be rendered. The crew, consisting of five men, were drowned.

**SAD ACCIDENT IN SYKE.**—Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, tenant of Kilmore, near Broadford, went out with a friend to shoot wild fowl, and while he was in the act of pushing aside a gun, which he observed to be in a dangerous position in the boat, it went off, and the charge passed through the fleshy part of his thigh. The wound did not appear to be serious, but lock-jaw unfortunately set in, and he gradually sank, and expired. Mr. Mackenzie was only about twenty-one years of age.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

• We regret very much that, owing to the absence of Mr. Nicholson on other business, the present number of *The Gael*, is so far behind. The next number, which is due in November, however, will be prompt on time, and after January 1st it will appear regularly every month.

We have several communications to be answered under this head, which we have to lay over until our next.

J. McK., Glengarry—We are informed that Alex. Glen, of Edinburgh, is one of the best bag-pipe makers in Scotland. His cheapest sett, made of ebony, costs \$40 or £8 sterling. He has published McKay's, McLoughlin's, Ross's and a few other works on pipe music. We are indebted for the above information to Mr. A. M. Oliphant, Pipe Major to the Caledonian Society of Toronto, who also informs us that he has a quantity of pipe music in manuscript. Parties requiring anything in that line would do well to communicate with Mr. O.

#### KIND WORDS FOR THE GAEL.

##### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

**AN GADDAEAL; THE GAEL**, a magazine and newspaper devoted to miscellaneous Gaelic literature, and to the interests of Scottish Highlanders generally. Edited by Angus Nicholson, late editor of the *Canada Scotsman*, Toronto, Canada; Nicholson & Co.

\* \* \* \* \* The Magazine is well printed in good readable type \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* The contents are very varied and interesting. The articles generally short and pointed. \* \* \* \* \*

The Nicholsons, of Toronto, seem to be a very enterprising firm, and have faith in the Gaelic. They are publishing a complete edition of the Gaelic Bards, forming a collection of Gaelic poetry from the earliest period to the present day, to be completed in 25 parts at one shilling each. They promise to begin with Ossian and end with the latest known bard.—*Paisley and Renfrewshire Gazette*.

*The Gael*—a magazine and newspaper devoted to miscellaneous Gaelic literature, and to the interests of Scottish Highlanders generally. Published by Nicholson & Co., Toronto, Canada.

We have just received and perused the first number of this periodical, and cannot speak too highly of its contents. The articles are all first-rate, and do honor to the scholarship of its Gaelic editor; and though we differ a little from him with regard to some words, still we give him credit for style and purity of language. The magazine cannot fail to be appreciated by the Gaelic-speaking population of both America and Great Britain—"oir a's milis do'n Ghaidheal canain u dhrucha fein." The selections of Gaelic poetry are very happy, and the tone of the magazine healthy and characteristic of the hardy-headed Gael. We recommend the *Gael* to those who can read the language, as it cannot fail to interest, instruct and amuse. — *Sterling Journal and Advertiser*.

Our Celtic friends on the other side of the Atlantic have tripped up their brethren at home, for while the latter are only thinking of publishing a periodical devoted to the preservation of their ancient and time-honored vernacular, the Celts in the Dominion can already boast of such a work, the first part of which is now before us. It does honor to the energy and patriotism of the Celts in Canada, and is altogether worthy of a warm welcome on both sides of the "Great Sea." \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* We have no hesitation in recommending its object to the favorable attention of our Highland readers, believing it will prove itself useful in cementing the bonds between the Celts separated by the ocean, in

promoting the desirable object of rescuing Celtic popular history from entire oblivion, and in supplying a medium, fully as much wanted here as in the colonies, for advocating Celtic rights and exposing Celtic wrongs, and in giving to the public those interesting memorials of Celtic customs and superstitions which are fast dying away.—*Northern Ensign, Wick.*

We are glad to see a copy of *the Gael*, which is published in Toronto, Canada. \* \* \*

The *Gael* deserves the support of every Highlander; it is expected to be read by all Gaelic readers throughout the world, for agents will be appointed to receive subscribers wherever Highlanders are located. The principal writers in the *Gael* being gentlemen who are well known for their classical abilities and moral worth, the reader cannot be disappointed.—*Oban Times.*

PHILCLOGICAL ENQUIRIES.

(Continued.)

GAELIC.	HEBREW.	LATIN.	GREEK.	ENGLISH.
a,—ao,—ci,—en,—cas, ..	e, cx, .....	in, .....	a priv, ou, ouk.	in,—un.
aih, .....	in, .....	ne, .....	a, neu, an, .....	may, no.
na, ni, neo, .....	ne, .....	nee, neque.	ue, .....	Mis,
mi, .....	di, dis.	hand.	me, .....	
nach, .....		nihil, = ne, ille.		
uo,—dith, .....	lo.	nullus, = ne, ullus.		
cha.	bal.	non, = ne, unus.		
		nemo, = ne, homo.		

NEGATIVE PARTICLES.

1. How large a number of negative particles the survey of several languages brings into view.
2. How large a number are common to several languages.
3. That several particles have a variety of forms, even in one and the same language.
4. That some of those words, though used independently in one language, are used only in composition in some other language.
5. That several negatives are the result of composition—see examples—particularly in the Latin column.
6. That though Mr. Muller gives a different account of the Latin *nihil* from that given above, yet its derivation from *ne ille* receives countenance from the derivation given of other Latin negatives.
7. That the Gaelic *cha* seems the property exclusively of that one language, and that a similar thing is observable with reference to the Hebrew *lo* and *bal*, and to the Latin *hand*.
8. That whilst the Gaelic *a* and *ain* are represented on two different lines of the scheme, it is worth enquiring whether they are not different forms of one word, and whether they and all the other words which stand on the first two lines may not have a common origin,

C. M. R.

OSSIAN.

In the June number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, one of the best of the English monthlies, is a very ably written article on Ossian, by Principal Shairp of St. Andrews. We may give the article in full at an early date, but, in the meantime, we give the conclusions to which he has come to, in his own words:—

“The longer I have studied the question, the more I have been convinced that McPherson was a translator, and not an author; that he found and did not create his materials; that all the more important part of his “Ossian” is ancient, and had long existed in the Highlands, and that at the time he undertook his collection, the Highlands were a quarry out of which

With reference to the above observe—

many more Ossianic blocks and fragments might have been dug."

### BURTON'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

In answer to some of our readers who are enquiring as to which is the best History of Scotland, we give the following extract from the *Edinburgh Review*, of July last, regarding *Burton's History of Scotland*, which is just completed. *Burton's History* is the latest, and, if we take the *Edinburgh Review's* opinion, (who is undoubtedly a good authority in such matters) it is the best. The following is what the *Review* says on the subject:—

"With all its faults and shortcomings, which we have not been slow to indicate, Mr. *Burton's* work is now, and will probably continue to be the best History of Scotland. So far as matters ecclesiastical are concerned, it has and need fear no rival. So far as regards the War of Independence, it holds the same position of superiority. If on minor points he has been less successful; if his narrative sometimes fails to attract, or his argument to convince; if we can mark omissions which mar the completeness of the work, we may yet be justly grateful to the historian who has, for the first time, placed before us in the light of truth, those aspects of Scottish history which are most worthy of study and best calculated to reward it."

### THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.

We see, from the accounts of recent meetings of this Society, that they are endeavoring to have the new education act of Scotland so modified, that no person shall be appointed a school-teacher in a Gaelic district unless he understood

Gaelic. The Society is making great exertions to have a Professor of Gaelic appointed in one of the Scottish Universities. For this and other similar labors, this Society is entitled to the acknowledgement of every true Gael. They have succeeded to the position left vacant by the Highland and Agricultural Society having wholly turned away from everything pertaining to learning and literature, and confined their attention to such matters as raising turnips and fattening wethers and bullocks. In fact the word "Highland," still retained with the title of this old Society, has now become a misnomer, as there is now nothing peculiarly "Highland" about it. It is, fortunately, under these circumstances that this new Society has stepped in to occupy the vacant ground, and to advocate and uphold, in the capital of the British Empire, the claims of those who live a great distance from it. May their success equal their deserts.

The present issue of "THE GAEL" is two pages larger than the last, and it is our intention to enlarge it still further after January.

### No. 1 OF THE GAEL.

We cannot dispose of any more copies of No. 1, of *The Gael*, except to regular yearly Subscribers, as all we have on hand are required to fill up sets. Subscribers who have not already received it can be supplied on application, and also a limited number of new subscribers. Parties who may have copies of that number which they can part with, would greatly oblige by sending them to us; we are particularly anxious to get copies of the "English Supplement," which accompanied No. 1, as we are entirely out of it.

**TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.**  
**OFFICE OF "THE GAEL."**

*Toronto, September 20th.*

In explanation of the delay in issuing the second number of THE GAEL, we would say, that it has been occasioned by circumstances which are scarcely to be regretted, inasmuch as they are likely to be instrumental in promoting largely the very object of the establishment of our periodical.

The first number of THE GAEL was issued early in June, (the SUPPLEMENT having been printed some time before and dated June,) but was intended for July, and dated accordingly, "*Dara Mios an t-Samhraidh*," "Second month of Summer," according to the American division of the seasons, which makes March the first month of Spring, June the first month of Summer, &c. We soon discovered, however, that a majority of our readers understood the old country division of the seasons better, and took our first number as being for June instead of July. We shall in future conform to the latter arrangement, and it will be understood therefore that, "*Ceud Mios an Earraich*" means February, "*Ceud Mios t-Samhraidh*," May, &c.

It was our intention to have issued THE GAEL every month, but Mr. Angus Nicholson, the Editor, having been unexpectedly appointed Dominion Emigration Agent for the North of Scotland, and having to leave shortly, he finds it impossible to accomplish this, together with the preparations necessary for his mission. The issue will therefore be *every other month* for the remainder of this year, or until the first of January next, from which date arrangements will be made to have THE GAEL appear regularly every month, as at first intended. No injustice will be done to subscribers, however, by this arrangement, as the subscription will still pay for twelve numbers,—the difference being merely that the end of the first year will be placed three months further on. Mr. Nicholson, before leaving for Scotland, intends to take a few weeks to make a tour of the Provinces from Prince Edward Island to Thunder Bay, and perhaps to Red River, if time permits, in order to visit the various Highland settlements, also such districts as may be considered best for new settlements of his countrymen, his plan of operation is first to establish in this way communication with Scotchmen, and settlements of Scotchmen already in Canada, with a view to the promotion of emigration here from the old land; next to spend the winter in Scotland, promoting the object in view, and thus giving time for the most complete preparations for emigrants to leave early in the Spring for their new homes in Canada. People here having friends still "at home," whom they desire to bring out, would do well to communicate with him; every commission of this kind entrusted to him will be diligently attended to. Having ample time for the work, he intends to visit every part of the country, to the Butt of Lewis and John O'Groats House, and not a few principal towns only, he will therefore be able to attend to the wishes of his friends, even in the smallest detail, if connected with the object of his mission. With such facilities of communication as he will establish, matters may be arranged in advance, and emigrants may be advantageously placed at once on their arrival, thus obviating most of the difficulties which new comers have to encounter. Letters addressed to him at this office will receive prompt attention. As he must leave for Scotland about the latter end of November, friends desirous of communicating with him, should do so at once.

**NICHOLSON & COMPANY.**

*P.S.*—The same circumstances has operated to delay the issue of "THE GAELIC BARDS," but that work is now in a forward state, and arrangements are being made to commence its publication immediately, so that we expect to have the first parts in the hands of subscribers on or about the first of January.

# DOMINION OF CANADA.



## EMIGRATION TO THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

To Capitalists, Tenant Farmers, Agricultural Labourers, Mechanics, Day Labourers, and all parties desirous of improving their Circumstances by Emigrating to a New Country.

The attention of intending Emigrants is invited to the great advantages presented by the Province of Ontario. Persons living on the Interest of their Money can easily get EIGHT PER CENT. on first-class security.

### TENANT FARMERS WITH LIMITED CAPITAL,

Can buy and stock a Freehold Estate with the money needed to carry on a small farm in Britain. Good Cleared Land, with a Dwelling and good Barn and out-houses upon it, can be purchased in desirable localities, at from £4 to £10 sterling per acre.

Farm Hands can readily obtain work at GOOD WAGES.

Among the inducements offered to intending Emigrants, by Government, is

## A FREE GRANT OF LAND!

WITHOUT ANY CHARGE WHATSOEVER.

Every Head of a Family can obtain, on condition of settlement, a Free Grant of TWO HUNDRED ACRES of Land for himself, and ONE HUNDRED ACRES additional for each member of his family, male or female, over 18 years of age.

All persons over eighteen years of age can obtain a Free Grant of ONE HUNDRED ACRES.

The Free Grants are protected by a Homestead Exemption Act, and are not liable to seizure for any debt incurred before the issue of the patent, or for twenty years after its issue. They are within easy access of the front settlements, and are supplied with regular postal communication.

### REGISTERS OF THE LABOUR MARKET

And of Improved Farms for sale, are kept at the Immigration Agencies in the Province, and arrangements are made for directing immigrants to those points where employment can be most readily obtained. Several new lines of Railway and other Public Works are in course of construction, or about being commenced, which will afford employment to an almost unlimited number of labourers.

Persons desiring fuller information respecting the Province of Ontario

are invited to apply personally, or by letter, to the Canadian Government Emigration Agents in Europe, viz: WM. DIXON, 11, Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.; J. G. MOYLAN, 14 South Frederick St., Dublin; CHARLES FOY, 11 Claremont St., Belfast; and DAVID SHAW, 24 Oswald St., Glasgow.

Also to the Immigration Agents in Canada, viz:—JOHN A. DONALDSON, Toronto; R. H. RAE, Hamilton; WM. J. WILLS, Ottawa; RICH. MACPIERSON, Kingston; L. STAFFORD, Quebec; J. J. DALEY, Montreal; E. CLAY, Halifax, Nova Scotia; ROBT SHIVES, St. John, and J. G. GLAYTON, Miramichi, New Brunswick,—from whom pamphlets, issued under the authority of the Government of Ontario, containing full particulars in relation to the character and resources of, and the cost of living, wages, &c., in the Province, can be obtained.

JOHN CARLING,

*Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works.  
for the Province of Ontario.*

DEPARTMENT OF IMMIGRATION,  
Toronto, February, 1871.



# A N GAIDHEAL.

I. LEABH.]

DARA MIOS A GHEAMHRAIDH, 1871.

[3 AIR.

## MU NA SEANN GHaidheil.

### III.

O na nithibh a dh'ainmicheadh faodar a thuigsinn gum b'e an t-aon sluagh ceudna a bha air an ciallachadh leis na Romanaich nuair a sgrìobh iad mu na *Picti* agus na *Caledonic'*: oir nuair a tha *Dion* ag radh Caledonaich riutha mu 'n bhliadhna 230, agus *Eumenius* ag radh an ainm *Picti* riutha mu 'n bhliadhna 296, chan 'eil e cosmhuil no idir comasach ann an uine shea bliadhna agus trì fichead (66) gum biodh an sluagh sin a chog ri *Agricola* aig a' *Mhonadh Gharbh* agus a thug dulan do armaitibh nan Impirean Romanach *Hadrian*, *Antoninus Commodus*, *Septimius Severus* agus *Caracalla* fad corr agus ceud bliadhna—air an gearradh as gu h-obunn no air am fuadach as an tir le sluagh ur a thainig a stigh nan ait ris an abradh na Romanaich *Picti* mar ainm. Tha e soilleur gum b' iad na seann Chaledonaich fein a bha ann, agus nach robh ni ur sam bith 'nam measg no mu 'n timchioll ach an t-ainm nuadh ud a thugadh orra o'n aobhar a chaidh airis. Agus tha *Eumenius* a' dearbhadh so dhuinn nuair a tha e ag radh "*Caledonich* agus *Pictich eile*," oir tha e a' ciallachadh gun robh na *Caledonaich* nam *Pictich* maille ris gach dream eile a bha air am filleadh a stigh fo'n ainm sin. Tha e cosmhuil gum b'e an t-ainm leis an robh iad air an comharradh a mach leis na seanchaidhibh Eirionnach "*Cruithnich*," oir tha iad ag radh gun robh a' chuid bu mho dhe Albainn air a h-aiteachadh leis na "*Cruithnich*" agus air a riaghladh leo.

Agus tha na *Welshich* ag radh "*Gwyd-*

*dyl Ffichti*" riutha, se sin *Gaidhil Phic-teach*, no *Gaidhil Dhaithte*, a' ciallachadh gun robh iadsan a' tuigsinn gum bu *Ghaidhil na Pictich*, agus a reir coslais thug iad an earrann mu dheireadh de 'n ainm o' n *Laidinn* a chum an dealachadh o na *Gaidhil eile* nach robh air an dath.

Mu thimchioll na bliadhna 360 tha ainm nuadh air a thoirt air cuid do na fineachaibh Gaelach ann an Ceann Tuath Bhreastuinn. B'e an t-ainm sin "*Scoti*," agus is e an t-Eachdraiche Romanach, *Ammianus Marcellinus*, a' cheud ughdar leis am bheil an sluagh ud air an ainmeachadh mar so. B' i Eirinn tir an duchain, agus thainig iad a nall à sin do thaobh an iar na h-Alba ann an Earraghael, a chuideachadh le 'm braithribh, na *Gaidhil Albannach* anns a' chogadh ris na Romanaich mu 'n bhliadhna 363, ri linn nan Impirean *Julian* agus *Iovian*. Agus a reir coslais dh' fhuirich cuid diubh ann an Erraghael far an d' fhuair iad tuineachas am measg nan Gael, an uair a phill a' chuid eile dhiubh dhachaidh do Eirinn an deigh a' chogaidh; oir tha *Gildas*, seann eachdraiche Breatunnach a sgrìobh mu'n bhliadhna 550, ag radh gun "do phill na *Creachadairean Iadurna Eirionnach* dhachaidh." Agus tha *Isidore* a sgrìobh mu'n bhliadhna 600 a' dearbhadh gum b'e Eirinn fearann duchain nan "*Scoti*," oir tha e ag radh "*Scotia, eadem et Hibernia*," &c. Se sin an *Gailig*, "*Scotia* an aon tir cheudna ri *Hibernia*, agus fhuair i an t-ainm so do bhrìgh gu bheil i air a h-aiteachadh le fineachaibh nan '*Scoti*," chan 'eil e soilleur cia bhuaithe thainig an t-ainm so; tha cuid ag radh gur

h-ann o'n fhacal "*Scuite*" a thainig e, a tha ciallachadh sa' Ghailig Eirionnaich, "Na Falbhanaich no siubhlaicheach, no na Fudanaich." Tha cuid eile ag radh gun d' eirich e bho 'n fhacal *Sgaoth* agus gun abairteadh *Sgaothaich* riùtha do bhrìgh gun robh iad a falbh còmhla mar *Sgaoth* bheachan. No faodaidh gun d' thainig e o'n fhacal "*sgiot*" a tha ciallachadh sgap, agus gun abairteadh "*Sgiotaich*" riùtha a chionn gun robh iad air an sgiotadh no air an sgapadh thall 's a bhios. Ach ciamar sam bith a fhuair iad an t-xinn so tha e soilleur gum bu Ghaidhil iad agus gum b'i Eirinn tir an duchain; agus nach robh dealachadh sam bith eadar iad fein agus "*na Picti*," ach 'an dealachadh ceudna a tha an diugh ri fhaicinn eadar na Gaidhil Eirionnaich agus na Gaidhil Albannach. Agus tha Adhambnan asgriobh Beath-eachdraidh Chaluim-chille a' nochdadh so gu soilleur nuair a ta e ag radh gun d' thainig Calum-Cille à *Scotia* do Bhreatunn, so sin à Eirinn gu taobh tuath na h-Alba. Tha an t-Eachdraidh *Bede* mar an ceudna a' daingneachadh an ni so; oir tha e ag radh "Si Eiriun gu h-araidh Duthaich nan Scoti," Leabh. I. Caib. I.

Mu 'n bhliadhna 506, thainig trì Buidhnichean de na "*Scoti*," a nall a Eirinn fo thri cheannardaibh agus ghabh iad comhnuidh ann an Earragh-ael. B'iad na Cinn-fheadhna ud Fearghus, Aonghus agus Lathurna. Ghabh Fearghus sealbh air Cinntire, ghlac Aonghus Eilean Ile, agus rinn Lathurna greim air an fhearann sin a dh'ainnicheadh Lathurna as a dheigh fein. Chaidh Fearghus a chrunadh na Rìgh air na "*Scoti*" agus is ann uaithe-san a thainig a nuas teachlach rioghail na h-Alba anns na linnibh an deigh sin.

(*Ri leantunn.*) D. B. B.

Cha'n urrainn mi ulag ithe 's an teine 'Suideadh.

C' mh' hurtachd an duine dhona, duin' eile so dona ris féin.

## OISEIN: A 'LINN AGUS A BHARDACHD.

(AIR A LEANTUNN.)

Tha barantas 'us dearbh-bheachd againn gun robh bho aimsir fad air chùl luchd-stiuraidh 'us riaghlaidh thairis air na Gaidheil, da 'n robh iad a-geilleachduinn le mòr iriosalachd 'us urram. B' iad so na Druidhean. Bha iad foghlumte ann an scadh ard; bha iad fileanta ann am feallsanachd agus comharraichte airson an dealas 'us an durachd leis an robh iad a' cur an gnìomh na seirbhis a bhineadh doibh. Cosmhuil re moran de sheana chinnich na talmhainn, cha b' fhiu leo ann beachdan no an riaghailtean a sgrìobhadh. Is ann air chumhne a bha gach-foghlum 'us sgil 'us caldhainn air an gleidheadh 'nam measg, air chor 's gun gabhadh na h-oigfhir, a dh' fhaodadh na Druidhean a roghnachadh air sgath an tapaidh, 's an eireachdais, fichead-bliadhna mu'n ionnsuicheadh iad teagasgan nan Druidhean uile. Is e cuis bhronach, mhuladach a tha an so nach d'fhag daoine, aig an robh ughdaras co mòr agus tighearnas co farsuing, an beachdan agus an cleachduinnean aos-mhor féin ann an sgrìobhadh, a chum 's gu'n tairgneadh na ginealach a thainig 'nan deigh, maith 'us bu annachd uatha; agus mar an ceudna, gum bitheadh e comasach dhuinn ceannardan nan Gaidheal ann an samhchair na sìth, agus an comhairleachan ann an comhraig nan geur lann, a mheas le solus grianach ann briathran fein. Is ann bho'n bhuidheann chumhachdach so a fhuair sinn na facail: "*Bliadhna, Bealtuinn, Samhuinn, Citein*;" agus tha mi saoilinn gu'm bheil *Flathinnis*, no *Innis nam Flath*, agus *I na freoine*, (*Frionn*) no *I nam fuarfhonn* a ruigh-eachd air an ais gu linn nan Druidhean.

Bha dream eile ann a bha comharraichte 'am measg nan Gaidheal le onoir 'us speis, 'us measalachd. B' iad so na Baird. Bha iad na b' isle ann an inbhe na na Druidhean, gidheadh bha 'n

dreuchd a bha iad a' lionadh, urramach, air chor 's gun robh clann nan treun-laoich, 's nan sàr ghaisgeach 's nan ceannardan air am faotainn gu minic 'a measg nam filidhean urlabhrach, ard chaimteach, cheolmhor Ghaidhealach. Dh' fhimiridh na Baird orain fhada 'us dain molaidh an sinnearan fein ionnsuchadh gu pongail, mionaid-each. Thigeadh è dhoibh a bhi mìn-eolach air gach buaidh a thug agus gach euchd a rinn, seoid ainmeal an cinnich fein anns na laithean a dh' aom, a chum 's gum bitheadh iad comasach air feachd an dutcha a bhrosnuchadh agus a mhisneachadh ann an glas-chiabhan a bhlaire agus ann an spairn nan sleagh. Bha na Baird de guath a' cumail cuideachd ris na Gaidheal ann an trusean ciar a' chomhraig, agus a' doirteadh treoir us treubhantas 'nan cridheachan le bhi 'seinn ann an rannan taitneach gr'inn, gnìomharan mora nan laoch a dh' fhalbh. Chi sinn, mar so, nach b' ann gun aobhar sonruichte a bha *Bardachd* a' sealbhachadh staid co pròiseil, statail 'am measg nan seana Gaidheal. Cha robh meadhon eile ann trid am faodadh an slugh eolas fhao-tainn air deanadais euchdach, fluilteach nam bliadhnaich a dh'eug; agus cha'n iognadh ged a mhothuchaidh gach sonn 'us curaidh anam fein a' blaitheachadh le eud 'us cruadal, an uair a bha fuaim nan oran a' gleidheadh companais riu agus iad ag intrachduinn ann an Cath nan treun. Bha fos, iarrtuis mòr 'an measg nam Bard le bhi dichìollach, deothasach, ionad measail a chosnadh 'am measg nan Druidhean a bha fada os an ceann fein ann an cumhachd. Dh' imich an da chuideachd cheanalta, charthannach—na Druidhean agus na Baird iomadh linn ann an cairdeas dluth, 's ann an daimh laidir le cheile; agus, gun teagamh, feudaidh sinn achreidsinn nach robh na h-uairean anamnic anns am fac iad sgiath 'us sleagh 'us clogaid 'us cruaidh 'us taifeid iuthair a' beumadh, a' bristeadh 's a' ruith gu siubhlach air machair, 's faiche

an air. Thainig fadheoidh crìoch air an dluth-chruaidh so: Sgaoileadh na ceanglaichean graidh a chum na Druidhean agus na Baird ann an aonachd co fìor agus co fada ann an Albainn as a cheile air a mhodh so:

Bhuinneadh è do na Druidhean ceannard no ceannfeadhna a thaghadh a chum 's gun treoruicheadh è armailt an dutcha gu cogadh a chur ann an aghaidh an naimhdean. B'e ainm an duine a bha air a roghnuchadh air an doigh so: *Vergobretus* no "Fear gu breith." Tha è air innseadh dhuinn gu'n deachaidh Tràthal, sar cheannard nan sàbi, agus seanair Fhionnghail, rìgh Mhoirbheinn nan gleann, a chur air leth leis na Druidhean a chum feachd nan Gaidheal a threoirachadh anns a' chomhraig gharbh a chuir iad an aghaidh nan Romanach, sìol nan coigreach. An deigh do mhac Threunnhoir nan tor-runn ard, ruaig a chur air naimhdean nan Gaidheal 's na Feinne, dhiult è a chumhachd a threigsinn air iarrtuis nan Druidhean uaibhreach. Rinn iadsan oidheirp laidir air a chumhachd a bha aca rè linntean co lionmhor aig air ais; ach sheas Tràthal, b' fhuaimear beum air sliabh nam blar, gu dalma dulanach nan aghaidh. Chaill na Druidhean coir mar so air seasamh ann an tìr 's an comhairle nan Gaidheal, agus ghabh iad comhnuidh 'an còs nan creag 's an ionadan foluichte na dutcha. Cha robh am bunsan fann no faoin, no'n cumhachd fàilleasach 'an carraid nan sgiath, 's air sliabh nan cruach. "Bi gu sugach, geannuidh, mochair-each;" "thoir umhlachd 'us aoradh do Dhia;" "Cum thu fein o ole 's o cheilg;" "bi gaisgèil mìleanta, curanta ann an cath nan lann;" "bitheadh d' anam 'an spionnadh le solas 'nuair dh-éireas a' chomhstri mún cuairt:"—b' iad so teagasgan araidh nan Druidhean. Tha cromleac, clachan sleuchdaidh, clachan brath 'us cuirn, fathast a' toirt laithean nan Druidhean a nall; ach tha cluarain a' gluasad fo ghaoith mu thiomchioll nan aitean coinneamh aosda: tha còin-

neach a' comhdachadh nan carn, 'us a' caoineadh ann an Talla nan Druidhean, Dh'fhalbh iad fein 's gach euchd a rinn iad.

Thog na Baird rè iomadh linn na dheigh so, guth le binneas theud agus sheinn iad ceol uasal nan caoin dhàn. Thainig clarsaich gu minic a nuas on bhalla an nan Cona nan sian, agus le 'guthaibh shoillsich i gu grad na dh'fhalbh, a' togail samhla nan laoch nach robh lag air chiar àm a chaidh fada null. Ged dheudich na Druidhean agus na Baird, cha do lughdaich so meas 'us muirn nan filidhean.

(Gu bhì air a leantuinne.)

CONA.

### NAIDHEACHDAN.

Se ceisd chumanda am measg nan Gaidheal, gu h-araidh, an Alba; "Cia mar tha 'm bar?" Cha 'n eil a cheisd sin ga cur cho cumanda 's an duthaich so, tha sinn a smuaineachadh do brigh 's gu 'm bheil am barr daonan gu math agus pailt. Ma thachras air uairean gu 'm bi seorsachan dheith nach bi cho math, bithidh an conaidh pailteas de ni eigin air dhoigh agus nach bi cunnart acras fhulang—an ni a tha sinn a creidsinn a dh' aobharaich a cheisd so co cumanta 's an t-seann duthaich. Se 's doch iad fhaoighneachd 's an duthaich so, "Cia mar a tha na *Grits* no *Jain A.* agus *Jain Sandfield* a faighinn air adhart?" no "Ciod an coltas a tha air an fhear ud agus air an fhear ud eile faighinn a steach do 'n Pharlamaid aig an ath àm tionail; agus ciod e barail nam paipeirean naigheachd mu gach cuis," &c., &c. Cha 'n eil an duthaich so an earbsa ri aon seorsa de bharr, cho mor 's a tha 'n t-seann duthaich; agus cha 'n eil neart de na tuathanaich fo mhàl. Ma theid am buntata air ais, bithidh pailteas cruithneachd, coire no corna aca. Uime sin cha bhì iargainn mu 'n chuis. Tha nise barr na bliadhna so air a thional agus a chuid mhor dheith air a bhualadh, air

feadh Chanada; agus 's fhada bho nach robh e na b' fhearr. Cha mhor gu 'n urrainn duinn seorsa ainmeachadh na's fhearr na seorsa eile. Tha 'm buntata gu h-araidh an barrach math agus pailt, agus faodaidh sinn an ni ceudna a radh mu 'n chruithneachd, eorn' agus choire.

Tha 'n Geamhradh a nis air tighinn a steach gu math; ach tha side bhri-aghaidh, thioram, sheasgair againn fhathas an Canada, cha chuala sinn ach gle bheag de sheachda a bhì air tuiteam an aite 's an bith de 'n duthaich.

Cha 'n eil sinn a chuintinn naidheachd araidh 's an bith bho 'n Ghzaidhealtachd, bho cheann ghoirid; tha 'm barr agus an t-iasgach air tionndadh a mach cho math, mur eil na's fhearr na 'n abhaist.

Air an t-seachdamh latha de 'n mhios so chaidhe, bha teine uamhasach ann am baile mor Chicago, 's na Staidean, leis an deachaidh earamz mhor de 'n bhaile sin a mhilleadh, agus call mor a dheanamh air cuid agus beatha dhaoine. Leis an ùpraid a bha na lorg, tha e duilich cunntas cinnteach fhaighinn air aireamh nan daoine a chaidh a dhith leis an teine so,—tha cuid ga aireamh mu 'n cuairt air mila anam. Ach tha cunntas cinnteach againn gu 'n deachaidh, mu cheud mìle pearsa fhagail gun taigh gun fhasgadh. Tha moran airgid air a chur cruinn 's' gach cearna, air son cobhair leis na daoine bochd a chaill an cuid 's an dachaidh leis an teine eagallach so; agus tha sinn an deochas aime sin nach bi moran fulaing nam measg. Tha cunntas againn gu 'm bheil an sluagh mar a tha gu sgairteil air toiseachadh ri togail a bhaile as ùr.

Tha 'm baile mòr beartach so, a leigeadh ris dhuinn cia mar a tha 'n sluagh agus an duthaich a tighinn air an adhart, air an taobh so de 'n fhairge. Cha 'n eil ach mu 'n cuairt air da-fhichead bliadhna bho 'n bha choille a fas gu reuchdmhor na làrach agus gun a tuineadh ann ach Innscanaich agus beathaichean fiadhaich. Aig an am a chaidh a losgadh bha e moran na bu

motha na Dun-eideann, le corr a's tri-cheud mìle a shluaigh a tuineadh ann, agus gach malairt agus obair a dol air adhart da reir.

Bha mar an ceudna mòran theintean an aiteachan eile air feadh nan Staidean air a mhìos a chaidh seachad, a rinn call mor air beatha agus cuid dhaoine. Se 'n tìormachd neo-chumanta a bha air feadh na duthcha, gu h-àraidh na Staidean an Iar air an Fhoghar so, a reir coltais, a b' aobhar air a chuid mhor de na teintean so.

Tha moran bruidhinn aig an am so mu aonachadh a bhì air a dheanamh eadar Eaglaisean Clèireach Chanada, —an nì a tha sinne a faicinn ro ion-chuidh a bhì air a dheanamh; oir cha 'n eil eaglais shuidhichte 's am bith an Canada a nise; agus tha gach eaglais a th' ann *sar*. A thuilleadh air sin bhiodh an t-aonachadh so feumail, agus freagarrach air iomadh doigh nach urrainn, sinn an so ainmeachadh. Bha Cleir na Eaglais Saoire cruinn 's a bhaile so air toiseach a mhìos, agus leis a cho-dhunadh gu 's an d' thainig iad, cha 'n eil teagamh againn nach tig an gnothaich mu 'n cuairt mar bu choir an uine ghoirid.

Tha Parlamaid Chuibec air cruinneachadh, agus tha Iain Sandfield agus a chairdean gu coinneachadh a cheile an Canada uachdrach air an t-seachdamh latha de 'n ath mhìos, —tha cuid a gradh nach bì uiread de chairdean aige 's a tha e 'n dùil, —ach “ge be 's fhaide a bhitheas beo s' e 's motha a chi-”

Bha moran gainne air feadh na duthcha a thaobh luchd oibreach air a bhliana so—gu h-àraidh luchd-oibreach fearainn agus roidean-iarainn, agus searbhantan taighe. Bha aon duine (Mr. Willis) a tha sealtuinn as deigh gnothuichean luchd ionruich an Ottawa ag' innseadh dhuinn gu 'm b' urrainn easan aiteachan cosnadh agus tuarasdal math fhaighinn do chòr agus mìle. Tha seirbhesich a fhaighinn bho dheich

gu fichead dolar anns a mhìos agus am bord, a reir an sgil a bhios aca air obair; agus tha searbhantan taighe air an doigh cheudna a fhaighinn bho cheithir gu deich dolar anns a mhìos.

## DUN BHRUSGRIGH AGUS IAIN

### II. EARANN.

Tha na leanas air tighinn eadar Iain agus an Dun cuig bliadhna deug an deigh a cho-labhairt mu dheireadh a bha eatorra, agus Iain air falbh ann 'n Canada :

#### ARS IAIN.

“Mo mhìle failte ort Dhuin Bhrusgraigh,  
'S an thugad tha m' aigne ag' eirigh,  
Le d' rionhail uaine co lusrach,  
Gu cruinn uehdach le 'm feuraibh;  
Tha do chreagan cas gorm-bhàn,  
Gu corrach foirmeil, gu 'n bheud oirr',  
A cumail dìon ort mu d' aodann,  
'S cha dean aois moran meing ort.  
No siontan bras.

Tha cuig bliadhna deug air dol seachad,  
'O 'n rinn mi tagal mu d' chorsan,  
Thug thu sgeul dhomh mi 'n ghlanuan,  
Mu 'n tuath 's mu dhachaidh m' oige;  
Mu dhaoine mi runach Gallta,  
Nach tuig ar cainnt no ar comhradh,  
'S mu 'n eilean Ileach 's mu 'm chairdean,  
Do 'm b' aunsa ghnath bhì 'n comhnuidh,  
A measg nan glac.”

#### AN DUN.

“Cìod e so a tha mi cluinnt'inn,  
No cìod e chaint tha 'm chluasa?  
Gu cìunt' cha 'n 'eil mi 'm chadal,  
Le srann agam 's mi brudadar;  
Air leam gu 'n cuala mi 'n guth so  
Gu tric a nuigh air mo ghuaillibh,  
Ach casan rian e ar fagail,  
'S thar 'n t-saile mhoir ghluais e.  
Gu tìr Chuibec.

An thusa Iain nan cluanach,  
A 's tric thug fuaim air mo chreagan,  
Le d' phìob mhoir air do ghualainn,  
Toirt sgalan cruaidh as an fheadan?  
Ma 's thu cha 'n aithne dhomh t-aogaag  
Tha 'n ad' mhaol sin gad' chleith orm,  
'S dosan buis mu d' lib' uachdrach,  
A falach snuadh do dheud shnaighte.  
Mar earball cait.

Tha do chota beag cutach  
A cumail cruith ort mu d' ghuaillibh

Agus briogaisean cumhann,  
 Le Bann ga 'n cumail mu d' chruachain :  
 Imich 'nam cha tu laim,  
 Mae mo chridhe 'bha stuamail,  
 Mar eil ea-an air aomadh,  
 Gu cleachdan faoin 's air fas uaibhreach,  
 Mar neach gu 'n rath."

## IAIN.

"A rìgh gur bochd leam mar thachair,  
 'N am tighinn fagasg 's mi sarachite,  
 'Bheil thusa a Dhuin a cur eòid rium,  
 O 'n dh'fhag mi 'n d'fhathach 's mo chairdean?  
 O! 's iomadh oiche 'bha mi brùadar,  
 An eòid-claibh fuar na coil arda,  
 Gu 'n robh mi cleasich mu d' ghlaiclaibh,  
 'S mo chridhe a flosgairt mar b' abhaist.  
 Re d' chreagan glas."

## AN DUN.

"Fhìr mo ghraidh gabh mo leithsgèul,  
 Na gabh sprèisg 'chuireas naire orm,  
 Ged a bha mi ri geardas,  
 Mud ad, mud aolann 's mud fhiasaig ;  
 Nach iomad uair ann am chabhaig,  
 Thug mi sgailleag do 'm laimh dhuit,  
 Ach an sin bha thu d' bhallaich,  
 Gun mhaoin, gun spagloinn, gun bhreimsgais,  
 'S do nadur math.

Ach ma tha thu air tionndadh,  
 Mar a mhuinntir thu straicil,  
 Nach fhuil leò comhairl' no barail,  
 A ghlabhail ceart 'o an cairdean ;  
 Cha 'n iognadh leam e ri aithris,  
 Gu 'm bheil garraich 'o an aite sin,  
 Nach d' fhuair teagasg nan oige,  
 Ma 's fìor na sgeoil thig gach trath, oirnn,  
 A nall le Post."

## IAIN.

"Cha 'n eil mi aon chuid an ghurrach,  
 No tionndaidh' thairis am thrail dhoibh ;  
 Mar 's fìosrach gu math dhuit,  
 Cha b' e chleachd mi 'o m' mhathair,  
 Ged tha moran 's an tìr ud,  
 Nach dean strìochdadh do 'n aithne,  
 Cha do leig mi air d'ichuinnh',  
 An teagasg fhìor fhuair mi lamh rìuit,  
 'S mi 'm mhagan beag."

## AN DUN.

"'S ann leam 's toillichte ra fhaicinn,  
 Gu 'm bheil do chleachdadh mar b' abhaist,  
 Ged tha d' aogasg a cleith orm,  
 Gu 'm bheil cneasachd a' d' nadur ;  
 A nis on thuig sinn a cheile,  
 Tionndaidh fein, 's taghail lamh rium,  
 'S cha ghair' mi tuilleadh mu d' ada',  
 Mu d' chota goirid 's mu d' fhiasaig,  
 On am so mach.

Mo mhìle failte ort 'o m' chridhe,  
 A 'm bheil do mhìsneach gun mhucadh ?  
 'Bheil do shlainte gun bhrìstèadh  
 'O n' dh'fhag thu do dhùthaich ;  
 Innis dhomh 's na dean ceiltinn,  
 Oir tha mi leantuinn mo rùn dhuit,  
 'S fhada a feitheamh ri d' sgeul mi  
 Mu 'a tìr chein sin tha chùiteach,  
 Do 'n ghabh thu tlachd.

## IAIN.

"Tha mi slàn gu 'n char cear orm,  
 'O na dh'fhag mi mo dhùthaich,  
 Ach bha deuchainnean làitheil,  
 A cur phrann air mo ghnuis-sa ;  
 Chaochail 'm athair 's mo mhathair  
 'S chaidh an caraid fo 'n uir 'nam  
 An Cill-a-Rudha nan tolmán,  
 Measg na marbh nach dean dugsadh,  
 Ged ni mi gal."

## AN DUN.

"Tha mi faicinn gu fìor-ghlan,  
 Measg gach tìr agus canain  
 Gu 'm bheil trioblaid a stri riu',  
 Co dhui' 's iosal no aird iad ;  
 'S ma tha mi factuinn na fìrinn,  
 Tha 'r tìr sin buileach neo-shlaintèil,  
 Le cuilag 's fiabhras tha oillteil,  
 A cumail sgoine agus anradh,  
 Air cuid an so."

## IAIN.

"Co, fad 's a's beo an cinne-dòna,  
 Co fad 's a tha aog agus a nadur,  
 Na measg bith trioblaid ra fhaotainu,  
 A chionn tha 'n t-aobhar a ghnath leò ;  
 Tha cuid do dhaoine gu spèideil,  
 A cur sìos air an aite ud,  
 A chionn tha aineolas iantinn,  
 Gu rò chinnteach ga 'n caradh  
 Air staidh neo-cheart.

Cha 'n eil fiabhras no crìtheach,  
 A cur tiomachd no càs oirnn ;  
 'S ged bhiodh so an car tiotaidh,  
 Cha 'n eil inneatubd b'as ann ;  
 Tha cuideachd oigeil 's seannta  
 Ma ri leanbaibh ri magran  
 Cur moran bhliadhnanach seachad,  
 Gu'n chrith, gu'n chasad, gu'n sganntaobh,  
 Gun tinneas bras.

Na toir feart air gach gurrach,  
 A bhios ri gulag 's ri dranudan,  
 Mu gach beithèach 's cuileag,  
 A tharruingeas fuil no ni srannan ;  
 Ch 'n fheum sinn cumhadh nan nàg,  
 No cailleach bhuitseachais aingidh,  
 A chum ar tearnach 'o 'm buillcam,  
 No 'n gob guinneach tha ainmeil,  
 Air pìocadh goirt.

Tha 'n tir ud math agus falainn,  
Tha 'n tir na dachaidh do 'n Ghaidheal,  
'S math dhoibh fhein mar a thachair,  
Ged bha carraid car trath orra :  
Fhuair iad dachaidh 's a choille,  
Le 'n tusaigh chaidh taigh chur 'n air' leo,  
'S shuidh iad sìos mar theaghlach,  
Fo fhàileas chraobh nan dos arda',  
Tha aun gu pailt.

Ged tha 'n obair car trom oirre,  
'S ann le fonn theid iad uime,  
Mac-talla 'm breislich 's gach tom leo,  
Ga fhreagairt lom leis gach buile ;  
Tha farum faobhar an tuisgean,  
Mar thronpaid bhuaadhach cur thuige,  
Gu 'm bheil fàsach nan cual chrann,  
Air toirt suas do gach duine,  
Ni innte stad.

Tha 'n eunlaidh fhiadhaich air mosgladh,  
Bha gnath gu socair le 'n seorsa,  
Na daoine ruadh ri osnach  
A cumail fois air na *squa-ibh* ;  
Tha 'n eilid luath le gear chuinnean,  
'S math-ghanhainn dubh le a spogan,  
Uile fianhach gn'n faras,  
Air faicinn duine 's na corsan,  
Le crann 's le beart.

Tha daimh le cuing thar 'm muineil  
'S fear guthach lann riutha a glaudhaich  
'Come, jes: ham,' agus tuilleadh  
Nach dean mi thuigsinn mi ri 'm shaoghal ;  
Tha teine laithir dubh, lasrach,  
A losgadh grad salann chraobhan,  
'S Gach fear 's aodann 's an deataich,  
Le fallas bras air gach taobh dheit  
'S e paiteach teitb.

Iadsan uile a tha falsinn,  
Ged bhios beagan na 'm poca,  
Iadsan uile a tha sgairteil,  
Gu 'n leisg ag' agairt a choir oirre ;  
Iadsan uile tha ri saothair,  
Le moir 's mairi th ga 'n toireachd,  
Na biodh eagal no càs oirre  
Gu iomeachd trath do 'n tir mhòr ud,  
Le iuntinn cheart.

B' fhearr gu 'n robh gach fear teaghlach,  
Tha crionadh raoin anns a Ghaidhealtachd,  
Fo chuibhreach 's chuillheartan dhaoine,  
Do 'n dia 'n caoirich 's 'n spreidh ac' ;  
A glanadh fearuinn 's an taobh ud,  
'S a gearradh chraobhan 's gan spealgadh,  
A chum 's gu 'n coisneadh iad saorsainn,  
Nach 'eil ri fhaotainn 'n Albainn,  
Ged tha i math."

A Dhuin Bhrusgraihn ro ghradhach,  
Gu m slàn agus gach tìr iad,  
A chuibhreann bhochd de na Gaidheil,

Bha paidheadh mail anns a chric' so ;  
Chaidh euid dhuibh iomain air falbh uat,  
Mar dhrobh gu margaidh fo chiobair,  
'S anns an tìr ud fhuair fàsadh  
'O cholg 's bho spraisg an luchd eise,  
Bha stri ri 'n creach.

Oakville, May 30, 1870. J. McC.

## ORAN DO CHOMUNN GAIDHEALACH GHLEANNGARRAIDH, CANADA.

[LE DOMHNUL GRANN.

Gu baile mor na sgìreachd so,  
Gu 'n d' ghiarr iad gu mo 'dhinnear mi,  
'S ann sin bha 'n comunn sìobhalta.  
Bha grinn 's a h-uile doigh.

Mo bheannachd do n' phairtidh ud,  
Chaidh crìnn aig Alexandria,  
Thoir onair do na Gaidheil,  
'S do Naomh Aindra mar bu choir.

Bha fineachan na duthcha ac' ann,  
Domhnullaich 's Dughallaich,  
Grannaich agus Stiubhartaich,  
'S clann Ionmhainn mhòr an t-Srath.

Bha Mac-a-Phearsain Chlùnaidh ann,  
Bha Caimbealach 's clann Uraig ann,  
Bha Griogaraich 'o Ruadh-Shruth ann,  
'S daoine uaisle 'o chlan Mhic-Rath.

Bha Siosaich Srath-ghlais aca,  
Bha Mac-Leoil 's Mac-Artair ann,  
Mac-Ille-Mhaoil 's 'n Catanach,  
'S na h-Alpanaich bho t-shean.

Bha Frioslaach na h-Airde aca,  
'S Mac-Coinnich mor Chiontaile ac' ann ;  
Shuidh Clann-a-Linnean lann' ris,  
'S Mac-Ille-Brà 's iad sin.

Bha Camroinich 'o Locaidh ann,  
Clann-Ille-Iosa a Mòrair ann,  
Mac-Aoidh 's Mac-an-toisich ann,  
'S Mac-Neacail mor s' a mh e.

Bha Mac-ant-Saoir 's Mac-Lachlainn ann,  
Mac-Ruairi 's Mac-Bheathainn ann,  
Fearghusonaich pailteas ann,  
'S Mac-Labhrainn, 's Mac-an-Ab.

'S gann a tha do thim agam,  
Na fineachan uile inns' dhuibh,  
Ach bruidhnidh sinn mu 'n dinnear,  
'S mu 'n a h-uile ni a bh' ac'.

Na 'm faiceadh sibhs' am bord a bh' ann,  
Bha *turkies* air 'n rostadh ann,  
Bha muil-fheoil agus geoidh ac',  
'S gu leir a dh' fheoil a mhart.

Bha cearean air 'n còcaireachd,  
Bha *haggies* ann bha sònraichte,

'S bha mìosan beaga boidheach ann,  
De sheorsachan *nic nar.*

Bha cofe agus tea ac',  
'S bha sìucar geal na mhìll innte.  
'S bha mnathan oga 's nìonagan,  
Ga shìneadh gu gach fear.

Se Mac-a-Phie, a Callasaic,  
A rinn an dinnear ainmeil ud,  
'S ged chosg i moran airgid dha,  
Gu dearbha' bha i math.

'S an fheadhainn rinn a chocaireachd,  
Gu 'm fada beò bhios iad,  
Gu'm foghnadh i do 'n Ghèbhairnair,  
Do rìgh Deors' no da mhac.

'Nis bruidhnidh sinn mu 'n òl a bh' ann,  
Bha braundaidh, 's rum, s' beòr aca,  
Bha fion 's gin bho 'n Olaind ac'  
'S broinean "mac-na-brach."

'S e piobaireachd 'n ceòl a bh' ann  
Bha toirteachan, 's bh oranan,  
Bha 'm *président* toirt ordugh dhoibh,  
"Hurro! come—fill your glass."

Bha deoch air slainte na Ban'-rìgh ann,  
'S air na prìonnsachan a thainig 'uaip,  
Air Craig 's air Domhnall Sandfield,  
'S air a Pharlamaid bho 's leith.

Ach sguiridh mi dheith 'n dèan tha so,  
'S bruidhnidh mi mu 'n Ghailig ribh,  
S innsidh mi mar thainig i,  
Bho 'n t-im a bh' ann 'o t-shean.

A thaobh 's i eaiunt 's naduraich,  
Gu oranachd 's gu m'aranachd,  
Gu 'r b-i a bh' anns an aire ac',  
'S aig Adhamh 's aig a bhean.

A cheud fhacal a thuir Adhamh rithe,  
'Nuair chunnaic e 's a gharadh i,  
Chaidh e 's rug' e air laimh oirre,  
"N thu th' ann a ghraidh na 'm bean."

'S mur 'n t-aobhar naire dhoibh,  
Do phairt de dhaoine 'n aite so,  
Nach ionnsuich iad a Ghailig,  
Do 'n cuid phaisdean 's do 'n cuid mhac.

### ORAN GAOIL,

LE SOMHAIRLE CAMHRON, E RAINEACH.

*Air fonn "Coire-cheathaich."*

Mi m' shuidhe' m' onar, air tulaich bhoidhi ch  
'S mi gabhail orain, cha teid e leam;  
Mo chridhe 'n cònaidh mar chloich air moin-  
tich,

As moran seòil aig air dol gu grunnnd.  
Gu grunnnd cha teid e gun fhios do 'n Eucraig;  
'S ma ni i rèite gur fheaird a chùis;

'S mur taogh i fein mi, gur leis an Eug mi,  
Le shaighdibh geura tigh 'nn orm es ùr.

A shaighdean geur' annam taobh ri chèile,  
A dh' fhaig mi reubta le iomad lot:  
Gur tuirseach m' eislein gach latha 'g eiridh;  
Gur tric mo lheine co fhuich ri lòn.

Mar ghaoith bho thuath a thig bharr nan  
cuaintean,

A dh' fha'bbhas bhueinne mar chi sibh ceò,  
'S e samhladh fhuair mi de ghaol na gruag-  
aich,

A roinn mo bhuaireadh air iomad seòl.

Ochoin! a ghrugaich, nach gabh thu truas  
rium;

Do ghaol a bhuair mi gun fhios do 'nt shloigh.  
'S mur faidh mi fuarach bho 'n ghaol so bhuair  
mi,

Gu dearbh cha dual domh bhi fada beò:  
Mo chridhe luaineach gach lath' air luasgan,  
Mar lhuing air chuan agus i gun seòl;  
Na tuinn le buaireas ag eiridh suas ri;  
'S mur cirich buaidh leth' cha teid gu seòr.

Gu seòr cha teid i; 's gur beag mo speis di,  
Mur faidh mi 'n Eucag a 's gile dreach,  
Do shìosan gle gheal mar shneac air gheug-  
aibh;

'S gur tuirseach m' eiridh gun laidhe' leat.  
Tha m' inntinn cianail, gach lath' 'g a riabhadh,  
'S mi 'n toir air t' iarraidh le cogais cheart.  
Do nadur cònard a chlaoidh es m' oig mi;  
'S cha b' e do stòras a bh' ann mo bheachd.

Stòr no feudail ged 's mòr an speis diu,  
An diugh cha leir leam a bhi 'g an dith;  
A's stoc no airneis chan iad a b' fhearr leam;  
'S cha bhraid na meir' air am bheil mi 'n ti,  
Cha chrodh air bhualtibh 's cha ghreigh air  
fuaran

A chuir an buaireas so ann mo chridh;  
Ach eala bhuaidheach 's i snamh nan cuain-  
tean,

'S mo lhlion mu 'n cuairt di g' a toirt gu tìr.

'S ma 's tusa an eala tha air a chuan sin,  
Gur mise 'nt uan a tha air an tràigh,  
'S na meangain bhuaidheach a fàs mu n cuairt  
domh,

Mur tuit mi 'm buair' air do shon, a ghràidh;  
Cha d' bheil ceille thug miad mo speis dut;  
'S ma ni thu reite cha deigh domh e.  
On 's tu mo cheud ghradh, s gun lhub thu  
fein mi,

Gum bi mi eibhinn deth fad mo rheidh.

Do chuach-fhalt boidheach, air dhath an neo-  
nain

'S e fas gu mòthar 'n a dhualsaibh grunn,  
'N a chiobhan òr-bhuidh mar slithein eòrna,  
Gu bann do chòta bho chùl do chiun,—  
Gu lubach, dualach—gu cleareach, cuachach,  
A's car mu 'n cuairt anns gach fuiltein mìn,



'S e truiste sùs ann an sìde buaidheach,  
An leadan dualach nach dochainn cir.

Do shlios mar chanach, no breid de 'n anart,  
No sneac air barraich, gun dol gu làr ;  
Do ghruaidh dhearg thana mar chaoran  
meangain,  
Fo d' shuil ghorm mheallaich, gun ghiomh,  
gun sgàth.

Tha mais' a' t' aodainn thair clann nan daoine ;  
'S e dh' fhag mi daonnan co fad a' d' ghradh ;  
Ach thig le d' ghacl, 's thoir e glacaibh 'n  
Aoig mi,  
Neo dh' aindheoin dhaoine gum faidh mi bàs.

'S ma gheobhtar bàs lheim air-son do ghra-  
dhse,

Cha bheag an tàmait e m' chairdibh mòr,  
'S na craoinn bho 'n d' fhas mi co math ri d'  
phairte

Ged iar thu nàird iad gu ruig na meoir.  
Bho linn gu linn, iar amach mo shinnse,  
'S ma gheobh thu mìo-mhodh do dhuin' 'nt  
shloigh,

Grad cùl do chinn ris gach geug a chinn diu ;  
'S cha robh do thiom dhiu ach gear gu leoir.

'S ma chumthar bhuam thu le gnìomh ant  
shluaigh sin,

A thogas tuaisleas le cainnt am beòil,  
Tha cairdean dileas mu 'n cuairt os n lseal,  
A thogas mìo-thlac, 's nach strìoehd do 'n  
choir.

Luchd bhreug as thuaisleis do 'n gnàth bhì  
buaireadh

Tha m' fhuil air fuathachadh riu, as m' fheoil,  
Gum buin an treud ud do Mhamon deisneach,  
Le 'n teangaibh bìsgeil toirt beum do 'n chòir.

Tha naimhdean fallsail, fo sgaile cairdeis,  
A togail fann-sgeulan oirn le chèil',  
Luchd mìo-ruin teanga a pìoca tainge.

A dealb an ainhleis 's a deanamh bhreug.  
Tha ceilg mar lòn agus nìmh ri òl daidh,  
As e an cònaidh gu searbh 'n am beul.

Luchd dhealbhdh droch sgeoil buinidh iad do  
dhoruinn,  
A's iads gu sonruicht' bhios deanamh bhreug ;

Ma chì sibh neach bhìos a cur ri chèile,  
Mar phioghaid threubhaich 's i deanamh nid  
Bidh son a cuartachadh staigh le h-eiginn,  
A's aor a reiteachadh cuairt an nid ;—  
Ma thig gaoth lhuaineach thair bharr nan cu-  
aintean,

A chuireas luasgan air meoir a phris ;  
Grad fhalbhaidh napadh an nead 's a chusair-  
teag,

As faic an truaighe cis mòr a nis.

Mar sin, mo bhàndag, na gabhsa auntlachd,  
Ged their do chairdean gum bheil mi bochd ;

As tuig Rìgh Daibhidh, 's an staid am b'  
aird e,

Bha chridh' gun ailgheas mar neach gun toic  
Cha d' fhuair an rìgh sin ach beag toil-  
inntinn

'S a chaithir rhioghail, le mòran sprochd ;  
'S ma lheugh thu m Bioball tha pairt de 'g  
innseadh

Gun d' rhoinn e ilseach mar dhuine bochd.

Bha mise a' m' òige car tamull gòrach ;  
Nis tha mi deoiniach air cinntinn glic ;  
Tha àm gu bròn agus àm gu sòlas :  
'S e 'n dara seol air 'n do chaochail mis.  
Nis glacam seòlta mo rhitheid cheòlar,  
On tha mo shòlas a ris air teachd ;  
As theid mi chonuidh gu tulaich bhoidhich  
'S bidh mi mar smeoraich a seinn gu beachd.

## ORAN DO 'N NIGHINN GHÀIDH- EALAICH.

LE EOGHAN MAC LEIRD.

[Bha 'n t-ughdar a lathair aig cuirm araidh,  
ann 'm fear de bhailtean mòr Shasuinn ; thug  
e 'n aire do nighinn a bha ro aluinn, agus  
modhail na gluasad, air dhoigh 's gu'n d' thug  
i bàrr air cach uile. Air dha fhaighinn a  
mach gu 'm bu Ghaidheal i, rinn e na rann a  
leanas dhi.]

'Se bhì gleusadh mo chiuil air cliù na maisè  
Tha ùr bho thalamh na 'm Beann,  
A bheothaich mo shuand, 's dhùraich 'm  
aigneadh,

Mar dhriùchd air lusan nan gleann,  
A dhaisig dhomh oige, 's pois is mire,  
Cuir orain mhilis air bheil ;  
A dhusgadh le sòlas ceòl mo chridhe,  
Do 'n òg-bhean 's ceanalta bèus.

Do bheatha do 'n tir so, ribhinn bhanoil,  
'Tha t-intinn tairis is rè,  
Do nadur cho ciuin, 's do ghnuis cho maisèil,  
Do shuil mar dhearcag an t-sleibh,  
Do bhroilleach geal mìn, a' sìde a' falach,  
Tha ligh mar eala air a chuan,  
Do ghruaidh mar 'n ròs 's boi'che sealladh,  
'S oigh' 'sa mhaduinn ga bhuan.

Gur fortoneach dhà'san, thàr, na fearaibh,  
Do 'n dain am meangan a bhuan  
'Nuair bheireadh na priounsas, 's diucan  
fearan

An cruin na 'm faigheadh iad buaidh,  
Gu 'm tighinn air baird' a's airde barail,  
Air ailleanchd pearsa agus sruadh,  
Bith' eachdraidh do chliu an cunntas maireann  
A muirn aig deas agus tuath.

## CANADA.

(AIR A LEANTUINN, BHO *Chuirteir nan Glenn.*)

Tha do dh'fhearann fàs ann an dùthaich so nìread 's a ghabhadh cend mìle pearsa 'n ceann gach bliadhna fad leth cheud bliadhna ri teachd, agus 'na dheigh sin bhiodh fearann fàs ann le cion dhaoine clum aiteachaidh. Cha 'n eil ceann san t-saoghal d'a bheil inrich do'n Ghaidheal cho nàdurra; cha 'n eil iad a' dol an measg dhoine borba fiadhaich, ach an measg an luchd-dùthcha fein, fo na h-aon laghama bhà thairis orra bho 'n dìge; tha mìltean romhpa 'sineadh a mach an lamhan riutha 's a' smaideadh orra dol a mùill, agus a' feitheamh gu failte shuillbhearra chur orra. Cha 'n eil teagamh nach bi 'Ghailig ann an uine ghòirid air a labhairt ann an *America* mu-thuath le barrachd dhaoine na th' ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba. Tha ministerean ann tha 'searmonachadh na Gailig—ministirean dileas teò-chridheach, durachdach; agus ge goirt leinn gu bheil òiginn agus cruaidh-chas a' bagradh na Gaidheil bhochda fhuadach o'n dùthaich fein, 's oil leinn nach robh na mìltean diubh air an suidheachadh ann an *America*, dluth d'a chèile, far an suidheadh gach aon fo sg il a chraoibh figis féin gun eagal bàirlinn no maoir.

Gun teagamh air bith 'si so an dùthaich a 's freagariche do Ghaidheil dol, a tha 'cur romhpa tìr an athaichean fhagail. Cha 'n eil cosmaiche slan fallain tha eolach air obair, agus toileach obair a dheanamh, nach faod fearann saor a bhì aige dha féin ann an fìor bheagn bhliadhnaichean, agus a bhì cho cothromach, socrach 's bu mhiann leis, ged nach robh peighinn air a shiubhal, ma bheir e'n aire dha fein; 's ma tha e glie grunn-dail, faodaidh e chur cùl a laimhe an ceann trì no ceithir a bhliadhnaichean na chuiras 'na chomas aite seasgair fhaotainn da féin agus a radh: "Tha mi nis air mo dhùnan féin agus feuch cò dhuirers dheth mi!"

'Se 'n t-àm a's fearr gu falbh do *Canada* no do chearn air bith ann an *America* mu thuath, deireadh an earraich, agus gun bhì moran na's ann-òiche no mu làithean na Bealltuinn. Tha leis a so ùin' acasan tha dol a mach amhar mu'n timcheall agus àiteachan freagarach fhaotainn. Iadsan a bheir beagan airgid leò tha ùin' aca le dol a mach tràth sa'

bhliadhna air cruineach a chur, tighean a thogail agus uidheamachadh agus fearas-tighe dheanamh, airson a' gheamhraidh. Tha tuarasdail ard do ghnàth airson sgalagan agus dhaoine tha eòlach air gnothuichean dùthcha; gheibh iadsan ceithir dolara-deug sa' mhìos—os-ceann deich-piinn-d-fhichead shasunnach sa' bhliadhna.

Bu chòir dhoibhsan tha 'cur romhpa falbh, co beag nithe 's a 's urrainn iad a thoirt leò, oir tha cosdas mòr 'na ghiulan o àite gu àite.

Tha iadsan tha dol thairis do na dùthchanna sa an eunnart a bhì air an meal-ladh le daoine cealgach saundach a choinneacas iad an dèigh dhoibh 'ruigh-eachd; mholamaid dhoibh a bhì 'nan earalas, agus a chuimhneachadh gu bheil luchd-comhairleachadh aig an nach-dranachd anns gach àit air an suidheachadh agus air an pàigheadh chum coigrich a stiùradh do guch àite 's freagariche dhoibh. Faodaidh iad lan earsa chùramh aunta so, agus 's e 'n teurainteachd a bhì air an comhairleachadh leò, cia dhiubh 's e cosnadh tha dhith orra no fearann a cheannach dhoibh fein.

Iadsan aig nach 'eil airgid r'a thoirt leò, ach a tha dol a mach mar luchd-cosnaidh, chomhairlicheamair iad a dh' fhalbh tràth sa' bhliadhna, a' cheud chosnadh math a thachras orra 'ghabhail, iad a bhì foighidneach seasmbach. fuir-each 'nan luchd-oibre 's 'nan sgalagan agus an tuig iad gu math nàdur an fhuinn, nàdur na dùthcha 's an dèigh a's fearr gu cinneachadh, agus gu àite fhaotainn doibh fein. Mar thuirt sin a cheana, gheibh fear-oibre math làidir, ceithir dolara-deug sa' mhìos, agus a baidh; agus an ceann trì bliadhna faodaidh e àit' fhaotainn da féin.

Tha sinn 'ga fàseadh mar fhèrrinn gu gu bheil daoine san dùthaich sin aig nach robh aona pheighlhin ann latha chaidh iad air tìr gun sgoil gun ionnsachadh; ach stuma, riaghailteach, seasmbach, saothaireach, agus ann an ceann trì bliadhna, nig an robh leth-dusan mart, mucan, eunlaith agus na h-uile goireas a b' urrainn doibh iurraidh. Ma thogras duin, air bith an aiam fheòraich, bheir sinn doibh an ainm 's an sloinneadh agus an t-àit as an d' fhalbh iad.

*Gu bhì air a leantuin.*

## MRS. CAIPTÈIN THOMAS.

Cha 'n eil teagamh nach faighnich iomadh neach d' ar luchd-leughaidh: "Co i Mrs. Thomas, no ciod a chuir a h-ainm an so seach iomadh bean uasal eile 's an duthaich?" 'Sann air son sin a fhreagairt a thoisich sinne air so a sgrìobhadh, agus tha sinn rò dhuilich nach 'eil sinn ach gle chearbach air a shon, a thaobh 's nach eil min eolas againn air a bhoirinneach uasal cheanalta so. Cha 'n aithne dhuinn a bheag mu deimhinn, ach gu 'm bheil sinn a cluintinn gur bean Caiptein mara i, agus gu 'm bheil i a tuinneadh an Duneideann. Ach chunnaic agus chuala sinn mu gnìomhara fiachail agus caoimhneil bho cheann ghoirid, a thaobh cuideachadh agus leasachadh le Gaidheil bhoched, ni a bhiteas na chuimhneachan maireann dhi ann an cridhe gach Gaidheil aig an bheil spèis 's am bith de dhùthaich aithrichean, agus math a luchd-aiteachaidh. Tha i nise bho cheann aireamh bhliadhnachan, air a chuid mhòr d' a tim a chaitheamh a deanamh na's urrainn i air son cor dhaoine bochd a leasachadh air feadh na Gaidhealtachd, gu h-araidh 's na h-eileanan an Iar. Chosd i morau de cuid airgid fhein, agus thionail moran airgid bho dhaoine coireile air son comh-nadh ri Gaidheil bhoched a chur do Chanada agus aiteachan eile 's am biodh an cor na b' fhearr na bha e 'n duthaich am breith; agus tha i fhathast a lean-tuinn air an obair cheudna. Cha 'n eil cairdean de 'n t-seorsa so ach ainneamh aig na Gaidheil 's an latha 'n diugh. Uime sin 's ann le 'r 'n uile chridhe a tha sinn a guidhe "buaidh 'us piseach le Mrs. CAIPTÈIN THOMAS, fìor bhan'-charaid nan Gaidheil." Inn-sidh sinn barrachd mu deimhinn an uine ghoirid.

Cha robh coille riamh gun chrìonach.

Cha'n 'eil eadar an t-amadan 's an duine glie, ach gu'n ceil an duine glie a rùn agus gu'n innis an t-amadan e.

## COMHAIRLE DO NA GAIDHEIL A THA FUIREACH AN ALBAINN.

A chlanna' nan Gaidheil nach tig sibh a nall, 's na bithibh na'r tralllean aig garlichean Ghall, Tha Canada fursainn a's beartach gu leoir, 'S ma ni sibh ann obair gu'n togar leibh lon.

Togaidh sinn eruin'each' ma' ri eorn' agus core, Peisir' buntata agus neupan gu pait; Na measan is bo'ce' e tha na's 'ceir an do ghnà 'S cha churam do dhuine ma chumas e shlàint.

Tha cuid ann's nait 's tha beartach, 's cuid bochd Mara bhith's gu bràth anns gach aite gu beachd; Ach esan ni dìchioll gu fìrinneach, ceart, Bith' dachaidd 'us aig' aige, 's fardach gu'n aire,

Se tha sin' ag' ionndra'n a mhuinntir tha ceart Cha 'n bhigear no lunn-lair no fionn-air gun rath, Ach daoine tha grunnaidh le intinnen math Bhi's leirs'neach 's ni d'uibh's 'n sull-airgach car

Tha milltean 's an aite's a th -Inig a nall, Gun sgallinn na 'm poca, bha bronach 's an Am, Tha nise aca fearainn, 's tha taighean ac' suas, Eich, erodh agus caoirich, 's cha 'n fhaoinas 'n luach.

Tha staidheachd 's 'n d'ùthaich's, 'tha cliùiteach do 'n t-sluagh; Cha'n 'eil iad ga'n srach' aig garraich dhaoin' uaisl', Do'm feum iad bli lùbadh mar dhùidhidh gun tadhbh', 'S an claignan ac' ruls-gte 'n am clùine no stoirru.

Cha b' ionann sa 'n t-àid' a dh-fhàg na 'm dhèidh,— Tha cuid ac na Gaidheil mar thralllean gun fheum, Air eileach tha'n clarsach, 's an dèinteangun seinn; Na "Pharohs" toirt buadhach, 's meir ruadh thar 'n cinn.

Tha morchuis 's nabhar 's truailleachd ro mhor, Ma' ag oichreachan teirralun, gu tionail an oir; A chost theid an gealltachd, an dainsa 's an ol, 'S' an teach'rain air faontragun aodach gun lon.

An t-er 'ad cha chosd aig 'n dachaidd gu fèam; Do n Fhrang no do Lunainn mar ghuarich gun teid;

Ach tillidh iad dhachaidh 's Bann-targaidh\* nan deidh, 'S na màll theid an èrdach' gu pairt deth chuir rèidh.

'N am trusadh a màll sin bith's màladh air toath 'S gu clis mar a pàidh iad, theid Bairlinn mu'n cuairt,

Na Factors mar f'bhithich a crìomadh na smuad; No fo'air nan aomal tha 'n gaol air na h-uain!

A gabhail gach cothram gu solar an oir; An coir no an eueir an sprèidh bheil iad leo, Le maor tha mar mbial-choin, air iallan nan dorn—

A sìneadh air sglè mhall ag' iarraidh gu lon!

Bheil mise dhuibh comhairl', ma ghabhas sibh fìs,

Gu fìor 's ann le cairdeas a tha mi ga 'n se'; "Gach aon de na Gaidheil gu'n deapadh iad 'teas 'S tighlun thairis do Chanada, 's gheibhadh iad meas."

'S mi chunnac mor chruadal' thall a's a bhog, 'S sheas mi air uairibh mor f'huachd agus teas,

'S tomadaich alaban fada leam fhein,  
'S bu neoni sud uile sca ch fuireach 's an Elph't'

Cha 'n eil mi cur tuailleas a suas anns an am,  
Ach lunnidh mi 'n uair so mu bhos agus thall,  
'S an t-aon a bhithas grumach 'n deigh cluas  
thoirt do'm rann,  
Duineadh e chluasan 's cha bhuairear a cheann

Nise thugaibh an aire, gar mealladh cha bhí,  
Ma thig no ma dh'fhannas, na corichibh mi,  
Tha cuid anns an aith' gun fhàrdach gun ni,  
Ach 's mi-fhortan mor e, no ol 's milleadh tim.

Tha sean'-fhocal dìreach, 's e fìor air a lhuaid,  
'Nach airdh a'rsachalram fear nach cuir suas,  
Le beagan de 'n dochair, 's a sin gheibh e dhuais,  
Dha feù 's dha chuid phisdean, 's a bhairlinn  
cha ghnais."

Nis sguiridh mi 'm rannachd, 's mo pheann  
leigidh sìos,  
Their cuid bhith's ag' eisdeachd, ri 'm sgeul  
'tha e fìor,"  
Cuid eite, "cha'n eisd mi ri breugan gun bhrìgh,"  
Mar sud tha na daoine 's an t-saoghail gach fìnn.  
*Sullivan, Ont. Sept. 1871. H. McC.*

### ORAN GAOIL.

§ EOGHAN MAC-COLLA.

AIR FÒNN—"Hi ri ri's ho ra il ò, mo nighean  
donn is bòidheche."

Co'-SHEIRM.

Thogainn cliù na h-òr-bhean mhìn  
Fhuair 'san Réilig gaol mo chri:  
'S beag an t-ìoghnadh tuille 's mi  
Bhì bristeadh 'n cridhe 'n tòir oirr'.

'S binn 'an seòmar ceòl nan teud,  
'S binn 'san fhàs-choill ùl nan geug;  
'S binnle na iad uile 'm beul  
Bu mhiann leam féin bhì pògadh.  
Thogainn cliù, &c.

Thug an t-ùr-ros, fùr nam buadh,  
A dhath gaolach féin d'a gruaidh;  
'S fàile caoin subh-craobh nam bruach  
A h-anail fhuair gun fhòtus.  
Thogainn cliù, &c.

'S geal an lilidh tim a' Mhàigh,  
'S gile no sud cneas mo ghràidh,  
Còmhnuidh chaoin a' chrìdhe bhlàth,  
B'ò 'n trusdar dh' fhàgadh bròit ò.  
Thogainn cliù, &c.

Cìod an stà bhì 'cur an géill  
Dreagh a blàth-shuil làu de ghaol?  
Cha 'n eil sùil a' ealmain féin  
A leth co maoth-ghorm bhòidhaich.  
Thogainn cliù, &c.

Cha 'n eil mìl an t-sèillein chiar  
Idir mìlis làmh r'a bial;  
'S shaoileadh tu gur ann l'ho 'n ghrian  
A fhuair i fianh a h-òr-fhàlt!  
Thogainn cliù, &c.

### LITIR BHO ASTRALIA.

Macartair, Astralia,

Cend Mios, an Fhoghair 14, 1871.

A Mhr. Deasaiche,—

Chunnaic mi sealladh de bhu'r paiper  
luachmhor bho cheann ghoirid, agus gu cinn-  
teach thug e mor thoil-inntinn dhomh fhaicinn  
gu 'n robh a leithid ri fhaotainn 's a Ghailig.  
Gu 'm fada b'eo sibh, agus gu 'm buadhaicheadh  
leibh. Faoaidh mi innsadh dhuibh gu 'm  
bheil moran Ghaidheal anns na cearnaibh so  
de 'n chrìunne. Cha 'n 'eil baile 's fhiach  
ainmeachadh nach 'eil comunn Gaidhealach  
steidhichte ann, airson cumail suas luth-  
chleasan neo-lochdach nan Gaidheal. Bha  
mar 'n ceudna paiper Gailig againn 'n Tas-  
mania 's a bhliadhna, 1857; ach bhàsaich e  
air a bhliadhna sin fhein. Bha moran conn-  
sachaidh eadar na Gaidheil agus na Goill ann  
a Hamilton 's an duthaich so bho cheann  
ghoirid; agus 'se 'n t-aobhar a bh' aca:—  
Mu'n cuairt air 1857, thogadh eaglais eatorra,  
air chumhant gu 'm feumadh ann ministeir  
ac' a bhith comasach air searmonachadh 's  
an dà chainnt. Fo 'n chumhant so, chaidh  
an t-urramach Aonghas Dòmhnallach, a shuid-  
dheachadh mar mhinisteir thairis air a choi-  
thional. Fhuair iad air 'n adhairt gu rèith  
car uine; bha searmon Ghailig aca 's a  
mhaduinn agus searmon Bheurla 'n deigh  
meadhon latha, gach Sabaid. Dh'eug Mr.  
Dòmhnallach bho cheann ghoirid; ach greis  
roimh an a bhàis, cha robh searmon Ghailig  
aca, ach aon uair 's a mhios; agus am fear a  
thainig na aite cha searmonaicheadh e dig  
idir 's a Ghailig. Chuir na Gaidheil an  
aghaidh so, a reir a chumhant a bhacatorra,  
agus sear iad iad fein bho na Goill buileach.  
Tha na Gaidheil a nis air eaglais ùr a thogail  
dhaibh fhein a tha na onoir dhaibh, agus tha  
iad an drasd a feitheamh ri ministeir a Al-  
bainn; agus ma dheibh iad fear a bhithas  
measail air a lhuachd dacha agus 'n canain,  
agus na sheirbhiseach dileas an aobhar an  
Tighearna, cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach soirbhich  
leis.

Creid gu 'r mise le mor mheas,

'Ur seirbhiseach dileas,

Victoria, Australia.

D. B.

Thachair do mhinisteir stòlda, agus  
oifigeach òg coinneachadh, agus a bhì  
'scanchas; agus mu dheireadh, thanig an  
scanchas gu car beag connsuchaidh.  
Bha 'n t-oifigeach agat le feirg; agus mar  
thàmailt do 'n mhinisteir, thuir e ris—  
"Nam biodh do mhi-fhorton orm gu'm  
biodh ùmpaidh mic agam nach b'urrainn  
ni eile dheanamh, gu cinnteach dheanain  
ministeir dhe." "Cha robh t'athair-sa  
sa' bharrail riut," arsa 'n ministeir, gu  
socrach.

## GEARAIN.

Chuala sinn bho cheann ghoirid gu 'n d' thainig gearain a nall a' Albainn, a thaobh aireamh de Ghaidheil bho chd a thainig a nall bho cheann ochd bliadhna, bho aon de na h-eileanan an Iar, le airgiod iosaid, bho dhaoine usal timchioll (Hlaschu agus Dhuneideann, air chumhnant gu'n cuireadh iad an t-airgiod air ais gun dail, cho luath 's a gheibheadh iad e, a chum 's gu 'm faigheadh daoine bochd eill e, gu tighinn air an doigh cheudna. Tha na daoine so a gearain (ged nach eil teagamh nach d' fhuair na daoine do 'n tug iad e, an t-airgiod uair 's uair bho 'n thainig iad), nach deach' sgillinn a chur air ais dheith fhathast, mar a gheall iad. Cha 'n eil e furasd dhuinne a chreidsinn gu 'm bheil facal firinn ann; uime sin cha'n abair sinn a bheag mu 'n chuis, gus an lorgaich sinn a mach gu min e. Ach ma tha a leithid de dhaoine air tighinn n' ar measg fo ainm Ghaidheal, a bhioth cionntach air a leithid, tha sinn an dòchas gu'n teid am fuadachadh a mach as an duthaich gun dàil, air neo do n' choille, an measg nan Inneanach, far 'n ionnsuich iad a chainnt Inneanach, Fraingis, no canain eile de 'n t-seorsa. Cha bhuin a leithid idir do Ghaidheil Chanada.

## NA TIGHEARNAN GAIDHEALACH.

Tha duine Urramach araidh, nach 'eil e fhein a tuineadh fada bho sgàil a "chaisteil mhòir," a sgrìobhadh thugainn; "gun a bhi ri mìodal nan tighearnan Gaidhealach, daoine 's miosa a tha ri fhaiginn, &c." ; a ciallachadh, a reir coltais, an orain a bha 's a cheud aireamh de 'n GHADHEAL, do Shir Seumas Mac-Mhathain. Gu'n a leigeadh ris co sgrìobh an t-oran sin, tha sinn ag' aontachadh ris gach facal dheith, a thaobh molaidh agus geannmath an duine uasail sin; agus ged nach eil sinn a tuineadh cho faisg air "baile mor a chaisteal" 's a tha easan, cha 'n aidich sinn idir a bhi

tur aineolach air mar a tha gnothuch-ean a dol air adhairt timchioll air; agus 's math dh' fhaoidte gu 'm bheil sinn ann an suidheachadh a cheart cho math ris fhein gu breith neo-chlaonach a thoirt 's a chuis. Aidicheamid gu 'm bheil cuid de na tighearnan Gaidhealach cho dona 's a dheanadh easan a mach iad,—an fheirde a chuis am beagan nach 'eil mar sin a bhi air 'n cur 's an aon phoca riutha? 'Nuair a thachras droch dhaoine an-ìochdmhor rinn am measg nan tighearnan Gaidhealach, cha 'n fhaigh iad sòradh bho 'n Ghaidheal so; agus an uair a thachras daoine coir ìochdmhor rinn, coltach ri Sir Seumas MacMhathain, innsidh sinn e mar 'n ceudna—a dhaindeoin co chuireadh na aghaidh. 'S math dh' fhaoidte gu 'm bi tuilleadh againn ri radh mu 'n chuis so 'n uine ghoirid.

## COMUNN GAILIG LHUNAINN.

Se so an diugh da rìreamh "Comunn nam fìor Ghaidheal, cia bith co aige tha 'n t-ainm 's ann acasan a tha 'n tairbhe. Se gu 'n teagamh an diugh an comunn a 's feumail 's as beothail a bhuineas do na Gaidheil. Tha crìoch araidh aca 's an amharc, se sin a bhi sealtuinn as deigh gean-math na Gailig, nan Gaidheal agus na Gaidhealtachd, agus a reir coltais cha 'n eil a chrìoch sin a dol as an amharc. Cha mhòr gu 'm bheil ghasad a chuala sinn bho cheann fhada, a thaobh Aird Fhear Foghlun Gailig, agus nithean eile de 'n t-seorsa, nach 'eil a fhreumh ri lorgachadh a mach thuna a Chomunn so. Am measg iomadh ni math eile a chuala sinn 'uapa bho cheann ghoirid, tha cunntas gu 'm bheil iad gu ministeir Gailig a shuidheachadh an Lunainn. A reir a chunntais a tha againn mu 'n deimhinn, tha 'n Comunn a dol cruinn an Lunainn bho cheann cor 's deich-bliana thar fhiccad; agus iad gun allsadh bho 'n uair sin a deanamh na's urrainn iad, gus na gnothaichean so a chur air adhairt, ged nach cluinn sinn

a leith nìread mu 'n deimhinn 's a chluinneas sinn mu ìomadh Comunn eile nach eil an deicheamh nìread cho fèumail riutha, agus sin do bhrìgh 's nach do chroch iad iad fein mar ghliogairean gun fheum ri crìos Dhiuc, Phrionnsa agus Thighearnan, mar a rinn moran de chach. Buaidh 's puseach leotha, — 's ann oirrasan da rìrean a laidheadh briathran a bhaird chòir 's an aircamh mu dheireadh de 'n Ghaidheal.

“S fìor airidh air beannaich nam Bard,  
Deagh Chomunn nan armunn fial,  
A bheothaich gach cleachdadh 'us gnath,  
A bha aig na Gaidheil riamh.”

### EACHDRAIDH NA H-ALBA.

Tha Eachdraidh na H-Alba air a sgrìobhadh ann an Gailig, agus air a cur a mach leis an urramach Aonghas Mac Choinnich. Mholamaid do ar càirdibh Gaidhealach uile, agus do ar luchd ducha leis an ìomhuinn cainnt an mathar agus eachdraidh duthaich an aithrichean an leabhar fhaotainn agus a leughadh gu curamach durachdach; agus na nì iad sin geallaidh sinn dhaibh gum bi fiach an saoitreach aca. Le mor dhìchioll chuir an t-ughdar ri chèile eachdraidh ghrinn shnasmor, fìrinneach, agus chruinnich e *moran ann am beagan* de euchdaibh nan seann laoch agus do ghniomharaibh treubh-antais ghaisgeach rioghachd na h-Alba. Ma tha Gaidheal sam bith toileach a bhì mion eolach air eachdraidh a dh-uchra chomhairlicheamaid dha gun dàil an leabhar so a cheannach, agus theid sinn an urras nach gabh e aithreachas air son sin.

### FAILTE NA BAN'-PHRIONNSA.

Mor tha fios aig ar luchd-leughaidh chuir sinn failte cho cridheil 's a b' urrainn sinn, air a Bhan'-Phrionnsa, 's a cheud aircamh de 'n *Gaidheal*. Bho 'n uair sin, fhuair sinn mu 'n enairt air dusan litir làn de rannaidhean air “Failte na Ban'-Phrionnsa,” agus tha iad a tighinn fhathasd. Tha sinn a

cheart cho dileas, agus cha strìochd sinn ann an dùrachd do 'n Bhan'-Phrionnsa', do neach 's am bith; ach an ainm an aigh, a chairdean, mar tha 'n seann-fhacal ag' radh: “foghnaidh na dh' fhoghnas, ge b' ann de dh' aran 's de dh' im.” A Theagamh nach tuig mòran de 'r luchd leughaidh an America, an seann-fhacal so; tha e rèir coltais a ciallachadh nach robh 'n t-aran 's an t'im, aig na seann daoine coir cho pailt 's a tha e aig muinntir Chanada.

### FREAGAIRTAN.

Tha sinn duilich gu 'm fèum sinn moran de na bha air ullachadh againn air son an aircamh so, a chur seachad gus an ath aircamh.

Mar fhreagairt do 'n cheist a tha gu minig air fhaoghnaich dhinn: “Am bheil na h-uachdranaibh, no neach 's an bith eile a paidheadh farradh luchd-ìomruich gu tighinn do Chanada? Imsidh sinn an so nach eil cho fad 's aithne dhuinne. Tha uachdranaibh Chanada a toirt seachd fearann saor, agus gach comhadh eile 's urrainn iad airson dhaoine bochd, a chuideachadh gu dachaidh a dheanamh dhoibh fhein 's an duthaich so. Cha 'n eil teagamh againn nach luthaigeadh iad 'mar 'n cendna farradh dhaoine a phaidheadh, ach cha 'n eil e rèidh dhoibh sin a dheanamh aig an am so.

### NITHE NUADH AGUS SEAN.

COMHAIRLEAN AITHRIGHEARR.—Eisd rium car tìora beag,—cha 'n eil ach fìor bheagan ngam ri ràdh riut—labhairidh mi e ann am facal no dhà; ach 's làn-airidh iad air suin agus mothuchadh.

Tha trì nithe anabharrach fèumail do mhae an duine san t-saoghal—'s iad so, BIADH, AODACH, agus CADAL. Nam bu mhian leat do lòn ithe le taitneachas, agus blas math a bhì air, saothrich chum a chosnadh; nam bu mhian leat tlachd a bhì agad ann an aodach, pàigh e muu cuir thu umad e; agus nam bu mhian leat cadal math fhaotainn, thoir deagh choguis leat do d' leabaidh. Dean na nithe so, agus bidh tu a'd' dhuine cothromach, subhach, a thaobh an t-saoghail so, agus a thaobh an t-saoghail eile. Ma's mian leat a shealbàchadh ann an glòir, lean Esan a thubhairt, “Is mise an t-slighe.” Earb 'na iobairt-rèite, gluais 'na cheumannaibh, gràdh-aich e; agus an sin-bidh tu sona san t-saoghail so, agus aims an t-saoghail a tha ri teachd.—*Cuirteir nan Gleann.*

A GHALIG AGUS AN EABHRA.—'S aithne dhomsa duine araidh Gaidhealach 'tha posda

ri bean uasal Ghallda. Bithidh an duine so air nairibh a seinn dha fhein rannan dheth chainnt mhaithreil. Thuir a bhean ris aon là araidh agus e ris a ghuothuch so. "B' fhearr leam fein gu'n tugadh thu thairis a bhli ris a chainnt mhosaich sin." Cha robh sud a cordadh ri cridhe a Ghaidheil, agus 's ann a thuir a ris fein : "Pheir mise ort a bhean Ghallda, gu 'n aidich thusa air doigh eile thaobh mo chainnt uasail-sa." Agus mar sin, an deigh dha a freagairt, ag' radh na:h robh mosaich 's am bith co-cheangailte ris a chainnt aige-san. Dh' fheoraich e dhi "An cuala thu niamh dad de 'n a chainnt Eabhrach, agus eiod e 'm beachd, a th'agad oirsa?" "Thoir dhomh (ars ise) earraon dhi, agus innsidh mi dhuit cia mar 's e aon leam i?" Chunnca a nis gu 'n robh i gu tuiteam anns an rib a shuidhicheadh air a son ; agus thug e dhi le guth cho glan, 's cho suidhichte 's a b'urainn da na briathran a leanas :

"Bha mi 'n dè 'm Beinn Dorainn,  
'S na coir cha robh mi aincolach ;  
Chunnaic mi na gleanntan,  
'S na beanntan a b' aithne dhomh."

"Sin agad a nis (ars ise) cainnt ris an airdh cainnt a radh !" C. D.

A DEANAMH A TRI AS NA DIA.—Tha e air sithris air duine araidh aig nach robh sgoil, 's am bith e fhein, gu 'n d' chuir e mhae do 'r Chollaisd gu ard fhoghlum a thoirt da ; agus air do 'n ghille tighinn dhachaidh aig an araidh, dh' fhaoidinn athair dheidh agus iad a suidhe gu 'm biadh : "Cia mar a bha e faighinn air adhairt sa Chollaisd, no 'm b' urrainn e dearbhadh 's am bith a thoirt seachad ar ard sgoilreachd, a thuigeadh daoine gu 'n fhoghlum coltach ris fhein agus ri mhaithair?" (agus amharus air 'n t-seann duine nach robh 'n gille a toirt uiread aire do 'n sgoil 's bu choir ha). Ars an gille 's e sealtuinn mu'n cuairt da, 's a faicinn da thunnaig rosta air a bhord : "Nan dearbhainn dhuibh gu 'm bheil tri eoin 'n sin an aite na dha a tha sibh 's a faicinn, nach biodh sibh riarachte?" "Bhithadh gu 'n teagmh" ars athair. Chuir an gille an sin aon do na h-eoin an dara taobh ; "sin agad aon," ars esan. "Ceart" ars athair. Chuir e 'n seò na dha maille ri cheile rithid : "Tha dha 'n sin," (ars esan) agus nach e aon agus a dha a tri : "Se gu'n teagmh ars athair, 's matt a fhuaras thu. Goirid an deigh sin thoisic a mhathair air na h-eoin a roinn. Chaisg at'air i agradh : "Cha leig thusa leas a bhean choir na h-eoin a roinn, agus gu'n againn ach triur ; rinn sgoilreachd do mhic na h-uiread sin a dh' fheum dhuit mar tha ; bheir mise leam an fear so (agus a toirt leis 'n dara fear), agus bioth 'm fear beag sin agad fhein, agus fagaibh an tritheamh fear aigesan slàn air son a sgoilreachd. Cha

dh' fheuch an gille 'n doigh cunntailh so a a riamh na dheigh timcheoil air a bhord.

## DEAS FHREAGAIRTAN.

Tha e air aithris gu 'n robh dithis bhraithran, agus an dara fear da 'm b' ainm Iain no Eoin fo'n ruaig air son ni eigin a rinn e as an rathad. Cha robh neach a lathair a dh' aithneicheadh e ach a brathair fhein ; agus bha 'm brathair sin air a mhionnachadh gu 'n a innseadh e air, no gu'n comharraicheadh e mach a bhrathair do 'n luchd torachd nan tigeadh e 's an rathad. Air dha 'bhrathair fhaicinn a tarsuinn air falbh ann an eathar, sheinn e an rann a leanas ; oir bha e air son a mhiontan a choimhlionadh gu 'n a bhrathair a bhrath : Agus air dhoibhsos smaaineachadh gu 'n robh e faici' n fhaoleagan no eoin eile do 'n t-seorsa, cha d' chuir iad umhal 's am bith :

"Chi mi e 's cha cheil mi e,  
'S air mhile bonn cha bhrath me e,  
Chi mi Eoin a suamh air sruth,  
Sud agaibh e, 's beiribh air."

Bha duine a bha rò theoma air guidheachdan a falbh an rothaid ann 'm carbad. Chuir clach a bha 's an rathad, maille air a charbad aige. Ghlaoth e ri scann duine a bha goirid naithe ; "e thogail na cloiche, 's a tilgeil a dh' ifrinn." "Cha tilg" ars an seann duine, gu socair, 's e ga togail 's ga tilgeil a leith-thaobh, "air neo nan tilgeadh, dh' fhaodadh i hith rithist na do rathad."

Cha mbiosa na cuid dhuibh so, am freagairt a chuala sinn Domhnall MacR. coir, a toirt do dhuine araidh, air 'n robh e g' iarraidh "AN GAIDHEAL," a ghabhail airson bliadhna ; "N ann aig ceann na bliadhna (ars an duine) 'a bhithas e ri phaidheadh ? " 'S ann (ars Domhnall) aig a cheud cheann dhi."

## TOIMHSEACHAIN.

Bha moran thoinhseachain de 'n t-seorsa so air feadh na Gaidhealtachd, cuid dhiu' a bha fìor theoma agus thaitneach ; ach ma' ri iomadh ni eile de 'n t-seorsa tha iad a nis a dol air ehall. Bhiothadh sinn fada 'n comain air cairlean aig 'm bheil cuimhne air cuid diu' so na 'n cuircadh iad da 'r n' ionnsuidh an an drasl 's a rithid iad. Tha sinn a cumail na freagairtan do na toimhseachain a leanas air ais gus an ath aireamh, a chum 's gu 'm bi tin acasan nach uala roimh so iad, feuchainn an dean iad a mach na freagairtan ceart :

1. An rude nach eil. nach robh, 's nach bi ;  
Sin do lamh as ehi thu e.
2. Cha mhotha e na grainean eorna,  
'S comhdaichidh e bord an righ.

3. Togaidh 'n leineabh beag na dhorn e  
 'S cha tog dà dhuine dheug le róp' e.
4. "Diddleman, daddleman, gille beag dubh,  
 Tri chasan fotha, agus bonaid de 'n fhiodh.
5. Fear beag sporsuil, a falbh na mointeach,  
 Le spuir 's botainn 's beul adhaire air.
6. "Chunnaic fear gun suilean  
 Ubhlan air a chraoibh,  
 Cha d'fhug e ubhlan di.  
 'S cha d'fhag e ubhlan oirre."
7. Chi mi, chi mi fada 'nam,  
 Tri mìle thar a chuain,  
 Fear gun fhuil, gun fheoil, gun anail,  
 'G imeachd air an talamh bhuan.
8. Chaidh biadh gu dithis.  
 Gu ceann Loch Mearc ;  
 Dh'ith am biadh 'n dithis,  
 'S thainig am biadh dhachaidh a ris.
9. Chaidh mi le biadh triur,  
 A null thar lochan an fhéidh,  
 Dh'ith am beadh an triuir  
 'S thainig e dhachaidh leis fhein.
10. Tha Mogan mollach, mollach,  
 Sior shiubhal a mhonaidh ;  
 Cha dath gobhair, no caoire,  
 No dath d'aoine th' air Mogan mollach.
11. Ceithir na ruith, ceithir air chrith,  
 Dithis a coimhead 'n aghaidh 'n adhair,  
 'S fear eile a g' eigheachd.
12. Bha duine araidh air son faighinn thairis  
 air loch ; bha madadh-ruadh, giadh agus adag  
 eorna aige ri thoirt thairis leis,—dhitheadh  
 am madadh-ruadh an giadh agus dhitheadh  
 an giadh an t-eorna, 's bha 'n tuigheum aisig  
 cho beag 's nach b' urainn e ach son diubh a  
 thoirt leis comhladh. Cia mar a fhuair e  
 thairis iad ?
13. AISEAG NAN CEARDAN.—Bha aig sea'nar  
 cheardan, triuir fhear agus 'n triuir mhnathan,  
 ri faighinn thairis air caolas le eathar beag,  
 nach tugadh leatha ach dithis comhladh.  
 Bha na fir ag' iadach ri cheile, agus cha 'n  
 fhaodadh aon de na mnathan dol thairis ach  
 le fear fhein ; ni mo a dh' fhaodadh i bhi  
 lathair air taobh seach taobh maille ris na fir  
 eile, gu 'n a fear fhein a bhi comhladh ri the.  
 Dh' fhaodadh na mnathan a dhol a null no  
 'nall le cheile, ach gu'n aon de na fir eile a  
 bhi maille riutha. Cia mar a fhuair iad  
 thairis ?

FREAGAIRT do na cheud tri toimseachain,  
 a bha 's a cheud aireamh de 'n *Aghaidheal*.  
 2. Bior a chaidh na chois.  
 3. Dà shoitheach uisge a bha e giulain.  
 4. A bhliadhna, na raithean, na seachduin-  
 ean, na leithean, agus na h-nairean.

CUMHA LE MAIGHDION OG UASAL  
 AIRSON A LEANNAIN, AIR DHA  
 'BHI 'N TIR CHEIN.

AIR FONN—"Fear a bhàta."

*Luinneag.*

Air fail ill ò rò, 's na h-ò ro éile,  
 Air fail ill ò rò 's na h-ò ro éile,  
 Air fail ill ò rò 's na h-ò ro éile,  
 Tha mise brònach bho Thriall mo cheudghaol.  
 Cha 'n iognadh mise 'bhi tuirseach brònach  
 'S mo Rothach fhin gun 'bhi so a chòmhaidh,  
 'E 'm Baile Dha'idh\* toirt iùl do 'n ògradh,  
 A's mise 'g acain 'sa sìleadh dheòran.

Air fail ill ò rò, &c.

Tha mise cianail bho thriall mo shàr bhuan,  
 An t-òg-laach gaisgeant' 'bha math 's na  
 blàraibh ;

A bha na fhòghlumach anns gach cànan,  
 Bho Bheurla Shasunn gu Gailig Adhamh.

Air fail ill ò rò, &c.

Tha mi làn airtneal—tha m' aigne cianail,  
 Mo chòm na lasair—le gaol air lionadh ;  
 Tha gach uair dhomh cho fad ri bliadhna  
 'S mar d' thig e dhachaidh, bh' dh m' fhalt air  
 liathadh.

Air fail ill ò rò, &c.

Mar gam faicheadh sibh fiadh air mòinteach,  
 'S e sìle fola an d' éise a leònach,

Aon bheathach eile cha teid e 'n còr da—  
 Mar sin tha mise bho thriall an t-oigear !

Air fail ill ò rò, &c.

Mar gam faicheadh sibh long air cuaintean,  
 'S na tonnan beacach a streup mu 'n cuairt di,  
 A ghaoth a seideadh, 's na spur-an grunnach,  
 Mar sin tha mise bho thriall mo luaidh bhuan.

Air fail ill ò rò, &c.

A' laidhe 'm anamoch, tha mi làn airtneal,  
 Air nìrigh fhùir 's beag mo shùr ri caol ;  
 Ma gheibh mi dràb dheth bh' dh tu na 'm aising  
 'S an àm dhomh dùsgadh 's tu m' òrnaigh  
 mhaduinn.

Air fail ill ò rò, &c.

Ach bithidh mi fhathast ann an dòcas,  
 Gun tig thu dhachaidh le pailteas stòrais,  
 Gu Suid-a-Chaisteil† far 'm beil mi chòmhn-  
 nuidh,

'S gun tig am parson gu grad g'ar pòsadh !  
 Air fail ill ò rò, &c.

*Es-an ga freagairt.*

A Shàra eudail tha mise brònach  
 Bho rinn mi d' fhàgall a reul na oighean ;  
 Ach thèid mi dhachaidh m' ar goird bed mi—  
 'S b' e neamh air thalamh 'bh riutsa pòsadh !

Air fail ill ò-rò, 's na h-ò-ro éile,

Air fail ill ò-rò, 's na h-ò-ro éile,

Air fail ill ò-rò, 's na h-ò-ro éile,

Tha mise brònach bhodh' fhág mi m' eiteig

FILIDH NAM BEANN.

*Inbherneis, 1871.*

\* 'Sa Bheurla Dand's-ton, baile beag a th' aig  
 Crompa.

† Braid-a-Chaistal ann an Inbherneis.



## BLAR MAGH LEUNA,

EADAR. CUCHILLINN, FEAR-RIAGHLAIDH EIRINN, AGUS SUARAN,  
RIGH LOCHLAIN.

LE OISEIN.

Bha Cuchullinn 'n a fhear-riaghlaidh air Eiresann, am feadh 's a bha an rìgh, Cormac Mac-Airt, 'n a òige. Anns an am sin thainig Suaran, rìgh Lochlain, le feachd laidir, an aghaidh Eirinn, agus chaidh e air tìr faisg air Tura, far an robh Cuchullinn a tuineadh Chunnacas cabhlach Shuarain roimhe sin, agus chuir Cuchullinn fios gu Fionn, air son cènaidh. Ach chaidh Cuchullinn an aghaidh nan Lochlannach, mus an d' thainig Fionn; agus chath e ri Suaran air Magh-Leuna, an Ulainn.

Mar stòirm fhaoghair 'ruith bho dha bheinn,  
Gu chéile ghrad tharruinn na trein;  
Mar shruth làidir cas bho dha chraig,  
Ag aomadh 's a taomadh air faich,

Fuaimear, dorcha a's garg 's a bhlàr  
Thachair feachd Innis-fail<sup>1</sup> a's Lhochlain.  
Gach ceannard a spealt-chleas ri sàr,  
A's a dhaoine ri lhàimh a cosgairt.

Bha gach cruaidh a screadan air cruaidh,  
Agus clogaidean shuas 'g an sgoltadh,  
Fuil a dortadh gu dlùth mu 'n cuairt,  
[A's air talamh gu luath a spoltadh.]

Bha taifeid<sup>2</sup> a fuaim air mìn iuthar,  
A's gathan a siubhal troi 'n speur,  
Sleaghan briste a tuiteam gun phudhar,  
Mar dhealain air mullach ant shléibh.

Mar onfhaidhean beucach a chuain,  
Nuair a ghluaiseas an tonn gu 'h-ard,  
Mar an torrunn air cùl nan cruach,  
Bha gruaim agus farum a bhlàir.

Ged bhitheadh ceud bard Chormaic ann,  
A's an dàn a togail a bhlàir,  
Cha b' urrainn daidh aithris ach gann  
Gach coluinn gun cheann a's gach bàs.  
Bu lhionar bàs fhear agus thriath,  
'M fuil a sgaoileadh air sliabh an àir.

Bithibh brònach, a shìol nan dàn,  
Mu Shithàluinn, ceann nan grabh-thriath,  
Agus togsa, Eibhir, t' uchd bàn  
Mu og Àrdan, sàr nan colg fiar.

Mar dha eilid thuit iad 's an réidh,  
Fo lhàimh Shuarain, treun nan donn sgiath,  
Nuair a ghluais e roi mhiltibh le feum,  
Amhuil tannas an speur nan nial.

1 Èreann.

2 Sreang bogha.

Fuar thannas a shuidheas an seleò,  
 A's e sgeadaicht' le ceò bho thuath,  
 Nuair a dh' aomas am maraich nach beò  
 Sealladh bròin air barraibh nan stuadh.

Nior chadail do lhamh ri do thaobh,  
 A thriath Innis is caoine sian,<sup>3</sup>  
 Bha do lhamh ann an astar nan faobh,  
 Mar dhealan a baoillsgeadh air sliabh  
 Nuair a thuiteas an sluagh anns a ghleann,  
 'S a bhios aghaidh nam beann 'n a caoir.<sup>4</sup>

'N sin shrann an Dubh sroingheal<sup>5</sup> thar seoid,  
 'S nhigh Sith-fada<sup>5</sup> a bhròg an fuil  
 Lhaidh gaisgich 'n a dheighe gu leoir,  
 Mar chaoille air torr nan tuil,  
 Nuair ghluaiseas osag troi 'n fhraoch,  
 Giulain tannasan faoin na h-òich<sup>6</sup>.

Bi deurach air carraig nam fuaim,  
 Nhighèan uasal Innis nan Long;  
 A's lùb do ghnuis aluinn thair chuan  
 Thus' a's glaine na fuath<sup>6</sup> air tom,  
 A dh' eireas mall, mòthar suas,  
 Mar ghath-greine air cruaidh nan tonn.

Oir thuit e ('s grad thuit e) 's a bhlàr:  
 Ata oig-fhear do ghràidh gun tuar,  
 Fo gheur-lann Chuchullinn bu shàr—  
 A dh' fhàg e co bàn a's co fuar.

Cha ghluais e gu cruadal gu bràth,  
 A's cha bhual e fuil ard nan soi:  
 Thuit Treunfhear, òg Threunfhear, gu bàs;  
 Oigh, chan fhaic thu do ghradh a chaidh.

Ta mhiolchoin a caoineadh gu trom  
 Aig baile nan sonn 's iad mu thaibhs;<sup>7</sup>  
 Ta bhogha gun taifeid 's e lom;  
 Air an tom ta farum a bhàis.

Mar dh' aomas mìle tonn gu tràigh,<sup>8</sup>  
 A ghluais fo Shuaran borb na dàimh<sup>9</sup>  
 Mar thach' reas traigh ri mìle tonn,  
 A thachair Èireann 's rìgh nan long

An sin bha guthan garbh a bhais,  
 Measg toirm na gàire-cath a's cruaidh,  
 Bha sgiathan 's mùile brist air lar,  
 A's lann 's gach laimh mar dhealan shuas.

<sup>3</sup> 'Se 'nt Eilein Sgiathanach a tha e ciallachadh, far an d' rìgadh e an do thogadh Cuchullinn.

<sup>4</sup> 'N a lasair thein'. <sup>5</sup> Na h-òich aig Cuchullinn. <sup>6</sup> Tabhs. <sup>7</sup> Na coigrich.

<sup>8</sup> Bha iad a creidsinn, bho shean, gum fuicadh coin, taibhs a nam marbh.

<sup>9</sup> Tha 'm fonn ag' atharrachadh an so.

Bha fuaim a bhlàir bho thaobh gu taobh,  
 'S an corag beuchdach, creuchdach, teth,  
 Mar iomad ord a bualadh baath,  
 Bho 'n teallach dhubb-dhearg caoir ma 'n seach

Co iad sud air Leuna nan sliabh ?  
 Co 's duirche, 's is fiadhaiche gruaim ?  
 Co is cosmhuil ri nial bu chiàr,  
 Lann gach triath mar theine air stuaidh ?

Ta bruillean air aghaidh nan tom,  
 A's chrith carraig nan tonn air tràigh !  
 Co a t' ann ach Suaran nan long,  
 A's triath Eirinu mu 'm fonnar dain ?

Ta suil' nan slòzh ag amharc claon  
 Air suinn nach b' fhaoin ag aomadh suas  
 Ach thuit an oich' air cath nan laoch,  
 A's cheil i strì nan saoi gun bhuaidh.

#### AIR BUaidH AN T-SoisGEIL.

AIR Fonn—"Mios Deirinneach an Fhoghair."

Nuair a sheallas mi mu 'n cuairt domh,  
 Gu 'r mòr namhas cor an t-saoghail,  
 Nan cadal fo chuing air Satan,  
 'S iad a bàsachadh na mìltean,  
 A saltairt air fuil na rèite,  
 'S air Mac Dhé gu'n d' rinn iad dìmeas,  
 'Ni chuir ioghantas air ainglean,  
 A chàrochadh ri crann mar iobairt.

Gur mòr a chulaidh smaointean,  
 Bhì faicinn dhaoine deanamh tair  
 Air iobairt PRIONNSA NA SìTHE',  
 Chaidh a dhiteadh n'ar 'aite,  
 An teagasg phriseil thug e fein dhuinn  
 Nuair bha Nicodemus lamh ris,  
 Gun robh 'n ath-bhreith o'n Spiorad Naomha  
 Mar tha ghaoth 'n obair nàdur.

Se creideamh 'n aghaidh dochais  
 Thug urram 's gloir do dh'Abram ;  
 Cha d' chuir e teagamh san sgeul',  
 Gum biodh a shlìochd mar reultan air aireamh ;  
 Thug e acidheachd do na h-ainglean,  
 Mharbh e'm meann a deanamh càisg dhoibh,  
 'S leum a chridhe le aoibhneas  
 Nuair chual e gu'm biodh oighr' aig Sàrah.

Seumas, Eoin agus Peadar,  
 Bha na 'n seasamh air beinn Thaboir,  
 Chunnaic iad an sealladh mor ud,  
 Iosa comhradh ris na Faidhean,  
 Dhluthaich orra sgaile gloirmhor,  
 Thainig bho na neoil le dearsadh,

Chual' iad guth o' na speuran,  
Gu eisdeachd ri Mac a ghraidh-san.

Sud an gràdh 'tha do-innseadh  
Dh'fhoillsich an fhirinn dhomhsa :  
Gun d'thainig am Facal cho dioblaidh  
Chum 's gu'n dìteadh iad san fheoil e,  
Umhal do bhàs a chroinn-cheusaidh,  
Si fhuil fein a rinn e dhortadh,  
'S tre iobairt Captain ar slainnte  
Gheibh sinn gràs aig cathair tròcair.

Be 'n t-iongantais da rìreadh,  
'Nì chaidh innseadh leis na Faidhean,  
G'un d'thigeadh Mac Dhe do'n t-saoghal  
Chum an cinne-daon' a thearnadh.  
Diomhaireachd mhor na diadhachd  
An t-Athair sìorraidh ghabh ar nadur,  
Toirt air ais do na braighdean.  
An nì chaill iad ann an Adhamh.

Sibhse tha g' aideachadh na ìrinn,  
Leanibh am Biobul mar lochran'  
Cumaibh 'ur cridhe daonan  
Air a ghaol a chaidh thar eolais.  
PRIONNSA RÌOGHAIL theaghlach Dhaibhidh  
Gun d'chuireadh gu bàs 'san fheoil e,  
Nuair thig e 'rist bidh 'phobul aoibhneach,  
Bheir na h-ainglean iad na chomhail.

Nuair thig Iosa leis na h-ainglean,  
Bidh' a naimhdean fo làn uanhas  
Cha robh iad umhal do'n fhirinn  
'S ma'n Bhiobal bha iad suarach.  
Cluinnidh iad am Breitheamh gloirmhor,  
Toirt seachad an ordugh bh'uaidh',  
"Sgiùrsaidh e iad mar na gobh'raibh,  
Gu ionad dorainn is' truaighe."

Sud an là bhios mòr aoibhneach  
Do'n mhuintir a fhuair trocair,  
Cluinnidh iad faoin na trompaid,  
'S theid an dusgadh an cuirp ghloirmhor;  
Air an cruinneachadh le ainglean,  
An trusgan bainse nan oighean!  
Bithidh iad uile air an crùnadh,  
'S inneal ciùil ac' seinn le sòlas.

Nuair thig Leoghan Og thruabh Iuda,  
Chum ar dusgadh as na h-uaighibh,  
Gheibh sinn pailleanan ùra,  
An aite a chuirp bhrùideil thruaillidh.  
Cha bhi pian, no smal, no bròn oirn',  
Glanaidh e na deoir 'o r gruaidhibh,  
Mach sa steach mar chummaic Eoin,  
Am Baile-Mor nan clachan luachmhor.

# THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDER,

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## THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

The following lecture on the Gaelic Language was delivered by Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, in the New Hall, Oban, on the 22nd of September last, under the auspices of the Oban Scientific and Literary Association. The subject was treated in an able and interesting manner, as might be expected from the well known attainments of the lecturer. After being introduced, the learned Professor spoke as follows:—

"It is now about forty years since Dr. Prichard, by a work well known to philologists, caused the Celtic languages of Great Britain, Ireland, and France to be generally acknowledged as legitimate branches of the great Aryan family. That family comprises five great branches, spread geographically over the globe from the Ganges to St. Kilda, and from the Cape Matapan to Iceland—viz. (1) the Oriental branch, containing Sanscrit, one of the oldest and most perfect forms of the family, and Persian; (2) the Greco-Roman branch, containing the two famous classical languages, one still alive in a green old age, and the other surviving under the modified forms of Italian, French, and the other Romanesque languages; (3) the Teutonic branch, containing a great variety of dialects, from the extinct Maeso-Gothic to the existing Norse, German, and Dutch; (4) the Slavonic branch, of which Russian, Bohemian, and Polish are the principal varieties; and (5) the Celtic branch, comprising Gaelic, Irish, Welsh, and Manx, all spoken languages of the United Kingdom, and the Armorican dialect spoken by the peasants in Brittany, the original fathers of the great Cymric race that at an early date peopled the whole of England till it

was driven within the mountain barrier of Wales by the invasion of the Romans, and the occupation of the East and South East districts of Britain by hordes of Teutonic settlers from Saxony, Denmark and Norway. All these languages now stand to one another in the recognized relation of brothers and sisters; except only in so far as secondary languages, like French and Italian, may rather be said to stand in the filial relation to the paternal Latin from which they sprang. But as to the five great stocks, though we may say, on scientific grounds, that one of them is more ancient than the other, in so far as it possesses certain ancient forms, which in the other branches have suffered corruption, I scarcely think there is any fair ground for asserting that one of these great branches, as a whole, is older or younger than another. If it be true, for instance, in one very obvious sense that French is younger than Latin, because it is a recent modification and corruption of Latin, it is equally true in the same sense that Gaelic is younger than Latin; for the Gaelic *athair* is just as manifest a corruption of *pater* as the French *pere*. But though not a few roots and inflectional forms in Gaelic are manifest corruptions from the Latin, this merely proves that certain classes of words have undergone a greater amount of attrition in the Celtic than in the Roman branch of the original stock; but no man, on such grounds, is entitled to lay down the wholesale proposition that the language of the modern Highlanders is a modern language, standing in the same relation to Latin that French does. As a whole, Gaelic is no doubt as ancient as either Greek or Latin; for history distinctly testifies that the Celts were one of the earliest drifts of population that came from the table lands of Asia to the

West; and when they came of course they brought their language with them; but beyond this I am not prepared to go. For though it may not be difficult to point out in the existing Celtic dialects some radical words from which only derivations exist in Greek and Latin, it may on the other hand be equally easy to put one's finger, in Latin or Greek, on certain roots from which the present Gaelic exhibits only a few feeble and fragmentary remains. Dismissing therefore all unanswerable questions to the comparative antiquity of the different members of the great Aryan family, we will proceed to analyse the Gaelic language as it actually exists, and see of what materials it is made up. Now in this inquiry we are immediately met with a phenomenon which an analogy borrowed from the rocks at Oban will enable us readily to understand. The beautiful cliffs which run along the shore of what has been not unjustly called our "Celtic Naples" are composed of what geologists call a conglomerate; now such a conglomerate, or hotch-potch of various inorganic elements' is a proper image of the character of the English language, and enables us to understand what the character of the Gaelic is by the law of contraries. If you know what *black* is you can amagine something as far removed from that as possible, and this will be *white*. Now Gaelic, like Greek, Sanscrit, and German, is not a composite language like English, but an original language growing out of its own root; and the admixture which it has suffered from without is not so much in the way of a vital grafting as of a mere mechanical accretion. Those who know German are aware how many words borrowed from Latin, Greek, and specially French, are constantly used in the familiar discourse, as well as in the scientific style of our trans-Rhenane brethren; but however many these words may be, they are still strangers, and are immediately recognized as such. Exactly so with Gaelic. The British Celts, as a comparatively uncivilised people, have from the earliest times been subject to various superior social influences which have left their most manifest marks in the common materials of the spoken language. Some of these materials have been more thoroughly incorporated into the original mass, so as almost to have lost their

foreign look; such, for instance, as *cas-buig* from *episcopus*, *peacadh* from *peccatum*, and not a few others of the theological or ecclesiastical origin. The German language notwithstanding its pure Teutonic type possesses words of a similar character such as *Mauer* from *murus*, and *Strasse* from *Stratum*, both indicative of the social superiority of the Romans in the arts of road-making and building. In analysing the materials of the Gaelic language, therefore we shall in the first place have to discount all borrowed words—that is words certainly, or very probably, not of the original stock, but adopted from necessity or convenience; and this adoption, in the case of Gaelic, may have taken place either from heathen Rome, or ecclesiastical Rome, or from Scandinavia during the four hundred years of the Norse dominion in Orkney and the Hebrides, or again, from Lowland Scotch, when Scotch was the language of the Scottish Court and the Scottish gentry, or finally, from English, when, as now, English has become the language of all well educated persons in every part of the United Kingdom. After these foreign elements have been carefully stowed away into a separate compartment, there remains the great mass of original root of the language, and the derivatives and compounds which proceed from them, just in the same way that branches grow from a tree, or an apple pie is made out of apples. Now, a thoroughly comprehensive and exhaustive classification of these original materials, or radical elements of the Gaelic tongue, has not, so far as I know, as yet been made; it is, indeed, no easy matter to do, for in addition to Latin, Greek, and German, Sanscrit, Anglo-Saxon, and the Norse, languages would be necessary in some cases for a strictly scientific conclusion. But without pretending to settle every curious detail and every slippery relation, it may be laid down certainly, as the result of Ebel's researches, that in Gaelic there is contained a strong original Latin element, and a Teutonic element of not much inferior, perhaps of equal, weight. As the Latin element in Gaelic is that which will be recognized by the greatest number of educated persons in this country, I will set down here some of the most striking roots common to Latin and Gaelic from a list made by myself:—

Gaelic.	Latin.	Gaelic	Latin
Ach	Ager	Cinn	Gigno
Agus	Ac	Colleach	Gallus
Air	Aro	Coille	Silva
Anail	Anhelo	Creadh	Creta
Arbhar	Arvum	Cridhe	Cor-dis
Ard	Arduus	Cu	Can-is
Athair	Pater	Cuir	Cau
Ba	Bos	Damh	Dama
Bha	Fui	Deas	Dexter
Beinn	Pinna	Dia	Deus
Bun	Fundus	Droma	Dorsum
Busag	Bussare	Dur	Durus
Brathair	Frater	Each	Equus
Bior	Vern	Ear	Eurus
Cairden	Carus	Eader	Intr
Cahman	Columba	Uisike	Aqua
Ce	Qui	Earrach	Ver
Ceod	Cedo	Easg	Piscis
Coil	Celo	Eile	Alius

These are only a few of the most obvious roots, taken from the first letters of the alphabet; a full catalogue of genuine Latin roots in Gaelic would, I imagine, certainly amount to about two or three hundred. But it is not only by the radical material of Gaelic that its affinities are indicated—it is even more visible in what philologists call the formative machinery of the language; that is to say those prefixes or affixes to roots, or modifications of roots themselves, by consonantal or vocalic variation, which are used to mark the relation which one root bears to another, or to itself under a peculiar aspect. Of this formative part of language the flexional terminations, by which the cases of nouns are designated, as also the tenses and moods of verbs, are the most familiar examples; and here we find in Gaelic a strange mixture of Latin, Greek, and Teutonic elements. For which the *r* of the Gaelic passive voice is most peculiarly and characteristically Latin, the *s* of the future indicative, and the *inn* of the conditional is as manifestly Greek. Among the adjectival terminations, *ail* or *eil*, as in *lathail* is one of the most common in Latin; while the familiar *ach* is doubtless identical with the *ic* in *rhetoric*, *public*, which is both Greek and Latin. In the declension of the substantives again we find remarkable analogies with the German; viz., the use of *n* in the plural, and the modification of the root vowel, which in German is confined to the plural number as in *bruder* *brueder*, but in Gaelic denotes also the oblique cases of the singular as *cu coin*,

*brog broige*, *alt*, *wilt* and a host of others. Into the particular laws which regulate the passage of a word from Latin in Gaelic, or from Gaelic in Latin if that phrase be preferred, I cannot here enter. It is a subject which presents some phenomena extremely interesting to the professional philologist, but for a popular view of the general character of the Gaelic tongue other aspects claim a preference, some of which I now proceed to state. I will direct attention in the first place to some characteristic excellencies of the Gaelic as compared with other languages, and then to some of its most prominent defects; and I will then conclude with some practical remarks on the unworthy neglect in which the language has fallen, and the duty and pleasure of its cultivation. The first of these three excellencies of the Gaelic has already been alluded to, viz., its original and self-formative character. Herein it possesses a notable superiority over all such mongrel languages as English, and falls under the same chapter of praise as Sanscrit, Greek, German, and Russian. It possesses the character and presents the aspect of an organic natural growth, while English is only a mantle of motley tissue, or a pavement of various colored stones. That Gaelic-speaking persons have been largely in the habit of borrowing from English is only too true, but in doing so they have acted contrary to the genius of their own language, which like Greek, delights in original composition. So for example, in Rom. xii. 2 the words “transformed” and “renewed,” are rendered by the genuine Gaelic compounds *cruth-atharrachadh*, and *ath-nuadhachadh*, words formed exactly from the type of the Greek, from which they are translated; whereas the corresponding English words are formed not out of original English roots, but by mere adoption from the Latin. In the same way the names of animals in Gaelic often display beautifully the original formative process by which they were created. Thus a whale is *mucmhara*, that is a sea-sow; and a swallow is *gobhluchan-guoth*, i.e., a bird that sails through the air, ploughing the breeze with a forked tail; and so generally, in Gaelic as in Greek, names are pictures, or, if you please, coins with the image of superscription visible; while English words are only counters, a blank currency without a signature. A

second beauty of Gaelic is its richness in certain deep vocalic, diphthongal, and liquid sounds, to which English is a stranger. The great number of words spelt with *ao* and *ou* are examples of this; and the peculiar liquid roll given to *l*, and *r*, and *n* in many words as in *leanabh lach*, belongs to the same category. Among beauties also must be classed the delicate nasal sound given to *m* in many words before *a* and *o*; for, though the American nasality is almost always ugly, the Gaelic is only so in the mouths of extremely coarse and grumpy persons. The third beauty of the Highland dialect which I wish to eulogise is an extremely delicate and fine perception of euphony generally and particularly, as marked in the changes produced on the initial letter of many words, by the assimilating character of the final letter of the immediately preceding word to this category belong the remarkable phenomena—so characteristic of the Celtic languages—of what is called *aspiration* or *breathing*, that is a softening down of the initial consonant of a word into a cognate, but more vocal consonant by the euphonic influence of a broad final vowel immediately preceding; thus *cu* a dog, genitive *a choin* of the dog, because, whatever the English may imagine, *ch* is really a much softer sound than *k*, or hard *c*. In the same manner from *muileann* a mill, comes *Loch-a-Vuillean*, the very pretty name of a very ugly little loch in this place, where the initial *m* is changed into *mh*, the English *v*, by the melodious contagion of the preceding *a*, the genitive case masculine of the definite article. So after *mo*, *do*, *de*, and a few other monosyllables with a long final vowel. Another very noticeable result of the fine euphonic instinct in the Gaelic is the practice of changing an initial *s* into *t* after a preceding *n*; as in *Mac-an-t-svoir*, or Macintyre, "a carpenter's son," when the *t* in pronunciation takes the place of the *s*, plainly from the influence of the nasal *n*, which is more allied to the dental *t* than to the sibilant *s*. so much for beauties. I shall now—as I mean to be honest—specialize some defects, and those very great defects in the Gaelic dialect. The first is a lazy habit our Northern islanders and mountaineers have got into of omitting their consonants altogether, and in this

way, so to speak, taking the bones out of the word, and depriving it of its pith and sinew. In this respect it is a curruption of Latin, in many cases even worse than French; for our Gaelic neighbours, for instance, have only taken the *t* out of *pater* and changed it into *pere* but the Highlandman in *athair* which they pronounce *aar*, have not only lost the initial *p*, but drop altogether the aspirated consonant which they retain in spelling. And so in whole hostr of dissyllables and polysyllables with *dh*, *bh*, or *gh*, in the middle, these consonants for any use they are put to might as well not be there. No doubt we have examples of this sort of unhandsome treatment of double consonants in our English words *dough*, *plough*, *although*, and other such; but these cases of English, are few and exceptional, whereas in Gaelic they are the rule, and prevail to such an extent as justly to bring down upon the language the charge of febleness and emasculation. Another great vice of Gaelic is the monotony of its accent, the habit of accenting words on the penultimate and ante-penultimate syllables, except only in such compound words as *Benmore* and *Lismore* whose parts retain their special significance, as contrasted with *grasmhor sultmhor*, and similar compounds; for it needs assuredly no proof that monotony is always a blemish, and that an accent on the final vowel, what the Greeks call oxyton, is generally euphonic. Again it must be accounted a serious blemish in the Gaelic language that it carries the principle of aspiration in some cases to such an extent as not only to soften, but altogether to annihilate the initial consonant of a word, (as when a man's nose is cut off) necessarily loses its character, and is difficult to recognise. Thus *Beinn Fad*, the lowest of the three heads of Ben More, is pronounced Ben At; and so, generally the aspiration of *f* into *fh* is an example of an addition which not only adds nothing to the original quantity, but takes away even that which existed. And lastly, the rampant luxuriance with which the aspirate *ch* has been allowed to overrun the Gaelic dictionary must justly be considered as a mannerism of the worst kind; even as it is a grave offence against good taste and a sign of rhetorical poverty, when a writer constantly repeats certain



favourite phrases and turns of expression while he systematically ignores the various other wealth of the language which he uses.

The practical part of my discourse now remains—Why is the Gaelic language so much neglected? Is it worthy of the supercilious disregard by which it has been treated both by learned and unlearned in this country? There is only one answer possible to this question; it does not deserve this treatment; it has been most unfairly and scurvily treated by all parties. To the notion, often broached, that it is a peculiarly difficult language no very serious reply is necessary. These things are altogether relative; and no doubt Gaelic as more difficult to an Englishman who knows Latin than French, but it is not more difficult than German. Every language has its own special difficulties; the difficulty of the English is its arbitrary pronunciation; the difficulty of Gaelic lies partly in the law of aspiration—which, however, depends on fixed principles—partly in the strangeness of a great part of the vocabulary. But these difficulties are compensated by peculiar facilities. The flexional terminations of the verb are remarkably few, when compared with Latin or Greek; and the remoteness of the vocabulary is compensated partly by the aids furnished by comparative philology partly by the close connection of the Gaelic language with the topographical nomenclature of the country. If any traveller in the Highlands will take the trouble to inform himself as to the significance of the topographical nomenclature with which he comes in contact during a summer tour of a few weeks, I will undertake to start him in the study of Gaelic with a vocabulary of some two or three hundred roots which are stereotyped in the external features of the country. Thus *Cruachan*, the plural of *cruach* means *peaks*; and everybody who has travelled in Argyllshire knows that the beautiful mountain which bounds Loch Awe on the north rises with three graceful cones above the lovely waters of Loch Awe. But the real reason why Gaelic has been so much neglected is simply this, that this language has never occupied a prominent position in the intellectual, political, or moral world; and therefore people, in the usual superficial fashion, have presumed that it is not worth look-

ing into. But this way of judging is anything but philosophical. It is pretty much as if a botanist should say that a plant was not worth inspecting because it never had been cultivated in a botanical garden or exhibited in a flower show; the intellectual, political, or moral prominence of a language is one thing, its moral and human interest is another and a very different thing. A language is interesting, among other reasons, especially because it is the key to the life and feelings of an interesting people; and that the Gaelic in this view is one of the most interesting of languages, particularly to those who inherit the traditions of the British Isles, there is no need of formally proving. Persons whose interest in a language consists altogether in the length and breadth of the bookish matter which it contains must be looked upon as somewhat pedantic in their notions. If I study Russian, for instance, it is not for the sake of reading Russian books, but for the sake of knowing the Russian people. The best books are only a small fragment of a national life; and the permanent human interest attaching to any language may often be in the inverse ratio of the number of books which it contains. But it is by no means true that even the bookish records of the Celtic languages are so few, or so devoid of intellectual and moral significance, as the worshippers of mere book-knowledge imagine. The legendary and lyrical poetry of the Gaelic language, if not voluminous, is interesting; and to me, certainly, as the purple heather is more welcome on the Highland braes than the English rose, so at Tyndrum and Glenorchy the "Ben Dorain" of Duncan Macintyre is a more congenial and a more interesting poem to read than the *Odyssey*. All poetry, indeed, with a distinct local character, color, and fragrance, such as no one can deny to Ossian and the Gaelic lyrical poets generally, has a value on the spot with which nothing else can compete. When I am at Rome I endeavour to feel with the Pope, and live in his sphere of ideas so far as I conscientiously can; when I am in the Highlands, in the same way, to understand them I must feel and live with the Highlanders, and this can only be done adequately through the medium of the language in which their traditions are contained and through which their feelings

are expressed. The whole question, therefore, about the advantage and utility of studying Gaelic resolves itself into the question, whether the Celtic element in our history and our existing population is worth understanding and appreciating or not; and this question I answer without the slightest hesitation in the affirmative. Very true it may be indeed, that to large portions of the British population the interest attached to the Celtic element may be so remote as to render any attention to this language, in their case, a waste of labor; but there are special classes of the British community by whom this plea cannot be advanced, and I will now conclude by mentioning distinctly who they are. In the first place, of course, there are the clergy and schoolmasters of those extensive districts of the Highlands where Gaelic is either the only or the most familiar language spoken by the people. Of course I assume that in all Highland schools English should be taught as an absolutely necessary means of mere wordly advancement; but Gaelic also must be taught scientifically, not only as the natural organ of all original healthy culture to a Celtic population, but as the best means of teaching English or any other language to such a population. The mother tongue is, and must always be, the proper root of all genuine moral and intellectual growth to every people. It is the only tongue that is or can be in the blood and bone, an essential and inseparable part of the living man. Where Gaelic is not taught in the schools, it will be found that neither is English learned with any efficiency; it will be learned in many cases as Latin is, by boys in English schools, only for the purpose of being forgotten. And as a matter of fact, I am afraid, a large proportion of the Highland population cannot read either their Gaelic or their English Bibles with any ease or intelligence; and this is one of the sad results which has flowed necessarily from the ignorant superciliousness with which a certain class of persons in this country have been accustomed to look down on Gaelic and everything Celtic. It is even maintained that the language of the Gaels entails barbarism on the population, and should be violently abolished. To which the plain practical answer is, that being there our, first duty is to use it sympathetically and wisely,

not to attempt, with a foolish and an imperious violence, to expel it. Such a policy might suit well the Russian autocrat in dealing with the Polish people, but certainly does not harmonize with the free atmosphere which we breathe in this country. The Gaelic language will die, no doubt, like other mortal things in due season; but while it lives it has its rights, and should be treated in a rational, gentlemanly, liberal, Christian fashion. Whatever may be its inferior social position in reference to English, the rule of Christian philanthropy leads us to condescend to men of low estate not to ride rough over them. The second class of persons from whom a little attention to the Gaelic language might naturally be expected are landed proprietors, factors, sheriffs, and all persons whose position in society leads them into frequent intercourse with the Gaelic-speaking natives. A sheriff sitting on a jury case at Stornoway or Tobermory would command much more respect, and feel much more independent, if he could take up the evidence of witnesses directly from their own mouths instead of through the medium of an interpreter. But if the head in such and similar cases can always be reached through the medium of English the heart of a Gaelic-speaking people can only be entered through the medium of their own language; all those therefore whose position leads them to cultivate the people should cultivate their language. It is a sort of politeness, indeed, which all foreigners owe to the natives of a country in which the sojourn that they should take some trouble to learn their language; and all persons of Saxon blood and tongue are strangers in the midst of a Celtic population. And finally considering both the philological characteristics of the Gaelic language and the number of Gaelic-speaking students who attend our colleges and upper schools, it appears to me that a special obligation lies on the professors of languages in our high schools and colleges to acquire some familiarity with the physiognomy so to speak, and the physiology of the Celtic dialects spoken and written in the British isles. For the purposes of comparative philology—a science which no university can now neglect—a wide and various education is indispensable; and it is surely the height of folly in academical men to travel to

the mouths of the Ganges for illustrations of linguistic phenomena, which can be found not less strikingly displayed on the banks of any Highland burn. Professors of Greek and Latin in Scotland ought besides to consider that the analogies of Gaelic to the classical Celtic languages when scientifically pointed out may prove an engine of the utmost value in facilitating to Gaelic students the scholarly acquisition of those languages; and in this view it cannot but be noted as the sad symptom of the constitutional disease of a vulgar utilitarianism in the British mind, and that there does not exist a professor of the Celtic languages in any English or Scotch university. Such a glaring deficiency under similar circumstances would not for a moment be tolerated by the enlightened Government of the King of Prussia, or any less notable sovereign in intellectual Germany. To conclude, though I certainly am of opinion that we are all very much to blame for the superficial superciliousness with which we have looked down upon the language spoken by the inhabitants of our romantic Highland glens, it appears to me that a special guilt has been incurred by the Gaelic people themselves. Except in conversation among themselves and in pulpit addresses the language of our Highland glens is never known; no shop shows a Gaelic sign, no shop window a Gaelic advertisement, not even a gravestone in a country churchyard shows a Gaelic epitaph. This is a sort of literary suicide which the Scottish Gaels—in this deviating from the laudable use of their Welsh cousins—have committed on themselves, and which can be laid to the door of no Sassenach. Though tendered by an evil spirit, it is at bottom a good advice which Mephistopholes gives to the medical student in Faust "Believe in yourself and the world will believe in you." And if the Gaelic people systematically abstain from putting themselves forward in the world of printed of printed paper, which is the bearer of our modern civilisation, they have themselves to blame, if with the great mass of floating observers they pass for barbarians. Men are, is for the most part, too busy and too indifferent to employ themselves in dragging into notice persons who skulk in corners, and hide their light at the end of a long dark cave where no man can see it."

## NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

It is reported, apparently on good authority, that the 91st Highlanders are to discard the trows, and to wear bonnets and kilts in future.

LEWIS—Angus McAskell, belonging to Shader, Lewis, was lately drowned in Stornoway, while returning from attending a funeral.

THE GREENOCK FREE GAELIC CHURCH.—The Rev. Colin Sinclair, of Invergordon, has received a call from the Free Gaelic congregation of Greenock.

ISLAND OF BEARNARAY.—This beautiful little island famed for the bloody massacre of the Macleods by one of the Clan Iain of Ardlamurchan, and his fifteen sons, some three hundred years ago, has been sold, it is said to Sir John Ord, Bart., of Kilmory.

THE FLORA MACDONALD MEMORIAL.—The memorial to Flora Macdonald, designed by Mr. Ross, Architect, Inverness, is now finished, and was shipped October 18th, to its destination in the Church-yard of the Parish of Kilmuir, Skye. The monument is said to be somewhat in the form of an Iona Cross, and is admired by all who have seen it for its simple dignity and fine proportions.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.—This Society, quite recently formed, appears to be going to work in earnest. The inaugural address was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, of Cilmorack, on Thursday, the 18th Oct. Cluny Macpherson has signified his intention of becoming a life member of the Society—an example which we hope will be followed by many other Highland Chiefs and gentlemen.

ESTATE OF HARRIS.—It is stated that the Earl of Dunmore has parted with North Harris, which comprises the fine deer forests of Pinecastle and Artvourlie, several good fishing lakes, and rivers, and the little village of Tarber. A correspondent says that the purchaser is a London gentleman, Mr. Scott, Banker, Nephew of Sir Claude Edward Scott, county of Dorset. The purchase price is differently stated at £130,000 or £155,000, either being a large enough sum.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO BAGPIPE-PLAYING.—In connection with the recent games under the auspices of the Braemar Royal Highland Society, the Highland Society of London, through Her Majesty's piper, Mr. Ross, Balmoral Castle, has handed a donation of £10 sterling, to be applied in such a manner as the management committee deems proper for the improvement of bag-pipe music. This very liberal donation, which we understand will very probably be continued annually, will be awarded in prizes to successful youthful

aspirants in the art, at the Braemar Games each year. It may be added, however, that the winners of champion gold medals and competitors above thirty years of age will be excluded from participating in the competition, as the object is for the encouragement of young musicians.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the large space taken up by Prof. Blackie's able lecture on the Gaelic language, we are compelled to leave out most of the answers to our correspondents, and other matter which we had prepared for this number of **THE GAEL**.

**J. MCK.**, Glencoe, Ont.—Your enquiries regarding Pipe music were answered in our last.

**A. M. G.**, Fort William, Scotland.—A few of the poems of John Morrison, of Harris, were published in Canada a few years ago, but the book is now very scarce, only a copy to be met with now and again in second-hand book stores.

**H. MCK.**, Prince Edward Island.—We are not aware that Mary McLeod—*Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh's* poems were ever published in a separate volume: most of them have been printed in different collections.

**J. L. C.**, Glasgow, Scotland, wishes to know if there are any newspapers in Canada that make the Gaelic a regular feature except **THE GAEL**, and *The Canada Scotsman*, as he had heard that there were some? We are sorry to inform him that, at present, there are not; there are several newspapers published in Gaelic-speaking districts, that publish an occasional piece. *The Bruce Reporter*, published at Kincardine, appeared to have made that quite a regular feature at one time, but now it has dropped down like many other papers (and we might say individuals) to an appeal at election times—it appears to be then considered useful. But now that our respected confere, **THOMAS ROBIN**, Esq., late of the *Scotsman*, has taken charge of that paper, we hope to see the Gaelic department revived.

### PHILOLOGICAL ENQUIRIES.

#### GAELIC WORDS REFERRED TO THEIR ROOTS.

There are few studies more pleasant than that in which the words of any language are traced to their original roots, and the Gaelic reader will doubtless be pleased to observe the following terms of his native tongue thus explained:

**BUACHAILL**, a shepherd. This word comes from *bo* and *gille*, and literally means a "lad for cows."

**MEUR**, a finger, is from *mir*, a piece, and has reference to the fingers, as *divisions* of the hand.

**BAINÉ**, milk, is from *ban*, white, which latter Gaelic word is related to the French, *bon*; Scotch, *bonnie*; and Latin, *bonus*.

**GEALACH**, moon, is from *gal*, white; and the Latin *luna* is of similar origin.

**MIN**, flour, is from *min*, fine.

**BAR**, crop, is connected with a word which appears in Gaelic as *beir*, in English as *bear*, and in Latin as *fero*. Its literal meaning is, therefore, that which the earth bears.

**AOTROMAN**, a bladder, is from *aotrom*, light.

**BANNAIS**, a wedding is made up of *ban*, a wife, and *feis*, a feast.

**SEANGAN**, ant, is derived from *seang*, slender, and is so called from its slender waist.

**GLUIN**, a knee, seems connected with *clain*, Latin, *clino*, to bend. C. M. R.

### AGENTS FOR THE GAEL.

#### CANADA.

##### PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

Durham ..... Finlay McRae, Esq.  
Sullivan ..... H. McCorkindale, Esq.  
Williamstown ..... D. F. MacLennan, Esq.  
Balmer's Island ..... Allan Stewart, Esq.  
South Finch ..... Finlay McNaughton.  
Rothsay ..... Hugh Chisholm, Esq.

##### PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Lingwick ..... D. McRae, Esq.  
Stornoway, Winslow ..... D. Gunn, Esq.  
Lake Megantic ..... J. B. McDonald.

##### PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

Dalhousie, Black Sand. Donald McMillan, Esq.

##### PROVINCE OF MANITOBA (RED RIVER).

Lower Fort Garry ..... Duncan McDonald, Esq.

##### PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Springville, Pictou. Duncan McDonald, Esq.  
River Diunis, C. BA. .... McEachren, Esq.

##### PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Charlottetown ..... John McNeil, Esq.  
Orwell ..... William McPhail, Esq.  
Wood Island ..... John McDonald, Teacher.

#### UNITED STATES.

Lake Linden, Mich. .... John McPhail, Esq.  
Chicago, Ill. .... Mr. McPherson, Druggist.  
Lumberton, N. C. .... Hon. James Sinclair.

#### SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh ..... MacLachlan & Stewart.  
Inverness ..... John Noble, Esq.  
Tullypowrie ..... P. McNaughton, Esq.  
Ledaig ..... John Campbell, Esq.

#### AUSTRALIA.

Macarther, Victoria. .... Donald Beaton, Esq.

#### NEW ZEALAND.

Invercargill, Southland. .... John Waldie, Esq.

# AN GAIDHEAL.

I. LEABH.]

DARA MIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1872.

[4 AIR.

## RUN AR TURUIS.

A meadhon seann dachaidh nan Albantach tha “An Gàidheal” as ùr a’ cur fàilte le cridhe gràdhach agus taingeil air a luchd-dùthcha air fad agus air leud cuairt a’ chruinne gu h-iomlan. Anns na suidheachaidhibh ùra agus eugs-amhuil, anns am bheil e ’g a fhaotainn féin ni ’s freagarraiche, is e a rùn gu ’m faigh e eòlas maireannach air na Gàidheil gu léir. Tha e air ’uidheamachadh a mach fo stiùradh, chuideachadh, agus theagasg nan sgoil-eirean Gàilig is nan uaislean tìlanntach Gàidhealach a’s feàrr aig an tigh agus thairis. Is ann chum na crìche so a shocruidh e fa dheòidh ann an Albainn. Fo a’ leithid so do riaghladh tha e ann an dùil gu ’m bi ’éideadh, a mhodh labhairt, agus na chanas e, taitneach, agus neo-oilbheumach do gach neach. Mu na cùisibh so bithidh e ro-thoilichte éisdeachd gu smuainteachail ’s le aire ri beachdaibh muinntir ’s am bith.

Mar tha air fhilleadh anns na thubhairteadh cheana ’s e Rùn Turuis “A’ Ghàidheil” gach fear d’ a ainm fhiosrachadh a mach, chum ’s gu ’n taoghail e air gach mìos le ’chuid naigheachd, le ’sgeulaibh, le eachdraidh an t-saoghail, le séisidibh ceòlmhor bhàrdan ar linn, maille ri iomadh focal teagaisg mhaith eile. Tha e dearbhta gu ’m faigh e cuireadh is fàilte chridheil aig gach dorus air son a shaothrach oidheirpich. Agus ann an so tha e ’g iarraidh a bhi ag aideachadh le aigheadh ro-thaingeil meud na comain fo ’m bheil e do mhòran air son am briathran misneachaidh, agus an cuideachaidh air iomadh dòigh. O so a mach tha e suidhichte air a chàirdean a ruigsinn

gach mìos gun bhriseadh. ’S ann le sùil gu ’m biodh “An Gàidheal” ni ’bu choimhlionta, agus gu ’m mealladh e saoghal fada a cheadaicheadh na brisidhean a thachair roimhe so. A nis le clannaibh nan Gàidheal ri guailnibh a chéile bithidh e air a ghiùlan air aghaidh gu buadhach!

Tha e soilleir agus fiosrach do na Gàidheil iad féin, ni a dh’ aidicheas iad gu saor, gu ’m feum a’ chuid dhiubh nach tuig Beurla gu h-iomlan a bhi car math air dheireadh air a’ mhuintir ud a tha a’ sealbhadh comais air paipeiribh naigheachd a leughadh anns am faighear eachdraidh an t-saoghail le ’dheanadasaibh mòra, iongantach, maille ri iomadh teagasg feumail eile. ’S e ar rùn-ne gu ’m biodh an Gàidheal air a chur ann an cor co-ionnan ris a’ Ghall anns a’ chùis so. Bheir sinn gearr-chunntas air gach ni cudthromach a bhios a’ gabhail àite feadh nan rioghachdan gach mìos maille ri gearr-sgeul cinnteach air a’ Ghàidhealtachd ’s air na h-Eileanaibh. Bithidh againn mar an ceudna gearr-sgrìobhadhean luachmhor, brìghmhor, agus teagasgail, air cùisibh feumail, diomhair, le fòghlum-aichibh treuna, aithnichte, á measg nan Gàidheal ’s gach àite. ’S cha dearmaid sinn a ghnàth focal maith freagarrach, agus solusach a bhi againn air eachdraidh, sgeulaibh, agus cleachduinnibh taitneach nan Gàidheal a bh’ ann ré “à m o aois,”—ar sinnsreachd ainmeil a dh’ fhalbh—a chum ’s gu ’m biodh an gnìomharan euchdail agus an gnàthan subhailteach a’ toirt aobhneis do ar cridheachaibh agus ’gar misneachadh-ne gu nithibh co-ionnan a chur an cleachdadh. Ni mò a ni sinn dearmad

air cruinneachadh as gach ceàrn a' h-nìle dàn, rann, is focal-geòire fiachail chum an tasgaidh air son linn-tean eile.

Ged nach biodh na crìochan feumail, cleachdail so idir air an cur romhainn, cha bhiodh e ach 'na dhleasdanas macail do ar dùthaich, do ar cànanain 's d' a h-aois, do ar n-aithrichibh treuna leis an robh i air a labhairt ré mhiltibh bhliadhnaich, gu 'n deanadh sinn oidheirp dhuineil air ar càinnt a chumail air chuimhne air chor agus nach biodh ar dearmad suarach-ne "air an teanga, bhrìghmhor, bhlasda, bhinn" 'n a aobhar spòrsa agus tarcuais aig na Goill ni 's faide.

A chum agus gu 'n dean sinn seasamh maireann, daingeann, agus éifeachdach an aghaidh nan sruthan tarsuinn so, feumaidh na Gàidheil gu léir *aon-adh*, seasamh taobh ri taobh, a dhìon an tìre, an einnidh, an cànanain, agus gach urrainn a bhuineas dhoibh fa leth, nithe mu 'm bheil Gàidheil anns gach àite agus dùthaich aon-sgeulach. Na nithe tearc' mu nach 'eil iad aon-sgeulach fàgaidh sinn aig a' ghinealach a thig 'n ar déigh, ach cha 'n ann air duilleagaibh "A' Ghàidheil." Tha an raon coitcheinn air am feud sinn uile còrdadh farsuing gu leòir.

'N uair a tha sinn a' strì mar so ris a' Charbh a sheachnadh gu sàbhailte, tha sinn dòchasach gu 'n gléidh sinn mar an ceudna o chumart Coire-bhreachain, —gu 'n gléidh sinn ar seasamh gu daingeann air bonn firinn, ceartais, agus deagh bheus. Anns na cùisibh so gheibhear sinn a ghnàth do-ghéilleachduinn. Air dhuinn ar coslas, agus ar gnè mar so innseadh gu h-aithghearr, fendaidh sinn stad aig an àm so le ar rùn no ar dùil ath-ainmeachadh, gu 'n faigh ar Leabhran fàilte, dheth nach gabhar aithreachas, feadh iomadh chrìochan na Gàilig feadh an t-saoghail; gu 'm bi e 'n a chuideachd thaitnich do gach seòrsa de ar co-Ghàidheil anns gach cor; agus gu 'n dean e iad comasach air a bhì ni 's fheumaile

dhoibh féin, d' an cloinn, d' an càirdibh, d' an co-chreutairibh; d' an rioghachd, do 'n t-saoghal, agus d' an Dia!

—o—

## MU NA SEANN GHÀIDHEIL.

### IV.

B' iad na *Picti* no na *Caledonaich* Ghàidhealach luchd-àiteachaidh taobh tuath Albainn air tùs; ach mu 'n bhliadhna A.D. 506 thàinig sluagh Gàidhealach eile a nall á h-Eirinn d' am b' ainm *Scoti* no na *Scùitich* a ghabh tàmh an taobh deas Siorramachd Earraghàidheil. B' iad na h-àitean anns an d' rinn iad tuineachas Còmhall, Cìntire, Cnapadal, Earraghàidheal, Latharna agus pàirt de 'n Mharbhairn, maille ri Eilean Ile, Arainn, I-challum-chille agus eileanaibh beaga eile mu 'n cuairt doibh sin. Anns a' chuid eile de 'n Ghàidhealtachd bha na *Picti* a chòmhnuidh, oir b' iad ceud luchd-àiteachaidh Albainn. Bha an ceann-bhaile aca so fagus air Dùnchailean no Peart, agus b' i a' chrìoch cadar iad féin agus na *Scoti* na beanntau àrda sin a tha cadar siorramachd Pheairt agus siorramachd Earra-ghàidheil ris an abrar Druim-Albainn. Tha e coltach gu 'n robh an Dà fhìne Ghàidhealach so a' deanamh suas luchd-àiteachaidh Eirinn agus Albainn o 'n fhìor-thoiseach, agus gu 'm b' iad na *Pictich*, ris an abair na seanachaidhean Eirionnach *Cruithnich*, an ceud dhream a ghabh còmhnuidh anns an dà dhùthaich. Cìod 's am bith fri-dhealachadh a bha eatorra tha e coltach nach robh amnta ach dà threubh de 'n aon t-sluagh, dà theaghlach de 'n aon chinn-eadh, aig an robh na h-aon ghnàthannan agus a bha 'labhairt na h-aon chànaic. Bha na *Cruithnich* no na *Picti* an taobh tuath Eirinn ann am Mòr-roim. Ulladh agus an ceann tuath Laighinn; am feadh 's a bha taobh an iar agus deas na h-Eirionn, 's iad siu Conacht, Munadh, agus ceann

deas Laighinn air an àiteachadh leis na *Scoti*. B' iad na *Pictich* no na *Cruithnich* na ceud Ghàidheil a ghabh tuineachas an Eirinn agus an Albainn, agus roimh thoiseach na sèathamh linne a réir coslais, cha robh Gàidheil 's am bith eile an Albainn ach iad féin. Ach aig an àm sin thàinig trì ceannardan a nall á Eirinn agus leth cheud fear maille ris gach aon diubh. Leis cho tearc 's a bha iad ann an àireamh tha e ro choltach gur h-ann a fhuair iad cuireadh o Rìgh nan *Caledonach* gu tigh'nn a nall a riaghladh ann an Earra-ghàidheal gu bhli 'n an ceannardaibh air na Gàidheil a bha an sin anns a' chogadh ris na Deas Bhreatannaich, agus an cumail air an ais o bhli a' briseadh ni b' fhaide stigh air taobh siar na Gàidhealtachd. Oir tha e cosmhuil gur h-e bu ghnàth-obair do na *Scoti* Eirionnach a bhli a' sìor chogadh ris na Deas Bhreatannaich. Bha na seann Ghàidheil Albannach a' cogadh riù mar an ceudna mar a chithear o' n chogadh a bha aig Fionn riutha, 'n uair a loisg e Baile-chluaidh no Dùn-Breatann, ceann-bhaile nam Breatannach a bha a chòmhnuidh ann an Srath-chluaidh. Anns a' cheud dol a mach cha robh aig na ceannardaibh Eirionnach so tiodal na b' àirde na an *Toiseach* no *Triath* no Ceann-feadhna, ach an déigh sin ghabh iad an tiodal Rìgh dhoibh féin, agus rinneadh Fearghus 'na rìgh, gidheadh bha e fo nachd'ranachd Ard-rìgh nan *Scoti* ann an Eirinn, agus bhuan-aich a shliochd mar sin os ceann ceithir fichead bliadhna gus an do dhealaich iad ri cuing na h-Eirionn mu 'n bhliadhna A. D. 590. Is ann mu 'n àm so a thàinig Calum-cille a nall á h-Eirinn a shearmonachadh an t-soisgeil do na Gàidheil Albannach, 'n uair a bha Conull 'n a rìgh air na *Scoti* agus Bride no Bruidai 'n a rìgh air na *Picti*. Bha luchairt Bhride, rìgh nam *Picteach*, 's an àm sin aig Lochnis, ach tha e coltach gu 'n robh mar an ceudna Caisteal no Aros riogbail eile aig na rìghribh so

ann an Dùn-Chaillean no làimh ri baile Pheairt. Tha sinn a' leughadh mar an ceudna mu na *Pictich* Dheasach; bha an dara feadhainn diubh so air taobh tuath nan garbh-bheanntan (*Grampians*) agus an fheadhainn eile air an taobh deas diubh. Bha monadh Dhruim-Uachdair agus na Beanntan mòra sin a' cur dealachaidh eatorra; agus faodaidh e bhli gu 'n robh iad air uairibh dealaichte 'n an riaghladh, agus gu 'n robh rìgh dhoibh féin aig na *Pictich* thuathach, agus rìgh eile aig na *Pictich* dheasach.

Do na *Pictich* dheasach bhuinteadh am fearann a tha a nis 'deanamh suas siorramachd Pheairt, siorramachd Aonghais, Fiofa, Struileith, agus an tìr air taobh deas na Friu ris an abrar *Lothian*, gu ruig a' chrìoch Shasunnach. Do na *Pictich* thuathach bhuinteadh a' chuid eile dhe 'n tìr gu ruig Gallthaobh agus eileanan Arcaimh. Agus bha Srath-chluaidh agus taobh an iar-dheas Albainn 's an àm sin aig na Breatannaich.

(*Ri leanntuinn.*) D. B. B.

#### LITIR MU GHÀIDHEIL GHILASCHU.

##### A GHÀIDHEIL GHAOLAICH,

Chuir e aoibhneas air mo chridhe mar a chuala mi an sgeul, gu 'n do rinn sibh inrich thar a' chuan mhòr is gu 'n robh a' rùbhann oirbh á so suas tuineachadh 's a' bhaile so. Mata, mata, agus tha "An Gàidheal" á so suas ri teachd a mach gach mìos ann an Glaschu. Ceud mìle fàilte dhuibh—a' h-uile latha dhuibh—Gu ma fada a bhitheas sibh beò agus ceò as 'ur tigh. Nam biodh e mar mo mhiannsa, bhitheadh soirbheachadh gu leòir agaibh. Cha bhiodh Gàidheal eadar ceithir oisinnan na cruithne nach bitheadh air 'àireamh am measg 'ur luchd leughaidh, is cha bhiodh 'ur sporan gun bhonn no 'ur cridhe gun ghean. Is ged nach 'eil an dà shealladh agam, ged nach fiosaiche no fear seallaidh mi, tha mi cinnte gu leòir gu 'm bi soirbheachadh agaibh. Tha mise ag innseadh dhuibh gu 'm bheil do Ghàidheil anns a' bhaile so féin na bheireadh air 'ur n-oidheirp pàidheadh,

nan cuireadh iad an guailleann ris a' ghnòthach mar bu dual is bu dùthchasach dhoibh a dheanamh. Nach fhada o'n chuala sinn an sean fhocal "Clanna nan Gàidheal ri guaillibh a chéile." F'heara 's a ghaoil is iomadh latha a sheas iad ri guaillibh a chéile, o latha bliair Alt-a-bhonnaich, mar a rinn iad an cuid féin fo cheannsal Triath nan Eilean, gu tuil uaibhreach àirn Shasunn a thilleadh air a h-ais agus crùn na h-Alba a bhuidhinn do Raibeart Brus, gus an latha 's an do dhìrich iad uchdaichean Alma, le iolach ait na buaidhe fo stiùradh an fhìor Ghàidheil, Cailean Caimbeul—Is tha mi an dòchas mar sheas iad gu duineil cliù an dùthcha ann am mìle bliar, gu'n seas iad a nis a chearta cho fearail càmain an dùthcha le an ainmean a chur sìos air son "A Ghàidheil" gu h-calamh agus le an airgid phàidheadh gu togarrach Ach cha'n e mhàin gu'm bheil mòran Ghàidheal anns a' bhaile so ach tha do Chomuinn Ghàidhealach de gach seòrsa ann, nan gabhadh iad "An Gàidheal" fo an sgiathaibh càirdeil gu'm b'urraim iad dìon a thoirt dha o gach cruadal, agus cuideachadh anns gach airc. Is ma cheadaicheas sibh dhomh, bheir mi cunntas goirid air cuid de na Comuinn sin agus na h-aobhair air son am bheil iad air an cur air chois. Tha iad cho lionnhor is gur gann a ghabhar ann an aon litir iomradh a thoirt orra gu léir, tuigidh mata iadsan a dh'fhaodas a bhì air am fagail a mach nach e dìmeas, ach dì-ùine is aobhar. 'S e is aobhar gu'm bheil iad cho lionnhor, gu'n d'fhàs e fasanta, o cheann tamull ùine, do gach eilean is siorramachd comunn fhaotuin a suas co-cheangailte ris a' chearn sin, a chum is gu'm bheil a nis na cruineachaidhean sin cho lionnhor ach gann ri eileinibh innse Gall, no siorrachdaibh nan garbh chrìoch. Cha'n'eil mi idir a' dìteadh a' chleachdaidh so, oir is ciatach an ni, ann am measg othail is ùprait a' bhaile mhòir, a bhì cumail beò gaol dùthcha, agus a bhì a' eumhneachadh ghnàthan agus chleachdainnean nan gleanntan sìochail 'san deachaidh ar n-àrach; ach cha'n fheadh mi a ràdh nach fòndadh pàirt do na comuinn sin barrachd a dheanamh air son an luchd dùthcha na tha iad a' deanamh. Tha gun teagamh air bith cuid diubh a' deanamh mòrain. Conharraichte anns an rathad so tha an "Comunn Gàidhealach" (Highland Society). Is gann a dh'fheadar mend a' mhaith a tha an comunn so a' deanamh a lan mheas. Tha iad a' cumail suas sgoile anns am bheil fòghlum agus leabhraichean,

gun airgid gun luach, air an toirt do theann air naoi ceud do chloinn Ghàidhealaich. Is cha'n e teagasg suarach a tha iad a' faighinn, oir cha'n'eil mi a' saoilinn gu'm bheil ach gann sgoil ann an Glaschu a théid an toiseach oirre. Is cha'n e mhàin gu'm bheil iad mar so air an deagh theagasg, ach tha gach bliadhna deise bhreacain air a toirt do àireimh mhòir do na caileagan. Tha an t-aodach so air a thoirt cà'n ann ann an rathad dèirce ach mar dhuais do na sgoilearan a's feàrr, a chum nach ruig a leas an Gàidheal a's uaibhriche inntinn nàir a bhì air leigal le a nighinn an t-aodach a chosd—'si sochair anabarrach a tha aig ar luchd-dùthcha anns a' bhaile so, anns an sgoil so. Is lionnhor mac Ghàidheil an dingh, a tha 'lionadh àite onoraich aig an tigh is thairis a dh'fhaodas a' chomain sin a thoirt air an fhòghlum a fhuair e ann an sgoil a' Chomuinn Ghàidhealaich. Cha'n'eil sealladh a ch'ì mi o cheann gu ceann do'n bhliadhna a tha cho taitneach leam, ri bhì a' faicinn, a réir an gnàtha, air toiseach ceud mhìos an t-samhraidh gach bliadhna clann na sgoile Gàidhealaich a' meàrsadh fo cheannsal an luchd-teagaisg is luchd riaghlaidh a' chomuinn, gu Eaglais Chaluim Chille far am bheil searmoin freagarrach do chloinn air a thoirt seachd leis a' mhinisteir. Is bòidheach an sealladh da rìreadh a bhì a' faicinn mu naoi ceud cloinne ag iomachd ann an òrdugh o'n sgoil gus an Eaglais is air an ais a rithis. Na maothrain ghaolach! tha mo chridhe a' tòighadh riu gach uair a ch'ì mi iad. O'n tha mi a' labhairt air sgoil feudaidh mi a thoirt fainear gu'm bheil sgoil eile mar an ceudna ann an Glaschu far am bheil teagasg agus leabhraichean a nasgaidh air an toirt do chloinn Ghàidhealaich, ris an abrar sgoil Mhic Lachluinn. Chaidh an t-airgid a tha 'cumail suas na sgoile so fhàgail le duine còir de'n ainm Mac Lachluinn. Rinn e 'chuid airgid anns na h-Innsibh, is na thiomnadh dh'fhàg e roinn de air son sgoil a thoirt do Chloinn Ghàidheal anns a' bhaile so, agus is iomadh aon a dh'fheadadh a bheamachd a thoirt air air son a ghnòtha. Tha mu dhà cheud sgoilear anns an sgoil so. Tha comunn Gàidhealach eile againn mar an ceudna, ris an canar 'sa' bheurla "The Celtic Society." Tha deagh aobhar aig a' chomunn so anns an amhare mar an ceudna,—aobhar a bu chòir am brosnachadh gu fàilte fhurannach a chur air "A' Ghàidheal," oir tha iad ag aideachadh gu'm bheil an aon chrìoch



aca 's an amharc ribh féin. So agaibh na nithean a tha iad a' cur fa'n comhair féin a dheanamh (1.) "Cànain, fòghlum, ceòl, bàrdachd, éideadh, sean-nithe, agus cluichean fearail Ghàidheal na h-Alba, a chumail suas. (2) Còmhnaidh airgid a thoirt do Oileanaich Ghàidhealach a tha comharrachtaiche airson an dichill no an tapadh. (3.) Cuid-eachadh a dheanadh le muinntir a bhuineas do'n Ghaidhealtachd a dh'fhaodas tuit-eam ann am bochdainn ann an Glascho." Tha rùn a' chomuinn maith is cha'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil an deanadh a réir an rùn, oir tha còrr mòr air mìle ball anns a' chuideachd. Car cosmhuil ris a' chomunn so tha a' "Chuideachd Cheann-tìreach." Oir tha iadsan mar an ceudna a' toirt cuid-eachaidh do dhuine òg aig an Oil-thigh, agus a' cur dhuaisean a chum nan sgoiltean ann an Ceann-tìre, a bharrachd air bhì a' deanamh còmhnaidh le nàistnich Chinn-tìre a tha air tighinn gu bochdainn. A thuilleadh orra so tha àireamh mhòr eile aig am bheil 'n am beachd, a bhì 'cumail suas càrdeis agus carrantachd, is a' deanamh còmhnaidh leis an fheumach is cuideachaidh le luchd a' mhi-fhortain. Ach cha dean mi ach a mhàin an ainneachadh. Tha an "Comunn Earra-ghàidhealach" a' deanamh feumanach beag 'san rathad so. Is "Comunn oircheasach Pheairt." Tha a' "Chuideachd Sgiathanach" ag amharc an dèigh nàistnich eilean maiseach a' chèd. Tha "Cuideachd oircheasach Chataoibh" a' deanamh iochd air an co-luchd-dùthcha. Tha "Comunn Muileach," is "Comunn Ileach" ann. "Comunn Abrach," is "Comunn Appaineach," "Cuideachd Arranach" is "Comunn Collach," "Cuideachd nan Siorramachdan tuathach," agus "Buidheann Cheann-lochgilb is Loch-fine." Tha gach aon de na cuideachdan so a' coinneachadh uair 's a' bhliadhna timchioll bòrd suilbheir na féisde gu dinneir a ghabhail le chèile, no a' coinneachadh ann an talla éigin gus am feasgar a chur seachad, le òraidean, ceòl agus òrain. Ach thacuid dhiubh a' deanamh tuilleadh na so, oir tha iad a' sìneadh na làimh' fhiaid do iomadh aon air an do luidh an mi-fhortan gu trom, is air an do ruig cruadal is éigin. Fhìr mo chridhe, is eireachdail an sealladh ri 'fhaicinn e, mar tha "Tigh mòr na cuirme mar lùchairt laiste," is a tha "clanna na Tìr Aird" ris an abrar gu bràth na gaisgich" a' coinneachadh, cuid diubh sgeudaichte ann éideadh aosda na dùthcha, le an sporain mhollach is an spangan airgid; na mionagan

màlda, le am miog shùilean tlàtha, is na mnathan còire gu boiteanach, sròlach, ribeanach gu'n saoiladh sibh gur bean baile gach aon diubh. Mar tha a' chuideachd a' cruinneachadh, tha piobaire no dhà a' cur nan smúid dhiubh a' cluich air piobmhòir nan dosan àrda, gu snasmhor grinn, port meàrsidh éigin. Cha'n aithne dhomh ceòl a ghluaiseas mo chridhe cosmhuil ri nualan na piobamòire, mar tha "Cabar-féidh," "Cumha Mhic an Tòisich," "A mhnathan a' Ghlinne." no aon de na seann phuirt Ghàidhealach sin air an deagh chluich. Mar a tha a' chuideachd cruinn 's a ghabhas fear na cathrach 'àite 's a tha 'n t-altachadh air a ràdh, 's ann an sin a bhitheas am farum, le gleadhraich chupan is spàinean, luchd frithealaidh a' ruith 's 'n an dean ruith a' freasdal do gach aon cho suilbhear togarrach is ged a bu tighearna fearainn gach aon 's a' chuideachd. Tha an sean-fhocal ag ràdh gu'm "bì gille aig an fheannaig 's an fhogharadh." Ach tha gille aig gach aoidh aig na cuideachdaibh càrdeil ud. Cha bu mhaith leam a bhì 'cur miotlachd air aon de na comuinn, ach cha'n fhaod mi ràdh, gun tig aon diubh suas ris a' Chomunn Mhuileach, aig a' chuirn bhliadhnail aca. Bha air a' bhliadhna so féin an talla a's motha 's a' bhaile air a lionadh o cheann gu ceann le cuideachd cho togarrach, cridheil, òrdail is a chumail mi riann. Bha òrain Ghàidhlig, is òraidean Gàidhlig air an toirt seachad ann am pailteas. Oide is fheadail! b'e an sealladh e mar a bha gach nèapaiginn pòca a mach a' togail séisd air an fhonn; tha mise ag ràdh ribh nach 'eil coinneamh 's a' bhaile a bheir ite as an té Mhuilich, cha tig a' h-aon diubh ann an uisge na stiùrach aice. Ach an innis sibhse dhomh eòl a's ciall do 'n ainm "*Soiree*" a thug iad air na coinneamhan ud. Tha fhios o'n a bha sibh an *America* gu'm bheil gach eòlas agaibh is gu'n tèid agaibh air so a dheanamh. Tha iad ag ràdh rium gur h-e facal Fraingis a th' ann, ach is gann a tha mi 'gan creidsinn. Oir ged a thàinig e oirnn as an Fhraing is i mo bharail gur h-e facal Gàidhlig a th' ann a ghoid iad bh' uainn is a tha nis a' tighinn oirnn ann an dreach ùr. Tha fhios agaibh gu'm bheil na Frangaich gu math tapaidh tiolpanta, agus gu'm bheil e air a chur as an leth gur h-e an gnàth innleachdan a fhuair muinntir eile a mach a thoirt leò, is an sin a chur mar fhuachaibh air an t-saoghal gur iadsan a fhuair a mach a' chùis an toiseach. Is tha duine còir a's

aithne dhomhsa ag ràdh gur h-ann mar so a rinn iad leis an fhocal so. Tha esan 'sa' bheachd nach 'eil anns an fhocal *soirée* ach an dòigh Fhrangach air an fhocal suiridh!!! Ach biodh sin mar a thogras e, tha aon ni fìor, gur ciatach a thionndaidheas iad a mach aig na coinneachan sin, is cha 'n'eil mi ag ràdh nach bi beagan do 'n t suiridh a' dol cuid-eachd, agus is mise nach faigh coire dhoibh mar tha gach ni gu beusach ceart. Ach feumaidh mi an litir so a tharruing gu crìch, ach mu 'n dean mi sin, tha aon Chomuun Gàidhealach eile air am feum mi iomradh a thoirt, agus 'se sin an "Comunn Oiseanach." Tha an comunn so a nis teann mhath air leth cheud bliadhna a dh' aois, agus is fìor chomunn Gàilig a tha ann, oir tha gach gnòthach air a ghiùlan air adhart anns a' Ghàilig. Tha na mionaidean air an sgrìobhadh anns a' chàinain mhilis sin, is tha gach òraid is deasbaireachd anns a' cheart chàinnt ghaolaich. Tha an comunn so a' coinneachadh air gach feasgar Di-h-aoine fad seisein an Oilthigh ann an tigh-seisein eaglais Challum Chille, agus is iomadh searmonaiche fileanta, gleusda, an Albainn 's an Canada a bheir a bheannachd air a' Chomuun Oiseanach a' son an chothrom a bhuilich e orra gu eòlas fhaotuin air a' Ghàilig.

A nis, a Ghàidheil rùnaich, thug mi dhuibh cunntas air a' chuid mhòir do no comuinn Ghàidhealach againn anns a' bhaile so, is tha mi cinnteach o'n àireimh gu 'm feud sibh misneach a ghlacadh a chum dol air 'ur n-aghaidh gu fearail 'n'ur n-obair, oir ma chuireas iad an guaillean ri chèile tha an gnòthach leibh.

Slàn leibh—Theagamh gu 'n cluinn sibh uam gu goirid a rithis. An latha a chìs nach fhaic, is mi, le gach deagh ghuidhe, ur caraid dileas.

RUNASDACH.

Glaschu, air Cluaidh, }  
23mh. de'n Ghiblean, 1872. }

## OISEIN: A LINN AGUS A BHARDACHD.

(AIR LEANTUINN.)

Cha 'n'eil na comharraidhean aon chuid fann no faoin a tha dàin Oisein aunta féin a' nochdadh gu 'm buin iad do aimsir a tha fada air chùl. Tha e soilleir gu 'n robh laoch is saoi na Féinne ann an suidheachadh simplidh; gu 'n robh iad fathast ann an òg mhad-

uinn an cinneadalachd 'n uair a chaidh slige an t-sòlais mu 'n cuairt, agus a thog an rìgh am fonn air làithibh nan sonn a b' àirde gnìomh, is làn mhìle fear focail shuas ag aomadh gu luaidh an rìgh. Is e leantuinn na seilge air raon is aonach, agus marcachd thairis air stuidhean a' chuain mhòir, maille ri Cruaidh is Màile ciar a ghiùlan ann an dealan beur a' chòmhraig, a bu chleachduinn do laoch na Féinne. Cha robh an àite còmhnuidh seas-mhach. 'N uair theirgeadh tuirc is féidh ann an aon àite, rachadh na seann Ghàidheil gu àite eile; agus is ann air an aobhar so a tha e 'tachairt gu 'm bheil ainmean air am faotainn an sud agus an so, a tha 'gleidheadh cumhne air sàr-thrèin na Féinne. Cha robh eòlas no tuigse aca, mar tha dàin Oisein gu soilleir a' dearbhadh, air ealdhain no innleachd air bith ach a mhàin orrasan a bha feumail doibh anns a' bheatha a bha iad a' caitheamh. Bha iad eòlach air iarunn. Is ann an Ceàrdach Luinn Mhic Liobhuinn a bha ri obair gobhainn aig rìgh Lochluinn anns a' Bheirbhe, a bha sleaghan is lannan na Féinne air an deanamh. Is e Mac an Luinn a b' ainm do 'n chlàidheamh a bha Fionnghal ag iomchar. Is éiginn gu 'n robh eòlas nach bu ghann aca mar an ceudna air seòladaireachd. Oir tha e soilleir gu 'n robh iad gu minie ag imeachd thar a' chuan shum-ainneach, stuadhach gu Lochlann, gu Innisfàil is Innis-nan-torc. B'e miann nan laoch an eithear dhonn is a' churach luath ag éiridh suas air euan nan long, a' gearradh an astair feadh thonn gun chùram, mar theine nan speur troimh bheàrnaibh beur nan neul. Ged bha longan na Féinne fo 'n sìth bhàna 'beumadh troimh 'n cheathaich ghlais air toirm nan stuadh 's nan tonn éiti, 's an cobhar bàn mu 'm muineal shuas; gidheadh, dileas do shùmplidheachd na luings 'sann le iallaibh air an deanadh, mar dh' fhaodas sinn a chreidsinn, de bhian nam fiadh 's bheathaichean

na seilge a bha na siùil gheala air an ceangal. Chi sinn mar so gu'n robh eòlas na Féinne a' ruigheachd air na cleachduinnibh aca féin, agus nach robh ni b' fhaide.

Air feadh bàrdachd Oisein uile, cha 'n 'eil luaidh air a dheanamh air inn-leachd no àbhaist nach 'eil a' comh-chòrdadh ri òige nan làithean anns an do thog iad fuaim air teudaibh na clàrsaich ann an Talla *Sheallamai*. Giùlainidh an ni so féin Oisein is a threun-laoich gu aimsir fad o chian.

Ged b' e athair *Oscair* agus mac *Fhionnghail* rìgh *Sheallamai* nam feart, bàrd caomh nan iomadh sgeul; ged bu bhinn gach dàn o 'bheul maiseach, an trath thòisicheadh esan *rìgh nam bàrd* air iomradh àrd nan laoch 's nan laun; bha 'smuaintean àrda, òirdhearc, agus a shamhlaidhean bòidheach firinneach air an tarruing o nàdur féin. Fuaim no guth, luaidh no moladh cha 'n 'eil 'n a bhàrdachd uile air curaidh Greugach no air filidh Romanach. Cha chualar leis riamh gun do sheinn *Homar* iomraiteach treubhantas is euchdan nan Greugach, maille ri fearg an-ìochd-mhor *Achilleis*, ni mò dh' inntig rannan sgeineil grinn *Virgeil* agus *Horais*, a chridhe riamh. B' e nàdur féin ban-altrum chaoimhneil Oisein. A' ghrian, mac aighearrach nan speur anns an ògmhaduinn agus ann an duibhre 'n fheasgair; na neòil, a dh' iadhas mu lòchran nan leadan òrbhuidh, 'g a dheanamh smalanach, sprochdach, agus an uair 'dh' imicheas iad thairis air, ag aiseag sunnd is gean is sòlais; a' ghealach leth-chòmhdhaichte le trusgan dorcha, agus aig àm eile 'toirt seachad a soluis féin le 'gnùis àillidh aoidheil; na sruthan gàireach, tormanach a ruitheas dian bho aonaichibh nam fuar-bheann àrda; an ceò a thùir-lingeas ann an iomadh dealbh is cruth air broilleach nan raon, air uchd nan lochan 's air taobh nan cnoc le scleò dhuaichni; na cluarain a' crathadh an cinn ann an osag *Lènai*; feartan na

Féinne le cruaidh is màile; fuaim lùir-each is beumadh laun, osnaidhean thaibhsean is giùmharan nan làithean a bha 's a dh' aom; *b' iad so uile càird-ean* Oisein, an tràth a fhosgladh 'anam le guth nan dàn 's le fuaim nam fonn. Agus co a leughas bàrdachd Oisein agus a thuigeas a h-òirdheirceas agus a snas — mòrachd a smuaintean, nach aidich air ball gu 'm bheil e, mar thubhairt e féin mu Fhionnghal nam feart, a' seasamh leis féin, gun choimeas am measg nam filidhean.

Thig e dhuinn a nis oidhirp a dheanamh air liun a' Bhàird aosmhoir thairisich a shònrachadh a mach ni' mionaidiche. Chunnaic sinn gu 'n bheil cannt is dealbh nan dàn féin ag innseadh sgeòil air àm o aois, agus gu 'm bheil còrdadh dlùth follaiseach eadar smuaintean, beachdan, agus giùmharan a' Bhàird. Ghleus e 'chruit chiùil, agus dh' imich anam an sruth nam fonn 's nan òran, oir bu taitneach leis faireachduinnean a chridhe a dhòirteadh a mach gu nàdurra. Cha b' e iarrtnis sòlas a thoirt do dhaoinibh fòghluimte. Cha robh e air a theannachadh le riaghailtibh sgrìobhta na Bàrdachd. Bha toirm nan dàn bho 'n àm a dh' aom, tlachd-mhor do 'n anam a bha tairis, fial. Dh' aithris bilean a' Bhàird gu fìor 's gu nàdurra na smuaintean bòidheach 's na h-òrain bhlasda 'bha 'tuineachadh ann an uaigneas anama féin.

Tha iomradh air a dheanamh air sìol nan coigreach, agus ann an *Caomh-mhala* tha *Caracul* is *Caruinn* nan sruth ag iadbadh ann am fuil a' bhùirn, air an toirt f' ar comhair. Thug Fionnghal buaidh, 's bha sòlas air àrd na mòrbheinn.

Tha ruaig air mac rìgh an domhain 's a shluagh.

“Togaibh' a bheula nan dàn,  
Togaibh gu h-àrd am blàr aig Carunn;  
Theich *Caracul* 's a shluagh o m' lainn.  
Theich e thall thar raoin an àrdain,

A ghaisgich mar dhealain air sliabh  
 'Tha 'sgreadachadh tannais na h-oidhche,  
 'Se 'g aomadh ro' ghaoith o 'n iar  
 'Sa' choille chiar mu'n cuairt a' boillsgeadh.  
 Taom, a *Charuinn*, taom do shruth;  
 An aoibhneas an diugh siubhail sìos.  
 Theich coigriche a b' àirde guth."

Tha e cosmhuil gur h-e *Caracalla*  
 mac *Severus* an ceannard àrd *Rom-*  
*anach* a tha air a ciallachadh an so.  
 Chaochail *Severus* ann an toiseach an  
 treasamh linn, agus mar sin, tha bun-  
 chair is barantas againn ann a bhi 'g  
 amharc air an treasamh no 'n ceath-  
 ramh linn, mar an t-àm anns an robh  
 talla na fèile 's nam fleagh, nan cuach  
 's nan còrn, 'n a sheasamh ann an  
*Seallama* nan tùr àrd, mun robh laoich  
 na Fèinne 'n an tannais gun tuar 's a'  
 chàrn air neòil agus fuar-ghaoith  
*Chonai*,

Tha fios againn gur h-iad ainmean  
*Lochlinneach* a tha mòran de eileanaibh  
 Albainn a' giùlan. *Jura*, *Scarba*,  
*Staffa*—cha 'n e so fuaim na Gàilig.  
 Cha 'n eil blasdachd Oisein anns na  
 h-ainmibh so. Buinidh iad do thir  
 's do chainnt nan coigreach. Bha gun  
 teagamh ainm gach eilein is caoil, gach  
 màigh is raoin air tús Gàidhealach. Is  
 anns a' cheathramh agus anns a' chuig-  
 eamh linn a thàinig na Lochlinnich  
 sìol nan tonn a nuas, agus a rinn iad  
 àiteachadh ann an eileanaibh Albainn.  
 Bha, mata, Oisein agus suinn threubh-  
 ach na Fèinne roimh an àm so. Cho  
 fada 's a tha e comasach a' leithid so  
 de ni a réiteachadh gu ceart, tha e air  
 a dheanamh a mach gur h-anns a' cheath-  
 ramh linn a ràinig teachdairean a'  
 Chreidimh Chrìosduidh tir nam beann  
 's nan sruthan fuaimneach.

Aig toiseach *Chalthoinn is Chao-*  
*mhail*, tha Bàrd Chonai 'labhairt mar so:

"Glan guth na fonna de thréin,  
 Fhir 'tha 'tuineadh leat féin an còs.  
 Fhir a thàinig o mhàgh nan Gall,  
 Mosglaidh m'anam an talla nan fleagh;  
 Mar na làithean am bliadhnaibh thall:  
 Tha mi 'sineadh mo làmh 'tha lag,  
 Is an osun fo smachd mo chléibh?."

An cluinn thu, shìl nan còs an craig  
 Fonn o Oisian mu 'òg ghnuimh féin?  
 Am faic fear tuinidh nan còs ciar'  
 Sgàth mhòr Oisein an àird an talla  
 Fo chomharradh scara nan còmhrag?  
 Thrèig an soillse glan a balla,  
 Tha meirg air a ballaibh, mo dhòruinn!  
 Cluinn-sa, fhir tuinidh nan còs ciar',  
 Mòr sgeul air na bliadhnaibh 'tha thall."

Is ann an seann làithibh Oisein a  
 sgrìobh e 'n dàn so. Cha 'n eil e eu-  
 cosmhuil idir gur h-e aon de cheud  
 Shearmonaichibh an t-soisgeil a tha 'm  
 Bàrd a' ciallachadh leis an neach a  
 thàinig o mhàgh nan Gall 's a bha 'tuin-  
 eadh leis féin an còs nan creag. Is ann  
 an dèigh do rìgh *Fearghas* a lùchairt  
 a phlauntachadh ann an tìr nan Gall,  
 agus frithean is aonaichean na Gàidh-  
 ealtachd a thrèigsinn, a dh' éirich  
 roinnean am measg luchd tuinidh nan  
 àrd-bheann. Sgairte bho chéile le  
 glinn leathan dhomhain, no le aibh-  
 nichibh brasa beucaich; cuairtiche le  
 lochaibh farsuing éiti no le beanntaibh  
 corrach àrda, roinneadh na Gàidheil  
 'n am buidhnibh an dèigh do chuir  
 's do chompanas an rìgh an trèigsinn.  
 B'e so a bu phrìomh aobhar do na  
 roinnibh ris an abrar *Clann nan Gàidh-*  
*eal*. Tha laoich is treun-fhir Oisein a'  
 géilleachduinn do 'n mhòr thrìath  
 Fionnghal gun fhocal, gun ghuth o 'n  
 ceann: gach sùil air lainn is tuar an  
 rìgh, is esan a' tarraing a shleagh o  
 'chùl. Is i gairm àrd mhic Chomhail  
 a thionaidheadh mòr ghaisgeacha na  
 Fèinne gu cath no fleadhachas; agus  
 cha robh cinn feadhna no ceannardan  
 air bith eile air an aithneachadh no air  
 an aideachadh.

Tha mi 'saòilsinn ma chuireas sinn  
 an cuideachd a chéile na h-aobhairean  
 air an d' rinn mi nis gu h-aithghearr  
 iomradh, gu 'm bheil againn barantas  
 seasmhach ann a bhi 'creidsinn gur  
 h-anns an treasamh linn aghluais Fionn-  
 ghal gu strì nan lann, agus a thog  
 Oisein fonn milis nan òran air teudaibh  
 nan sàr-chlàrsach.

(*Ri leanntuinn.*) CONA.

## URNUIGH OISEIN.

*Oisein.*

- Aithris sgeul, a Phàdrùig,  
An onair do leughainn,<sup>o</sup>  
Am bheil nèamh gu h-àraidh,  
Aig Fiannaibh na h-Eirinn?  
*Padruig.*  
Bheireams' briathar dhuitse,  
Oisein nan glonn,†  
Nach 'eil nèamh aig t' athair,  
Aig Oscar, no aig Goll.  
O. 'S olc an sgeul, a Phàdrùig,  
A th' agad dhomhs', a chléirich;  
C' uim' am bithinn-sa ri cràbhadh,  
Mur 'eil nèamh aig Fiannaibh Eirinn?  
P. Nach dona sin, Oisein,  
Fhir nam briathra boile,  
'S gu'm b' fheàrr Dia ré aon uair',  
Na Fianna Eirinn uile?  
O. B' fheàrr leam aon chath làidir,  
A chuireadh Fionn na Féinne,  
Na Tighearn a' chràbhaidh,  
Agus thusa, chléirich.  
P. Ge beag a' chuill‡ chrònanach,  
Agus monaran na gréine,  
Gun fhios do 'n Rìgh mhòralach,  
Cha téid fo bhil' a sgéithe.  
C. 'N saoil thu'm b'ionann e's Mac Cumhail,  
An rìgh 'bh' againn air na Fiannaibh?  
Dh' fhaodadh gach neach 'bha air thalamh,  
Dol 'n a thalla-san|| gun iarraidh.  
P. Oisein! 's fada do shuain,  
Eirich suas is éisd na sailm,  
O'n chaill thu nis do lùth 's do rath,  
'S nach cuir thu cath ri là garbh.  
O. Ma chaill mi mo lùth 's mo rath,  
'S nach maireann cath a bha aig Fionn,  
Do d' chléirsinneachd is beag mo spéis,  
'S do cheòl éisdeachd ni'm fiach leam.  
P. Cha chual thu co math ri m' cheòl,  
O thùs an domhain mhòir gus a nochd;  
'S tha thu aosda an-ghlic liath,  
Fhir a dhioladh chiar air chnoc.  
O. 'S tric a dhiòl mi chiar air chnoc,  
'Ille Phàdrùig a's ole rùn,  
'S eucoir dhuitse 'chàin mo chruth,¶  
O nach d'fhuaire thu guth air thùs.

\* The MS. is 'Iehhidh'; the Dean of Lismore's Book has 'leyvin' = 'leughainn,' which we have adopted.

† 'Glonn,' deed of valour, exploit.

‡ 'Cuill,' a fly; 'a' chuill chrònanach,' the humming fly.

§ 'Mònanan,' mote.

|| The MS. is 'tshoille,' for, probably, 'shealladh'; 'n a shealladh-san,' into his presence. Dr. Young's copy has 'n a thalla-san,' into his hall, which we have adopted. The Dean of Lismore's Book has 'n a thigh.'

¶ It is difficult to decide whether the word in the MS.

- Chualas ceòl os cionn do cheòil,  
Ge mòr a mholas tu do chliar;  
Ceòl air nach luidh leth-trom laoich,  
Faoghar cuile aig an Ord Fhiann.  
'N uair a shuidheadh Fionn air cnoc,  
Sheinneamaid port do 'n Ord Fhiann,  
'Chuireadh 'n an codal na slòigh,  
'S l'ochòin bu bhinne e na 'chliar.  
Smeòrach bheag dhubbh o Ghleann Smàil,  
Faoghar nam bàrc ris an tuinn,<sup>o</sup>  
Sheinneamaid an leithid' a phuir,  
Is bha sinn féin 's ar cruit ro bhinn.  
Bha tri gaodhair dheug aig Fionn,  
Leigearmaid iad ri Gleann Smàil;  
'S bu bhinne glasghairm† ar con,  
Na do chluigs', a chléirich chàidh.‡  
Cuide ruinne Fionn ar dia,  
A riar cliar§ agus sgoil  
Thug e là air bronnadh òir||  
'S an ath là air meaghar chon.  
P. Aig meud 'fhiughair ri meaghar chon,  
'S e dioladh sgoil gach aon là,  
'S aig lughaid eisimeil ri Dia,  
A nis tha Fionn nam Fiann an làimh.  
O. 'S gann a chreideas mi do sgeul,  
A chléirich le d' leabhar bàn,  
Gu'm bitheadh Fionn, no cho fial,  
Aig duine no aig Dia an làimh.  
P. Ann an ifrinn tha e'n làimh,  
Fear le 'n sàth bhi bronnadh òir,  
Air son a dhimeas air Dia,  
Chuir iad e 'n tigh pian fo leòn.¶  
O. Nan robh Clanna Morni steach,  
Is Clanna Baoisgne, na fir threun',  
Bheireamaid-ne Fionn a mach,  
No bhiodh an teach againn féin.  
P. Còig còigeanna<sup>o</sup> na h-Eirinn ma seach,  
'S air leat-sa gur mòr am feum,  
Cha tugadh sin Fionn a mach,  
Ged bhiodh an teach agaibh féin.  
O. Nach math an t-àite ifrinn†† féin,  
A chléirich dha 'n léir an sgoil?

is 'cruith' or 'cruit'; the copies of Hill and Dr Young have 'cruith.'

\* The MS. and Hill's copy have 'tuinn.' 'Tonn' is sometimes feminine. See Armstrong's Dictionary, and Duncan Riach M'Nicol's lines at the end of this poem.

† 'Glasghairm,' noise of hounds.

‡ 'Càidh,' holy, pure.

§ The MS. is 'A riar chliar agus sgoil;' Hill's copy has 'A riar do chliar is do sgoil,' but inaccurately printed.

¶ 'Riar,' please, satisfy, distribute, serve. See O'Reilly's Dictionary.

|| 'Bronnadh òir,' distributing gold.

¶¶ 'Bhròn' is written in the MS. over 'leòn.'

\*\* 'Coige,' a fifth, a province.

†† 'Turne' in MS.

Nach co math is flaitheas Dé,  
Ma gheibhear innt' féidh is coin?  
Bha mise là air sliabh Bhòid,  
Agus Caoilte 'bu chruaidh lann,  
Bha Oscar ann is Goll nan sleagh,  
Dòmhnall nam feadh is Fraoch' o 'n  
ghleann;  
Fionn Mac Cumhail, borb a bhrìgh,  
Bha e 'n a Rìgh os ar cionn.  
Trì maca àrd-rìgh nan sgiath,  
Bu mhòr am miann air dol a shealg,  
A Phàdruig nam bachall fiar,\*  
Cha leigeamaid Dia os ar cionn.  
Bu bheag leam Diarmad O' Dhuinn,  
Agus Fearrghas 'bu bhinne glòir,  
Nam bu chead leat mi do 'n luaidh,  
A chléirich nuaigh,† a théid do 'n Ròimh.  
P. C'uin' nach cead leam thu do 'n luaidh,  
Ach thoir t'aire gu luath air Dia?  
O'n tha nis deireadh air t'aois,  
Sguir do d' bhaois,‡ a shean-fhìr léith.  
O. A Phàdruig, ma thug thu cead,  
Air beagan a labhairt duinn,  
Nach aidich thu, ma 's cead le Dia,  
Flath nam Fiann a ràdh air thùs?  
P. Cha d' thug mise comas duit,  
A shean-fhìr chiurt, agus thu liath,  
B' fheàrr Mac Muire ré aon là  
Na duine a thàinig riamh.  
O. Nior robh math aig neach fo 'n ghréin  
Gu'm b' fheàrr e féin na mo thriath;  
Mac mùirneach nach d' éitich§ clìar  
'S cha leigeadh e Dia os a chionn.  
P. Na comhaid|| thusa duine ri Dia,  
A shean-fhìr léith, na breithnich e;  
Is fada o 'n thàinig a neart,  
Is mairidh a cheart gu bràth.  
O. Chomhaidinnse Fionn nam feadh  
Ri aon neach a sheall 's a' ghréin;  
Cha d' iarr [e] riamh nì air neach  
'S cha mhò 'dh' eur¶ e neach mu nì.  
Bheireamaid seachd cathan fichead, an  
Fhìann,  
Air sìthean Druim Clìair a muigh;

Cha tugamaid urram do Dhia,  
No 'cheann clìair\* a bha air bith.†  
P. Seachd cathan fichead dhuibhse, 'nar Féinn,  
Cha do chreid sibh 'n Dia nan dùl;  
Cha mhaireann duine do 'r sliochd,  
'S cha bheò ach riochd‡ Oisein iur.  
O. Cha 'n e sin 'bu choireach ruinn,  
Ach turas; Fhinn a dhol do 'n Ròimh,  
Cumail cath Ghabhra leinn féin,  
Bha e claoidh ar Féinn gu mòr.  
P. Cha 'n e sin 'chlaoidh sibh uile ann  
A mhic Fhinn, o 'n gearr gu d' ré;  
Eisd ri ràdh Rìgh nam bochd,  
'S iarr thusa nochd nèamh dhuit féin.  
O. Comraich§ an dà abstol deug,  
Gabhaidh mi dhomh féin a nochd;  
Ma rinn mise peacadh trom,  
A chur an enoc nan tom a muigh.  
CRÌOCH.

The following lines follow in the MS. :

Thoir an eachdraidh 'Mhaighstir Dòmhnall,  
A tha 'chòmhnaidh an cois na tuinne; ||  
An ùrnigh 'bha aig Oisean liath-ghlas,  
Nach robh riamh ach 'n a dhroch dhuine.  
It is then added, in reference, we suppose,  
to these lines:

The above stanzas were composed by  
Duncan Riach M'Nicol, in Glenorchy,  
commonly called "The modern Ossian."  
(This poem is from a manuscript collection  
of Ossianic and other poems, which belonged  
to the Rev. Donald M'Nicol, Lismore,  
author of "Remarks on Dr. Johnson's  
Journey to the Hebrides &c." A copy,  
nearly the same as M'Nicol's, but very  
inaccurately printed, was published in  
Hill's Collection in 1784, and was after-  
wards reprinted in the Highland Society's  
Report on the Poems of Ossian (1805).  
Another but slightly different copy was  
published in 1787, in the Transactions of  
the Royal Irish Academy, by Dr. M. Young,  
an Irish gentleman, who travelled in the  
Highlands in the summer of 1784. There  
is also a copy in the Dean of Lismore's  
Book, but it differs considerably from the  
other copies which we have seen, and the  
modern version of it published a few years  
ago is frequently inaccurate. The MS. of  
this poem is dated 1762-3. A. C.)

\* The MS. is 'fial,' an obvious mistake for 'fiar,' the word in Dr. Young's copy. The 'bachall fiar' was the cosier.

† 'Nuaigh,' heaven; also holy.

‡ The MS. is 'mhaigh' for 'bhaoithe,' abstract noun (aspirated) from 'baoth;' Dr. Young's copy has bhaos = 'bhaothas;' Hill's copy has 'Chaois,' a misprint for 'bhaois,' levity, folly.

§ 'Eitich,' refuse.

|| 'Comhaid,' compare.

¶ 'Eur,' refuse.

\* The MS. was originally 'dhaoin triach' = 'dh' aon triath,' but was subsequently altered.

† 'Bith,' world.

‡ Dr. Young's copy has 'rioghachd.'

§ 'Comraich,' protection.

|| Viz. Lismore,

## NAIDHEACHDAN.

Annas na làithibh a tha ann an diugh tha atharrachaidhean mòra a' tighinn air caochladh nithean le luathas ro iongantach. Tha nithe úra a' gabhail àite air aghaidh na talmhainn agus am measg chinneach an t-saoghail le ealamhachd a bhiodh 'n a m'òrbhuil do mhuintir linntean roimhe so. Ged tha so fìor gu coitcheonn, gidheadh cha 'n 'eil e fìor mu cheisd no dha air am bheil sinn ri iomradh a dheanamh air ball. An dèigh so cumaidh sinn cuimhne air nithibh cudthromach a's buanaiche is a's feumail na chèile.

Tha ceisd dhuilich ris an abrar "Agraidhean air son na h-Alabamai," a bha gun réiteachadh o àm Cogadh Americai, a' tarruing a nis gu deireadh. Cha 'n 'eil e cosmhuiil gu 'm bi eas-aonadh bagarrach 's am bith eadar an dà rìoghachd, Breatann agus na Stàidean Aonaichte mu 'n ghnòthach so.

Tha a' chrìoch so 'n a h-aobhar ghàirdeachais agus 'n a riarachadh mòr do 'n dà shluagh. 'Se call eagallach a bhiodh ann gu 'm briseadh cogadh a mach eadar an dà shluagh a tha cho dileas an dàimh. Thug na Stàidean air an ais na h-Agraidhean neo-chuimseach a rinn iad an toiseach na bliadhna; agus troimhe so tha rathad fosgailte gu bann-còrdaidh a dheanamh a bhith-eas 'n a riaghailt stiùraidh sheasmhach, agus fhenmail dhoibh féin agus do rìoghachdaibh eile.

Tha faoin iomradh an dràs d' ris air tighinn á Africa gu 'm bheil an t-Olla Libh-ingston, o nach d' fhuaradh fios cinnteach o cheann bhliadhnachan, fathast beò; agus gu 'm feud stùl a bhì ris gu gearr á meadhan Africai. Feudaidh an sgeul so a bhì fìor, ach cha do dhearbhadh buileach e thuige so; ach, co-dhiù cha 'n fhada gus an cluinnear fios àraidh o 'n mhuintir a chaidh air a thòir.

Tha bliadhna no dhà o'n thòisicheadh air Reachd ùr Pàrlamaid air son sgoilean Rìoghachd an Albainn a thoirt a mach; ach thuit gach oidhirp a dh'ionnsuidh so gu làr. 'S iad na h-aobhairan tuisleachaidh na beachdan ioma-sgeulach a tha aig gach buidheann fa leth air na nithibh a bu chòir a bhì air an teagasg anns na Sgoilbh Rìoghachd. 'S i a' phuing gu h-àraidh a tha 'n a cnàimh conspaid, co dhìubh a's oòir do'n Phàrlamaid féin lagh a dheanamh gu 'm feum an Biobull a bhì air a theagasg anns na Sgoilbh Rìoghachdail, no comas a thoirt do bhuill Bòrd gach Sgìreachd fa leth

beantuinn ris mar a chitheadh iadsan iomchuidh. Ròghnaich an neach a thug a steach am *Bill* do Thigh Iochdrach na Pàrlamaid an cùrsa so mu dheireadh a ghabhail, an gnothach fhàgail an làmhaibh Buill nam Bòrd; ged a tha am *Bill* a nis gu maith air aghaidh tha mòran do Bhuill na Pàrlamaid a' sònruachadh atharrachaidhean mòra a dheanamh air mu 'n ceadaichear dha tighinn a mach 'n a lagh. O'n staid anns am bheil e'n dràs d' tha iomadh a' co-dhunadh nach urrainn iad fhaotainn troimh'n Phàrlamaid am bliadhna.

A thaobh ceisd an Aonaidh am measg nan Eaglaisean Cléireach an Alba, gu sònruichte eadar an Eaglais Shaor agus an Eaglais Chléireach Aonaichte cha 'n 'eil a' bheag a dh'adhartas no dhol air ais anns a' chùis. A thaobh na h-Eaglaise Saoire tha 'n Earrann a tha an aghaidh an Aonaidh a' rùnachadh seasamh do-ghéilleachduinn 'n a aghaidh, 'n uair a tha an Earrann eile a' cur rompa gu 'n lean iad an gnothuch a mach. Tha sinn a' tuigsinn gu 'm bheil Iarrtais (*Petitions*) o iomadh seòrsa a' dol gus an Ard-Sheanadh air son iad a stad tamull a chum sith aiseag do 'n Eaglais air fad. Tha mnathan uaisle feadh na dùthcha a' deanamh suas Iarrtais iad féin ag asluchadh an h-Ard-Sheanaidh stad a chur air an eas-aonadh, a' bhriseadh, agus an naimhdeas a tha a' freumhachadh 'n an measg féin, le cosg a chur air na h-oidhirpibh a tha air an cleachdadh a chum Aonadh a thoirt mu 'n cuairt. Tha dùil mòr aig sluagh Albainn ris na h-Ard-Sheanaidhean a tha 'cruinneachadh 's na làithibh so. Bidh sinn comasach air cìod a nì iad innseadh anns an ath àireamh. Tha anns an Eaglais Stéidhichte mar an ceudna gluasad timchioll a' *Patronage*. Tha a' chuid a's mò 's an Eaglais a nis air son a chur as, no mar is ceartaiche a ràdh taghadh a' mhinisteir a chur ann an làmhaibh cinn nan teaghlach, no dh' fhaoidte ann an làmhaibh nam firionnach ann an coimhthional a bhith-eas 'n an luchd-comunnachaidh. Tha Diùc Earra-ghàidheil a' gcalltuinn *Bill* a thoirt a steach do'n Phàrlamaid mu 'n nì; tha mòran de dhaoibh urramach eile air son na Patronage a tha iad a' meas 'n a cuing air Eaglais na h-Alba a chur as, ann an tomas co dhìùt. Tha cuid de na h-Eaglaisibh Cléireach eile an Albainn a tha a' togail an guth, air dhoibh so a thuigsinn, an aghaidh ath-shuidheachadh 's am bith a bhì air a dheanamh air an Eaglais.

Stéidhichte, gun an cead-san a bhi air a ghabhail. 'S e an rùn-san, a réir coslais, gu'm biodh Eaglais Chléireach na h-Alba air a di-stéidheachadh, agus a deanamh co-ionnan riù féin. 'S e ar dleasannas ceuman de'n t-seòrsa so a thoirt f' a chomh-air ar luchd-leughaidh, 'nuair a dh'fhanas sin a bhreith 's am bith a thoirt anns na cuisibh.

Thàinig crith-thalmhainn mhòr air an treas là de'n Ghiblean rathad baile mòr Antioch 's an àird-an-ear. Tha e air aithris gu'n deachaidh barrachd air an treas cuid de'n bhaile a sgrios. Tha eachdraidh ag innseadh dhuinn gu'n do sgriosadh dà cheud mìle pearsa 'sa' bhaile so le crith-thalmhainn ri liu an Empire *Trajan* a fhuair ach gann as. 'S e sgeul ro thiamhaidh a tha 'na leithid so a chluinntinn—daoine air an slugadh suas a chridhe na talmhainn ann am priobadh na suil. 'N uair a thàinig an té mu dheireadh so thachair gu'm b' e Am-trasgaidh nan Greugach (*Lent*) a bh'ann; agus ann an aon àite far an robh coimhthional dhiubh ag aoradh, mu thri cheud pearsa, dh'adhlacadh sìos a dh'aon bheum iad. Ann an àite eile chaidh tigh-sgoil le leth cheud cloinne a shlugadh suas. Bha troimh-chéile uamhasach feadh a' bhaile timchioll air na mairbh. Agus bha a' mhà-riaghailt ud air a meudachadh troimh chleachduinnibh buidhe ris an abrar *Dusari*, feadhainn a tha 'deanamh aoraidh do Bhaal agus do Astarot. Bha buaidh mhilleidh ghràineil aig a' ghréin air na h-uiread de chuirp mharbh, 'nuair a bha na Crìosdaidhean agus na Mahomata-naich a' strì co a gheibheadh cothrom air an cuid féin adhlacadh gu h-iomchuidh. Bha na Mahomata-naich air son nan Crìosdaidhean adhlacadh cho luath 's a ghabhadh iad gun choinneal no ni de'n t-seòrsa, iad a' smuain-eachadh gur h-ann troimh na Crìosdaidhibh a thàinig na breitheanais orra.

Tha beinn Bhesubhuais lùmh ri *Naples* a' brùchdadh a mach teine ghoilteich ni 's mò na b'abhuist di. Chaill mòran timchioll am beatha troimh na sruthaibh loisgeach a thàinig orra. Tha cuid a' deanamh a mach mur bitheadh na tuill loisgeach so feadh an t-saoghail gu'm bitheadh crith-thalmhainn ni bu mhilteicho na tha i. Tha na reagan a tha a' sgàineadh fo thalamh a' cur a mach am brùchd troimh na tuill ud. Tha e soilleir gu'n robh critheannan a bean-tuinn ris na h-Eileanaibh Breatannach fada roimhe so; agus 's còir dhuinn a bhi taingeil

gu'm bheil sinn cho saor 'sna h-amaibh so, 'nuair a tha sinn a' faicinn gu'm bheil sinn ann an *sreath* dìreach eadar Etna ann an *Iceland* agus Bhesubhuis.

## O R A N.

Le fear àraid air dha a leannan fhaicinn a' falbh còmhla ri NIALL MACLEÒID.

AIR FÒNN: "*Hoireann o gur mi 'tha tùrsach.*"  
CO-SHEIRM.

Hoireann ò gur mi 'tha tùrsach,  
Thriall mo mhànrann, dh'fhàg mo lùth mi,  
Cha 'n 'eil cùil agam gu sìgradh  
Shiubhail Niall le rùn mo chéile.

O! gur mise 'bha gu brònach  
'Dol bbo'n Eaglais air di-dòmhnach—  
Shìl 'g an d' thug mi air an Leòdach  
Bha e 'falbh gu seòlt' le m' eudail.  
Hoireann ò, &c.

Chaidh e suas leath' thun an eilein \*  
'S an tric am bi 'n òige 'beadrach,—  
Far an cluinn iad na h-eòin bheaga  
Le 'n cuid cheileiribh cho gleusda.  
Hoireann ò, &c.

'S gile bian na ribhinn òirdheire  
Na sneachda air slios nam mòr-bheann,  
Oh gur binne 'guth ag òran'  
Na smeòrach air bhàrr nan geugan.  
Hoireann ò, &c.

Och gur mise 'th' air mo bhuaireadh!  
Leis a' ghaol 'thug mi do 'n ghruagaich,  
A's i nise 'gabhaill fuath dhomh  
God is luath a thug mi spéis di.  
Hoireann ò, &c.

Shamhlaich mise gaol nan òighean  
Ris a' cheò air feadh nam mòr-bheann—  
'N uair a ghluaiseas gaoth o neòil e—  
Eiridh e mar sglèò 's na speuraibh.  
Hoireann ò, &c.

Och cha 'n iognadh mar a ta mi—  
Bhi làn airtneil air bheag mànrain—  
Cridhe ciùirte, brùite, saighte  
Le saighdibh gràidh o *Bhenus*.  
Hoireann ò, &c.

\* 'S e 'n t-eilean a th' air a chiallachadh an so, aon de na h-eileanaibh a tha 's an abhainn am bràigh 'Inbher-neis. Tha gach aon diubh so còmhdaichte le lomadh seòrsa chraobh is lus; maille ri sin, tha fuaim na h-aibhne a ghuàth 'an cluasaibh an fhir-thurais, agus coireal gach eòin a's binne guth 's an caitainn (na thim fhéin) a' cur an cèill sgeimh na launtaire mu 'n coairt, air mhòd 's gu'n do theab mi ràdh 's an òran

An t-eilean, fiarach, biachar, craobhach,  
'N t-eilean measach, prenasach, fiarach,  
Far an cluinn a' n àm dhuinn dùsgadh  
'Chubhag le gu-gùg 's a' chéitean.



Ach na 'n cluinneadh fir Chinn-tàile\*  
E bhi 'falbh nan cnoc le Màiri,  
'Cheart cho cinnteach 's thig am bàs oirnn,  
Chuireadh iad thar sàil' a' bhéisd uainn!  
Hoireann ó, &c.

Ach ged dh'fhalbh thu air di-dòmhnach  
Leis a' bhéisd nach aoir a' cheòlraidh—  
'Eudail ma bhios tu deònach  
Cha toir Leòdach bho 'na' Chléir thu.  
Hoireann ó, &c.

1871. ALASDAIR.

— o —  
FAILTE GAOIL.

A ghaoil! o'n chaidh thu astar uam  
'S trom airtnealach mo smuain,  
Tha m' inntinn-sa cho sàraichte  
Ri bàt' an onfhadh cuain,—  
A' cuimhneachadh do mhàrain rium  
'Bha tlàth le iomadh buaidh,  
A dh'fhàg a nis ro chràiteach mi  
'S do thàmhachd fada uam.  
Ach 's cuimhne leam-sa m' àilleagan  
Bhi 'tàmhachd 'n so air chuairt,  
'Nuair bha an samhradh 'dealradh oirnn  
Le ceòl, le blàth's, 's le snuadh;  
Is dubhar chraobh 'eur sgàile oirnn  
O'n t-Solus Aigh 'na chuairt,  
Far 'n tric a rinn sinn gàirdeachas  
Le inntinn chàirdeil, shuairc.  
O Thi! 'tha 'riaghladh fhreasdalan  
Dean mar is maith 'n ar eùis.—  
Do thoil ro naomha dh' iarradh sinn,  
A dh' iocadh dhuit-sa cliù;  
Is deònaich ann ad fhàbhar dhuinn  
Gu 'm faigh sinn fàth ar rùin:—  
Bhi cuideachd anns an fhàsach so  
An gràdh 's an comunn caomh.  
2nd October, 1869.

LILIDH NAN EILEAN.

— o —  
LEABHRAICAEAN URA GAILIG.

LAOIDHEAN EADAR-THEANGAICHTE  
O'N BHEURLA.

Air an cur a mach an Glaschu le G-  
Mac-na-Ceàrdadh, 62 Sràid Earraghaidh,  
eil.

'S leòir sealltuinn ris a' chlàr-innsidh  
air son cliù choitchinn an Leabhair  
so fhaotainn a mach. Tha a' chuid a's

mò de na Laoidhibh air an eadar-  
theangachadh le "laoich mhòr ainmeil  
na Gàilig," an t-Olla Urr. T. MacLeòid  
nach maireann, an t-Olla I. MacLeòid  
's a' Mharairne, an t-Urr. G. Cléireach  
an Cille-mhàilli, ainmean a tha urras-  
ach air fiach nan Laoidhean. Tha iad  
air an cur ri chéile air son a bhi air an  
seinn ('s e sin dòchas an fhir-chruinn-  
eachaidh) ann an aoradh follaiseach  
maille ri bhi feumail ann an aoradh  
teaghlaich. Tha na Gàidheil cho  
*leanailteach air cleachdadh*, 's gu sòn-  
ruichte 'nuair a tha iad 'ga mheas  
ceart, 's gu 'm bheil eagal oirnn nach  
h-ann air son an fheum ud a's mò a  
dh' iarradh iad sealbh air an Leabhar.  
Gidheadh tha iad gu nàdurra gràdhach  
air ceòl; agus tha sinn cinnteach gu 'm  
faigh iad ann an so Laoidhean tarbhach  
agus beathail air an eadar-theangach-  
adh agus air an sgrìobhadh gu snasail.  
Tha "Bho bheanntan reòta Ghreen-  
land" le Mr. MacPhàidein fìor mhaith,  
—ruitheach agus litireil. Tha sinn a'  
deanamh gnè riaghailt de bhi a' cunnt-  
adh nam mearachdan (ma bhitheas aon  
idir ann) a gheibh sinn air dà thaobh-  
duilleig gach Leabhair ùir, do bhrìgh  
's gu 'm bheil e iomchuid dhuinn a  
bhi cho feumail 'sa tha e 'nar n-urrainn  
do sgrìobhadh coimhionta na Gàilig.  
Cha 'n eil sinn 'g ar meas *fèin* coimh-  
ionta ni 's mò na mòran eile. 'S e am  
modh seasnach a tha sinn a' cur f' ar  
comhair, am modh sgrìobhadh a tha  
air a chleachdadh anns na Deasachaidh-  
ibh a' s feàrr de 'n Bhìobull, agus a bha  
air a mheas ceart leis na h-Ollaibh  
Stiùbhart, Smith, is MacAoidh;—seadh,  
's iad sin na prìomhbhunabhasa coit-  
chionn ris an do ghabh iadsan. A thaobh  
nan Laoidhean so tha iad air an sgrìobh-  
adh gu ro-chothromach; 'sairidh am fear-  
cruinneachaidh air cliù. Gidheadh air  
an ceud thaobh-duilleig a bhàrr air  
nithibh teagmhach eile gheibh sinn am  
focal "dhleasnais" air a mhi-litireach-  
adh; bu chòir, a réir gnè fuaim na  
caainte, dà n a bhi ann. A ris air an

\* Bho 'n earrainn so tuigidh an leughadair gur h-e "Mac  
Choinnich mòr Chinn-tàile" is ceann-cinnidh do Mhàiri;  
agus nach còrdadh e ris an Fhìn' usail sin an ribhinn  
sheircèil ud fhaicinn air a mealladh le coigreach mar  
bha Niall.

duilleig mu dheireadh gheibh sinn “amhuinn” air a mhi-litreachadh; 's e b a bu chòir a bhì 'n àite *m* gu bhì 'deanamh atharrachaidh cadar *river* agus “amhuinn,” *furnace*. 'S ann air son sgrìobhadh na càinaine a bhì coimhionta agus aon-chruthach a tha sinn a' toirt nan nithean so fainear.

### SEACHD COIREACHAN A TA CUMANTA.

GEARAN, DROCH-NADUR, NEO-SHUIMEAL-EACHD, FEIN-CHUISEACHD, ANBHARR' IOMGAIN, LEISG, FEIN-THIOL.

Le Seumas Erasmus Phillips, M.A. Eadar-theangaichte gu Gàilig (le cead an ùghdair) le Eobhan Maccolla, Pears' Eaglais De sg'ireachd Easbuig Earra-ghàidheal, 's nan Eilean, 's a frithealadh a' n Eaglais a Ghearasdain, 'an Loch Aber. Air a chur a mach leis a' Chomunn Urramach 'an Lunnainn a ta air son Eolais Chrìosdail a mbeudachadh.

'S e leabhar luachmhor a tha an so; tha a luach a' co-sheasamh gu mòr ann e bhì a' beantuinn ri uile a tha cho sgriosail 's cho tric am measg dhaoine. Bidh daoine a' strì ris na coireannaibh so a chur á bith le teagasgaibh feallsanachd agus subhail, 's leir dhuinn gur h-e an leigheas a tha Mr. Phillips a' moladh an t-aon ni cifeachdach air an son. Tha e 'gan toirt f' ar comhair, aon an déigh aon, ann an solus teaguisg shoisgeulaich, 's a' nochdadh na dòigh air an gabh iad a bhì air an caitheamh ás. A thaobh an cadar-theangachaidh tha a' chuid so de 'n leabhar air a deanamh mar nach òc. Tha e simplidh, nàdurra, agus so-thuigsinn. 'S e so fèin a' phrìomhbhunabbas ri 'thoirt fainear ann an cadar-theangachadh maille ri aire bhreithneachail do bhrìgh an ùghdair. Anns a' chuid so rinn Mr. Maccolla a ghnìomh gu taitneach. Ach tha sinn 'ga mheas 'n a dhleasannas iomradh a dheanamh air mearachdaibh sgrìobhaidh an leabhair. Tha uiread a dh'fhoclaibh air an mi-

litreachadh, anns a' chuid a's mò tha sinn a' creidsinn le fear a' chlobhualaidh, gus nach biodh e 'n a cheartas do 'n ùghdar na mearachdan lionmhor a tha ann ainmeachaidh.

'Tha sinn a' toirt nam mìrean priseil a leanas as an leabhar:—

“GEARAN.”

“Cha bu chòir gu'n chluinnteadh fuaim gearain ann an teaghlach chrìosdail air bith. Cronaichibh 'ur clann air-a shon mata;—aig àm iomchuidh, agus 'nuair 'tha cothrom freagarrach a tighinn 's an rathad—cronaichibh 'ur cairdean air a shon; oir ma 'tha Gnàth' fhacail Sholaimh ag ràdh: ‘An tì a chronaicheas duine, na dhéigh sin gheibh e ni 's mò do dheagh-ghean na esan a ni miodal le, theangaidh.’”

“Tha nadur-gearanach *fior-chronail* do 'n chaithe-beatha dhiadhaidh.. Tha e 'cur mòr-bhadh air meudachadh grais. Tha e toirt oirnn a dhì-chuimhnachadh gu bheil sinn daonnan fo chùram Freasdal De. Tha gearan 'gar deanadh mi-iomchuidhairson urnuigh.”

“Tha fhios agaibh 'gur e ar Slàn-ùighfhear Beannaichte 'ur n-Eisimpleir anns an ni so co math 's anns gach ni eile. Dh' fhuiling Esan ann an iomadh doigh, 's ann an caochladh inbhe,—seadh ged bu tàireil, sgainmealach an gnàthachadh a fhuair E bitheanda,—gidheadh *aon uair cha d' thàinig* gearan o bhilibh Iosa Crìosd.”

“DROCH-NADUR.”

“Tha chuid is mò againn buailteach d' on dara h-aon de 'na buairidhean a dh' ainmich mi (am bheil mi 'm mearachd sa chuis so?). Tha sinn an darna cuid 'toirt gèill do dhroch nadur a tha briseadh a mach a'm feirg gun chiall gun riaghailt,—no do dhroch nadur a tha 'ga nochdadh fein ann an gruaimiche, coimheasachd, agus dùire.”

“LEISG.”

“Bha na naoimh bho shean ag éiridh gu moch. Tha 'n sgrìobtur a toirt dearbhaidh gu leor gu 'n robh. B'ann moch 'sa mhaduinn a chunnaic Abram

athair nan Creidich, an smuid a bha 'g éiridh suas gu neamh a luathre bailtean a chomhnaidh. B'ann moch 's a mhaduinn a dh' fhalbh e, le ordugh Dhe, chum gu 'n iobradh e do 'n Uile-chumhachdach ionmhas gràdhach a chridhe, seadh a leanabh Isaac. B'ann moch 'sa mhaduinn a chur Iacob suas an carragh cloiche air an do leag e cheann ré na h-oidhche, chum gu 'm biodh i 'na cuimhneachan taingevalais air a bheannachadh 's air na sochairean a gheall Dia dha. \* \* \* Tha e air ainmeachadh trì uairean gu 'n robh Ioshua a' neach a chuireadh an àite Mhaois, ag éiridh gu mòch. Bha leithid do ghradh aig Iob d'a chloinn, 's gu 'n robh e 'g éiridh moch 'sa mhaduinn a thagradh 's a dh' urnuigh ri Dia air an son. Agus cha b'e cleachdadh ainmic a bha 'n so. Tha e air innseadh dhuinn gu 'n d' rinn "Iob mar so an comhnuidh."

"Tha sinn a leughadh mu aon àm aig an d' éirich ar Slanuighear fada roimh latha. \* \* 'S iad ceud uairean an latha a's fearr 's a's ùrala. Cha n-eil còir air bhith againn an cumail bh' Uaithe." "Bha e riamh 'na chleachdadh aig Eaglais Chrìosd a bhi 'toirt misnich agus cothroim d'a cuid sluaigh air son aoraidh follaiseach maidne, co math ri aoradh diomhair an t-seomair." "Tha e daonnan a coimhearlachadh d' a cuid sluaigh, ùralachd an latha 'thoirt do sheirbheis aoraidh Dhé." "Bu chòir e 'bhi 'na riaghailt againn, dol gu aoradh folluiseach, an car a's lugha, dà uair air Là 'n Tigh-earna; ach mur urrain sinn dol dà uair, deanamaid roghainn de 'n mhaduinn."

"Cha n-eil namhaid a's mìosa aig an urnuigh uaignich, na 'n leisg; agus esan a ta 'tighinn le cabhaig do thigh Dhé, cia-mar is urrainn e dol gu suidhichte 's gu socair troimh an aidmheil choit-chionn sin air peacadh—"

LEABHRAICHEAN A' TIGHINN A MACH.—  
Tha ni a bhitheas nuadh do na Gàidheil—  
"Almanaic Ghàilig"—a' tighinn a

mach an dràs, air a deasachadh, tha sinn a' tuigsinn, leis an Urr. U. Ros, am Baile-Bhòid. Tha Leabhar Urnuigh Charsueil, a bha 'n a ghnè Easbuig air Earraghaidheal 's na h-Eileibh aig àm an Ath-leasachaidh, 'g a chur an clò as ùr fo ullachadh an Olla T. Mac Lachlainn. 'S e so an ceud leabhar Gàilig a chaidh a chur an clò riamh. Tha sinn a' tuigsinn gur h-ann an Caisteal Inbher-Aoraidh a tha am M.S. a's aosda de 'n Leabhar; agus gur h-e ball èarnais a's measaile a tha aig an Diùc. A bhàrr air eadar-theangachadh nan Albannach Urramach tha mar an ceudna eachdraidh eaglais na h-Alba, 's an aon leabhar leis an Olla Mac Aoidh; tha an leabhar fiachail so a nis ach gann crìochnaichte. Tha neach sònruichte ag iomradh mar an ceudna gu 'm bheil e ri Laoidhibh agus ri Dànaibh D. Chamaron nach maircann a bha 'n a mhaighstear sgoile an Uibhist a chur a mach. Tha "Cian-dhàin" (Neniae) le N. Mac Néill a bha air an gealltuinn o cheann fhada gu bhi mach gun dàil. Air dha ath-smuaineachadh rùnaich an t-ùghdar trì dàin eile, am measg am bheil a' cheud Phàirt de Dhuan-Mòr air "Emanuel," a chur a mach maille ris na "Cian-dhàin." Tha sinn a' tuigsinn gu 'm bheil "Beath-Eachdraidh Chalum-chille" a thòisich air tighinn a mach anns "A' Ghàidheal" le A. Camaron nach maircann air a cur a mach air dhòigh eile an Dunéideann.

#### ORAID GHAILIG.

Air a' chuigeamh là de 'n Mhàrt bha Oraid air "Saobh-bharailibh agus Sgeulachdaibh na Gàidhealtachd" air a lùbhairt ann an Glaschu leis an Urramach Raibeart Blàrach, M. A., ministèir Eaglais Chalum-chille. Bha an talla làn do luchd-éisdeachd a bha 'nochdadh gu tric, fhad 'sa bha Mr. Blàrach a' labhairt, cho taitneach 's a bha e dhoibh a bhi 'cluinntinn iom-

raidh fhileanta air nithibh a b' e tlachd agus annsachd an òige. Bha 'n t-Uasal còir D. Mac-a'-Mhaighsteir 's a' chathair. Bhean Mr. Blàrach ann an roimh-ràdh gearr, ach a bha farsuinn, snasbhriathrach, ris na h-atharrachaidhibh a thàinig air a' Ghàidhealtachd, a' comharrachadh a mach nan seadhan anns an robh iad feumail agus anns nach robh. Chaidh e 'n sin air aghaidh gu labhairt air na sgeulachdaibh a bha aon uair coitchionn aig cagailt nan Gàidheal, a' nochdadh gu 'm faighteadh annta dòigh ghleusda, gheur-chuiseach air nithibh fhaotainn a mach. Am measg mhòran nithe eile labhair e air "Giseagaibh," "Droch-chòmhal-tas," "Droch-shùil," "Buidseachas," "Taibhsean," "Ullaidhean," "Daoine fo gheasaibh," "Dà shealladh," agus an còrr. Thug Mr. Blàrach mineachadh teagasgail agus feumail uapa sud fa leth a thug luathghàir tric aoibhneach o'n chruinneachadh mhòr Ghàidheal a bha 'n làthair. Chaidh guth cridheil tainge a thoirt do'n Oraidiche aig an deireadh, agus air do'n ni cheudna bhì air a thoirt do Fhear-na-cathrach, sgaoil a' chuideachd.

#### BAS UAISLEAN GAIDHEALACH.

'Sann le fìor bhròn a tha siun a' deanamh gearr-iomraidh ann an so air bàs nan uasal grinn', an t-Urramach D. Mac-'Illeathain, Gleannurchaidh; A. Mac-a-Phearsoin, eadar - theangair Leabhar na Ban-rìgh; Alasdair Camaron, Sgrìobhaiche am Port-rìgh, agus Uilleam Mac Coinnich, an Leabhar-reic-eadair. Rinn Mr. Mac Coinnich mòran air son sgrìobhaidhean feumail, luachmhor a sgaioleadh feadh na Gàidhealtachd. Chuir e a mach "Turas a' Chrìosduidh" ann an clò mòr farsuinn le deilbh òirdheare nach fhacas le leabhraichibh Gàilig riamh roimhe. A bharrachd air feadhainn eile tha mar an ceudna "Eachdraidh Eaglais na h-Alba maille ri Eachdraidh [nan Albannach

Urramach" sgrìobhta leis an Olla M. Mac Aoidh, air a cur a mach leis. Tha 'n obair fhiachail so a nis ach beag crìochnaichte. Do Ghàidheil feadh taobh tuath Alba tha ainm Mhr. Camarain glé aithnichte. Bha e ré ùine 'n a sgrìobhaiche ann an Loch-na-Madadh an Uibhist; agus tha cuimhne thaitneach aig na thàinig 'n a rathad air a chaoimhneileachd. Sgrìobh e "Eachdraidh an Eilein Sgiathanaich." agus "Beath-Eachdraidh Chaluimchille." 'Sann 's A' GAIDHEAL a thàinig an ceud dà Chaibideil de 'n Leabhar mu dheireadh a mach. Cha robh ann an Mr. Camaron ach duine òg 'n uair a dh' fhalbh e; tha a bhàs 'n a chall mòr do sgrìobhaidhibh na Gàilig. 'S milis cuimhne a luchd-eòlais air Mr. Mac-a-Phearsoin. Bha e 'n a sgoilear Gàilig ro-aithnichte—cho aithnichte 's gu 'n do mholadh e do 'n Bhan-rìgh mar eadar-theangair ro fhreagarrach air son a leabhair féin a bha i iartrasach a chur an Gàilig. 'S e 'n ceathramh neach mu 'm bheil againn ri facal a ràdh, an fìor bhàrd agus an fìor Chrìosdaidh Mr. Mac-'Illeathain. Dh' fhalbh esan, mòr ann an làithibh agus ann am measg, a' giùlan sguaban troma. Bha e 'n a shearmonaiche tarbhach. Bidh iomradh ann an àireamh ri teachd air a dheanamh air a bhàrdachd. Bha na h-uasail ghasda so uile, air falbh o cheann ghoirid as ar measg, gach neach fa leth, 'n a fhìor Charaid do na Gàidheil 's d' an cànan. Gu na fada deagh chuimhne air an ainmibh!

COMHAIRLE AN T-SCAN-DUINE D'A MHAIC AIR  
DHA BHI 'DOL A DH' IARRAIDH MUATHA:—

Seachain—

Té uallach nam fàinean,  
Té enap air muineal,  
Glog air sitig,  
Pobaire na totach, ach,  
Té bheag odhar  
An doras a sabhail féin,  
Na sir 's na seachain.

# AN GAIDHEAL.

I LEABH.]

TREAS MIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1872.

[5 AIR.

## MU NA SEANN GHAIÐHEIL.

v.

Mu thoiseach na seachdamh linne bha ceithir fineachan a chòmhnuidh an taobh tuath Bhreatainn: b' iad sin na *Picti*, na *Scoti* na Breatannaich agus na *h-Anglaich* no na Goill. B' iad na *Picti* 'bu lionmhoire agus 'bu treise dhe na fineachaibh so. Bha ceann tuath na h-Alba gu h-iomlan aca tuath air Cluaidh agus caolas na Friu ach a mhàin Earraghàidheal a bha aig na *Scoti*. Bha na *Scoti* an seilbh air Earraghàidheal agus Ile maille ri pàirt de'n Eilean Mhuileach agus Eileanaibh beaga eile.—Bha na Breatannaich an Strath-Chluaidh agus an Dun-Breatann agus an ceann an iardheas na h-Alba.—Agus bha na *h-Anglaich* anns an tìr gu deas air caolas na Friu ris an abairteadh Braighnich (*Bernicia*) leis na seann Bhreatainnich, dùthaich a tha nis 'deanadh suas siorramachdan *Haddington*, *Dun-Eidinn* agus *Linn-Liobhainn*, ris an abrar gu coitchionn na trì *Lothianan* maille ri *Berwick* agus *Roxburgh*, fearann a choisinn iad leis a' chlaidheamh o na *Picti* mu'n bhliadhna A.D. 547 'n nair a thàinig "Ida nam bratach teine" le 'chuid Ghall do thaobh Deas na h-Alba. B' e so cend theachd nan Gall, no nan coigreach o Lochlainn agus o'n Ghearmailt gu tuineachas a ghabhail anns an dùthaich. Tha sliochd nan Gall so a' chòmhnuidh anns an tìr ud gus an là an dingh. Is ann á *Northumberland* an Sasunn a thàinig iad a stigh do thaobh Deas na h-Alba. B' àbhaist cogadh a bhì aig na Gaill *Anglach* so ris na *Pictich* mu thimchioll an fhearainn, agus bha aon chath fuil-

teach aca air 20mh là de'n Mhàigh, A.D. 686, aig *Linne Gharbhain* ann an Siorramachd Aonghais, anns an do choisinn na Gàidheil Phicteacha' bhuidh agus an do mharbhadh *Egfrid* mac *Oswy* rìgh nan *Gall Sasunnach* maille ris a' chuid dhe 'armailt. B' e Bruidhe a bha 'na rìgh air na *Picti* aig an àm sin, agus bha uachdaranachd aige thairis air Eileanaibh *Arcaimh*. Mu thimchioll dà fhichead bliadhna an déigh sin A.D. 729, thàinig Aonghas Mac Fhearghais gu bhì 'na rìgh 'bu mhò agus 'bu chumhachdaiche a bha am measg nan seann rìghrean Gàidhealach. Cheannsaich e gach aon de na Cinn-fheadhna ris an abairteadh rìghrean beaga 's an àm sin, agus thug e iad fo ghéill da féin mar an "t-Ard-rìgh" ni's mò na b' àbhuist doibh a bhì roimhe sin. Mu'n bhliadhna 733 chaidh e a chogadh ris na *Scoti* an Earraghàidheal, cheannsaich e dùthaich *Latharna* agus *Chapadail*, agus thug e na *Scoti* fo chis do féin, agus chur e aon de a theaghlach féin d' am b' ainm *Aodhan* 'na rìgh os ceann na tìre sin. Theirear "Rìgh Albainn" ri Aonghas leis na seanachaidhibh Eirionnach, agus gun teagamh b' esan 'bu treise agus 'bu chumhachdaiche de na seann rìghribh agus is e a leag stéidh na Rìoghachd Albannaich mar a dh' fhàs i suas ann an linnibh an déigh sin. Thog e Eaglais ann an *Cillrimhin* agus mar an ceudna an àitibh eile, agus chuir e an rìoghachd aige féin fo chùram Naomh Aindreis agus mar onoir do'n Naomh so chuir e air leth mòran de mhaoin aimsir-eil mar bheathachadh do na h-Eaglaisibh a thog e.

Mu'n bhliadhna 794 thòisich na *Lochlannaich* o thuath air taomadh a



stigh air Eileanaibh na Gàidhealtachd, agus loisg iad I-Chaluim-chille, agus mharbh iad trì fichead agus ochd manach no pears'-Eaglais ann an I-Chaluim-chille. Thachair an gnìomh oillteil so anns a' bhliadhna 800, agus air an aobhar sin chuir Cusantin Rìgh nam *Picteach* snas Eaglais mhòr ann an Dun-Chaillein mar Phrìomh Eaglais na Rìoghachd. B' e *Cusantin* so ogha Aonghais Mhic Fhearghais rìgh nam *Picti*, agus thug e mòran fearainn do Eaglais Dhun-Chaillein. B' e so an rìgh ris an abradh an bàrd anns an Duan Albannach "An Curai calma Cusantin." Fhuair e bàs nu thimchioll na bliadhna 820 agus rìghaich Aonghas a bhràthair 'n a àit', oir b' e an seann lagh Albannaca gun tigeadh am bràthair an àite bràthar. An déigh sin thàinig a mhac féin agus mac a bhràthar gu bhli 'n an rìghribh, agus 'n uair a mharbh na *Lochlannaich* mac a bhràthar fhuair mic Bhargoid, a phiuthar, an rìoghachd, fear an déigh fir. B' e ainm a' cheud aoin *Fearchar* agus ainm an fhir eile *Bride* na *Bruidhe*. 'N an déigh-san do bhrìgh gu'n do theirig na h-oighreachan firionnach air na seann Rìghribh Pict-each fhuair Coinneach Mac Ailpein rìgh nan *Scoti* an Earraghaidheal an rìoghachd a chionn gu'm b' esan an t-oighre dligheach.

(Ri leantuinn.) D. B. B.

—o—

## OISEIN: A LINN AGUS A BHARDACHD.

(AIR LEANTUINN.)

Tha iognadh mòr air iomadh neach gu'm bheil beusan cho màlda, stuama ann an dàin Oisein, agus gun iomradh air bith annta air an Dia 'tha uile-chumbachdach. Bithidh e furasda an ni draghail so a réiteachadh le bhi a' cuimhneachadh gu'n robh na Gàidheil ré iomadh bliadhna agus ginealach air an teagasg leis na Druidibh subhaile, geamuuidh. Cha 'n e daoine cealgach, saobh-chràbhach a bha annta mar

chunnaic sinn cheana. B' ann doibhsan a thigeadh e luadh a dheanamh air nithean naomba. B' e so dreuchd is dleasdanas nan Druidhean. Is ann eadardhealaichte gu mòr bho so a bha seirbheis nam filidhean ceòlmhor, mòr ghaisge nan triath, is euchdan eireachdail nan daoine meamnach a dh' eug 's a choisinn dachaidh nam flath, a sheinn ann an rannan fonnmhor, ceileireach a chum treubhantas eiridinn ann an anam gach laoiach, agus brosnuchadh a thoirt seachad ann an garbh-chunnart nan sleagh; b' e so gairm is drenchd nan Bàrd. Tha Oisein, ma ta, a' coimhlionadh gu fìor àbhaist nam filidhean Gàidhealach 'n uair tha e a' seachnadh gach smuain chràbhaich, ged b' e so fiamb a bu dealraiche agus sgeadachadh a b' àille snuadh a b' urrainn do smuaintean àrda 's do dhàin mhòrail a chaitheamh.

Ach is i a' cheist a's mò a thog de bhruaillean ann an inntinnean nan Sasunnach 's nan Gall, "Cionnus a thàinig dàin cho lionmhor agus cho fada ri dàin Oisein a nuas troimh cheò is troimh dhorchadas nan linntean?" Ged dh'aidicheamaid gu'n do rìghaich Fionnghal an talla nan sonn, agus gu'n grad-éireadh na laoiach mu'n cuairt, 'n uair a ghlaeadh e sgiath chaomhail 'n a làimh 's a chluinnteadh sgreadh na màille cruaidhe, cionnus a b' urrainn do dhàin nan treun snàmh gu téaruinte thairis air ceò is dorchadas nam bliadhnachan liatha? Tha mòran gun teagamh a' crochadh air a' cheist so. Chunnaic sinn cheana gu h-aithghearr cia mar a d' éirich dealachadh am measg nan Gàidheal, agus a bha gach clann a' leantuinn 's a' toirt ùmhilachd do'n ceannard no'n ceannfeadhna féin, oir bha iad uile a' giùlan an aon sloinnidh.

Cha d' fhàs guth nam Bàrd tosdach an déigh do Oisein imeachd gu talla nan niall. Bha aig gach clann Bàrd doibh féin. Is ann bho ghaisgich na Féinne 'bha iad uile deònach a bhi 'tarruing an sùnnsearachd. Bu mhòr am meas a bha iad a' cur air òrain na Féinne, agus bha

na Bàird min-eòlach air dàin Oisein. Cha robh nì cho comasach air sunnd is aighear is greadhnachas a dhùsgadh ri caismeachd nan treun-laoch ann an àm spealtadh nan donn-sgiath. Bhitheadh na Bàird ann am meas mòr mar so, agus bhitheadh iad dealasach ann an òran na Féinne ionnsachadh gu poncail. Bha am mac a' leantuinn an athar anns an dreuchd so. Ach fendaidh neach feòraich, "Ciamar a b' urrainn do inntinn neach air bith cuimhne a ghleidheadh gu cinnteach neo-mhearachdach air dàin co fada?" Anns an latha anns am bheil sinne beò, tha e da rìreadh duilich duinn breth chothromach a thoirt air comas na h-inntinn 'n uair a tha e air a chur gu dùbhlán air a' mhodh so. Feumaidh sinn co dhiu, aideachadh gn'm fàs a' chuimhne ni's feàrr is ni's treise le cleachduinn. Bha na Bàird o thùs an làithean a' saothreachadh ann an rannan nan sean-laoch ionnsachadh. B'e so a b' obair doibh, agus cha'n iongantach ged bhitheadh iad ficanta ann an rannan nan sean-laoch a sheinn. Cha do thionail fòs, dorchadas co neulach, doilleir air Albainn 's a chòmhaich rìoghachdan eile ré ùine co fada. Calum-cill cràbhach agus manaich *Iona*—cha d' rinn iadsan tàir no dìmeas air dàin Oisein. Chum iad lèchran iùil is soluis, is eòlas a loisgeadh agus a sgaoileadh gathannan greadhnach ann an dùthchannan eile. Cha'n' eil an smuain gun bhunchar gu'n do sgrìobh iad sìos na dàin a bha air an seinn le mòran, agus gu'n do chuidich iad no sgeòil a dh' aithris Oisein *o am o aois* aiseag a nuas thar stuadhan ciar-ghlas nan linn-tean. Thàinig, mar so, làithean a chaidh thairis a nuas, 's chaidh cuimhne a chur air àm nan triath, nan seòd, nam flath is threun ghasda nan gnìomh. Ann an oidheachan fada a gheamhraidh, am feadh a bha teine aoidheil a' deanamh teach nan Gàidheal sunndach is àireamh mhòr mu thimchioll, is iad dàin Oisein is moladh na Féinne a bu chulaidh shùgraidh do'n chnideachd bhlàth-

chridheach a bha an làthair. Cha robh teagamh air bith acasan mu dhéibhinn Oisein is na Féinne.

An déigh dhuinn na h-uiread a ràdh mu dhéibhinn Oisein fear-iùil nan cend agus fear-togail cliù mu mhac nan treun, tha sinn ullamh gu ni no dhà a chur an céill mu thimchioll Sheumais Ic-a'-Phearsainn, a dh'eadartheangaich bàrdachd na Féinne, agus a shaor i gu bràth bho sgleò na dì-chuimhne 'bha teàrnadh thairis oirre. Ged a b' éiginn da sgiath bhallach iomchar agus còmhraga bheumadh an aghaidh cruth Loduinn nan gorm lann, cha bhitheadh a chàs agus a shuidheachadh mòran ni bu chruadalàiche na bha e, 'n uair a dh' éirich feachd 'na aghaidh a' cur nithean uamhasach as a leth. Is e Mac Fhearghuis a bha rithist 'n a fhear-teagaisg ann an oil-thigh Dhùneidin, a dh' innis do *Home* 's iad 'n an oileanaich le chéile, gu'n robh air feadh na Gàidhealtachd bàrdachd mheasail, dhreachmhor a thàinig a nuas o aois a dh' aom. Bha Mac-a'-Phearsainn 'n a oide-fòghluim ann an teaghlach duine nasail d' am b' ainm *Grahame* faisg air Dùneidin. Thachair gu'n d' thàinig *Home* an rathad. Bha seanachas aige ri Mac-a'-Phearsainn, agus thug e air cuid de dhàin Oisein eadartheangachadh dha. Chunnaic *Home* air ball àilleachd is éireachdas nan dàn, agus nochd e iad do dhaoibh fòghluimte ann an Dùneidin. Mhosgail cridhe caoimhneil, faoilidh an Ollaimh Bhlàirich le iognadh, agus ghabh e Mac-a'-Phearsainn air làmh. Cho-éignich iad an Gàidheal bochd gu cuairt a ghabhail air feadh eileanan is tìr mòr Albainn, chum 's gu'n cruinnicheadh e na dàin a b' urrainn e a thrusadh. Bhuin iad gu càirdeil fial ri Mac-a'-Phearsainn; agus shoirbhich leis gu maith 'n a thurus. Thruis e mòran dhàn air a shlighe. Fhuair e cuid mar an cendna sgrìobhta, agus sgrìobh e féin no iadsan a bha maille ris, mòran eile bho aithris nan Gàidheal blàth-chridheach d' am bu tlachdmhor dàin nan

gaisgeach a sheinn. Le deifir mhòir agus chliùiteich dh'eadartheangaich e'n t-ionnhas mòr dhàn a chruinnich e. Buinidh gu dligeach do gach Gàidheal tèò-chridheach aig am bheil meas is suin do fhocail bhlàtha nam Bàrd a chaidh a labhairt ri gaisgich gun mheang agus a dhàisgeadh le 'm fonn am blàr, aium Sheumais Mhic-a'-Phearsainn a ghlèidheadh air chuimhne le spéis is mòr-urram. Chaidh Mac-a'-Phearsainn fa dheòidh a Lunnainn, chum gu'n cuireadh e obair a' Bhàird Ghàidhealaich ann an uidheam, agus gu'n cò-bhualadh e i, air dha a h-eadartheangachadh a dh'ionnsuidh na Beurla. Am feadh a bha e dichionnach anns a' ghnìomh so, dh' éirich còmhstri dhian mu dhéibhinn Oisein. Dh' fhàg Mac-a'-Phearsainn na dàin a dh'eadartheangaich e 'n am prìomh staid, mar thionail e féin iad anns a' Ghàidhealtachd, a chum cothrom a thoirt do gach neach leis am b' àill, a' chùis a rannsachadh air a shon féin. Thaom stoirm ghuineach mu 'cheann. Chuir iad as a leth gu'm b' e féin a b' àghdair do na dàin a bha e 'g ainmeachadh air Oisein. Bhitheadh e 'n a ni anabarrach iongantach gu'n rachadh Bàrd air bith a shireadh aium am measg nan Gàidheal a bha cheana cian 'n an ciar thalla féin, an trath a bha iomadh combarradh agus dearbhadh aige, gu'n coisneadh e cliù a bu mhò le bhí 'g an aideachadh e féin. Chaidh buidheann a ròghnachadh a chum an ni so fhuasgladh le bhí a' deanamb rannsachaidh am measg nan Gàidheal a dh' fheuchainn an robh aithne aca air Oisein 's air an Fhèinn. Bha na daoine lionmhor a bha mineòlach air combhional nan sgeul a bha ann, agus air mòr ghaisge Fhionnghail, Oseair, agus Ghuill an garbh-mheaghar a' chruaidh chòmhraig, nach cuala riamh ionradh air Mac-a'-Phearsainn no air a luchd-tuailéis. Ma bha Mac-a'-Phearsainn calma, uaibhreach agus àrdanach, cha b' ann gun aobhar. Rinn e seirbhis mhaith do Oisein. Tha e duilich beachd a thoirt air an dòigh anns an d'eadar-

theangaich e na dàin a fhuair e, bho nach 'eil iad a nis air sgeula; gidheadh tha combharradh againn an sud agus an so a tha a' dearbhadh gu soilleir nach robh e comasach d'asan molaidhean sìl Sheallamai nan curaidh nach b' fhann, a dbealbh air tùs. Gidheadh, aidichidh gach neach a leugh obair Mhic-a'-Phearsainn, gu'n robh intinn féin fileanta agus bàrdail ann an tomhas mòr.

Tha mi a' saoilinn nach 'eil e comasach do neach a stéidheachas aire gu dàrachdach air Oisein 's air a bhàrdachd, agus air gach ni a tha a' combarrachadh nan làithean anns an do mhosgail e farum nad teud ann an talla rìgh nan triath o shinnsearan mòra a' mhonaidh,—gun aideachadh gu'n do shein Oisein 's gun do thog rìgh Sheallamai 'n a aonar a làmh le feart.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

CONA.

## L A O I D H

LE H. BONAR.

Chuala mi guth Ios' ag ràdh  
Thig thugam is gabh fois;  
Leag sìos air m' uchd do cheann 's tu sgìth.  
Leag sìos e 's bi aig clos;  
Chum Iosa thàinig mar a bha,  
Sgìth, claidhte, agus trom,  
Is fhuair mi annsan ionad tàimh  
Is chuir e mi am fonn.

Chuala mi guth Ios' ag ràdh  
Fech bheir mi seach gu saor  
Do dh' uisge beò, crom sìos is òl  
Aig tobar àigh nach traigh.  
Chum Iosa thàinig agus dh' òl  
Do 'n t-sruthan bheò nach gann;  
Bha m' iota caisgt' is m' anam dhàisg  
Is beatha, th' agam ann.

Chuala mi guth Ios' ag ràdh  
Is mise soills' an t-saogh' il;  
Seal rium, 's a' mhaduin dealraidh ort.  
'S do là bidh geal a chaidh.  
Ri Iosa sheall mi agus fhuair  
Annsan mo reult, 's mo ghrian;  
'S an t-solus bheò sin gluaisidh mi  
Gu deireadh làith mo thriall.

Eadar-theangichte le R. B.



CANADA.

(Air leantuinn o "Chuairtear nan Gleann.")

Tha sinn leis na leanas a' crìochnachadh na bha againn ri thoirt o "Chuairtear nan Gleann" mu dhéidhinn Chanada. Tha nis deich bliadhna thar fhichead o'n chaidh so a sgrìobhadh, ach tha gach focal dheth a cheart cho freagarrach an diugh 's a bha e an uair sin. Ma tha atharrachadh 'sam bith 's a' chùis 'sann ni's feàrr agus ni's fàbharaidhe air son an fhir iomruich. Cha mhòr gu'm bheil ceàrn de'n dùthaich an diugh anns nach faighear pailteas de'n fhearann a's feàrr (a tha o cheann ghoirid air 'fhosgladh a mach) saor agus a nasgaidh.

Theagamh 's gu'm faod so tuiteam an làmhaibh iomadh neach do nach bi e comasach ceud àireamhan a' "Ghàidheil" fhaicinn, tha siun a' cur sìos an so beagan de'n bha 's a' "Ghàidheal" roimhe so. Ach co dhù "fuilgidh an sgeula math 'innseadh dà uair:"--

"Gun teagamh air bith 's i soan dùthaich a's freagaraiche do Ghàidheil dol, a tha 'cur rompa tìr an athraichean fhàgail. Cha'n 'eil cosnaiche slàn, fallain a tha eòlach air obair, agus toil-each obair a dheanadh nach faod fearann saor a bhi aige dha féin ann am fìor bheagan bhliadhnachan, agus a bhi cho cothromach, socrach, 's a 's miann leis, ged nach 'eil peighinn air a shiubhal, ma bheir e 'n aire dha féin; 's ma tha e glic grundail, faodaidh e chur cùl a làimhe an ceann trì no ceithir a bhliadhnachan na chuireas 'n a chomas àite seasgar fhaotainn da féin agus a ràdh: "Tha mi nis air mo dhùnan féin agus feuch cò a chuireas dheth mi!"

Iadsan air nach 'eil airgid r' a thoirt leò, ach a tha 'dol a mach mar luchd-cosnaidh, chomhairlicheamaid iad a dh' fhalbh tràth 's a' bhliadhna, a' cheud chosnadh math a thachras orra ghabhail, iad a bhi foighidneach, seasmhach, fuireach 'nan luchd-oibre 's 'nan sgalagaibh gus an tug iad gu math

nàdur an fhuinn, nàdur na dùthaich 's an dòigh a' s feàrr gu cinneachadh, agus gu àite fhaotainn dhoibh féin.

Tha sinn 'ga innseadh mar fhirinn gu'm bheil daoine 's an dùthaich sin aig nach robh aona pheighinn an latha 'chaidh iad air tìr gun sgoil gun ionnsachadh; ach stuama, riaghailteach, seasmhach, saothaireach, agus ann an ceann trì bliadhna, aig an robh leth-dusan mart, mucan. eunlaith agus a' h-nìle goireas a b' urrainn doibh iarraidh. Ma thogras duine air bith an ainm fheòraich, bheir sinu doibh an ainm 's an sloinneadh agus an t-àit' as an d' fhalbh iad.

Iadsan is urrainn beagan airgid a thoirt leò, na cheannaicheas fichead no leth-cheud acair, agus is urrainn pòr agus cairneis-tighe a cheannach, agus an teaghlaichean a chumail suas fad dà no trì bhliadhnachan, cha'n 'eil dùthaich 's an t-saoghal anns an asa do neach de'n t-seòrsa so éiridh o cheum gu ceum gu cothrom àrd, na ann an Canada: 'se sin ma chuireas e mach a chuid airgid le faicill agus aire. Neach air bith is urrainn ceud, no dà cheud pùnd sasunnach a thoirt leis, agus a chuireas a mach e ann am fearann le tìr, cha'n eagal da, 's éigin gu'n éirich e gu cothrom agus gu saobhbheas. Ach tha mòran a' dol thairis do America agus do chearnaibh eile, nach d' rinn maith riamh 'nan dùthaich féin—'s cha mhò a ni iad math ann an dùthaich eile. 'Sminic a chuala sinn "Am fear a tha carrach 's a' bhaile bhos bidh e carrach 's a' bhaile ud thall:" am fear a tha leisg linn-dach an Albuinn, 's nach do shoirbhich an so, cha 'mhò théid a' chùis leis thall. Tha seòrsa do dhaoine 's a' Ghàidhealtachd 'tha 'cur seachad a' chuid a's feàrr d' an làithean ann an amaideachd—sealgaireachd air monadh, gunnaireachd air cladach—le abhagan 'nan déigh air tòir bhéise dubha, chat-fhiadhaich agus shionnach; a' luingeareachd air bhàtaichean, ag òl leth-bhodach an so 's leth-bhodach

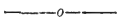
an sud, nach dùraichd an làmh a chur ri obair air bith, mur gabh iad ràchdan feòir car tiota 's an fhogharadh, no speal car treis 'sa' mhaduinn—a cheann-chas air uairibh gamhain firionn an sud 's an so—leth dhuin-nasal agus leth-dhròbhair—'na fhleasgach air gach banais—a thogas òran math, agus a dhannsas gu gasda, agus an sin a phòsas. Tha a' bhoehduinn a' tighinn gu grad air—'s éiginn dol do America no do Australia. Nis deir sinn riù so ann an clàr an aodainn, cha 'n i sin an dùthaich idir a fhreagras doibhsan; cha 'n eil Canada a' toirt mil a's bainne do gach neach gun saothair, mar a bha tir na h-Eiphit o shean. Tha cuid a dhaoine mar gum biodh dùil aca gu 'n robh spàin airgid air a cur an làmh gach neach 'nuair ruigeas e tir chéin—agus nach 'el dad aige r'a dheanamh ach suidhe sìos, ithe agus òl, agus a bhì subhach. Cha 'n ann mar sin idir. Do 'n duine eusgaidh stuama, shaoth-air each, dheanadach, chruadalach, tha Canada, 'n àite math; ach do'n lunn-daire cha 'n eil ann àite 's miosa. Tha e 'toirt droch ainm air America-mu-thuath, agus do cheàrnaibh eile, gu bheil mòran a' dol ann nach cinnich-eadh ann an àit air bith. Chunnaic sinn an diugh féin mòran fhigheadairean (tha a' chòis air atharrachadh bhò 'n chaidh so a sgrìobhadh, gheibh eadhon an seòrsa so fhéin pailteas de 'n obair nis 'n robh iad cleachda an Canada an diugh) am buinntir Ghlaschu a' falbh le 'n teaghlaichean, agus bu bhoehd an sealladh e—daoine nach urrainn ruamhar no cur no eliathadh—daoine nach do laimhsich tuadh, no tàl, no speal, no corran riabh—am basan co min ris an t-sìoda—daoine boehda lag, nach gearradh dìthis diubh craobh ann an seachdain, nach b' urrainn aon oidhebe chur seachad fo fhasgadh creige gun bhì air am meil-eachadh le fuachd; agus mnathan boehda fann leò, nach do chuir cas air cuibhle riabh, nach do bhleodhain mart

o 'n àm an d'rugadh iad. Co cinnt-each 's a dh' fhalbh iad so, 's ann gu boehduinn agus truaighe ni 's miosa na dh' fhàg iad.

Tha iomad ni is còir dhoibhsan air a' bheil miann dol thairis, a thoirt leò, ach do na h-uile nithe 's e ni a's prìseala 's urrainn duine thoirt leis do 'n àite sin no do dh' àite eile, *deagh bhean*. Tha so 'na bheannachadh mòr anns gach dùthaich, ach as eugmhais mnà maith ann an tìr ùr do 'n t-seòrsa so, 's gann gu bheil e comasach do neach cinneachadh na éiridh gu cothrom. 'S i luideag bhoehd uasal, chuideil, leisg, spòrsail do mhnaoi, té nach cuir a làmh ris gach fearas-tighe 'thig 'na rathad, an aona chlach-thuislidh a's miosa 's urrainn teachd an slighe duine san àite so.—Na mnathan sin a thogadh gu h-usal, feadhain eile 'freasdal doibh, a chleachd aodach rionnach agus lòn sòghail, 'n an sìneadh air uir-ighean sìoda, a' leughamh leabhraichean, le 'n làmhainean geala leathraich air am basan mine—b' e 'n amaideachd do dhuine le gòraig chuideil do 'n t-seòrsa sin dol do thìr ùir: bha e cho-math dha dol do 'n choille le cloich-mhuilinn m'a mhuineal. 'S i a' bhana-choisniche sgairteil, thapaidh eusgaidh, an t-aon ni a's prìseala 's urrainn duine thoirt leis—'s huachmhoire i so na a eudthrom do dh' òr—té gun uail gun stràic, is urrainn a bhì aighearach sùndach, ged nach 'eil e comasach dhì dol air chéilidh o thig gu tigh—té a laimhsicheas, ma 's éiginn e, caipe no gràp, no coran no tuadh, a bhleòdhnas bò, a ni 'n t-im 's an càise, a bheath-aicheas mucan agus eunlaith, a spealgas connadh ma 's éiginn, agus a leagas craobh. 'S iomad ni is éigin do mhnaoi mhaith an tuathanaich ann an Canada a dheanamh. Imridh i bhì eòlach air siùcar agus siabunn, coinulean, aran, agus ioma ni eile, gun tighin air clàdadh agus snìomh. 'S éiginn dhì bhì eòlach air feòil agus iasg a shailleadh—tha e feumail gu 'm bhì i eòlach air

clò agus aodach a dhath ann an guirm-ean, màdar no scàrlaid, gu'n luaidh i e; gu'n gearr i e, gu'm fuaigh i, cha 'ne amhain cota-bàn a's clia'-beag dhi féin, ach aodach do na caileagan agus do na balachain, ach 's éiginn gu'n cum, gu'n gearr 's gu'm fuaigh i briogais d' a fear, agus cota-mòr agus osain; ann an aon fhacal gu'm bi i cosmhuil r'a sin-seanmhair, comasach air a làmh a chur ris gach nì. 'S éiginn gu'm bi i aoidheil cridheil, gun ghruaim gun ghearan ged nach robh cupa *tea* r' a fhaotainn, no aran cruineachd, ach gabhail mar a thig. An duine aig a' bheil bean de 'n t-seòrsa so, ma tha e féin mar bu chòir dha, 'n a chosnaiche math, a' gearradh chraobh, a' réiteachadh an fhearainn, a' ruamhar, a' cur 's a' cliathadh; ma chì e sean aois, chì se e féin ann an cothrom air nach ruig fear-cosnaidh gu dilinn 's an àite so. Tha h-uile pàisde mar thig e air aghart 'n a chulaidh-stòrais da, 'n a bhuanachd agus 'n a bheannachd. Ma tha 'n teaghlach so cuimhneach air an Dia, ag iarraidh a bheannachd, a' cur onoir air a latha naomh, air 'òrduighean naomh, is sona iad; bithidh piseach an déigh an saothaireach, bidh beannachadh Dhé fo aon fhàrdaich leò.

Bidh piseach air an fhìrean chòir,  
 Mar phàilm-chrann ùrar glas;  
 Mar sheudar àrd air Lebanon,  
 A' fàs gu dìreach bras.



LITIR O RUNASDACH.

FHIR MO CHRIDHE,

Thàinig an Gàidheil còir a stigh an latha roimhe is thèid mise an urras gu'n deachaidh furan fàilte a chur air. Agus cha 'n ann ri brosgul no ri sotal a tha mi mar their mi gur h-airidh e air fàilte chridheil fhaotainn aig gach cagailt far am bheil Gàidhlig air a labhairt is air a leughadh. Cha 'n 'eil mi ag ràdh gu'm bheil e saor o mhearachd, no gu'm bheil e air gach dòigh iomlan. Ach c' àite am bheil an nì talmhaidh a tha saor o mhearachd no iomlan?

Cha 'n aithne dhomhsa. Na'm biodh a leithid sin do ni ri 'fhaotainn, bhithheadh e am measg seachd iongantais an t-saoghail, agus b' fhiach e an t-saothair dol ni b' fhaide na "thar trì chriochea baile" gu 'fhaicinn. Tha mi an dòchas air an aobhar sin ann an àite a bhi 'stri ri coire fhaotainn, gur h-ann a chuireas gach Gàidheil a ghualainn ris a' ghnothach gus an oidhirp chluinnteach agaibh a dheanadh cho iomlan is a tha i comasach a bhi. Tha e air a chur as leth 'ur luchd dùthcha, gu'm bheil iad anabarrach déigh-eil gu bhi a' cur buille air a chéile a thaobh sgoileireachd Gàidhlig. Tha e air a ràdh ma tha neach air bith aig am bheil a bheag do dh' eòlas air cànan aosta na h-Alba, gur e a' cheud fheum a ni e do 'n eòlas sin, tòiseachadh air dearbhadh gu'n robh gach neach riamh a sgrìobh Gàidhlig an toiseach air féin tur ceàrr. Nach robh eòlas aca aon chuid air co-dhealbh na cànan no air a brìgh, nach b' aithne dha a litreachadh no a cur gu snasmhor an eagan a chéile. 'S i so barail nan Sasunnach mu'r déidhinn agus dha bheag a chulaidh spòrs a strìas cuid dhiubh a dheanadh mu'n chùis. Is cha 'n fheud mi a ràdh nach 'eil beagan aobhar aca air son am barail. Ach tha mi ann an làn dòchas nach bi an nì mar so ni 's fhaide, is gu'm faic sin gach Gàidheil cia be na baraidhean a th' aige, a' leigeil dheth a bhi a smàdadh muinntir eile, is le 'nìle chomas a deanadh na dh' fhaodas e gus an Gàidheil a dheanadh airidh air cànan agus cliù nan Finneachan. Tha fhios gu math "Gu'n saoil am fear a bhios 'na thàmh gur e 'làmh féin is fheàrr air an stiùir." Ach ni 's lugha na gu'm bheil a mbiann air am bàta a chur fodha, mar dean e cuideachadh, fanadh e 'n a thòsd. a chum is nach cuir e màradh air an stiùradair a tha 'deanadh a dhèichill, gu na trast chuislean mealltach agus na cuartagan taosgach, fliaradh air gualainn is slìasaid na fleasgairt, a tha mar fhaolan bhig a' leumnich 's a' g' éiridh air barraibh caorach geal nan tonnan uaibhreach, cùlghorm. Tha mi an dòchas a Ghàidheil rùnaich gu'n gabh sibh féin agus luchd-dùthcha mo ghaoil mo leth-sgeul air son labhairt air a mhodh so. Is tha fhios agam gu'n dean sibh sin mar a dh' innseas mi dhuibh an t-aobhar. Tha caraid fìachal agam anns a' bhaile, Gàidheil cho glan fìrinneach dileas 's a sheas riabh air balt broige. Tha e, faodaidh sibh bhì cinnteach, am measg luchd-leughaidh a' Ghàidheil; ach

cosmhuil ri iomadh aon eile tha e anabarrach moiteil as an eòlas mhìonaideach a tha aige air a' Ghàidhlig. Dh'aithnich e co a sgrìobh an litir a chuir mi gu' r n-ionnsuidh. Is ma dh' aithnich, 'se nach do chaomhain an neach a sgrìobh i. Cha robh coire fo 'n bhraiteach nach robh oirre. Cha robh sid ceart is cha robh so ceart. Ach mar thug e fàinear nach d' thug mi iomradh air a' "Chomunn Chòmhlach" chaidh e air bàinidh uile gu léir. 'S ann do mhuinntir Chòmhal e féin, is tha e 's an làn bharaill nach 'eil ceàrn eile 's an domhan mhòr cho maiseach ri Còmhal, no daoine eile air aghaidh na cruinne cho dìreach deas, is cho fearail treun ris na Còmhalach. Air an aobhar sin cha b' urrainn dha 'thuigsinn ciamar nach d' thug mi iomradh air a' chomunn mheasail sin. Cha chuireadh ni no neach iompaidh air nach b' ann le làn thoil a dh'fhàgadh a mach iad. Cha mhòr nach d' thug e an t-seiche dhìom, 'g am chàineadh is 'g am smàdadh. "Thusa," ars' esan "a sgoimire gun sgoinn ag gabhail ort féin fiosrachadh a thoirt mu gach comunn Gàidhealach 's a' bhaile, is a' chuideachd Chòmhlach a dhearmad. Nach 'eil fhios aig a' h-uile duine ris an fhiach duine a ràdh gur h-e Còmhal gu àraidh dùthaich na Féinne. Nach ann air son athair Fhinn a chaidh an t-ainm Còmhal a thoirt air a cheàrn mhaiseach sin do dh' Earraghaidheal? Nach 'eil so air a dhearbhadh gu soilleir le co liutha àite mu 'n cuairt a' chladaich o Ard-na-teine, gu Cill-Chatrìna a tha air ainmeachadh air Fionn. Nach 'eil gach "Sron nam Fiann" gach "Ardfhinn" is "Fionabhacan" seadh is "Loch Fhinn" féin (ris an abrar gu ceàrn a nis "Lochfiona,") a' dearbhadh cho cùramach 's a bha Triath àrd na Féinne, Fionn gun bheadh, a' dìon oighreachd athar. Is cha b' fhiach leatsa a bhuimileir gun mhodh a ghabhail ort gu 'n robh a leithid do dh' àite ri Còmhal ann, no Comunn Còmhlach anns a' bhaile." Ud. Ud, arsa mise, air d' athais a charaid chaoinh, nach fhada o'n a chualas "tuigidh an capull ceithir-chasach." Is ma bha an comunn agadas gun iomradh air cha b' e dì meas idir, ach dì-àire a b' aobhar." "Dì àire!" ars' esan. "An cualas a leithid?" "Ni air a chlà-bhualadh agus mearachdan de 'n t-seòrsa so ann! Nach bu chòir do ni a tha air a chlà-bhualadh a bhli saor o gach mearachd, is mur 'eil a' chùis mar sin cha 'n fhiach e gnùis a thoirt dha. Is beag a ghabhainn is am Fear-deasachaidh a ruigheachd agus toirt air mo chùig tasdain a

thoirt air an ais dhomh, ni 's lugha na gu 'n toir e dhomh a làmh nach bi an déigh so aon fhacal air a mhi-litreachadh, aon lide as a h-àite, no aon mhearachd a' cur mihaise air gnùis A' Ghàidheil" "Thalla, thalla, arsa mise, cha 'n e ni faoin a dh'fhòghnas leat, cha lugha na làn iomlaineachd, ach tha eagal orm "gu 'm bi a' chòir mar a chumar i"—is tha mi làn bheachdaidh nach ann air taobh duilleagan A' Ghàidheil a mhàin a tha mearachdan ri am faotainn. Is theagamb gu 'm bheil cuid do na nithean a tha thusa a' cur sìos mar mhearachdan ceart gu léir, ged a tha t-eòlas-sa cho neoiomlan air a' Ghàidhlig is nach aithnich thu mar tha an gnothach ceart. Ciod an riaghailt ris am bheil thu a' tomhas an uì? Tha dìreach ri do bharaill féin, agus nach fhéud e bhì gu 'm bheil barail neach eile a chearta cho fiachail ri do bharaill-sa. Gabh mo chomhairle-sa ma ta, agus an àite a bhì 'stri ri mearachdan faotainn ann an obair muinntir eile, ma tha 'mhiann ort aobhar na Gàidhlig, agus nan Gàidheal a sheasamb, cuir do ghualainn ris a' ghnothach is dean na dh'fhaodas tu gus na mearachdan a chur ni 's lugha, is gus An Gàidheal a dheanadh ni 's fiachala, is théid mis an urras dhuit, nach e mhàin gu 'm bi am Fear-deasachaidh ann ad chomain ach bheir gach neach aig am bheil gràdh d'a dhùthaich 'sd'a chàin cliù dhuit. Ach na smaointich air dol a thagradh nan cùig tasdain, oir tha Fear, deasachaidh A' Ghàidheil 'na dhùine geur-tapaidh a chunnaic roinn mhath de 'n t-saoghal is tha fhios aige ciod is ciall do "dh' eun an lùmh." "Ma tha e geur, tapaidh" fhreagair mo charaid, "bheir mise air gu 'n toir e do nàire asad-sa; ma 's e is nach sguir thu do bhì 'cur litrichean g' a ionnsaidh." Cha d' thubhairt mi féin diog, ach smaointich mi gu 'n robh sin ni b' as a ràdh na dheanadh, oir cha 'n eil e furasda nàire a thoirt as an neach ann nach 'eil i. Ach coma dh' fhalbh mo charaid ann an deagh shaoth is tha mi fiosrach nach e a' chiad aon a thionndaidheas a chùil air A' Ghàidheil. Ach smaointich mi an déigh dha m' fhàgail, gu 'r h-ann mar sud a tha muinntir tuillidh is deas a dheanadh. Gheibh iad coire, ach oidhirp cha toir iad air ni chur ceart, no a dheanadh ni 's feàrr. Tha mòran ann is tha iad mar am madadh 's a' phrasaich, cha 'n 'ith iad féin a chòmhlach ach cha leig iad do chreutair eile dol g' a còir. Tha féinealachd is farmad de 'n t-seòrsa so a' milleadh iomadh oidhirp

chliùiteich. Ni 's lugha na gu'm bi ni air a dheanadh anns gach puinc a réir na barail aca-san, tha iad lìonmhor nach toir air aon rathad gnùis, do dh'oidhirp air bith a tha air a deanamh air son math an t-sluaigh. "Is e sin an toll a mhill an t-seiche" a thaobh iomadh ni Gàidhealach. Ach tha mi sàr-thoilichte fhaicinn o na Freagaritean a thug sibhse seachad 's an àireamh mu dheireadh, gu'm bheil sibhse a' cur roimhibh nach éirich dhuibhse is do 'N Ghàidheal mar a dh' éirich do "Bhodach na h-asail." Tha mi ag iarraidh maitheanais air son uiread d'ur n-ùine luachmhoir a thoirt suas. Gabhaibh mo leth-sgeul ris na Comuinn Ghàidhealach eile air nach d' thug mi iomradh. Oir tha aon no dhà dhiu cho math ris a' Chomunn Chòmhlach air an do rinn mi dearmad. Tha Comunn Chlach-na-cuddin, as an còrr, a bu chòir a bhì 's an àireamh. Ach cha 'n eil agam air, ach aithreachadh gu'm bheil mise, cosmhuil ribh féin, buailteach do mhearachdan. Ach cha bu mhat leam air a thàilleabh sin gu'n cuir-eadh càrdean cùl rium. Slàn leibh. Rath is piseach gu'n robh oirbh. Buaidh is soirbheachadh leis A' Ghàidheal. Gu ma fada a bhitheas a' teachd air tùs gach mìos gu fàilte a chur oirnn. Is mi, 'ur deadh charaid,

RUNASDACH.

Glaschu air Cluaidh, }  
20mh de 'n Og-mhìos, 1872. }

## BEATHA-EACHDRAIDH

### CHALUIM-CHILLE

#### CÀIB. III.

'N a phearsa, bha Calum-Cille àrd duineil, agus eireachdail. Bha a ghuth binn, agus làidir; air chor is gu'n cluinnteadh e aig astar mòr. Bha e ro ghaolach air seinn nan Salm. Chluinnteadh gu poncail ann am Muile e, thairis air a' chaolas, 'nuair a bhitheadh e 'seinn nan Salm ann an I. Tha e air innseadh le a luchd-eachdraidh, aig aon àm, air do shagartaibh Drùidheil, agus Rìgh nam Pecht, ionnsuidh a thoirt air casgadh a chur air aoradh Chalum-Chille gu'n do sheinn é féin agus beagan do a bràithribh an cùigeamh Salm thar dà fhichead, air dhòigh cho drùidhteach, 's gu'n robh an Rìgh air a ghluasad gu

domhain, agus dh'ion e Calum-Cille o na sagartaibh, 's ghabh e ris gu caoimhneil. Chaidh Rìgh Brìd' iompachadh fo 'éisdeachd. Chalum-Chille, agus bhaisteadh e leis. Mar thoradh air so, bha e ro bhàigheil ri Calum-Cille, agus ri 'bhràithribh, agus thug e cead agus cuideachadh dhoibh airson searmonachaidh air feadh a Rìoghachd; agus tha e coltach gu'n robh e féin a' moladh a' chreidimh Chrìosdail d' a shluagh. Aig cùirt an Rìgh so, choinnich Calum-Cille ri prionnsa Eileanan Arcaibh (*Orkneys*), agus mhol e dha *Cormac*, fear d' a fhògh-lunaichibh, mar theachdair soisgeulach, a bheireadh e do na h-eileanaibh sin. Bha Calum-Cille agus a chompanaich ro shaoithreachail am measg bheanntan agus ghleanntan na Gàidhealtachd, a' craobh sgaoidheadh an t-soisgeil. Bha iad mar an ceudna gu tric a'seòladh air feadh nan Eileanan an Iar, a' searmonachadh, agus a' togail thighean-aoraidh anns gach eilean. Bha tlachd àraidh aige anns an Eilean Sgiathanach, àit' anns an deachaidh a shaothair gu mòr a bheannachadh. Tha cuuntas air a thoirt, gu'n robh e latha a' searmonachadh 's an eilean sin faisg air a' chladach, 's gu'n do ghlaodh e mach, "Mo chlaun, chì sibh an diugh ceann-feadhna aosda, a chum rè a bheatha gu cùramach an lagh nàdurra, a' teachd gu bhì air a bhaisteadh agus gu bàsachadh." Air ball, bha bàta air a faicinn a' tighinn a dh' ionnsuidh a' chladaich, agus sean duine lag 'n a toiseach,—ceann-cinne treubh anns an nàbachd. Ghiùlain dithis d' a chompanaich suas e, chuma' cho-thionail, agus dh' éisd e le dùrachd ri teagasg Chalum-Chille, a bha a' labhairt troimh eadar-theangair. 'N uair a chrìochnaicheadh an t-searmoin, dh' iarr an seann duine baisteadh. Chaidh a ghabhail a stigh do 'n eaglais Chrìosduidh tre òrdugh a' bhaistidh aig an àm sin féin; agus air ball dh' eug e! 's chaidh 'adh-lacadh anns an dearbh ionad 's an robh an co-thional cruinn. Thachair so aig beul aibhne, a chaidh ainmeachadh

naithe sin, "*Tobar Artbrannain*." Bha eaglais agus Tigh-Mànach air an togail le Calum-Cille, no a luchd-leanmhuinn, ann an eilean a bha ann an Loch Chaluim-Chille, an sgìreachd Chillmhoire, 's an Eilean Sgiathanach. Bha eaglais mar an ceudna air a h-ainmeachadh air anns an eilean a tha ann an abhainn Shuisoirt. B' e *Loch Chaluim-Chille* an t-ainm a bha air Loch Phort-rìgh, o chionn cheudan bliadhna, agus tha eilean anns an loch sin, ris an abrar fathast "*I-Chaluim-Chille*," Is ainneamh sgìreachd an Iar na h-Alba, nach 'eil ainm Chaluim-Chille, no fear d' a theachdairibh, air a chumail air chuimhne ann an ainm eaglais no claidh.

Bha Calum-Cille mar an ceudna saothreachail aig a' bhaile ann an I. Bhlithheadh e a' teagasg na h-òige, 's ag uidheamachadh nam fòghlumach air son drenchd na ministreileachd, Bha e a' caitheamb mòran ùine ann an ùrnuigh, leughadh, agus sgrìobhadh. Bha e a' cur theachdairean soisgeulach, cha 'n e 'mhàin air feadh na h-Alba, ach mar an ceudna do Shasuinn, agus do cheàrnaibh eile, do 'n robh eilean I-Chaluim-Chille 'n a àrd làochran. "B' fhionnar an tobar do 'n ùisge bhead a dh'fhosgladh 's an eilean uaigneach sin, agus b' òcshlaint do dh' iomadh dùthaich thioraim, thartmhoir, na sruthana fallain a bha 'sgaoileadh uaithe gu fada, farsuing."

Air latha na Sàbaid, an naoitheamh là de mhìos mheadhonaich an t-samhruidh, 's a' bhliadhna 597, anns an t-seachd bliadhna deug thar trì fichead d' a aois, chrìochnaich Calum-Cille a thuras, agus chaidh a ghairm leis an Ard-Mhaighistir o shaothairibh liomhor, chum snaimh leis sìorruidh. An latha roimh 'n oidhehe a chaochail e, dhìrich e an cnoc os ceann a' Chlachain, ann an I, ghabh e a chead do 'n eilean 's do na tighibh-aoraidh, agus dh'fhàg e a bheannachd aig a bhràithribh. Air dha teachd a nuas, lean e air ath-sgrìobhadh Leabhair nan Salm, gus 'n do ràinig e meadhon an treas salm deug thar an

fhichead, 'n uair a stad e; agus dh' ainmich e *Baithein* mar an neach a ghabhadh 'àite. Chuartaich e an sin an t-aoradh gnàthaichte anns an eaglais, 'sthug e na h-aitheantan mu dheireadh do 'bhràithribh, a' guidheadh gu 'm bith-eadh sìth agus gràdh ghnàth a' riaghladh 'n am measg. Aig meadhon-oidhehe chaidh e a ris do 'n eaglais a dh' ùrnuigh. 's fhuaradh an sin e 'n a shìneadh gun lùs, le Diarmad. Chruinnich a' bhuidheann uile mu chuairt da, a' gul airson esan a bha 'n a athair dhoibh a bhì nis a' bàsachadh. Dh'fhosgail e a shùilean 's dh' amhairc e orra le gràdh agus aoibhneas, an sealladh mu dheireadh. An sin dhùin e air an t-saoghal so iad a chum am fosglaidh ann an glòir. "Agus chuala mi guth o nèamh, ag ràdh rium, Sgrìobh, Is beannaichte na mairbh a gheibh bàs 's an Tighearn, á so a mach: Seadh, tha an Spiorad ag ràdh, chum gu faigh iad fois o 'n saothair; agus leanaidh an oibre iad." (Taisb. xiv. 13.) "Agus dealraidh iadsan a tha glic mar shoilleireachd nan speur; agus iadsan a thionndaidheas mòran gu fireantachd mar na reultan, fad saoghal nan saoghal." (Dan. xii. 3.) "Aig Dia 's ro-phriseil bàs a naomh." (Salm cxvi. 15.)

"Ach co an cridh' a bhreitanica e,  
No 'n t-sùil a chummaic riamh,  
Mòr mbeud is gnè an ulluchaidh,  
D'a phobull féin rinn Dia!

Ach 's sona dhoibh 's is beannaicht' iad  
'Fhuair aithne ghlan air Criosd:  
Oir meallaidh iad, 'n a chomunn san,  
An sonas ud, gu sior!"

Chaidh an obair a thòisich Calum-Cille a ghiùlaidh air a h-adhairt leis na teachdairibh a dh'fhàg e 'n a dhéigh gu soirbheasach; agus bha I-Chaluim-Chille fad liumtean an déigh an ama sin 'n a chathair dhiadhachd, eòlais, agus fòghluim. Cha robh Calum-Cille air dhéigh 's am bith fo riaghladh Eaglais na Ròimhe, a bha eadhon aig an àm sin a' toiseachadh air fàs truailidh; agus fad cheudan bliadhna an déigh a bhàis, bha

ministeirean I-Chaluim-Chille dealaichte o'n Eaglais sin, agus a' dol fo'n ainm *Cùildich*, a thugadh dhoibh do bhrìgh 's gu 'n robh an còmhnuidhean, mar bu trice, ann an àitibh uaigneach. Bha ministeirean ionnsaichte agus ainmeil a ghnàth a' tàmh ann an I-Chaluim-Chille; agus bha cruinneachadh mòr do leabhraicheibh Inachmhor air an gleidheadh ann an Tigh-nam-Mànach, no Cbathair-Chùildich, an sin. Bha cuid de rìghribh na h-Alba, Eirinn, agus Lochlainn, agus mòran de chinn-feadhna Ghàidhealach air an adhlacadh 's an Eilean iomraitheach so. Tha e air aithris gu 'n dubhairt Calum-Cille, ùine bheag mu 'n do chaochail e,—

“I mo chridhe, I mo ghràidh,  
'An àit' guth Manaich b'ìdh geum bà;  
Ach mu 'n tig an saoghal gu crìch  
B'ìdh I mar a bha.”

Thàinig a' cheud chuid de 'n fhàighead-  
aireachd so gu teachd; chaidh Cathair  
nan Cùildeach a chreachadh, 's thuit  
aineolas agus dorchadas air an Eilean  
sin, a bha 'na lòchran a measg nan  
eileanan. Cha 'n 'eil e mì-choltach  
nach 'eil coimhionadh na cuid mu dheire-  
eachd de 'n fhàidheadaireachd air tòis-  
eachadh. Tha I-Chaluim-Chille gach  
bliadhna a nis air a fiosrachadh le mìl-  
tibh as gach dùthaich, a tha a' taghail  
a choimhead air seann làraicheibh a  
mòrachd. Maith a dh'fheudtadh nach  
deachaidh na smaointean a dhùisgear  
anns an inntinn ann a bhi a' gluasad  
mu chuairt air ballachaibh briste eag-  
laisean I-Chaluim-Chille, agus air na  
leacaibh-lighe aosmhor fo 'm bheil  
daoine a bha aon uair cumhachdach  
'n an luidhe, a chur an cainnt ni 's eir-  
eachdaile, na mar a labhair an t-Olla  
*Johnson*, agus a tha air an eadar-theang-  
achadh mar a leanas, ann an *Caraid nan*  
*Gàidheal*:—“Bha sinn a nis 'n ar seas-  
amh air an Eilean ainmeil sin, a b' àrd  
lòchran fad linntean, do Ghàidhealtachd  
na h-Alba—as an d' fhuair Cinnich  
fhiadhaich agus ceathairne bhorba soch-

airean eòlais, agus beannachdan na  
saorsa. Cha bu chomasach, ged a  
dh'fheuchtadh ris, an inntinn a thogail  
o na smaointibh a dhùisg an t-àite so,  
agus b'amaideach an oidhirp, ged a  
bhiodh i comasach. Ge b' e ni a  
thàirngeas air falbh sinn o chumhachd  
ar ceud-fàithean; ge b' e ni a bheir do  
na shìnbhail o chian, no do na tha  
fathast ri tachairt, làmh-an-uachdar air  
na tha a làthair, tha so ag àrdachadh  
ar n-inbhe mar bhithibh tuigseach.  
Gu ma fad uam-sa agus om' chàirdibh  
an fheallsanachd reòta sin a dh'aomadh  
mi gu gluasad gu caoin-shuarach,  
eutrom, thar aon àit' a dh'fhàgadh  
urramaichte le gliocas, le fearalas, no le  
maise. Cha chulaidh fharmaid an duine  
sin nach mothaicheadh a ghràdh d' a  
dhùthaich air a neartachadh air blàr-  
catha Mharatoin, no an cràbhadh nach  
blàthaicheadh am measg làraichean  
briste I-Chaluim-Chille.”

A' CHRIOCH.

#### RUATHAR MHIC-MHUIRICH.

[Air eadar-theangachadh bho Bheurla  
*Aytoun*, le Alasdair Mac Neacail.]

Rinn Mac Mhuirich bòid  
An aghaidh Chloinn Mhic Thàbhais,  
Chaidh 'thogail creich' na 'n tìr,  
Le rèubainn is le ànradh;  
Oir mhionnaich è gu teann,  
Gu 'n sgriosadh è bho 'n tìr iad,  
Le cuig-thar-fhichead fear,  
Is deich-thar-fhichead piobair!

Ach 'n nair 'ràinig è  
Sios mu leth Srath-Chànain,  
Cha robh dhe 'chuid seoid  
Ach na triuir 's an làthair:  
Sud na bha ri chùl,  
Gu dìon 'an àm an tusaoid,  
Cach bha thall 's a bhos,  
A cuir a chruidh air fuadach.

'Ro mhath'! ars' Mac Mhuirich,  
'Chaidh ar cliu a dholaidh!

Ghillean, feumair spàirn,  
Air beothach mu 'n déid corrag!  
So Mac-Mhic-Mhethusalah,  
'Tighinn le 'chuid sluaigh,  
Tri fichead fear 's a tri,  
'S na h-uireid de Dhaoin'-uaise!'  
(Arsa Mac-Mhic-Mhethusalah)

'Fàilte mhaith dhuibh féin!  
Nach sibhse Triath nan Cattan?  
Cò dha 'm bheil ur céilidh,  
'An àm tigh 'n so air astar?  
So! So! mhic a choin!  
Tha sè ceud bliadhn' bho n' dhùraig  
Annail bheo na m' ghleann  
Tigh'n air turas spùinnidh.'

(Ars' Mac-Mhuirich)

'Dè sud 'tha thu 'g ràdh?  
Tha do bhathais làidir;  
Seallam dhuit, a bhobag,  
Ciod è 's cubhaidh gnàth dhuit.  
Chanail latha tuilleadh  
Agad gu bhì beò,  
Thugad bho mo glunna,  
'Sbho'n chlàidheamh 'tha na m' dhòrn'!

'S ait, 'N àil', an sgeul!  
Arsa Flath Chloimn Thàbhais,  
'S furasda dhomh fhéin  
Stad 'chuir air do rànaich.'  
'N sin thug Mac-Mhethuselah  
Sgal mar leomhan gionach,  
Tharruing è 'sgian-dubh,  
Is sparradair 'n a mhionach.

Air an dòigh so fhéin,  
Thainig bàs do 'n ghaisgeach,  
Dha 'm bu cliù ri 'bheo  
'Bhi na dhuine gasda,  
Thainig mac na dhéighil,  
'Bha pòsd air nighean Noah,  
Theab gu 'n thraoigh an Dìle  
Leis dhe 'n uisg' na dhòl è.

'S bha è air a dheanamh,  
'S mise féin 'tha cinnteach,  
Nam biodh air tachairt ann  
Blasad còir dhe 'n *Iteach*.  
Ràinig crìoch mo sgeòil,  
Tha mi 'm beachd gur 'h-ùr i,  
Cuir mu 'n cuairt an stòp,  
Is marbhaisg air an 'Duty'!

## SAMHLAIDHEAN

AIR NITHIBH SPIORADAIL O NA CREAGAIBH.

Bha e 'n a chleachdadh cumanta aig Criosd, 'n uair bha e air an talamh bhì 'gnàthachadh shamhlaidhean 'n a theag-asg. Bha iad sin a' deanamh an nì a bha e 'cur an céill ni bu shimplidhe ni bu so-thuigsinne do 'n t-sluagh a bha 'g éisdeachd ris. Tha an dòigh theag-aig so feumail anns a' h-uile linn; 's cha 'n eil ni air am bheil eòlas againn nach feud sinn samhladh a dheanamh deth a thaobh theagasgan na diadhachd. Tha sinn anns na leanas ma ta, a' dol a ghabhail beachd air na creagaibh. Tha sinn eòlach gu leòir orra; agus chì sinn ciod a dh' fhòghluimeas sinn uapa.

AOSNIHORACHD.

Tha luchd eòlais a' cumail a mach gu 'm bheil aois gle mhòr aig na creagaibh. Their iad nach 'eil ann am beagan mhilltean bliadhna ach neo-ni an coimeas ris an ùine mhòir a chaidh seachd o 'n rinneadh iad mar a tha iad,—'s gu 'm feum sinn àireamh mhòr de mhuilleinibh a ghabhail gu ruigsinn air ais gu breith nan creag. Ach mòr 's mar tha a' leithid sin a dh' aois, is faoin e ri taobh aois an Tì ris an abrar "Carraig nan Al." Tha àireamh a bhliadhnai-san a' dol thar àireimh. Bha E ann an uched an Athar shìorruidh mu 'n robh creag no craobh ann am bith; oir 's E a rinn iad uile; 's tha E Féin a' dol air ais fad am measg nan làithean a dh' fhalbh, 'n uair a tha E 'sgrìobhadh mu thimchioll Féin,— "Chuireadh suas mi o shìorruidheachd."

DÌOMHAIREACHD AGUS NITHEAN SO-THUIGSINN.

Tha cuid de na creagaibh a tha so-làmhsaichte. Gheibhear iad air uachd-ar nan raon; 's feudar an tomhas no 'n cothromachadh. Chithear iad air an taobh a tha fodha, 's air an taobh a tha 'n àird, 's air gach taobh mu 'n cuairt dhiubh; 's tha sinn mar sin comasach air bhì a' gabhail làn eòlais orra. Ach



tha creagan eile ann 's cha 'n fhaic sinn ach earrann ro bheag dhiubh; oir tha a' chuid a's mò dhiubh folaichte gu tur ann am broinn na talmhainn, 's iad a' dol sìos a dh'ionnsuidh mòr dhoimhneachd a' chruthachaidh, far nach ruigear le sùil orra, 's far nach fhaighear eòlas air an nàdur no an suidheachadh a thug Dia dhoibh.

Tha nithean a tha 'co-fhreagairt ris na puincibh so am measg theagasgan an t-Soisgeil. Tha cuid a dh'fhirinnibh a' Bhiobuill de a' leithid de nàdur simplidh 's gu 'm feud inntinn an leinibh bhig an cuartachadh; 's tha teagasgan an taghaidh 's na Trianaid, a tha ann an tomhas mòr do-rannsaichte. Cha 'n 'eil sinn a' faicinn dhiubh sin ach mar gu 'm biodh an eudain, 's tha iomadh taobh eile dhiubh air an làn chòmhdach le dìomhaireachd, air nach cuir dad ach an t-siorruidheachd solus duinn. Tha mòran de theagasgaibh prìosail mar so 's an fhirinn a tha air iomadh dòigh air an slugadh suas ann an dorchadas troimh nach faic sùil duine beò—'s tha iad cho àrd 'n an nàdur 's nach faigh inntinn gu bràth làn bheachd orra. Tha e fìor nach 'eil ni o aon cheann gu ceann eile a' Bhiobuill nach 'eil feumail gu 'm bith-eamaid 'g a chreidsinn agus a' beachd-smuaineachadh air; ach tha iomadh ni a tha mar sin feumail a thaobh am feum sinn fuireach ann an tomhas mòr a dh'aineolas, agus a thaobh gur h-i a' chainnt a's freagarraiche ann am beul an fhìor Chrìosduidh." O saobhbreas araon gliocais agus eòlais Dé! Cia do-rannsaichadh a bhreitheanas a agus dol-gachaidh a shlighean!"

#### A' CHREAG MAR BHUNAIT.

An tì leis am miann tigh a chur suas nach tilg a' ghaoth sìos agus nach giùlain an t-uisge air falbh togaidh e air bonn làidir na carraige e. Ach tha nithe eile a bhàrr air tighibh a tha 'g iarraidh bunaithe seasmaich chum 's gu 'm bitheamaid 'gan socruchadh oirre. Tha againn anama neo-bhàsmhor a tha

gach là ann an cunnart; 's cha 'n 'eil ni feadh an t-saoghail air am bi iad sàbhailt ach air Crìosd. Cosmhuil ris a' chreag tha Esan seasmhach gu leòir, agus coma cìod an t-uallach a shuidhichear air. Cha 'n 'eil peacach fo 'n ghréin nach fhead a thaise a leigeil air; 's ged robh a chiont gu bràth cho mòr, ma bheirear e gu bhì a' socruchadh a mhàin air an Tì so cumar suas e gun charuchadh 's cha tig call dha a chaoidh.

#### A' CHREAG MAR CHLADH.

Gabh beachd air na creagaibh mar àit-adhlaiceadh do ainmhidhibh a fhuair bith anns na seann linntibh a dh' fhalbh. Tha e 'na ni cho iongantach 'sa choinnicheas ri duine 's an t-saoghal nàdurach gu 'm faighear ann am broinn nan clachan cruaidhe sligean agus earrannan de lusaibh 's de ainmhidhibh de gach seòrsa. Gheibhear na mìltean 's na deich mìltean dhiubh so air a' leithid de dhòigh 's gu 'm bheil ann am bailtibh mòra, eaglaisean agus tighean costail eile a tha gu h-iomlan air an deanamh suas de chlachaibh anns nach 'eil dad ach sligean is cloaichean nam béistean marbha a chruthaich Dia linntean gun àireamh roimhe so. Tha so 'na ni ro iongantach da rìreadh; 's tha luchd-fòghluim a' tarruing iomadh leasan uaith. Ach 's ann a tha sinne ag iarraidh feum' spioradail a dheanamh deth. Tha sinn 'ga shamhlachadh ri ni a tha 'co-fhreagairt ris am measg àrd theagasgan an t-Soisgeil.

'Se Crìosd, ma ta, "Carraig nan Al;" agus theirear mu 'n dream a tha 'creidsinn ann gu 'm bheil iad ann. Tha 'n Fhirinn ag ràdh, "ma tha neach air bith ann an Crìosd is creutair nuadh e;" 's tha E féin a' toirt seachad mar àithne, iad bhì a' fantuinn ann. Tha iad ann an Crìosd a bhrìgh a' Choicheangail shìorruidh anns am bheil E 'seasamh air an son, agus 'g an gabhail a stigh maille ris; 's tha iad ann mar an ceudna a bhrìgh aonaidh dhìomhair a tha an Spiorad Naomh a' deanamh 'sa' daingneachadh. Tha mar so co-fhreagairt-

eachd cadar na creagan nàdurach agus Criosd, a' Charraig spioradail; ach le a' leithid so a dh' cadar-dhealachadh, ged 's e na *mairbh* a gheibhear annta-san, gur slugh *bèò* iad *ann* an Criosd, a réir mar tha E féin ag ràdh, "Do bhrìgh 's gu' m bheil Mise *bèò*, bithidh sibhse *bèò* mar an ceudna."

#### A' CHREAG MAR BHIADH.

Cuiridh so mòr iongantach air-san a leughas e. A' chreag mar bhiadh! Cò riamh a chuala a' leithid! Gidh-eadh is ni e a tha cho fìor 's a tha e cho iongantach. Cha'n 'eil anns an aran a th' air a' bhòrd ach ni a thàinig as an talamh; 's cha'n 'eil anns an talamh ach a' chreag, air a pronnadh 's air a deanamh min. Bha là ann, mar a tha luchd-fòghlaim a' cur an cèill, 'n nair nach fhaicinn ach uisge is cruaidh chreagan feadh farsuinneachd a' chruthachaidh. Cha threabhadh crann ann an sin—cha sgrìobadh eliadh—'s cha'n fhàsadh siol. Ach rinn reòthadh is uisge—rinn fuachd agus teas—min-phronnadh air na creag-aibh sin; 's thionndaidh earrann mhòr dhiubh gu ùir; 's tha duine agus ainmhidh a' faotainn a nis an ni a dh' itheas iad. 'S ann mar sin a tha sinn a' ciallachadh, agus 's ann mar sin a tha e fìor, gur h-ann o'n chreag a tha 'm biadh a' tighinn. Ach deanamaid a nis ar samhail o'n so. 'S e Criosd an fhìor chreag; 's e Carraig nan Al E; ach 's e mar an ceudna an t-aran spioradail e air an bheil an t-anam gràsmhor a' beathachadh chum na beatha shìorruidh; agus mar is éigin do'n chreag a bhì air a pronnadh mu'n tig biadh uisde; 's ann mar sin a tha sinn a' tuigsinn nach beathaichear an t-anam air Criosd ach do réir agus mar tha Criosd air a bhruthadh. Tha sinn uime sin a' leughadh gu 'r do "Iotadh E air son ar n-eucairtean." Bhuineadh gu cruaidh ris a' chreig mu'n d' thàinig i gu bhì 'n a meadhan beathachaidh do chorpan duine; 's bhuineadh gu cruaidh mar an ceudna ri Criosd ann E bhì air

a throm-smachdachadh leis an Athair mu'm b'urrainn ar n-anama bhì 'sealbhadh na beatha shìorruidh.

A nis ann an co-dhùnadh, 's e ar miann a bhì 'moladh, do'n d' dream a leughas na briathran so, an Tì Mhòir ris an bheil ar samhlaidhean ag amharc. Gabhaibh eòlas air mar an Tì a tha gu léir luachmhor. Tuigibh gur neach E a tha araon ro mhòr ann féin, agus a rinn nithe iongantach air son a shluaigh. Seallaibh ris mar an Slàn-nighear Uil'-fhoghainteach, 's cuiribh bhur dòchas a thaobh tìm is bith-bhuantachd Annsan.

Baile-nan-enoc.)

C. D.

1872.

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#### CUIMHNEACHAN O SHEANN GHÀIDH-EAL 'S NA STÀIDIBH AONAICHTÈ.

BAILE GHRAIDH-BHRATHAIREIL\*

ANNS NA STÀIDIBH AONAICHTÈ.

Cend mhios an Earraich, 1872.

Fàilte ort a Ghàidheil Oig,—Chuir caraid àraid an treas àireamh a m' ionnsuidh, oir bha fios aige air a' mhòr ghràdh a bh'agam do chànan mo leanbaidheachd. Mo thruaighe mi gu'm bheil mi nis air meirgeadh innte. Thog an leabhar beag sùnd air m' aigne, agus bha m' inntinn a' slor-chmuasachadh eiod a sgrìobhainn a d' ionnsuidh. Thàinig àireamh do nithib a dh' ionnsuidh mo chuimhne, ach ròghnaich mi air an àm so labhairt riut mu dhithis dhaoine misneachail, sgairteil, agus féin-spèiseil nach gabhadh spid no masladh o losal no o uasal. Cha robh aon aca eùig troidhean air àirde. Bha aon dhiubh 'na mharsanta a ghnàth a' falbh mu'n cuairt feadh na dùthcha le 'mhàlaid air a ghualnibh. 'N uair a thigeadh e chum aon de na bailtibh beaga, chruinnicheadh a' chlànn bheag agus ruitheadh iad an déigh a' mharsanta agus thionailleadh iad mu'n cuairt air féin agus air a mhàlaid, ni a bha 'na mhòr thrioblair, do'n mharsanta. B'i sin a' mhàlaid luachd mhor! 'N uair a dh' fhosgailteadh i thogadh a' chlànn bheag an làmhain agus dh' fhosgladh iad an sùilean le mòr ioghnadh ag ràdh ri chéile,—“Seall! O seall! am fac thu riamh a' leithid sin.” Gu deimhinn bha a' mhàlaid iongantach! Bha àit' air gach seòrsa innte, agus bha gach seòrsa 'na àite féin. Ribinnean rìomhach de gach dath, neapaiceanan side agus cainneach; meurain; snàthadan agus snàth-fudhail; dubhain chuilleag a suas gu dubhain throg; dathan de gach gnè; gidh-

eadh bha gach ni 'n a àite féin. Bha a' marsanta borh ris a' chloinn bhig; agus gu minic gheibheadh iad staille leis an t-slaic-thomhais mu'n clai'g'nibh. Bha e leònta an aon d'a lamhaibh; air son sin fhuair e'n t-ainm suaicheanta, *Marsant' a' cliutain*; agus air son a chrosdachd ris a' chloinn, leanadh iad e o thigh gu tigh a' glaothaich 'n a dhéigh, *cliutan! cliutan!*

Air là àraidh bha a' chlaun ghaisgeil ag éigheach 'n a dhéigh air a' mhodh so; dh'fhàs e ro fheargach riù agus air faicinn fuirc feòir dha, ghabh e'm forc agus ruith e as an déigh. Thachair do shean duine còir teachd a mach o thigh oibre, agus 'n uair a chunnaic e a' marsanta 'ruith an déigh na cloinne leis an fhorc, ruith e am measg na cloinne a' saoil-sinn gu'n deanadh a làthaireachd tèarmun dhoibh. 'Thilg a' marsanta am forc air thuaireamas agus bhuail e'n sean duine mu'n chalpa; agus chaidh aon d'a mheòir troimh 'n osan agus troimh 'n chraiceann, a' deanadh loit cràiteich an calpa an t-sean duine, agus thubhairt e, "Ciod uime thilg thu'm forc orm 's mi neo-chiontach?" Fhreachair a' marsanta, "mur an robh thu ciontach car son a ghabh thu sgaoin?"

Aig àm eile thachair gu'n d' thàinig marsanta chliutain gu baile àraidh anns an robh duine beag sgariteil a' gabhail còmhnuidh d'an d' thug an luchd-àiteachaidh an t ainm suaicheanta, *Am Prionnsa*. Bha tigh còmhnuidh a' Phrionnsa air bruaich gainneimh, agus bha sruthan beag uisge a' ruith dlùth ri oir na bruaich. Thachair do'n mharsanta bhì 'gabhail an rathaid seachad air an tigh, 's bha 'm Prionnsa 'n a sheasamh fa chomhair an doruis. Labhair iad ri chèile air tùs; ach mu dheireadh thàinig briathran searbh agus feargach eadar na suinn, an sin serbail is buillean. Mu dheireadh ghlac na feara a chèile, gach fear a' stri ri 'nàmhaid a chur gu talamh gus an d' thàinig iad gu oir na bruaich; na feara a' tuiteam muin air mhuin anns an t sruthan. Dh' fhuaraich an t-uisge mòr fhearg nan gaisgeach treunmhor agus chuir e crìoch air an streup. Bha mi 'n am bhalla-achan anns an àm agus cha do dhì-chuimh-nich mi riamh là blàr a' Phrionnsa agus a' Mharsanta. Thubhairt neach ris a' Phrionnsa 'n uair a thàinig e'n àird air a' bhruaich, "fhuaras gu math thu mu dheireadh." O an duine bochd, thubhairt esan; bha e 'g am bhualadh far an ruigeadh e orm! Bha 'm freagradh so 'n a aobhar ghàire do mhòran fad an déigh a' còmhraig; oir cha robh fhios co de 'n dithis a b' àirde. Bha a' marsanta tana ann am feòil, agus bha 'm Prionnsa sultmhor, a' chuid a bha dh'uireasbhuidh air ann an àirde bha e aige ann an leud.

SEANN GHÀIDHEAL.

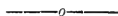
SUSPIRIA

LE LONGFELLOW.

Gabh iad O Bhàis is thoir air falbh  
Gach ni a their thu a 's leat féin;  
Tha t' ionhaigh càraicht' air a' chriadh  
Ag ràdh gur leatsa sin, ach sin a mhàin.

Gabh iad O Uaigh a's luidheadh iad  
Paisgte air do sgeilpibh caol'  
Mar aodach 'chuir an t-anam dheth  
Luachmhor ach a mhàin dhuinn féin.

Gabh iad O Shiorruidheachd mhòr  
Cha 'n 'eil 'n ar beath' ach osag fhaoin  
'Tha 'sgaoileadh anns an tìr a blàth  
'S gu lùr a' lùbadh gheug do chraoibh.  
Eadar-theangaichte le R. B.



LAOIDH NA BEATHA

LE LONGFELLOW.

(Freagairt cridhe an òganaich do'n Bhàrd.)

Na innis dhomh am briathran dubhach  
Nach 'eil 'n ar beatha ach brudhar faoin;  
Oir tha an t-anam marbh a chaidleas  
'S cha 'n 'eil nithe mar a shaoil.

Tha ar beatha anabarr sòluimt'  
'Scha 'n i 'n uaigh fhuar crìoch ar saoghail;  
Is duslach sibh 's gu duslach pillidh,  
Cha d' thubhairt' riabh ri anma dhaoin.'

Cha 'n e toil-intinn 's cha 'n e mulad  
Ar crìoch àraid no ar ra'ad  
Ach bhì 'deanadh chum 's gach latha  
Gu 'm bith 'ur maithreas 'dol am meud.

Tha ealain lionmhor 's ùine 'siubhal  
'S ged robh 'n cridhe fearail treun  
Cha 'n 'eil ann ach *druma* 'mhulaid  
'Bualadh coranach an éig.

Ann am faich an t-saoghail fharsuing,  
Ann an camp na beatha fhìor,  
Na bith mar ainmhidh balbh gun toinise,  
Bi ad ghaisgeach anns an strì.

Na cuir carbs' an gear ri tighinn  
'S na bi 'caoidh na h-ùine a thréig;  
Dean, O dean, 's an àm a th' agad  
Fo cheannsal Dhé le cridhe treun.

Tha beatha dhaoine mòr 'g ar teagasg  
Gu 'm feud sin uile strì ri euchd;  
Is air dhuinne siubhal dhachaidh  
Ceuma fhàgail as ar déigh.

Ceuma theagamh 'chì neach eile  
Air a thurus troimh an t-saogh'l,  
Bràthair bochd tha 'call a mhisnich  
'S gu'm faigh e spiorad ùr d' an taobh.

Bith'mid suas ma ta 's ag obair  
Le cridh' gun gheilt roimh chruas an  
t-saogh'l

A' sior-bhuidhinn 's a' sior-leantuinn  
'Fòghlum, foighidin, is saoth'ir.

Eadar-theangaichte le R. B.

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### RANNAN AIR NOTE PUNND SASUNNACH

A bha am paipean salach, saraichde a fhuar-  
adh ann am Malairt o sheann bhean aig  
an robh ainm Airgiod a bhi, agus a bha  
'g a àicheadh.

Tha thusa sin a phrabag ragach  
Ribeach, robach, phrabach thruagh;  
Meadhon sraichde, aodan salach,  
'S blàth na dosgainn air do ghruaidh.

*Fhreagair ise.*

"O cha 'n iognadh mi bhi prabach,  
'S iomadh car a chaidh mi luaidh,  
'S iomadh aon a dh' fhàg mi sona,  
Is suil 'bha air mo dhéigh truagh."

*Thubhairt mise.*

"Suidh a sìos is inns' do naidheachd  
Is na greas ro ealamh uam;  
Bheir mi féin dhuit àit' 's am fan thu,  
'S fàsadh tighe a bhios buan."

*Fhreagair ise.*

"O cha 'n fhend mi fuireach agad,  
'S allaban fo m' chois is ruaig;  
Cha luaithe a tha mi ann am baile  
Na tha mi le cabhaig uaith."

'N tìm a b' fhaid' a fhuair mi dh' anail  
B' ann aig cailleach Eachain Ruaidh;  
Shnuim i mi am mogan stocaidh  
'N seotal ciste glaiسته cruaidh.

Luidh mi 'n sin fad iomadh latha  
'N toit 'g am dhalladh 'call mo shnuaidh;  
'S bhòidicheadh a' chailleach charrach  
Nach robh aic' aon fhàirdean ruadh.

Ach air dhi bhi mach air chéilidh  
Thàinig reubanach mu 'n cuairt;  
Tholl an anainn; bbris na glàsan;  
'S fhuair mi cead na coise uaip!

Ach ma fhuair cha b' fhada 'mheal mi,  
Chaidh an tòir 'n ar déigh gu luath;  
Thug iad mi á sàil na bróige,  
'S cròis is céir chaidh air mo ghruaidh.

Sheas mi air là mòr na cùirte,  
'S thug mi fianuis 'meas an t-sluaigh;  
Fhuair a' chailleach air a h-ais mi,  
'S fhuair am bèach air i féin gu luath.

'S ged 'bu chruinn a sgrìob i còmhla  
Am bonn òir, 's an sgillinn ruadh,  
O bu bhraise 'chaidh a sgaioleadh  
Na ni gaoth am moll a ruag'.

Leum na càirdean air a chéile  
Mu 'n robh 'n creutair fuar 's an uaigh,  
Bha 'n luchd-lagha 'n an cuid féin deth,  
Is gach aon ri streupaid chruaidh.

Och, mo léireadh nam bu ni e  
'Bhiodh r' a innseadh anns an t-saoghal,  
A' chailleach fhaotainn comas éiridh  
Dh' fhaicinn 'n diol' 'bha air a saothair.

O 's ann aice 'bhiodh an cuibhrionn  
An och, och 's an guileadh truagh;  
Càch a' faotainn math a cuibhrionn  
Is i féin dhol bàs le cruas.

'S iomadh piuthar agus bràthair  
A tha 'n dràs aic' am measg dhaoin';  
'N cuid 'n a luidhe 'meirgeadh làmh riu  
'S feum gu leòr air air gach taobh.

Gabh-sa rabhadh nis o m' òran  
Is do dhòrn na gléidh co dùint';  
Dean-sa math le d' stòr 's tu 'n làthair;  
Sgaolidh càch e 's tu 's an ùir.

Ledaig. J. CAMPBELL.

—o—

### MAIRI AGUS AN T-ADMIRAL.

Is cleachda leis na Goill a bhi ri focheid  
air na Gàidheil bhochd', air son cho aineol-  
ach, maol-theangach 's a gheibhear iad an  
coitcheannas an uair a dh' fheuchas iad ris  
a' Bheurla; agus, air uairibh, cha'n 'eil teag-  
amh nach bi iad a' deanadh thuilidhean agus  
mhearchdan glé neònach; ach dona 's mar  
tha na Goill, cha 'n 'eil daoine air bith ann  
a tha ni's toithiche air a' bhi a labhairt deth  
a chéile, agus ri fala-dhà neo-lochdach de  
gach seòrsa, na na Gàidheil iad féin. Tha  
an sgeulachd bheag a leanas glé chumanta  
ann an cuid de cheàrnan de Earraghaidheal  
agus theagamh gu 'n toir i gàire air bhur  
luchd-leughaidh. Cha 'n 'eil mise 'dol a  
ràdh co dhìu a tha i fìor no nach 'eil; ach

cia mar 's am bith a bhàtar 's an àm a dh' fhalbh, is cinnteach mi nach faightear ann an ceàrn d'an Ghàidhealtachd an diugh, aon fhear no té cho fada air an ais 's nach bith-eadh fios aca co dhìù 'bu bheathach no duine a bha ann an *Admiral*.

Bha aig boireannach deannach, glic, aon uair, tabhartas beag de uibhean ri chur o dh'ionnsaidh an Tigh-Mhòir. Air dhìth an cur a suas gu tèarainte ann am bascaid ghairm i an searbhanta, caileag òg gun mhòran de eòlas an t-saoghail, agus dh'earailich is sheòl i dhi cia mar a ghluaisheadh i i-féin aig an Tigh-Mhòr. "Is bitheanta," ars' ise, "leis an *Admiral* e féin a bhi 'gabhail a shràid fo sgàil nan craobh anns an rathad-dhìomhair eadar an Tigh-Mòr agus an geata, agus ma thachras e ort feuch gu'm bi thu fìor mhòdhail 's gu'n toir thu a' h-uile urram da. Ma dh'fheòraicheas e dhiot co as a tha thu, no c'àite am bheil thu 'dol, no ciod a tha agad, innsidh tu dha gu pongail, 's bi cinnteach gu'n abair thu, *Le'r cead*, aig deireadh gach freagair a bheir thu dha. Aithnichidh tu an t-*Admiral* cho luath 's a chì thu e le cheum flathail, àrd; agus is àbhaist da sràidimeachd am bith-eantas le 'churrachd-oidheche dearg air mar chòmhdach cinn, agus a nis, a Mhàiri, bi 'falbh agus mo bheannachd a'd' chuideachd!" Thog a' chaileag bhochd orra gu sùrdail, làn de na comhairlean a fhuair i; ràinig i an geata mòr 's ghabh i a stigh. Air dhi a bhi 'dlùthachadh air an tigh faicidh i coileach-Frangach briagh a' steòcadh a nnas 'u a coinneamh cho moiteil 's ged a bu leis féin an oighreachd - earball sgaoilte 's c'eur smùid as an talamh le bàrr a sgiathan—"Ma tha *Admiral* 's an dùthaich," thuir i rithe féin, "is e so e. Cò nach faodadh aithneachadh le 'cheum mòrail, uasal, 's mar a tha e a' dlùthachadh orm, comharraichidh mi gu soilleir a churrachd dearg ceart mar a thuir mo bhana-mhaighstir. Ach is mithich a bhi bogadh nan gad' so e 'tighinn!" Bhog an coileach a cheann mar fhìor dhuin' uasal 's chuir e fàilte chridheil orra. Arsa Màiri, agus i aig a' cheart àm a' dearadh a beic, "Tha mi a' Lismòr, le'r cead, le'r cead." Thug an coileach an dara miolaran as.— "Tha mi 'dol d'an Tigh-Mhòr, le'r cead, le'r cead." An treas uair thug e guileag sùndach as, agus fhreagair Màiri, "Uibhean chearcan is gheadh, le'r cead, le'r cead." Le so leig e seachad i Rinn i a gnothach 's thill i gun 'fhaicinn tuillidh. An uair a ràinig i dhachaidh dh'fheòraich a bana-

mhaighstir cia mar a chaidh dhi. "Chaidh gu math 's gu ro mhath," "Am faca tu an t-*Admiral*?" "Is mi a chuunnaic,— an t-*nasal* grinn, chuirteil, agus 'fhreagair mi a' h-uile ceisid a chuir e orm, ged is i *Fraingis* a labhair e!"

MAC MHAUCUIS.

Rugha-nam-faoileann, }  
Bealltainn, 1872. }

—o—

## NITHE NUADH AGUS SEAN.

CHÀIDH botul *portair* a thairgse do Dhròbh-air-each Gàidhealach ma'n aidicheadh e an déigh dha each a bh'aige a reic faillinnean an ainmhidh. Chaidh an botul òl, agus an sin thubhairt e nach robh ach dà chroin air an each. 'Nuair a leigte e mu sgaoil bha e duilich breith air, agus 'n uair a gheibhte greim air cha robh feum 's am bith ann.

ALTACHADH EIRIONNACH OS CEANN MÌR BEAG de fheòil bhruich agus gràinnin de bhuntàta beag:—

O thusa a bheannaich na buillinn 's na h-éisg Nis seall air a' bheagan 'tha 'n so 'san dà mhéis; 'Sged nach 'eil na buntàta am meudachd ro mhòr

Do na h uile as no biodh iad Ìonmhor gu leòr; Oir 's cinnteach gu'm biodh e 'na mhìorbhuil as ùr

Nan Ìonadh an cuibhrionn so dhuinne ar brù.

AIR do shearmoin anabarrach dhruiddteach a bhi air a toirt seachad ann an Eaglais a mach air an dùthaich, thòisich an luchd-èisdeachd uile air gal ach aon duine. Dh'fheòraicheadh dheth-san, dé mar a bha e cho cruaidh-chridheach? Fhreagair e gur h-ann a bhuineadh esan do sgìreachd eile.

THUIR an dara seirbhiseach ri 'chompanach nach robh ach car mi-chùramach mu 'anam, "car son nach 'eil thu a' tasgaidh ionmhais duit féin ann an Nèamh?" "Car son? Dé am feum a tha ann a bhi a' gleidheadh ionmhais an sin far nach faic duine e gu bràth tuilleadh."

'S i an dòigh a's fearr a chum cridhe duine a dhaingneachadh an aghaidh sgainneil creidsinn gu'n bheil gach sgeul breugach nach bu chòir a bhi fìor.

BHA dà uasal a' fàilteachadh a chéile gu cridheil, 's 'gam moladh' féin air son cho stuama 's a bha iad. "A nis, a charaid, am faca tu mise riamh," arsa aon duibh, "le barrachd 's a' urrainn mi a ghiùlan?" "O cha'n fhaca gu dearbh," ars' am fear eile; "ach shaoil leam iomadh uair gu'm b' fheàrr duit dol dà uair air tòir na bha agad.

DH'FHEÒRAICH bean-usal aon uair d'a Lighiche co dhìù a bha snaosain crònail do'n

canchainn? “Cha'n'cil,” ars' esan, “oir cha do ghabh fear aig an robh canchainn snaosain riamb.”

**SHARMONAICH** ministear ainmeil aon mhaidinn o'n cheann teagaisg, “Tha sibh 'n'ur clann aig an Diabhul,” agus an deigh mheadhon latha o na facail, “A chlann, bith-ibh umhal d'nr pàrantan.”

**THOIRT AN TIGHEARNA MAC NÉILL** (Lord Nelson) “bha mi a ghnàth seathramh na h-uaireach roimh'n àm, agus rinn e duine dhìom.”

**AN DROBHAIR MAC THAMHÀIS,\***  
So againn naigh Phara Mhìc Thàmhais,  
Drobhair Gà'lach—baraig gun iocbd!  
Bho'n Fhéill-rathainn gus an Fhéill Mhàrt-  
ainn  
Ia cha bhiodh Paraig fionnar bho'n dibh!  
Seachnaibh a choluinn a chnuimheagan  
pàiteach  
Fòghnaidh a fàileadh gu'r fàgail air mhisg!

**THA**inntinn mhòr a' deanamh tàir air dioghaltas.

**CHA'N'EIL** esan nach gléidh rùn dlomhair airidh air caraid a bhi aige.

NA pòs ach air son gaol; ach thoir an aire nach gabh thu gaol ach air cuspair ionmhuinn.

**CHA'N**e cuibhrionn beag de'n t-sàtan a th'anns an neach a tha'g ùrnaigh ri Dia agus a' lot a chòimhearsnaich.

**THA** firinn air a breith leinn; agus feumaidh sinn aineart a thoirt d'ar nàdur mun crath sinn dhinn ar gràdh do'n fhirinn.

### NAIDHEACHDAN.

**BHA** Ard-Sheanaidhean na h-Eaglais Stéidhichte agus na h-Eaglais Saoire cruinn aig an àm àbhaisteach an Dunéidinn,—'s e sin an deireadh a' Chéitein agus an toiseach an Og mhios. 'S i aon de na Ceisdean a bu chudthromaiche a bha f'an combair, Ceisd an Fhòghluim. 'Sléir duinn gu'm bheil e 'nan rùn uile, lagh math air son fòghluim rioghachdail fhaotainn a dh'Alba; ach tha iad gu math eadar-dhealaichte 'nam beachdan a thaobh a' chruth a bu chòir a dh'Achd Pàrlamaid air son fòghluim rioghachdail a ghabhail. Tha buidheann bheag anns an Eaglais Stéidhichte aig an lheil an t-aon bheachd air a' phuine ris an Eaglais Chléir-

each Aonaichte, agus ris a' bhuidheann mhòr anns an Eaglais Shaoir. 'Si brìgh seasamh na muinntir so gu'm fàgadh a' Phàrlamaid aig Buill Bhòrd nan Sgìreachdan co dhuibh a bhiodh an Biobull agus Leabhar-Aithghearr nan Ceisd air an teagasg anns na Sgoiltibh. Tha a' bhuidheann mhòr's an Eaglais Stéidhichte agus a' bhuidheann bheag 's an Eaglais Shaoir air son gu'm bina Sgoilean Ura de ghné nan Sgoilean Sgìreachd a tha againn an dràs, —gu'm bi iad, a thaobh teagasg a' Bhìobull agus Leabhar-Aithghearr nan Ceisd agus nithe eile, cosmhuil rin so. 'S ann mar so a bha guth nan Ard-Sheanaidhean air a' phuine, agus a réir so chuir iad iarrtnis gus a' Phàrlamaid mu dhéibhinna' *Bill*. Tha am *Bill* a nis gumath roimh 'n Phàrlamaid, agus tha dòchas math d'a thaobh gu'n tig e roimhe.

A thaobh Ceisd an Aonaidh 's an Eaglais Shaoir thug an t-Ard-Sheanadh air a' bliadhna so breith a réir a' chùrsa a bha air a ghabhail le Ard-Sheanaidhean nam bliadhnan a chaidh seachad;—'s e sin gu'm bheil an taobh mòr a' leantainn air an aghaidh, ged nach 'eil iad a' dol cho bras, leis an aon rùn, 's ag oibreachadh gu sàmhach cinnteach chum na h-aon chrìche, —gu'm bi Aonadh ann, agus nach bi ro fhada thuige. A chum na crìche so bha dà ni a bha ro fheumail ri'n oidhirpeachadh. An toiseach bha e ionchuidh gu'n gabhadh iad air mhòd an t-Iomradh a thug an Comuun Sònrùichte air an Aonadh a steach. Anns an Iomradh so bha e air a mholadh mar ni ro ionmhiannaichte gu'm biodh cead air a thoirt do na h-Eaglaisean fa leth gairmean a thoirt seachad an measg a chéile; 's e sin, gu'm faodadh coimhthional anns an Eaglais Shaoir gairm a thoirt do mhinistear anns an Eaglais Chléirich Aonaichte. Ghabh an Eaglais Chléirich Aonaichte ris an ni cheana; agus tha an Eaglais Shaoir air a' ghnòthuch a chur gus na Cléiribh air fad feadh na rioghachd chum an beachd agus an guth fhaotainn air a' phuine roimh 'n ath Ard-Sheanadh. B'e an dara ni oidhirp a thoirt air an Eaglais Stéidhichte a dhì-stéidheachadh. Rinn an t-Olla Rainy gluasad air a' phuine air son an d' thug a' mhòr chuid an guth. Oir tha iad ag amharc air cho fad agus a bhitheas an Eaglais Stéidhichte mar a tha i gu'm bi an taobh beag 's an Eaglais Shaoir a' sealltainn rithe le sùil chaoin, blàs cridhe, agus theagamh air son cuideachadh uaipe, no aonadh rithe fad-beòidh. Ma'n tachradh an ni mu dheir-

\* Here lies Peter McTavish,

A Highland Drover, and a terrible savage,  
He was always drunk and never sober,  
From Fort-William in June, to Falkirk in October.  
Ye greedy worms beware of his body,  
For 'twill make you drunk with whisky toddy.

† Fort William and Falkirk Cattle Trysts.

eadh so bhiodh an t-seann Eaglais Albannach ni bu treise na an fheadhainn nach 'eil Stéidhichte ged bhiodh iad air fad 'nan aon.

Tha an Eaglais Stéidhichte air an laimh eile: 'g a neartachadh agus 'g a h-athleasachadh féin mar a's fearr is urrainn di. Mar a's mò a théid aice air so a dheanamh 's ann a's dorra do chàch a tilgeadh sìos.

Le bàs an Olla Urramaich, Tormoid Mac Leòid, ministear a' *Bharony* an Glaschu, chaill Eaglais na h-Alba an t-aon a b' ainne-eile d'a ministearibh. Rugadh e am Baile Cheann-Loch an Ceantire 's a' bhliadhna 1812, 'n uair a bha 'athair, "Caraid nan Gàidheal," 'n a mhinistear ann. Fhuair e 'Thòghlum an Glaschu, an Dùnéidinn, is anns a' Ghermailt. B' e fear de 'n fheadhainn a tha air an sònruachadh gu bhli 'searmonachadh do 'n Bhan-rìgh 'nn, air an robh e fìor eòlach agus aig an robh mòr mheas air. Shìnbhail e as a' bheatha so air an 16mh là deng de dhara mìos an t-samhraidh, 'se trì fichead bliadhna dh'aois. Tha mòran caoidh air feadh na rìoghachd air fad, agus gu sònruichte ann an Glaschu. Bha e ainne-cil mar Albannach treun, tapaidh, le ceud-fathann mòra, feadh an t-saoghail air fad. 'S fad' mu 'n faicear a leithid 'n ar measg a rithis. Fhad 's a bha e beò bha aig na Gàidheil aon neach ainmeil d'an cinneadh féin as am feudadh iad le ceartas mòr uaille a dheanamh.

A thaobh Ceisd na h-Alabamai tha na còirichean neo-chuimseach air son an robh na Stàidean Aonaichte a' tagradh an tùs ri bhì air an leigeadh seachad. Le so tha an enap-storra a bu mhò eadar sinn féin agus na Stàidean air a thoirt as an rathad.

## D A N

### MU BHAS CHAILEIN CHAIMBEIL TRIATH CHLUAIDH.

Tha airm an laoch fo mheing 'san tùr;  
Chòmhdaich ùir an curaidh treun;  
Bhuail air Alaba speach as ùr:  
A feachd tròm, tùrsach, 'sileadh dheur.  
Mu Ghaisgeach Ghaidheil nan sàr bheairt,  
Fo ghlais a bhàis, mar dhùil gun toirt:  
Triath na Cluaidh bu bhuaidhaich feairt;  
Ga chaoidh gu tròm, le cridhe goirt.  
Air oidhche 's mi m' laidhe 'm shuain,  
'S mo smuaintean air luath's na dreig;  
Uair agam, 'sa' n sin uair;  
Bhruadair mi 'bhi shuas air creig.  
Thoir leam gu 'n robh teachd 'nam choir,

Fo bhratach bhròin de shròl dùbh  
Sar mhaighdean mhaiseach, mhòr;  
Tiamhaidh, leont' bha ceòl a guth.  
Mar dhruillseadh reult, bha gorm shùil;  
A ghan ghnuis cho goal 's an sneachd;  
Bha falt donn air sniomh mu 'cùl:—  
Tiugh chiabha dluth nan iomadh dath.  
M'a ceann bha clogaid do dh-fhior chruaidh,  
Ri barr bha dualach o'n each ghlas;  
A laimh dheas, chum sleagh na buaidh;  
Claidheamh truailte, suas ri 'leis.  
Sgiath chopach, obair sheòlt',  
Le mòrcheuis 'na laimh chli.  
Luireach mhaillach, greist' le h-òr,—  
Bu chomhdach do nighean rìgh.  
Laidh leoghann garg, gu stuama stòlt'  
Mar chaithir dhì-modhair fo reachd:—  
Chuir leth-ghuth o beul seòlt  
A bheisd fo shamhechair, 's fo thur smachd.  
Ghrad phlog mo chridhe 'nam chòm,  
Fo uamhas a's trom gheilt,—  
Rinn rosg tlàth o'n rìbhinn rium,  
Fuadachadh lom air m' oilt.  
Chrom mi sìos le mòr mheas  
Is dhiosraich mi do threin na mais',  
Cia fath mu 'n robh a h-airm na 'n erios;  
Mar shonn 'chum sgrios, a deanamh deas.  
Ged 'bha a gnuis mar òigh fo lòn,  
No ainneir og 'chuir gaol fo chràdh,  
Sheall i rium le plathadh bròin,  
Measgta le mòralachd is gradh,  
Lasaich air mo gheilte 's m' fhiamh;  
'N uair labhair i 'm briathraibh ciùin:—

"A Ghaidheil aosda, ghlas do chiaibh  
Mar cheatharnach a liath le ùin.  
Triallaidh tu mar 'rinn do sheòrs'  
Chum talla fuar, reòt' a bhàis;  
Bisd guth binn na deagh sgeòil,  
'Toirt cuireadh glòir ri latha grais.  
Bha agam-sa curaidh treun—  
Gun chomhalt fo 'n ghréin 'am beairt:  
Ceannard armait na' mòr euchd  
Thug buaidh 's gach streup, le ceill thar  
neart.

Och mo leireadh, beud a leon  
Breatuinn còmhladh le 'trom lot:  
O'n Bhan-rìgh 'chum an duil gun treoir—  
Uile còmhdaicht' le bròn-bhrat.  
Chaill m' armait ceannard corr,  
Air nàmh 'sa' chòmh-strì toradh grath:  
Mar dhealan speur na 'n deigh 's an toir;  
Bhiodh cosgairt leontach 'n còir a chath,  
Air thus nan Gaidheal, 'stìthireadh streup;  
Mar fhreun speur, 'an geuraid beachd;  
Gaisg' leoghann garg, 'measg bheathach  
frith,

Cha d' ghéill 's an t-srith, a dh-aindeoin  
'— feachd.  
 Cha chualas ceannard a thug barr  
 An teas a bhliù air sàr uan euchd:  
 Misneach fhoirfidh, 'an gleachd nan àr;  
 'Tròm acain bais, o chràdh nan crouch.  
 Do Ghaidheil ghaisgeil, misneach chorr  
 'Am builsguin còmhraig, mor na 'm beachd:  
 A' toirt na buaidh 'sa cosnadh glòir,  
 A dh-aindeoin seòl a's mòrachd feachd.  
 Mar chogadh Oscar flathail, garg;  
 'Us Conn 'na fheirg a' dol 's an spairn;  
 Le Diarmad donn a thuit 's an t-sealg,  
 'San Sonn a mharbh an Garbh-mac-Stairn.  
 Gach buaidh 'bha annta sud gu leir;  
 An neart, an trein, an gleus, 's am múirn—  
 Bha cliù a Chaimbeulaich dha 'n reir,  
 'S 'dol thart an éifeachd anns gach tuirn.—  
 Ciuin mar mhaighdeann ghràidh 'san t-sith;  
 Uasal, siobhalt, min 'am beus,  
 Gaisgeil, gargant, crosg 'san t-srì;  
 Le cumbachd rìgh 'cur feachd air ghleus.  
 Fhuair e urram anns gach ceum,  
 Thaobh barrachd euchd, 'an streup nan lann.  
 Rinn d' ar rioghachd 'n a feum,  
 Air thoiseach thrèin-fhir thir nam beann.  
 'S na h-Innsean thug e buaidh ro mhòr,  
 Le 'ihil 's le seoltachd 'dol thar neart:  
 Threòraich e na brataich shroil,  
 'Sa' chomhraig anns bu ghlòir-mhor beairt.  
 C' aite 'n cualas sparradh cath  
 Bu bhuaidhaich sgath na Alma dheurg?—  
 Fuil a's cuirp air beinn 's air srath  
 N' a millean sreath, fo 'n laoch na fhearg.  
 Fhuair 'o 'n rioghachd meas 'us glòir  
 Anns gach doigh mar thòs-fhear cath:  
 Dhìol ar Ban-rìgh mar bu choir  
 Dha onair oirdhearg 'measg nam flath.  
 Triath Chluaidh nam fuar shruth,  
 Mu 'n cualas guth an Oisein bhinn,  
 A' caoidh nan saoidh, 'ruith dheur gu tiugh,  
 Bha mòralach 'an talla Fhinn,  
 Ghairmeadh air an uisge 'n sonn  
 Mar agh nan glonn bu bhonndail còir;—  
 Cho fad 's a bhuaileas creag an tonn,  
 'S air uachdar fonn 'bhios fas an fheoir."  
 Chriochnaich sgeul an ainneir mhoir,  
 Mu euchdan glòir-mhor an laoch threun;  
 Mhosgail mi á m' shuain le bròn;  
 A' sìleadh dheòir gu 'm b' fhior an sgeul.  
 A Ghaidheil Ghlaschu, sliochd nan sonn,  
 A dhfhuadaiche adh o thir nam beann;  
 Da 'n dual le còir an sruth 's am fonn;—  
 Dhuibhse coisrigear mo rann.  
 Sibhs' da 'n dealaidh am prìomh shar,  
 'S gach euchd 'thug barr 'rinn Gaidheil  
 riamh;

Ri stiùireadh feachd san gleachd nam blàr  
 Bhiodh buaidh na laraich sàilte 'ri 'ghnìomh.  
 Dearbhaibh gur sibh àl nan treun,  
 Ginealach do reir nan sonn;  
 A bhuanach cliù thar sliochd fo 'n ghrein,  
 'Am blar nam beum 's an streup nan tonn.  
 Cumaidh cuimhn' air laoch an airm  
 A ghairmeadh air an abhainn Cluaidh  
 'S a' meall e urram 'theid a sheirm  
 'S gach linn le toirm ri sgeul a bhuaidh.

AONGHAS MAC-DHÒMHNUILL.

— o —  
 SOP AS GACH SEID.

Millidh aire iasad.  
 Ceilidh gràdh gràn.  
 Thig math á mulad.  
 'S e farmad a ni treabhadh.  
 Ceisd bradaig air briagaig.  
 Dean fanaid air do sheanu bhrògan.  
 Cha robh miann dithis air aon mhéis.  
 Dean do gharadh far an d' rinn thu t' fhuar-  
 achadh.  
 Ge cruaidh sgarachduinn, cha robh dithis  
 gun dealachadh.  
 'S tric a bha claidheamh math an droch  
 thruaill.  
 Ged éignichear an sean-fhocal, cha bhreug-  
 aichear e.  
 'S feàrr a bhi leasg gu ceannach, no rìghinn  
 gu pàidheadh.  
 Comhairle caraid gun iarraidh cha d' fhuair  
 i riamh am meas bu chòir.  
 Cha tig an cota glas cho math do na h-uile  
 fear.  
 'S duilich triubhas a thoirt o thòin luim.  
 Bìodh iadsan a' bruidhinn 's bìthidh na  
 h-uibhean againne.  
 Chaill e 'm baile thall 's cha do bhuinig e 'm  
 baile bhos.  
 Mar thuirte Clag Seàin, an rud nach buin  
 duit na buin da.  
 "A chailleach, an gabh thu an rìgh?"  
 'Cha ghabh o nach gabh e mi'"  
 B' fheàrr greim caillinn na tarruing laoch.  
 "Gaoth a deas, teas is toradh;  
 Gaoth an iar, iasg is bainne;  
 Gaoth a tuath, fuachd is feannadh;  
 Gaoth an ear, meas air chrannaibh."  
 Cha bhi tom no tulach,  
 No cnocan buidhe feurach;  
 Nach bi seal gu subhach,  
 Is seal gu dubbach, deurach.

— o —  
 TOIMHSEACHAIN.

1. Théid e null air abhainn,  
 'S thig e nall air abhainn,  
 'S gearraidh e 'm feur,  
 'S cha 'n ith se e.



2. Bothan beag is solus as  
'S a dhà dhorus dùinte.
3. Oiseag bheag, bhiorach,  
'S a mionach slaodadh rithe.
4. Muc dhubh a steach an dorus,  
'S enàimh duine 'n a beul.
5. Bha i'n Eirinn, 's bha i'n Ros,  
'S bha i 's a' bheinn éibhinn chais,  
'S bithidh i 's a' bhaile so 'n nochd,  
Bean a rinn crios m' a cois.
6. Bò mhaol odhar air an tràigh,  
'S laogh 'n a gobhal 's i gun dàir.
7. Thèid mi do'n bheinn, a chromada chruim,  
'S cha 'n 'eil anns a' choill, a chromada  
chruim,  
Nach leag mi le m' dhruim, a chromada  
chruim.
8. Cha m'iac peathar no bràthar dhomh e,  
Cha m'iac athar no màthar dhomh e,  
Ach 's i mo mhàthair-se,  
'Bu mhàthair do mhàthair an fhleas-  
gaich.  
Dè 'n càirdeas a bh 'aice ris?
9. Slat chaol, chaol,  
Ann an taobh tigh an tuairnir,  
'S cha 'n 'eil air an t-saoghal,  
Na dh' fhaodas a gluasad.

10. Tha toimhseachan agam ort,  
Cha 'n e d' fhionnadh, 's cha 'n e d' fhalt,  
No aon a bhallaibh do chuirp;—  
Tha e ort 's cha tomhais thu e.

FREAGAIRTEAN do na Toimhseachain anns  
a' cheathramh Aireamh do 'N GHaidheal.

1. Poit.
2. Ceò.
3. Gunna.
4. Na Tonnan.
5. Am Bàs.
6. Am Bogha-frois.
7. Litir.
8. Loinid.
9. Clàir Tuba.
10. A' chlach-stéidh.
11. Cù air an robh "Ìdir" mar ainm.
12. Uisge-beatha.

FREAGAIRTEAN.

Do I. MAC MHARAH.—Bidh "Freagradh  
Gaoil" do "Fhàilte Gaoil" "LILIDH NAN  
GLEANN" 's an ath Aireimh.

Do M. MAC M.—Bha e 'n a aobhar gearain  
leinn féin euideachd nach d' thàinig AN  
GAIDHEAL a mach ni bu luaithe. Bidh e an  
àm as a dhéigh so.

D U A N A N B R O I N

Air Bàs Thormaid 'ic Leòid.

A Leòdaich Urramaich 'bu bhinne cliù  
'Tha nis an dùthaich anns nach rìoghaich pian  
Tha clann nam Fiann 'g ad chaidh le deuraibh fial'!  
Tha 'n gearan cian air son mar chuir thu cùl  
Ri saogh 'l neo-chiùin, 's nach dìon thu iad o thnù  
Nau Gall ni 's mò! Do chridhe gaoil bha riamh  
A' lionadh thairis le fìor sheire, 's le miann  
Air math do chàch. Dheàrrs thu mar shoillse iùil  
Troimh shaoghal dùbhrach 's am bheil stiùradh dall.  
Tha thusa thall, 's is faoin ar cumha guil;—  
Trom sgàile thuit; 's cha téid ar fradharc fann  
Troimh 'n doille thruim 'tha 'snàmh os ceann na tuil';  
A' pàilliuin corporr' dh' iadh thu troimh 'n bhrat-roinn  
Gu tìr nan spiorad 's am bheil caoidh air sgar.

Niall Mac Néill.

## EILEAN AN FHRAOICH.

'Tha Leòghas bheag riabhach,—bha i riamh 's an Taobh Tuath,—  
Muir tràghaidh is lionaidh 'g a h-iaidhadh mu 'n cuairt;  
'N uair a dheàrrsas a' ghrian oirr' le riaghladh o shuas  
Bheir i fàs air gach sìol air son biadh dh' an an t-sluagh.

FONN:—A chiall nach mise 'bha 'n Eilean an Fhraoich!  
Nam fiadh, nam bradan, nam feadag, 's nan naosg!  
Nan lochan, nan tòban, nan òsan 's nan caol—  
Eilean innis nam bò, 's àite-còmhnuidh nan laoch!

An t-Eilean ro mhaiseach, gur pailt ann am biadh;  
'S e Eilean a's àillt' air 'n do dhealraich a' ghrian;  
'S e Eilean mo ghràidhs' e, bha 'Ghàilig ann riamh;  
'S cha 'n fhalbh i gu bràth as gu 'n tràigh an Cuan Siar!

'N àm éiridh na gréine air a shléibhtibh bidh ceò,  
Bidh 'bhanarach ghuanach 's a' bhuarach 'n a dòrn  
Ri gabhail a duanaig 's i 'g uallach nam bò  
'S mac-talla nan creag ri toirt freagairt d' a ceòl.

Air feasgar an t-samhraidh bidh sunnt air gach spréidh;  
Bidh 'chuthag is fonn oirr' ri òran di féin;  
Bidh niseag air lòn agus smèdrach air géig,  
'S air cuic ghlas' is ledidean uain òga ri leum.

Gach duine 'bha riamh ann bha ciatamh ac' dha,  
Gach ainmhidh air sliabh ann, cha 'n iarr as gu bràth;  
Gach ian 'théid air sgiath ann bu mhiann leis ann tàmh;  
'S bu mhiann le gach iasg a bhi 'cliathadh ri 'thràigh.

Nam faighinn mo dhùrachd 's e 'lùiginn bhì òg,  
'S gun ghnòthach aig aois rium fhad 's a dh' fhaodainn bli beò;  
Bhì 'n am bhuchail' air àiridh fo shàil nam beann mòr'  
'M bad 's am faighinn an càis' 's bainne blàth air son òil.

Cha 'n fhacas air talamh leam sealladh a's bòidheh'  
Na 'ghrian a' dol sìos air taobh siar Eilean Leòghais;  
'N crodh-laoidh anns an luachair, 's am buachail' 'n an tòir,  
'G an tional gu àiridh le àl de laoidh òg'.

Air feasgar a' gheamhraidh théid tionndadh gu gnìomh  
Ri toirt eòlais do chlainn bidh gach seann duine liath;  
Gach iasgair le 'shnàthaid ri càradh a lion,  
Gach nighean ri càrdadh 's a màthair ri snìomh.

B'e mo mhiann bhì 's na badan 's 'na chleachd mi bhì òg,  
Ri dìreadh nan creag anns an neadaich na h-còin;  
O'n thàinig mi 'Ghlascho tha m' aigheadh fo bhròn,  
'S mi 'call mo chuid claisneachd le glagraich nan òrd.

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ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

JULY, 1872.

## BILINGUAL PREACHING

AND ANTI-GAELIC PREJUDICES.

It has been poetically observed, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing;" and we are indeed very fain to thank the poet for having chiselled out so faultlessly a caution destined to be so serviceable to erring humanity. This line alone might be sufficient to preserve among the names of the immortals that of the peevish author of the poetical Essay on Criticism. The application of its teaching, with the view of putting people on their guard, would be highly useful in dealing with many of the utterances of the public oracles of our day. The youth of the third quarter of the nineteenth century have very great need of having this observation dinned into their ears in season and out of season; they have become—the blessed heavens deliver us!—so utterly and lamentably unconscious of the superficial habits of their intellectual being! Nevertheless, the young man of the period is learnedly pretending; he is even occasionally colossal in his apparent capacity of dealing with many questions which are truly momentous. His quick wit and ready tongue, voluble in many terms of whose exact meaning he is never aware, must busy themselves with every mortal thing. And he is particularly eloquent in the expression of his thoughts on such sacred questions as the inspiration of Holy Writ, which he summarily disproves by reference to the contradictions of the sacred writers and to the conflicting opinions of preachers. In-

quire for the source of his light on the subject, and he refers to some stereotyped *dicta* of Dean Stanley, Colenso, Wilkie Collins, or Dickens! This is a specimen of the youth whose critical and æsthetic education has been fed on detached newspaper crumbs; whose knowledge, if anything he has, deserves that designation, consists of an undigested, unassimilated "cram" which he has plucked from the pages of some *Information for the People*. His whole system of learning is based on an element of Popular Delusions. One would think, however, that the newspaper press where talent and common-sense generally exist, would despise to treat subjects of earnest and sacred importance after the fashion of the superficial young man of the period. Such is not the case. Questions of religion, and especially those of ecclesiastical interest are jestingly dealt with, and settled in a hollow, unthinking style, so that their very solemnity is made to appear ridiculous. Where, above all, subjects of sacred and *Celtic* interest arise blended or combined together, then very insanity and stark recklessness parade themselves before our vision—even the very stars begin to wander! Highland Theology, Highland Preachers, Highland Church-Government, Highland Life, and finally, the unfortunate Celt himself have, whenever the least opportunity offers, their several characteristics sportingly criticised and condemned as narrow, fanatical, and not in harmony with the progressive spirit of this practical enlightened age. The abiding frequency

of this style of superficial criticism has been the general cause of our remarks at present; but the particular one, is a recent article in *The Glasgow Herald* on "The Free Church Highlanders of Dunoon and the Gaelic Language."

It is an unfortunate as well as an unpleasant conclusion to the famous Dunoon case, that the original authors of the wrangling are left sorrowfully exclaiming with the *Herald*, that "Gaelic will not entirely die away in Dunoon while the second Free Church Congregation exists to bear testimony for it and in it." It is a great pity that Gaelic in this thriving town has been permitted to live a little longer in this particular way. This town thrives—and, lest progress, prosperity, and Gaelic appear to have any natural affinity, let the latter be stamped out,—all traces of the town's Celtic pre-existence be swept out of the way! Men like ourselves, into whose bones and sinews it has entered, are not at all vexed that Gaelic in Dunoon has not been sent to the very grave by its late oppressors, where it might sleep in the ashes of its kindred Celtic productions. Long may itself and the Free Church Highlanders of Dunoon live ere they finally visit the tombs of their fathers! It is really a great grievance to the *Herald* and all other ill-wishers of the Gaelic, that it has survived as living evidence of Celtic existence. Should the living Gaelic, however, cease to be, the fond hopes of the *Herald*, seeing all traces of Celtic disappear would not be realised. Still the Rev. Mr. Macmorran would be left, and such like. In this veritable *Macmorran*, though destitute of the lingual proof, is found a living monument of Celtic influence, even in him a trace of Celtic life survives. Even after the Gaelic is dead and buried—after its fabric has vanished—much "rack" is left behind; *Dunoon* itself, and the names of the very hills will continue

to speak the ancient language of Caledonia.

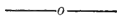
But one of the objects of the *Herald's* most venomous shafts is "the sort of cross-bred preacher, who thunders in Gaelic in the forenoon and twaddles in broken English in the afternoon;" he does "not quite suit the taste of this, (the English Free Church people of wealth residing at Dunoon,) which is the wealthier and more numerous portion of the congregation. At a *fit opportunity*, an English-speaking clergyman was appointed. The Celtic language had nearly died out. Why maintain a useless recognition of it by Gaelic sermons? Those who argued thus miscalculated the strength of the Highlanders. They objected, they protested, they appealed, they determined to open a place of worship of their own, and, if need be, start a new sect, having for its dominant doctrine the beauty and necessity of Gaelic preaching." It is difficult to deal patiently or seriously with statements so unfair, so unworthy of an educated mind as the above. It is only a specimen of the undermining style in which the press deals with many vital questions. It is the legitimate offspring of that uncircumcised Philistinism which has been so long nursed in the bosom of English literature; and against which the true-bred, finely-tuned English mind of our day raises its unavailing voice. The cross-bred preacher has really many enemies to encounter; not only has he to meet and grapple with the great adversary with his legions of roaring young lions, and all the other spiritual foes of humanity, but he has to defend himself from the modern Philistines who set themselves in opposition to all real or *transcendental* renovation of the world. These same Philistines never pay their respects to the beautiful; they merely concern themselves with things that are of the earth, earthy. And many a terrible

onset they make on the bilingual preaching of the Highlander. But the attack is not always successful. In the present instance it has been signally unfortunate. The bilingual preaching, which the Dunoon people have been accustomed to for a generation or two back, must have been of no inferior species. They enjoyed for a long time the services of a learned father and even-going divine, whom even Free Church Philistines delighted to raise many years ago to the dignity of Moderatorship of the Free Church Assembly.—We refer to the Rev. Dr. Macintosh Mackay, whose perfect shapeliness of body, and general fine physical appearance, along with gentlemanly, highly dignified bearing, used to attract, when he stood in the Free Church pulpit of Dunoon, the admiring attention of the nobly born. His sermons, on the other hand, whether delivered in the sonorous language of Bàn Macintyre, or in the sharp hissing tongue of Shakespeare, always partook of the excellent, whether we consider the matter, the style, the manner, mode of utterance, or accuracy of pronunciation. Is it possible that a man of a different stamp would be so honoured by high and low, Gall and Gael, at home and abroad, as he has been? Is it possible that, in an Assembly in the Scottish Capital where you meet on such occasions with the flower, the wealth, the chivalry, and the learning of all the land, the fashionable lady whose ear is so finely-strung as to distinguish the sounds of the various breezes, or the lawyer who has devoted years to the acquisition of faultless accent and accurate English pronunciation, or the lady and lord of high degree, would endure for a moment the torture of listening to “twaddle in broken English” from the Moderator’s chair? The thought of the possibility of such is simply harrowing to the feeling. Now the fact that Dr. Mac-

Kay, a Gaelic-speaking Celt, once occupied the Moderator’s chair, leaves no reasonable ground of existence for the *Herald’s* exulting sneer. The late Dr. Calder Macintosh, the last Gaelic-speaking minister the Dunoon people had, was no common-place man. He, the man of cultured intellect, of refined feeling, of piety, and of holy unction, was as capable of appreciating the true, the beautiful and the good, in the highest sense of the terms, as the *Herald* has hitherto proved itself to be. And this mind of his would make itself known and felt in English.

Other Gaelic-speaking ministers have been, and are, who have shown themselves highly acceptable even to English-speaking congregations;—the whole of the Macleod family, four of whom have been Moderators of the General Assemblies of their respective churches,—the two Normans, John of Morven, and Roderick, Skye. Among the most eloquent ministers in Glasgow could you point, while he lived, to a more excellent preacher in every way, to a man of really greater power, greater unction, than the Rev. Duncan Macnab, late of Renfield Free Church? Among the living there are two whose eloquent voices are well known in Glasgow—the Revs. Dr. MacGilvray of Aberdeen, and D. MacGregor of Dundee. The accomplished, the refined, the widely-esteemed Mr. Kennedy of Dingwall is well known. In broad Scotland, can you point out one who is a more *real* preacher, one more refined even in English? Many do not know that the learned and deep-cultured Dr. Taylor of Crathie, to whose preaching the Queen delights to listen, is also a Gaelic-speaking Celt. Even the generic Highland preacher we do not hesitate to set side by side with the English-speaking preacher any day; and this we can specially affirm regarding the *matter*, because the former is as yet more truly Puritanic, possesses more of the flesh and bone of Calvinism.

But we forbear. And beg in conclusion to express our abiding sorrow and contrition of soul at seeing a public organ of the *Herald's* standing, treating in such boyish, superficial style, many questions of serious importance,—frequently disinterring out of the remembrance of the grim past bitter feelings of race which retard the consolidation of our common Celt-and-Angle-Land.



### ANNUAL REPORT OF THE GAELIC SCHOOL SOCIETY.

THIS Society has this year issued its sixty-first Annual Report, which evidences wonderful vitality, and a widely-ramifying organization, which, perhaps, has never been more thorough and efficient than it is at the present day. That the Society, preserving its original energy and gathering more, has outlived the civil, social, and ecclesiastical changes which have come over the Highlands since its institution strongly evinces the crying need that existed for schools of the kind, as well as the practical and far-seeing wisdom which dictated the form it should assume and the mode of its operations. At the time of its formation, the prejudices of the Sasunnach against the Celt, and everything Celtic, were powerful and universal; even the teaching of the Gospel, that we are all of one pair, human, and sinful, was scarcely able to overcome the might of such antipathies of race. It is this race-feeling, this element of race-bitterness that has so fearfully stained and marred the history of unfortunate Ireland. At length the brimming charity of the nineteenth century has begun to take effect, mollifying the hardness of men's thoughts of each other. In this Society for the support of Gaelic Schools, we find the German (as our Sasunnach friends will have themselves called), and the Celt laudably bearing the yoke

together in the interest of our common Christianity. There is so much truth, vigour, and unction in the following, that we cannot refrain from quoting it from the Report:—

“Two generations have come and gone since the Society was instituted, but it is still in the vigour of life, and far, it is hoped, from ‘the sere and yellow leaf.’ During the sixty-one years of the Society’s life, it were strange if no obstacles had occurred calculated to arrest its progress; but though a few storms have spent their force upon the goodly tree, they have but served to show that its roots were deeply imbedded in the soil of practical wisdom and enlightened Christian philanthropy, while at the same time they have contributed to fix them all the more firmly there.

“The practical sagacity which has dictated the plan upon which the operations of the Society are conducted, becomes continually more apparent the longer it is tested. One might have imagined common-sense would have suggested that the most direct way of educating—in the strict and proper sense of the term—of drawing out and developing the intelligence of a people, as of an individual, is by beginning with what they already know, and from that leading them on to what they do not know. But obvious as it is, and now an acknowledged truism in education, some societies proposing to themselves the benefit of the Highlanders educationally, were expending their funds to no good purpose in systematically ignoring this principle. Their sole object was to teach the Highlanders English, and in order to effect that purpose Gaelic was turned out of doors as a barbarous language, a jargon of uncouth, if not meaningless sounds, ability to pronounce which constituted a badge of degradation, besides proving a hindrance to all wordly advancement. English was to be taught,

and English alone. This effort to drive home the wedge of education by putting the broad end foremost, naturally enough did not succeed, and the poor Highlander came to be regarded as almost hopelessly impenetrable. On the other hand, the Gaelic School Society, intent chiefly on advancing the moral and spiritual welfare of our Gaelic-speaking fellow-countrymen, and knowing that truth could be introduced to their minds through the medium of the language they were already in possession of, more readily than through any other, did not go about to invent a more circuitous way of accomplishing that object. Looking abroad upon the state of the country, after a century of misdirected zeal in trying to make the inhabitants forget their native language and take kindly to the foreign tongue of the Sassenach Lowland, it was seen that many parts of the Highlands and Islands continued in a state of great ignorance, and that only a small proportion of the inhabitants could read in any language. Here the originators of the Society perceived a door of usefulness open before them, and felt that consideration both of patriotism and religion called upon them to enter in. Possessing the means, and with it the responsibility, they solemnly asked themselves,

“Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high—  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?”

“Forthwith they girded themselves to the task, and founded the Gaelic School Society, which as time wore on, became a Home Mission, Bible Society and Educational Institute, all in one. The Bible has been translated into Gaelic at an earlier date; but as nothing had been done to enable a Gaelic-speaking population to read it, very few copies were in circulation. The Book was sealed even from those for whose benefit

the translation was intended. This state of things was remedied by the Society sending out a staff of men with the love of Christ burning in their own breasts, to bring the record of that love to their famished fellow-countrymen, and teach them how to read with their own eyes, and in their own tongue, ‘the wonderful works of God.’ ‘He that winneth souls is wise,’ and in this labour of love the Society has been largely owned from on high throughout its history. Often has ‘the blessing of Him who was ready to perish come upon it,’ and it is cause for praise to the Father of Mercies that you are not altogether without this blessing in the present. The Word of God, appealing to the heart and conscience of the young in your Schools from day to day, has its own secret influence distilling as the dew, and the kingdom of God comes to one here and there ‘without observation.’ Most of the teachers, besides their ordinary week-day work, in which the Bible is the chief book read, have also the charge of Sabbath-schools. To these, parents come and listen as their children read the Word of Life and are examined on what is read, and upon questions from the Shorter Catechism; while at times they themselves also gladly submit to be catechised. In many places, also, owing to the remoteness from church of the stations, the teachers have to conduct meetings on Sabbath for prayer and reading of Scripture, and often a week-day meeting besides.

“But it may be asked, after teaching Gaelic for sixty-one years, what further need can there be now for such work as engages this society? To this it may be replied, that the Society has sought to work in localities that are otherwise totally neglected; that it has never since its origin been able to overtake the whole field;—that the teachers only remain for a few years in the same station; and that,

even when they return to a former station after a lapse of years, the new generation which has risen up in the interval requires to be taught from the beginning. Above all, it may be answered that it is likely that, for many years to come, a large portion of the peasantry of the Highlands and Islands will not know any other language than Gaelic. At any rate, they know no other at present." \* \* \* \*

"And the Directors can not think that the Society has found any reason to slacken its hold of the fundamental principle, that *'it is essential for every man to be able to read the Word of God in his own tongue.'*

The Society gives employment to 38 Teachers, 8 of whom are located in the Highlands, and 30 in the Islands. Of those in the latter there are 13 in Lewis, 5 in North Uist, 5 in Skye, 3 in Mull, 2 in Harris, 1 in Coll, 1 in Islay. Of those stationed on the Mainland, there are 5 in the county of Ross, 2 in that of Inverness, and 1 in North Knapdale, Argyleshire. The attendance on week-days in these 38 schools reaches the aggregate of 842 males and 1031 females, making a total of 1873. This is no small number; and it is very gratifying to find so many of the young of our land benefiting yearly by the healthy kind of teaching which is given in these schools. Even by these figures a stranger can have no idea of the number of scholars taught by these teachers, on account of the *circulating character* of the schools. Many of the teachers are only stationed for three or four years in the same place when they are removed to more necessitous districts. The burden of the working of the machinery falls mainly on the Rev. Dr. Maclauchlan, who knows so well, and is so well known in, the Highlands. He has an excellent co-adjutor in the inspector of schools, the Rev. A. Macrae, M.A. The Society has the names of the highest in the land among

its supporters:—the Queen for its Patroness, and Ewen Macpherson, Esq., of Cluny Macpherson, for its President, the Vice-Presidents and Governors, &c., are all of very high standing and influence. It truly deserves the support of all who wish to see the Highlands advance in matters social, moral, and religious.

—o—

#### THANKFUL BREATHINGS.

A veil of gloom fell darkening on my being;  
Sorrow undying rooted in my soul;

Despairing anguish on my vitals stole;  
I sought dread solace in my God's decreeing,  
But ah in vain! possessing heav'nly seeing

No rest deceitful satisfied; the whole  
Had birth in sin unmortified; the coal  
Of wild despair burned fiercely till, fast fleeing  
From wretched self, I found thy gentle aid  
Which saved me from an outcast, self-  
doomed fate

For whose dim welcome awfulness I  
prayed;—

O for a seraph's tongue in tones elate  
To utter breathings of my gratitude!—  
Thy kindly counsel saved from fatal mood.

N. AMBROSE.

—o—

#### THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

'Tis Love that bears us to the Land

Of Life and Light above;  
Thou art not of the Minstrel Band  
Till Lays of Love thy lyre demand,  
Till thou canst truly understand  
The smile of Woman's Love.

MARY MILLER.

—o—

#### NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

On the 6th of June, the Rev. Angus MacIver, preacher, was ordained minister of Macdonald Free Church, Glasgow.

The Marquis of Lorne is said to be suffering from low fever.

The Highland railway returns for the week ending 9th June, were £4681, against £4405 last year, and for the 14 weeks, £61,976 against £55,603, showing an increase of £6373.

An elopement recently took place in the west of Ross-shire, and the event caused



July, 1872.

considerable excitement. The parties are said to have been a "good-looking good girl" and a "son of the shears and goose, wanting part of the leg.

**IONA.—VISITORS.**—Among the visitors in the island at present are a sister and the youngest daughter of Dr. Livingston, the African traveller. They intend visiting the Island of Ulva, the birthplace of the great traveller's father.

**STORNOWAY—LAUNCHES.**—The schooner Raven has been launched from the patent slip at Stornoway, having undergone considerable repairs, after being wrecked on the coast of Skye last spring. Lately a new schooner was also launched by Mr. Wm. Cook, shipbuilder, for Mr. John Wignall Fleetwood, London. Her tonnage is 109 tons register. She was christened The Thornton by Mrs. Spittal, wife of Sheriff Spittal.

**ECCLESIASTICAL.**—The Free Presbytery of Lorn and Mull met on Wednesday, the 11th of June, in Oban, Rev. D Macvean, of Mull moderator. It was stated that the congregation of Ardow and Torloisk had been raised by the last General Assembly to a sanctioned charge, and that it is now in a position to call a minister.

**FREE PRESBYTERY OF DUNOON AND INVERARAY.**—This reverend Court met on Tuesday, the 11th June, at Rothesay—Rev. John Clark, of Minard, Moderator. Regarding the Dunoon Gaelic case, Dr. Elder proposed, seconded by Rev. Mr. Russell of Glendaruel, "that the Presbytery, having before them the deliverance of the General Assembly in this case, and finding the Assembly having sustained the reference, sanction the setting up of a preaching station for the Highlanders." MR. MACPHERSON, on behalf of the Free Church Highlanders of Dunoon, acquiesced in the finding of the Presbytery, and thanked them for erecting them into a station.

**DEFINITE arrangements,** it is said, have at length been made for laying the telegraph to the Lews. A steamer chartered by the Government was expected with the cable at Stornoway on Friday, the 21st June, and on Saturday or Monday following the line would be laid from the island to the mainland. The cable starts at a point a short distance from Stornoway, and is carried across the Minch to the prominent headland which forms the south west shore of Loch Ewe. The distance is about thirty or thirty-

five miles. Stornoway at the one end, and Poolewe at the other, are connected by land line; and the wire from the latter place comes along by Gairloch and Achnasheen to Dingwall and Inverness. The circuit is to extend from Stornoway through the island of Rodil Bay; and a cable will connect Harris with Lochmaddy, in North Uist. A short cable is also to be laid at Kyleakin, connecting Skye with the mainland.

Another grievance of long standing, the uselessness of the Dingwall and Skye line of telegraph, has at length been removed. Government has agreed to pay to the Railway Company the sum of £4250, and an additional wire for the service of the Post-Office is now in course of erection on the telegraph poles along the railway.

**FATAL ACCIDENT IN THE HEBRIDES.—FOUR FISHERMEN DROWNED.**—The skiff *Mayflower*, of Minard, having on board Messrs Alexander Campbell (owner), Crawford, Turner, and Campbell, after completing her engagement at the North fishing, left Lochboisdale on Saturday, 22d June, along with other three skiffs, for Minard. When between the islands of Muck and Coll the *Mayflower* broached the wind and sank with all her crew. As there was a high wind and a heavy sea, the other boats could render no assistance. It is presumed that the rudder broke, and consequently the skiff became unmanageable. The crew had about £60 on board, being the amount of their hard-wrought earnings in the North. The owner, who was married, has left a widow and three of a family to mourn his loss. The others were unmarried.

We regret to find that up to this date, June 28, the herring fishing in the Hebrides has been considerably below the usual average. The fishing season is now nearly over which leaves scarcely any prospect of the average of last year being reached.

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## MY CAPTIVITY IN SKYE.

BY D. LAMONT.

(Formerly of B.N. America.)

Some forty years with all their ills,  
Have come and are gone by;  
Since last I saw my native hills,  
The rugged hills of Skye.

I view again my childhood's home,  
 But now no home of mine,  
 The fields where I was wont to roam,  
 In seasons of langsyne.

How sadly changed the little glen,  
 Its gladness turned to gloom,  
 And friends that lived around me then,  
 Laid in the silent tomb!  
 The brook still runneth in its course,  
 The tide doth ebb and flow,  
 But things have altered for the worse,  
 Since forty years ago.

I see the sights that tourists seek,  
 Bleak hills and mountains high,  
 Where the Coolin's loftiest peak,  
 Is towering to the sky;  
 Those ancient cairns and craggy nooks  
 That travellers deem so fair,  
 But then what signify their looks,  
 When one can't live on air?

I oft my residence did change  
 And many a place I've been,  
 My native place seems now more strange,  
 Than anywhere I've been;  
 My pockets being so scarce of crowns,  
 That no one will me know,  
 For I have had my ups and downs,  
 Since forty years ago.

If round the coasts you take a peep,  
 From Oban to Portree;  
 You'll scarcely see but flocks of sheep,  
 Where dwellings used to be;  
 The hardy, honest, Highland race,  
 Now thrive in other climes,  
 Who had to leave their native place  
 Through dearth of former times.

Who had while here to go in youth,  
 From the parental soil  
 To ask their neighbours of the South,  
 "To give them leave to toil."  
 While many of them were opprest;  
 In poverty extreme:  
 Their emigration to the West,  
 Was an alluring scheme.

Had I but means at my command,  
 Were I but hale and strong,  
 My exile in my native land,  
 Would not continue long.  
 Here did I pass life's pleasant morn,  
 In joyful sunny bow'rs;  
 Now there is left but want and  
 The thorns without the flow'rs!

For better health I sought this shore,  
 And crossed the ocean wide;  
 From lands that I would see once more,  
 And where I would abide;  
 Once more I'd venture o'er the wave,  
 Ontario to see,  
 Its people generous and brave,  
 Have oft befriended me.

Through the above verses their rings a cry of the human which is peculiarly indicative of the struggles and misfortunes of Celtic life in the Islands. Some of the more pathetic and plain-spoken of the stanzas we have left out. D. Lamont, "in the struggle for existence," sought some time ago the shores of Canada from which he has returned again to Skye with the view of benefiting his health. "I am glad to say, however," says the gentleman who has favoured us with the "Captivity" of Lamont, "that his health has much improved, and that he is making laudable efforts among his countrymen to enable him again to reach the land of his adoption." We trust this poetical brother Celt will not be long pining for want of means to bring him across the Atlantic once more.

#### WHAT DETERMINES NATIONALITY?

The following extract from Mr. Max Muller's Third Volume of Chips will be interesting and instructive to many. Men who glibly and seriously talk of difference of blood and pure races, ought to listen to the voice of science before they deliver themselves withacular certainty on such subjects:—

"People speak indeed of blood, and intermingling of blood, as determining the nationality of a people; but what is meant by blood? It is one of those scientific idols, that crumble to dust as soon as we try to define or grasp them; it is a vague hollow, treacherous term, which, for the present at least, ought to be banished from the dictionary of every true man of science. We can give a scientific definition of a Celtic language; but no one has yet given a definition of Celtic blood, or a Celtic skull. It is quite possible that hereafter chemical differences may be discovered in the blood of those who speak a Celtic, and of those who speak a Teutonic language. It is possible also that patient measurements, like those lately published by Professor Huxley, in the 'Journal of Anatomy and Physiology,' may lead in

time to a really scientific classification of skulls, and that physiologists may succeed in the end in carrying out a classification of the human race, according to tangible and unvarying physiological criteria. But their definitions and their classifications will hardly ever square with the definitions or classifications of the student of language, and the use of common terms can only be a source of constant misunderstandings. We know what we mean by a Celtic language, and in the grammar of each language we are able to produce a most perfect scientific definition of its real character. If, therefore, we transfer the term Celtic to people, we can, if we use our words accurately, mean nothing but people who speak a Celtic language, the true exponent, ay, the very life of Celtic nationality. Whatever people, whether Romans, or Saxons, or Normans, or, as some think, even Phœnicians and Jews, settled in Cornwall, if they ceased to speak their own language and exchanged it for Cornish, they are, before the tribunal of the science of language, Celts, and nothing but Celts; while, whenever Cornishmen, like Sir Humphrey Davy or Bishop Colenso, have ceased to speak Cornish, and speak nothing but English, they are no longer Celts, but true Teutons or Saxons, in the only scientifically legitimate sense of that word."

#### REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To M. M. C.—Stewart's Grammar is out of print. The subject of your recommendation that a new edition of his Grammar should be brought out at our office has been considered already to some extent. We have no doubt that an edition embodying the philologic results of recent German writers and others would be very acceptable to the Gaelic public.

To J. MacL. Ross-shire.—We shall be happy to receive for consideration any article sent us; but cannot be held responsible for them if lost; so we recommend all writers to preserve a copy themselves. We may also remind our readers too that we can not as a general rule undertake to return the MSS. of communications considered unsuitable.

To D. Mac M.—We have given the "Epitaph" among "Nithe Nuadh agus Sean." We are not at all jealous of the prospective existence of "Bratach na Frinn," the new Gaelic Magazine you refer to. There is enough of field and to spare. The more the merrier. Besides, its title is not indicative of rivalry;

—let every man pursue his own ideal, in his own humour, in his own element. We do not quite understand your question whether we "give a life of MacPherson of Ossian?" Do you mean in THE GAEL or in THE GAELIC BARDS? You can find in the present Number something on *Ossian MacPherson* in the Article contributed by "Cona."

To R. B.—Our Gaelic pages were just made up before your extended notice of the late Rev. Dr. Norman MacLeod's death reached us, so that we could not give it in the present Number as we were anxious that the latter should appear in time. This excellent tribute to the memory of the great and good Norman—the large-hearted Celt who has been among the most illustrious Englishmen of this quarter of the nineteenth century, will be given in the next Number to show our loyalty fully. Our thanks are very much due to R. B.

#### COMUNN GAILIG INBHIRNIS.

Tha 'n Luchd-Riaghlaidh a' toirt fios do Chlann nan Gaidheal anns gach àit, gum bi CEUD CHOINNEAMH BHLIADRNAIL a' Chomuinn so air a cumail air feasgar Diar-daoin Fèill-na-Cloimhe (11mh de 'n VIImh Mios), ann an Inbhirnis.

Bithidh an Ridire COINNEACH S. MAC-CHOINNICH, TRIATH GHEARLOCH, 's a' Chathair; agus labhraidh uaislean ainmeil eil' aig an àm—Fhuair an Luchd-Riaghlaidh oighean 'us aigearan a sheinneas òrain Ghàilig 'us Bheurla; agus dannsairean a dhannas cuid de sheann dannsabh na Gaidhealtachd.

'S e miann a' Chomuinn gu 'n tionail na Gaidheil às gach cearnaidh chum na fearas-chuideachd so.

UILLEAM MACAOIDH.

Rùn-Chleireach.

67, Sraid na h-Eaglais,  
Inbhirnis,  
22mh de 'n VImh mios, 1872. }

ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR,  
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GLASGOW.

THA G. Mac-na-Ceàrdadh deònach air innseadh d'a chàirdean gu 'n bhèil e air leantuin air gnothach a' Chlobhuaidh a ghifil an air aghaidh anns a' h-uile dòigh mar bha e le 'athair, agus gur h-èsan an t-aon Chlobhuaidh adair a thuigeas agus a labbras Gàilig, ni a tha 'g a dheanamh comasich air ceartas a thoirt do agriobhaidhibh Gàilig a bhios ri 'n clobhuaidh.

# DOMINION OF CANADA.



## EMIGRATION TO THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

To Capitalists, Tenant Farmers, Agricultural Labourers, Mechanics, Day Labourers, and all parties desirous of Improving their Circumstances by Emigrating to a New Country.

The attention of intending Emigrants is invited to the great advantages presented by the Province of Ontario. Persons living on the Interest of their Money can easily get EIGHT PER CENT. on first-class security.

### TENANT FARMERS WITH LIMITED CAPITAL,

Can buy and stock a Freehold Estate with the money needed to carry on a small farm in Britain. Good Cleared Land, with a Dwelling and good Barn and out-houses upon it, can be purchased in desirable localities, at from £4 to £10 sterling per acre.

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### REGISTERS OF THE LABOUR MARKET

And of Improved Farms for sale, are kept at the Immigration Agencies in the Province, and arrangements are made for directing immigrants to those points where employment can be most readily obtained. Several new lines of Railway and other Public Works are in course of construction, or about being commenced, which will afford employment to an almost unlimited number of labourers.

Persons desiring fuller information respecting the Province of Ontario are invited to apply personally, or by letter, to the Canadian Government Emigration Agents in Europe, viz : WM. DIXON, 11, Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C. ; J. G. MOYLAN, 14 South Frederick St., Dublin ; CHARLES FOY, 11 Claremont St., Belfast ; and DAVID SHAW, 24 Oswald St., Glasgow.

Also to the Immigration Agents in Canada, viz :—JOHN A. DONALDSON, Toronto ; R. H. RAE, Hamilton ; WM. J. WILLS, Ottawa ; RICHD. MACPHERSON, Kingston ; L. STAFFORD, Quebec ; J. J. DALEY, Montreal ; E. CLAY, Halifax, Nova Scotia ; ROBT. SHIVES, St. John, and J. G. GLAYTON, Miramichi, New Brunswick,—from whom pamphlets, issued under the authority of the Government of Ontario, containing full particulars in relation to the character and resources of, and the cost of living, wages, &c., in the Province, can be obtained.

**JOHN CARLING,**

*Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works,  
for the Province of Ontario.*

DEPARTMENT OF IMMIGRATION,  
Toronto, February, 1871.

# AN GAIDHEAL.

I LEABH.]

CEUD MIOS AN FHOGHARAIDH, 1872.

[6 AIR.

## AN T-OLLA MAC LEOID.

Chaochail an duine ainmeil so air latha na Sàbaid, an 19mh do 'n mhìos so chaidh. Is mar a sgaoil an naigh-eachd, bha do-bhròn anns gach cridhe, agus tiamhachd air gach aghaidh. Oir cha robh iad ach tearc, ma bha iad idir ann, air an robh an dùthaich cho eòlach agus cho gaolach 's a bha i air Tormoid Og MacLeòid, Ministear ùrlabhrach, sgìreachd a Bharon. Cha b' ann a mhàin am measg muinntir na h-eaglaise Stéidhichte, anns an robh e 'n a mhinisteir cho ainmeil agus cho foghainteach a bha caoidh air a deanadh air a shon, ach bha an dùthaich gu léir, do gach ainm agus aidmheil a dh' aon inntinn ann an togail fianuis gu 'n do thuit curaidh treun is gu 'n robh caltachd mòr air teachd air an rìoghachd tre bhàs an Diadhair Urramaich so. Nochd a' Bhan-rìgh féin air iomadh dòigh cho goirt 'sa bha a cridhe tlàth is cho trom is a dh' fhairich i am buille a thuit, mar a ghabh esan, a thug iomadh uair comhfhurtachd agus misneach dhi féin ann an uair a bròin is a dorchadais spioradail, a thuras do "thìr na dì-chuimhne." Cha b' e mhàin gu 'n do chuir i litir fhada, làn do chomhfhurtachd Chrìosdail, agus do cho-fhair-eachdainn bhlàth, a chum càirdean brònach an neach a dh' fhalbh, ach chuir i féin agus a dà mhac Fir-ionaid a chum a thòraidh, agus comharraidhean gràidh uaipe féin agus na buill òga do 'n teaghlach rìoghail. Cha 'n 'eil iad ach tearc da rìreadh air am bheil urram do 'n t-seòrsa so air a chur. Ach cha deachaidh riabh onoir a chur air neach a b' fhearr an airidh na Tormaid MacLeòid. Ach cha b' ann a mhàin

am measg uachdrain agus dhaoine mòra a bha caoidh air a deanadh air a shon, is a bha ainm is a chliù aithnichte, ach anns na caol shràidean agus na bothain bhochda, far an tric a thàinig e mar ghatth gréine a' toirt soluis a's sòlais gu iomadh leapa bàis, bha e air a mhothachain gu 'n robh fìor charaid agus dearbh bhràthair air a thoirt air falbh. Is air an aobhar sin bha sealladh air fhaicinn air latha a thòraidh a leig ris mar a ghluais a bhàs-san cridhe mòr na dùthchagu léir—Chruinnich namilltean gu am meas air a chliù, is am bròn air son a chall a thaisbeanadh. Bha Bàilidhean agus Luchd Riaghlaidh a' bhaile an sin, Luchd-teagaisg an Oilthigh le deise a dhreuchd air gach aon diubh, Ministeirean an t-soisgeùl, do gach aidmheil, is uailsean as ilsean do gach seòrsa. Is a bharr air na bha lathair aig an tòradh, bha na milltean eile ag amharc air a ghiùlan thiamhaidh, is air gach aghaidh bha bròn agus mulad air am faicinn gu soilleir. Is iomadh aghaidh fhearail a bha fliuch le tuil thaosgach a bhròin, mar a chuimhnich iad nach cluineadh iad a chaoidh tuillidh guth oscarra caoimheil, an Olla Leòdaich a sparradh dhachaidh le dùrachd tairgse ghràs-mhor an t-soisgeil. Air an t-sàbaid an déigh a bhàis, bha iomradh air a dheanadh air a chliù a's air a' challa thàinig air an rìoghachd, anns gach crannaig ach gann ann am baile Ghlaschu. Labhair aon no dha do na ministeirean as ainmeile 'san Eaglais Shaoir, ann an dòigh dhealasaich, dhileis, bhlàth, mu dheibhinn, is thog iad fianuis ghrádhach air a' mheas mhòr a bha aca air, mar mhinisteir dileas do Chrìosd, is mar dhuine air an do bhuilich Dia

tàlanta mòra nàdurra agus gibhtean a ghràis ann am pailteas. Is cha robh an Eaglais Chléireachail Aonaichte (U.P) an Eaglais Easbuigeach, na Baistich is na h-Eaglaisean eile 's a' bhaile, air deireadh air na h-Eaglaisean Suidhichte agus Saor, ann an togail fianuis gu'n do thuit da rir eachd "ceannard ann an Israel," is gu'm bu shaighdeir dileas do'n Ard Cheannard, a bha 's a' chaomhan chriosdail a bha air iomachd dhachaidh gu fois. Bha so uile a' dearbhadh airdheachd is mòr bhudhan a' Ghàidheil ainmeil so, is a' leigeil ris ged a bha e ceangalte ri aon Eaglais, d'an d' thug e gràdh agus sin le dùrachd mhòr, gu'm buineadh e do'n dùthaich gu léir, is tha e 'n a fhianuis ro thaitneach air an dòigh anns am bheil sluagh Chrìosd 'n an aon, ged a dh' fhaodas roinnean a bhi eatorra 'san leth a muigh. Cha'n eil air an aobhar sin lethsgheil sam bith feumal air son iomradh sònruichte a thoirt air a' leithid so do dhuine anns 'A' Ghàidheil.' Gu sònruichte a chionn is nach be mhàin gur mac Gàidheil a bha ann, ach gum b' fhìor Ghàidheil e féin a b' urrainn cànan aosa a dhùthcha a labhairt is a leughadh gu fileanta réidh, is aig an robh gaol mòr do thìr nam beann is d'a cleachdainnean.

Rugadh Tormod MacLeòid ann an Ceannloch Chille Chiarain ann an Ceantire, Earraghàidheil, air an treas latha do mhìos meadhonach an t-samhruidh, anns a' bhliadhna 1812. Bha athair aig an àm 'n a mhinistear 's a' bhaile sin, mu 'n d' thàinig e do sgìreachd Champisic, far an robh e ré mòran bhliadhnanachan mun do ghluais e gu Eaglais Chillum Chille an Glaschu. Bha an aon ainm air an athair is air a mhac. Agus is ainm e air am bheil gach Gàidheil eòlach, is mu am bheil gach aon a labhras a' Ghàidhlig moiteil mùirneach. Oir dhearbhadh seann Tormod MacLeòid, gu'n robh e anns gach dòigh àirdh air an ainm leis am bi e air aithneachadh cho fhada 's a bhitheas

diog Ghàidhlig air a labhairt, no facal dì air a leughadh, se sin "Caraid nan Gàidheil." Is bha a mhac mar an ceudna ro mhùirneach mu na Gàidheil. Oir is ann 'n am measg a chaidh a thogail ann an tùs òige. 'Nuair bha e 'na bhatachan òg chaidh a chur do'n Mhòrairne, a chum a sheanar, d'am b' ainm mar an ceudna Tormod MacLeòid, a bha 'n a mhinistear anns an sgìreachd sin. Is dhearbhadh e cho domhain is a rinn coimheas agus cleachdainean nan Gàidheil greim air inntinn, anns an leabhar a chur e mach o chionn beagan bhliadhnanachan air an d' thug e mar ainm "Cuimhneachan na sgìreachd Ghàidh'lich." Mar a dh' fhàs e suas chaidh a chur do'n Oilthigh, a chum a dheasachadh air son na ministireil eachd. 'S ann an Glaschu agus an Dun-Eidin a fhuair e 'fhòghlum. 'Nuair bha e an Glaschu 'na Oilcanach, bha Gilleasbuig Caimbeul Tait, a tha na àrd Easbuig *Chanterbury* am measg a chompanaich. Ann an Dun-Eidin bha e bho theagasg an fhìor dhuine ainmeil agus mhaith sin, de am bheil gach Albannach moiteil, gaolach, an t-Olla Chalmers. Bha gràdh mòr aig an duine chliùiteach sin do Thormod MacLeòid. Is ged a bha iad mu dheireadh ann an Eaglaisean a bha dealaichte o cheile cha do bhàsaich am meas a bha aca air a chéile, no an càirdeas a bha eatorra. Chaith e bliadhna, no còrr, d'a ùine air tìr mòr na h-Eòrpa mu'n d' iar e ceud searmonaiche. Air dha tilleadh dhachaidh chaidh a chur air leth a chum drenchd na ministireil eachd, is cha robh e fadagus an d' fhuair e gairm gu bhi 'n a mhinistear ann an Sgìreachd Londoin. Bha so 's a' bhliadhna 1838. Ré na h-ùine a bha e 's an sgìreachd so rinn e obair le dùrachd is eud a choisinn dha cliù o gach neach, eadhon uathsan nach robh, aig an àm, dheuchaineach sin, air an aon taobh ris féin air na ceisdean gluasadach a bha air an ceasboireachd ann an cùirtean na h-eaglais. Anns a' bhliadhna 1843, chaidh e do Dhal-a'-

ché far an robh e 'na mhinisteir dùrachdach dileas ré ochd bliadhna. Anns a' bhliadhna 1851 fhuair e gairm o chothional a' Bharoni, gu bhì 'na aodhar orra an àite an Olla Mac 'Ille Dhuibh, a chaochail goirid roimhe sin. Anns an sgìreachd fharsuing, mhòr-shluaghach sin rinn e 'dhleasdannas air dòigh a dhearbhadh air modh sònruichte àilleachd nam buadhan a bha air am buileachadh air, is a bha ro-bhuanachdar do dh' aobhar Chrìosd an measg milltean misluimeil baile mòr Ghlaschu. Chuir e suas Eaglaisean anns gach ceàrn do 'n sgìreachd far nach robh cothrom aig aphobull feitheamh air meadhonan gràis, is bha e an còmhnuidh deas gu gnùis a thoirt do gach oidheirp a bha air a deanadh gu cor an t-sluaigh a dheanadh ni 's feàrr. Comharrachichte am measg nam meadhonan a ghabh e air son feum an t-sluaigh bha an t-seirbhis fheasgair a bha aige air gach Sàbaid air son muinntir ann an aodach obair. Ma 'n tigeadh neach a chum na seirbhis sin le cota dubh suasmhor air, bha e air a thilleadh aig an dorus.—Bha trid so àireamh mhòr air an cruinneachadh a steach, de mhuintir a bha air tuiteam air falbh o bhì 'feitheamh air an 'Tigh-earn' ann am meadhonan nan gràs. Tha iad lionmhor ann a tha nis le an deagh chaithe beatha a' dearbhadh gn'm bheil iad "a' giùlan toradh sìochail na fir-eantachd" a bha trid na seirbhis so air "an spionadh mar àithnean às an losgadh." Cha 'n 'eil iad ach tearc an àireimh a tha idir cho comasach ann an rathad an dleasdannais mar mhinist-eirean 's a bha Ministear cliùiteach a' Bharoni. Ach cha do stad obair aig a so. Rinn e 'dhleasdannas mar mhinisteir air dhòigh chomharrachichte, ann an cumhachd, dilseachd agus bith-dheanadh. Gidheadh am measg nan oibre lionmhor aige, fhuair e ùine gu mòran a sgrìobhadh, is gu iomad leabhar a chur a mach. 'N uair a bha e 'na fhìor dhuine òg, thòisich e air cur a mach leabhraichean, as air a bhì 'na fhear-deasachaidh. Am

measg nan leabhraichean aige tha an fheadhainn a leanas. "An t-oileanach dùrachdach," anns am bheil e air beatha Mhr. Iain Mhic an Tòisich, a bha 'teachd a mach mar mhinisteir anns an Eaglais Shaoir in-useadh. Tha ni còmharrachichte mu 'n leabhar so gu 'n d' thug e do 'n Eaglais Shaoir a h-uile sgillinn bhuanachd, (a ràinig caiginn chianan pinn Sasunnach) a bha aige o reic an leabhair so. Sgrìobh e mar an ceudna "An sgoil aig an tigh" air a chur a mach 'sa' bhliadhna 1856. "Deborah," 1857. "An Snàthain òir," 1861. "An sean cheannard airm 'sa mhac," 1862. "Paipèirean Sgìreachd," 1862. "Gu 'n Ear, 1866, "Eastward," anns am bheil e 'toirt cunntais thaitheich air turas a thug e do dh' fhearann a gheallaidh is do 'n Eiphit. Thug e cunntas ro-thaitheach, ann an leabhar a chuir e mach an uiridh, air an turas a thug e air iarrrus na h-Eaglais o chionn thrì bliadhna, do dh' Innsibh na h-aird-an Ear, a choimhead na *missionaries*. Chuir e mach mar an ceudna "Daibhidh Beag," agus "An Truideag" is bha e 'na Fhear-deasachaidh aig "Na deagh Fhocail" a tha 'teachd a mach gach mìos. Mar so chì sinn gu 'n do chaithe e a bheatha gu saothrachail, is nach do chaomhain e e féin. Tha gach aon do na h-oibrean sin a' leigeil ris cho òirdhearc is a bha na buadhan iuntinn aige, is mar an ceudna cho farsuing 's a bha a chofhaireachdainn, is cho blàth 's a bha a chridhe. Cha 'n 'eil neach a lenghas na leabhraichean sin, nach mothaich gràdh a' dùsgadh 'na chridhe dhasan a sgrìobh iad. Ach is ann mar Fhearlabhairt a bha cumhachd comharrachichte aige thar inntinnean sluaigh. B' urrainn dha a réir a mhiann muinntir a dhùsgadh gu luathghaire aig, no an gluasad gu deòir a shìleadh. Cha 'n 'eil neach riabh a chuala e a leigeas gu grad air dì-chuimhne na briathra cumhachdach a bhithheadh gu fileanta réidh a frosaidh o 'bhilean. Bha e air leth cumhachdach 'sa' chrannaig is anns an

talla far am biodh labhairt ri 'dheanadh. Ach 'sannan uair a choinnicheadh neach air leis féin ann an uaigneas, a bha buaidh air leth aige, is a bha fìor mhaitheas agus cumhachd an duine ri am faicinn. Dh' fhaodadh iadsan a chual a e' labhairt am folais, meas as urram a thoirt dha, ach bheireadh gach neach a bha eòlach air, is a choinnich tric an uaigneas e, gràdh teth dha á cridhe dùrachdach. Bha e cho iriosal, caoimheil, teò-chridheach; cho làn do cho-fhair-eachdainn ri deuchainnean, agus cruadalalan muinntir eile, cho deas gu e féin a chur as a ghabhail air son an uallaich aca aotromachadh, nach robh e comasach do neach air bith a b' aithne e gu ceart, gun ghràdh a thoirt dha. Dh' fhaodadh neach a bhi do chaochladh barail ris air iomadh puinc ach cha 'n eil aon a b' urrainn àicheadh nach robh gràdh dùrachdach, fìor, aige do Chrìosd, agus eud domhain aige air son a ghlòirsan a chur am meud. Ma bha e fìor mu neach riamh, bha e fìor mu Thormod Mac Leòid "gu'n robh gràdh Chrìosd 'g a cho-éigneachadh." B' e rùn agus miann a chridhe an còmhnuidh a bhi 'deanadh maith d'a chreutairean as a bhi 'g an treòrachadh gu eòlas air an neach ud a bha comasach air beatha a thoirt dhoibh. Is ma bha e mar so iartrasach air adhleasnas a dheanadh a thaobh a dhreuchd is oibrìbh eile, cha do dhearmad e na dleasdanas a bha luidhe air marmbac, mar fhear pòsda, agus mar athair. Is ainneamb teaghlach anns an robh gràdh is carantachd air an nochdadh a thaobh gaol a chéile mar bha iad 'san teaghlach aigesan. B' urrantar mòran a ràdh mu dhéibhinn so, ach is ni ro naomba air son suilean an t-saoghal diomhaireachd an teaghlach Chrìosdaidh, is air an aobhar sin gabhaidh sinn tharais air a sin. Chaidh iomadh onair chur air rè a bheatha. Bha e an dlùth chaidreamh is chàirdeas ris a, Bhan-rìgh is r'a teaghlach. Bha e ann am meas àrd a measg a bhràithre anns a' chléir, a bhuilich air an onair as àirde

a tha aig an Eaglais Chléireachail 'ri thoirt seachad le a dheanadh 'na Ard Cheann-suidhe air an Ard-Sheanadh. Ach cha do mhùgh aon do na nithean sin an cridhe blàth, aige, le a bhi 'g a lionadh le àrdan. Bha e gu crìoch a bheatha iriosal càirdeil, is mar so a' dearbhadh nach b' urrantar na buadhan àrd cinn is cridhe a bhuineadh dha mar fhìor Ghàidheal a mhill-eadh. Ma bha ni air bith as an do rinn e uaill is ás an robh e bòsdail, b' e so e, gu'm buineadh e do Fhinneachan cliùiteach tir nam beann. Cha bhi e furasda an t-àite a dh' fhàg e falamh a lionadh, is cha 'n fhaic sinn an cabhaig a shamhuil a rithis. Tha e nis 'n a chadal ri taobh "Caraid nan Gàidheal," fo sgàile nam beann, ann an cladh *Champsy*, anns an leapidh chaol, far am bheil fois aig luchd alabainis sgis. Slà leis. Dh' fhàg e dileab luachmhor againn 'na eisimpleir. Eiseimpleir a tha 'labhairt ruinn 's ag ràdh

"Bithibh suas mata 's ag obair

Le cridh' gun gheilt roimh chruas an t saoghail

A' sìor leantuin' 'sa' sìor-bhuidhinn

'Fòghlum, faighidin is saothair."

Glascho,

Mios deireanach an t-Samhraidh, 1872 }

R. B.

#### DUBH-A'-GHUBHAIS.

Annas na làithibh a dh' fhalbh bha Alba gu léir còmhdaichte le coille ghiubhais. Chunnaic rìgh Lochlainn seo, agus bha mòr fharmad air ris na h-Albannaich, oir bha iad a' milleadh a chuid fhéin malairt, agus chuir e roimhe gu'm faigheadh e teine chur ris na bha choille 'n Alba. Mar seo bha. Chuir e a nighean a dh' ionnsachadh na "Sgoile-Duibhe;" agus an uair a bha i air a fòghlum, chuir e air tìr i ann an Alba, agus a h-ultach làn de theine. Leis an ultach sin, shìn i air cur teime ris na bha de choille 'n Alba. Ach cha deach i fad air a h-aghaidh 'n uair a chunnaic na h-Albannaich nach bu chreutair Crìosdail a bh' innte, agus 'sann a dh' fheuchadh iad an robh rian air a glacadh. A dh' aindeoin an cuid



innleachdan cha ghlacadh iad Dubh-a'-Ghiubbais (oir 'se sin an t-ainm a thug na h-Albannaich oirre, thaobh 's gun robh i cho dubh le ceò a' ghiubbais a bha i 'cur 'na theine). Nam faigheadh iad idir am fagus di, dh' éireadh i air iteig, agus cho luath 's a bhiodh i gu maith suas anns an iarmailt bha nial ag iadhadh mu'n cuairt di, 's'ga folach o gach neach a bh' air an talamh. Mar seo bha i 'gabhair air a h-aghairt, agus bha e 'na dhubb-fhocal air na h-Albannaich cia mar a gheibheadh iad a cur gu bàs. Latha dhe na làithean 's ann a smuainich duine de mhuintir Loch-bhraoin air innleachd gu cur às di, nach cualas riamh roimhe a leithid. Thuirt an duine seo, gu'n robh Dubh-a'-Ghiubbais eòlach air spréidh bho h-òige, agus na 'n rachadh 'al féin a thoirt o gach seòrsa beathaich, 'n uair a chith-eadh iad Dubh-a'-ghiubbais anns an nial, gu'm faodadh i tearnadh gu talamh. Mar seo bha. Chaidh mòran spréidhe 'thional air Achadh-bad-a'-chruteir 'am bràighe Chilloinn, ann an Loch-bhraon, agus air do'n t-sluagh an nial anns an robh Dubh-a'-ghiubbais fhaicinn, ghrad thearb iad an t-àl òg o 'màthraichean, 's ma thearb! 's ann an sin a bha ghleadhraich—gach bò a' geumraich, gach làir a' sitirich, gach caora 'méllich, gach gobhar a' meigeadaich, 's gach seòrsa beathaich eile 'sireadh an gnè féin. Chuala Dubh-a'-ghiubbais am fuaim 'san troimhe-chéile 'bh' air an achadh, 's théirinn i, ach cha bu luaithe 'bhui a buinn ris an talamh na chaidh a tilgeadh le saighead. Laidh i marbh ann an sin, agus cha robh fhios co a dh' adhlacaidh i.

Aig an àm bha dà long Lochlainnich ann an Camus-nan-Gall; agus air dhaibh cluinntinn gu'n d'fhuir nigh-eanan rìgh bàs, chaidh an dà sgioba a dh'iarraidh a cuirp. Chuir iad 'an caiseal-chrò e; agus ghiùlain iad e a chum na luingeis. Sgaoil iad an cuid sheòl; ach cha bu luaithe 'sgaoil, na dh' éirich an doinnion bu ghailbhiche

'chunnaic mac duine riamh. B' éiginn tilleadh. An ath là, thug iad gu falbh, ach dh' éirich an doinnion cho mòr 's a bha i riamh. Dh'aindeoin cho tric 'sa bheireadh iad gu falbh, bha an aon mhi-shealbh a' tighinn 'n an car. Agus air dhaibh géilleadh thòrr iad Dubh-a'-ghiubbais ann an Cill-donnan. Sheòl iad á sin do Lochlainn, agus air an t-slighe, fhuir iad an soirbheas a b' fheàrr a fhuir iad riamh. Dh'innis iad do'n rìgh mar 'thachair. Bha e fo mhòr bhàrr; agus sin gu h-àraid, air son nach robh duslach a nighinn 'na laidhe 'an ùir Lochlainn. Chuir e 'n dà long cheudna air an ais luchdaichte le ùir Lochlainnich; agus ràinig iad Cill-donnan. 'Scha bu luaithe 'ràinig iad na 'chuir iad an ùir air tìr, agus chàirich iad Dubh-a'-ghiubbais innte; agus an neach leis a' miannach chà e a h-uair gus an latha 'n diugh.

[Dh'innis mise a nise 'n sgeula mu Dhubh-a'-ghiubbais, agus ma 's a breug uam e, 's breug thugam e.—IAIN MOIREASTON.]

## EACHDRAIDH NA SMUID-SHOITHEACH.

LE IAIN MACILLEBHAIN.

Cluinnear am beul gach duine gur lionmhor agus gur iongantach na h-ùr-innleachdan agus na h-atharrachaidhean a ghabh àite 'n ar linn 's an dùthaich, ach is teare 'n ar measg na 's urrainn innseadh cuin, e' àite, no co leis a thòisich mòran diubh. Tha mi anns na leanas gu oidhirp a thabhairt, gu h-athghearr an cainnt mo' dhùthcha, air cùntas a thabhairt air aon do'n is comharraichte a ghabh àite ri ar cuimhne, cha 'n e mhàin 'n ar rìoghachd féin ach anns an t-saoghal.

Tha beachd agam gu math an uair a bhitheadh muinntir gu dol do Ghlaschu o'n chearna so d' an dùthaich,\* a bhì 'gan cluinntinn ag ràdh gu'm bu truagh gu'n robh a choimhlean loch 's an rath-

\* Sgrìobhadh so ann an Eisdeal.

ad,—nach bu ni 's am bith leò an t asdar mar bhi na h-aisig. Is ann a tha daoine 'nis air caochladh am beachd cho mòr 's gur ann a tha iad a' caoidh gu'm bheil fearann Chinntire anns an rathad, —gum b'fhearr gu'm b' uisge an t-slighe gu h-ìomlan, 's gu'm faighte air aghart na bu luaithe, na bu shaoire, agus na bu shocaire no air sheòl 's am bith eile. M' am b' nrrainn so a bhi b' éiginn gu'n d' fhuair daoine dòigh a's feàrr air sinbhal air an uisge na bha aca riamh roimhe. Cha ruig mi leas innseadh gu'n d' fhuair no gur h-ì ùr-innleachd na Smùid-shoitheach a rium an t-atharrachadh.

Shaoileadh dnine nach bitheadh e doirbh 'fhaotainn a mach co 'rinn a cheud smùid-shoitheach, a tha cho eadar-dhealaichte o gach soitheach eile, ach cha 'n ann mar sin a tha. Cha 'n e mhàin gu'n robh mòran dhaoine fa leth, ach bha rioghaichdan a' sanntachadh 'sa' strì ri 'dheanadh a mach gur h-ann doirbh a bhineadh cliù agus ainm ùr-innleachd cho comharraichte.

Tha na Spàinntich toileach a chur an céill gur h-ann doirbhsan a bhineas ùr-innleachd na smùid-shoitheach, a chionn gun d' fhuair iad anns a' bhliadhna 1826. ann an tigh-tasgaidh, paipeir sgrìobhta a bha 'toirt cùntais mu fhear d' am b' ainm *Blasco de-Garay* a rinn, anns a' bhliadhna 1543, innleachd a chur ann an soitheach a chuireadh gu seòladh gu siùbhlaich le coire de nise goileach. Shaoileamaid n' am b' fhuair so gu'n cuireadh iad gu feum e anns a' bhliadhna 1588, an uair a thug iad an ionnsaidh air Sasunn leis an *Armada* mhòir. Is i mo bharail an àite toiseach a bhi aca gur h-ann a bha 'sa tha iad fathast fada air deireadh air na coimhearsnaich 's a' chùis. Is gann a chluinnear iomradh idir air smùid-shoitheach Spàinnteach, agus tha e mòran ni 's coltaiche gu'n d' rinn iad an paipeir anns a' bhliadhna 1826 na gu'n do rinn iad smùid-shoitheach anns a' bhliadhna 1543.

~ Tha Sasunn ag agradh còir air an ùr-innleachd a chionn gu'm faighear ann

an leabharan beag a sgrìobh Iarla *Worcester* anns a' bhliadhna 1665, gu'n gabhadh smùid-innleachd eir ann an soitheach a bhitheadh ro ùiseil a chum loingis a shlaodadh a stigh no mach á acarsaidean, ach cha chluinn sinn gu'n deachaidh so ceum ni b' fhaide na bhi an sgrìobhadh agus mar sin cha 'n airidh e air a bheag de shuim. Tha iad a' toirt oidhirp eile ann a bhi ag innseadh gu'n d' fhuair fear *Jonathan Hulls* anns a' bhliadhna 1736, Litir-Rìgh\* air son gu'n robh e gu soitheach uidheamachadh le smùid-innleachd a sheòladh loingis an aghaidh sruth agus soirbhis, ach cha mhò 'tha cùntas air bith gu'n deachaidh so riamh 'fheuchainn: faodar uime sin a chur a leth-taobh mar ubh anns nach robh gur, agus gu cinnteach ás nach d' thàinig riamh eun.

An àite muinntir Shasunn a bhi 'fheuchainn a thoirt air daoine a chreidsinn gu'n robh lùmh aca ann an ùr-innleachd na smùid-shoitheach, b' fheàrr dhoirbh gun a bhi a' brosnachadh dhaoine gu bhi a' rannsachadh ro mbion 's a' chùis, oir faodar a thilgeadh orra nach e mhàin nach robh iad air thoiseach, ach gur ann a bha iad bliadlmachan air deireadh air Albainn.

Is ann á Glaschu a chaidh a cheud smùid-shaoitheach a bha riamh ann an Sasunn. Toiseach an t-samraidh anns a' bhliadhna 1815, thàinig *Captain Dodds* le sgioba á Lunnainn a cheannach té dhiubh. Fhuair e an *Elizabeth*. Dhùbh e dhi an t-ainm is 'n a àite chuir e air a deireadh an *Thames*. Sheòl e leatha rathad Eirinn agus mu'n cuairt iochdar Shasunn is i 'n a h-ìoghadh do na chunnaic i. Ràinig i *Plymouth* mu mheadhon an t-samraidh far an d' fhuair i latha a thoirt cothroim do luchd-riaghlaidh a chaidh a faicinn agus a fenchainn, is i 'n a sealladh do mhilltean nach faea 's nach euala a' bheag de iomradh riamh air a lethid. An ath latha sheòladh leatha gu *Portsmouth* far an do

\* Patent.

chruinnich na mìltean 'na deich mìltean g'a faicinn—gach neach diubh a' meas na *Thames* 'na h-ioghnadh do labhairt. An àm dhi ruigheachd bha luchd-riaghlaidh na Cabhlaich Bhreatannaich\* cruinn ann an cùirt 's cha d' fhan iad ri sgaoil-eadh na cùirt, ach ruith iad a mach mar chloinn á tigh-sgoil a dh' fhaicinn seallaidh nach fhacas a leithid riamh roimhe, agus iad fo eagal nach beireadh iad air fhaicinn a rithisd. Dh' fhan an *Thames* latha ann am *Portsmouth* far an d' thàinig coisiridh riombach air bòrd—ceithir àrd-cheannardan loingis, mòran mhnathan uaisle, saighdeirean mara agus buidheann de luchd-ciùil; ach bu bheag d' an ceòl a chluinntean an àm dol seachad air loingis na cabhlaich a bha 'sa' chaidh, le àrd-chaitheam nan seòladairean a bu leòir a dhùsgadh mhic-talla féin as a shuain. An àm pilleadh mu fheasgar bha gach neach a' moladh buaidhean a's murrachas na *Thames*. An déigh so shaoileamaid nach ruigear leas a bhi 'cosd cainnt ann a bhi 'dearbhadh nach buin an innleachd do Shasunn. Na'm bitheadh dad de 'n t-seòrsa roimhe so aca féin, cha deanadh iad a leithid de othail ri aon a thigeadh á Albainn.

Is iad na h-Americanach is dlùithe a dh' fhaodas dol air cliù agus creideas na h-ùr-innleachd a thoirt uainn. Is iad gun teagamh a chuir gu feum an toiseach i. Rinn fear dhiubh d' am b' ainm *Robert Fulton*, anns a' bhliadhna 1807, smùid-shoitheach d' am b' ainm an *Clairmont* a chur gu glens air an abhainn mhòr an *Hudson* agus b' e so a' cheud chosnadh a chaidh a dheanadh riamh leò. Cha robh iad air an cur gu ùis an Albainn roimh 'n bhliadhna 1812, an uair a chuireadh an *Comet* an òrdugh le *Henry Bell* ann an Glaschu, gidheadh, tha mi an dòchas gu 'n dean mi soilleir nach iad na h-Americanach ach na h-Albannaich, agus gur e fear a mhuinntir Dhànfris d' am b' ainm *Seumas Taylor*, an duine, leis an do rinneadh a cheud

smùid-shoitheach.

Bha *Seumas Taylor* air fhòghlum ann an àrd Oil thigh Dhùnédinn. Bha e ro thùrail agus toigheach air a bhi 'dealbh 's a' feuchainn innleachd. Chaidh e anns a' bhliadhna 1785 do theaghlach *Mr. Patrick Miller* ann an *Dalswinton* a theagasg a chloinne. Bha *Mr. Miller* mar an ceudna 'n a dhuine innleachdach agus mar so thachair iad air a chéile. Fhuair iad bàta a thogail air son réis a bha ri feuchainn ann an Lìte 's a' bhliadhna 1787. Bha am bàta air cumadh ùir agus an àite bhi air a cur air falbh le raimh 's ann a bha cuibheall ag oibreachadh 'na meadhon. Bhuidhinn iad an réis ach chunnaic iad gu 'n robh am bàta cho goirt ri h oibreachadh 's nach bu chomasach do dhaoine a sheasadh,—gu 'm feumta an dara cuid a chuibheall a leagadh seachad no innleachd a bu chumhachdaiche na neart dhaoine fhaotainn 'ga h-oibreachadh. An déigh breathnachadh air a' chùis thubhairt *Mr. Taylor* nach b' aithne dha ni cho freagarrach ri smùid-innleachd a dh' oibricheadh gu sùrdail gun fhàs sgèth. Cha robh *Mr. Miller* 'ga fhaicinn cho freagarrach, ach ma dheireadh dh' aontaich e leis cho fada 's gu 'n deachaidh bìrlinn a thogail agus smùid-inneal beag de umha a chàradh an òrdugh innte 's a mach air loch uisge *Dalswinton* chaidh a feuchainn a's sheòladh i gu siùbhlach mu choig mìle 's an uair, an sealladh nan ceudan a chruinnich a dh' fhaicinn bàta a falbh cho luath gun ràmh, gun seòl, chithear fathast ann am paipeirean naigheachd an àm sin mion chunntas air soirbheachadh na ceud oidhirp a chaidh riamh a thoirt air soitheach no bàta a chur gu h-asdar le smùid-inneal.

Shoirbhich leò cho maith 's gu 'n do chuir iad rompa an ùr-innleachd a thionndadh gu ùis a's buannachd gun dàil am beachd Litir-rìgh fhaotainn chum a dheanadh cinnteach dhoibh féin. M'am bitheadh iad aig cosdas a cheum so rùnaich iad tuillidh dearbhaidh fathast a chur air a chùis le soitheach beag

\* Admiralty.

fhaotainn a thogail. Chaidh *Mr. Taylor* gu fùirneis mhòir *Charroin* a chum na buill throma iarruinn fhaotainn a thilgeil air son na smùid-innleachd a bha ri 'cur anns an t-soitheach ùr agus a chum an obair a bheirteachadh an òrdugh innte. Thuarasdalaich é fear d' am b' ainm *Symington* a bha ag oibreachadh a réir stiùradh *Mr. Taylor* fhéin. Chaidh an soitheach a chrìochnachadh 's a feuchainn an lathair mhòran, uaislean a's chumanta air a' *Chanal* dlùth do *Charroin* air an 26mh latha de mhìos deireannach na bliadhna 1789. Dh'fhalbhadh i gu siùbhlach, socair a' ruith sè mìle 's an uair, 's bha gach duine a' moladh làn shoirbheachadh na h-ùr-innleachd. Shaoileadh duine gu 'm bu leòir na chaidh cheana ainmeachadh gu 'dhearbhadh gur ann do Albainn gun teagamh a bhuineas ùr-innleachd na smùid-shoitheach 's gur e gu sònraichte *Mr. Seumas Taylor* an duine a dh' oibrich a mach i. (*Ri leantainn*).

— o —  
R A N N A N

AIR AN SGRIOBHADH AIG BAS AON GHIN MIC.  
A Chailean, a Chailean, a Chailean a ruin,  
Gur cràiteach mo chridhe 's na deòir ann  
am shùil,

Tha m' inntinn fo mhulad'!

gun sùinnt,  
Bho 'n dh' fhàg mi mo Chailean 's an Ach-  
adh fo 'n ùir.

Tha t'aogas gach latha fa chomhair mo shùil;  
'S gu'n saoil mi mar àbhaist gu 'm bheil thu  
dhomh dlùth

Le d' aghaidh mhìn bhòidheich 's do mheall  
shùilean gorm',

'S do bhilean anis nach dean m'anran no toirm.

Gur trom tha mo cheum a' tighinn dach-  
aidh 's an oidheh',

Is bristeadh 's a' cbròilean a b' àbhuist bhi  
crunn.

Bidh càch 'tighinn a m' choinneamh 's a  
streupadh ri m' ghluin,

Ach aon dhiùbh tha m' dhìth is cha tìll e ri  
ùin.

Cha 'n eil bràthair a nis aig do pheath-  
raichean gaoil,

'S tha t' athair 's do mhàthair 'g ad ionnd-  
rain o'n taobh;

Ach dh' iarr thu mu 'n d' fhàg thu nach robh  
sinn ri caoidh.

Is sùil bhi ri dachaidh a mhaireas a chaoidh

'N uair a shiab thu na deòir o ar sùilean  
bha làn,

'S a phaisg thu ar muineal a' d' ghàirdeanan  
bàn',

'S a phòg thu le aiteas gach sean agus òg,

'S a dh' fheum sinn a ghealltainn nach bith-  
eamaid ri bròn.

Oh athair, a mhàthair, a pheathraichean  
gràidh!

Mo bhèannachd a nis leibh gu sìorruidh  
's gu bràth,

Is leanaibh an caraid 'thug mise às gach càs.

'S gu'n coinnich sinn far nach téid sgaradh  
le bàs.

Cha robh thu ach òg ann an saoghala' bhròin.  
Ochd bliadhna 's seachd lùithean a fhuair

sinn ort còir;

Ach esan 'thug dhuinn thu 'se nis a thug  
uainn,

Bheir neart gu bhi strìochdte d'a thoil anns  
gach uair.

Ledaig, May, 1872.

JOHN CAMPBELL.

— o —  
SGEULACHD SGIRE MA CHEALLAIG.

Bha Gille òg ann uair 's chaidh e dh' iarraidh mnà do Sgìre ma Cheallaig, agus phòs e nighean tuathanaich, 's cha robh aig a h-athair ach i fhéin, agus 'n uair a thàinig àn buain na mòine, chaidh iad do 'n bhlàr mhòine 'n an ceathrar. 'S chuireadh a' bhean òg dhachaidh air thòir na diathad, agus air dol a staigh dhi chunnaic i srathair na làrach brice fos a cionn, agus thòisich i air caoineadh 's air ràdh rithe féin, de a' dheanadh ise nan tuiteadh an t srathair, 's gu' m marbhadh i i féin 's na bha air a siubhal? 'N uair a b' fhada le luchd buain na mòine a bha i gun tighinn chuir iad a màthair air falbh a shealltuinn de bha 'g a cumail- 'N uair a ràinig a' chailleach fhuair i a' bhean òg a' caoineadh a steach, "Air tighinn ormsa," ar's ise, "dé a thàinig riut?" "O," ar's ise, "'n uair a thàinig mi steach chunnaic mi Srathair na làrach brice fos mo chionn, 's de 'dheanainn-sa na 'n tuiteadh i 's gu' m marbhadh i mi fhéin 's na tha air mo shiubhal!" Bhuail an t-seana bhean a basan. "Thàinig ormsa an diugh! na 'n tachradh sin, dé a dheanadh tu, na mise leat;" Bha na daoine a bha 'sa' bhlàr mhòin' a' gabhail fadachd nach robh aon

de na boireannaich a' tighinn, o 'n bhual an t-acras iad.

Dh' fhalbh an seann duine dhachaidh a dh' fhaicinn dé 'bha a' cumail nam Boireannaich, agus 'n uair a chaidh e steach, 's ann a fhuair e 'n dithis a' caoineadh 's a' bas-bhualadh. "Ochon," ars' esan, "dé a thàinig oirbh!" "O" ars' an t-seana bhean, "'n uair a thàinig do nighean dhachaidh, nach fac' i Srathair na làrach brice fos a cionn, 's dé a dheanadh ise na 'n tuiteadh i 'sgu 'm marbhadh i i-féin 's na bha air a siubhal." "Thàinig orms'" ars' an seann duine 's e bualadh nam bas, na 'n tachradh sin." Thàinig an duin' òg am beul na h-oidhche làn acrais, 's fhuair e 'n triuir a' comh-chaoinadh. "Ubh úbh," ars' esan gu de' a thàinig oirbh. Dh' innis an seann duine dha. "Ach," ars' esan, cha do thuit an t-srathair." 'Nuair a ghabh e biadh chaidh e laidhe, agus anns a' mhaduinn thubhairt esan, "Cha stad mo chas gus gu 'm faic mi triuir eile cho gòrach ruibh. Dh' fhalbh e so air feadh Sgìre ma cheallaig, agus chaidh e steach do thaigh ann, agus cha robh duine a steach ach triuir bhan 's iad a' snòmha air còig Cuigeilean. "Cha chreid mi fhéin," ars' esan, gur h-ann a mhuinntir an àite so a tha sibh." "Ta," ars' iadsan, "Cha 'n ann; cha chreid sinn fhéin." "'S cha 'n ann," ars' esan. "Mata," ars' iadsan "tha na daoine a tha 's an àite so cho faoin, 's gu 'n toir sinn a chreidsinn orra a' h-uile ni a thoileachas sinn féin." "Mata," ars' esan, "tha fàine òir agam 'an so agus bheir mi e do 'n té agaibh a' s feàrr a bheir a chreidsinn air an duine." A' cheud fhear a thàinig dhachaidh de na daoine thuir a bhean ris, "Tha thu tinn." "Am bheil?" ars' esan. "O tha," thuirt ise. "Cuir dhiot do chuid aodaich 's bi a' dol a laidhe." Rinn e so; agus 'n uair a bha e anns an leabaidh, thuirt i ris, "Tha thu nise marbh." "O am bheil?" ars' esan. "Tha," thuirt ise, "dùin do shùilean 's na gluais làmh no cas." Agus bha e so marbh. Thàinig an so an dara fear dhachaidh, agus thubhairt a bhean ris, "Cha tu a th'ann" "O nach mi?" ars' esan "O cha tu," thuirt ise. 'S dh' fhalbh e 's thug e a' choille air. Thàinig an so an tritheamh fear a dh' ionnsuidh a thaighe fhéin, agus chaidh e fhéin 's a bhean a laidhe, 's chaidh gairm a mach am màireach chum an duine marbh a thiodhlacadh; ach cha robh a bhean-san a' leigeil leis-san éiridh gu dhol ann. 'Nuair a chunnaic iad an giùlan a' dol seachad air an uineig dh' iarr

i air a bhi 'g éiridh. Dh' éirich e 'n so le cabhaig mhòir 's bha e 'g iarraidh a chuid aodaich 's e air chall, 's thubhairt a bhean ris gu 'n robh a chuid aodaich uime. "Am bheil," ars' esan, "Tha," ars' ise. "Greas thusa ort gus 'm beir thu orra." Dh' fhalbh e 'n so 'n a chruaidh ruith, agus an uair a chunnaic cuideachd a' Ghiùlan an duine lomnochd a' tighinn smaoinich iad gur duine e a bha às a chiall, 's theich iad féin air falbh, 's dh' fhàg iad an Giùlan, agus sheas an duine lomnochd aig ceann na ciste mhairbh, agus thàinig duine a nuas às a' choille, agus thubhairt e ris an duine a bha lomnochd, "Am bheil thu 'gamathnachadh?" "Chan' eil mise," ars' esan "gad athnachadh." "O cha 'n' eil; na 'm bu mhi Tòmas dh' aithnicheadh mo bhean féin mi." "Ach car son" ars' esan, a tha thusa lomnochd?" "Am bheil mi lomnochd? Ma tha thubhairt mo bhean ruim gu 'n robh m' aodach umam." "Si mo bhean 'thubhairt riumsa gu 'n robh mi fhéin marbh," ars' a' fear a bha 'sa' chiste." Agus an uair a chuala na daoine am marbh a' bruidhinn thug iad na buinn àsta 's thàinig na mnathan 's thug iad dhachaidh iad, agus 's i bean an duine a bha marbh a fhuair an fàine, agus chunnaic esan an sin truir cho gòrach ris an truir a dh' fhàg e aig an taigh, agus thill esan dhachaidh.

Agus chunnaic esan an sin bàta a' dol a dh' iasgach, agus chùntadh dà dhuine dheug a' dol a steach do 'n bhàta, agus an uair a thàinig i gu tìr cha robh innte ach aon duine deug. 'S cha robh fios cò am fear a bha air chall. Agus am fear a bha 'g an cùntadh cha robh e 'ga chùntadh fhéinidir, agus bha esan a' coimhead so. "Ge dé an duais a bheir sibh dhòmhsa na 'm faighinn am fear a tha air chall oirbh?" "Gheibh thu duais air bith ma gheibh thu 'n duine," thubhairt iadsan. "Deanaibh," ars' esan, "suidhe ri taobh a chèile ma tha." Agus rug e air siulpan maide, agus bhual e an ceud fhear, "Bitheadh cuimhne agadsa gu 'n robh thu fhéin innte." Lean e air am bualadh gus an d' fhuair e naire dà dhuine dheug 's e 'cur fuil gu fear orra, agus ged a bha iad pronnta agus leòinte cha robh comas air, bha iad toilichte air son gu 'n d' fhuaradh an duine a bha air chall, agus air chùl pàidheidh 's ann a rinn iad cuirm do 'n duine a fhuair am fear a bha air chall.

Bha loch aig tuath Sgìre ma Cheallaig air am bitheadh iad a' cur éisg, agus ars'

esan "S ann bu ch'òir dhuibh an loch a thràghadh gus am faigheadh sibh iasg ùr chun na Cuirme;" agus nuair a thràghadh an loch cha d'fhuaradh dearg èisg air ach aon easgann mhòr. Thubhairt iad an so gu'm b' i sud a' bhéist a dh' ith an t-iasg orra. Rug iad oirre an so agus dh' fhalbh iad leatha gu 'bàthadh 's a' mhuir; agus an uair a chunnaic esan so dh' fhalbh e dhachaidh, agus air an rathad, chunnaic e ceathrar dhaoine a' cur suas mart gu mullach taighe gus an itheadh i am fear a bha 'cinntinn air mullach an taighe. Chunnaic e 'n so gu'm bu dhaoine gun samhail sluagh Sgìre ma Cheallaig. "Ach," ars' esan, "dè 'n duais a bheir sibh dh'òmba," 's bheir mi nuas am fear?" Chaidh e 's gheàrr e 'm fear, thug e do 'n mhart e, agus, dh' imich e roimhe. Chunnaic e 'n so duine a' tighinn 's mart aige ann an cairt, agus dh' aithnich daoine a' bhaile gur h-e goid a' mhairt a rinn am fear so. "Agus 's e bu chòir mòd a chur air." Mar so rinn iad; agus 's e 'n ceartas a rinn iad an t-each a chur gu bàs air son a bhi 'gùlan a' mhairt.

Agus gu dearbhadh a thoirt dhuibhse gu'm bheil an sgeulachd so fìor 's e so a thug air *Iain Lom am Bard* a chan-tuinn:—

"Mar lagh nan Iunntean nach maireann  
A bha 'n Sgìre ma Cheallaig  
'Nuair a dh'it iad an gearran 's a' mhòd."

## DUAN CALLUINNE.

Le I. M'D.

S i nochd Oidheche na Bliadhna-Uire—

Oidheche nan Iùreach 's nan caunan;  
Cuirear cuilean anns na dùin  
Is rud eile nach fhìu dhomh aithris;  
Théid coltar a' chroinn a shàthadh  
Ann an àrd-dhorus an tighe  
Chum nach toir luideach na Sìthe  
Thoradh no 'bhrìgh as a' bhainne.

Bha i riamh 'n a h-oidheche shona;  
Chuireadh i sogan air fearaibh;  
Bhiodh na maighdeannan 'n an uidheam;  
'S gheibhteadh bruidhinn o gach caillich.  
Oidheche 'n aghir, oidheche 'n t-sùgraidh,  
Oidhech' a' chùil, is oidheche 'n drama;  
Gheibh gach duine 's ainmhidh 'n dìol;  
'Sgur fear nach fhiaich nach faigh a bhannag.

Na mullachagan leathan, lìontaidh,  
Bh' aca fad bliadhna' air an fharadh,

Bheirear an nochd iad 'n ar làthair,  
Ged bhiodh càs againn 'n an gearradh.  
Cuirear an tigh mòr gu straightlich,  
Bidh na coinneirean 'g an glanadh;  
Bidh na ban-oglaich ri fuineadh  
Chum nach faicear duine falamb.

## FREAGRADH GAOIL.

Do "Fhàilte Gaoil" le LILIDH NAN EILEAN.

A Lilidh ghrinn, a Lilidh Ghaoil,  
Bu chaoine leam bha t'òran  
Na mìle teud gu fonnmhor caomh  
An raon na coille dhòmhaile  
'N uair dhùisgeadh séis nan allt 's na gaoith  
Gu fuaimneach, gaoireach còmhlaith;  
Thug t' Fhàilte Ghaoil le tuigse naoimh  
Gràdh Daonna 's Nèimh gu còrdadh.

A Lilidh bhinn, a Lilidh chòrr  
O mhills' do phòig 'n uair dh'fhàg mi  
Do m' chridh' aon chaoimhneas gaoil cha  
b' eòl

Ach leòn nach searg gu bràthach;  
Bha seirbhe dhian a' clòidh ma threòir  
Le deòir á inntinn chràiteich;  
'S luidh neulaibh càin' le sìleadh bròin  
Air m' òig' dh' fhàs tiamhaidh ànrach.

A Lilidh chaoin, a Lilidh bhàn,  
O e' àit an bheil ar bòidean!  
Dh' fhàs mise truagh o 'n bhacadh gràs  
O 'n Aird a m' chumail còmhnaidh;  
O m' anam clòidht' an doimhneachd cràidh  
Nach tràigh cho fad 's a's beò mi!—  
'Na pian bidh cuimhne m'fhoill gu bràth  
'S i saor o bhàs a' m' òran.

O Lilidh Ghaoil! A Ghaoil! Gabh truas!  
Oir chuartaicheadh o Nèamh mi  
Le mallachd throm is seargadh cruaidh  
Air nach téid luaidh fo 'n ghròin so!  
O maitheanas! cha 'n iarr mi uait;  
Cha 'n fhuasgail sud o 'n phéin mi;  
Rinn mi long-bhrisaidh shearb; 's á cuan  
Na truaigh cha 'n iarr mi éiridh!

A gathan gréin' a las trè neòil  
An òig' na maidne ciùine,  
Bidh cuimhne gheur leam féin ri m' bheò  
Air bòidheachd na bha dlùth duinn.  
'N uair luidh bhur leus air stùc is lòn  
'Toirt deò is càil às ùr duinn,  
Is sinne 'n glacaibh gaoil gun ghò  
Air bruachaig fheòir ghlais chùbhraidh.

An d' thug sibh leibh air sgèith bhur soills'  
 An t-aoibhneas 'bha 'n ar sùgradh  
 Gu tìr a' Ghil far nach 'eil doills'  
 A chaoidh ri 'faicinn dlù dì?  
 A cheòlairean a b'fhonnmhoir' dàin  
 A' snàmh an tlàs coil' ùrail'  
 An cuimhne leibh a' mhaduinn ghràidh  
 A dh' fhàs a nis cho ciùirteach?

Bu mhaiseach àill nan craobh mu'n cuairt,  
 'S iad uaine fo lì gréine!  
 Is b' ait an sealladh amharc suas  
 Air snuadh na doimhn' 's na speuraibh  
 Ach dh' fhalbh gach àgh, a Lìlidh bhàn,  
 Tha cràdh an àite éibhnis;  
 Is slige 'ghràidh air lìonadh làn  
 De leòn nach tràigh 's nach tréig sinn.  
 IAIN MAC MHARAH.

MO MHATHAIR.

Cò thog mi air a cìochaibh tlà,  
 'Sa thàlaidh mi gu suain le bàigh,  
 'S a dh' altrum mi 'na h-uchd le gràdh?  
 Mo mhàthair.

'Nuair theich an codal fada uam,  
 Cò thog an guth bu bhinne fuaim,  
 Air chor 's gu'n thuit mi ann an shuain?  
 Mo mhàthair.

Cò dh' fhair thairis orm gu caomh,  
 'S mi 'm luidhe anns a'chreathail fhaoin,  
 'S a shìl na deòir le bàigh co caoin?  
 Mo mhàthair.

Fo euslainte 'nuair bha mi'n sàs,  
 O àm gu h-àm nì's laige 'fas,  
 Cò ghuil le geilt gu'm faighinn bàs?  
 Mo mhàthair.

Cò ruith gu dian gu m' thogail suas,  
 'Sa chogair sgeula beag a' m' chluais,  
 'Sa phòg air falbh mo leòn le truas?  
 Mo mhàthair,

Cò air ùrnuigh dhùisg mo dhèigh,  
 Do fhocal naomh a's latha Dhé,  
 Gu triall 'na shlighe dh'ìreach réidh?  
 Mo mhàthair.

Am feud e bhith nach deanar leam,  
 Caidreamh a's caoimhneas riut gach àm,  
 A bha co bàigheil chaoimhneil rium,  
 Mo mhàthair?

Cha 'n fheud—b'e sin a bhì gun truas,  
 'S ma chumas Dia mo bheatha suas,  
 Cha bhì do chaoimhneas dhomh gun duais,  
 Mo mhàthair.

'Nuair dh' fhàsas tusa lag sa' cheum,  
 Gheibh thu lorg o m' ghàirdein fèin,  
 'S bithidh mi a' m' thaise dhuit a' d' fheum,  
 Mo mhàthair.

'Nuair chailleas tu do lùth 's do threòir,  
 Nì mi faireadh ort le deòir.  
 A dh'oidhch' 's a latha bì'dh mi d' chòir,  
 Mo Mhàthair.

NAIDHEACHDAN.

THUG sinn iomradh uair no dha cheana mu'n Olla Libhngston a tha o cheann àireamh bhliadhnaichean ann an meadhon Africai. Rinneadh oidhirp air dòigh no dha air 'fhaotainn a mach o'n a sgaoil sgeul ceithir bliadhna roimhe so gu'n robh e air a mharbhadh, ach cha d'fhuaradh fios cinnteach 'sam bith mu dhèibhina. Fa-dhèidh, ghabh Mr. Stanley, duine uasal tapaidh a a tha co-cheangailte ris a' phaipeir-naidheachd Americanach *New-York Herald*, os làimh dol air tòir Libhngston do mheadhon Africai. Dh'fhalbh e, air uidheamachadh gu h-iomchuidh, agus mu thoiseach a' Gheamhraidh fhuair e mach Libhngston leis and d'fhan e mu ceithir mìosa. 'N uair a ràinig Mr. Stanley bha e air briseadh gu mòr 'n a shlàinte, ach mu'n do dhealaidh e ris 'san Earrach bha e air fas gu maith làidir agus beothail. Tha Mr. Stanley a nis air tighinn air ais gu Sasunn agus mac Libhngston agus feadhainn a bha a' dol a dh'iarraidh 'athar air tilleadh leis. Dh'fhàgadh Libhngston a' rannsachadh a mach mu abhnaichean 's mu lochan an Africa; dh'fhàgadh pailteas de gach nì feumail aige 's cha 'n 'eil dùil aige tighinn dhachaidh ri bliadhna no dha.

Mu dheighinn a *Bill* a bh' anns a' Phàrlamaid air son na sgoilean Albannach a dheanamh na 's fhearr, feudaidh sinn a ràdh gu'm bheil e nise an déigh 'dhol tro'n Taigh Iochdrach, 's tro'n Taigh Uachdrach, agus nach 'eil a dh'èis air gu bhì na lagh ach a Bhan-rìgh a h-ainm a chur ris. Ged a bha mòran an aghaidh a' *Bill* an uair a chaidh a thoirt a steach do'n Phàrlamaid, gu h-àraid mu theagasg a' Bhiobuill 's na sgoilean agus stéidh a' Mhaighstir-sgoile, cha deach atharrachadh cudthromach air bith a dheanamh air, oir chum an duine 'thug a steach e pailteas sluaigh gu thaobhsan a ghabhail anns gach cùis. Tha cuid ag ràdh gum bì am *Bill* so na mhasladh do dh'Alba, agus cuid eile nach d' fhuair Alba

aon riabh cho maith ris. Faodaidh sinn a radh, a réir an achd ùr so, gum feum sgoil a bhí anns gach àit, agus gum feum a' chlànn a bhí air an cumail innte gu frith-ealtach. Air son cumail suas na sgoilean so bithidh eis air a togail; agus bi 'dh luchd-riaghlaidh air an comharrachadh a mach anns gach àit gu coimhead thairis air na sgoilean, gu roghnachadh a mbaighstir-sgoile, gu 'phàidheadh mar a shaoileas iad iomchuidh, agus, gu 'thaghadh air son na dreuchd no chur air falbh mar 'bi e 'deanamh a ghnòthaich ceart. Tha mòran ann an dòchas gum bi na sgoilean ùra so air an riaghladh ann am modh a bhios a chum cliù agus fòghlum an t-sluaigh àrdachadh gu mòr; agus tha sinn ann an dòchas gur ann mar sin a bhithcas, oir tha mòran feadh na Gàidhealtachd nach urrainn focal a leughadh an diugh, agus theagamh ged a tha iad mar sin, gun robh taigh-sgoile 'an uidhe bhig bho 'n doras féin, ach air son nì-eigin gun sgoinn cha rachadh iad na chòir; agus tha mòran sgoilean 's an dùthaich as ged a tha iad gu math air am frithealadh nach mòr nach bu cho math do 'n chloinn a bhí asda 's a bhí anuta air son na 's fhiach iad. Tha gu tric dha no trì sgoilean ann an aon àite, te air a cumail suas leis a bhuidheann ud is té leis a bhuidheann ud eile, agus iad uile cearbach, an uair a dh' fhaodadh aon sgoil cheart a bhí eatorra a dheanadh an gnothach gu coimhlionta, agus bho nach cuir na buidheannan so an guailibh ri chèile anns an nì so tha e ro-iomchuidh gu 'm bitheadh e air a dheanamh le lagh na rioghachd, a chum 's nach bi gnothach cho cudthromach ri fòghlum no h-òigridh air fhàgail air dheireadh.

Tha iasgach an sgadain an Leodhas agus àitean eile air feadh na Gàidhealtachd a nise seachad air son an t-samhradh so; agus cha robh e bho cheann fhada cho bochd. Bha iasgach na Langainn mar an ceudna mòran na bu mhiosa na 'b' àbhaist. Tha iasgach an sgadain 'an Gallthaobh a nis' air tòiseachadh, ach cha deachaidh a bheag a dheanamh fhathasd. Tha am bàrr air feadh Albainn a' sealltuinn gu gasda. Bha deireadh an earraich agus toiseach an t-samhradh anabarach fliuch air feadh Alba, ach bha cor latha do thide bhriagh air a mhios a chaidh seachad. Tha cunntas gu 'm bheil an tide neo-chumanta teith 'an America air an t-samhradh so.

Tha mòran a' dol air iomruich bho 'n Ghàidhealtachd air a' bhliadhna so. Dh'

fhalbh còrr agus trì cheud pearsa bho Eilean Leodhais mar tha, agus tha tuillidh a falbh fhathast; 'sann do Chanada Iosal agus Ard a tha 'chuid mhòr diubh a' dol. Chaidh beagan gu ruig *New Zealand*.

—o—

### SLAN LE FIONN-AIRIDH.

[Eadar-theangaichte le G. MAC-NA-CEARDAIDH nach maireann.]

*Eirich agus tiugain, O,*

*Eirich agus tiugain, O,*

*Eirich agus tiugain, O,*

*Mo shoraidh, slan, le Fionn-Airidh.*

Tha 'n latha maith, 's an soirbheas ciùin,  
Tha 'n ùine 'ruith, 's an t-àm dhuinn dlùth.  
Tha 'n bat' 'g am fheitheamh fo a siùil,  
Gu m' thoirt a null o Fhionn-Airidh.

*Eirich agus, &c.*

Tha ioma mìle ceangal blàth  
Mar sbaighdean ann am féin an sàs;  
Mo chridhe 'n impis a bhí sgàint'

A chionn bhí 'fàgail Fhionn-Airidh.

*Eirich agus, &c.*

Bu tric a ghabh mi sgrìob leam fhéin,  
Mu 'n cuairt air lùchairt Fhinn an tréin;  
'S a dh' dh' éisd mi sgeulachdan na Féinn  
'G an cur an céill am Fionn-Airidh.

*Eirich agus, &c.*

'S bu tric a sheall mi feasgar Màirt  
Far am biodh Oisein 'seinn a dhàn;  
A' coimhead gréin aig ioma trà  
'Dol seach gach là 's mi 'm Fionn-Airidh.

*Eirich agus, &c.*

Allt-na-Caillich—sruthan ciùin  
Le 'bhorbhan binn 'dol seach gach lùb,  
Is lionmhor aobhneas 'fhuair mo shùil  
Mu 'd bhruachaibh dlùth do Fhionn-Airidh.

*Eirich agus, &c.*

Beannachd le beanntaibh mo ghaoil  
Far am faigh mi 'm fiadh le 'laogh,—  
Gu ma fad' an coilleach-fraoich  
A' glaochaich ann an Fhionn-Airidh.

*Eirich agus, &c.*

Ach cha 'n iad glinn is beanntan àrd'  
A lot mo chridh, 's a rinn mo chràdh,  
Ach an diugh na tha fo phràmh  
An teach mo ghràidh am Fhionn-Airidh.

*Eirich agus, &c.*

Beannachd le athair mo ghràidh  
Bidh mi 'cuimhneach ort gu bràth;  
Ghuidhinn gach sonas is àgh  
Do 'n t-sean fhear bhàn am Fhionn-Airidh.

*Eirich agus, &c.*



Mo mhàthair!—'s ionmhuinn t' ainm r'a luaidh—

Am feum mi tearbadh uait cho luath?  
Is falbh a'm' allabanach truagh  
An cian uait féin 's o Fhionn-Airidh.

*Eirich agus, &c.*

Soraidh leat-sa, bhràthair chaoin,  
Is fòs le peathraichibh mo ghaoil;  
Cuiribh bròn is deòir a thaobh,  
'S biodh aoibh oirbh ann an Fhionn-Airidh.

*Eirich agus, &c.*

'Mleasbuig bhig, mo Leanabh gràidh,  
Gu 'n coimhead Dia thu o gach càs;  
'S bu mhiann leam féin ma thill gu bràth  
Do ghàire blàth bhì 'm Fhionn-Airidh.

*Eirich agus, &c.*

Am feum mi siubhal uait gun dàil!  
Na siùil tha togta ris a' bhàt!  
Soraidh, slàn, le tìr mo ghràidh;  
Is slàn, gu bràth le Fhionn-Airidh!

*Eirich agus, &c.*

—o—

#### DUANAG A' CHIOBAIR.

Le Dòmhnall Phàil 'an Ceann-a'-Ghiubhsaich.

Gu 'm bheil mulad air m' inntinn  
'O 'n là 'thàinig mi 'n tìr so,  
'S nach faic mi mo nighneag dhonn òg.  
'S nach faic mi mo nighneag dhonn òg.

O nach faic mi a' chailleag  
Do 'n d' thug mi 'n cion-fallaich—  
,Sann a dh' fhàg mi i 'n Raineach nam bò,  
'S ann, &c.

'S ann a dh' fhàg mise gruagach  
An fhuilte cham-lùbaich, chuachaich,  
An taobh thall do Dhruim-Uachdair an fheòir.

An taobh, &c.

Tha deud shnaighte mar dhìsnean  
'Am beul meachair na ribhinn,  
'S gur millse na 'figuis a pòg.

'S gur, &c.

Ciochan corrach, 's iad glé-gheal,  
Ann am broilleach a léine,  
Mar aiteal na gréin' ri là ceò,  
Mar, &c.

Slios mar eala nan cuaintean,  
No mar shneachda nam fuar-bheann,  
Calpa cuimir, 's troidh uallach 'am bròig,  
Calpa, &c.

'S cha 'n 'eil samhla do m' luaidh-sa  
'Measg na chì mi mu 'n cuairt domh,  
Ged a chruinn'ceadh n' tha shluagh anns  
an t-Sròin.

Ged, &c.

'S ged a chruinn'ceadh an dùthaich  
Gu féill Chinn-a'-ghiubhsaich,  
Cha bhiodh té ann do 'n dùraiginn pòg,  
Cha, &c.

Cha 'n e sid 'rinn mo chiùrradh  
O na thàinig mi 'n dùthaich-s',  
Ach nach fhaod mi 'dhol null air do thòir.  
Ach &c.

Tha 'n t-astar cho fada  
'S nach fhaod mi tighinn dachaidh,  
Eagal càch 'bhi 'g am fhaicinn 's an ro'd,  
Eagal, &c.

'S bì 'dh mo mhaighstir 'g am ionndrainn  
O'n tha 'n stoc air mo chùram,—  
'S mi 'g an gleidheadh air cùl Bail'-a'-chrò.  
'S mi, &c.

'S mi gach latha mu 'n cuairt dhaibh  
'S iad cho duilich ri 'bhuaich-leachd  
O na thàin' iad gu tuath do 'n Chreig-Mhòir,  
O na, &c.

'S mòr gu 'm b' fhearr 'bhi 'g am buach'-  
leachd.

Ri mulach na guaille  
Far nach iarradh iad buachaill ri 'n sròin,  
Far nach, &c.

Far nach biodh orm bonn cuiraim  
'N uair a chuirinn mo chù riuth'  
Ged a bhitheadh iad dùinte le ceò,  
Ged, &c.

Ach ni mi litir a dhùnadh  
'N deise 'sgrìobhadh dha t-ionnsaidh  
'S bì 'dh tu cinnteach nach mùth mi mo sheòl.  
'S bì 'dh, &c.

'S ged a bheir mi seachd bliadhna,  
A' siubhal nan crìoch so  
Té eile cha 'n iarr mi 's tu beò,

—o—

#### CEUM NO DHA O'N CHAGAILT

Mu ta 'Ghàidheil ghaolaich, 's iom-  
adh rud a chì 'n duine 'bhios fada beò;  
agus a rì 's e mise 'dh' fhaodas sin a  
ràdh. B'e sin e; b'e sin e, 'nàile paipear-  
naigheachd agus leabhar-sgeòil Gàidh-  
ealach. Mo bhannag air an diulanach  
a smaoinich an toiseach air a' leithid  
a' ghnìomh dùthchail a dheanamh!  
Eudail gu 'm bu fada beò e; agus an  
latha 'gheibh e 'm bàs gu 'm b'ann 'na  
dhéigh-san a bhios beannachdan nan  
Gàidheal anns gach cèrnaidh dhe 'n  
domhan. Agus tha iad ag innseadh  
dhòmh-sa gur h-e òganach a dh' fhalbh

á Eilean-an-Fhraoich do dh' *America*, agus a tha nis an déigh tighinn air ais cho beartach ri Iùdhach a tha 'ga chur a mach. Slàn iomradh air. A ri! 's beag an t-iongantach ged a thuir Mac-Leòid 's an òran.

\* An t-eilean ro mhaiseach gur pailt ann am biadh; [ghrian];  
 'S e eilean a's àillt air 'n do dhealraich a'  
 'S e eilean mo ghràidh-s' e, bha Ghàilig ann riamh [cuan siar].  
 'S cha'n fhalbh i gu brath às gu'n tràigh an

agus mur 'eil mise breugach 's i 'n fhir-inn a th'aige; gu h-àraidh cho fad agus a bhios e fhéin is Mac Neacail beò—an an dara fear a' dol a' h-uile geamhradh a chumail *concert* Gàilig ann an Steòrnabhaigh mhòir a' Chaisteil, agus am fear eile 'cur a mach paipear-naigheachd do chlann nan Gàidheal 'n an cainnt féin! Gu ma fada beò òganaigh Eilean an Fhraoich! Tha mise 'g innseadh dhuibh 's cha'n ann idir le brosgal nach cuireadh sealladh dhe mo leanman (nam biodh té agam) a leth de dh'aighir orm agus a chuir "An Gàidheal" an uair a chunnaic mi e. Aig an àm bha mi ann an Inbhir-nis agus sheall mi e do sheann Ghàidheal còir; agus an tombais sibh ciod a thuir e? Thuir e gu'n deanadh "An Gàidheal" urram mòr a chosnadh do dh'Alba. Ach ma thaitinn sealladh dhe 'n leabhar ris 's ann a bha e aighearrach 'n uair a shìn mi air leughadh dha litir Rùnasdaich Mu Ghàidheil Ghlaschu. Shaoileadh sibh nach robh uair eil' aig air an talamh le gaireachdaich 'n uair a thàinig mi gus an earrann a bha 'gràdh gur h-e "*Soiree*" an dòigh Fhrangach air an fhocal "Suiridh!"

Ach o'n a shìn mi air sgrìobhadh idir, theagamh nach bu bheag oirbh ged a chuirinn naigheachd no ni-éigin eile gu 'r n-ionnsuidh. 'S a' cheud àit', mata, an cuala sibh fhéin agus bhur luchd-leughaidh gu 'm bheil "Comunn Gàilig" ann an Inbhir-nis? Mu 'r cuala 's iongantach e; oir 'se Cluainidh Mac-a-Phearsainn is ceann air a Chom-

unn; agus tha e 'na ni cinnteach nach biodh gnotbach aig Ceann-cinnidh Chlann Mhuirich ri Comunn Ghall no Ghàidheal mur a biodh iad air bonn ceart. Cha 'n eil an Comunn fhathas bliadhna 'dh' aois, ach ged nach 'eil, 's iomadh ball a th' ann;—tha buill á Eirinn 's á Sasunn cho mhath 'sàs gach oisinn de 'n Ghàidhealtachd. Gidheadh tha 'n luchd-riaghlaidh air son gu 'n cruinnich an còrr de na Gàidheil mu 'm-brataich. Agus farraideam co 'n Gàidheal leis nach miann na ceathairnich a chobhair? oir 'se so rùn a' Chomuinn:—

"Na buill a dheanamh iomlan 's a' Ghàilig; cinneas cànaire, bàrdachd, agus ciùil na Gàidhealtachd; bàrdachd, seanachas, sgeulachd, leabhraichean agus sgrìobhanna 's a chànan sin a thearnadh o dhearmad; leabhar-lann a chur suas ann am baile Inbhir-Nis de leabhraichibh agus sgrìobhannaibh—ann an cànan 'sam bith—a bhuineas do chàileachd, ionnsachaidh, eachd-raidheachd agus sheanachasaibh nan Gàidheal no do thairbhe na Gàidhealtachd; còir agus cliù nan Gàidheal a dhion; agus na Gàidheil a shoirbheachadh a ghnà ge b'e àit am bi iad."

'S cinnteach mise gur taitneach a leughas gach duine dhe 'n Chomunn "An Gàidheal," agus tha mòr iongantach orm ma bhios duine idir dhiubh nach ceannaich e—oir tha mi 'faicinn gur h-ann a chum na h-aon chrìche 'tha iad féin 's "An Gàidheal" ag obair. Ach gun fhios nach fhaodadh neach-éiginn so fhaicinn leis 'm bu mhiannach a bhì 'na Bhall de 'n Chomunn 's còir dhomh innseadh gu 'm bheil e cho fosgailte do bhean no do mhaighdinn shubhailcich sam bith faighinn a steach, agus a tha e do Thriath Ghearr-loch. Ach thuir mi gu leòir aig an àm so mu 'n Chomunn. Neach air bith a bhios ag iarraidh an còrr còlais, sgrìobhadh esan no ise gus an Rùn-Chléireach, Uilleam Mac-Aoidh.

Tha iomadh ni ann an Inbhir-nis às am bu chòir do na Gàidheil a bhì 'dean-

amh uail; ach cha 'n fhaod mi idir a ràdh gu 'm bheil gach ni cho math 's a bu chòir daibh. Ann am baile de mhiad Inbhir-nis, agus gu h-àraidh baile 'th' air a shuidheachadh ann an àite 'm faighear pailteas o mhuir 's o thìr, bu chòir mòran oibrichean a bhì air an cumail air aghart. Ach cha 'n ann mar sin a tha, am fear a gheibh beagan airgid, bidh eagal air a chur a mach aig a' bhaile; agus ma 'sa miannach leis dad idir a dheanamh, 's e falbh do dh' àit eile 'ni e, agus caithidh e 'n sin an t-airgead leis 'm bu chòir da a bhì 'deanamh feuma ann an dùthaich a' bhreithe. An can sibh rium-sa gu 'm bheil sin ceart?

Ach coma co-dhiù, tha Inbhir-nis a soirbheachadh. Coinnidibh Pàdrùig Deòrsa Mac-Uilleim féin. Tha mise 'g innseadh dhuibh gu 'm b' onair do 'n Ghàidhealtachd na tha e 'cur de sheud-aibh Gàidhealach do dhùthaichibh céin. Smuainichibh-se gur e duine fhuair spàinn òir 'n a bheil a's urrainn a dhol a reic àilleaganan ris a' Bhan-rìgh, 's ri Ban-Inpire na Gearmailt, maille ri mòran phrionnsaibh as bhan-phrionnsaibh a b' urrainn mi ainmeachadh. Agus ged a tha e 'deanamh gnothuch ri àrd-uaislean na dùthcha, tha e cho caoimheil ris an duine bho chd 'sa tha e ris an duine bheartach; agus tha e cho saor ri òr-cheard no uaireadairiche 's a' bhaile.—Muintir eile 'tha 'deanamh mòr reic ris na h-naislean, Mac-Dhùghail 's a chuideachd. Tha iad so ainmeil air son an cuid bhreacannan; agus gun teagamh sam bith 's math a thig dhaibh an Deise-ghearr a dheanamh.

Ach feumaidh mi bhì 'toirt mo chasan à Inbhir-nis agus ruaig a thoirt feadh na dùthcha. "Seadh, seadh, mata, falbhamaid air a charbad iarruinn, agus cha stad sinn bonn gus an ruig sinn Srath-Spe," deir caraid dhomh-sa 'n là-roimhe. Ach ged a thuirt,— feuch an d' fhalbh e? 'S e fhéin am fear nach d' rinn; ach coma, dh' fhalbh

mise; agus ged a bha 'm feun anns an robh mi làn muintir a' fàgail Inbhir-nis aon duine ach mi-fhéin cha robh ann an uair a ràinig mi Farais. Agus eadar Farais is Baile-nan-Granndach bha mi air a' mhodh cheudna, air chor 's gu 'n do shìn mi air seinn

"S fhada mi 'm òranan  
'S fhada mi 's mi leam fhìn,  
'S cianail o thìr m' eòlas mi,  
'S fhada mi 'm òranan."

'S truagh nach robh mi le m'annsachd  
Feadh nan gleann anns an òg-mhaduinn  
'S fhada mi, &c.

Anns a' ghleann anns an cluinnear  
Leam coireall na meòraiche.  
'S fhada mi, &c.

'N gleann 's an cinn an t-sail chuaiche  
'S air na cluaintean na neòmeanan.—  
'S fhada mi, &c.

'S an àm éiridh 's a' mhaduinn  
'G éisdeachd langan 'n d' ìmh chròcaiche.  
'S fhada mi, &c.

Anns a' ghleann sin b'e m' aobhnis  
'Bhì le maighdinn nan ròs-ghruaidhean  
'S fhada mi, &c.

Sin agaibh mar a chaidh mise air m' aghart; agus an uair a bha mi 'dol a chantuinn, 'an àite 'bhi anns' a ghleann a bha mi 'miaunachadh gur h-ann a dh' fheumainn tàmh rè na h-oidhche 'an taigh-òsda air chor-eigin ann am Baile-nan-Granndach, stad an carbad, agus choisich mise gus an taigh-òsda, 's tachas 'na mo bhuinn, oir cha robh mi riabh roimhe 's an àite. Chuir mi oidhche seachad 'an sin agus a' lath 'r na mhàireach dh' fhalbh mi suas troimh Shrath-Spé. Tha mise 'g ràdh ruibh a Ghàidheil ghràdhaich gur h-anabarrach briagha an dùthaich Srath-Spé, agus a thuilleadh air a sin, tha sluagh ro-chaoimheil ann. Ach 's ann aca 'tha 'Ghàilig as troimhe-chéile 'chuala mi riabh. Dh' fhoighnich mi ri fear de mhuintir an àite ciod e an rathad a bha Ceann-a'-Ghiuthsaich uam. "Tha dìreach *straight* anns an *direction* sin" ars' esan, 's e 'sineadh a mach a làimhe rathad Chinn-a'-Ghiubhsaich. Fear eile ris 'n do choinnich mi dh' fheadraich.

mi e' ainm a bh' air na beanntaibh a bha mi 'faicinn 'an sin agus currachd shneachd air mullach gach aon diubh. "O dearbh," deir esan, "cha 'n 'eil fios agam-sa, ach gheibh sibh fhéin an ainm anns an *Geography*; agus tha mi cùnt-each na 'n rachadh a *measurigeadh* gu 'm bheil *height* annta nach *concei-geadh* duine 's am bith le 'm faicinn dhe 'n rathad mhòr."

Dh'fhàg mi "Granndaich Shrath-Spé," ged a bha iad còir, caoimheil, agus shiubhail mi gu Cinn-a'-Ghiubhsaich; agus a rì ma shiubhail, 's mise shiubhail an dùthaich as taitnich anns an robh mi riabh. Cho luath 's a ràinig mi Cinn-a'-Ghiubhsaich chaidh mi gu taigh caraid àraidh, 's b'è fhéin an caraid 's an duine còir. Ach, a Ghàidheil ghaolaich, 's fhada o'n chuala sibh, "Coinnichidh na daoine ged nach coinnich na cnuic," agus air an aobhar sin, le bhur cead-sa, coinnichidh muinntir Chinn-a'-Ghiubhsaich a's mise fhathasd air duilleagaibh "A' Ghàidheil." **CUAIRTEAR.**

—o—

### LUATH ASTAR NA H-URNUIGH.

Cha n-aithne dhomh cò a sgrìobh an laoidh a leanas, 'us cha-n-eil fhios agam co dhiubh a tha no nach 'eil i cheana 'an clò. Ach is dearbh leam gur airidh i air àite math ann an duilleagaibh *A' Ghaidhil*, agus gu-m bi a luchd-leughaidh toilichte air son i 'bhi air a toirt fa'n combhair. Tha urrad de spiorad na fìor bhàrdachd anns na ceud ceithir rannan, 's nach ruigeadh leas Oisein no Ullin nàire 'ghabhail dhiubh. Ach tha 'n t-ìomlan snasda, agus tha 'n teagasg a tha i a' toirt duinn da rìreadh a réir an fhocail shòlasaich a tha 'g ràdh "Tha Dia dlùth dhoibhsan uile a ghairmeas air ann am firinn."

Cillo-Mhàillibh.

Treas Mios an t-Samhraidh, 22mh, 1872. } G. C.

Ge luath air a sgiathan a' ghaoth  
A' saighdeadh thar aonach nan gleann;  
Ge dian ceum na lasrach 's an fhraoch  
'N àm earraich, suas taobh nam beann,

'Us fuar-anail chruaidh a' mhàirt  
A' sgiùrsadh na càire deirg,  
'S a' ruagadh nan neul gu h-àrd  
Mar imeachd an sgàil air an leirg;—

Ge siùbhlach an long air a' chuan  
Roimh fhudach na doinne gaing',  
'S na sliabh-thuinn a' tòirleum m'a h-èarr  
'G a h-ìomain le gànraich feirg  
'Us torman a crànraidh trom,  
Geur-thead lom, air uair, 'n a beairt,  
Coiprich m' a saith\*, 's i 'n càs,  
'S a fòirnet 'failneach a chion neairt;—

Ge luath, air cleitridh chòrr a sgiath,  
A dh'astras rìgh nan ian an àird  
Feadh failbhe† fhàs a' ghorm-choip§ chéin  
'Tha 'còmh-dach rùn|| nan speuran àill:  
'S ge cas a dhoirteas griann a soills  
A nuas gu lár troi 'n aibheis¶ chian,  
Is déine, is siùbhlaiche, 's is luaith'  
A ruitheas urnuigh suas gu Dia.

Ged is àird' os ar ceann an Triath  
Na 'n t-astar 'tha 'ghrian o' n ché,\*  
Gur luaithe na dealan air fàir'  
A ruigeas 'n a làth'r ar n-éigh;  
'S ma dh' iobrar miann á cridhe ceart  
Is ceart co luath thig neart g' ar fòir,  
'S a thaomas tuiltean trom thar eas  
Air sliinnein cas nam beannta mòr.

Cò, mata a bhios 'an cruas,  
(Mar tha gach aon mhac truailidh orè)  
Nach tog ri Dia a ghuidhe 'n àird  
'S gur athair 'tha ro chàirdeil E?  
Esan a thug suas a Mhac  
Chum peacaich lag a dhìon o sgrìos,  
Ciamar bhios creideach ann an ag  
Gu-n cùm e aon dad uaithe leis?

Cha bhi, cha bhi, cha mheath a ghaol  
Do 'n aitim sin a ròghnuich è,  
Bheir e dhoibh am feum 's an t-shaoghal-s',  
Bheir saoihbreas pailt 'an saogh'l a's feàrr.  
Is daor a dhioladh air an saors',  
'S thug sin a ghnàth fo dhaors' an gràdh-s',  
Oir dh' iath e ump' a chòrdan gaol  
G' an nasgadh dlùth ri 'thaobh gu bràth

\* "Saith," no "suigh," aisinn, no fiodhrach-tarsuinn bàta.

† "Fòirne;" sgioba bàta.

‡ "Failbh" (falamb); an iarmailt, an speur.

§ "Gorm-chop;" am Beurla *blue vault*.

|| "Rùn;" dìomhaireachd.

¶ "Aibheis," farsuingeachd nan speur, no a' chuain.

\*\* "Cé," an talamb, an saoghal.

## NITHE NUADH AGUS SEAN.

CHA 'N 'EIL aon chuid cridheachan matha no tuigse mhath aig luchd-tuailleis.

CHA 'N 'EIL e ceart gu 'n dìteadh sinn neach 's am bith nach 'eil 's an làthair gu dhìon féin.

CHA 'N fhiach le neach aig am bheil ceud fathan mòra a bhi ri connsoid.

SEACHAIN, mar a sheachaineadh tu an nath-air, an neach a sgrìobhas gu mì-mhodhail, ach fathast a labhras gu milis.

CHA 'N 'EIL aoibhealeachd 'na dearbhadh gu 'n bheil an inntinn aig fois, oir is tric "am meadhon gàire gu 'm bheil an cridhe dubhach."

THA trì nithean ro dhuilich ann, sgeul rùin a ghleidheadh, càineadh no lochd a dhì-chuimhneachadh, agus feum math a dheanadh a dh' àine a bhithas aig neach dha féin.

AIR do *Phlato* cluinntinn gu 'n robh naimhdean aige a labhair gu h-òle mu dhéibhinn fhreagair e, "Bithidh mo chaithe-beatha air dhòigh 's nach creid neach 's am bith iad."

SEACHAIN an t-sùil a dh' aithnicheas an t-òle gu luath, agus a tha mall a dh' fhaicinn a' mhaith.

## TOIMHSEACHAIN.

1. Coileach dubh 's a' bhail' ud thall, Itè dhubb is itè dhonn;  
Dà itè dheug am làrr a sgéith,  
'S còrr is trì fichead 'na dhruim.
2. Tobaran óir am meadhon a' bhaile so  
Trì chinn óir is còmhla ghloine ris.
3. Siùbhlaidh e na leanagan,  
Siùbhlaidh e na breunagan,  
Siùbhlaidh e 'n t-imire fada,  
'S thig e dhachaidh amoch.
4. Each dubh is each donn bonn ri bonn,  
'S luaithe 'n teach dubh na 'n t-each donn.
5. Tìolcaidh am marbh am beò.
6. Bean bheag a' tigh'nn do 'n bhaile so,  
'S creagada creag air a muin;  
Casan oirre 's i gun làmhan  
'S ultachan càthadh 'na h-uchd.

FREAGAIRTEAN do na Toimhseachain anns a' chùigeamh Aireamh de 'N GAIDHEAL.

1. Peileir.
2. Ubh.
3. Snàthad.
4. Bròg.
5. Loinid bheag.
6. Soitheach le 'bata.
7. Tuagh.

8. A mac féin.
9. Gath-gréine.
10. T' ainm.

## SOP AS GACH SEID.

Millidh dànadas modh.

Molaidh an t-each math e fhéin.

Chaidh dubhag ri dualchas.

Trod a' mheasain 's a chùl ri Ìr.

Théid dànadas gu droch oilean.

Tìlg mìr am beul na béist.

Leig e 'n t-earball leis a' chraicinn.

'S i 'n taois bhog a ni màs rag.

Iallan fada o leather chàich.

'S éigin do 'n fheumach a bhi falbhanach.

Na sir uisge teth fo chloich fhuar.

'Tha car eile an adharc an daimh.

'S ann a bhithas an uaisle mar a chumar i.

Coinnichidh na daoine ged nach coinnich na cnuic.

Mar 's miannach le brù bruichear bonnach.

'S farasda duine gun nàire a bheathachadh.

## FREAGAIRTEAN.

Do A. Mac C., Inbhirnis.—Fhuair sinn an litir a' gearan air seann a bhi deanamh Shas-unnuich de na h-Albannaich. 'S ann gun fhios do 'n fhear-ullachaidh a fhuair na briathran ud àite 's A' GAIDHEAL; agus tha sinne cho fada 'n aghaidh a bhi deanamh Shasunnaich de 'r luchd-duthecha ri A. Mac C. fhéin, 's air an aobhar sin, cha bhi leithid do nì 's A' GAIDHEAL tuilleadh.

Do Niall Crùbach.—Fhuair sinn an litir leibeidheach a chur thusa thugainn. Am bheil thu smuainteachadh gu 'm bheil do chuid-sa bagraidhean a' dol a chur "A' Ghàidheil" dhe na bhonn air 'n do sheas e 'n toiseach? Ged na bhiodh "An Gàidheal" cho dona ri bodach na h asal fhéin cha ghabhadh e do chomhairle. 'N uair a sgrìobhas tu a rithid a' Nèill cuimhnich nach bi thu buileach cho droch-eileanach, féin-mholtach 's a bha thu air an uair so. Slàn leat a Nèill agus 'e miann "A' GAIDHEAL" gum bi tuillidh céill agad mu 'n smuanaich thu air an ath litir a chur an rathad so.

Do A. R. F., Ceann-a'-Ghìùbhsaich.—Tha sinn fada 'n ur comain air son na 'n toimhseachain a's nithibh taitneach eile a chuir sibh thugainn. Bhiodh e ro iomchuidh gach nì dhe 'n t-seòrsa 'tha ri fhaighinn a' meas an t-sluaigh a thional, agus a theàrnadh o dhearmad; agus na 'n deanadh ar càirdean uile feadh na Gàidhealtachd cho math ruibhsa, cha bhiodh e gu cron daibh féin, agus shealladh e nach do dhì-chuimhnich iad àbhachd an sinnseir. Bidh sinn toilichte cluinntinn fathasd o A. R. F.

## LOCH-NAN-GARR.

A' m' shealladh a chòmhnaird, a liosan nan ròsan!  
 'N'ur measg-sa biodh mùirnean na sògh ré a shaog'l;  
 Thoir dhòmhsa na stùcan fo 'n t-sneachda le 'shròlaibh  
 An còmhnuidh 'tha 'g altrumas saorsa is gaoil!  
 Seadh, Albainn mo chridhe, 's ro ionmhuinn do bheannta!  
 Mu 'n cinn gheal, O chithinn, na dùilean ri àr;  
 An àit srùlag uillt chithinn mire 'n Eas steallmhoir—  
 Tha mise an geall air gleann donn Loch-nan-Gàrr.

Ah! 'n sud bha mo cheuman a' m' òige gu tlachdmhor;  
 B'i bhoincid an ad leam, b' e 'm breacan mo chleòc;  
 Mo chuimhn' air cinn-fheadhna a dh' eug bha mi 'cleachdadh,  
 'S mi 'mànran troimh ghlacaig na coille gach lò;  
 'S cha 'n iarrainn dol dhachaidh gu 'n ciaradh am feasgar  
 'S gu 'n seargadh a mhais' roimh na reultaibh gu h-àrd;  
 Oir sholairinn sunnt am beul-aithris na h-eachdraidh  
 A gheibhteadh o nàistnich ghlinn duinn Loch-nan-Gàrr.

“A thaibhsean nam marbh! nach cual mi 'ur guthan  
 A' siubhal troimh 'n t-soirbheas air anail na h-oidhch'?”  
 O 's cinnt' gu 'm bheil éibhneas air anam a' churaidh  
 Ri turus trè 'ghleann féin air sgiathaibh na gaoith.  
 Mu 'n cuairt Loch-nan-Gàrr 'n uair a dhùmhlaicheas gaillionn  
 'S an Geamhradh á 'chathair fhuir reòit' a' cur fáilt,  
 Tha neula a' cuartachadh Chruthan mo shionsear  
 'Tha 'chòmhnuidh an sìontaibh ghlinn duinn Loch-nan-Gàrr.

“Am fac sibh 'n ur n-aisling, ged bha sibh co treubhach,  
 Gu 'n robh e an dàn nach biodh éifeachd 'n ur strì?”  
 Ah! 'm b' e bhur dàn aig Cuilfhodair gu 'n eugadh?  
 Cha d' éirich leibh buaidh, 's ann a thuit sibh 's an fhrith;  
 Gidheadh, bha sibh sona! clos talmhaidh an eugaidh  
 'G 'ur càradh le 'r treubhaibh an uamhaibh Bhramàir;  
 A' phiobaireachd fuaimneach, do nualan a' phiobair,—  
 Sgeul 'ur gnìomh' air mactalla ghlinn duinn Loch-nan-Gàrr.

Chaidh bliadhnachan seach, 'Loch-nan-Gàrr, o 'n a dh' fhàg mi;  
 Ni bliadhnachan tàr as mu 'm faic mi thu ris;  
 Sgiol Nàdur de d' chinneas 's de phiùraichean t'àill' thu,  
 Gidheadh 's tu a's feàrr leam na còmhnaird réidh' mhin'.  
 O Shasuinn! do mhaise tha coitchinn, neo-ghreadhnach  
 Do aon a thriall suas air na beanntaibh gu 'm bàrr;  
 O nach robh mis' air sgòrr fhiadhaich nan aonach!  
 An glòir chais neo-aobhaich ghlinn duinn Loch-nan-Gàrr.

Ead. le Niall Mac Néill.

# THE CELTIC

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

AUGUST, 1872.

## THE AFFINITY OF GAELIC TO LATIN AND GREEK.\*

THE Highlanders have been very frequently described as unreasonably reasonable in their opinions of things;—that is when you find them in the right, the correctness of their position depends, not on the result of discursive thought, so much as on some accidental impulse. This, though their cooler advisers do not altogether intend to mean it, is very much akin to being intuitively in the right, to gaining by a sort of intellectual naturalness ends which the creeping but admittedly progressive intellect of the German reaches by a toilsome effort of reason. Despite the sneering element accompanying it as well as the sparingness with which the possibility of any good coming out of Nazareth is plainly acknowledged, we willingly and thankfully accept the compliment, and endeavour to show thereby in one word (our space is small) *one* quality at least of no contemptible species, admitted by the German himself to be pre-eminently characteristic of the Celtic mind. It is fairly admissible that the haste in which the large majority of mankind live, move, and have their being prevents them from ascertaining scientifically the truth or hollowness of many important opinions which they must receive or reject in their actings of every-day life. Take for instance the question of religion. Man in his first awakenings to his position as such finds this an immensely powerful element in the world, vitally affecting its health and destiny,—an element with which in his human capacity as well as in his relations to social life he is compelled seriously to deal. He is a hard working man of the world; and should he be possessed, which not many are, of the

necessary will and ability to weigh and examine the arguments for and against certain religious opinions or propositions, his busy life will preclude him from attempting it to any considerable extent. So he must adopt a great deal at second-hand; acquiescing in, and receiving intuitively as true, the results arrived at by a Calvin, a Butler, a Mansel, a Mill, or a Mac Cosh, and even Revelation itself.

Fortunate it is for the great mass of humanity that this power of intuition is an unailing feature of the human mind, or many would be left destitute of having anything to nourish in their bosoms except the dreary shade of sceptical thought, or the vacantness of an untrained mind. It is this intuitive capacity of rejecting or accepting what is false or true in the world of opinion that many of his unfriendly critics ascribe to the Celt. And really most practical, hard-working people will be disposed to acknowledge that it is a noble, needful, and a most divine element in the human mind; and that the Celt has only some reason to feel supremely satisfied that, in a higher degree than others, he is in possession of an intellectual quality which enables him, while hurriedly marching in the dust and roar of the field of life's battle, to adopt as correct, without any long process of speculation, doctrinal results and propositions presented to him. This line of remark leads us into the reason why Germany is so characteristically *rational* and *infidel*; in the case of many of her intellectual great men the cold dreariness of discursive speculation has well-nigh absorbed the warmth and divine glow of the original intuitions of the mind.

These digressive remarks are made on account of the frequency with which the Celt is complimented for his incapacity of submission either to logic, facts, or reason. The sneer owes its existence, not to the Celt being actually unreasonable,—it is admitted that he is reasonable,—but to the manner in which he arrives at reason. But

\*THE PHILOLOGIC USES OF THE CELTIC TONGUE.

—An Address delivered by W. D. Geudes, M.A., Professor of Greek, University of Aberdeen. To the University Celtic Debating Society. Aberdeen: A. & R. Milne. 1872.

surely if a man is ultimately right, reasonable, or correct in his ideals it is not at all to his discredit that he arrives at such a healthy state of mind less laboriously than his neighbours, whether he does so impulsively or intuitively? At any rate we must not linger longer on the subject at present but refer at once to the excellent pamphlet before us, anxious to assure Professor Geddes that we Gaelic Scholars are as willing as our emotional natures will admit to "submit to the logic of facts and listen to the voice of science." If Celtic Scholars felt impulsively compelled to insist "on the lofty claim they used to advance of speaking the primeval language," they must according to an admission already made, have held a somewhat reasonable position, and it is doubtful whether they should even be requested to "lower the plumes of their pride" till their more scientific and discursive neighbours disprove the reasonableness of their position by presenting them with fresh results which they can intuitively discern to be correct! We will feel very grateful indeed if our friends assist us in acquiring a more rational system of arriving at reason; the advantage of becoming more scientific and systematic is one not to be slightly and thanklessly despised. To Professors Blackie and Geddes the gratitude of all true Celts is truly intense; and the intensity will increase in proportion to the assistance afforded us in learning a scientific mode of investigating the Philologic facts of our language. If the result of thorough investigation will prove that the liquid and guttural sounds of the Celtic never wafted their musical murmurs on the breezes of Eden, that it is only an unmusical dialect of the defunct Anglo-Saxon, that the name of Ossian himself was only manufactured amidst the taleologic vagaries of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries of this Christian era, or that even our national existence only dates from the day when colossal Johnson trod our barbaric glens,—even after all such prospective misfortunes are realised, we are resolved that our Sasunnach friends will find us possessed of sanity enough to save ourselves from hanging.

The following paragraphs as fresh, scholarly, and interesting on Classic Pronunciation and the "*sporadic phenomena*" of the Celtic from Professor Geddes's

Pamphlet we very gladly transfer to our columns:—

"We hear much at present of a discussion carried on in England as to the mode of pronouncing Latin, and we can catch the low murmur of a confused battle going on against the peculiar, solitary, not to say fantastic, pronunciation of Latin that has prevailed so long there. Scotland, as you know, had begun to be corrupted in this matter from English influence. The Court of Session and the Academies of the South were acquiring the mincing pronunciation from the other side of the Borders, and I was once looking forward to the time when the tide of this English influence should have submerged all the rest of Scotland, and left us in Aberdeen maintaining in its last retreat the old *ore rotundo* national pronunciation of *Romanos rerum dominos gentemque togatam*. That felicity or infelicity, to which I was looking forward, of 'sitting alone among the ruins of Carthage,' is not now likely to be realised. In England itself a reaction has set in under the powerful influence of Munro, and will lead to common sense and conformity on their part to us, instead of our conformity to them. Not that the Scottish pronunciation of Latin is unimpeachable, but it is sound in many points where the English is false, and I do not know that the English mode is ever sound where the Scottish happens to be false. It is otherwise with the Celtic. It can be shown to be sound where both are false. I instance especially the important matter of the pronunciation of the third letter of the alphabet (c, as we wrongly call it), before *e* and *i*. What does the Celtic say? Is it in favour of *Kikero* or *Sisero* pronunciation? Undoubtedly in favour of the hard, and on this analogy alone we might fairly confront any difficulty arising from the unwontedness to the ear of *silicet*, *vicissim*, and the other stumbling blocks put in our way by the anti-Munrovians.

"The proof from Gaelic may be rested on two grounds—First, the condition of the loan-words, which came out of Latin into Celtic at the time when Latin was still a living speech. I refer to such a word as the Celtic for *priest* (*sagart*), which I think, there can be little doubt, found its way from the language of the Church into Gaelic before the downfall of the Western Empire. It is the Gaelic edition of the Latin *sacerdos*,



but the Gaels did not take it with its present pronunciation, but with the *c* pronounced hard; whereas, if the Romans pronounced the *c* then as an *s*, it would be inexplicable how the Gaels transmuted an *s* sound into a *k* or *g*.

"Other loan-words of Roman origin, now deeply embedded in Gaelic, but showing clearly how the *c* was sounded when they were transferred, I take to be—

*ceart* (just, right, correct) } tells the pronun-  
*ceartas* (justice) } ciation of *certus*.  
*cill* (a burial-ground, church, *Kil*-bride, *Kil*-patrick, &c) tells the pronunciation of *cella*.  
*cearcall* (hoop, circumference) tells the pronunciation of *circus*, *circulus*.  
*ceard* (artist, also tinker) tells the pronunciation of *cerdo* (handicraftsman).  
*ceir* (wax) tells the pronunciation of *cera*.

Best of all, as undoubtedly a term of the Roman Imperial time, when all the world was taxed.

*cis* (tax, tribute) tells the pronunciation of *census*.

"Second argument is from words of a much more hoary antiquity, and which the Celtic has in common with the Aryan races.

"The word for hundred, *ceud*, with *k* sound, throws light on Latin *centum*; so *ceil* (to hide) on Latin *celo*; *cead* (leave, permission) on Latin *cedo*.

"Indeed, the Gaelic and Greek seem partial to the sharp *k* sound; for instance, the Greek *Kluo* and Gaelic *chuas* the (ear), a root in which the Sanscrit has shown symptoms of weakness, passing *klu* over into *sru*, and the Slavonic tongues into *slu*, whence it comes that their national name *slava* (glory) is the analogon of the Greek *Kleos* and Gaelic *cliu* (fame). This second class of words, namely the primitive, afford an argument not so strong upon the particular point in question as the later or loan-words, because it may be said that there is no dispute as to the *original* value of the Roman *c*, that it was like a *k* before *e* and *i*, as well as before *a*, *o*, *u*. The only doubt is as to whether, before the best period of their literature was over, the Romans did not soften it themselves. It is, however, an answer in point to say that those words that flowed into Gaelic before the Roman Empire perished, or about the period of its downfall, bear the mint of the hard pronunciation, and therefore we are entitled to conclude that that was the normal

pronunciation at the time. Thus the Gael has retained in the fastnesses of the hills forms of words that have come down, at least, from the days of Galgacus."

"I conclude with a gleaning of a few of what may be called the *sporadic* phenomena of Celtic, being chiefly concentrated in single words or roots, many of them of great suggestiveness, and throwing often a strange weird light over the darkness of the past.

"How interesting, for example, to know that the leader under whom the Gauls poured down upon Rome in 390 B.C. bore among the Romans the name of Brennus, and that this is still the word for "judge" and "judgement," *Breitheanas*, proving that the Gauls were under a social organisation, where the office of a King was not so much to lead in war as to dispense judgment and administer justice. It is strange to find the same name appearing also in the leader of the irruption into Greece a century later, down upon Delphi, a portion of which band afterwards became the occupants of Galatia, in the heart of Asia Minor.

"Again, in the early history of England we meet with the name *Vortigern* or *Vertigern*, as the King who called in the Saxons. Can we doubt that we have in that word simply *Fear-Tighearn*, "the man who is Lord," which leads me to affirm that the great chief of Latin poetry has, like *Vortigern*, a Celtic name *Virgilius*?

"He belonged to the region of Gallia Cisalpina, and Zeuss says of the name, 'Nomen vix dubium gallicæ originis.' It might be hazardous to say what the *-gilius* signifies, but of the *vir-* there can be no doubt, and the assurance is made all the surer by the old form *Ver-gilius*, to which the critics are now returning, which suits admirably the singular of the Celtic, *fear* (a man).

"Besides the chief of Latin poetry, Zeuss hands over to the Celtic race the chiefs of Latin History, and Science:—'Addo, et Livius, et Plinius, nomina Gallica Italiae superioris.'"

The Greek for man is *anèr* and the noun for manliness (besides *enoreè* and *andria*) is *androtès*. The *a* of the initial seems to be euphonic, and not part of the root: for the Sanscrit is without the *a* initial, *nri*, plural *naras*, "men." So the old Sabine speech, which, we are told, said *Nero*, 'fortis,' and *Nerio*, 'fortitudo.'

"What says the Gaelic? Is there any

word for *man* that will identify with *anēr*? Not now, but there had been once, for the word for *manliness* is *neart*, which is, therefore, an exact analogon in root and ending of *androbis*, when this last has been stripped of all accessories (*a, d, -is*), and reduced to its simplest form (*u, o*). Even the rigid Curtius, who, to avoid the violation of certain philologic principles, will not allow us to identify the Greek *theos* with the Latin *deus*, admits the equation; *Neart* = *androbis*.

"Few things in language are more interesting than to know that Gaelic holds fellowship with Greek in its word for *manliness*, and with Latin in its name for *man*; *Fear* being similarly the equation of the Latin *Vir*.

"In this high companionship I leave the Celtic tongue, and commend it, therefore, to your earnest study and investigation, on scientific as well as on patriotic grounds."

### THE HIGHLANDERS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

We are indebted for the following interesting information regarding the Highlanders of New Brunswick to the Rev. Thomas Nicolson, River Charles, New Brunswick:—There are about 150 Highland families in this county, Restigouche, chiefly from the Island of Arran. They are generally in good circumstances. The greatest number of them came here from twenty-five to thirty years ago. A few have come occasionally since. There are about fifty or sixty families of Highlanders in Black River, Miramichi. There are besides these some hundreds of Highland families scattered up and down the province. There is now no Gaelic preached in New Brunswick, except one sermon by the Rev. Mr. MacMaster at the Communion Season. Some families of Highlanders left for California a few years ago. They have not bettered their circumstances, and all regret that they left. Highlanders generally do well in this province. There is an abundance of excellent land unoccupied in our country. It can be obtained on

very reasonable terms. The Government grant it to Settlers for a small sum, and that sum can be paid during a course of years, by improving the roads to the Settlers' farms. The HIGHLAND GAELIC EMIGRATION SOCIETY started about thirty-three years ago, has now no existence. It was the means of bringing out a number of Highland families at the time.

### THE HIGHLANDERS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

To the Editor of "THE GAEL,"

Permit me to add a note of correction to the Rev. John C. Sinclair's very interesting account of the Highlanders of North Carolina which appeared in the June number of "The Gael."

When writing the names of Ministers who preached there in the Gaelic Language, he omitted to mention the Rev. Dugald Crawford, from the Island of Arran, who, I am informed, went twice to North Carolina and remained there several years and preached in the Gaelic. Some of his Sermons were printed there and some were printed in Scotland; the first of his printed Sermons that came to my hand were six in number, printed uniform, the title of the first reads,—*Searmon a chaidh a lobhairt ag an Raft Swamp*. (here follows a date in Gaelic) *Le D. Crawford, Minister, Fayetteville*; printed by Rowston & Sibley or Sidley, 1791. The second appearance from the press is entitled *Searmon do Mhnai*, and dated 1805, this Sermon was dedicated to Mrs M'Calister of Cour in Kintyre; and the third is a Farewell Sermon in the English preached in the parish church of Skipness, Kintyre, 1812. He afterwards settled in his native Isle of Arran and was appointed as parish Minister of Kilmorey, where he continued till his death which happened about the year 1841. He was drowned whilst getting out in a small boat to

reach the steam-boat intending to go in the latter to Greenock.

I hope that the Rev. J. C. Sinclair will again speak to his brethren through your truly Highland Newspaper and permit me to suggest to him that he should extend his enquiry through the length and breadth of the United States and try and trace out as many as possible of our Gael who have distinguished themselves in various professions and occupations of life, remembering that

'Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.'

NIALL CAINBEUL.

### BALL GHLINN-TRUIM.

Le Dòmhnall Cainbeul, Mac Dhòmhnall Phail, Bàrd Chinn-a'-Ghàidhreach.

(Ann am B-urta 's an Gàilig.)

AIR FÒNN:—"The Laird of Cockpen."  
Yesterday evening, 'san fheasgar an raoir,  
We marched away to Ball Ghlinn-truim,  
We could na get lasses, cha rachadh iad leinn,  
And goiny without them bu mhuhadach sinn.  
When we arrived, gu'n d fhuair sinn ho-rè!  
They all enquired "nach tug thu leat te?"  
"We're better without them" gun fhreagair  
mì fhéin;

But never let on, nach fhaighinn a h-aon.  
And when we entered an rum 's an ro' n  
danns', [Galld']

The lasses were dressed anns na fasanan  
With white muslin frocks agus cròtaibh  
na 'n ceann— [eadh tu fann'

They would cheer up your heart ged a bhith  
With gum-flowers and ribbons gur h-iaid a  
bha briagh,— [riabh,

All trimmed in the fashion nach fhaca mi  
With hoops in their skirts, 's ann annta  
bha 'n liad: [inn. mas fhiar.

They thought nach robh 'n leithid ri 'fhaigh-  
When the dancing commenced, cha robh iad  
cho gann, [riut' a dhanns']

But you would get plenty 'reilheadh comhl'  
The house was so crowded—bha 'n t-ùrlar  
cho trang;

You never saw leitheid de rabble 'sa bh'ann!

The butler then went le toddy mu 'n cuairt;  
When they got the whisky 's ann aca 'bha' m  
fuaim;

The lads were with lasses ri barganan cruaidh  
And I went to listen, an taice ri 'n cluas!

The wind was hard blowing 'nsabhal Ghlinn-  
Truim; [druim,—

The candles were dripping a mhàn air ar  
They painted our coats gun fharachdainn  
dhuinn:—

If we stayed at home, cha d'eirich sid dhuinn.

It was four o'clock—'s i mhaduinn a bh'ann

We started for home anns a' choach aig a'  
Ghall, [na ghleann,

When we reached Kingussie, gu'n deach mi  
Regretting the loss 'bhi gun chadal 's an àm.

### NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

SUTHERLAND—LARGE ESTATE SALE.—We understand that Messrs Stewart, Rule, and Burns, solicitors, Inverness, on Wednesday purchased the extensive baronial estate of Skibo, in Sutherlandshire, for E. C. Sutherland-Walker, Esq. of Aberarder, for the sum of £130,000.

THE ISLAND OF RASSAY.—This tight little island, on the east of Skye, and close beside it, is now in the market. By far the greater part of it is bleak and rocky, but to the south and west there are some fine pastures, arable land, and plantations. The rental is about £1500, and one man, a native of Sutherland, pays about £1000 of that for having almost the whole of the island as a sheep farm. The most desirable things in the island are the mansion-house, garden, and the surrounding grounds. The house is a commodious and most beautiful modern mansion, and the garden is a good one, and famous for its fruit, especially gooseberries. A hothouse, which cost £1500, is in the garden, but is not kept properly. Close beside the garden entrance is a stone slab, which was dug out of an old Celtic ruin, and which bears Celtic hieroglyphics and figures which have defied antiquarians to make out what they re. There are good roads through all the island; it is said the improvements effected in the place by the father of the late proprietor cost about £15,000. Rabbits and other game are very numerous. It is said that a good many offers are given for the island, and that Lord Middleton, the lessee of Sconcer shootings, is among the number. It is also said that the executors of Mr. Rainy's will are not to give the island to any one likely to be a

harsh landlord for fear of his turning out the few people left.—*Northern Ensign.*

**COAL IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.**—At the last meeting of the South Midland Institute of Mining, Civil, and Mechanical Engineers in Wolverhampton, the President, Mr. E. Jones, Mining Engineer, gave the result of certain recent investigations made by him with and for the Duke of Sutherland on his North of Scotland estates. In Sutherland, where he expected to find granite, with scoria and other traces of igneous action, he had found coal. He believed the field would prove of great value, that the carboniferous ironstone associated with it would be found lying immediately beneath the oolite, which was the formation at the surface, and this would prove to be of a larger area than any other known coal field in Scotland. He had traced the coal from the river Brora to the Frith of Dornoch, and upwards along the edge of Sutherland to Helmsdale. Sinkings would soon be made, and the powerful machinery for conducting the operations would be under his direction. The work would have an important bearing upon the question of the existence of coal between London and Dover. The President showed fossil specimens of the oolite formation that he had brought from the quarry of which Dunrobin Castle was built, and beneath which Mr Jones believes the coal is lying. Going on to speak of the coal field of the immediate district, he asserted, as the result of close observation extending over forty years, that the coal of Shropshire is being rapidly worked out.

**KINGUSSIE—DEATH OF MR. MACRAE, BANKER.**—The sudden and unexpected death of Mr Donald Macrae, agent for the Caledonian Bank at Kingussie, has taken us by surprise here. It was only on Monday that he felt unwell, but he was then still able to attend his business. In the afternoon he accompanied Sheriff Blair—who was in Kingussie at a meeting of Police Commissioners—to the railway station, and appeared to be in pretty good health. He attended at the Bank on Tuesday as usual, but between Tuesday night and Wednesday morning he had a shock of paralysis, which ultimately proved fatal. From the moment it was known that Mr Macrae was seriously ill there was a constant flow of sympathizing friends inquiring for him at the Bank, and his untimely death has cast a gloom, not

only over the village of Kingussie, but over the district of Badenoch. His funeral took place on Tuesday, and was attended by friends from all parts of Inverness-shire, and from the counties of Ross, Sutherland, Moray, Perth, and Edinburgh. The shops in the village (and they are not a few) were closed, and the shutters on the windows; the bells of both churches were tolled, and the children of both Free and Established schools turned out on the occasion. Deceased was local Secretary for the Inverness, Ross, and Nairn Club, in the Badenoch district, and it was only the other day that along with Sir George Macpherson-Grant, he took part in presenting prizes to the successful competitors at the last examination. The Volunteers also have lost one of their best friends, for he gave them many valuable prizes, the last being £10 to be equally divided between the first, second, and third class shots, so that each class of shot had an equal chance of winning a prize. Mr Macrae was a native of the district, and intimately acquainted with its circumstances. He not only carried on banking and law business, but was one of the most enterprising farmers in the district. Mr Macrae died at the early age of 55 years, and leaves a widow and large family to mourn his loss. June, 26, 1872.

**SHIPMENT OF PEATS FROM ISLAY.**—There is likely to be a dearth of fuel in the island of Islay before the ensuing winter is over, as peats are being shipped in large quantities to meet the demand. A few days ago there were 150 bags of peats sent to New-Zealand from Port-Ellen, and this shipment is not the first from the Island. It is understood that there are to be large quantities forwarded regularly from Islay to our Australian possessions.—*Scotsman.*

**A HIGHLAND CONGREGATION IN NEW-ZEALAND.**—Mr. William Macrae, who emigrated from Strathpeffer to Auckland, New Zealand, in October last, under the auspices of the Colonial Committee of the Free Church of Scotland, has, after having undergone the required examination of the Presbytery of Auckland, been licensed as a Minister of the Gospel, and appointed Minister to the Gaelic-speaking congregation of Waipu, some eighty miles from Auckland from whom he had received a unanimous call, and who are almost wholly composed of Highlanders from the shires of Sutherland and Ross. At a Meeting of

the Colonial Committee in June, Mr. Neil McCallum probationer was also appointed to the Colonial field and has selected Auckland as the sphere of his labours; other appointments to the same field are also expected to follow.

Of the Inverness Royal Academy Examination, a correspondent in the *Inverness Courier* of July 4, writes thus:—"Sir,—While all had much reason to admire and approve of the appearance made by both teachers and pupils during the examination days of this excellent institution, may I ask why—during the musical performances in the Music Hall on Wednesday—our native music was so entirely excluded? Do the Directors disapprove of its being taught? It is hardly possible that Strathspeys, martial airs, or Jacobite songs, will cease to have their special charms in any part of Scotland, far less in the metropolis of the Highlands. And we think therefore that the Directors would do well to provide that this class of music should be regularly and properly taught in the Academy."

We heartily sympathize with this correspondent's suggestions. It is really to be deplored that in such a place as Inverness our native music would give place entirely to German or any other far-fetched material. And in such an Institution as the Royal Academy of Inverness, should the teaching of the Gaelic Language be neglected? While other quarters are busily engaged in the study of Gaelic, and matters of Highland interest in general, should *Inverness look on in the lukewarm manner in which she is generally represented to do towards matters affecting the time-honoured tongue of her oldest inhabitants?* Should there be a Gaelic Class formed in the the Royal Academy of Inverness, would it not be a grand stepping stone to the Class in the University whenever the Gaelic Professorship is founded.

#### INVERNESS GAELIC SOCIETY— ASSEMBLY & CONCERT.

The re-union of this Society took place on Thursday evening, in the Music Hall, Inverness. The Chairman, Provost Mackenzie, was supported by Professor Blackie; R. Carruthers, LL.D.; Colonel Macpherson, Cluny; Sheriff Macdonald, late of Stornoway; Bailie Simpson, Inverness; Alex. Dallas, Esq., Town-Clerk, do.; Rev. Mr Macgregor, Inverness; Rev. Mr Stewart, Nether-Lochaber; F. Macdonald, Esq., Druidag; Mr. Cumming Allanfean, &c. The Provost in opening the proceedings expressed regret at the unavoidable absence of his nephew, Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, of Gairloch, who had agreed to preside. The first song of the evening was commenced and excellently rendered by Mr Macrae, "Nighneag a Chuil duinn," in the purest Gaelic. This was followed by one in good broad Scotch, preserving the spirit and key note of the proceedings, by being in praise of "The Stern Scottish Hielands." The next item was the well known reel of Tulloch—danced by four practised "hands." This was followed by a recitation in Gaelic by Mr Macdonald, the Society's Bard, a well known adept in Gaelic prose and verse. After this appeal in the vernacular, came a selection of Scotch airs by Mr. C. S. Grant. The next speech was delivered by the Rev Mr Stewart, the talented Nether-Lochaber correspondent of the *Inverness Courier*. It is hardly necessary for us to remark that Mr Stewart executed his task in the same excellent style which characterises his writings and that he sat down amid volumes of applause. This was followed by a Gaelic song from the Misses Mackintosh and Mr. W. Mackay. After an interval during which the audience partook of a service of fruit, Professor Blackie rose amid cheers and said that if ever he delivered an address with pleasure in spite of displeasure, it was on the present occasion. Being a mere south country Saxon—an alien in blood and language, he certainly should not have been asked unless it were known that he loved the Highlands, and the Highland people loved him. And to him the love and esteem of his fellow countrymen were more than all the power of all the politicians, and all the gold of all the millionaires. He would consider it a very high honour to be associated with the Society in this resuscitation of a grand national feeling that had too long lain dormant in this country. It

was a very great mistake in past times to neglect our Celtic nationality, and its language, traditions, music, poetry. It could never be right to undervalue themselves, to trample upon their own traditions, to cast odium upon their own mother, to neglect the graves of their fathers. But now they made a public profession of something wrong done, and an earnest beginning of a right thing to be accomplished. They were all to blame, Celts and Saxons alike, and he did not know which was most to blame. Not one Highlander in a hundred could read or spell his own language. Still he believed the Saxons were more to blame than the Celts. The latter lived in a remote corner, and suffered wrongs of which he would not speak particularly; while the Saxons were sitting in the comfortable South, having the Highlanders to fight their battles at Waterloo and elsewhere, yet despising them, making them the subjects of shallow jests, laughing at them, just as an Englishman laughs at a Scotchman. What a set they were, laugh at one another, instead of engaging in scientific research, and seeking mutual sympathy and philosophical appreciation! Such men as Stewart, Armstrong, MacLachlan, Mackenzie, and Skene, had made a study of Celtic matters, but these were single names. The neglect of the Gaelic was a loss intellectually, morally, and socially. It belonged to the great family of tongues commonly called the Aryan, and to know Latin and Greek thoroughly they should read Sanscrit or Gaelic—no matter which. If people had an interest in old stones, and old bones, and old urns, surely they should venerate the oldest language of the human race, still a living language—one rich in illustration, near to our living sympathies, and of practical interest and importance. The Gaelic language had characteristic peculiarities most interesting in reference to the organization of human speech, and not found in Sanscrit, or Latin, or Greek. Some of those peculiarities opened up quite a new train of thought altogether. It had also some fine sounds and it was a great help to the knowledge of Latin, Greek, German, and other languages. He had himself traced 500 Greek roots to Gaelic. But some of those clever fellows in the South, who knew everything, asked what was the use of studying a language that had no literature? Now if there was not a single book in Gaelic he would study it, because it was

the way to the hearts of the people. Better living men and women than all the printed books in the world. But Gaelic had the best kind of literature—the kind of literature that makes Scotland what it is—the literature of songs and poetry and national music. This was of value, not to enable every clever fellow to talk of all subjects and a few others, but in bringing out all the noble sentiments of a people's heart, and in cherishing the noblest memories; this was a literature, that would do them more good than all they could cram at the University of Edinburgh or under the Education Bill. The greatest evil to them in the South was that their national music was not made an indispensable part of the national education. Next to the Bible he placed the national songs for true, healthy teaching—fresh like the breezy atmosphere, blooming like heather, rushing like the mountain streams; and making the blood beat in harmony with them. Latin and Greek were all very well, but a man should be what God made him, and his duties were with his own people. Of course they must be fashionable—that is, go to Italian operas in Edinburgh and London, and force people to learn Latin and Greek, which they forget soon enough—but don't learn your own mother tongue, which you suck in with your mother's milk. People who went away in search of something grand, and did not learn the wisdom and philosophy of common things, would be shallow fellows to the end of the chapter though crammed full and fringed round with learning. The Saxons could certainly not be accused of loving the Celtic people too much. They sung Jacobite songs, but that was a matter of pure sentimentality; and many of them thought and said that the Celts should be stamped out and extirpated. Now, he did not think that the Saxons should have spoken in that way if they had known the language of the Celts and their good qualities. They came down to stare at their mountains and glens, but they did not love the Celts, and see that no man turned them out of their glens. He did say that though there was a disease of over-population in some parts of the Highlands, that was no reason why there should be extirpation in any part of them. He spoke of no one personally; but if the country had been depopulated, one cause of that had been that those who held the land did not speak the language, and did not know the hearts of

the people, did not care a straw for the people, but felt that they would have no poor-rates when the devils were away. If such things had been—and he had good reason to suspect that they had—he repeated that the cause was this, that there was no sympathy between the holders of the land and the people who lived upon it; and there would have been more of that sympathy if the landowners had studied the language of a people of whom they ought to have been proud. Well, he had given very good reasons why the Gaelic should be preserved, and he was not bound to give an understanding with them. If they did not sympathise with him and with the Gaelic people, then he was very sorry for them, but thankful also that he was not cursed with the blindness of their intellects or the hardness of their hearts. (Cheers)

The Rev. Mr. McGregor of the West Church, Inverness, delivered an Address in Gaelic, which was frequently drowned amid cheers and applause. After several songs &c., the national anthem was sung in Gaelic and this very successful meeting separated after almost four hours sitting.

We may compliment the members of the Society for the excellent manner in which they have got up this meeting, and the unflagging zeal which characterizes them since they formed themselves into one of the most enthusiastic of Highland Societies.

#### PROFESSOR BLACKIE ON NATIONALITY.

On Saturday, 13th July, Professor Blackie delivered a lecture on NATIONALITY in the Music Hall, Inverness, under the auspices of THE GAELIC SOCIETY. Mr. Mackintosh of Raigmore, M. P. occupied the chair, and was accompanied to the platform by Provost Mackenzie; Mr. Waterston, Banker; Dr. Caruthers; Bailie Mackintosh; Mr. Davidson Solicitor; Mr. Rose, Solicitor; and Mr. Mackenzie, Barnhill.

In speaking of the Highlands the Professor said he resumed the strain of his address on Thursday evening, and denounced the extirpation of peasantry from the glens. They would drive away the people and call it improvement. He had known those in the south who would wish to see the whole Highlands turned into one immense Tomnahurich, the Celts buried beneath it, and Saxon Palaces piled on the top. This would be a very magnificent, a very selfish, a very despotic, and a very Russian way of governing free men and

improving a country. There was a danger in losing that magnificent fellow the Highlander. Could any of the clubs of London turn out such an animal? He wanted as many Highlanders in the Highlands as could be comfortably maintained there. He said there should be no extirpation—except in the way of weeding the turnips; weed but don't exterminate. In this matter proprietors and people had both duties to perform. The duties of a proprietor in the Highlands were quite plain. The wealth of a country did not consist in the number of guineas which found their way with the least amount of trouble into the landlord's pocket, but in the number of well-conditioned people whom, by his superior position in society, he was enabled to cherish, to protect, and to elevate. The landed proprietor was the Bishop of the district in secular matters; and if he thought his only business was to get his rents paid, to spend them where he would, to do what he would with his own, then he did not know his duties, and he was a selfish fellow. Observe, he was not speaking against proprietors, but supposing there was such a one in the lot, then these terms applied to him. A landlord, he would suppose, got £1000 from one big farmer, and there no poor rates and no trouble about it, and he went and spent that in London at the opera, or in worse places; or spent it in Paris, where it was a gain to France; or in Rome, where it was a gain to the Pope and a loss to us. Would it not be better if the same landlord got £800 or £600 from a number of tenants and spent it among them, than going away with his £1000 and doing with it what he liked? Yes, he might do what he liked according to the letter of the law. The law could not be always with him; common sense could not be always with him; but the very constitution of society, and the eternal laws of society, commanded that he should attend to the place where God had placed him, and do his duty there. He (Professor Blackie) was neither a Tory nor a democrat, only a thinker, a student, and, in a small way if they pleased, a philosopher. That gave him a certain advantage. His business was to find out truth, to speak truth and justice; and except to do that he would not be there that night. But while he was not a democrat, he would bring in a very democratic kind of measure; he would impose an absentee tax, rewarding those proprietors who stay at home, and making the fellows who go abroad pay all the poor rates. Of course he did not object to young ladies going up to London to get husbands—or the Duke of Argyll and others going, who had business to discharge; what he did object to was the practice of going and squandering money in

the dissipation of London and Paris. For himself he was not a proprietor. No doubt he was a feuar, but it was only an acre. He was one of the public; and he considered the public had a duty—not to run after what was foreign, but to cherish self-esteem, to cultivate local independence, to make the most of what we have here. Far fowls had fair feathers—to fools. Let them preserve and guard their right to be themselves. When an Englishman came to Scotland he expected to find a Scotchman—not a second edition of himself, an edition not enlarged and improved, but diminished, dwarfed, and degraded. When he came to Inverness he expected to find a Highlander, and he found him there—(shaking hands with the Provost, amidst loud laughter and cheers). Let them learn a lesson from the wisdom of unreasoning animals, which were always right because they were always in the hand of God. What animals did unconsciously, let intelligent beings do consciously. Therefore, let the eagle glory in his wings, let the fish glory in his fins, let the hound glory in his swiftness, let the young man glory in his strength, let the Celt glory in being a Celt, and the Scotchman in being a Scot. (Loud cheers.)

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C. C.—We have referred your enquiry as to the origin of the name Carmichael, to a member of the Clan, well versed in such matters and received the following:—

Carmichael, in Gaelic *Càr-Mhicheil*, a Celtic name of Devotion, signifying the "Friend of MICHAEL," the Archangel, is of great antiquity in Scotland, and was adopted originally from a Barony called CARMICHAEL, in Lanarkshire. One JOHN CARMICHAEL, who commanded the Auxiliaries at the Battle of Fauzé in Anjou, France, in the year 1422, attained the highest martial renown, by dismounting the Duke of CLARENCE, which exploit decided the fate of the day in favour of the French and Scottish armies. In memory of this achievement, JOHN CARMICHAEL, having broken his lance in the encounter, obtained the addition to his family arms of a hand holding a broken spear which continues the crest to the present day. The family is of Argyleshire and Lanarkshire, but many of them have for some considerable time resided in England. The Argyleshire sept ranked under the banner of the "gallant, devoted, old STERCTS of Appin," and of them acted as ensign, or standard bearer at Culloden. The crest is a cubit arm, erect, in armour, holding in the hand a broken tilting lance, the point falling.

MOTTO (Gaelic), "Daonnan Deas."—(English), "Ayo ready,"—(French), "Toujours Prest"

To "Finlagan,"—We have received your contribution too late for the present number of THE GAEL, but shall appear in our next.

To S. F.—We have received your letter, and beg to thank you for the interest you take in THE GAEL. Your suggestions shall be carefully considered.

To "Caberfeidh" Glen-Urquhart—Your letter and contribution are two literary curiosities. What do you mean by placing a lecture on bad behaviour in the middle of a paper on "Astronomical observations?" We don't know. Neither can we understand what have occasional references to the Darwinian Theory to do with the subject which you write upon. When you write again be more careful of your penmanship, and endeavour to have more substance, less words to express your ideas (if you have any), and by all means less of that extraneous rubbish which has swallowed up your "Astronomical observations."

#### INVERNESS SHEEP AND WOOL FAIR.

July 13.

The Great annual market for the sale of the staple products of the Highlands, sheep and wool, took place at Inverness last week, commencing on Friday, and closing on Saturday night. The attendance was larger than has been witnessed for many years; as owing to the facilities afforded by the railways there were purchasers from all parts of England that were never here before. The weather, also, was generally favourable. Sheep of all classes were in great demand, and sold at higher prices, on the whole, than in any previous year, unless, perhaps at the unprecedented market of 1866. We give a few of the transactions:—

#### CHEVIOTS.

Attadale top wedder lambs, sold to Mr. Fraser, Loch-carron, at L18 10s; shots, L10 10s.

Achinduich east ewes L35.

Adross half-bred lambs. 30s.

Glen Urquhart, Cromarty, half-bred lambs, 3s without shooting.

Inveran Cheviot wedder lambs, L20; cast ewes L32.

Invergordon Mains, three parts bred lambs, 32s.

#### BLACKFACED.

Achnanault three year-old wedders, L42.

Attadale lambs, L14.

#### HALF-BREDS AND CROSSES.

Mr Fraser, Aittendow Dava, sold 700 grey-faced lambs at 21s.

Mr Trotter bought the Rosehaugh half-bred lambs at 35s each; and sold Mr Fraser, Clunes, black-faced lambs at 15s.



# AN GAIDHEAL.

[ I LEABH. ]

DARA MIOS AN FHOGHARAIDH, 1872.

[ 7 ATR. ]

## CALLUM A' GHLINNE—URSGEUL GAIDHEALACH.

### EARRANN I.

Ann an coilltean fàsail, agus ann an uruighean uaigneach air feadh nan gleann agus nam fireach, ann an Iar-eileanan na Gàidhealtachd, tha ioma lus agus blàth àillidh o bhliadhna gu bliadhna a' fàs gu h-ùrail fallain, às eugais cùram, no saothair, no sgil a' gharadair; ach gu bhli 'seargadh's a' bàsachadh fo anail fhuar reota a' gheamhraidh, air dhoibh an cùrsa beatha a ruith, gun a bhi air am faicinn, nò an aillidheachd no an cubhraidheachd a bhi air am mealtuinn le neach air bith. Mar sin, b' iomadh iad do luchd aiteachaidh na Gàidhealtachd air nach cualas riamh a bheag de iomradh o am breth gu am bas, a bhiodh iomraiteach a thaobh na buaidh a bhiodh aig an cliù modhanail air an luchd duthcha, na 'n robh an subhailcean agus an comasan intinn air an cur ann an suidheachadh follaiseach aithnichte f' an comhair.—B' ann dhiu sud Callum a' Ghlinne; agus ann an dòchas gum feudadh e bhi araon taitneach agus buanachdor do luchd leughaidh A' Ghàidheil, tha sinn a rùnachadh roinn de eachdraidh a bheatha ann an rian ùrsgèulach a thaisbeanadh o mhios gu mios.

Rugadh Callum a' Ghlinne o chionn còrr agus leth-cheud bliadhna, aig inbhir aon de na h-abhnaichean lubach, caisleach, leumnach, gorm-ghrinnealach a chithear air feadh na Gàidhealtachd, a deothal gu tràigh uisgeachan nan allt's nan tobraichean a tha sìor shruthadh leis na leathadan o chàthar nam blar

agus o chreagan aosda nam beann. Bha a pharantaibh le chèile measail 'n an inbhe féin; a thaobh an crann-chur saoghailta, cha robh iad aon chuid bochd no saobhair; bha gabhaltas cuimseach comhfhurtachail aca ann 'sa' ghleann—barr 'us crodh 'us caoirich. Bha iad iomraiteach a thaobh an fialnidheachd, bha an dorus fosgailte, agus am bòrd luchdaichte o mhoch gu annoch de choigrich 's de luchd turuis, ciod air bith airde an tigeadh iad. Bha iad adhartach, deanadach, cùramach 'n an gairm; simplidh, iriosal 'n an caithe-beatha, 'n an eideadh, 'n an eir-eachdas agus 'n an cleachdaidhean. Bha an gabhaltas daor-mhàlach gu leòir. Cha robh crodh 'us caoirich 'us cloimh ach ro-ìosal ann am pris an coimeas ris mar tha iad ann 's na laithibh so; aig ceann gach leth-bhliadhna 'nuair a phaighte am màl, cha bhiodh ach glé bheag airgid ma seach gu bhi solar gach goireas agus comhfurtachd a bha feumail do 'n teaghlach; ach ma bha an t-airgid gann bha an cosdas da reir; rachadh punnd Sasunnach aig an àm ud ni b'fhaide na théid deich dhiu air an là diugh ann an solar uireasbhuidhean coitichionn theaghlach. Bha ach beag an t-ìomlan d' au reachd-an-tir a' fàs às an fhonn. Bha an eideadh cuim agus leapa air an deanaadh aig a bhaile air gle bheag de chosdas ach saothair nan làmh. Ann 's na laithibh ud, bha gach fear tighe agus bean thighe ann an seadh agus ann an tomhas àraidh 'n an luchd caird; an àite bhi 'reic seiche a' mhairt-gheamhraidh ri "Marsanta nan craicionn"—is ann a bhiodh i air a polladh, air a malcadh, air a h-aoladh, air a cairteadh

agus air a giollachd airson leathar bhòg, fad air thoiseach ann an cruas agus ann am buanas air an leathar Ghallda a gheibhear an diugh ann am bùthaibh nam marsantan agus nan greusaichean. Bha na brògan air an deanamh aig a bhaile, air an deagh-chumadh a's air an fuaigheal gu daingean dìonach le iallaibh, gun chainb gun rosaid. Bha gach srathair 'us sumag, le 'n gaid uehdaich, tharraich agus éislich, gach sugan agus crann-bhruid, gach cliabh a's coran sacaich, craun-treabhaidh us cliath-chliathaidh, gach amal a's grealag, gach teaghair a's taod a's buarach, agus ach beag gach ball-acfhuinne agus ni bha feumail a stigh 'sa muigh, air an deanamh á fàs an fhearainn gun sgillinn airgid a chur nan éiric. Ma bha na fir mar sud teòm-làmhach adhartach, cha robh idir na mnathan agus na maighdeanan air deireadh 'n an deanadas féin. Gheibhte iadsan gach feasgar fada geamlraidh air an cleachdadh ri éireadh, ri tlamadh, ri càrdadh, ri sniomh, ri toinneamh 's ri tachras snath cloimhe agus lin airson nan clòthan, nan curraicnean, nam breacan, nam plaideachan, nan stuthan, nan drògaidean agus an lion-airt dheth an robh ach beag an t-ionlan d'an deiseachan seachdoin agus sabaid air an deanamh suas, gun sgillinn a chur nan éiric ach daais an fhligheadair agus an tailleir. B'ainnig a chite san àm ud air feill no an clachan, deise de aodach tana lom Gallda air fear no air muaoi, air òganach no air maighdinn, agus ma bha iad mar sud simplidh na 'n éireachdas, bha iad éireachdail 'n an si nplidheachd; oir b'e fasan an latha, éireachdas air bheag riomhaidh; cha b'e riomhadh luideagach riobagach air bheag éireachdais. Ann 's gach buaidh agus deagh bheus a bha deanamh suas cliu neo-mhearachdach nam "ban shubhailceach," cha robh mathair Chaluim a' Ghlinne bonn air deireadh air a comhaoisean agus air a comh-inbhligh agus an dùthaich. On latha

chuireadh "ceud bhreid na mnà posda" air a ceann, dhearbh i anu 's gach dainh agus suidheachadh, "gun robh a luach gu mor os cionn clachan nasal." "Choisinn agus ghleidh i carbsa criithe a fir, agus riamh o na dh'aonadh ri cheile iad, cha robh feum aige air creich." "Dhiarr i olann agus lion, agus dh'oibrich i gu toileach le a làmhnan. Bha i ann an ioma seadh mar longaibh nan ceannaichean, a bheireadh am biadh o thir chein.—Dh'èireadh i 'nuair a bi an oidliche bhiodh fhathast ann, agus bheireadh i lea d'a teaghlach agus eublaionn d'a maigdeanaibh. Bha a leasraidh an comhnuidh crioslaichte le neart modhanail.—Bha i mothachail gun robh a ceannachd maith, cha rachadh a coinneal às san oidliche.—Chuireadh i a làmhnan air an dealgan, 's ghabhadh glacan a kach greim don chuigeil.—Bha a glac an comhnuidh fògailte don truaghan; agus a làmhnan aite don fheumach.—Cha bhiodh eagal oirre roimh an t-sueachd, airson a teaghlach, oir bha iad uile comhdaichte le saothair a làmh.—Dh' aithnichte a fear ann 's na geataibh, 'nuair a shuidheadh e maille ri sean-airibh na fire. Dh' fhoghladh i a beul le gliocas, agus bha lagh a chaoimheis air a teanga. Bha i curamach nu shlighibh a teaghlach, agus cha d' ith i riamh aran an diomhanais." Os cionn gach buaidh agus deagh bheus eile tre an robh i aithnichte mar mhnaoi agus mar mhathair—bha "eagal an Tighearna oirre." Bha a Companach mar an ceudna na fhear aideachaidh air an diadhachd; cha robh mor fhoghlam aca; ach a réir tomhas an còlais, bha iad le cheile a' gluasad ann an aithtibh agus ann an ordùighean an Tighearna gu neo-lochdach—cha robh an aideachadh air an diadhachd aon chuid gleadhach no àrd-fhuaimneach; bha iad firinneach, onorach, agus creideasach nan cliù agus nan giulan ann am fianuis an t-saoghail. Bha aite féin aig a' Bhiobul ann san teaghlach; cha robh

mòran de leabhraichean eile aca a bharr air, ach am beagan a bh'ann, bha iad de'n t-seorsa a b'fhearr; agus ach beag an t-iomlan dhiu anns a' Ghàilig—mar bha, “Staid ceithir fillte an duine” le *Boston*; “Tùs agus fas diadhachd san anam;” le *Doddridge*; “Gairm do pheacaich,” &c., le *Alleine*; “Turus a Chrìosduidh,” “Leabhar aidmheil a chreidimh,” “Leabhar farsuing agus aithghearr nan ceislean,” agus leabhar no dha de oibrìth nan seanm bhard Gàidhealach. Ma bha bardachd Oisein ann an clo àig an am ud, cha robh i aithnichte am measg nan Gàidheal anns 'an uidheam sin; ach cha b' ainneamh iad aig an robh moran de dhain na Feinne air an cuimhne, agus bha e na chleachdadh cumanta mar chaith-eamh-aimsir taitneach air na feasgair gheamhraidh a bli 'g an seinn air fuinn bhinn thiamhaidh tre an robh iad gu furasda agus gu riochdail, air an clobhualadh air a' chuimhne, agus mar sin, cha 'n eil teagamh nach robh iad air an giulan a nios o ghinealach gu ginealach o chionn linnibh, ciod air bith bu toiseach a's bu mhàth-air-aobhair dhoibh anns na laithibh a dh' fhalbh. 'Am measg nan seanm Ghaidheal do nach b' aithne sgrìobhadh no leughadh, bha an comasan cuimhne anabarrach gramail, dìdnach, agus bha feum orra—oir bha an t-iomlan deth an eòlas air nithibh aimsireil agus spioradail gu buileach an crochadh rithe. Cha ni furasda e do ard-sgoileirean agus do fheallsanaich mhor-chuiseach an latha so, do nach comasach ach gle bheag eòlais a chomhphairteachadh ri muinntir eile gun leabhar no paipear fo 'n sroin, a chreidsinn gun robh bardachd Oisein ann am bith gus an deachaidh a toirt air lom le Seumas Mac-Mhuirich.

Faodaidh e bhì gum bheil iad ann a tha de 'n bharrail nach bu choir aite no cairtealan a bhì aig dain Oisein no aig obair nam bàrd ann an teaghlach air bith anns an robh aite féin aig a'

Bhiobul, mar a chuala sinn boireannach diadhaidh aon uair ag radh, “Nach tugadh i mòran air aideachadh neach air bith a chite a leughadh paipear naigheachd;”—ach cha bi sud beachd pharantan Chaluim a' Ghlinne; bu tric a dheisd e aig glùn 'athar ris an dealbhtarruing choimhionta a rinn Donncha bàr air aillidheachd eugsamhuil NADUR ann an òrain “Beinn Dòbhrain” agus “Choire cheathaich;” ni mo a dhi-chuimhneich e ré a bheàtha na ghlasdan intinn gràdh-dhuthchail a bheir an dùsgadh na bhroilleach leanabaidh le bhì ag òisdeachd ri orain nam bàrd anns na robh euchdan agus gaisge nam Fìneachan Gàidhealach's an luchd leanmhuinn ann an aobhar an duthcha air an seinn 's na feasgair ri tacbh na cagailt, 'nuair a bhiodh “sùrd air sniomh nan cloimhean.” Ni mo a dhi-chuimhneich e tosdachd naomh na Sàbaid, no an cleachdadh ionmholta anns an robh gach feasgar dliu air an caitheamh. Rinn leughadh nan Sgrìobturann, agus an ceasnachodh teaghlach o leabhar aithghearr nan Ceislean deargadh agus drùghadh air intinn ann an laithean a leanabuidheachd a thuga mach deagh thoradh an déigh moran laithean.

Faodaidh ar luchd leughaidh a bhì saolsinn gun deachaidh sinn 'san dol a mach, tuillidh is fada a's ar gabhail, ann a bhì cur fo'n comhair na h-nìread do chliu agus do bheatha-teaghlach parantan Chaluim a' Ghlinne, ach mu'n ruig sinn deireadh ar sgeoil, chithear ciod a bhuaidh thearnaidh agus mhisneachaidh a bha aig eiseimpleir agus teagasg na fardoich 'san d' rugadh e air a bheatha, an déigh dha tir a dhuthchais fhàgail, agus aghaidh a chur na aonar ri saoghal fuar, foincil, coimheach, carach, cealgach, mar a fhuair esan e, lan de mhealladh, de bhuaireadh, de chunnartan, de eigincean agus de chruaidh-chas.

(Ri 'leantuinn.)

MUILEACH.

DISEIN:—A LINN AGUS A  
BHARDACHID.*(Air leantuinn.)*

na déigh na h-uiread a ràdh a dhion 'us ainm 'us ainisir Oisein, faiceal-euid de na nithean bòidheach a tha an sgeòil nam bliadhnachan a threig, bharrailh an sgeithe dorcha. Is bho nàdur féin a tha am Bàrd a tarr-naidh samhlaidhean leis am bheil a dachd co combharrichte. Ged tha a star iomann anns am bheil am bàrd an àirde a smuaintean a' triall, tha e uair a' nochdadh caochladh cruth bòidheach ann an grian, an gealach, eult, an aonach, 's an sruthan thart-h. Tha e fìor gunn bheil tannais a' searann gu minic a' toirt còmhnaidh 'us each do sharghaisgeach Sheallama, gur ann an feadh tha anam air a' dhle chliù 'us cuimhne nan sonn a bu nòs sealltuinn a nuas o 'n tall-féin, an còm 's an oir nan niall, is i'che sgiamh a' bhàird, agus a' s' 'n gnìomh tha inntinn aobhneach, abhach a' deanamh. Ann an "Cath" tha Oisein a' labhairt mar so:

uit an oidheche neulach,  
torran speur air chuanatibh,  
s gu d'uaichni an dealan,  
na taibhse san adhar ri nuallan,  
eiribh an trusgain dàltha,  
a iad a' leum glìos na doimhne,  
ica mara ri sgreadhail,  
tonna g'am fre' cairt o'n aillbheinn,  
ual' a' ghealach 'na teach neulach  
eh bene oillteil thugan euan as,  
i' fhìll i' ceann na ceo na Lanna,  
na reultan an fàlach mu'n cuairt di,  
r chrith ri bhriste nan neul,  
ithear an eudann air uairibh."

ha anan a' bhàird anes na rannan  
' taomadh a' mach samhlaidhean  
lach air toirm 'us strì nan dàilean,  
'n sealladh namhasach, agus is e fair-  
duinn oillteil a tha na nithean a tha  
leantuinn a cheile ann an cais-  
idh Oisein a' fàdadh suas. Tha  
achas 'us imcheist anns an oidh-  
an euan sìtidh air a luasgadh le

tartar àrd-fhuaimneach an torruinn; tha  
ciar thalla nan taibhse air a charuchadh;  
a' ghealach, a' cluinntinn fuaim 'us farum  
'us bene an lear, a' folach a gnuis ann  
an ceò na Lanna; agus na reultan ag  
iarruidh fàsagaidh bho sgiathaibh lòch-  
rain na h-oidheche. Is namhasach, is  
foghainteach, is treunfhoelach an samh-  
ladh so.

A rithist ann an Sgenlachd air Trath-  
uil nam buadh 's air Colguil nan tual  
bheart, tha Oisein ag ràdh:

Chaidh Trathuil a sios na eide'.  
Mar sgarnaich o mhullach sleibhe,  
Mar bhuinne shruth fuaimneach, oillteil,  
No mar theine 'm falt nan coilltean,  
Bha Colguil 'se féin mar dha shruth aonaich,  
Chluinnt air gach taobh am beucaich:  
B' àirde fuaim an fàobhar geala  
Na toirm mhie-thalla 's croinn gan gearradh,  
Bha Trathuil mar neart na gaoithe,  
Leagas giuthas mhorbheinn aobhach,  
'S bha Colguil mar luas nan steud-shruth,  
Bhios le eudann shliabh a leumnaich."

Cha Colguil le 'fheachd thar stuadhan  
a' chruin a chum 's gum faigheadh e le  
foill dioghaltach air Trathuil. Chuir  
Colguil fealltach aon de dhaoine le  
naigheachd, mealltach a dh' ionnsuidh  
Rìgh nan Lann; ag ràdh ris "Tiubhraich  
dhomh aon do'd dha shleagh, 's thoir  
féin na seadh dhomb do chomhnadh."  
Dh' imich Trathuil caoin nan iomadh  
bens maille ris an teachdaire gus an  
traigh, agus tha e air a chuartachadh  
le lann 'us sleaghan Cholguil 'us a  
threun-fhìr. Tha rìgh na Féinne leis  
féin; ach cha 'n eil e meatachadh. Tha  
'neart a' fàs mar uisge an inbhir, mar  
chuantan a ta air steideadh. Tha anam  
ag eiridh na aonar. Tha shòlas mar  
thannais na h-oidheche dearg bholtrach  
air neul nan aonach. Tha uamhunn  
pàisgte anns na briathraibh fein leis am  
bheil Oisein ag innseadh cia mar 'chaidh  
Trathuil mòr 'us Colguil fealltach an  
coinneamh a cheile. Ba neo-ghealtach,  
treun, beartach anam a' bhàird a labh-  
radh mar so.

Bumhòr meamnadh 'us cruadal Chleas-  
amòir an uair, ann an talla Bhaile-

chluthai, a tha e leis fein, agus eascaird-  
ean lionmhor ag iadhadh mu thimchioll,  
's iad uile an toir air Maona, nighean  
Rurmar, òigh nam buadh, a broilleach  
mar chobhar nan stuadh, a sùil reul  
sholuis an t-sloigh, a ciabh dubh mar  
am fitheach; b' àillidh i 'na 'ciabh 's na  
gnè. Tha naimbdean na Féinne a  
faoghneachd gu sgeigheil:

“C' ait am bheil àrd Chumhal nan lann,  
Fear-astair nan gleann gun raon?  
Bheil Cumhal 'us gaisgich 's an àm;  
Thusa ladorna, dòn 'us faoin?”

So freagradh Chleasamoir;

“Tha m'anam, thuirte mise, a thriath,  
A' lasadh gu thrian leis fein;  
Gun eagal tha Cleasamor fo 'sgiath,  
Measg mhiltean, ge ciar na trein,  
'S mòr t-fhocal, mhic coigrich nan lann,  
Agus mise 's an àm am aonar,  
Tha mo chlaidheamh crith-mhosgladh gu  
'cheann;

Grad a b' àill leis mo làmh ag aomadh  
Gun fhocal eile air Cumhal nan ceud,  
Mhic Chlutha o na thréig an sruth.”

Nach dìleas a tha Oisein a nochdadh  
cia mar ghluais an gaisgeach sgairteil,  
mòr, e féin 's e na aonar. Cha robh e  
comasach dha éisdeachd ri sgeig no  
tamailt air Chumhal nan lann; agus dalma  
ann an àrdan uaibhreac'h anaim, chuir  
e cath as leth na Féinne.

Ann an Carraig-Thura, tha Oisein ag  
iunseadh cia mar 'thug Fhionnghal nam  
feart buaidh air cruth Loduinn,

A' ghealach dearg 'us mall 's an ear;  
Thainig osnadh 'nuas o'n charn,  
Air a sgiathaibh bhla samhldh fir,  
Cruth Loduinn 's an lear gun tuar,  
“Teich gu d' thìr,” fhreagair an cruth.  
“Teich air a' ghaoith dhuibh: bi falbh!  
Thà'd osag 'an crodhan mo laimhe;  
'S leam astar 'us spairn nan stoirm;  
'S e rìgh nan Soruch' mo mhac féin;  
Tha aomadh 's a bheinn dha m' thuar,  
Tha a charraid aig carraig nan ceud,  
'Us coisnidh gun bheud a' bhuaidh.  
Teich gu d' thìr féin, a mhic Chumhail,  
No fairich gu dubhach m' fhearg.”  
Thog e gu h-àrd a shleagh dhorch;  
Dh' aom e gu borb a cheann àrd,  
Ghabh Fhionnghal na aghaidh le colg,

A chlaidheamh glan gorm na laimh,  
Mac an Luinn, bu chiar-dhubh gruaidh,  
Ghluais solus na cruaidhe ro 'n taibhs',  
Fuathas dona bhàis fo ghruaim,  
Fuath esan gun chruth 's e thail  
Air gaoith nan dubh charn; mar smùid  
Bhriseas òg, 's bioran na laimh,  
Mu theallach na spairn 's na muig.  
Scread fuathas Chruth Loduinn 's a'  
G a thional ann fein 's a' ghaoith,  
Chual' Iannis nan torc an fhuaim,  
Chaisg astar nan stuadh le fianh;  
Dh' eirich gaisgich mhic Chumhail nam  
buadh;

Bha sleagh 's gach laimh shuas 's an t-sliabh  
“C' àite bheil e?” 's am fearg fo ghruaim  
Gach maile ri fuaim m' a thriath.

Cha 'n 'eil na dealbhaidhean aon ch  
fann no tearc a tha Oisein a toirt seach  
air cia eo cumhachdach 's a tha bhria  
ran am feadh a tha e ag aithris cath  
spairn 'us comhrag nan laoch, ach  
e ag éiridh gu fada eadhon os a chi  
fein, ann am mòralachd, ann an dana  
agus ann an snasmhorachd, an uai  
tha e 'seinn ann an rannan siubhl  
comhraig rìgh na Féinne agus Cr  
Loduinn nan gorm lann, eagal 'us te  
mann Lochlainneach araon am blàr  
sith. Cha do mheataich cridhe 's  
d' fhannaich gaisge Fhionnghail.  
'e mòrail, mìleanta, mar bu nòs, ead  
an aghaidh cruth Loduinn. Cha 'r  
sgàth no geilt ag éiridh na a  
ann an gleachd ri Taibhse buadh  
nan Lochlainneach. Tha anam a r  
mar charrraig 'sa' chath. Thug e bua  
Is dealbhach àrd a' chainnt a chlea  
Oisein, ann an iomradh a dheanamh  
a chòmhstri namhasach so. Is tair  
aidh tairis ceòl na cainnt a lab  
Fhionnghal 'us e ag iarraidh air na  
idhean clàrsach a thogail 's a ghleus

“Thionndaidh Fionn ri luchd bu bhinn  
'Us dh' iarr am fonn o shonn nam bàrd  
“A ghutha Chona, a's àirde fuaim,  
A' bhàrda, tha luaidh mu h-aois,  
Dha 'n eirich air ar n-anam suas  
Feachdan mòr nan gorm chruth laoch,  
'S taitneach leam aobhneas a' bhròin,  
Mar dhrùchd mòthar earraich chaoin,  
Fo 'n lùb geug dharag nan tòrr.

S an duilleach òg ag òrigh maoth.  
Togaibhse, mo bhàird, an fonn."

Bha anam Oisein a' lasadh le caoir-  
theas 's le dian-bhlathas a' chòmhraig,  
an uair a tha e tarruing bhò gach seall-  
adh neartmhor, bagrach, fuaimneach a  
tha nàduir féin a taisbeanadh, smuaintean  
'us nithean a tha ag àrdachadh 'us  
a' meudachadh oillt, 'us gaisge nan  
treun laoch a lean Cuchullin mòr mac  
Sheumha, agus Suaran rìgh nan long, 'us  
nan, domh sgiath, gu garbh spairn a'  
chòmhraig. Anns a' chuid Duan de  
Fhìonngal tha e ag radh:

"Mar shruth a' taomadh o gharbh glèann  
Dh' aom na suinn o chruaich nan beann,  
Gach triath an airm athar nam buadh;  
A ghaisgich dhuibh-ghruamach na dhéigh,  
Mar chomhlithian uisge nan stuadh  
M' an cuairt do dhealain nan speur,  
Chluinntean fuaim nan arm 's gach ceum  
Meaghal mhiolchom' cleasadh àrd,  
Duain g' am mìchadh anns gach beul,  
Gach curaidh treun ag iarraidh bhàir.  
Mar thòmas sruth còbharach liath,  
O chruaich iarnaibh Chroimach àird,  
An t-orrann a' sìubhal 's an t-siabh,  
'S a' chlar-oidheche air leth nan ean,  
Is tanas fhuar nan snuadh glas  
A' còmhach o ionall nam fras;  
Cho gurg, cho mèr, cho borb, cho luath,  
Dh' inich cruadal siol na h-Èirinn,  
An ceannard mar mhòr thore a' chuain  
A' tarruing nam fuar thonn 'n a dhéigh,  
A' taomadh a' threunais mar stuadh;  
Po shiubhal chrìtheadh an tràigh,  
Mar thoimh fhoghair o dha bheinn,  
Gu chòile tharruing na suinn;  
Mar shruth làidir o dha chreig  
'G aomadh, taomadh, air an rìidh,  
Fuaimnear doreha, garbh 's a' bhàir  
Thachair Inis-fail 'us Lochlainn,  
Ceannard a' spealt chleas ri ceannard,  
Is duine an aghaidh gach duine;  
Bha cruaidh a' sereadan air cruaidh,  
Bha clogaid lein shuas 'gan sìoltadh,  
Fuil a' dèiridh dlàth mu'n cuairt,  
Taisgid a' fuaim air min iuthar,  
Gathan a' sìubhal ro 'n speur,  
Sleagha 'bualadh 's a' tuiteam thall,  
Mar dhealain oidheche 's a' bheinn,  
Mar onnha beucaich a' chuain,  
'N uair ghluaiseas an tonn gu h-àrd,  
Mar thorruim air eud nan cruach,

Bha gruain 'us farum a' bhàir,  
Mar dh' aomas mìle tonn gu tràigh,  
A' ghluais fo Shuaran na dàimh.  
Mar thachras tràigh ri mìle tonn,  
Thachair Èirinn ri Suaran nan long,  
Sin far an robh guthan a' bhàis,  
'Toimh gaire-cath 'us cruaidh,  
Sgiathan 's màile brist air làr,  
Lann 's gach laimh 'n a dhealan shuas.  
Fuaim a' bhàir o thaobh gu taobh,  
Còmhrag beucaich, creuchdach, teth,  
Mar chuid òrd a' bualadh baoth  
Caoir o'n teallach dearg ma seach."

Tha na samhlaidhean agus na cos-  
amhlachdan a tha Oisein a' càrnadh suas  
a' chum 's gun dean e còmhrag nan  
laoch co dian 's co oillteill 's as urrainn  
e, a' seasamh leo féin air son maise 'us  
àirde 'us èireachdas. Is leòir iad so  
féin air son tnaim a' bhàird a chrùnadh  
's a' sgeadachadh le coran buaidh, agus  
a' chluinntean òradh le sobhraichean mol-  
aidh.

Mu'n tràig sinn deanadas nan sàr-  
chruaidh ann an teas na strì, ni mi  
leaidh air coimeas eile a tha Oisein a'  
deanadh mu bhrathair féin Fillean, anns  
a' chuingeamh duan de THIGHMORA:

"Tha Fillean mar thanas nan speur,  
A' thòmas treun o chìrb nan sìan,  
Tha 'n thàirge 'ann bruillean fo' cheum,  
'Us o' lenn o' thuinn gu tuinn;  
Tha astar a' lasadh na dhéigh;  
Cr. thaidh imsean an ceud cheann  
Air euan ag èirigh gun bheus thall."

(Ri leantuin.) CONA.

### EACHDRAIDH NA SMUID- SHOITHEACH.

(Ri leantuin.)

Anns a' bhliadhna 1801 no 1802, an  
nair a' chaidh guth thairis air *Mr. Tay-  
lor* agus a' bhàta, thòisich *Mr. Syming-  
ton*, cheann ainmichte, (le cuideachadh  
*Lord Dundas*) air smuid-bhàta a dhean-  
amh a' chum soithichean eile a shlad-  
adh troimh 'n *chanal*. An uair a' bha  
i deas chaidh a' feuchainn 's bha a' chol-  
tas oirre freagairt do 'n aobhar, ach  
chuir lachd riaghlaidh a' *chanail* 'n a

stad i fo eagal gu'n lionadh i e leis mar a shruladh uisge a cuibhlean a sios a bhruachan. Chaidh a cur a leth taobh ann an Inib uaigneach d'an *chanal* goirid o'n Eaglais Bhric.

Mu'n cheart àm so bha fear *Mr. Fulton* o America maille ri *Henry Bell* à Glaschu a' faicinn fuirneis mhòir *Charroin*. Chuala iad mu'n bhàta ùr agus chaidh *Mr. Fulton* a thaghal air *Mr. Symington* a chum a faicinn. Sheall iad gu mion air a feadb, a' beachdachadh air gach ni sonruichte m'a timchioll, a's iad le chèile a' cur rompa aig an ceud chothrom an ùr-innleachd chomharraichte so a chur gu buil dhoibh fein—ni a rinn iad—*Mr. Fulton* ann an America anns a' bhliadhna 1807, air an abhuinn *Hudson*, agus *Henry Bell*, 'n uair a rinn e an *Comet* anns a' bhliadhna 1812. Uaith sin tha e làn shoilleir nach mor còir America air ùr-innleachd na smuid-shoitheach. Chunn-aic *Mr. Fulton* te dhiubh aig *Carron*—mhìnich *Mr. Symington* dha gach ni m'a timchioll—cha 'n e sin a mhàin, ach chuir e gu falbh i 'chum gu'm faiceadh e mar a dh'oibricheadh an t-iomlan, agus e 's a' cheart àm ag innseadh an fheum a dheanadh e d' an eòlas a bha e an sin a' faotainn, an uair a rachadh e dhachaidh do America. A thuilleadh air gur ann a Sasunn o *Watt & Bolton* a fhuair e an smuid-inneal air son na ceud shaoithich a chur e an òrdugh. Tha e coltach gu'n robh e toileach gu'm biodh so an an-fhios oir cha b'e ainm fein a thug e suas do *Watt & Bolton* an àm dha 'bhi 'toirt òrdugh dhoibh an smuid inneal a dheanadh.

Thug *Mr. Symington* e fein oidhirp neo-fhiachail anns a' bhliadhna 1802 no 1803 air còir fhaotainn dha fein air an ur-innleachd, le Litir Rìgh fhaighinn gun fhios do *Mr. Taylor*, ach cha do dhuraichd e riamh a thagar gus a' bhliadhna 1815, an uair a dh' fheuch e ri toirt air seabhadairean smuid-shoitheichean Chluaidh suim mhor a phàigh-eadh air son na saorsa a ghabh iad ann

a bhi 'togail agus a' seòladh nan soithichean gun a chead-san. Chuir iad gu h-calamh 'n a thàmh e le innseadh agus a shoilleireachadh nach b'e idir a b' ùghdar do'n smuid-shoitheach. Cha chuala *Mr. Taylor* guth deth so gus a' bhliadhna 1821, 's an uair a sgrìobh e g'a ionnsaidh dh' fheuch *Mr. Symington* ri 'bhreugadh le tairgse a thoirt dha de leth 's a gheibheadh e. Tha e coltach gu'n do dhi-chuimhnic e gu'n robh a litir aig *Mr. Taylor* cho tràthail ri 20mh, *August*, 1787, a' guidhe soirbh-eachaidh dha 'na oidhirpean air a smuid-shoitheach fhaotainn an òrdugh.

O'n àm a sgrìobh *Mr. Taylor*, 1821, cha chluinn sinn a bheag m'a thimchioll gu 1824, an uair a bha aois agus bochdaime a' teannadh air. Chuir a chàirdean iompaidh air a chèis a thoirt fa chomhair Uachdaranachd na Rìoghachd. Rinn e so ag earbsa a' ghnòthaich ri *Sir Henry Parnell*. Cha 'n 'eil e coltach gu'n d' fhuair e mòr èisdeachd, a chionn, chi sinn e 's an ath bhliadhna a' deanamh a ghearain ri *Sir William Huskison* 's a' faotainn mar fhreagairt, nach robh mòr dhòchas gu'm measadh iad an innleachd airidh air a bheag de dhuais! Anns a' bhliadhna 1826, a's e air leabaidh a bhàis sgrìobh e cunntas mion-riochdail mu gach ceum a ghabh e ann an toirt air aghaidh na h-innleachd o thoiseach gu deireadh, gun fhios nach robh an Uachdaranachd an teagamh am b'e gu cinnteach a b' ùghdar dhi. Mu'n àm so chaochail e—meadhon an fhogharaidh 1826—aig oehd a's trì fichead bliadhna dh' aois. Is eianail r'a smuaineachadh cho beag guàis, cothrom no ceartais 's a fhuair an duine so a chuir an saoghal gu h-iomlan fo 'leithid de chomain.

Beagan an déigh a bhàis thug fear d'a chàirdean a chèis air beulaobh Ard-chomhairle na Rìoghachd as leth na bantraich 's nan dilleachdan, a' deanamh na cùise cho soilleir, dearbhata, 's gu'n do dhednaich iad leth cheud pinn do Sasunnach 's a' bhliadhna orra ri 'm beo.

aochail a bhean so ann am baile  
uneideann anns a' bhliadhna 1859.

Faodar a ràdh gu'n robh ùr-innleachd  
smuid-shoitheach 'na cadal o'n a  
aidh a' bhirlinn a chur gu siubhal air  
han *Dhalswinton* anns a' bhliadhna  
38, gus an do chuir *Fulton* an  
merica 's a' bhliadhna 1807, agus  
*nry Bell* air Cluaidh ann an 1812 a'  
gu saod i. Thoisich an *Comet* ri  
th gu riaghailteach eadar Glaschu  
as Grianaig toiseach na bliadhna  
12, 's cha bu chadal a rinn iad an  
gh sin. Anns a' bhliadhna 1815  
aidh coig dhiubh a thogail an Albainn,  
gun' ghin an Sasunn, agus anns a  
iadhna 1818, cha bu lugha na oehd  
r fhichead dhiubh a bha a 'ruith gu  
bhlach an Albainn.

Is ann air a' bhliadhna so a thoisich  
bine air dol thar chuantan leo. Is  
eadar *Cluaidh* agus *Eirinn* a chuir  
a' chùis gu deuchainn a's air dhoibh  
hi air am faotainn ro fhreagarach, air  
ath bhliadhna (1819) chaidh an cur  
lar Cluaidh agus *Liverpool*. B' i an  
*bert Bruce* a' cheud aon a sheòl an  
ighe so. Bha i gun dàil air a lean-  
n leis an *Superb* agus am *Majestic*  
le iomadh te ainmeil eile, air sàil a  
ile—gach aon a' toirt bàrr air na bha  
thoiseach oirre.

Anns a' bhliadhna 1823 chaidh an  
*mes Watt* a chur air an t-slighe eadar  
e agus Lunnainn, ann an 1826 chaidh  
*United Kingdom* a chur air an  
lighe cheudna. B' i so soitheach a bu  
riagha 's an Rìoghachd 'na latha fein.  
Air a' bhliadhna 1838 thug iad ionn-  
dh air Cuan Mor na h-àirde 'n Iar  
air a sheòl an *Sirius* agus an *Great*  
*estern* gu America. O'n àm sin tha  
a' seòladh gu riaghailteach a null 's a  
l, a shamhradh 's a gheamhradh.  
a'n 'eil cuan air nach faighear iad a  
, cha'n e mhàin a' giùlan luchd-turais,  
a cuid mhor de bhathar-malairt an  
ioghail. Is iad a tha freagarrach  
a shon, ann an luathas, an tèaruin-  
chd, agus am mendachd; oir bha iad

a' fàs am mend mar a bha iad a' dol an  
lionmhorachd. B'e fad na *Great West-*  
*ern*, 240 troidh; am *British Queen*,  
275 troidh; an *Great Britain*, 322  
troidh; am *Persia*, 390 troidh; agus  
mu dheireadh, a' toirt barr orra uile,  
tha an *Great Eastern* 690 troidh air  
fad, no sè fad deug na *Comet* aig *Henry*  
*Bell*! Bha comas giùlan na *Comet* air  
a mheas aig coig tunna fichead—an  
*Great Eastern* coig mìle fichead tunna;  
agus tha da fhad na *Comet* de leud 'na  
clàr uachdarach. Bha cumhachd  
smuid-inneal na *Comet* air a mheas aig  
trì eich—tha cumhachd inneal na *Great*  
*Eastern* air a mheas aig deich mìle  
each!

Cha'n 'eil e coltach gu'n d'theid ri 'r  
lìnn-ne soitheach a's mò na 'n *Great*  
*Eastern* a thogail. Is ann a tha an stri  
a nis cia cho làidir, dhiongalta 's a  
ghabhas iad deanamh. Cha'n e 'mhain  
gu'm bheil am fiodh na 's truime ach is  
ann a tha na luingis-chogaidh air an  
suaineadh agus air an stràchdadh thairis  
le iarrunn, cuid diubh còrr a's troidh air  
tinghad, agus a' cosd leth muillean punnd  
Sasunnach, no os cionn trì tunna òir!

Làidir agus do-leonta a réir coltais  
mar a tha iad air an togail neo-ar-thaing  
mar 'eil airm-chogaidh sgriosail a' lean-  
tainn air an sàil. Ann an coimeas do na  
h-innleachdan millidh cha'n 'eil iad idir  
cho math ris an luireach-mhaileach ri-  
lìnn a' chluaidhimh 's na biodaig 's an àm  
's an do fhairtlìch air a' Ghàidheal a  
bhiodag a shàthadh troimh 'n t-Sasunn-  
ach 's a thuirt e, "Mairbh-phaisg ort, a  
fhleasgaich, cha'n i do mhàthair a rinn  
do leine!"

— o —

#### C A B A R - F E I D H.

Deoch-slainge chabair feidh so

Gur h-èibhinn 's gur h aighearach;  
Ge fada bho thir fein e.

Mhìe Dh' greas g'a fhearann e;

Mo chrochadh a's mo cheusadh,

A's m' èideadh mar mheala mi,

Mur àit leam thu bhì 'g éiridh

Le treun neart gach caraide!



Gur mise chunna' sibh gu' gunnach,  
Ealamh, ullamh, àcuinneach;  
Ruith nan Rothach 's math 'ur gnothach,  
Thug sibh sothadh maidne dhoibh;  
Cha deach' Cataich air an tapadh,  
Dh'fhag an neart le eagal iad,  
Ri faicinn ceann an fhéidh ort  
'Nuair 'dh' éirich do chabar ort!

Be'n t-amadan fear Fòlais,  
'Nuair thòisich e cogadh riut;  
Rothaich agus Ròsaich—  
Bu ghòrach na bodaich iad;  
Frisealaich a's Granndaich,  
An càmpa cha stadadh iad;  
'S thug Forbeisich na'n teann ruith,  
Gu seann taigh Chuil-fhodair orr'.  
Theich iad uile is cha d-fhuirich  
An treas duine 'bh'aca san;  
An t-Iarla Catach ruith e dhachaigh—  
Cha do las a dhagaichan;  
Mac-Aoidh nan creach gun thar e às,  
'S ann dh' éigh e'n t each a b' àigeannaich,  
Ri gabhadh an ra-treata,  
'Nuair dh' éirich do chabar ort!

'S ann an sin bhà 'm fuathas  
Ga'n ruagadh thar bhealaichean,  
An deas dhuinn a's an tuath-dhuinn,  
Gu luath ruith roid' cheann-eideadh;  
Mar sgaoth a dh' éoin nam fuar-bheann,  
A's gruain air a h-uile fear,  
A' tearnadh bho na sléibhean  
Gu rìdhleis 's gu cladaichean.  
Dh' éigh iad port 's gu'n d'fhuair iad coit,  
'S bu bheag an toirt mar thachair dhoibh;  
Ciod e'n droch rud rinn am brosnach',  
Le'n cuid mhòs nach freagradh sradh'  
'S a linnhad toirt ear dheth na Rothaich,  
'Dol air flod thar chlaigeannan?—  
'S ann ghabh iad an ra-treata,  
'Nuair 'dh' éirich do chabar ort!

Gu'm faigh mi fein mo dhàrachd—  
(Se dhùisg às mo chadal mi)  
An Ti do'n geill na dùilean,  
'S da'n àmblaich na h-uile ni,  
Gun greas e thu gu d' dhùthachan,  
Gu h-àiseil 's gu h-urramach!  
Gur tu nach leigeadh eùis,  
Leis na dù-Ghàill nach buineadh dhoibh:  
'S tu bheireadh clotha do' luchd gnothaich,  
Gun fhios co a throdadh riut;  
An fhine Rothach chuir thu fotha  
Ge mor leotha 'u ladornas,  
Ga'n cuir romhad le'n ruith-choimhich,  
'S an baile-nodha na shradagan

'S na lasair anns na speuran,  
'Nuair dh' éirich do chabar ort!

Chunna mi m'a thuath thu  
'S gu'm b' uachdaran allail thu;  
Bha Cataich fo do chùram,  
A's dh' àmblaich na Gallach dhut;  
S gach ti bhà riut an diùmba,  
'S nach dùirigeadh sealladh ort,  
A' faicinn bhì ga'n sgiùrsadh,  
Gu dùthaich nach buineadh dhoibh.  
Le gasraidh fhinealt dheth do chinneadh  
Nach gabh giorag eagalach;  
Luchd chlogaid 's bhiodag's chorean b'ire  
Cha philleadh luchd-bagairt iad;  
Thig feachd Mhic-Shìmi gu do mhilleadh  
'S ruitheadh iad gu saidealta;  
'S gun teich iad o chlàr t eudainn,  
'Nuair dh' éireas do chabar ort!

Th'am brochan a' toirt sàr dhuibh,  
'S tha'n eil a' toirt a' oirbh;  
Ach 's beag is misle 'n t-àrmunn,  
'Ur sàth thoirt an nasgaidh dhuibh:  
Ge mòr a thug sibh 'chàise,  
Thar Ìridhean Asainne,  
Cha'n fhacas cuirm a'm Fòlais,  
Ge mòr bhà do chearcan ann;  
Caisteal biorach, nead na h-ìolair',  
Coin a's gillean gortach ann;  
Cha'n fhaicear bioran ann ri teine,  
Mur 'b'ìdh dileag bhrochain ann;  
Cha'n fhaicear mairt-fheoil ann am poit,  
Mur 'b'ì ceare 'g a' plotaigeadh;  
'S ga'n tional air an d-ìre,  
'Nuair thréigeas gach còsgais iad.

Cha'n eil eun 's na speuran,  
Is breine n'an ìolaire,  
Cha 'n ìonan idir beus d'ì,  
'S do dh-fhéidh anns na frichean;—  
B'ìdh iadsa moch ag eiridh,  
A' feuchainn a' bhìolaire;  
'S b'ìdh is' air sean each caoile,  
Ri slaodadh a mhìonaich às:  
Chuir i spuir a staigh na chreag,  
'S thug i fhuilt na spadal as,  
An t-ian gun sonas 'g iarraidh donais,  
B'ìdh na coin a' sabaid rith';  
'S breun an t-ìsean i air iteig,  
Gu'n fhios e'ait' an stadadh i,—  
Mas' ole a lean i 'h-àbhaist,  
Cha b' fheàrr far na chaidil i.

Cha'n eil eun 'san t-saoghal  
R'a' fhaotainn tha coltach riut,—  
Cha'n ithear do chuid sìthne—  
Rinn firinn a' moilachadh:

Ged tha ort iteag dh'èreach,  
 Mar fhuar shaigdead corrannach,  
 'S ged' thuirt iad riut am firean,  
 Tha ionan an Domuis ort!  
 'S ioma buachaille 'th' air fuar chnoc,  
 Agus cuaille bàt' aige';  
 Nì guidhe bhuan do bhuntain bhuath,  
 'S a bhuaileas bho do thapadh thu;  
 'Nuair bheir thu ruag air feadh nan uan,  
 'S a bhios buaireas acrais ort,  
 'N uair thachras cabar f'èidh ort,  
 Gu'm feum thu bli snasadh dha!

Tha cabar-f'arna Dhòmhull,  
 Mar spèrs' anns an talamh' ac';  
 Nach innseadh sibh dhomhs' e,  
 'S gu'm beol domb a charachadh;  
 'S chuirinn fios gu h-èdach,  
 Gu Sèoras an caraideach,  
 Gur h-e Fear Dhuin-Dòmhuill,  
 Le lùn chum an t-anam ris;  
 'Bhiasd gun nìeas, gun mhìagh gun, ghliò-  
 Riamh bu tric 's an talamh' s' thu; [cas  
 Dh'òl a's dh'ith thu trian do d' phiseich,  
 'S tu an t-isean amaideach;  
 Chuir na Rothaich thu air ghnothach,  
 'S tu an t-amhurg aineolach,  
 'S ged' thug Clann-Choinnich miadh ort,  
 Cha b' fhìach thu 'n treas earainn deth.

Faire! faire! shaoghal,  
 Gur caochlaidheach carach thu;  
 Chumna mise Sì-phort,  
 'Nam ploban cruaidh, sgalanta,  
 Nach robh an Alb' a dh'aon-shluagh,  
 Ged shìneadh Mac-Chaiken ris,  
 Na chumadh riut an eudann,  
 'Nuair dh'èireadh do chabar ort!  
 Dh'èireadh leat an còir 'san ceart,  
 Le trian do neart gu bagarach,  
 Na bh'eadar Asainn, a's fa dheis,  
 Gu ruig Sgalpa chraganach,  
 Gach fear a glacadh gunna snaip,  
 Chaidheamh glas, no dagachan,—  
 Bu leat Sir Dòmhuill Shìcibhte,  
 'N uair dh'èireadh do chabar ort!

Dh'èireadh leat fir Mhùideirt,  
 'Nuair 'ruisgte do bhrataichean,  
 Le 'n lannan daite dù-ghorm,  
 Gu'n cìuirte na maraich leo;  
 Mac-Alasdair 's Mac Ionnhuinn,  
 Le 'n cuillbheiran acnimeach;  
 'Nuair rachadh iad 'san iorghuill,  
 Gu'm b' ioghna mur trodadh iad:—  
 'Bì'dh tu fhathast gabhail aighear,  
 Ann am Brathuinn bhaidealach,

Bì'dh cinne t-thair ort a' feitheamh,  
 Co 'bhrathadh bagradh ort?  
 Bì'dh fion ga cheitheamh feadh do thaighe,  
 'S nìsge-beatha feadanaah;  
 'S gur lionnhor plob' ga'n gleusadh,  
 'NUAIR DH'ÈIREAS DO CHABAR ORT!

[Tha e ri chantuinn gur h-e "Tormod Bàn Macleòid an Asainn a rinn "Cabar-f'èidh" air do na Rothaich enairt a thoirt do dh-Asainn a dh'iarraidh creiche. Thàinig iad ré an t-samhradh, 'n uair a bha na boireannaich leis a' sprèdh air an àiridh, agus, a réir na sgeulachdan a th' againne, cha n' e 'mbàin gun d' thug iad lèo mòran cruaidh ach mar an cèd-na, lu' a's èise. Thog an gnìomh so fearg Mhìeòid agus rinn e CABAR-FEIDH, oir sann bho Chlann Choinnich a chaidh a chreach a thoirt.]

### FAILTE O 'N "SGIATHANACH."

A' Ghàidheil Ionnhuinn,  
 Is fhad on thubhairt an sean-fhocal,  
 "Gur minic a thàinig deagh chomhairle  
 á beul amadain," agus tha e ro cheart.  
 Féudar an sean-fhocal eigneachadh,  
 ach cha bh'èingeachear e. Ach bith-  
 eam-sa amaideach no glic, bu ro  
 mhaith leam deagh-chomhairle a thabh-  
 airt duit-se, a theobh nan nithe eug-  
 sàmhla a tha thu a' cur romhad a  
 dheanamh chum èòlas agus fiosrachadh  
 de gach gné a chraobh-sgaoileadh am  
 fad 's an farsuing an measg nan Gàidh-  
 eal. Tha 'n obair a ta agad os làimh  
 cliù-thoilltimneach, agus bu chòir do na  
 h-uile aig am bheil spéis do dhùthaich  
 am breith, agus aig am bheil dùrachd-  
 eridhe chum staid agus cor nan Gàidh-  
 eal bhochda ath-leasachadh, gach  
 euideachadh nan comas a dheanamh  
 leat. Bheirim àithne dhuit os ceann  
 gach nì, cìran a bhì ort nach toir thu  
 géill do chomhairle nan uile. Na nì  
 thu sin, le miann ort gach neach fa leth  
 a riarachadh, tuitidh tu ann am  
 mearachd an t-seannduine 'sa chosamh-  
 lachd a bha 'n dùil, le mhac agus le  
 asail féin, gu'n toilicheadh e iadsan uile  
 a bha 'g a chòmhachadh air an rathad  
 mhòr. Tha e nì 's fhusa do mbaraiche  
 gach eilean agus creag 'san "*Archipel-  
 ago*," a sheachnadh o lòngh-bhriseadh

air òidhebe dhuirch, ghaillionnaich gheamhraidh, na tha e dhuitsa do chosan a sheasamh ma dh'èisdeas tu ris gach combairle a bheirear dhuit.—Tha beachdan agus barailean a' chinneadaine co ioma-guètheach agus eadar-dhealaichte 'sa ta cruth agus dealbh an gnùisean féin, agus ciod a's mìosa, tha gach neach fa leth co féin-bheachdail 's gu'm bheil e 'sa bharrail gur esan féin a tha ceart, agus gach duine eile mearachdachd. Sin agad Fionnladh Ruadh a bha 'na fhoirbheach-eaglais o cheann còrr is fichead bliadhna, agus ged tha deagh eòlas aig air a' Ghailig, cha 'n 'eil imleachd air a thoilleachadh. Tha Fionnladh, m'as fìor e féin, ro thuigseach, ro bheachdail, ro ghlic, agus 'na dhuine aig nach 'eil coimeas air son a bhuaidhean maiseach a'm meas a luchd-còlais air fad. Agus ged nach toir Seònaid a bhean-phòda chòir féin an cliù sin air, gidheadh gabhaidh e dha féin e, agus dian lasas e a'm féing an aghaidh an tì aig am bheil a dhànadas cur 'na aghaidh. Rinn Fionnladh dichìoll gu gréim fhaotuin air gach nì a chiodh-bhualadh 'sa Ghailig 'na là 's na linn féin. Lèigh e an seann "TEACHDAIRE," "CUAIRTEAR NAN GLEANN," "FEAR-TATHAICH NAM BEANN," "AN FHIANUIS FHIOR," "BRATACH NA SITHIE," agus an leithidibh sin,—agus do gach aon fa leth bha Fionnladh a' faotuin cron air chor eigin.—Bha TORMAD OG, an T-EILTHIREACH, AN SGIATHANACH, ROB RUADH, CARAID NAN GAIDHEAL, agus làn an leth-cheud eile a' sgrìobhadh anuta sin chum an luchd-dùcha féin ath-leasachadh, ach cha do chòrd a h-aon diubh ri Fionnladh; agus na tha e beò fhathast agus cumhachd nan sùl agus nan cluas aige, cha chòrd "AN GAIDHEAL" ris nì's mo, oir is duine e aig nach 'eil deagh-ghuth do neach fo'n ghréin. Ach tha iomadh Fionnladh 's an t-saoghal fathast; agus cha 'n ionann iad is CAILEAN BAN MUILEACH,—duine cial-

lach, tuigseach, aig an robh deagh-rùn dhoibhsan uile a bha 'cur a mach nì sam bith ann an cànan bhinn agus bhlasda nan Gaidheal. Ceart mar a thàrruingeas an scillean a' mhil a's gach luibh agus blàth, bha Cailean còir a' tarruing teagaisg agus fòghluim o gach nì 'sa' Ghailig. Bha gach lide 'sa' chainnt sin oirdhearc ann am beachd Chailein. Bha gach Gailig co-ionnan da, agus cha robh Gaidheal o'n àirde deas no tuath nach tuigeadh e. Bha òrain Rob Duinn agus Dhonnachaidh Bhàin maraon so-thuigsinn da; agus cha deanadh e tàir air nì sam bith a chiodh-bhualadh ann an càinnt a mhathar. Cha robh e idir frionasach, gearanach, dràndanach, mar a bha Fionnladh Ruadh; ach bha e tàingeil air son gach dichill a rinneadh le daoineibh fòghluimte chum eòlas a thoirt da air sgéulaibh, cleachdannaibh, agus eachdraidh a luchd-dùcha féin. Tha mi uime sin, a'n dòchas, a' Ghaidheil Ionmhunn, gu'm buin na cendan riut-sa cleas Chailein Bhàin, agus gun cròdh iad mu'n cuairt duit chum do chuid-eachadh, agus do chumail suas. Tha féin agad air do làmh a neartachadh le bhì 'gad chòmhnadh, an dà chuid chum do LEABHRAN taitneach a dheanamh suas, agus a chraobh-sgaoileadh a'm fad 's am farsuing. Tha mòran ann, gu'n teagamh, de dhaoineibh tréun agus cumhachdach 'sa' Ghailig, a nochdas, tha m'ìn dòchas, mòr dheagh-ghean d'ad thaobh. Tha aodhair urramach a' Chill-Mhàllidh ann, a dhealbh cùmhnèachan air féin a bhios co maireann ri Beinn-Neamhais, leis an t-seòl air an d'eadar-the: ng uicheadh dàin Oisein leis. Tha'n t Olla-c ititeach Mac Lachlainn ann, a chladhaich co domhain sios chum seann sgrìobhanna 'sa' chainnt a dheanamh aithnichte. Tha Mac Choinnich, aodhair fòghluimte Chill-Mhòraig ann, diàn agus deas chum gach bun agus bàrr air am bheil fiamh na Gailig a rannsachadh a mach. Sin agad, mar an céudna, an t-aodhair

Camshroin ann an Renton, agus cha'n fhurasd fhaotuinn a bheir bàrr air a thaobh eòlais-san air gach nì a bhuineas do'n Ghailig. Agus c'ait an d' fhàg mi "Lochabar Iochdarach"—duine fùghantach, fialaidh, foghlumte, deas gu cuideachadh, màll gu cronachadh—suairce, séimh, seircil?—gu'n teagamh is teara a lèithid r'a fhaotuinn.—Cha bhed e aig am bheil barrachd fiosrachaidh na tha aige-san air eainnt, cleachdannaibh, càirdeas, treubhantas, gaisge, fad fhulangas, agus gach deagh-bhuaidh eile a bhuineas do na Gàidheil; agus cò e a tha co ullamh, calanta, callamh, chum nan nithe sin a leagadh ris 'na bhriathraibh òrdheare agus shnasmhòr féin? Tha iad so uile, ma ta, agus na ficheadan eile comasach air do chuideachadh, agus tha dòchas agam gu'n dean iad e. Ged nach samhlaichinn mi féin. ach àmhain ann an deagh-dhùrachd, riù-san a dh'ainnich mi, gidheadh, cha di-chuimhnich mi idir thu. Ged a bheirinn duit sgòd sear-mòin an trà's 'sa ris, bu choma leat e; uime sin, gheibh thu de nithibh eile "sop as gach seid" ceart mar a chead-nicheas uime sin a dheanamh. Tha gu cinnteach deagh-rùu aig COMUNN GAILIG INBHERNEIS dhuit, agus sinidh iad amach an lùmh gu'n teagamh gu d' chòmhaidh. B'e sin an Comunn tlachdmhòr, geanail, dian, deas, dealaidh, gu'n diòbradh, ann a bli 'fòrgadh a mach gach cuspair eugsambuil air am bheil iad an tòir. Beannachd leat, a' Ghaidheil Ionnuinn. Buaidh agus piseach leat; agus gu mo maith a théid gach chis leat.

Is mi do charaid gu'n teagamh,  
SGIATHANACH.

Pìobh-Bhàile na Gàidhealtachd,  
Ceud Mios an Fhogharaidh, 1872. f

—o—

MIANN NA BAN-EIREANNAICHI.

Bha duine uasal àraid ann an Eireann, agus bha a bhean ro dhona airson an òil. Cha ro fù a leine nach reicadh i gu ceannach an uisge-bheatha. Bha an duine air

eigheachadh leatha, 's cha romh fios aige ciod e 'dheanadh e gu thoirt oirre 'n t-òl a thrèigsinn. Mu dheireadh, 's ann a chaidh e gu lighiche 'bha 's an àite 'dh'iarraidh combhairle air son a galair.

"Am bheil e n'ur comas nì sam bith a thoirt domh air son bean a bhios a gabhail na daoraich?" ars' an duine.

"'N e puinnsean a tha uait" ars' an lighiche, "mas e, iarr gu fearail e, 'sna bi 'dean-amh cìs?"

"O cha 'n 'eil mise 'g iarraidh puinnsean, ach rud-cigin a bheir oirre sgar de 'n òl."

"Na 'm b' urrainn mise leigheas a thoirt air a ghalair sin" ars' an lighiche, "'bha m' fhòrtan deannta. Ach coma co-dhiù, dian mar so a' nochd. Thoir leat galan uisge-bheatha agus leig leatha òl agus gu 'm miannach leatha fhéin sgar; agus theid mise 'n rathad 's a' mheadhon oidheche."

Mar so bha. Thug an duine leis an t-uisge-beatha. Dh'òl a bhean e; agus anns a' mheadhon oidheche, thàinig an lighiche. Dh' fhalbh an dithis leis a bhean, agus shìn iad i fuar marbh leis a' mhisg ann an seilear iochdrach seann chaisteil a bha 's a' nàb-uidheachd. An deigh beagan cadail, dh'uisg i, agus shìn i air feorachd e' àite an romh i.

"Tha thu ann an tìr na bithbhuantachd" ars' an lighiche 'bha 'g a fhalach fhéin air a cùl-thaobh.

"Agus c' fhada le 'tha mi 's an tìr so?" ars' ise.

"Tha còrr is bliadhna" ars' an lighiche.

"'S cinnteach gu 'm bheil mi marbh ma tha mi cho fada sin ann" ars' ise.

"Tha cho marbh ri clach."

"Agus am bheil thusa marbh mar an ceudna?"

"Tha."

"Agus c' fhada tha thu 'san dùthaich so?" ars' ise.

"Tha còig bliadhna" ars' an lighiche.

"Gun teagamh tha sinn uile marbh a réisd."

"Tha; gach neach againn."

Air do 'n lighiche 'm freagairt so a thoirt di, rinn i suidhe agus air son seal beag lean i air smuaineachadh gu cùramach. Cha robh fhios aig an lighiche ciod e a bha i 'dol a chantuinn.

Mu dheireadh thuirt i—"Tha mi cinnteach gu 'm bheil thusa gu math eòlach 's an àite; am bheil fios agad c' a'ail' am faigh mi uisge-beatha?"

Cha robh fhios aig an lighiche ciod e  
'dheanadh e 'n uair a chunnaic e gu'n do  
shir i'n dram ann an dùthaich nan spioradan;  
's thug e 'chasan as.

—o—

### TUIREADH BAINTIGHEARNA CHOLA.

Gur h-e mis' th' iar mo chiùradh,  
Thug mi gealladh do 'n chùiteir,  
Ged nach leiginn fo rùn e nas mò.\*

Moch 's a' mhaduinn 's tu 'g éiridh,  
Gur math thigeadh dhut fèileadh,  
'N uair a sgioblaicheadh m'endail gu falbh.

Sealgair féidh air an drùchd thu,  
Bu trom lot e le d' fhàdar,  
Call fala 's do chù air a lorg.

An là thàinig thu dh' Albainn,  
Bu làmh shònruichte arm thu,  
Tha sud firinneach, dearbhtha, gun bhòsd.

Bu tu 'n cèarrach mòr prìseil,  
Air chairtean, 's air dhìsnean,  
'S tu gu 'n coisneadh a' chis air an torm.

Agus cèarrach air feòirne,  
Air an tùleasg ga 'n steòrnadh,  
'S tu nach iarradh, 's nach sòradh an t-òr.

Bu tu ceann do luchd-muinntir,  
Nach robh geur orra 'n cainnt o,  
Ann an eireachdas cùntais no mòid.

Ach, a Nèil chòir, a ghaisgich,  
Fhuair do stialladh mu 'n chlachan,  
'S e do bhàs chuir am fadal so orn.

Chunnacas sud le d' cheann-cinnidh,  
Iad ga d' ghiùlan gu h-innis,  
'S iomadh bean a bha sìleadh an deòir.

Gu 'n robh gruaim air do dhalta,  
'N tràth bha 'n uaigh dhuit ga treachailt,  
'S gu 'm bi 'n uair nach bu mbaslach e dhò.

Ach na 'm b' aithne dhomh d' àireamh,  
'S ùr a' choill as an d' fhàs thu,  
Shìol nam fineachan àrd bu mhòr stoirn.

Mac Ghill-Eathain air thùs leat,  
Agus Iarla na Cùile,  
Leat mac Ionmhuinn bho luchairt a' Chrò.

Leat mac Shimidh mòr uaibhreach,  
'S Iarl Antruim seo chualas,  
Lochlann leat an àm bualadh, 's bi chòir.

\* Aithris gach ceithreamh dà uair.

An àm tighinn do 'n fheasgar,  
'S mòr m' ionndrain, 's cha bheag i,  
Mheudaich iomnadh nam fleasgach mo bhròr.

Mi ri feitheamh na faiche,  
'S fir an òrdugh dol seachad,  
Ach cha léir dhomh fear d' fhaicinn na 'n  
còir.

Duin'-usal treun sgairteil,  
Ur gleusta ro bheachdail,  
Fear fial dha na bhaisteadh Niall òg.

ABRACH.

—o—

### GUTH O CHANADA.

A' Ghàidheil rùnaich,  
Is ann le toileachas mòr agus le deadh-dhùr-  
achd a chuirinn fàilte 'us furan oirbh agus  
a labhrunn mu'r timchioll na briathran  
aosta: "An là 'chi 's nach fhaic:" "Gu 'm  
slàn agus gu 'm fortunach a bhithes sibh."  
Gun teagamh buinidh dhuibh cliù 'us mol-  
adh do bhrìgh gu'm bheil sibh a' deanamh  
oidheip ghasda air cànan bhlàth nan  
Gàidheil a chumail suas agus a sgaoileadh  
gu pongail anns an dùthaich ùr fharsuing  
so. Tha bhur sgiamb boidheach, grinn.  
Tha bhur sgeadachadh tlachdmhor. Thug  
sibh cheana dearbbadh làidir seachad gur è  
bhur rùn suidhichte onoir a chur air cainnt  
bhlasda nam beann. Tha è soilleir mu ni  
gach Gàidheil anns an dùthaich a dhleas-  
annas do 'r taobh, nach bi è comasach focal  
a labhairt an aghaidh bhur snuidh agus 'ur  
dhioll. Is iomadh latha o'n chumhaic iad-  
sach tha measail air a Ghàilig "CUAIRTEAR"  
'n an cainnt fein. Gun amharas tha bhur  
bàigh ri tìr nam beann 'us ri cleachduinnean  
nan Gàidheil arann làidir agus cliùiteach.  
Ged nach 'eil Canada fathast ach ann a  
tùs a mòrachd 'sa beartais; feumar, aideach-  
adh gu'n d' rinn siol nan gleann agus clann  
nan Gàidheil mòran cheana a chum an  
dùthaich anns am bheil sinn a' tuineachadh,  
a thoirt air a h-aghaidh gu ìubhe urramach,  
àrd. Tha paipèraun naigheachd gun àir-  
eamh air an sgrìobhadh ann am Beurla  
agus ann an cànaichean eile. Bhithheadh è  
na ni brònach, tàmailteach, mata, gu'm  
bitheadh a' Ghàilig gu tur gu'n leabhar no  
paipèar anns am faodadh gach neach leis an  
aill naigheachdan an t-saoghail a lughadh  
agus a thuigsinn ann am briathran maiseach  
Oisein. Chi mi gu soilloir gu'm bheil turas  
maith roimhibh, oir tha iomadh Gàidheil  
anns an dùthaich a tha toilichte agus aigh-  
earrach bho 'n thog sibh an seòl meadhoin

agus a sgaoil sibh 'ur breidean geala ris an t-soirbheas. Tha Canada 'soirbheachadh gu luath: agus tha mi 'creidsim gu'm bi aghartas a's modha, agus dìchioll a's airde air an nochdadh anns an aimsir a tha ri teachd. Tha farsuingeachd anabarrach anns an dùthaich; tha fearann torrach, domhainn ann an iomadh eàrna; tha rathaidean iarùin a nis ag iomachd air feadh cuibhrionn mhòr de'n tìr; tha lochan uisge agus abhnaichean fada againn nach 'eil aig tìr air bhith eile; tha eòlas 'us saorsa air freumh làidir a ghabhail ann measg an t-sluaigh. Nach 'eil againn, mata, aobhar sonruichte 'bhi g'ambaire ri fortan mòr, agus ri soirbheachadh paillt anns na làithean a tha air thoiseach oirnn? Tha mi earbsach agus dòchasach gu'm bi Làithean sunndach, fada air am buileachadh oirbhsa agus gu'n giùlain sibh iomadh sìgradh, gearn 'us toileachas-intinn do gach Gàidheal a bhithas ann an ionadan iomallach na dùthcha a' deanamh dachaidh bhunaiteach dha fein agus mar so a' fosgladh suas na dùtcha. O'n tha'n seol meadhoin a nis an àird agus am bàta air beoilteach a' chuain, tha mi'n dòchas gu'm bi goath fhàbharach daonna an bonaidh nam breid-ean; agus gu'm bi'n long 'ur eirechdail so furasda 'stùthradh agus a gleidheadh ann an uilheam thogarrach. Tha sibh a' gealltuinn gu'n imich sibh le ceum a's huathie agus a's treise ann an àin gheòid. Ni bhur càirdean gear-eachas an tràth a thogas sibh ur ceann ni's airde agus a sgaoilteas sibe a mach tuille breidenn ris an t-soirbheas. Tha mi glé chinnteach gu'm feum sibh cuid-eachadh agus aoidheachd thòtann ann an iomadh dachaidh agus aig iomadh teine. Bu m' àin-dheach a thachradh da rìreadh, na'n dìdteadh eirdhe Gàidheil air bhith no'dheachd a thoirt d'sibh agus còmhnaidh a dheanadh le m' àin 's le taoidh leibh. Na bhithendh ioghadh oirbh mu ni mise dìchioll air litir a sgrìobhadh a mas agus a rithist do bhur n-ionnsuidh.

Is mise aig an àm,

A' Ghàidheil rùnach,

Bhur caraid dileas,

“CONA.”

—o—

LITIR A CEANN-A'-GHIUBHSAICHI.

A' Ghàidheil rùnach,

\* Ceadaichibh dhomh fàilte chridheil a chur oirbh às an earrann so do'n dùthaich. Tha mi 'cluinnim, agus mar an ceudna,

'leughadh, gu'm bheil sibh a' faighinn mòran litrichean taitneach o'ur càirdean às gach ceàrnaidh de'n ebruinne, Agus am bheil sin iongantach? Uh, ud, cha-n-eil. 'Sann bu chòir do gach Gàidheal aig am bheil spéis d'a dhùthaich, d'a chinneach, agus d'a chànan—'s mar eil spéis aige do gach aon diubh sid, cha GHÀIDHEAL e—clach-chuimhne 'thogail an àit éigin air feadh na Gàidhealtachd air son an latha 'rugadh a leithid de ghaisgeach ruibh. Na smann-aichibh idir gum bheil mi gu bhì a' brosgal no a' sotail ruibh. Chuala sibh bhò 'ur n'òige nach d' thig an còta glas cho math do na h-uile fear; agus sann mar sin a dh-éirich dhomh-sa's do'n bhrosгал—cha d' thig e gu math dhomh.

Tha mi faicinn am bhur paipear luach-mhor gu'm bheil sibh a' faighinn beagan litrichean air bheag brìghe—rachon, feadhainn leibeideach, dhroch-oile-nach mar a chuir “Niall Crùbach” thugaibh. Tha mi glé thoilichte leis na frea airtean gear, tapaidh, a tha sibh a' labhairt do uile-biastan de'n t-seòrsa ud. Na h-uile duine riabh diubh ma dh' ionnsaicheas e an aibideal, cha bhì ach sìneadh air beumadh, 's air faotaim cron do Ghàilig a's modh litreachaidh muinntir eile. Tha *Mr. Disraeli* ag radh gur bhìad na tiolpadairean, buidheam air an do dh-fh àrtlich gach seòrsa de sgrìobhadh,— agus air an aobhar sin 's éigin doibh sìneadh air smàdadh na muinntir a tha ealanta air. Tha mi a' creidsim gu maith gu'm bi'n seòrsa ud 'gar trioblaideachadh:—'s cha'n urra mise e'n ntuinn aig a' cheart àm so nach i sin a' cheart obair a bh' aig “Niall Crùbach.” Ma bheir sibh feart idir orra na caomhnaibh a' Ghràisg, innsibh iad-thein dhoibh, innsibh dhoibh nach a' thig às a phoit ach an toit a bhios innt. Ach creidibh-sa mise, 's thoiribh dhìonn na chas n' mar eil mi ceart, an uair a their mi gur h e àmaidh-eun, leth-chiallach, no bhèid-eòran air ebor-eòin de'n t-seòrsa sin a bhios ris a' ghniomh mhì-chluiteach air an robh mi a' labhairt. Bha mi ro-thoilichte leis an dara litir a chuir “Rùnadaich” thugaidh agus cho giallach 's a labhair e air a' cheart seòrsa mu'n robh mi thein a' labhairt. Tha mi faicinn nach do chuir an duine còir (mas e duine no boir-cannach a th' agam) litir no dad eile gus A' GHÀIDHEAL mu dheireadh, ach tha mi'n dòchas nach do ehadid e air son sin. Thug mi gus a' so air cainneadh na Gràisg a bhios a' faighinn cron do na Ghàilig; ach le 'r cead-sa their mi-fhein focal no dha ruibh a

nise mu dheibhinn oran a chuir sibh anns A' GHÀIDHEAL mu dheireadh; agus tha mi 'n dochas nach saoil sibh gur h-ann ri tiol-padaireachd a tha mi. 'S fhada bho mo chail e, fhìr mo chridhe. 'S ann a tha mi air son beagan a radh ruibh ann an spiorad bràthrail. 'S e an t-òran a tha mi a' ciallachadh, "Duanag a' Chiobair." Tha-n t-oran gun teagamh gle chridheil, deas-bhriathrach: ach ged a tha, dé 'thug air an ùghdar a leithid a chantuinn mu mhaigh-dionan a' bhaile so? Smuanaichibh féin, fhìr mo chridhe, air an rann so:

"Ged a chruinn'eadh an dùthaich.

Gu féill Chinn-a'-ghhùbhsaich,

Cha bhiodh te ana do'n duraginn poj." (?)

Nach fìor a thuir an sean-fhocal. "A' chailleach, an gabh thu 'righ?"—"Cha ghabh o'n nach gabh e mi." Tha maigh-dionan anns a' bhaile bheag so, cho tlàth, 's cho maiseach 's na tha fo'n Chrìst Bheant-uimeach. 'N uair a chi mi prìsan diubh a' dol seachad an rathal mòr teòghaidh mo chridhe riù—gach té dhiubh cho gràdhach, 's cho fìnalta, agus gum moladh Oisean iad mar a mhol e Mala-mhìo. Tha mise cinnteach, fhìr mo chridhe, na 'n tachradh dhiubh a thiginn a chaoidh an taobh so, gun cuir-eadh sibh leis gach focal a thuir mi mu ribh-innean seirceil "Chinn-a'-ghhùbhsaich. Ach 's a' cho-dhànadh innsidh misgeachd bheag dhiubh: Bha ma-da-th-ruald ann roimhe, agus air dha a bhì 'fa'bh an fhàsaich air latha tiorram teth, dh'fhàs e ro phrìteach 's cha roimh uisge no ni air bìth eile ann a chaisgeadh iota. Mu dheireadh de chunnaic e ach cròbh fhion-dhearean. Bha na fion-dhearean ro bhriagha, na h-uile aon diabh abuich, agus iad cho lionmhor 's gun roimh iad a lùbadh bbaraibh nam meangan. 'Ars' an sionnach, "'S ann domh a rug an cat an cuilean; dé na 'th'ann an sin de fhion-dhearean, gach aon diabh cho maiseach 's cho làn; 's iad a chaisgeas mo thart.'" agus an so thug e leum suas ris a' chraoibh an dùil gu'm biodh làn a chraoibh aige tighinn air ais Ach leibeidean, cha d' fhuair e 'm bainne;—cha ruigeadh e leth na slighe gus na fion-dhearean. Leim e, 's leim e, ach ged a bhithheadh e a' leum fhathast cha deanadh e tùm. Mu dheireadh dh'fhalbh e, agus, ars' esan, "Tha mi coma dhe na fion-dhearean,—tha iad goirt!"—Cha-n-eil mi ag ràdh nach do bhlaic còrr 's an sionnach bochd air fion-dhearean goirte.

An dòchas nach dean sibh orm-sa mar a rinn sibh air "Niall Crùbach,"

Is mi bhur seirbheiseach umhal

CALLUM.

Ceann-a'-Ghùbhsaich, Ceud }  
Mìos an Fhoghraidh, 1872.. }

## LITIR O RUNASDACH.

A' Ghàidheil Rùnaich,

Aig an àm so de'n bhliadhna cha'n'eil aon aig an bheil sgillinn ruadh ri 'chod agus uair de dh'ùine ri 'sheachnadh, nach fig othail agus ùpraid a' bhaile mhòir air son samhchair na dùthcha agus àile glan nam beann. Ma thug sibh sgrìob timcheall a' "Bhroomielaw" na cinnidhe an eich iarruinn chunnaic sibh le 'ur sùlean féin na bha de shluagh a' fagail a' bhaile. Gu sòn-ruichte air seachdain na Paireach shaoileadh neach gur ann a bha a' phlàigh an Glischu is a h uile fear riamh a' teicheadh le a bhean 's a chlann, gu ionad tearuinte. Nis 'us ciatach an cleachdadh so, oir tha do'oin' tha fad na bliadhna mhòr air an tachdadh le toit a' bhaile feumach air aon làn beil de àile ghlan, agus is mòr an t-ùrachadh dhoibh sealladh de na machraichean uaine agus de'n fhroch bhadanach ghorm. Na saoilibh, mata, gur ann a' faotainn coire do'n chùis a tha mi. Cha'n ann idir, oir is ann a tha mi 's an làn bharail gum bheil lùthann cluiche, mar theicair riù, tuilidh is tearc againn, 's e sin na 'm biodh iad air an gnathachadh air an dòigh so a chum slàn- te a' faluicheadh a thoir do'n chreubh trid turas a ghabha'l "a sios an t-uisge" no taobh eigin eile, far am biodh dragh as còrran, toit is gleadhraich a' bhaile mhòir air an fàgail na'n déigh. Ach am bheil sibh a' feòraich, ciod a th' agamsa ri dheanadh ris a' chleachdainn sin? Tha dìreach a chum an aobhar, a thug orm-sa nach enla sibh nam air a' mhios a dh'fhalbh, adheanadh soileir dhiubh. Tha fhios agaibh gu'm bheil an sean-fhocal ag ràdh gur "feirr a bhì às an t-saoghal na às an fhasan" a's air an aobhar sin thug mise am fireach orm maile ris a' chòrr. Thug mi sgrìob air feadh nan garbh chrioch agus ruaig a' measg eileann Inne-gall, agus feudaidh sibh a bhì cinnteach gur e sgrìobhadh a bu lugha bha air m'aire. Bu leòir leam a bhì ag òl a stigh an t-sonais a bha sruthadh thugam o bhì coimhead air beanntan mo ghaoil a's a' bhì beachdachadh air àilleachd do-choim

oas, tìr thuinnidh nan treun, no o' bhi g' fèid-  
eachd sgeula mu na làithean a dh' fhalbh  
a' dol mu na cleachdainnean ud a tha gu luath  
a' dol às an t-sealladh am measg sgàilean  
dorcha na h-aimsir a thréig. Is ma bheir  
sibhse agus 'ur luchd-leughaidh cead dhomh,  
bheir mi o' ùm gu ùm dhuibh cunntas air  
cuid de na nithean amaideach agus faoin a  
bha aon uair air an lán chreidsinn 'n ar tìr.  
Cha 'n 'eil mi idir a' saòilsin gum bheil e na  
ni cearr na nithean sin a chur air chuimhne  
mu 'm bàsaich iad gu buileach. Tha ioma  
aon diubh faoin gu leòir ach tha fòghlum  
us teagasg anna aig ùm. Is eadhon ged  
nach bitheadh idir, is airidh iad air cuimhne  
a chumail orra do bhrìgh gum bheil iad  
freagarrach a chum soluis a thilgeil air na  
h-amanan as air na cleachdainnean a tha  
nis air siubhal seachd a chaidh. Is ann  
o na sgeulachdan, o na buoth bharailean  
agus o na sean ubagan aig sluagh a tha sinn  
comasach air eòlas fhaotainn air ciod i fìor  
eachdraidh pobuill agus ciod iad na smointean  
ann agus na breithneachaidh a bu ghnàth  
leò a bhì cleachdadh. Faodaidh mata  
beachdachadh air na nithean ud a tha faoin  
gu leòir anna fèin a bhì na ni buanachd' or  
a chum ar n-eòlas a mbeudachadh mu  
dheibhin nan linninn ud a tha gu luath  
ga'm follach fèin a measg ceò nam bliadh-  
nachen agus sgàilean na h-aoise. Tha mi  
an dòchas mata nach meas luchd-leughaidh  
A' GHÀIDHEIL, gu'm bheil mi gòrach, amaid-  
eachd ged a bheir mi fo'n combair iomadh  
gisreag is ubag is barail fhaoin. Oir cha 'n  
'eil mise, a' Leughadair ionmhuinn, gu'n  
creidsinn ni's motha na thu fèin, ach air  
dhomh a bhì 's an lìn bharail gu'm bheil  
solus ri fhaotainn iomadh uair far an lugha  
am bheil sùil ris, agus gliocas aig ùm fo  
chleòca na h-am-aideachd, tha mi am beachd  
gur fhiach sean nithe nan Gàidheal aithre a  
thoirt dhoibh. Maille ri iomadh ni eile a  
tha air caochladh ann an tìr nam Beann tha  
beachdan an t-sluaigh mu na nithean amaid-  
eachd ud air atharrachadh mar an ceudna.  
Agus is maith gum bheil, oir tha e 'n a  
dhearbhadh gu'm bheil fòghlum 'us eòlas a  
dol am meud, agus luchd-àiteachaidh nan  
garbh chrìoch a' fas ni's tuigsiche. Ach is  
fheadar dhomh aideachadh 'nuair a thairneas  
mi coimeas eadar staid na Gàidhealtachd  
mar a tha i nis agus mar a bhà i 's na linn-  
tin a dh' fhalbh gum bheil mi iomadh uair  
ann an teagamh a thaobh na cùise, agus air  
uair cha 'n 'eil e cho soileir dhomh gu'm  
bheil cùisean air caochladh, anns gach ni a

chum na cuid is fèir. Tha a thaobh an nì  
so "dà thaobh air a' Mhaoil." Air aon  
taobh tha beannachdan 'us buanachdan ri  
am faicinn, air an taobh eile, tha tiamhachd  
agus bròn. A thaobh na 'm buanachdan,  
thàinig rathad na Gàidhealtachd, faodaidh  
mi na nithean a leanas a chomharachadh a  
mach. Tha sgoilean agus eaglaisean air an  
suidheachadh ann an iomadh gleann uaigne-  
ach agus air iomadh eilein cuain far an  
robh aig aon ùm meadhona teagasg agus  
gràis gle theare. Tha rathaide mòra air an  
deanadh air feadh nan garbh chrìoch, a chum  
is gum feud carbad nan ceithir each, dol  
troimh na gliun is fiallaiche cho socrach  
réidh is air cabhsair a bhaille mhòir. Tha mac  
talla nan creag a' co-fhreagairt do sgrìach  
an eich iarruinn agus do dh' fhuaim rothan  
nan carbad aige feadh ghleannan 'us bheann-  
tan na h-àirde tuath far an bu chruaidh  
ann an linn ar n-athraichean do neach an  
rathad a dheanadh ni chois. Tha bàta na  
smùide air eileanan iomadh Innse Gall  
agus air Lochan farsgach na h-àirde n' iar a  
thoirt ro dilùth do'n bhàile so againn. Tha  
trid so iomadh goireas aig luchd-àiteachaidh  
na Gàidhealtachd nach robh aig an athraiche-  
an. Tha eadhon an ianle chid iongantach  
sin, a tha air cearcal a chur air an t-saoghal  
air a leithid a dhòigh is gum d' thig naidh-  
eachd ann am prìobadh na sàl o America  
fèin, air cuid de na h-eileanan a thoirt cho  
dlùth oirnn is gum feud neach ann am  
Muile no Ile (ma tha cuid thasdan aige ri  
chost) còmlradh a chumail ri a charaid ann  
an Glaschu mar gum biodh iad nan suidhe  
mu choinneamh a chèile aig an aon bhòrd.  
Tha mar so gum teagamh iomadh eochladh  
àigh air tighinn air tìr nan Treun, o na  
làithean ud anns an robh na Finneachan do  
ghnàth ann an naimhde s' d' a chèile—o na  
lìntin anns an robh sùil gun leigeadh gach  
Ceann Feadhna òg air dha teachd a chum  
a thighearnas fhaicinn a thapadh agus a  
threubhantas trid a chreic a thogal o  
fhear an choinnearsnach, agus anns am bi  
a chulaidh spùirt a bu togaràiche a bhà aig  
'ur n athraichean a bhì mort 's a spùineadh  
nan Gall. Tha e nis mòran nis furasda agus  
nis sàbhailte do Bhàilidhean Ghlaschu  
cuairt a thoirt feadh nan garbh chrìoch na  
bha e anns an linn agus an robh *Bailie  
Nicol Jarvie* cho treun agus sgrìob a thoirt,  
fo cheannsal Rob Ruaidh Mhìe Griogair, a  
dh' fhaicinn maise nan Troisichean, àill-  
eachd Loch-Chatriona agus garbh shlios  
Bheinn Lomuinn. Ach ged a tha so uile



fior, agus ged a tha gach Gàidheal ro thàingeil air a shon, tha gidheadh atharraichean eile air teachd ann an long nan nithean sin a lionas mo chridhe le tiamhachd agus bròn gach uair a bheir mi ruag air feadh Gàidhealtachd mo Ghaoil. Tha trid nan goireasan ud agus o aobharan eile, luach fearainn air àrdachadh a chum is gum bheil na Tigh-earnan trid gaol nam màltan mòra air iomadh gleann tioral agus srath tarbhach a chur fàs a chum caoraich a chur an àite nan daoine. Is fada on a thubhairt an Slàn-aighear Beannuichte “Cia mòr is fearr duine na caora?” Ach cha n'èil uair a bheir mi cuairt feadh ionada fàsa tìr mo dhuthechais, nach d'thig an smuain ann am àire gur éigin, nach eil an earcinn sin ann am Bìobul Tighearna Fearainn na Gàidhealtachd idir, no gum bheil iad fèin is an luchd gnothaich air solus ùr fhaotainn oirre, oir tha an deanadas a' cur an cèill gur i a bharail acasan gur mòr is fearr caora na duine. Is tha iad air an aobhar sin air an t slugh fhògradh is air iomadh srath bòidheach agus gleann àillidh fhàgail nam fàsaichean tiamhuidh. Far an robh iomadh dachaidh chomhfhurtachail, anns an robh slugh moralta, diadhaidh :g gabhail còmhuidh, cha n'èil a nis ach na liath làthraichean fuara, agus na tolmair fheurach ghorm gu fionuis a thoirt air na bha. Air an Leith-thìr thorrach far an cluinnte ann an cùinn shàmhchair an anmòich shambruidh guth nan salm ag éiridh o iomadh altair teaghlach, le co sheirm thiamhuidh bhinn cha bhual fuaim air a' chluais an diugh, ach mèilich nan caorach bèna agus tabhann madadh breac a' chibòir ghallda. Da rir-eabh “Is e lionmhorachd nan caorach, chuir clann nan daoine air alaban.” Oir tha e fior mu iomadh cèirn do thìr gharbh na h-Alba, mar thubhairt am Bàrd Heach mu Eilein glas an fheòir, far an d'fhuair e àrach.

“Tha tighean seabh na dh' fhàg sinn  
Feadh an fhuinn 'n an càrnan,  
Dh' fhalbh 's cha till na Gàidheil  
Stad an t-àiteach, cur 'us buain,  
Tha stéidh nan làrach tiamhuidh  
A' toirt fianuis air 's ag ràdh:  
Mar a fhuair 's a chunnaic mise  
Leig am fios so thun a' Bhàird.

Cha chluinnear luinneag Oighean,  
Séist nan òran air a' ebléith,  
'S cha n' fhaicear seòid mar 'b' àbhaist  
A' cur bàir air faiche réidh.

Thug ainneart fògraidh uainn iad,  
'S leis na coimhlich buaidh mar 's àill,  
Leis na fhuair 's na chunnaic mise,  
Biodh am fios so aig a' Bhàird.

Cha n' fhaigh an déirceach fagadh,  
Na 'm fear astair fois o 'sgios,  
No 'a Soisgeulach luchd éisdeachd,—  
Tha nathair bhreac na lùban  
Air na h-ùrlair far an d' fhàs  
Na fir mhòr a chunnaic mise,  
Thoir am fios so thun a' Bhàird.”

'N uair a bheachdaicheas mi air na h-ath-arrachaidh so uile, ged tha mi ullamh gu leòir gu aideachadh gum bheil iomadh caochladh maith air tighinn air a' Ghàidhealtachd, gidheadh thug tiamhachd air m'anam agus tiomadh air mo chridhe tra 'chumhnicheas mi air na fìthean ud anns an robh “aiteas is àgh feadh nan gleann,” mar bha an oidhech fhada gheamhraidh air a cur seachad ann an càirdeas agus ann an cridhealas, le toimhseachain, ùrsgulan agus cleasan gun lochd, le iomradh air clùin na Fèinne agus le aithris dàin Oisein is a chluich ciùil. Is ged a tha solus is àirde a nis air sgaoladh ann am measg na fuigheal a dh' fhàgadh do shìol nan treun, na na sgeulachdan faoin ud, cha n'èil fhios again neo air thèing gach neonachas d'an d' thug iad géill nach robh toiseach aca oirne a dhaindeoin ar bòsd as ar mòt mu ar n-eòlas, ann an iomadh subhaile agus buaidh mhaiseach. Oir bha coimhneas a' càirdeas, mòralachd a' deagh bheus ri fhaotainn nam measg a dh' fhaodadh nàire a chuir oirne an diugh. Bha iad aoidheil agus tabhartach ri bochdan, rachadh furan fòlta a chur air a' choigreach, is a bheathu dheanadh ged nach biodh bonn 'na sporan, u's rachadh gabhail aige gu maith is gu roth mhaith, gun pheighinn, gun chàin. Na 'n tugadh e lùmh air pàidheadh air son a shuipèir 's a leabaidh, cha ghabta uisith e, is gheibheadh e mar fhreagairt, “Ud, ud, is gann an t-arrachd aca an euntar na faochagan. Cha n'èil sin cho gallda is sin fhathas.” Ged t' chluich eòr fheum mata anns na seòr nithean sin tha mi 's a bheachd gum bheil iad a' thubhairt air àite fhaotainn air taobh duilleagan A' GHÀIDHEIL, do bhrìgh is gum bheil iad mar thanasg sgaileach nan lùithean a dh' fhalbh, a dh-ùisgeas iomadh aigne thà, agus cuimhneachan thiamhuidh ann an duilleach muinntir a tha an diugh math dh' fhaodta fada fada o sgrìde nam fuar bheann. Oir

tha sgenla na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh, cha 'n e mhàin mar ghatl soluis do 'n anam, ach mar fhuaim thiamhuidh nan coachain uisge ann an gleann uaigneach fasail " 'n uair a thuiteas sgàile na h-oidheche, mar gum b' ann a' caoidh na bha," no mar ghaoir iosal mhuladach nan tonn air feasgar ciùin anns a' chéitinn, a ghlùile nas air falbh an t-anam gu beachd smuain, agus breithnachadh air seasmhachd nàduir agus a h-obair, agus air neo-nitheachd fhàlasach gineil chlànn daoine. Ma bheir sibh cead dhomh mata bheir mi ann an litir eile iomradh air cuid do na nithean sin. Aig an àm is mi 'ur Caraid.

RÙNASDACH.

Glaschu, air Cluaidh,  
Ceud Mìos an Fhogharaidh 1872.. }

— o —

### NAIGHEACHDAN.

Tha crìoch a nis air a' *Pharlamaid*; agus an uair a leughar uirghioll na Ban-rìgh, tha e soirbh ri fhaicinn gu 'n deach barrachd obair a dheanamh am bliadhna, air son gnothaichibh na dùthcha—araon aig an taigh a's thairis—a thoirt air an aghairt na chaidh a dheanamh o cheann iomadh bliadhna. Mu dheighinn na ceiste chud-thromaich a bha eadar sinn fhéin agus na Staidibh Aonaichte, tha e taitneach ri inn-seadh gu'm bheil e coltach ris gum teid crìoch shìochail oirre; agus nach bi i fada na ceap-tuislidh air son a bhli 'g àrach nà-rùn eadar an dà rioghachd. Cha ruig sinne leis gach ni a th' air an ainmeachadh anns an uirghioll Rìoghail a chur sìos air duilleagaibh A' GHÀIDHEIL; foghnaidh e dhùinn a chant-uinn, gu'm bheil a chuid as lionmhoire dhe 'n t-sluagh taingeil air son, agus, toilichte leis, na chaidh de ghnòthaichean na rioghachd a dheanamh air a' bhliadhna so.

Tha na Sasunnaich a nise 'sgaoladh feadh na dùthcha, mar as cleachdadh leo aig an àm so. Tha mòran diubb nach saoil dad sam bith do na ceart-sheallaidhean a thogadh suas cridheachan nan Gàidheal 'sa' bhaile. Mar gach neach eile tha a' Bhan-rìgh fhein a' tighinn gu math gu tuath air an Fhoghar so. Tha iomradh air gum bheil i gu pàirt de 'n ùine a chur seachad cuide ris an Diùc Chatach a' n Dun-Roibin. Tha muinntir Inbhir-nis ro dheighheil air gu'm fan i ùine gheàrr na 'm baile bòidheach fhéin; agus chaidh dìthibh dhaoine urramach, (*Probluist* Mac-Choinnich agus a roimh shealbhadair, Maidsear *Lyon* Mac-Choinnich) 'ga cuireadh gu tàmh aig Inbhir-nis 's an dol seachad. Tha fear de phàipearan naigheachd Inbhir-nis ag ràdh gu'm biodh e ro iomchuidh clach-chuimhne 'chuir suas anns a' bhaile air son a tàmh. Tha iad a' meas gun cosg a' chlach so (na bhios a leithid ann) còrr air mìle pundo Sasunnach—ach cìod e dh' aith-nicheas muinntir Clach-na-cùdainn sin natha?

Tha Ban-impire nam Frangaich agus a mac cuairt feadh na Gàidhealtachd air a mhìos a chaidh seachad. Bha i ann am Bòid-anach, ann an Lochabar, 's anns an Eilein Sgiathanaich. Bha an dùthàich a' taitinn ro mhath rithe. Tha feadhainn a thàinig 'na car air an t-slighe ag inn-seadh gu'n robh bruidhinn mhòr aice air son lite, 's gach seòrsa bithe eile a's cleachdadh a a bhli aig na Gàidheil. Tha i ag ràdh nach còir do na Gàidheil a' Ghàilig a leigeil bàs; agus gun teagamh sam bith tha i ag inn-seadh na firinn. 'N uair a bha i anns an Eilean Sgiathanaich bha iomradh mòr aice air a' Phrionnsa 's air Fionnghal nighean Raonnill Mhic-Aonghais òig. Mu'n do dh-fhàg i an t-eilean sgrìobh i ann an *leabhar an luchd tuthaich* 's an taigh-òsda, anns a' chaimt Fhrangaich:—"B' fheàrr leam gu'n romh an t-eilean so, ris an bheil iomad co-cheangal an eachdraidh agus anns an bheil lantair cho òirdheare, air a thaghal le luchd-turais, agus air a mhacas cothà mar bu chòir da a bhith.

Tha an bàr fior mhath anns gach cearn-aith de'n Gàidhealtachd; ach tha sinn a' faighinn cumntas gu'm bheil an gaiscadh anns a' bliantata ann an àitean.

Tha iasgach an sgadain gu math air deir-cadh ann bliadhna. Ged a chaidh mòran a ghlaicadh ann an àitean, cha 'n'eil e idir cho math 's a bha e mu'n tìde so an uiridh.

Tha an aimsir glé fhliuch am bitheantas. Air a' mhìos a chaidh seachad bha crith-

halmhuinn ann an àitean de 'n Ghaidhealachd, ach cha deach call sam bith a dhean-  
amh.

NITHE NUADH AGUS SEAN.

THOIR gràdh do na h uile; dean carbsa a' beagan; na dean olc do neach; bi a'd' fhear dùlain an neart ni 's mò na 'n cleachdach; agus gléidh do charaid fo inchair do bheatha féin; fuilg bacadh air son a bhí samhach agus na togar eis dhìot a chaoidh air son a bhí labhrach.

FACAIL 's am bith anns am bheil thu ag innseadh do sgeòil mur 'eil iad a' toirt do mhuintir eile na brìgh a tha thu féin a' toirt asda, cha'n 'eil thu a' d' fhear labhairt na firinn o' d' chridhe.

THA neart agus urram duine a' comh-sheasamh 'n a reuson; tha gach ni a dhòrchaicheas no a mhilleas an comas inntinn luachmhòr so, a' lagachadh, a' lughdachadh, 'sa' deanamh neach suarach.

SEARGAIDH maise ann an ùine ghearr, ach mairidh subhaile agus tàlann maille ruinn, agus mar a's aosda a tha sinn a' fàs 's ann a's fèarr a tha iad a' dol.

THA Bòidhichead ni's mìosa na deoch làidir; tha i a' cur an neach anns am bheil i agus an neach a tha 'g anhare oirre air mhìsg.

TOIMHSEACHAIN.

1. Tha mi ni 's àirde na beanntaibh an domhain,  
Agus gun bhreug tha mo leud gun tomhas,  
Cumaidh 'n sealgear mi suas, 'an cluais a ghunna,  
Ged tha mi ni's truime na mìle tunna.
2. 'S àird' e na na beanntan,  
'S doimhne e na 'm muir,  
'S géire e na 'n draighionn dubh,  
'S mìlse e na 'mhill.
3. Cha-n eil e muigh, 's cha-n eil e staigh,  
'S cha tig an taigh às eugmhais.
4. Trì bà breaca 'n cois nan leaca.  
Nach do bhleodhnadh deur d' am bainne riamh.
5. Tha bean thorrach 's a' bhaile ud thall,  
'S ge torrach i, cha bheil i clann;  
Olaidh i 'm fion bhàrr a boise,  
'S caol a coise troimh a ceann.
6. Teadhar fhada bhàn  
'S i 'n a tàmh daonnan.

FREAGAIRTEAN DO NA TOIMHSEACHAIN ANNS AN T-SEATHAMH ÀIREAMH DE 'N GHÀIDHEAL.

1. Botul uisge bheatha.
2. Uaireadair.
3. An corran buana.
4. An t-uisge 's roth a' mhuilinn.
5. An luath a falach nan éighlean.
6. Cearc.

SOP AS GACH SEID.

'S ann an uair a's gainne 'm biadh is còir a roinn.

'S mìne min na gràn; 's mìne mnai na fir.

'S e lìonmhoireachd na lèimbe a ni obair aotrom.

Ma their mi fhéin "thu" ri mo chu, their a' h-uile fear e.

Ma their thu na 's léir dhuit, their thu na 's nàir leat.

'S call caillich a poca, 's gun tuilleadh a bhí aice.

Is samhach an obair a' dol a dhòlaidh.

'S fèarr pillcadh 'am meadhan an àtha no bathadh uile.

Nàire nam maighdeannan an luirgnibh nan cailleachan.

Tha thu cho breugach 's a tha an luch cho bradach.

Tuitidh tòn cadar da chathair; 's tigheadas eadar dà mhuintir.

Na toir droch mbeas air mac luideagach, no air lath pheallagach.

'N uair a chailleas duine a stòras cha 'n fhèid a sheòladh no a chomhairleachadh.

'S ann aig an duine féin a's tèar fios e' àit am bheil a bhrog 'g a ghoirteachadh.

FREAGAIRTEAN.

SÌAN ionradh air "Callum a' Ghlinne." Fhuair sinn an litir mhòdbail, shuairec 'chuir e thugainn. Chi e gu'm bheil sinn a deanamh feuma de phàirt de na bha innte. Gabhadh sinn an còrr naithe fhathast; ach 's eugainn duinn innseadh da gur mòr a's fèarr leinn na seann thoimhsachain, na an fheadhainn ùra, se sin mar a bi an fheadhainn ùra fìor mhath. Chi "Callum" gu'm bheil sinn a sgrìobhadh beatha "Challuin a' Ghlinne." Ach 's iomadh bonaid gorm a th' air an fhéil, a's air an aobhar sin tuigidh "Callum" nach e bheatha sa 'tha againne 'n ar beachd. Coma co-dhù, "Challuin" lean thusa air àbhachd do shìanseir, agus, cuimhnich ged a thachras ionaidh bodachan gu'n riut aig am bheil fuath do gach nì dhe'n t-seòrsa, nach "toir iad fo'n àir na's mùgh" na bheir Callum."

Chi "Gille nan rann" gum bheil sinn a toirt "SÌAN le Fionn-airidh anns a' Bhenrla.

Bitidh ar luchd-leughaidh toilichte FAILTE Thaighinn anns A' GHÀIDHEAL air a' mhìos so, bho an "SGIATHANACH" air an romh mòran duibh eòlach anns an t-seann "CHUAIRTEAR."

Tha R. B. ag iarraidh oirnn a leth-sgeul a ghabhail ri ar luchd-leughaidh air son nearachd beag a rinn e anns an àireamh mu dheireadh a thaobh bàs an Ollamh Lèdaich. Chaochail an t-Ollamh Mac Leòid air 16mh is cha-n ann air an 19mh mar tha air a chur sìos.

ORAN MOLAIDH DO CHOMUNN NAN GAIDHEAL ANN AN  
BAILE THORONTO.

LE EOGHAN MAC-CHOLLA.

Ciad fàilte air Comunn nan àrmunn deas, foinnidh,  
Nì dàthchas an ath'raichean 'chumail a suas,  
Seann dàthchas nan Gàidheal, an cliù a's an cànan—  
A' chainnt sin a thàinig bho Adhamh a nuas—  
Mar sud a's an t-éideadh, air sràid no air sléibhte,  
Ta uallach, deas, eutrom—grinn, greadhnach an snuadh;  
Sàr-chomunn mo chridhe! cha 'n ioghnadh ged bhithinu  
'An so, mar is dlìgheach, a' guidhe leo buaidh.

Mo ghaol na fir ùra nach cuireadh an cùl-thaobh  
Rì Ceòlraidh an dàthcha—fìor dhùthaich nam Bàrd:  
Bho mhac rìgh na Fèinne gu Donnacha Bàn geur-bhinn,  
Co 'n tìr sin fo 'n ghréin air a h-aosdàin bheir bàrr?  
Co 'n neach leis nach sòlas bhì 'n cuideachd luchd òrain?  
Deagh iomradh 'n an còmhraidh mo stor agus m' àgh;  
Bì 'bh sibhlse nis dìleas do chleachduinn co rìoghail,  
'S a chaoidh cha téid dìth air cainnt ghrinn nam beann-àrd.

Cha 'n eòl domh toil-inntinn is mo na bhì cluinntinn  
Pìob mhòr nan dos cnaimh-gheal is fonnmoire fuaim;  
'N nair théid i gu còmhraidh air faiche no 'n seòmar  
B' e 'n ceòl thar gach ceòl leam a tòrman 'nam chluais;  
N àm lannan a rùsgadh, 's na h-àrmuin do 'n rùn i  
Air naimhdean a' brùchdadh le gnùisean gun ghruaim,  
Suas "Gillean an Fhèile" air pìoban deagh-ghleusach,  
'S cha duilich rì leughadh co 'n taobh a gheibh buaidh!

'S iad cleachduinn nach miosa gu neartachadh chrìosa  
'Bhì tilgeadh nan Cabar 's a' cur na Cloich-neirt:  
'S e sid a rinn làidir ar n-athraichean tà'chdach—  
Mo thruaigh iad 'thig ceàrr orr' a' stàilinn nan glac!  
Am fear leis an snarach 'bhì 'g altrum no luaidh air  
Gach lùth-chleas grinn uasal ta 'n uair so 'n ur beachd,  
Cha deanainn a chàineadh, ged 's cinnteach a ta mi  
Gur sìochaire grand' e de dh-àl air bheag thlachd.

Ged 's mithich nis dhòmh-sa 'bhì 'criochnachadh m' òrain,  
Tha tuille gu leòir a bu mhiann leam a ràdh  
Mu dhéighinn na tìr sin tha daonan air n' inntinn—  
Seann Albainn do-chìosnaicht', do 'n fhìrinn thug gràdh.  
Ciad soraidh thar chuan bhuam 'g a h-ionnsuidh, mo chruadal!  
Bhì 'n so mar eun fuadain fad' naip'—ach ged 'tha,  
Mu 'n téid as mo smuaintean tìr àluinn nan cruach-bheann  
Bithidh 'n cridhe so fuar anns an luathre a' cnàmh!

# THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

SEPTEMBER, 1872.

## THE HISTORY OF THE HIGHLANDS.

There are few things more important to the Gael at this moment than the history of his country. It does not seem as if the language of the Gael were destined to be stamped out ere long. If the history of the Highlands of the Highland people is not written out after that stamping out has taken place, I have no hesitation in saying that it never will be written. No one pretending to any acquaintance with the subject, acknowledges that there is no real history of the Highlands in print. There are books on the subject, but not so valuable in their way, and deserving to be carefully studied, if it were only to see how very little they contain of real Highland history, and to realise the duty devolving upon the present generation of Highlanders. What has been printed on this subject may almost be placed under this one head,—just as it was necessary to the history of England and of the Saxon court in Scotland.

Where are we to look for the materials with which to build up the very important edifice of Highland history? I'm afraid we are not so fortunate in this respect as the Irish have been. Ireland has been very much in the same predicament with the Highlands in so far as that her history, as written, has been just the western skirt, or fringe, or tatters of the History of England, and warped, twisted and torn to suit the purposes of the garment to which it was the dragged fringe. When the *snachaidh* of Erin bethought them

of their duty in this respect, what did they do? They set about ascertaining and arranging the native materials, chiefly in manuscript. Their country had its own historians, its story-tellers and its bards: it had its schools and its places of retreat for the learned classes. But, just as with us, these sources of information were ignored by the writers whose compositions were accepted in England and Scotland as Irish history. Even so patriotic—or pseudo-patriotic—a man as Tom Moore wrote a "History of Ireland," for the English booksellers, and that work is accepted as genuine history. Subsequently when the late professor O'Curry was engaged on the old MSS. of his country in the rooms of the Royal Irish Academy, the late distinguished archæologist, Dr. Petrie, and Tom Moore, paid him a visit. The poet asked the professor what those yellow tomes were upon which he was so intent, and noticing the confusing characters inserted upon their pages, he inquired if the professor could decipher them. O'Curry gave a brief account of the MS. before him, and of others of the same class, telling the poet that he was transcribing and translating it. "And I," exclaimed the poet, "took upon me to write the history of my country, and yet I did not know of the existence of the materials from which it should have been written!"

For a number of years, O'Curry and O'Donnovan were engaged upon these MSS., making facsimiles, copies, and translations. Three volumes of results have appeared, viz., "The manuscript materials of Irish History," and two

volumes of the Irish "Brehon Laws." The former volume consists of a course of lectures by O'Curry, giving a sort of popular introduction to the various classes of Irish MSS., tracing their history, their subjects, and their present places of keeping. By the unanimous testimony of all competent witnesses, this is one of the most valuable contributions of modern times, not only to Irish history and archaeology, but to all history. It is a work of which the whole Gaelic race has reason to be proud; and more than that, it goes to encourage us to set about doing for our own branch of the Gaelic people what O'Curry did for his.

I may mention here, that a very important contribution was made to the materials of Irish history by the Ordnance survey of Ireland, although that contribution is not included in the volumes to which I refer. Whilst the survey was going on, such men as O'Curry and O'Donnovan were picked up in their respective localities, the one from Clare and the other from the southern part of Kilkenny, and attached to the staff of surveyors, for the purpose of eliciting and utilizing the topography of the country. Vast stores of materials were thus collected besides what were utilized in perfecting the survey records; and among the private MSS. of O'Curry will be found treasures little inferior to what he has published in his lectures. It is to be hoped that these MSS. will not be allowed to be forgotten and lost.

But I may be asked, "What analogy is there between our case and that of the Irish in respect to MSS.? We have no manuscripts in our own tongue?" Perhaps not; but perhaps we have. There is not very long since the same thing would have been said of Ireland. She had no MSS. until they were looked for; and when looked for, it was not always in her own libraries they were found. Some of them were

found in Rome, some in Loraine, some at Oxford, and others at Stowe and elsewhere. For any thing we know at this moment, there are scores of volumes of the same kind, pertaining to our country in the Tower of London and in Dumbarton Castle. What were the records which Edward carried away with him from Scotland, and what became of them? There is every reason to believe that they included Gaelic records and other native productions. No systematic and persistent search has been made for them, or to discover what was done with them. This is an inquiry which I would call upon the Gaelic Society of Inverness to undertake. And to enable it to set about the work in a business-like way, a fund should be formed, and contributions obtained even outside the membership.

But there are traditions still extant in the country which require to be collected, compared, and arranged; and there are the legends and the romances both in prose and verse, which must perish with the Gaelic tongue if it is destined so to go. This is another and very important duty devolving upon what we hope will shortly be recognised as the premier Gaelic Society, having as it has the privilege of being seated in the centre of the Gaelic country. The country must be mapped out for the purpose of this gathering, and the most competent men in each district called upon to render service in this cause. It is a very curious thing that many of the legends, in particular, which O'Curry mentions as existing in Irish MS., should be found in various stages of disintegration, and, in some cases, apparently in a more perfect state, in the more secluded glens of our mainland and in the most distant and inaccessible of our Western Isles? This suggests the desirableness of more inter-communication and co-operation between the Gaelic people in Scotland

and in Ireland. For political purposes, they have been systematically antagonized and estranged; and it is no uncommon thing to find the Irish taking up the missiles prepared by the English, and slinging them at the Highlanders, just as Highlanders lend themselves for purposes of English prejudice to assail the Irish. No history of the Highlands, worthy of its subject, can possibly be put together, under the influence of the antagonism to which I refer. In the same way I must apprise our friends in Ireland of the loss they also sustain by yielding to that vandal feeling in England which sets Irish hands to scratch the eyes out of Highland heads. It is only with the assistance to be had from the old Gaelic story-tellers in Barra and Kintail, that some of the Irish choicest legends can be restored to anything like their original proportions and finish. This we know; and many more things pointing to this interdependence, are equally certain, though not yet quite so well known.

There is another analogy, however, between the case of Ireland and our own which I must mention here, viz., the bearing of the Ordnance Survey. This survey is at present going on in the Highlands. Can any one tell what is being done to fix the topography, to elicit the traditions which may be said to hang upon the topography, and to preserve the scraps of lore which cannot fail to turn up in the course of searching for the meaning and the origin of the names of places? Here is an admirable opportunity afforded for collecting vast quantities of the choicest materials for Highland history. But to be turned to account, we must set competent men to the work. Have we done so? Or have we given the subject a moment's consideration?

I have been told that there are several Gaelic-speaking men employed on the Ordnance Survey, and that some of them are devoted in a measure to

the work of elucidating Gaelic names. I am further informed that at the head office there is a competent Gaelic scholar through whose hands everything of this kind is made to pass ere it is accepted as settled; and that in a book accompanying each section of the survey maps, there is a sort of digest given of the topography. This is very interesting, gratifying, and valuable, so far as it goes; but there will be a great quantity of matter, as I have said, turned up in the course of the Ordnance inquiries which, although irrelevant to the purpose of the inquirers, should be carefully preserved, and in our present chaotic state, we do not know what on earth has been done so as to insure its preservation. I would here suggest that the Secretary to the Inverness Gaelic Society should be instructed to write to Mr. Carpenter, of the Ordnance Survey at Southampton, to ascertain what is being done, and what further is necessary to be done towards turning the work now in hand to the best account for the purposes of Gaelic History, philology and archaeology. At the same time, the Society should establish relations, as quickly as possible, with the officers of the Survey over the country, not only for the sake of the objects for which the Society exists, but in the hope of being of some service in rendering the Survey itself all the more perfect.

Without moral or philosophy, I leave these hurried suggestions to be pondered by the readers of THE GAEL.

F.

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#### A FRAGMENT OF OSSIANIC POETRY.

Through the kind attention of a correspondent in Lochalsh we are glad to be able to present to the attention of our readers a genuine fragment of Ossianic poetry that has never before

appeared in print, the very existence of which, indeed, is known to very few. It is exceedingly interesting as a relic of ancient poetry, for ancient it unquestionably is, presenting in every line abundant internal evidence of being the composition of a very remote period. It has all the characteristics of the poems attributed to Ossian, the son of Fingal, nor will Celtic scholars fail to perceive its bearing upon the still unsettled controversy as to the authenticity and genuineness of the poems of the Bard of Morven. One gladly welcomes even the feeblest ray of light or elucidation of what many still persist in considering a dark and mysterious *questio vexata*. Of the history of this fragment our correspondent, a poet himself of no mean order, writes as follows:—"I have much pleasure in sending you annexed a piece of very old poetry—Ossianic I think. It was taken down from the recitation of an old tailor who died in Kintail a few years ago. I do not know where another copy of it could be found, except one I sent some years ago to the Rev. Thomas Maclauchlan, now Dr. Maclauchlan of Edinburgh. I shall be curious to hear what you think of it."

#### BARDACHD DHEIREANNACH OISEIN.

(A FRAGMENT.)

Seisear sinne saor o shliochd,  
Seisear nach do smaoinich lochd,  
Chaidh fear dheth 'n t-seisir fo lic,—  
'S mòr fàth mo chlisgidh 'nochd.

Coigear sinne a' dol air ghleus,  
Sud e h-ugad Rìgh na Gréig,  
O'n 's dearbhata dhuinn a dol air chuairt,  
Bhuineadh uainne fear dheth 'n treud.

Ceathrar sinn a' sealg ré seal,  
A bhuidheann arma 'nach gabh gior;  
Air cho cruaidh 's dan cuirte leinn cath,  
Bhuineadh uainne fear dheth na fir.

Triuir sinn 'an gnìomhan cor,  
'G aithris thairis air chleas arm,  
Shiubhail a' ghrian o ear gu iar,  
'S bhuineadh uainne 'n triath gun chealg.

Suidhidh sinn 'nar dithis a muigh;  
Sgaoilidh sinn fo 'nar gear:  
Thainig an t Aog mar bu dlighe,  
'S bhuin e uains' an dara fear.

Mise 'nam aonar 'nan dèigh,  
Cha bheatha dhomh ach am bàs,  
Cha tainig air thalamh 'nuas  
Aon neach leis nach cruaidh an cè

'S mi 'n aon chnò dh-fhas 's a 'mho,  
Gun chnò eile 'n am fhasgath;  
'S gearr mo bhogadh gu tuiteam,  
'S a' ghaoth dol fodham gu farsuir

'S mi 'n aon chraobh a dh-fhas 's a'  
Mar stoc a bhuaileas an tonn;  
Cha bheatha dhomh ach am bàs,  
'S maing 'ga fàgar a' làmh lom.

Caoilte, Goll, agus Gorraidh,  
Agus Oscar uallach, slios-ghéal,  
Mise 's Ruidhne o'n a' mheann-bheir  
Gum b'è sud ainm an t-seisir.

So interested are we in the above we subjoin for the benefit of our English readers a translation which was somewhat hurriedly this afternoon is tolerably literal, and the same manner and tone of the original found reproduced with conscientious fidelity. The difficulty of doing to such compositions in any translation whover laboured, is very great, who have ever tried it will admit:—

#### OSSIAN'S "SONG OF SORROW HIS OLD AGE.

(A FRAGMENT.)

Six childless men were we, who ne'er took  
harm—

A brave and blameless life we lived  
But one of us soon slept beneath the  
Remembering him this night I'm  
wae.

Five were we now, five warriors of renown  
Woe to the foe that dared to beard  
Death came again, as he had come before  
Another hero vanished from our  
brow.

We then were four, hunting the forest  
Fair were the arms our good right  
did wield;



en valour saves not from all scaith—  
her warrior fell in battle-field.

en were *three*, far-famed for valorous  
eds;

as o'er their harps sang of our feats the  
mle,

ea pursued his course from east to west,  
ost another—chief withouten guile!

o then sat upon the green hill-side  
n all we love we're fated still to part);

the Death, unlooked for, came again,  
took the sole companion of my heart.

ed *alone*, the last of that brave band;  
remembering other years, I sit and mourn;

ted we must die, but still 'tis sad,  
o the journey whence shall none return.

nut cluster on the hazel bough,  
blast nut I—the rest are fall'n and gone,

to fall, I tremble in the breeze,  
wandering through the woods makes  
rie moan.

st tree of the clump upon the hill,  
ess and withered, I stand all alone,

at I loved are gone, and soon must I  
like the leaves that on the earth are  
rown.

bold, and *Gorrie* brave, and *Gaul*,  
*Oscar* fleet of foot and fair of skin,

and *Runo*, from the hill of fawns—  
se were the *Six* in love and war akin.

eg to call attention to the exceed-  
auty of the sixth, seventh, and

four quatrains of the above in the  
Gaelic. Every Gaelic scholar

agree with us that it is altogether  
ossible adequately to reproduce them

y other language; and yet how  
x and obvious is their meaning;

expressive they are; how exqui-  
l natural and simple and tender in

native form! It will probably  
a to the reader conversant with the

ty of Ossian, to ask—If Ossian, the  
in of "Fingal," "Calodin," &c., is

uthor, how happens it that he  
bes himself, as well as his five

anions, as "Childless," "Saor  
liochd," *sine prole*? He was the

t: of Oscar, and Oscar is mentioned

with praise and pride as one of the  
heroic band commemorated in the

fragment. How then could Ossian  
speak of himself as "childless," with a

son, and such a son as Oscar too, by his  
side? The only plausible explanation

seems to be that the Oscar here men-  
tioned is not the son of Ossian, but

another warrior of the Fingalians of the  
same name—an earlier Oscar than the

poet's son, for Ossian describes this  
Oscar and himself as close companions

on the war-path and in the chase, when  
both were in their strength and prime.

Or is it possible that the author of these  
verses was not Ossian, but a later

bard of the Fingalian period who hav-  
ing outlived the companions of his

youth, and fallen on evil days, finds  
mournful consolation in sunning him-  
self in the "light of long departed

years," and commemorating the deeds  
of more heroic times. Even admitting

that the poem is not the composition  
of Ossian himself, but of a somewhat

later and inferior bard, it rather gains  
than loses in interest on that account.

It is unquestionably a fragment of Fin-  
galian poetry, entitled at least to rank

with *Sean Dána* or "Ancient Lays," and  
manifesting in every line the stamp and

impress of a very remote period, just as  
a *cell* of stone or bronze connects us

with pre-historic times. Another solu-  
tion of the difficulty we have been

considering, has been suggested to  
us, since writing the above by an old

Glencoe man, a great *Seanachaidh*  
and repository of ancient folk-lore,

whom we happened to meet during an  
evening ride this afternoon. He sug-  
gests that the word "*Shliochd*" should

be taken here not in its primary, but  
in its secondary sense—"Saor o

Shliochd"—not meaning, as he opines,  
childless, but tribeless, without followers;

the bard and his five companions hav-  
ing voluntarily banded themselves to-  
gether for a time, that they might

acquire the greater glory by their un-

assisted exploits in war and in the chase. This he says, was a common practice among the ancient Gaels, and he instanced an old and well known *Sgeulachd* in which a number of young men are represented as banding themselves together, a sort of "Free Lances," who set out in quest of adventures and greatly distinguish themselves for the space of "a year and a day." The abrupt apostrophe in the second line of the second quatrain is curious. Even granting that the Fingalians may have heard of Greece and Rome, the mention of the "King of Greece" in such a composition seems odd and out of place. We rather incline to believe it to be a corruption of the text that crept into the piece while floating on the stream of oral recitation. A conjectural mention would be—

Sud iad h ugae Rìgh na Fein'.

meaning, These then were the warriors to uphold thy cause and bring honour to thy race, thou King of the Fingalians! We have given the poem, however, just as it came into our hands, "with all its imperfections on its head." The difficulties we have been considering, if they are to be regarded as blemishes, seem to us also to point very conclusively to the authenticity and genuineness of the fragment as a whole.—*Nether-Lochaber Correspondent of Inverness Courier.*

—o—  
FAREWELL TO FINARY.

*Eirich agus tìgainn, O,  
Eirich agus tìgainn, O,  
Eirich agus tìgainn, O,  
Farewell, farewell, to Finary.*

The wind is fair, the day is fine,  
Swiftly, swiftly, runs the time;  
The Boat is floating on the tide,  
That wafts me off from Finary.  
*Eirich agus, &c.*

A thousand, thousand tender ties—  
Accept this day my plaintive sighs;  
My heart within me almost dies  
At thought of leaving Finary.  
*Eirich agus, &c.*

With pensive steps I've often strolled  
Where Fingal's Castle stood of old,  
And listened while the shepherds told  
The legend tales of Finary.  
*Eirich agus, &c.*

I've often paused at close of day,  
Where Ossian sang his martial lay;  
And viewed the sun's departing ray,  
Wand'ring o'er Dun-Finary.  
*Eirich agus, &c.*

*All-ua-Cuillich's* gentle stream,  
That murmurs sweetly through the green  
What happy, joyful days I've seen,  
Beside the banks of Finary.  
*Eirich agus, &c.*

Farewell, ye hills of storm and snow,  
The wild resorts of deer and roe;  
In peace the heath cock long may crow,  
Along the banks of Finary.  
*Eirich agus, &c.*

'Tis not the hills nor woody vales  
Alone my joyless heart bewails;  
A mournful group this day remains  
Within the manse of Finary  
*Eirich agus, &c.*

Can I forget Glenturret's name?  
Farewell, dear father, best of men;  
May heaven's joys with thee remain  
Within the manse of Finary.  
*Eirich agus, &c.*

Woe!—a name to me so dear—  
Must I, must I leave thy care,  
And try a world that's full of snares,  
Far, far from thee and Finary!  
*Eirich agus, &c.*

Brother of my love, farewell;  
Sisters, all your griefs conceal;  
Your tears suppress—your sorrows quell.  
Be happy while at Finary.  
*Eirich agus, &c.*

Archibald, my darling child,  
May heaven thy infant footsteps guide,  
Should I return, O may I find  
Thee smiling still at Finary.  
*Eirich agus, &c.*

O must I leave these happy scenes!  
See they spread the flapping sails!  
Adieu, adieu my native plains;  
Farewell, farewell to Finary.  
*Eirich agus, &c.*

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

THE deer forest and shootings of Glen-trathfarar, belonging to Lord Lovat, in the parish of Kilmorack, Inverness-shire, have been let to Mr. Weyness, an American gentleman, at an annual rent of £4000.

DINGWALL.—At the Quarter Sessions of the County of Ross, held on Tuesday, Mr. Alex. Hay, solicitor, Dingwall, was appointed Procurator-Fiscal of the Justice of Peace court, in room of Mr. John Shaw, who had resigned.

IMPORTANT EXCHANGE OF LANDS IN INVERNESS-SHIRE.—We understand that Mr Bailie Lochfour, and Sir J. W. Ramsden, Bart., have made an agreement for the exchange of the former's lands within the parish of Aggan, for the latter in the parishes of Inverness and Dores. The value of the lands and others so to be exchanged, are commonly reported to be worth on either side upwards of £200,000.

PRINCE CHARLES & FLORA MACDONALD.—You must notice a popular and poetical delusion about Prince Charles and Flora Macdonald. Song-writers and painters have fancied, and made other people believe, that Flora went wandering about with the Prince for a considerable time, watching over his sleep in caves, in a kind of Juan and Haidee fashion, adapted to the Highland meridian. Now, if this happens to be mere imagination; and if the reality is quite romantic enough, and if at the same time perfectly respectable, I think, being something of a Platonist, at these inaccurate representation of poets and painters ought to be discouraged. In point of fact, Flora was but *two nights* in company with the Prince. The first night was on board the open boat that carried him to her and Neil Macdonald (father of Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum) from Inebucula to Skye. The second night was at the house of Miss Flora's future father-in-law, the brave old Macdonald of Kingsburg. On the following day she escorted the Prince to Portree, and that night, "he slipped out of the house," says Boswell, "leaving his first protectress, whom he never again saw." "N." in *Scotsman*.

WALLACE'S SWORD.—The Countess of Loudoun arrived at Kilmarnock from England on Tuesday night last, on her way to Loudoun Castle. The Countess brought with her from England the sword of Wallace. This

sword has been preserved at Loudoun Castle from the Death of Wallace until five years back, when it was removed by the late Marquis of Hastings to his seat in Leicestershire. On the death of the Marquis in 1868 it passed into the possession of the present Countess. The mother of Wallace was a daughter of Loudoun, and on the death of his uncle, Sir Reginald Crawford of Loudoun (hanged by the English at Ayr), Wallace had the custody of his only daughter, Susannah Crawford of Loudoun, who married a son of Sir Neil Campbell, of Argyll, and was ancestress of the present Countess of Loudoun, the hereditary custodian of the sword of William Wallace.

NATIONALITY OF OUR REGIMENTS.—A return just before Parliament gives the nationality of the various officers in the different regiments of our army. There are altogether 5982 English, 809 Scotch, and 1711 Irish. In none of the regiments do the Scotch officers show a preponderance save in the Highland regiments. The greatest portion of Scotch officers is in the 79th or Cameron Highlanders, which has 25 Scotch to 8 English and 7 Irish officers. The 92nd or Gordon Highlanders, the 42nd or Royal Highlanders, and 78th Highlanders have each 19 Scotch officers. The 42nd has 15 English and 4 Irish officers, while the 92nd has 12 and 5 Irish officers, and the 78th Highlanders has 10 English and 10 Irish officers. Of the Household Cavalry, in the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, and Royal Horse Guards, there are only 11 Scotch officers to 64 English and 15 Irish. In the Cavalry of the line, there are only 31 Scotch officers, to 605 English and 161 Irish. In the Royal Artillery there are 194 Scotch, to 1088 English and 193 Irish officers. In the Royal Engineers there are 52 Scotch, to 424 English and 134 Irish.

PERMISSION TO TENANTS TO KILL HARES AND RABBITS.—The *Elgin Courier* states that Colonel James Grant, M.P. for the counties of Moray and Nairn, has just granted permission to the tenants on his estate of Main, to kill hares and rabbits on their farms. This concession is quite a voluntary one, and the tenantry highly appreciate it. They are allowed to kill these destructive animals themselves, or by deputy without any restrictions whatever, so that it will be their own fault if they suffer damage.

## GAELIC BURSARY.

On this subject Professor Blackie addresses the following letter to the Editor of *The Inverness Courier*.

"Altnacraig, Oban, 2d August 1872.

"Sir,—At the late meeting of the Inverness Gaelic Society, at which I had the honour to be present, one of the speakers announced that it was in prospect to found a bursary for a Gaelic student from the funds of the Society. I presume this bursary is intended not only for the advancement of Highland talent generally, but, in connection with that, specially for the encouragement of the Gaelic language and literature. On this supposition I venture to make the following suggestions, trusting that they will meet with the kindly consideration of the Society:—

"1. That the qualifications for holding the bursary shall be general excellence in the studies of the schools attended by the student previous to his joining the University; and in addition to this a colloquial command of the Gaelic language.

"2. That at the commencing of every season, during the term of his bursary, the student shall be examined of his knowledge of Gaelic grammar, philosophy, and literature, according to a graduated scale of progress; and that a fair pass in this examination shall be a condition *sine qua non* of the annual payment of his bursary.

"3. That the qualification of the student shall be tested by impartial persons well skilled in the Gaelic language, to be named by the Society.

"If these, or some such regulations be made, our Gaelic students will be induced to join classical and Celtic philology in a fashion equally pleasant and profitable, calculated no less to exercise their usefulness in school or pulpit, than to plant their linguistic studies on a broader and a firmer basis.—I have the honour to be yours, &c.

"JOHN STUART BLACKIE."

**THE ARGYLSHIRE GATHERING.**—On the occasion of the home-coming of the Princess Louise at Inverary last year the lairds of the county of Argyll who were present to welcome her Royal Highness determined to organise an annual social meeting in the county. To carry out this idea an association was formed under the presidency of the Marquis of Lorne, which adopted the name of the "Argyleshire Gathering" and intends

to inaugurate its proceedings by a ball at Oban on the 1st of October, at which, it is stated, the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, will be present.

**ISLAY—ORDINATION.**—On Tuesday, the 13th inst., the Free Presbytery of Islay ordained the Rev. Alexander Lee, A.M., to the pastoral charge of Kildalton and Oa. The Rev. James Pearson of Kilarrow presided on the occasion, and after the ordination, suitably addressed the pastor and people. Dr. Maclauchlan of Edinburgh, and Rev J. F. Macara, Kinloss, being present, were associated with the Presbytery. At the close of the services, the young minister received a most cordial welcome from the members of his flock.

**CALL TO THE REV. MR KENNEDY DINGWALL.**—The Free Gaelic Congregation of Greenock met on Thursday, the 16th August, and agreed to present a call to the Rev. John Kennedy, Dingwall, to become their minister.

**THE EAST COAST HERRING FISHING.**—The total catch of herrings to this date for the 3300 boats from Aberdeen to Wick inclusive is 330,000 crans, of which two-thirds are on the Aberdeen coast, Fraserburgh alone having about 100,000 crans. The Wick catch is only about 50,000, or half last year's to a like date. The catch on the whole coast is 20,000 less than last year's, but a good deal above the average of former years.

**SALE OF AN INVERNESS-SHIRE ESTATE.**—The estate of Raasay and Rona, in western Inverness-shire, was exposed in Dowell's Rooms, Edinburgh, on Friday, at the upset price of £50,000, and after keen competition was secured for George Grant Mackay, Esq., of Rosehall and Oban; at the sum of £55,000.

On Thursday the 22nd August, the Glasgow Presbytery met in the Govan Established Gaelic Church and ordained Mr David MacKenzie as Pastor of that church. In the evening a soiree was held in the Govan Hall, when a Bible and Psalm Book, a handsome gown and a purse of sovereigns were presented to the new minister. Addresses were given by Mr D. MacMaster, the chairman; by Bailie MacFarlane, and the Rev. Messrs Stevenson, Rutherglen; MacLachlan, Tarbert; Blair, St. Columba; and Brown, assistant to Mr. Blair.

# AN GAIDHEAL.

I LEABH.]

TREAS MIOS AN FHOGHARAIDH, 1872.

[8 AIR.

## CALLUM A' GHLINNE.

### EARRAN II.

B' e Callum 'an t-aon a b' oige de 'n teaghlach, agus mar is tric a thachair, b' esan ailleagan agus annsachd na h-uile neach; bu ghrian 's bu ghealach gach ni 'theireadh no 'dheanadh e. Bha e 'na leanabh ùrail fallain eireachdail. 'Na fhior leanabuidheachd, thaisbean e buadhan inntinn a bha comharraichte—bha 'aignidhean maoth soitheamh ciùin so-ghluasadach, agus a chuimhne gramail, dìonach. Shuidheadh e gach feasgar Sabaid gu samhach tosdach ag eisdeachd le dian aire ri ceasnachadh an teaghlach, agus ri leughadh a' Bhiobuil. Ann 's a' cheathramh bliadhna d' a aois dh' aithriseadh e gu pongail 'na chainnt liotach shimplidh fhéin, Eachdraidh a Chruthachaidh; Tuiteam an duine; Togail na h-Airce le Noah, agus Sgrios an t-saoghail leis an Dìle. Ri h-uine, chaidh a chur do sgoil na sgìreachd, a bha mu cheithir mìle dh' astar uaithe. Be Leabhar aithghearr nan Ceisdean, anns a' Bheurla, leis an Aibideil Romanaich agus Eadailteich, maille ris na foghairean agus na combhoghairean, agus mu leud na boise do fhoclan da-litreach agus tri-litreach air a' cheud duilleig, a bha air uiseachadh anns an sgoil mar an ceud leabhar foghlaim. Aig ceann seachduin no dha, cho luath 's a fhuair Callum lamh-an-uachdar air a' cheud duilleig, cha robh a null no nall aige ach aghaidh a thoirt a dh' aon leum air "Criche araid an duine," mar sin fhuair e 'mach gun dail nach b' fhealadhà an sgoileireachd; coma co-dhiu

—chuir e 'uchd ris an uchdaich, agus mu'n robh e thar dusan bliadhna dh' aois, thog e uiread do fhoghlum 'sa bha am maighistir-sgoile comasach air a theagasg dha. Mu'n am so, fhuair e leabhar araidh a rinn greim agus drughadh comharraichte air 'intinn—ursgeul gaoil da 'm b' ainm "*Paul and Virginia*." Bha 'n t-ursgeul anabarrach tiamhaidh so-ghluasadach. Ged b' iomadh oran gaoil agus cumha a chuala Callum air an seinn agus air an leughadh, luchdaichte mar bha iad am bitheantas le mulad 's le bron, le iundrainn 's le cianalas, le bristeadh-eridhe 's le dùil-bhristeadh—cha d' rinn iad riamh ach ro bheag de dheargadh air aignidhean an coimeas ris an ursgeul ud. Be crìoch an ursgeoil, an deigh bliadhnachan do 'n ghaol bu dealasaiche agus a bu dilse, taobh air thaobh, gaol nach do lasaich riamh roimh dhiomb chairdean, no roimh thuailas luchd mi-ruin, gun deachaidh Virginia a bhathadh. Bha dealbh anns an leabhar, a' nochdadh mar a fhuair Paul i, ann an oir a' mhuir-làin, le a broilleach ruisgte, agus a folt dualach camagach riobta le feamunn 's le lircin a leth-chomhdach a muineil. Bha 'leithid de bhuaidh aig deireadh cianail an ursgeoil ud air eridhe maoth Challuim bhochd agus gur tric a b' eigin dha teicheadh a mach do bhadan coille a bha dluth do 'n tigh, gu bhì 'fosgladh tuil dhorsan a chridhe ann an comb-fhulangas ri crannchur cruaidh-fhortanach "*Phoil agus Virginia*." "Tha tri nithe a thig gun iarraidh,—an t-eagal, an t-iadach 's an gaol" agus co aca 'bha no nach robh ursgeul "*Phoil agus Virginia*" ann an tomhas

air bith 'na mhathair-aobhair dha, laidh galar a' ghaoil gu scaiteach fuathasach air Callum mu 'n àm ud, og 's mar a bha e; cha b' fhada gus an d' fhairich esan do rìreadh *Nach 'eil gaol ann cho teth ris a' cheud ghaol.* Air latha de na laithibh an uair a bha Callum mar sud a sior-chnuasachadh cìod a dheireadh dha féin na 'm biodh e anns an t-suidheachadh dheuchainneach 'san robh *Pol*, thainig ceard a dh' ionnsuidh an tìghe 's an anmoch, le 'theaghlach 's le 'asail agus le 'chuid acfhuinn. Be gnaths nan ceard aig an am ud, a bhi dol mu 'n cuairt o bhaile gu baile, a' deanamh spainean de adhaircean cruidh agus reitheachan agus a' càradh phoitean agus choireachan. Bha cairtealan saor fosgailte dhoibh ann 's gach baile, oir ged a bha iad am bitheantas borb fiadhaich, mi-rianail 'n an clùt, bha iad feumail 'n an gairm. Cha 'n iarradh iad aite taimh a b' fhearr na 'n atha, far am faighte i. Dh' fhuirich an ceard agus a theaghlach corr 'us seachduin. Bha nighean aige a bha mu 'n aois cheudna ri Callum. Bha i na caileig bhoidheich sgiobalta, aoigh-eil, thaitneich, shunndaich. O na cheud oidhche a thainig i do 'n bhaile, thigeadh i 'stigh 's an fheasgar am measg an teaghlach; bha i ro ealanta air aithris sgeulachdan, agus 'na ban-dranaiche thaghta coidheas am Beurla 's an Gailig. Bha cluas-chiùil ro mhath aig Callum; bha orain annasach aig a' bhan-cheard air fuinn agus teisean ùra nach cual e riamh roimhe. Air feasgar àraidh, air dhi a bhi 'seinn oran Eireannach d'am b' ainm "*Donnybrook fair*"—ann am priobadh na sul, thuit Callum ann an gaol oirre agus be sin an gaol gun choimeas am fad 's a' mhair e, thug e ach beag a leirsinn 'sa chlaisteachd uaithe. O! cìod e dh'eirich dha; an e gur h-i nighean a cheird a choisneadh a cheud ghaol ged a bhiodh i cho aillidh ris a' ghrein? coma co dhiu—bha an t-saighead dhìomhair an sàs 'n a chridhe, ach—

"Ged a chuir *Cupid* an t-ultach 'na bhroil-leach  
D'a shaighdean coronach caol,  
A dhruigh air a chuislean 'sa chuir luchd  
air a choluinn,  
Leis an do thuit e ge b' oil leis."

Ged a bheirte an saoghal dha,

"Cha 'n innseadh e 'n sgeul do 'n te 'rinn  
acain."

No do neach air bith; chum e air fhéin e. Latha no dha an deigh so, air dha bhi na shuidhe 's an tìgh sgoil, co chaidh seachad an uinneag, ach an ceard agus a theaghlach, air a thurus gu tìgh tuathanaich a bha mu leth-mhìle air falbh. 'N uair a sgaoil an sgoil 's an fheasgar, air falbh chaidh Callum cho luath sa bheireadh a chosan e, an taobh a ghabh an ceard. Nuair a rainig e Bealach-an-droighinn, dluth do thigh an tuathanaich, co a chunnaic e ri taobh an fhrith-rathaid a' trusadh connaidh, ach a bhan-cheard agus a mathair? Ghabh e air adhart gus an deachaidh e às an t-sealladh orra; thionndaidh e air a shail agus thill e an taobh a thainig e. Ann sandol seachad, chunnaic e Marsali aig taobh an rathaid agus i a ceangal a cual chonnaidh—sheall i na aodann gu bathaiseach, caoin-shuarach. Labhair e focal no dha rithe gun moille a chur air a cheum. 'N uair a chuir e cul a chinn rithe, sheid i suas gu sunndach iolagach luinneag "*Donnybrook fair*;" luathaich Callum a cheum oir bha gach ponnc de 'n teis ud o na ghuth-cinn a bu mhilse a bhual riamh air a chluais, a' dol mar shaighdean geur troimh a chridhe. Mu 'n deachaidh e fad air adhart, shuidh e air cloich ri taobh an rathaid; chuir e a lamh ri 'cheann; dh' analaich a' Cheòlraidh air airson na ceud uair. Smuainich e, na 'n rachadh leis rann no dha chur an eagan a cheile, gun tugadh e faothachadh d'a 'chridhe briste. Thoisich e mar a leanas, air fonn "*Donnybrook fair*:"—

Co 'dhireas am bealach sa ghiulaineas  
beannachd,  
A dh' ionnsuidh an fhiurain 'dh' fhas  
cùbhraidh deas fallain—  
Oigh ùr a' chuil chlannaich d' an can-  
ainn am fonn.

Ged dhuraiginn luaidh air gach buaidh  
agus loinn  
'Th' air oigh a' chuil dualaich 's nan  
cuach-chamag grinn.  
Tha mo chlarsach garbh-fhuaimeach,  
'sa teudan air fuasgladh,  
Mur tig Ceolraidh nan téisean 'chur  
m' eislein air fuadach,  
'S a ghleusadh mo bhuadhan gu bual-  
adh nam ponnc.  
Co dhireas am bealach, &c.

Tha 'gruaidh mar na caoran 's iad  
sgaoilt' air a' chrann,  
Tha 'cneas mar an fhaoilean air aodann  
nam tonn—  
A broilleach caoin fallain cho min ris  
a' channach,  
Thug mise dhi gealladh—

“Air t-athais,” arsa 'choguis, 'si' togail  
a guth 'n a bhroilleach, “thoir an aire  
nach cuir thu a' bhreug 'n a do cheud  
oran; ged a thug thu do ghaol do 'n  
bhan-cheard, cha tug thu do ghealladh  
dhi. O 'n uair 'san do chuir i druidh-  
eachd ort le a suilean is ann a chuir i a  
ghlas-ghuib ort.” Ann am priobadh  
na sul, dhealaich Callum agus a' Cheol-  
raidh ri cheile; cha deachaidh e ni b'  
fhaide air aghaidh ann an deilbh an  
orain. Mar a bha e 'g eiridh gu falbh,  
chuala e fann-ghuth ciuil a' snamh  
air osaig thlath an fheasgair. Shaoil e  
air tus gum be guth milis druidheachd-  
ail Marsali a bha e a' cluinntinn, ach  
'n uair a thà e ni b' fhaisege dha O! bu  
neo-choslach ri cheile iad! Ciod e a  
bh' ann, ach guth tùchanach reasgach  
brogach buachaille a bha ag ioman a'  
chruidh gu tothar, agus ciod e a bha e  
'seinn ach oran a rinneadh uair eigin  
do luidseich bhochd neo-sgiobalta a'  
mhuintir na sgìreachd a ruith air  
falbh le ceard. 'Nuair a chuala Callum  
gu riochdail soilleir an rann a leanas:

“Tha mithlachd air do chairdean,  
'S tha tamailt air do dhaoine  
Thu bhì falbh le ceard a giulan spain-  
ean,  
'S maileid air do chaol-druim”

cha d' eisd e ris a' chorr, shin e a  
chos ris an astar, agus mu 'n d' rainig  
e 'dhachaidh fhuair e cuibhte do 'n  
bhan-cheard ann 's na h-uile seadh.  
Dh' fhaodta 'radh do rìreadh d'a  
thaobhsan,—“An gaol a thig le cabh-  
aig, cha bhì e fada 'fuarachadh,” agus  
chuir e roimhe nach glacta a rithisid e  
ann an lion-mhoguil a ghaoil gus am  
biodh 'fheusag ni b' fhaide na 'fhiac-  
lan. Cha robh a' bheag do chreideas aig  
Callum ann an geasaibh no ann an  
gisreagaibh, ach riamh cha b' urrain e  
thuigsinn cia mar a thuit e ann an  
gaol cho breisleachail air a' bhau-cheard  
mur a b' e an drughadh lasanta cianail  
a rinn ursgeul *Phoil* agus *Virginia* air  
'inntinn, agus riamh 'na dheigh sud cha  
robh ach beag umhailaige do ursgeulaibh  
gaoil, agus b' fhada uaithe a chliuth-  
achadh d' a chairdean oga a bhì 'g an  
leughadh. Bi a bharrail gun robh moran  
de na faoin sgeoil annasach a tha tigh-  
inn a mach gach seachduin ann 's a'  
Bheurla ri barrachd cron na maith do  
oigrìdh an latha. B' aithne dha ban-  
charaid og a fhuair deagh oileineachadh  
le rogha gach eiseimpleir, a thainig a  
mach gu seirbheis do Ghlaschu, agus a  
bha fo dheagh theistean marshearbhanta  
thapuidh sgoinneil, easguidh, churam-  
ach, ach coltach ri ioma te a bharr oirre,  
thoisich i ri leughadh an “*London*  
*Journal*,” agus cha b' fhada gus an do  
chuir a chuid ursgeulan spleadhach a  
leithid de thuainealaich 'na ceann is  
gun d' fhas i cho dearmadach mì-  
shuimeil mu a dleasdanais agus gum b'  
fheudar d' a ban-mhaighstir cead a coise  
thoirt dhi. Thainig latha na h-imrich  
oirre, ach cha d' thainig mac Iarla no  
Moraire 'g a giulan air falbh ri solus  
na gealaiche ann an carbad cheithir-  
eachach, gu a posadh gun fhios d'a  
chairdean a dh' aindeoin co le 'm b'

oil e, agus gu a togail suas a dh' aon bheum o thraillealachd onorach a chosnaidh gu greadhnachas ailghiosach na moralachd. Dh' fhaodadh i bli air a deagh phosadh oir dhiult i lamh fir no dha de a coimpiorean fhein, agus tha i nis na seann mhaighdinu: cha b' fhiu leatha na coisichean agus cha d' thainig na marcaichean.

### MUILEACH.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

## MU NA SEANN GHÀIDHEIL.

### VI.

Thug sinn fainear mar fhuair Coinneach Mac Ailpein an rioghachd *Pict-each* a chionn gu'm b'e an t-oighre dligeach a thaobh a shean-mhàthair, màthair Ailpein, a bi piuthar Aonghais agus Chusantin a bha le chéile 'n an rìghribh air na *Picti*. Thachair an ni so anns a' bhliadhna A.D. 843. Aig an àm so, fo riaghladh Choinnich chaidh an dà rioghachd, agus an dà fhine Ghàidhealach, na *Picti* agus na *Scoti*, aonadh ri chéile gu bli 'n an aon sluagh. Tha cuid de sheanachaidhibh ag radh gun do cheannsaich Coinneach na *Picti* ann an cogadh, agus gun d'thug e an rioghachd a mach le faobhar a' chlàidheimh; ach tha an nì sin mì-choltach agus do-chreidsinn gun deanadh praskan beag de dh-Earraghaidhealach buaidh a thoirt air a' chuid eile de na Gàidheil; is ann a fhuair e còir air an rioghachd a thaobh a shean-mhàthar mar a fhuair Senmas VI rìgh na h-Alba còir air rioghachd Shasunn ann an linnibh an déigh sin. Tha ùghdair an Leabhair "Nennius" a sgrìobh mu'n bhliadhna A.D. 858 ag radh mu na Pictich "tertiam partem Britanniae tenuerunt, et tenent usque nunc." 'Se sin an Gailig: Bha sealbh aca air treas cearrainn Bhreatuinn, agus *tha sealbh aca oirre gus a nise.*" Chaidh so a sgrìobhadh ma chòig bliadhna deug an déigh do Choinneach Mac Ailpein rioghachd nam Picteach fhaotainn, agus tha e soilleur nach deach-

aidh an sluagh a chasgairt no a dhitheachadh leis na *Scoti*, ach gun robh iad a' gabhail còmhnuidh anns an aon dùthaich cheudna 's an robh iad roimhe, ged a fhuair iad Coinneach *Rìgh nan Scoti* gu bli 'na Rìgh os an ceann. Dearbhaidh na Seanachasan Eirionnach a sgrìobhadh mu thimechioll nan amannan so an nì ceudna, oir their iad "*Rìgh nam Picteach*" mar thiodal ri Coinneach Mac Ailpein, nì a tha 'nochdadh gun robh an sluagh agus an rioghachd a lathair aig an am sin, agus nach deachaidh idir an lom-sgrìos mar a tha cuid a' cumail a mach gu mearachdach. Tha e sgrìobhta ann an Seanachasaibh Morroinn *Ulladh* gun "d' fhuair Coinneach Mac Ailpein *Rìgh nam Picteach* bas" mu 'n bhliadhna A.D. 858, agus tha Nennius ag radh "*Rìgh nam Picteach*" ris mar an ceudna. Fhuair e bas aig Dun-fothair ann an Siorramachd Pheairt, aon de Chaistealaibh nan seann rìghrean Gàidhealach: agus thainig Domhnall Mac Ailpein gu bli 'na rìgh an aite a bhràthar, nì a bha a réir an t-seann lagh Albannaich a bha air a chleachdadh am measgan *Gaidheal Picteach*. *Their* *Rìgh nam Picteach* ri Domhnall mar an ceudna, oir tha Seanachasan *Ulladh* ag radh "gun d' fhuair Domhnall Mac Ailpein *Rìgh nam Picteach* bas" anns a' bhliadhna A.D. 862. Rìghich dithis mhac Choinnich a rithist, Cusantin agus Aodh, fear an deigh fir agus b' e an tiodal a theirtheadh rìusan "*Rìghrean nam Picteach*." A thaobh Chusantin faodar a thoirt fainear, nach robh an t-ainm so riabh air aon de na *Scoti* agus nach robh e ach air aon de na Rìghribh Picteach roimhe so, se sin air brathair sean mhathar Choinnich; agus uime sin tha e ro chosmhuil gur ann air a shon-san a thug Coinneach an t-ainm air a mhac féin.

Mu'n bhliadhna A.D. 900 thainig Cusantin Mac Aoidh, mhic Dhomhnuill, mhic Ailpein gu bli 'na Rìgh air na Pictich. Anns a' bhliadhna 918 chuir an Rìgh so air ceann nan Gàidheal cath



gailbheach ris na Lochluinnich air an d' fhuair iad buaidh; agus anns a' bhliadhna 937 chuir e cath ris na Sasunnaich; mharbhadh a mhac anns a' chath so. Cha 'n 'eil iomradh sam bith air a dheanamh air na *Scoti* aig an àm so, oir dh' fhuirich iad 'n an tìr féin ann an Ear-raghaidheil, agus chuir na Picti 'n an tìr na cathan fuilteach so ris na Lochluinnich agus ris na Sasunnaich: a' dearbhadh mar so gum b' iadsan iarmad nan treunlaoch gaisgeil a chog ris na Romanaich agus ri Agricola aig a' Gharbh-mhonadh, ceudan bliadhna roimhe sin. Fhuair Cusantin bàs ann am mainistear Chill-Rìmhinn agus b' e an tiodal a theirteadh ris "Rìgh Albainn."

Ré na h-ùine so dh' fhuirich na *Scoti* na'n dùthaich féin; cha d' fhàg iad idir i a cheannsachadh nam *Picteach* no a ghabhail seilbh 'n an àite air am fearann. Dearbhaidh na seanachasan Eir-eannach so, oir tha iad ag innseadh dhuinn gun do mharbhadh Goraidh Mac Arailt Rìgh Innse-Gall leis na *Scoti* 'sa' bhliadhna A.D. 989, agus gun d' rinneadh an gnìomh fuilteach so 'n an tìr féin an Earraghaidheil. Thachair so mu thimchioll còrr agus seachd fichead bliadhna an déigh do Choinneach Mac Ailpein rioghachd nam *Picteach* fhaotainn, agus feuchaidh e dhuinn gu soilleir nach d' fhàg na *Scoti* Earraghaidheil idir. Ged a chaidh an Rìgh aca do dhùthaich nam *Picteach* gu bhli 'riaghladh os ceann an dà shluaigh, dh' fhuirich iadsan 'n an tìr féin, mar a dh' fhuirich na h-Albannaich 'n uair a chaidh Seumas VI. do bhaile Lunnuinn gu bhli 'na Rìgh air Breatuinn gu h-iomlan. Agus na fin-eachan Gàidhealach a thàinig a nuas uapasan is ann an Earraghaidheil a gheibhear iad gus an là an diugh, nì a dhearbhas nach d' fhàg an sinnsear an dùthaich féin riabh, oir nam fàgadh, gheibhteadh iad ann an àitibh eile de 'n Ghàidhealtachd mar an ceudna. A thuilleadh air so tha Gàilig Earraghaidheil nas faisge air a' Ghàilig Eireannaich

agus nas mò air a measgadh leatha na Gàilig earrainn sam bith eile dhe Albainn. Tha na h-argumaidean so uile a' dearbhadh nach d' fhàg na *Scoti* an tìr féin, agus nach ann uapasan a dh' ionnsuich a' chuid eile de shluagh na Gàidhealtachd a' Ghàilig, na 's mò na 'sann uapa a shìolaich iad mar shìochd; ach gur ann a fhuair iad i a thaobh dùthchais mar dhìleab o'n sinnsearibh a ghabh còmhnuidh an Albainn o chian, leis an robh i air a labhairt ann an tìr nam beann ré nan ceudan bliadhna mu'n d' thàinig na *Scoti* a nall thar chuan na h-Eirinn.

Mu'n bhliadhna A.D. 1020, timchioll deich bliadhna fichead an déigh bàis Ghoraidh Mhic Arailt rìgh Innse-Gall, thàinig sluagh agus dùthaich nam *Picteach* gu bhli 'faotainn ainme nuaidh, 'se sin *Scoti* agus *Scotia* na *Scot-fhonn*. Bho 'n àm so cha chluinnteadh luaidh tuilleadh air na *Picti* ann an Eachdraidh na Dùthcha. Chaidh iad as an t-sealladh mar a chaidh na *Caledonaich* anu an làithibh an Impire *Chonstantius Chloruis*. B'ann r'a linnsan a fhuair na *Caledonaich* an t-ainm nuadh "*Picti*" ainm a lean riutha fad seachd ceud bliadhna; agus a nise air dhoibh an t-ainm so a chall, fhuair iad ainm nuadh eile, *Scoti*; gidheadh cha robh nì ùr sam bith 'nam measg ach an t-ainm agus an *teaghlach rioghail*. Chaidh *Ainm a' chinnich* atharrachadh o'n a dh' atharraicheadh an *Teaghlach Rioghail*; ach dh' fhuirich an *luchd-aitich* gun chaochlaidh gun atharrachadh sam bith, ach mar a bha iad roimhe, dìreach mar a dh' fhuirich na *Caledonaich* o shean 'n uair a fhuair iad an t-ainm nuadh, *Picti*. Cha robh anns na h-ainmibh so ach sloinneadh a fhuair iad o na Seanachaidhibh a bha sgrìobhadh mu'n timchioll anns an Laidinn; cha bhuineadh iad dhoibh a thaobh dùthchais, oir b' e an t-ainm a bha dualach dhoibh o'n sinnsearibh, na *Gaidheil*. Chaidh an t-ainm *Picti* air chall, ach dh' fhuirich an *sluagh*, ris an abairteadh na *Picti*, agus

a' chanain a bha iad a' labhairt gun atharrachadh mar a bha iad riabh anns an tìr. A chionn gum b' ann de na *Scoti* a bha an teaghlach rioghail, sgaoil an t-ainm so thairis air an dùthaich gu leir, ionnus nach abairteadh ach *Scoti* ris an t-sluagh agus *Scotia* ris an tìr; ach b'e so an t-ainm a theirteadh o shean ri Eirinn 's a luchd-àiteachaidh leis na seanachaidhibh a sgrìobh anns an Laidinn; gidheadh cha d' aidicheadh riabh e leis na Gaidheil, aon chuid an Albainn no an Eirinn, ged a tha e nise air a ghabhail leis na *Gaill* mar ainm na tìre agus an t-sluaigh, oir their iadsan *Scotland* ri h-Albainn agus *Scots* ris na h-Albannaich. Anns a' bhliadhna A. D. 1158, Sgrìobh Aindreas, Easbuig Ghallthaobh, leabhar "Mu shuidheachadh Albainn," anns am faighear na briathran so, "Albania quae nunc corrupte Scotia appellatur,"—se sin 'an Gailig, "Albainn ris an abrar a nise gu nearachdach Scotia." Tha na briathran so a' dearbhadh gun robh aon de na daoinibh a b' ionnsuichte anns an rioghachd 'ga mheas 'na mhearachd truaillidh aig an àm sin a bhi 'ag radh *Scoti* mar ainm ris an t-sluagh agus *Scotia* ('se sin *Scotland*) ris an rioghachd d' an goirear Albainn. Agus tha iad a' nochdadh mar an ceudna nach robh esan a' creidsinn aig an àm sin mar ni air an robh

o s gun do cheannsaich na *Scoti* *Earraghaidhealach* na Seann Ghaidheil Albannach, oir nam biodh cha b' urrainn e a' chaint ud a chleachdadh le firinn; agus an uair a dh' atharraicheadh ainm na tìre agus an t-sluaigh gur h-ann a dh' eirich so bho na righribh ùra a thainig a steach air an tìr a bha dhe 'n fhine Scuiteich.

D. B. B.

—o—  
OISEIN:—A LINN AGUS A  
BHARDACHD.

(Air leantuinn.)

Nach anabarrach farsuing a bha beachdan a' bhàird aig an robh comas a

leithid do choimeas a dheanamh, agus a chuir ann an dealbh co riomhach.

Ach cha 'n ann an spealtadh chlogad, agus ann an iomairt nan lann 's nan sleagh, 'tha Oisein 'sa ghaigich ainmeil agus curanta. Tha sprochd 'us tiamhaidheachd mhòr r'am faicinn ann am mòran de dhàin Oisein. Dh' fhàgadh esan an déigh na Féinne, agus is ann 'na shean laithean, maille ri Malambhinn nan seod, bean uasal ant-sàrlaoich Oscar, a chuir e a bhàrdachd ri chéile. Tha e daonnan rioghal, àrd, 'us measail 'n a sheanachas, agus bha tuille mòr 'us trusean cian a' chomhraig a' lionadh anama. Bha Fìonngal beusach, caoin, 'us càirdeil mar an ceudna. Bha e gaisgeil agus buadh-mhor anns an strì, agus caoimheil nasal ris an anfhann. Is i so an earail a thug a sheanair do Oscar nan lann am feadh a bha iad a' cuideachadh Chuchnullin an aghaidh Shuaran nan long:

"A mhic mo mhic, thubhairt an rìgh,  
Oscar na strì 'na t' òige;

Chunn' am do chlaidheamh nach min,  
Bha m' uaille mu m' shinnsear mòr.

Leansa cliù na dh' aom a chaoidh;

Mar t' aithrichean bi sa féin,

Mar Threunmor, ceud cheannard nan saoi,

Mar Thrathul sàr athair nan treun:

'N an òige bhuail iad am blàr;

'An duanaibh nam bàrd tha 'n cliù,

Bi-sa mar shruth ris na sàir;

Ri laigse nan lann cho cliùin

Ri aiteal gaoith air raon an fheòir,

Mar sin bha Treunmor nan sgiath,

Is Trathul, ceannard nan triath;

Mar sin bha mo ghnìomh 's an t-sliabh.

Bha 'm feumach riamh ri mo làimh

'S dh' fhàs an lag dana fo m' chruaidh,

Na iarr-sa carraid nan sgiath,

'S na diùlt i air sliabh nan cruach."

Cha 'n e fuaim nan lann an aon toil-eachas a bha aig laoch na Féinne. Tha 'chomhairle a thug rìgh Mhorbheinn nan glonn air Oscar nan ciabh donn, a' dearbhadh gu soilleir gun robh carthanachd 'us caoimheas 'us fiùghantachd a tuineadh ann an anam na Féinne. Tha

e da rìreabh iongantach gun cluinneamaid smuaintean co ceart agus co stuama air an aithris le neach a bha beò ann an aimsir co fad air chùl. Cuimhniceamaid mar an ceudna gum b' àbhaist do Ullin imeachd le focal caoin na sìth a dh' ionnsuidh clann nan coigreach ag ràdh:

"Is mòr an cliùsan a thog am fleagh,  
'An talla farsuing a's fial bàigh;  
Ceud fàilt air mac coigrich nam fleagh,  
Thig gu cuirm Fhionnghail nam beann,  
Thig gu cuirm an rìgh a nall."

Tha cleachduinn 'us comhludair na Féinne ag éiridh gu fada os cionn abhaistean nan Lochlinneach agus cinnich eile a bha 'mealltuinn nan cothroman ceudna rìusan. A thaobh an inbhe chiataich anns an robh laoiach na Féinne, bha iad a' toirt an àite féin do na mnathan; agus ag altrum meas 'us urram doibh mar bu chòir:

"STRI-NAN-DAOINE nan cìoch àrd,  
Ma's ann air siubhal an fhraoich  
Bu ghìle nan canach a cruth;  
Ma's ann air tràigh nan stuadh faoin,  
Na'n cobhar air aomadh nan sruth;  
Bha suilean soluis mar dha reul;  
Mar bhogha nan speur am braon  
A gnuis àluinn fo 'ciabh féin,  
'S duibhe na nial fo ghaoith;  
Bu tuinidh dhuit anam nan laoch,  
A stri-nan-daoine bu caoine làmh."

Tha dearbhadh againn air cia co tlusail, bàigheil, furachair, furanach 'sa bha sar ghaisgich na Féinne ri ainnearan nan rosg mall, ann an *Carraig Thura*, an uair a chuartich dorchadas anam 'Utha nan rosg mall, 's na deòir a' sil-eadh air a gruaidh chaoin, a broilleach geal ag eirigh thall, 'sa ciabh nach gann air làr 's i truagh,

"Ghluais tiomachd air anam an rìgh,  
Mu òigh mhìn bu ghìle làmh;  
Chaisg e 'chlaidheamh anns an strì;  
Thuit deòir neo-chli o rìgh nan lann."

Agus co aig am bheil eòlas idir air bàrdachd Oisein a tha aineòlach air gràdh 'us gaol teochridheach Chuchullin d'a mnaoi féin? Eadhon am meadhon

othail 'us creuchdan a' chòmhraig, tha e ag radh:

"Buail clarsach, mhic Fhena, buail,  
Mol, a Charuill, mo luaidh 'tha thall,  
Deo-ghreine Dhun-scathaich nan stuadh,  
Og-bhean bhanaid mhic Sheuma.  
An tog thu aghaidh nan snuadh caoin  
O'n charraig a' coimhead mo sheòil?  
Cha 'n fhaic thu ach a' mhuir fhaoin,  
Cha 'n e cobhar nan tonn do sheòid,  
Fàg a' charraig 'us oidheche mu'n cuairt;  
Tha osag nan cruach mu d' cheann."

Is e ni mòr a'm fàbhar Oisein agus na Féinne, gun robh iad co dealuichte o chinnich eile ann am meas iomchuidh a chuir air òighean 'us mnathan nan rosg mall. Tha cunntas air dreach 'us sgiamb àilleag ann an *Losga Taura*, agus tha mi a' saòilsinn nach 'eil e furasda buaidh a thoirt air briathran 'us beachdan a' bhàird 'n uair a tha e 'seinn mar so:

"Innseam pàirt do dhreach na reul:  
Bu gheal a deud gu h-ùr dlù.  
'S mar chanach an t-sleibhe  
Bha a cneas 's a h-eide ùr,  
Bha a braighe cearelach bàn,  
Mar shneachda tlàth 's an fhìreach,  
Bha dà chich air a h-uchd ciatach,  
Be'n dreach sud mian gach fir,  
Bu shoitheamh binn a glòir,  
'S bu deirge na'n ròs a beul;  
Mar chobhar a sìos r'a taobh  
Sinnse gu caol bha gach meur,  
Bha a dà chaol mhala mhìne,  
Dù-dhonn air liomh an loin,  
A dà ghruaidh air dhreach nan caorrùn,  
'S i gu h-ìomlan saor o chron,  
Bha a gnùis mar bharrà gheuga  
Anns a cheud fhàs ur.  
A falt buidhe mar orra-shleibhte  
'S mar dhearrsa gréine bha sùil."

Tha ceilear ceòlmhor nan rannan sin anna féin ag aithris, gun robh Oisein air a' lionadh le greadhnachas ann an conaltradh a ghleidheadh ri àilleachd 'us aghaidh nàduir. Ciod e an dòigh air an gabh moladh as àirde 'deanamh air grinnead 'us uailse òigh no ainnearan rinn Oisein anns a' chainnt so.

Ann an tuireadh a' dheanamh thairis air na laoiach a thuit ann am meadhon astar an làithean mu'n d' éirich 's an

dàn an cliù tha Oisein ùr-labhrach, tiamhaidh, agus muladach. Tha cinnha Oisein thairis air Oscar da-rireachd tiom:

“An do thuit thu Oseair shùir nan lann,  
Am meadhon do gharbh astair féin!  
Na thuit am mac a thug dhomh cliù?  
Nach fhaic mi thu, Oseair, a chaoidh?  
'N uair a chluinneas triathan mòr m'an  
cloinn,

Nach cluinn mi 's an àm ort, a thriath?  
Bidh còineach air do chlachaidh liath;  
Bithidh gaoth measg an eabhann fo bhron;  
Cuirear còmhrag gun thusa air sliabh;  
Cha lean thu eilid chiarr mu thorr,  
Chruinnich iad uime na sluaigh,  
'S gach aon neach ri bùirich through;  
Cha chaoineadh a mhac féin,  
'S eba ghuileadh a bhràthair e;  
Cha chaoineadh piuthar a bràthair,  
'S cha chaoineadh màthair a mac,  
Ach iad uile anns a' phlosgail  
A' geur chaoineach mo chaoimh Oseair.”

Tha bròn 'us mulad mòr a' siubhal troimh 'n tuireadh a rinn Oisein thairis air a mhac, Oscar. An déigh bàis a mhic, chaith Oisein agus Malamin nan seod, nighean Thocsair agus bana-chliamhuinn a' bhàird féin, mòran d'an làithean le cheile. Is miùic 'tha bàrd Chòna a' tòiseachadh a dhàin, le luaidh a dheanamh air Malamin nam buadh, agus ag radh “a Mhalamin le d' ehlàr bì dlà.” Tha e soilleir gun robh fìnghair aig laoch na Féinne, gum bitheadh iad an déigh am bàis a' leantuinn na seilge, agus a' ruagadh nan torc ciar mar a bha iad air raon Lena agus am measg fhrithean 'us aonaichean Mhorbheinn. Anns a' cheathramh duan de Fhionnghal, tha Oisein a' toirt an òrdugh so seachad:

“Cuirnich, thusa, cuir mo lann,  
M' iubhair eam 'us cròc an fhéidh,  
An tabh eòis ghlais a tha ri ceann  
Caol thall, a chuirra gun leus.”

Bha Oisein 'na gheug 'na aonar, leis féin, air a thréigsinn le 'chàirdean uile, aon an deigh aoin dhiubh dh' fhailnich, 'us dh' fhàg iad esan gu dubhach. Shil deòir Mhalamin 's an oidheche, cha 'n fhaiceadh i lochran nan speur; b' amhuil i 's reul na maidne, glas neulach an

déigh gach lèchrain. Thàinig guth ann am badaibh nan coilltean, agus b' ait an fhuaim. “Bidh Oisein 's Malamin gu luath leinn.” Tha sar bhean Oseair ag radh:

“Fosglabhse talla nan speur,  
Aithriche Oseair nan cruaidh bheum;  
Fosglabhse dorsa nan niall.  
Tha ceuma Mhalamin gu dian.”

Dh' fhas guth Chona balbh, agus cha 'n 'eil faisneach a' bhàird gu bhrigh:

“Pill thusa gu d' fhois Oisein chaoimh,  
'S na guil nis mo an déigh na dh' fhalbh:  
Cho fhad 'sa bhios grian no gealach ann,  
Cha 'n airmhear iad am measg nam  
marbh!  
'S gus an cochoil na h-uile ni tha fo 'n  
ghréin,  
A bhàird chaoimh nan iomadh sgeul,  
Cha 'n fhailnich da chumhachd no do  
chliù,  
'S cha ghearrar do chuimhne o mheasg  
an t-sìogh.

CONA.

### NA TRI BANTRAICHEAN.

Bha tri àir bhantraichean ann roimhe, agus bha mac aig gach té dhiubh. 'S e Dòmhnall a b' ainm do mhac a h-aon diubh. Bha ceithir daimh aig Dòmhnall, 's cha robh ach dà dhamh an fhir aig càch. Air son sin bha iad daonnan a' trod ag radh gu 'n romh 'n còrr feòir aig Dòmhnall 'na bha aca fhéin. Oidheche dhe na h-oidheachan chaidh iad do 'n mhaoinir agus mharbh iad na daimh aig Dòmhnall. Air do Dhòmhnall éiridh 's a' mhaduinn chaidh e 'choimhead a chuid dhamh, agus fhuair e marbh iad. Dh-fheann e iad, 's shail e iad, agus thug e leis té dhe na seicheachan do 'n bhaile-mhòr air son a reic. Bha 'n t-astar cho fada 's gun d' thàinig an oidheche air mu 'n d' ràinig e 'm baile-mòr; agus chaidh e 'staigh do choille 's chuir e 'n t-seiche mu 'cheann. Thàinig grunnan ian 's laidh iad air an t-seiche. Chuir Dòmhnall a mach a làmb, 's rug e air fear dhiubh. Mu

shoillseachadh an latha dh-éirich e 's dh-fhalbh e. Ghabh e gu taigh duine-uasail. Thàinig an duine nasal gus an dorus, 's dh'fhèraich e do Dhòmhnall dé bh' aige 'n a achlais. Fhreagair Dòmhnall gu'n romh fiosaiche. "De 'n fhiosachd a bhios e 'deanamh" ars' an duine nasal. "Bithidh na h-uile seòrsa fiosachd" arsa Dòmhnall. "Thoir air fiosachd a dheanamh," ars' an duine nasal. Dh-fhàisg Dòmhnall an t-ian gus gu'n d' thug e ràn ás. "Ciod e 'tha e 'g radh?" ars' an duine uasal. "Tha e 'gràdh gum bheil toil agadsa 'cheannach, agus gu'n tabhair thu dà chiad punnd Sasunnach air" arsa Dòmhnall. "Mata, gu cinnteach!" ars' an duine uasal, "tha e fìor, agus na'm bithinn a' smaoineachadh gu'n deanadh e fiosachd bhéirinn sin air." Cheannaich an duine uasal, an sin, an t-ian o Dhòmhnall air son dà chiad punnd Sasunnach. "Fiach nach reic thu ri duine 'sam bith e" arsa Dòmhnall, "gun fhios nach d' thig mi fhéin fhathasd ga iarraidh. Cha d' thugainn dut air son trì mìle punnd Sasunnach e mar bitheadh gu'm bheil mi ann an éiginn." Dh'fhalbh Dòmhnall dachaidh 's cha d' rinn an t-ian an còrr fiosachd.

'N uair a ghabh Dòmhnall a bhiadh, thòisich e air cunntadh an airgid, agus co 'bha 'ga choimhead ach na fir a mharbh na daimh; a's thàinig iad a steach. "A Dhòmhnall" ars' iadsan "cia mar a fhuair thusa na tha 'n sin de dh-airgead?" "Fhuair mar a gheibh sibhse e cuideachd. 'S mi 'bha toilichte gu'n do mharbh sibh na daimh orm" arsa Dòmhnall. "Marbhaibh-se na daimh agaibh féin agus feannaibh iad; thugaibh leibh na seicheachan do'u bhaile mhòr, 's bithibh ag éigheachd 'co 'cheannaicheas seiche daimh?' agus gheibh sibh pailteas airgid." Mharbh a's dh-fheann iad na daimh. Thug iad leotha na seicheachan do'n bhaile mhòr, 's thòisich iad air éigheachd "co 'cheannaicheas seiche daimh?" Lean iad air éigheachd sin fad an latha, 's muinn-

tir a' bhaile mhòir a' deanamh spòrs orra; agus mu dheireadh thill iad dhachaidh. Cha romh fhios aca 'n so ciod e 'dheanadh iad, 's bha aithreachas orra chionn na daimh a mharbhadh. Chunn-aic iad màthair Dhòmhnall a' dol do 'n tobar, rug iad oirre 's thachd iad i. Bha Dòmhnall a' gabhail iongantais nach ro 'mhàthair a' tighinn. Chaidh e 'choimhead air a son, 's fhuair e i marbh aig an tobar. Cha romh fios aige dé 'dheanadh e; ach thug 'e leis dhachaidh i, 's a la' r na màireach sgeadaich e i anns an aodach a b' fhearr a bh' aice, 's thug e do 'n bhaile mhòr i. Choisich e suas gu taigh an rìgh 's i aige air a mhuinn. Air dha thighinn gu taigh an rìgh thachair tobar mhòr ris, agus stob e 'bhata 'm bruaich na tobarach, 's chuir e a màthair 'na seasamh ri 'thaic. Ràinig e dorus taigh an rìgh; bhuail e, 's thàinig searbhanta 'nuas. "Abair ris an rìgh" ars' esau "gu'm bheil boireannach còir thallud 's gu'm bheil gnothach aice ris." Dh-innis an t-searbhanta so do 'n rìgh. "Abair ris a radh rithe tighinn a nall" ars' an rìgh. "Tha 'n rìgh ag iarraidh ort a radh rithe tighinn a nall" ars an t-searbhanta ri Dòmhnall. "Cha téid mise; sibhal fhéin ann; tha mi sgèth gu leòr" ars' a Dòmhnall. Dh-fhalbh an t-searbhanta 'n so, 's ars' a Dòmhnall "mar a freagair i thu, put gu math i, oir tha i bodhar." Ràinig an t-searbhanta agus labhair i. "A' bhoir-eannaich chòir, tha 'n rìgh ag iarraidh oirbh féin tighinn a nall." Cha d' thug a' chailleach feairt. Phut i i 's cha d' thubhairt a' chailleach facal. Bha Dòmhnall a' faicinn mar a bha 'muigh. "Tarruing am bata o 'h-uchd" arsa Dòmhnall, "'s ann 'na cadal a tha i." Tharruing i 'm bata o 'h-uchd, agus sid a' chailleach an coinneamh a cinn do 'n tobar; agus aig an àm dh' éigh Dòmhnall "O m' eudail! m' eudail! mo màthair air a bàthadh anns an tobar! ciod e 'ni mise 'n dingh!" Bhuail e 'n so a bhasan, 's cha robh ràn a bheircadh e ás nach cluinnte miltean air astar. Thàinig

an rìgh a mach, agus ars' esan ri Dòmhnall, "O ghille na toir guth gu bràth air is pàighidh mise do mhàthair.—Cìod e 'n t-sium a bhios tu 'g iarraidh oirre?" "Còig ciad punn Sasunnach" arsa Dòmhnall. "Stu 'gheibh sin gu'n dàil" ars' an rìgh. Fhuair Dòmhnall an t-suim airgid a dh' iarr e; dh' fhalbh e far an romh a mhàthair; thug e dhi an t-aodach a bh' oirre; 's thilg e 's an tobar i.

Chaidh e 'sin dhachaigh agus thòisich e air cunntadh a chuid airgid. Aig an àm co 'thigeadh ach an dithis eile, 'choimhead an romh e brònach an déigh bàs a mhàthair; agus air dhoibh an t-airgead fhaicinn, dh-fhèdraich iad c' àite 'n fhuair e na bha sud. "Fhuair" arsa Dòmhnall "far am faigheadh sibhse pailteas na 'n toilicheadh sibh féin." "Cia mar a gheibh sinn e?" "Marbhaibh-se 'ur màthraichean; thugaibh leibh air 'ur muin iad; rachaibh thun a' bhaile mhoir leotha; bithibh ag éigh-eachd, 'Co 'cheannaicheas seana chailleach-an marbha?' 's gheibh sibh 'ur fortan."

'N uair a chuala iad so chaidh iad dhachaigh, 's shìn gach fear diubh air a mhàthair fhéin le clach 'am mogan gus an do mharbh e i. An la' r na màir-each, dh-fhalbh iad do 'n bhaile mhòr leotha; 's thòisich gach fear diubh air éigheachd, 'Co 'cheannaicheas seana chailleach mharbh?' ach cha romh duine 'cheannaicheadh am bathar sin. 'N uair a bha muinntir a' bhaile mhòir sgèth a' gabhail spòrrs orra, chuir iad na coin na 'n déigh dhachaigh.

Thàinig iad dhachaigh fann, sgèth, 's chaidil iad gu maith an oidheche sin. An la' r na màireach 'n uair a dh-éirich iad thàinig iad far an robh Dòmhnall, rug iad air, 's chuir iad ann am baraille e. Dh-fhalbh iad leis gus a thilgeadh sios o mhullach creige. Bha iad a' dol air an aghaidh leis—'s fear mu seach aca 'g a ghiùlan. Ars' an dara fear diubh "O'n tha 'n t-astar cho fada, 's an latha cho teth, bu chòir duinn a dhol a staigh do thaigh a ghabhail drama." Chaidh

iad a staigh, 's dh-fhàg iad Dòmhnall anns a' bharaille air an rathad mhòr a muigh. Chual e tristrich a' tighinn, 's co 'bha 'n so ach cìbear le ciad caora. Ghabh an cìbear air aghaidh agus shìn Dòmhnall air seinn trùmp a bh' aige 'sa' bharaille. Ars' an cìbear 's e 'bualadh a bharaille le a bhata "co tha 'n so?"—"Tha mise" arsa Dòmhnall. "Cìod e 'tha thu a' deanamh an so?" ars' an cìbear. "Tha mi 'deanamh an fhortain ann" arsa Dòmhnall, "'s cha 'n fhaca duine riabh a leithid so de dh-àite le òr 'us airgead. Tha mise 'n déigh mìle sporan a lianadh 'an so, agus tha mi 'fhortan an coinneamh 'bhi deanta." "'S truagh" ars' au cìbear, "nach leigeadh tu mì-fhein a steach treis." "Cha leig; 's mòr a bheireadh orm e." "'S cinnteach gu'n leig thu ann mi air son aon mhineid, agus gu'm faod pailteas a bhi agad féin co-dhiù." "An leòbhra 'dhuine bhochd o'n tha thu cho feumach, leigidh mi ann thu, cuir fhéin an ceann às a' bharaille 's thig an so; ach cha-n fhada 'gheibh thu 'bhi ann" arsa Dòmhnall.

Thug an cìbear an ceann às a' bharaille, 's thàinig Dòmhnall amach, a's rug e air dhà chois air a' chìbear, 's thilg e an coinneamh a chinn 's a' bharaille e. "Cha-n-eil airgead no òr an so" ars' an cìbear. "Cha-n fhaic thu dad gus an d' theid an ceann 's a' bharaille" arsa Dòmhnall. "O cha-n fhaic mise ni air bith an so" ars' an cìbear. "Mar a faic, biodh agad," arsa Dòmhnall.

Dh' fhalbh Dòmhnall 's chuir e air am breacan a bh' air a' chìbear, 's an uair a chunnac an cù am breacan, lean e Dòmhnall. Thàinig na fir a bha 'g òl amach, rug iad air a' bharaille, 's thog iad air an guailibh e. Dh-fhalbh iad leis; agus theireadh an cìbear 'an ceann na h-uile mionaid, "Mise 'th' ann, mise 'th' ann." "O 's tu bhraidean, 's math gur tu." Ràinig iad beul na creige 's leig iad sios am baraille leis a' chreig 's an cìbear 'n a bbroinn.

Air dhoibh pilleadh, co chitheadh iad ach Dòmhnall le 'chù 's le 'bhreacan, 's

ciad caora aige ann am pàirc. Ghabh iad a null far an robh e, agus ars' iadsan, "O Dhòmhnùil, cia mar a fhuair thusa tighinn an so?" "Fhuair" arsa Dòmhnùil, "mar a gheibheadh sibhse na'm fiachadh sibh ris. An déigh dhomhsa 'n saoghal thall a ruigsinn, thuir iad rium gun d' ràinig mi ro thrà, 's chuir iad a nall mi 's ciad caora 'n a mo chois gu airgead a dheanamh dhomh fhéin." "Agus an d' thugadh iad a' leithid sin dhuinne na 'n rachamaid féin ann?" ars' iadsan. "Bheireadh, 's iad a bheireadh" arsa Dòmhnùil. "Ciod e 'n dòigh air am faigh sinn dol ann" ars' iadsan. "Direach air an aon dòigh air an do chuir sibh féin mis' ann?" ars' esan.

Dh' fhalbh iad, 's thug iad leotha dà bharaille gu iad fhéin a chuir unnta gu h-àrd. 'N uair a ràinig iad an t-àite chaidh fear dhiubh ann a h-aon de na baraillean, 's thilg am fear eile sios leis a' chreig e. Thug am fear sin ràn às shios 's an eanchainn an déigh dol às leis a' bhuille 'fhuair e. Dh' fheòraich am fear eile de Dhòmhnùil ciod e 'bha e 'g ràdh. "Tha e 'g éigheach, ' *Crodh a's caoraich! maoin a's mathas!*" arsa Dòmhnùil. "Sios mi! sios mi!" ars' am fear eile. Cha d' fhan e ri 'dhol anns a' bharaille ach ghrad leim e sios, 's chaidh an eanchainn às. Thill Dòmhnùil dhachaidh 's bha 'm fearann aige dha fhéin.—*Sgeulachdan Gaidhealach.*

—o—

### MAR A CHAIDH MENELAUS A LOT LE PANDARUS.

Air a thionndadh gu Gàilig Abraich :  
bho 'n cheathramh Duan de 'n Iliad—  
le EOBHAN MAC LACHLAINN.

Labhair i 's dh' impich foill,  
Cridh' gun sgoinn gu gnìomh gun bhuidh:  
Tharruing e 'n tiota air lom  
Bogha crom bu lìomhaidh snuagh.  
Adh'reean bras-ghaibhre nan cruach  
A bhuail 'fhuibhaidh luath roimh'n chliabh;  
A preas-falaich leum an calg,  
'S i 'dìreadh nan garbhhlach liath.  
'S teach 'n a h-uchd chaidh an gath searbh,  
Thuit i marbh air creag nan sliabh;

Bha sia bann-lamh' deug air àird'  
'S na h-adh'reean a b' àillidh snìomh.  
Ceàrd seòlta nan iubhar caol  
Chuir air ghleus an fhaodail chòrr—  
Shnaigh e 'n slios gu dealbhach, grinn,  
'S chòmhdach e 'n dà ruinn le h-òr.  
Leag e sios air làr am ball,  
'S shnaim e 'n taifeid ùr gu teann,  
'S an cleith bho shùl-bheachd na Gréig'  
Air chùl sgiath nan treun gun mheang,  
Chum 's nach brùchdadh neart nan nàmh  
A mhosglaidh a' bhàir romh 'n àm,  
Seal mu 'm biodh fuar marbh, fo chreuchd,  
Ceannard Greugach nan geur lann.

Thog e beul-còmhdach a' bhuilg,  
'S fhuair e calg guineach a' bhàis,  
Frith-bhacach, iteach, ùr, slìm,  
Aobhar nan deich mìle cràdh.  
Ghrad-chuir e 'n t-saighead an crois,  
Saighead gheur nan dosgainn truagh ;  
'S rium ùrnaigh bho chridh' gu dian  
Ri mòr-dhia nam fiùbhaidh luath ;  
'S gheall iar 'ath-philleadh gu 'thir  
Gu 'n tairgeadh e an lobairt shaor,  
A choig fichead ceud-ghin uan  
Air làr Shelia, stuaigh a ghaoil.

An sin ghlac an cuimsiche còrr  
An càr ghobhlach, 's an deagh shreang;  
Tharruing e 'n taifeid gu 'chich,  
'S a chuile dhìreach gu fìor-cheann;  
'N uair bha 'm bogh' air a shàr-lagh  
Mar mhòr-cheareall, a' spadh chruaidh,  
A dha bhàrr cuideachd, ach gann,  
Bhreab am ball bu ghliongrach fuaim.  
Shrann an taifeid le h-àrd-eubh  
Leum air ghaoth nan speur 'n a stìll  
Le h-acras caothaich gu feòil \*  
Fiùbhaidh chròcach nan geur-ruinn.

Dhuts, a Mhenelàuis thréin,  
Cha b' ascaoin na dé bhith-bhuan:  
'S i Pallas euchdach nam blàr  
'Dhion bho 'n Eug thu 's a' chàs chruaidh.  
Thill i 'n dealg-bhior bho d'chaomh chneas,  
Mar mhàthair an taic a luaidh,  
'Dh' fhuadaicheas creithleag bho ghuais,  
'Micein ùir 's e trom 'n a shuain.  
Stiùir Pallas gu seòlt' an calg  
Gu sreath ghrinn nan ailbheag òir  
A dhaingnich an crios gu dlùth  
Far 'm bu dùbailt uchdach chòrr.  
Lot an t-iarunn stìm nan gréis  
Gòrsaid cheutach nam breac dhealbh,

\* "Is minig le Homer, trid samhlaichaidh, anam a thoirt do nìthibh gun anam. Anns gach seachas is ro-thait-neach a' bhuaidh bheothachaidh so: mar a thuir e (mu 'n t-saighid): Le h-acras caothaich," &c. Aristot. Rhet. III

'S an fhalluing ri taic a chléibh  
 A bhac neart nan reub-ghath searbh.  
 Riach an gáinn a chraicinn maoth  
 Romh 'n deagh-fhaobh bu dlúth ri 'chòm;  
 An fhuil chraobhach bhréhd gu luath  
 'N a bláth shrúitheat ruadh romh 'n toll.

—o—

### SOLUS A' DEALRADH MACH A DORCHADAS,

EADAR-THEANGAICHTE LEIS AN URRAMACH  
 ALASDAIR CAMSHRON.

An dòighibh dìomhair gluaisidh Dia,  
 Thoir 'iongantais mu'n cuairt;  
 Mar charbad dha tha 'n doinninn dhian,  
 'S tha lorg a' chois' 's a' chuan.

An doimhneachdan do ghliocas sìor  
 Tha 'rùintean taisgte suas;

Is cuirear leis a thoil an gnìomh,  
 Mar 's miann leis féin gach uair.

Ur-mhisneach glacaibh, naomh gun  
 trèòir,

Na neòil a's duirch' tha làn  
 Do thròcair chaoimh, is dòirtear leò  
 Oirbh maitheas mòr gun dàil.

Na measaibh Dia tre shealladh mhàin,  
 'N a ghràs cuiribh 'ur dùil;

Air cùl an fhreasdail dhuirch tha gràdh  
 A' lasadh ghnàth 'n a ghnùis.

A rùintean abaichidh gu luath,  
 'S iad fosgladh suas gun tàmh;

'S ged robh a' ghueag searbh 's an uair,  
 Bidh mills' is buaidh 's a' bhlàth.

As-creidimh dall thèid eil 's gach ceum,  
 Gnìomh Dhé a chaoidh cha sgrùd;

'S e Dia 's fear-mìneachaidh dha féin,  
 'S ni soilleir réidh gach cùis.

—o—

### LITIR O RUNASDACH.

A Ghàidheil Ghaolaich,

Gheall mi anns an litir mu dheireadh  
 a chuir mi thugaibh gun innsinn duibh cuid  
 de na sean nithe faoin a chruinnich mi air  
 mo thuras feadh na Gàidhealtachd.

Tha mi a nis a' dol a thoirt oidhirp air  
 mo ghealladh a choilinnadh. Ach an creid  
 sibhse mi, 'n uair a their mi ruibh gu 'm  
 bheil mi, mar is motha 'bheachdaicheas mi  
 air na nithean amaideach ud, air mo dhaing-  
 neachadh anns a' bhlarail, gu'm bheil aig

mòran dhiubh an stéidh ann am firinn  
 éigin?—nach robh ann an cuid dhiubh ach  
 dòigh bhàrdail air ni éigin a chumail air  
 chuimhne, no rathad seòlta a ghabh daoine  
 gliee air firinn shònruichte a theagasg do  
 shluagh a bha aig an àn cho ainedlach nach  
 tuigeadh iad an nì a bha air a theagasg  
 n'an rachadh a chuir fa'n comhair air  
 dhòigh eile? Ach leigidh sinn seachad so aig  
 an àm is bheir sinn cuid de'n ghòraich ud a  
 lathair. Anns an litir so tha 'mhiann orm  
 labhairt air beachd a bha aon uair cumanta,  
 is nach 'eil fhathast tur bàs, anns a' Ghaidh-  
 ealtachd, 's e sin, creideas ann an droch-  
 chòmhlachean. 'Bha e air a làn chreidsinn  
 gun robh cuid de nithibh, de chreutairibh,  
 agus de dhaoimibh nach robh idir cneasda a  
 thachairt air neach. Na'm biodh tu 'dol a  
 chum margaidh, no air tòir mnatha, no air  
 air ghnòthach cudthromach air bith eile,  
 dh'fhaodadh tu tilleadh dhachaidh n'an  
 tachradh aon de na nithibh, neo-sheunta ud  
 ort. Am measg nan nithe nach robh idir  
 sona, n'am b' fhiòr, bha an fheadhainn a  
 leanas: Cha robh e ceart ma bha thu 'dol  
 air thuras nighean a ghabhail chum do thra  
 maidne. Cha mhòtha a bha e sona piogh-  
 aid a thachairt ort no seilicheag air lie luim,  
 no uan no searrach fhaicinn 's an culthaobh  
 rint.—Ach cha 'n e a mhàin gun robh iad so  
 fìor mì-sheallbhach ri tachairt orra 'nuair bha  
 thu dol air thuras, ach bha iad a' cur air  
 mhanadh droch fhortan fad na bliadhna, ma  
 se is gu'm biodh a chiad seilicheag a chith-  
 cadh tu air àite lom, agus a chiad uan agus  
 searrach 's an culthaobh rint. Is còmhla ri  
 so uile, nan chluinnadh tu a chuthag air son'  
 na eiad uair 's an òg Shamhradh mu'n do  
 bhlaiss thu lòn, bha cupan do mhi fhortain  
 làn. Cha ruigeadh a leas sùil a bhì agad  
 ach ri tubaistean, droch-fhortan agus rosadan  
 fad na bliadhna. A chum am mi-fhortan  
 so a sheachnadh bha e na chleachdaimn  
 "greim cuthaige" a ghabhail 'sa' mhaduinn.  
 B' aithne dhomh iad a bha 'cur nìr de  
 dh'aran fo'n chluasaig aca, a chum itheadh  
 'nuair a dhùisgeadh iad a mochra, 'us gu'm  
 biodh mar so toiseach aca air a' chuthaig.  
 Tha mi cinnteach gu'n euala iomadh aon  
 de luchd-leughaidh "A' Ghàidheil" an rann:  
 Chuala mi 'chuthag gun bhìadh 'am bhroinn,  
 Channa mi searrach 'sa chùlthaobh rium,  
 Channa mi seilicheag air lie luim,  
 Is dh' aithnich mi nach rachadh a'  
 bhliadhna sin leam.

Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam ciod a b' aobhar do  
 na barailean so. Math dh'fhaodte a thaobh



na cuthaig gur e an leasan a bha air a theagasg, gu'm bu chòir do dhaoineibh a bhi moch air an cois; oir bha meas mòr aig 'ur n-athraichean air moch-eiridh. Bha iad a' creidsinn ann am firiun an teagaisg a bha air a chur sìos ann an rann beurla air am bheil gach aon eòlach. Bha an rann so ag ràdh gu'm b'è. "A bhi àmail ma thamb, agus moch air do chois, an dòigh gu bhi saoi bhir, bhi falan 'us glic." Ach is eagal leam, "air maduinn chùin chéitein" gu'm feumadh iad "a bhi bogadh nan gad" "mu'n blaiseadh an t-eun an t-uisge" ma se is gum bitheadh an trath maidne seachad ma'n goireadh a' chuthag. A thaobh an rainn so mu'n chuthaig, chuala mi freagairt air a thoirt dha is fìora gu fada na an teagasg a tha ann. Be so e:

Ged 'chuala mi 'chuthag gun bhìadh 'am bhroiuin,

Ged 'chunna mi searrach 'sa chùlthaobh rium,  
Ged 'chunna mi seilcheag air lic luim,  
Is coma leam sud, ma bhios Dia leam.

Bha e mar an ceudna air a mheas neo shona, thu a dhi-chuimhneachadh ni air bith as tilleadh air a shon. Na'n deanadh tu so, cha chinneadh do ghuothach leat air aon chor. Tha gliocas anns a' bharail so, oir ged nach b'è an tilleadh air ais a dheanadh dolaidh ort, bha e 'dearbhadh, nach robh thu a'd ghille gnothuch maith, nach robh annad ach claobaire gun òrdugh mar bha thu mar so 's a' cheud dol a mach a' di-chuimhneachadh. Bha mar an ceudna a mhaighreach na fìor dhroch chomhlaiche, a chionn, math dh' fhaodte gur i cailleach éigin a bha air i féin a chur ann an riochd gearra. Oir bha, n'am b'fhìor, an eumhachd so aig na buidsichean iad féin a chur ann an cruth a' chreutair cheithir-chasaich so.

Labhairidh mi ann an litir eile mu'n ni so, buidseachas, is air an aobhar sin cha'n abair mi tuillidh mu na cleasan acasan aig an àm. Ach cha'n e 'mhàin gu'n robh creutairean de'n t-seòrsa so na'n droch chomhlaichean, ach bha daoine ann mar an ceudna nach robh ceasda a choinneachadh. Bha mi féin eòlach air aon no dhà aig an robh an cliù so. B' aithne dhomh duine eòir 'us na'm b'è a' cheud aon a thachradh air iasg-airean, mar a bha iad air an rathad thun a' bhàta aca, thilleadh iad dachaidh, oir ceann cha ghlacadh iad n'an tachradh esau orra. Cha'n aithne dhomh carson a fhuair an duine so an t-ainm, oir tha fhios agam nach do thoill se e, oir is iomadh uair a thachair

e orm fhéin is cha robh e riamh na dhroch chomhlaiche dhomh. Ma bha neach air bith na dhroch chomhlaiche, is gun robh a thoil agad nach deanadh e coire ort, cha robh agad ach fuil a thoirt às os ceann analach, is cha b' urrainn e coire air bith a dheanamh ort. Tha seann duine a b' aithne dhomh, a tha fhathas a lathair (cho fhada 's as fìos domh,) a tha beagan cearr 's an inntinn. Bha e làn do dh' ubagaibh agus do ghisrigeaibh agus làn chreidsin aige gun robh muinntir ann a bha na'n droch chomhlaichean. Bha e aon uair 's an tràigh chailleag, 'us thàinig boireannach eòir a thrusadh maoraich mar an ceudna, thàinig i eadar esan agus a' ghrian, 's thuit a faileas air. Ghrad thog esan air a chliabh is dh' fhalbh e dhachaidh. An la'r na mhàireach bha e dol do'n bhaile mhargaidh a b' fhaigse air, air ghuothach, is co a chiad aon a thachair air ach a' cheart bhean. "Bheir mise ort," ars' esan, "nach bi thu daonnaan a' cur buidseachas ormsa." Is tainnear e botal a bha aige 'na achlais is ghearr e 'bhean chòir 'sa' mhaladh. Thug e a leithid do phailleart dhi 's gun do theab e cur as di. Chaidh a thoirt gu mòd. Dh' fheòraich am breitheamh dheth "Ciod a thug ort a' bhean a bhualadh? Ciod a rinn i ort?" "Rinn i gu leòir orm" fhreagair e, "bha i daonnaan a' cur ubagan orm, is bha mi dìreach ga'm' dhion féin o a gisreagaibh le fuil a thoirt às a maladh." Chaidh fhaighinn a mach nach robh e gu buileach 'n a chiall féin, is air an aobhar sin chaidh cùram a ghabhail dheth. Ach cha b'è daoine mearanach a mhàin a bha aon uair a' creidsinn a leithid so do dh' amaideachd, ach muinntir a bha pongail tuigseach gu leòir a thaobh nithean eile. Tha mi 's a' bheachd gu'm bheil dlùth dbaith eadar creideamh ann an droch chomhlaiche agus a' chleachdainn ud a tha coitcheinn gu leòir 's a' bhaile so féin ris an abrar "*first-footing*" anns a' Bheurla. Is e an nì o'm bheil a' chleachdainn so a sruthadh, gu'm bheil e air a mheas neo shona dol do thigh neach air tùs na bliadh'n ùire gun tiodhlachd éigin a'd làimh. Ma theid thu falamh ann tha thu a' toirt gainne is bochdainn chum an tìghe. Ach ma bheir thu leat tiodhlachd éigin, 'us gum bheil thu féin a bhàrr air sin a'd chomhlaiche math tha thu 'toirt sonais 'us rath 'ga ionnsuidh. Tha e air a mheas na nì fìor ole nì air bith fàrraidh airasad air latha na bliadhna ùire: gu sònruichte fadadh teine. Na'n tuiteadh gun rachadh an teine às agus nach robh

igh agad air fhadadh, b' fheàrr a bhi gun ne idir no gun rachadh tu a shireadh foid teine air coimhearsnach. Na'n tigeadh neach a dh'iarraidh teine chum do thighe, is gu robh droch rùn 'na bheachd le so a dheanamh, cha robh agad ach eibhleag a chur ann an soitheach uisge, agus thuiteadh an teine bha iadsan a' toirt leo ann an lub is rachadh a bhàthadh, is mar a tuiteadh cha robh iad comasach air coire air bith a dheanamh aona char, mar rachadh so a dheanamh. Am eile a bha air a mheas ceart foid teine a thoirt á tigh, 'n uair bhiodh leanabh a stigh nach d'fhuair na fiacalan. Ma se is gun d'fhugadh aon aig an robh geasan air bith a mach foid teine aig a leithid sin do dh'àm, bha aobhar eagail nach faigheadh am paisde na fiacalan idir. Dh'fhairtlich orm fhaotainn a mach ciod a bu stéidh do'n bharail amaideich so, no ciod an co-cheangail a b' urrainn a bhi eadar foid teine o'n teallaich agus fiacalan naoidheinn 's a' chreitheil. Car do'n cheart seòrsa bha beachdan agus cleachdainean a bha air an coimhead a thaobh dol air imrich. Bha e feumail air son so gum biodh latha ceart air a thaghadh. 'N uair a thigeadh tu a chum an tìghe anns an robh thu ri còmhnuidh a ghabhail, bha e na ni glic creutair beo a chur a stigh air an doras ma'n rachadh aon do'n teaghlach a steach. Bha e na ni fìor mi shona cat a thoirt air imrich nis lugha na gun rachadh a thilgeil a stigh ma'n rachadh ball de'n earnais a steach; na'n rachadh so a dheanadh cha bhiodh ole air bith a' leantuinn a bhi toirt a' chait air imrich. Bha Di-sathurn air a mheas na dhroch latha gu dol air imrich agus Di-luan na latha fìor shona. A réir seann rann a chuala mi, cha robh a réir aogais ach dà latha anns an t-seachdainn air an bu chòir imrich a dheanadh. Tha an rann ag radh:

Di-ciadain craobhaidh,  
Diar-daoin dalach,  
Di-h-aoine cha 'n 'eil e buadhar,  
'S cha dual duit falbh am màireach.  
Imrich an t-Sathurna gu tuath,  
Is imrich an Luain gu deas:  
Ged nach biodh agam ach an t-uain,  
'Sann Di-luain a dh'fhalbhainn leis.

Cha mhotha a bha e air a mheas sona do'n aon a thigeadh a' d' dhéigh, na'm fagadh tu an tìgh air a sgnabadh gu glan. Mar is motha a bhithheadh de shopan, de smùr, 's de threamalusg feadh an tìghe 'sann a bu mhotha a bhiodh de bhuaidh a's de phiseich air an teaghlach a bha gu còmhnuidh ann. Cha 'n 'eil e furasd 'fhaicinn

ciod is ciall do 'n t-saobh bharail so, no ciod an ceangal a tha eadar salachar is sonas. Shaoileadh neach gur ann mar bu ghloinne a bhiodh tigh air fhagail, gur ann a bu lugha dragh a bhithheadh acasan a bha 'tighinn a chòmhnuidh ann. Is a bhàrr air sin ma tha sonas idir ri 'fhaighinn 's ann ann an gloinead a tha e ri fhaotuinn is cha 'n ann idir ann an salachar. Tha eagal orm gu'm feum mi an litir so a tharruing gu crìch. Tha mòran de shean bharailibh eile air am bheil a rùn orm sgrìobhadh ma's i 'ur toil-se, Fhìr-Ullachaidh, àite a thoirt dhoibh 's A' GHÀIDHEAL. Ach, "foghnaidh na dh'fhogh-nas" aigaon àm, is gleidhidh mi an còr gu àm eile. Air an ath mhìos labhraidh mi air an "Droch Shùil" air "Cronachadh" agus air an dòigh gu dol às uatha. Ach nach mòr an aobhar thaingalachd, gu'm bheil na Gàidheil a nis cho saor o chreideas a thoirt do ghòraich de'n t-seòrsa so is 'tha sluagh air bith 's an Roinn-Eòrpa; gum bheil iad a nis eòlach air fìrinn Dé a tha comasach an inntinn àrdachadh os ceann nan saobh bharaillean ud. Buidheachas do'n Fhreasda, gum bheil Soisgeul na Sìthe a' dealradh le a sholus àigh air feadh ghlinn 'us shrathaibh nan garbh chrìoch 'us gum bheil eòlas is feàrr air sgaoileadh am measg an t-sluaigh. Oir ged theagamh gun tachair an so agus an sud oirbh cor aon a chreideas na sean nith-ean faoine ud, do'n mhòr roinn de na Gàidheil, tha iad cho suarach is a tha iad do'n teallsanach as fòghluimichte 's an tìr. Is ma tha cuid ann a tha 'toirt aithre dhoibh, cha 'n 'eil iad ach a' deanamh so a chionn is gum bheil na seann nith-e sin mar "sgeula na h-aimsir a dh'fhalbh," is gur toigh leo a bhi 'cumail cuimhne air cleachdainean nan "seann daoine" a tha nis 'n an cadal gu tosdach samhach an Clachan 'san Cill. Ach na di-chuimhniehadh ma tha solus is àrde againne na bhia acasan, gu'm bheil e air a radh leis a bheul nach breugnaichear, "Dhoibhsean do'n toirear mòran iarar mòran uatha." Ma tha air an aobhar sin solus is àrde againne bithidh sùil gun d' thoir sinn a mach toradh is feàrr. Ach is eagal leam nach 'eil a' chùis mar sin. Cha 'n 'eil mi cinnteach gum bheil tuillidh seirce a's caoimh-neis ri 'm faotuinn a nis, na bha 'n am measg. san. Ma tha tuillidh soluis againn cha 'n 'eil am barrachd blàis againn.

'Si sin mo bharaillsa, theagamh gum bheil mi ceàrr.

Is mi le gach deadh dhùrachd, 'ur caraid,  
Glaschu, air Chuaidh, Mios } RUNASDACH.  
meadhoin an Fhoghair, 1872. }

## SGEULACHDAN O'N "SGIATHAN-ACH."

### AN GOBHAINN AGUS AM MINISTEAR.

Is minic a bha guailleann teine ann an sgornan gobhainn, agus bu ro thaitneach leis a smàladh as le uisge ni 's treasa na uisge fionnair an tobair. Air là àraidh chòmhlaich gobhainn na sgìreachd am ministear, agus thachair gu 'n robh an rathad-mòr rud beag cumhann dha; gidheadh, chuir e failte air a' mhinistear, a thubhairt ris, "O Sheumais, Sheumais, tha mi ro bhronach 'fhaicinn gu'm bheil thu air tòiseachadh air do sheann cleachdadh a ris, dh'aindeoin nam bòid a thug thu gu minic seachad. Ciod a dh'èireas duit, a dhuine thruaigh, agus ciod a tha thu 'cur romhad a dheanamh de 'n bhallachan gille so agad, — brogach glan, tapaidh, gleusda gu'n teagamh?" "Ma ta, a mhinistear 'fhoir, tha mi 'cur romham a dheanamh dheth ni nach urrainn thusa, ged is duine-uasal, fìosrach, fòghluimte thu, a dheanamh, dhe d' mhac féin." "Ciod sin, a Sheumais, innis domh, innis domh air ball, ciod sin?" "Ma ta, le'r cead, a mhinistear," ars' an gobhainn le fiamh-ghaire, "tha mi 'cur romham duine a dheanamh dheth mòran ni 's fearr n' a athair!"

### THIG BEO GU SUBHAILCEACH.

Bi-sa bochd, agus buanaich ann, Ogan-aich, an uair a ta muinntir eile mu'n cuairt duit a' fàs saibhir trid foirneirt agus fòill.— Bi-sa gu'n inbh, gu'n chumhachd, am feadh 'sa ta slugh eile ag éiridh suas air slighibh sleamhuinn na h-eucorach. Fuiling gach àmhghar a dh'èireas o mhealladh-dòchais, agus gnàthaich foighdinn, an uair a ta cuid eile a' dol air an aghaidh gu goileamach, mìodalach, seòlta! Paisg thu féin suas 'n ad' shubhaile féin agus na cùm comunn ach ri fìor charaid, "oir sgrìosar companach nan amadan." Iarr t-aran laitheil, agus air a shuarrachadh, bi tàingeil, toilichte leis. Ma dh'fhasas tu aosmhor, liath, air an t-slighe urramaich so, dean gairdcachas, agus do'n Ard-Rìgh thoir fìor thàingeilcachd do chridhe!

### DONNCHADH DUBH.

Bha Donnchadh Dubh ro chomharraichte air son gach innleachd a ghnàthaicheadh leis chum e féin a chuideachadh ann an còir no 'n eucoir. Cha bhiodh ni sam bith a dhìth air Donnchadh, 'nam biodh e idir far an ruigeadh a làmhan air. Là de na laith-

bh bha muc mhòr, reamhar aig Cailean Bàn, duine bochd aig an robh bothan-tighe goirid o thigh Dhunnchaidh Dhuibh. Smuainich Cailean gu'n robh an t-àm aige a' mhuc a mharbhadh agus a shailleadh. Ach cò a thàinig an rathad ach Donnchadh Dubh, a bha deas gu deagh chomhairle a thoirt do Chailean mu'n t-seòl air an ullaicheadh e gach ni mu'n mhuc. "A nis, a Chailein," deir Donnchadh, "cha 'n 'eil aon mu'n cuairt duit am fad's am fagus, aig nach 'eil deagh-fhios gu'n do mharbh thu a' mhuc mhòr andiugh, agus thig iad as gach cèarn agus cùil a dh' iarraidh chriomana a dh' fhaicinn am bheil an fheoil maith reamhar; ach 's e so a ni thusa, Chailein, gabh a' mhuc agus tilg 's an allt i rè na h-òidhche. Cruaidhichidh an t-uisge fuar an fheòil, agus ni e glan i, agus freagarrach air son an t-salainn. Ma thig neach sam bith chum do thighe 'sa 'mduinn a dh' fhoighneachd mu 'timchioll, thoir do mhìonnan gu'n do ghoidheadh i, agus an sin cha bhì dùil aca ri mìr di fhaotuin." Rinn an duine bochd, amaideach, mar a dh' iarradh air, agus thilg e closach na muice 's an linne goirid o'n tigh. Thàinig Donnchadh Dubh anns an oidhche, an uair a bha Cailean bochd 'n a chodal, agus ghoid e a' mhuc air falbh as an allt. Air an ath mhaduinn, air do Chailean 'fhaicinn mar a thachair, thug e gu grad tigh Dhonnchaidh air, agus dh'innis e dha gu'n do ghoidheadh a mhuc gu'n teagamh sam bith. "Ro cheart, ro cheart, a Chailein, abair thusa sin, agus mo làmhsa nach eagal duit." "Ach, tha mi da-rìreadh, a Dhonnchaidh, gu deimhin agus gun teagamh dh' fhalbh a mhuc." "Dh' fhalbh, dh' fhalbh, ro cheart, ro cheart, dìreach abair thusa sin, a Chailein, agus cha'n eagal duit." "Eisd rium, a Dhonnchaidh," agus e a' lasadh suas le gnè chorruch, "éisd rium an uair a tha mi, air m' onair, a' cur an céill duit gu'n do ghoidheadh a' mhuc co cinnteach ris a' bhàs." "Sin e dìreach, a Chailein; 's'je sin a' cheart ni a dh' iarr mi ort; thoir thusa an còmhnuidh t'fhocal gu'n do ghoidheadh a' mhuc, agus cha chuir na coimhearsnaich dragh sam bith ort; cuimhnich sin a Chailein, agus dean do ghnòthuch gu ro mhaith." Cha deanadh e feum 's am bith do 'n duine bhochd smid tuilleadh a labhairt; dh' fhalbh e gu brònach dhachaidh, agus ghléidh 'us dh' ith Donnchadh Dubh a' chreach!

SGIATHANACH.

## GUTH O CHANADA.

## A GHÀIDHEIL RUNAICH,

Am feadh a tha mòran dhaoine caoimhneil agus suairec ann an tìr nam beann a' cur fàilte, 'us furan oirbh, agus a' guidhe làithean fada fabharach duibh, tha iarrtus làidir agam innseadh duibh gu'm bheil bhur càirdean lionmhor ann an Canada ro thoilichte gun d' fhuair sibh aoidheachd co taitneach agus co faoilidh air taobh thall a' chuain. Cha dean sinn idir di-chuimhne gur ann an dùthaich òig fharsuing aghartaich so a sgaoil sibh 'ur brèidean geala ris an t-soirbheas air tùs. Cha n'eil sprochd no mi-thlachd oirnn ged a th'ig sibh sinn, agus a phlanntaich sibh 'ur n' àite-tuinidh ann an dùthaich ar n-atraichean. Dileas do àbhaistean laghach mhàlda nan Gàidheal, nochdaidh sinn gun amharus nach 'eil ach smuaintean caoimhneil a' lionadh ar cridheachan an tràth a tha sinn a' faicinn turus co rèidh, ciùin romhaibh, agus smuadh co dreachmhor g'ur còmh-dachadh. Cha bhi sibh feargach mu dh'innseas mi duibh gum bheil dòchas làidir aig Gàidheil Chanada nach dean sibh dearmad air iomradh a dheanamh air ar dùthaich agus air na gnìomharan mòra 'tha sinn a' gabhail oirnn. Ged is gearr an tìne o'n a rinn sibh inrich, thachair iomadh n' n' ar measg a tha aron airidh air clùt agus làn de dhòchas làidir. Tha fios cinnteach pongail agaibh féin gum bheil Canada 'g éiridh gu luath ann an ionmhas, ann an còmhfhurtachd, agus ann an cumhachd. O'n a chaidh roinnean Chanada 'aonadh agus a fhuair sinn Parlamaid anns am bheil daoine tapaidh seòlta bho gach cèarna 's an tìr a' suidhe le chèile, tha e furasda 'fhaicinn gun d' inich sinn cheana astar mòr ann an seallbha a' gabhail anns an dùthaich fharsuing fhoghaintich a bhùineas duinn. Tha gach cèarna 'nis le dùlan 'us dealas gaisgeil a' saoitreachadh a' clum gach riaghailt a' chur air chois agus gach oidhirp ghasda 'dheanamh trid an d' thig oirnn pailteas a's modha agus sonas n' s' àirde na mheal sinn fhathast. Aig an àm so féin tha upraid mhòr air feadh na dùthcha do bhrìgh gun d' thàinig àm taghaidh na Parlamaid nùre. Mar tha fios agaibh féin, is e an Ridir Iain Mac-Dhòmhnuill a tha an dràsda 'stèiuireadh long na dùthcha. Tha mòran dhaoine g'a chùineadh agus g'a smùdadh, a' cumail a' mach nach 'eil e idir airidh air meas 'us ughdarras. Tha e da rìreachd furasda coire fhaotainn. Is e duine seòlta, tapaidh, geur-inntinneach a tha anns

an Ridire. Bha dragh 'us àmhghar mòr aige mu 'n do chiùinich e iomadh duine fiar crosda aig nach robh iarrtus air bith gun toiseachamaid le chèile air farsuingeachd namhasach na mòr-roinn so àiteachadh agus fhosgladh suas. Anns na coig bliadhnan a tha 'nis seachad, shoirbhich le Mac-Dhòmhnuill agus a chàirdean. Tha Canada cheana dìongmholta agus samhach; tha oibrean mòra 'dol air an aghaidh; tha cabhlach lurach a' lìonadh nan abhnaichean; tha rathaidean iarunn g'an deanamh; agus, *an creid sibh so?* bithidh, ann an tìne gheàrr, an t-each iarunn a' srànnail gus a' chuan mhòr a tha air cùl America. Inn-sibh do na h-Albannaich uile gum bheil iomadh mìle acair-fhearainn ann am *Manitoba*, far nach do chinn arbhar riamh, agus far am bheil talamh trom brìghmhor. Tha tuarasadal mòr air a thairgseadh do gach seirbhiseach a tha toilcach saothair dlhligheach a dheanamh. Tha fosgladh gasda gealltanach air gach taobh do luchd-inrich dhìchiollach dheanadh. Is maith a thig e dhuibhse impidh a' chur air gach Albannach nach 'eil toilichte le 'charamh ann an dùthaich athraichean, aghaidh a thionndadh a dh'ionnsuidh Chanada. Bithidh e duilich geur-bharail a thabhairt seachd mu dheidhinn na còmhstri a tha aig an àm so a' luasgadh na dùthcha. Cha bhi e idir iongantach mu gheibh an Ridir Mac-Dhòmhnuill greim air an àrd-inbhe 'tha e 'nis a' sealbhadh ré còig bliadhnaich eile. Ma dh' fhaoidte gun cuala sibh gu'n d' thàinig a' chrìoch air Iain Sandfield Mac-Dhòmhnuill. Cha robh ann ach balach bochd Gàidhealach gun mhaoin, gun charaid cumhachdach, ann an toiseach a làithean. Gidheadh le dìchioll 's le tapachd a bha combarruichte, choisinn e maoin 'us ainm 'us seasamh àrd ann an gnothaichean na dùthcha. Gu latha 'bhàis, bha e measail air a' Ghàilig, agus bu mhaith, bu sgiobalta, 's bu phongail a labhradh e i.

Agus chrìochnuich an t-Ollamh Urranach, blàth-chridheach, deas-chainnteach Mac Leòid a' chuairt thalmhaidh! An duine laghach, bàigheil, deas-fhoclach, dh' eug e. An Gàidheal grinn stuama, bha sinn uile pròiseil gum buineadh e duinn. Dhùisg teachdaireachd bàis ann duine mhòr so mulad mòr ann an iomadh cridhe 's an dùthaich so. Bha sinn uile min-eòlach air treubhantas 'us end 'us dìchioll Thormoid; agus air an aobhar so bha sinn tiamhaidh smalanach an uair a ràinig an naidheachd bhronnach sinn. 'N uair a tha 'Bhan-rìgh

bheusach ghaolach, prionnsachan agus tigh-earnan, sgoileirean mòra agus daoine diadhuidh a' deanamh luaidh air àilleachd 'us gaisge 'us foghainteachd Thormoid, cead-aichibh dhuinne ann an Canada 'n ni so aithris: gum bheil doilgheas mòr oirnn gun do thuit an laoch mòrail, meannach, oir bha gràdh ar cridhe againn air, agus bha sinn làn aoibhneis, 'us aighearrach, an tràth a chuala sinn gun robh Tormoid Mac Leòid a teachd a nall thar a' chuain ann an ùine ghearr.

"Cha 'n fhàilnich a chumhachd no a chliù,  
'S cha ghearar a chuimhne o mheasg an t-slàigh."

Mu bhithneas sibh iarrtuiseach air fiosrachadh 'fhaotainn bho àm gu àm, ciamar tha cùisean a' soirbheachadh ann an Canada, cuiridh mi le toileachadh mòr iomadh litir d' ur n-ionnsuidh,

Is mise,

Le mòr urram agus deadh rùn,  
Bhur caraid dileas,  
ONTARIO.

Treas mìos an t-Samhraidh, 1872.

### ALTACHADH-BEATHA

DO SHIR COINNEACH MAC-CHOINNICH,  
TRIATH GHEARR-LOCH

Air dha seilbh a ghabhail ann am Fearann Aithrichean. O'n ghiùlan ghealltauach a bh' aige 'n a mhion-aois bha gach bochd 'us beartach dheth 'chuid iochdarain 'am beò-dhòchas gum biodh e cosmhuil ri 'aithrichean, 'n a uachdaran fùghantach, foghainteach, iriosal, agus bàigheil.

M'aoibhneas éibhinn, inntinneach,  
An sgeul an dràs'd' chaidh innseadh dhomh,  
'S e ghleus mo chàil cho innsineach  
Gu seinn mo thoil do 'n òig-fhearr.  
'S e ghleus mo chàil, &c.

'S e 'n t-òig-fhearr meadhrach mathasach,  
Tha fùghail, fialaidh, flatasach.  
A dh-fhàs á stoc neo-ghaiscadach,  
Taigh Eachunnach nan ròiseal.  
A dh-fhàs á stoc, &c.

'Bhi gabhail seilbh le barantas,  
'An àros àdhmhor aithrichean,  
'S a' chòir, 's an staidhle bh' aca sud,  
Le macantas gun mhòr-chuis.  
'S a' chòir, 's an staidhle, &c.

B'e suaicheantas na h-aitim ud,  
Mar chlte 'n sròl am brataichean,

Ceann ciar-dhearg, cràcach, cabarach,  
Damh aigeannach nam mòr-bheann.  
Ceann ciar-dhearg, &c.

Bu lionmhor cliù ri 'fhaotuinn orr',  
Iad caoimhneil, càirdeil, daonnachdach,  
Iad mùirneach, mòineach, faoilteachail,  
Gu gaolach, glic, làn eòlais.  
Iad mùirneach, &c.

Mar charraig chruaidh nach caraicheadh,  
Ged reubadh stoirm an talamh dhith,  
Gu seasadh iad le 'n glas-lanna,  
A' casgairt luchd an còmh-stri.  
Gu seasadh iad, &c.

B'iad sud na leòghainn bhudharra,  
Bha colgail, ainneil, cruadalach,  
Bhiodh armach, meanmnach, luath-ghaireach  
'N uair ghluaiseadh iad 'san t-òrachd.  
Bhiodh armach, &c.

Bu chleachdach anns a' mhaduinn leo  
Bhi dìreadh mach ri bealaichean,  
Gu gunnach, cuimseach, grad-làmhach,  
Chum tachairt ri fear cròice.  
Gu gunnach, &c.

Be sud an còmhlan àbhachdach,  
Le 'm miol-choin ghlas, 's le 'n spàintichean,  
Bhiodh fuilteach, calgach, làn-shacach,  
'N àm tèrnaidh dhoibh le sòlas.  
Bhiodh fuilteach, &c.

'S iar ruigheachd Teach na rioghalachd,  
Bhiodh tional fhear 'us njonag ann,  
'S bhiodh deoch 'g a h-òl á pìosan ac;—  
Deagh fhidhleireachd 'us òrain,  
'S bhiodh deoch, &c.

Bhiodh Mac-nan-creag gu spreigeanta  
Ag aithris ceòl nam feadanan,  
'S an talla ghreadhnach sheasgaireach,  
'M biodh fleasgaichean 'an òrdugh.  
'S an talla ghreadhnach, &c.

Bu dìonach bhàth an fhasdail ac,  
Do bhàird, do chliair, 's do cheatharnaich,  
'Bhiodh duanach, fuaimneach, caithreamach,  
Le carthannas nan seòd ud.  
Bhiodh duanach, &c.

'S a Choinnich òig b' i m' iarratas,  
O'n 's geug o shiùg nam friamh ud thu,  
Gu meas thu 'n ainm 's an riaghailtean,  
Ni 's fachaile na 'n stòras.  
Gu meas thu 'n ainm, &c.

Na lean 'an ceum nan uachdaran,  
A tha 'cur fàs nan tuath-bhailtean,  
Le'n docha féidh m' an cuairt orra,  
'S a sluagh a chur air fògar.  
Le'n docha féidh, &c.

Ach ùraich 's an Aois Iaruinn so  
'Am maeag na tuath' a riaghlas tu,  
Gach cleachdadh bh' aig an tighernan,  
'S cha bhriag ged 'theirt' Aois Oir rith'.  
Gach cleachdadh, &c.

Bi beachdail, smachdail, reusanta,  
Gu ùineil, seasmhach, treubhanta,  
Na faic a' chòir gu h-éigneachadh,  
'S na h-éisd ri guth luchd fòirneirt.  
Na faic a' chòir, &c.

Bi aoigheil, bàigheil, sìobhalta,  
'N uair thachras ort an diobarach;  
Biodh bantraichean 'us dilleachdain,  
Ro chinnteach as do chòmhnadh.  
Biodh bantraichean, &c.

'S bi 'dh rath, 'us miadh, 'us urram dhuit,  
Gu fialaidh, pailt, 's gu bunaiteach,  
'S ni sìth, 'us sàimh, 'us subhachas,  
A'd' thuineachas an còmhuuidh,  
'S ni sìth, &c.

'Us thig gach nì gu 'n gnàthsalachd,  
Mar chleachd na suinn o'n tàinig tu,  
'S bi 'dh fonn, 'us ceòl, 'us àbhachdas,  
'An Gearr-loch mar bu nòs dhoibh.  
'S bi 'dh fonn, &c.

Deagh shaoghal fada, fallain dut,  
'An cliù, am mùirn, 's an tapantachd,  
Biodh beannachd thuath' 'us cheathairn' dut  
'S mo bheannachd féin an tòs dut.  
Biodh beannachd, &c.

LOCH-AILLSE.

—o—

## DO NEOINEAN

A BHA A' CINNTINN GU DOSRACH URAR FO  
BHLATH AIR AN RATHAD MHOR AIR MAD-  
UINN NA BLIADHNA UIRE, 1868.

B'ann air maduinn na bliadh' ùire,  
Ann an dùldachd 'geamhraidh,  
A chunnaic mise neòinean àillidh.  
'S e mar bhlàth an t-samhraidh.

Cha b'ann fo chùram garadair,  
No'm bruaichan blà an alltain,  
Ach air rathad mòr an rìgh,  
Gun slon do fhasgadh ann da.

Bha crodh is caoirich air gach taobh,  
'S gach bileag fhaoin gu chreim ac',  
Ach saltairt air no beantainn ris,  
Cha robh ann aon a rinn e.

Bha ghucag geal he bile dearg,  
Bu mhais do ghruaidh bean bainnse,  
'S gach duilleag uain mar roth mu'n cuairt  
'Ga dhìon o fhuachd 's o chrainnteachd.

O 's ann mar sud 'tha iomadh neach,  
'S iad ruisgte ris an t-saoghal,  
Tha deuchainn plàigh is buairidhean,  
A' cuairteachadh gach taobh dhiubh.

Ach ged a dh' fheud gach cruaidh chàs ud  
An cuir gu bruach na h-éiginn,  
Gidheadh gu bràth cha tuit iad sìos  
Is làmh 'g an dìon nach léir doibh.

An Ti a ghléidh an neòinean faoin  
Tre mheadhon geamhraidh gailbeich  
Gu'n gléidh tre gheamhradh 'n t-saoghail so  
Gach neach á làimh a dhearbas.

I. C.

Leadaig.

—o—

## BAS SHENACHERIB.

Mar mhadadh a chromas gu moch air a' chrò,  
Craos-fhosgailteach, fad-fhiaclach, geur-  
ineach, beò;

Mar sid rinn àrd-cheannard *Assyria* 'teachd,  
Ann am purpur 's an òr uile-còmhdachit'  
bha 'fheachd.

Mar bhoillsge reult oidhche air muir Ghalill  
Bha dealan an lannan a lean e mar Rìgh.  
Mar dhuilleach na coille 's an samhradh 'n a  
àird,

'S an fhasgar cho lionmhor bha armait  
nan sàr;

Mar dhuilleach na coille 'sam foghar air triall,  
Bha armait nan treun 'n uair a dh-éirich a'  
ghrian!

Oir dh'imich am Bàs ann an carbad na gaoith'  
'S dol seachad thug 'anaid dhoibh galar 'us  
gaid,

Iad uile 'n an sineadh 'an suan-chadal trom,  
Bhuin an t-aog do na seòid, 's cha robh deò  
ann an com;

Gun ghluasad 'n a shineadh 'an sid air an  
fheur

Bha 'n steud-each a b' uallaiche gluasad an  
dé,

Bha 'chuinean cruin, fosgailte, dearg, ach  
ma bha,

Dh'fhalbh anail na misnich 's na sitrich gu  
bràth,

'S bha còbhar a' chruaidh-ghleachd mu 'n  
cuairt air gach taobh,

Mar chop-geal nan stuadh air an sguaba' le  
gaoith.

Bha 'marcach 'n a shineadh 'an sior-chadal  
fuar,

'Armachd air meirgeadh 's an dealt air a  
ghruaidh.

Na pàilleanan sàmhach, gun ghàire, gun cheòl,  
 'S na brataichean uile gun duine 'n an còir,  
 Na lannan caol, dìreach 'n an sineadh 's an fheur,  
 'S na trompaidean àrd-ghu'ach sàmhach, gun gheum;  
 Tha bantraichean Asuir ri coranaich àrd,  
 'S gu sìorruidh fo mhi-chliù tha Iodhalan Bhàail;  
 Gun chòmhrag 's gun iomairt tha 'n Cinn-each 'us 'fheachd  
 Ann am fianuis 'ur Dia-ne air leaghadh mar shneachd!  
 "BUN-LOCHABAR."

NAIDHEACHDAN.

Mu dheidhinn na ceisde cudthromaich a bha eadar sinn féin agus America, tha sinn toilichte 'innseadh, gu'm bheil i gu bhi air a cur gu taobh gun dàil ann an dòigh shìochail. Bho cheann ùine bha co-chruinneachadh ann an *Geneva*, 'r rannsachadh na cùise, agus a' deanamh deas air son breath a thoirt. Bha na h-Americanaich ag iarraidh gu'm pàidheadh Breatuinn £9,479,166. 13s. 4d. air son a' chall a rinn an *Alabama* (agus na soithichean eile bha maille rithe) orra. Cha pàidheadh Breatuinn an t-suim so, oir bha i air a saòilsinn ro mhòr, agus air a h-iarraidh gu mearachdach; ach air a' chùis thug a' bhuidheann a dh-ainmich sinn breath, agus si sin gum pàidhear do na h-Americanaich £3,229,166. 13s. 4d. Air do uile chùisibh na rioghachd bhi air an tional, bithidh pailteas airgid aig àrd ionmh-asair a' chrùn 'n a mhàileid gus na fiachan leibeideach so a pàidheadh.

Bha an t-àrm Breatuinneach cruinn air a' mhìos a chaidh seachad ann an ceann deas Shasuinn, ri iomairt a's cleas, mar gu'm b' ann ri cogadh a bhithheadh iad. Bha iad air an roinn 'n am buidheannaibh; ceannard air gach buidheann, agus iad a' strì co bu deise 'sa b'ealanta an àm a' chrudail. Ged a thug feadhainn de na ceannardaibh iomadh òrdugh tuaireapach, gidheadh bha a' chuid mhòr de 'n obair gu math 's gu sgiobalt' air a deanamh.

Dh'ainmich sinn anns an t-seachdamh àireamh de 'N GHÀIDHEAL gun robh a' bhan-rìgh gu cuairt a thoirt do 'n taobh tuath; agus rinn i sin. Air an t-sèathamh latha de dhara mìos an Fhoghair chaidh i tuath gu ruig Dun-Roibin. Mar a bha i 'dol air a h-aghaidh bha còmhlanan 'ga coinneachadh anns gach àite 's an robh an

carbaid iarunn a' stad. Bha Prothaiste gach baile a' toirt sgrìobhadh di, a' cur an cèill taingealachd an t-sluaigh agus an toil-eachais air son i a thighinn 'n am measg. Bha mòran greadhnachais mu na h-àitean 's an robh i 'stad; ach os cionn gach àite tha sinn a' cluinntinn gu'n choisinn Eilgin an t-urram. Ann an Goillspidh bha na briathraibh so anns a' Ghàilig air an sgrìobhadh feadh a' bhaile, "Ar Buidheachas do'n Bhuadhaich;" "Na h-uile latha 'chi 's nach fhaic;" "slàinte dhuibh a's sòlas," "Ceud mìle fàilte do Chataobh." &c. Cha robh 'leithid a dh-fhuaim 's a thartair rioghail 's an taobh tuath, theagamh, o linn rìgh Fhionnghail 's na Féinne. Tha iomradh am measg nam paipearan naidheachd gu'm bheil mac an Diùc Chataich a' dol a phòsadh Beitiris, an aon nighean a tha gun phòsadh de'n teaghlach rioghail. Tha am Marcus òg bliadhna-thar-fhìchead, agus a' bhan-phrionnsa siabliadhna-diag a dh-aois.

Tha diù gach galair, an *Rinderpest*, an déigh bristeadh a mach a measg a' chruidh ann an Sierramachd *York*. Chaidh gach ni a chleachdadh air son a chumail gun sgaòileadh,—ach gun fhenm sam bith. Tha e 'sgaòileadh 's an t-sierramachd sin, agus, mar a till e gu h-aithghearr, cha b' iongantais leinn ged a bhiodh iomradh air e 'bhi 'an Albainn ann an ùine ghearr.

Tha 'u t-iasgach 's an àirde an Ear a nise crìochnaichte air son bliadhna. 'An Inbhir-ùig, 's anns na h-àitibh iasgaich eile 'an Cataobh 's an Gall-thaobh, cha do ghlacadh idir uiread 's a ghlacadh an uiridh. Ach 'an Ceann-a'-Phàndruig, as puirt eile 's chearnaidh sin, ghlacadh mòran eisg. Bha mu'n cuairt do mhìle bàta a mach á Ceann-a'-Phàndruig as Abar-eadhain, agus ghlac iad dlù air ciad gu leth mìle crann: no ciad gu leth crann air a chéile. Tha deagh phris air an sgadan 's na puirt thall, agus a bhos mar an ceudna. Cha-n-eil iasgach trom sam bith fhathas anns an àirde an iar, ach bi'dh dùil nach d' theid an Geamhradh seachad gun e gluasad 'an àiteigin.

Tha 'n gaiseadh anns a bhuntàta ann an cuid de chearnaidhean (mar a dh-ainmich sinn roimhe) ach tha sinn a' cluinntinn nach 'eil a choltas air gu'n téid e na's fhaide air aghaidh.

Tha 'n aimsear anabarrach fliuch anns gach cearna. Tha na tuathanaich a muigh-eadh gur h-éiginn doibh na prìsean a thogail na's àirde na 'tha iad—ged a bha muinntir a' gearan air an airdid o chionn fhada.

## NITHE NUADH' AGUS SEAN.

Tha sinn a' foghlum ni eigin eadhon o chaldachd.

Feumaidh iadsan nach cuir 's an Earraich a bhi 'g iarraidh na deirce 's an Fhoghair.

'S fear dol timchioll na tuiteam 's an dige. Cuidichidh biorana beaga nis fearr na feadhain mhòra eum an teine 'bheothachadh.

AIRGIOD AGUS UINE.—Aig airgid agus ùine tha mòran an luach féin. Cha'n urrainn an tì a chuireas an t aon gu droch bhuil, an t-aon eile 'chur gu deagh bhuil.

Cha'n eil duine ann cho suarach 'na chaithe-beatha 's nach feud a ghiùlan a bhi eum lochd d'a choimhearsnach.

Na fàg ni sam bith gun dheanamh a ta freagarrach ann an cùis n'an obair a ta dligh-each a bhi dennta. Measar cumbachd an duine leis an nì air an cuir e crìoch, agus nì h-ann leis an nì air am feud e ionnsuidh a thabhairt.

Feudar FIRINN, SUBHAILE agus SONAS a bhi air am faineachadh o chéile, ach cha 'n urrainn iad a bhi air an eadar-dhealachadh. Theid iad mar pheathraiche gràdhach, dlùth-dhaingnichte r'a chéile, agus a' boillsgeadh soluis na diadhachd ann an eridhe an duine.

## SOP AS GACH SEID.

Ma's dubh ma's odhar no ma's donn,  
'S toigh leis a' ghabhar a meann.

Mionach a' bheathaich is maile,  
Air adhaircean a' bheathaich is bioraiche.

Am fear is treise an uachdar,  
'S am fear is luaithe air an toiseach.

Seachd bhìadhna, saoghal a' chait,  
Sin gu h-èibhinn agus ait,

Seach sin codal agus turchardaich.

Bha dithis mhac aig duine àraidh; agus b'abhaist do'n dara fear a bhi 'g èiridh gu moch 'n uair a bha am fear eile na chodal. Air àn eigin fhuair fear na moch-èiridh spor-an airgid air an rathad. Ars' athair agus e dol leis an sporan thun an fhir a bha 's an leabaidh "na'm bitheadh thusa air èiridh cho moch ri do bhàrbair dh-fhaodadh thu fhéin an sporan fhaighinn," "Smath dh-fhaoidhte gum faodadh," ars' esan "ach na'm bitheadh n' duine bochd a chail e na chadal cho amhach riomsa, cha chailleadh e 'sporán."

Thuirt leanabh àraidh ri bràthair athair gu 'm bu chòir dh'a a bhi faiciollach gun dad ach airgid cruaidh a bhi aige 'n uair a bhàs- aicheadh e, air eagal 's gun loisgeadh na notaichean an uair a ruigeadh e thall.

## TOIMHSEACHAIN.

1. Is buig e na brochan,  
Is cruaidhe e na aran;  
A's bi 'dh e 'n euideachd an rìgh;

Cha'n 'eil neach air thalamh  
Nach fheum 'bhi ga ghabhail,  
'S cha tig iad ro mhath às a dhith.

2. 'S e 'm bòdh an iuchair,  
'S e 'n t-uidge 'ghlas;  
Chailleadh na sealgairean,  
'S fhuair an t-sealg às.
3. Chi mi thall air fanas,  
'S air bàr na roite ruaidhe  
A mac a' tighinn bho 'n mhàthair,  
'S a mhàthair ag imeachd uaithe.
4. Dà fhitheach air a' chreig,  
Dà fhitheach gob ri gob,  
Fitheach a feitheamh an fhithich,  
'S co meud fithreach a tha sin?

FREAGAIRTEAN do na Toimhseachain anns an t-seachdamh aireamh de 'n GHÀIDHEAL.

1. An àile.
2. An gaol.
3. Cliathan na h-uinneige.
4. Trì nathraichean.
5. Spainn no gloinne.
6. An rathad mòr.

## FREAGAIRTEAN.

NIALL CRUBACH A RIS.—Nach e Niall Crù-bach a tha bagarrach? Am bheil e 'smaoin-eachadh nach 'eil againne ri dheanamh ach a bhi 'frithealachd air sa. Chaidh a' bhàrdachd gus na coin ma's e Niall am bàrd a's fear a tha ri fhaighinn. Ach si ar beachd-ne gum bheil imtinn Nàill mar 'bha léine Dhòmh-nuill Cheaird, an deigh 'dhol deth a seòl. Am bheil e 'smaoin-eachadh gur lighichean sinne gu cungaidean a dheanamh suas a bheir air an fhèisag aige-sa fas? Ma tha, cha toir sinn de chomhairle air ach ola chas eagainn, bainne eich eire, 's geir mheabh-chuileag, air am measgadh ann an adhare muice, a shuathadh ri smig le ite ait.

Fhuair sinn "Leomag, agus ehl ar caraid ann an ùine ghearr, nach ann do phoca na gaircambaiche 'chuireas sinn i.

Tha Gilleasbuig Aotrom an dùil gum bheil AN GAIDHEAL gle aineòlach. Am bheil e 'smaoin-eachadh gun toir e a chreidsinn oirne gur h-esan a rinn "Marb-rann, fainn Ghre?" Tha 'n GAIDHEAL fo fhada 's an adhare air son a leithid sin. Chuir Gilleas-buig thugainn òran uair-eigin, agus gheall sinn feum a dheanamh dheth; ach tha ion-gantas air nach 'eil e 'ga fhaicinn a nise, 's A' GHÀIDHEAL. Faodaidh sinn innsadh do Ghilleasbuig gun d' rinn sinn ar feum deth— eadhon an aon feum a dheanadh e—a chur 's an teine!

Tha sinn fad an eomain an "Sgiathanaich" air son cho cuimhneach 'sa tha e oirne. Slàn ionradh air. Gu'm bu fad esan an comas a b' luaidh air Eilean maiseach a' Cheò!



# THE GAELIC,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

OCTOBER, 1872.

## Gaelic Philology.

The following interesting remarks on the philology of the Gaelic language, are from a lecture delivered by the Rev. Mr. Cameron, of Renton, in this city:—Mr. Cameron, after referring to the method pursued in the study of philology, and to the principle according to which languages are divided into families, went on to say that the Celtic belongs to the family which is now called the Indo-European or Aryan, and which embraces Sanskrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Celtic, and the Teutonic and Slavonic languages. Philologists differ in opinion in regard to the position of the Celtic in this family, but it seems to stand in the nearest relationship to the classical languages, especially to the Latin, although its marks of affinity to the other branches of the family are both numerous and striking. The affinity of Latin to the Celtic is proved by the numerous cognate words which are found in these languages, and by the fact that many of the laws of their letter-changes have been ascertained. In regard to cognate words, it deserves to be noticed that very many of the words which are marked in the Latin Lexicons as derived from unknown or doubtful roots, show a close affinity to words found in one or more of the dialects of the Celtic. After giving numerous examples of Gaelic and Latin cognates—as *capio* and *gabh*; *celo* and *ceil*; *timeo* and *tìoma*; *tenuis* and *tana*; *carus* and *càr*, *càra*, *caraid*; *senex* (gen. *senis*) and *sean*; *siccus* and *seac*—he proceeded to notice some of

the letter-changes between these languages:—

1. Consonants, which in the middle and end of words are aspirated in Gaelic, are plain in Latin. Examples:—*comis* and *caomh*; *sat* and *sàth*; *tego* and *tigh*, *tighearn*; *remus* and *rùmh*; *ratis* and *ràth*; *equus* and *each*; *seus* and *seach*; *mater* and *mìthair*.

2. *P* in Latin frequently corresponds to *c* in Gaelic. Examples:—*Pluma* and *clùmh* (down); *plecto* and *cleachd* (plait); *lapis* and *leac*; *purpura* and *corcor*; *vesper* and *fescor* (now *feasgur*). The same letter-change occurs between Welsh and Gaelic, between Welsh and Latin, and between Greek and Latin. Examples; Welsh and Gaelic:—*Pen* and *ceann*; *plant* and *cland* (now *clinn*); *pedwar* and *ceithir*; *pimp* and *cùig*; *map* and *mac*; *preu* and *craun*; Welsh and Latin:—*Pedwar* and *quatuor*; *pimp* and *quinque*; Greek and Latin:—*Pente* and *quinque*; *hippos* and *equus*; *hepomai* and *sequor*. In Gaelic itself *plod* and *clod* signify the same thing.

3. From many Gaelic words initial *p* has wholly disappeared. Examples:—*Pater* and *athair*; *piscis* and *iasg*; *plerus* and *lìr*; *plenus* and *lìn*; *pratium* and *ràth* (plain); *pectus* and *uchd*. So also Gr. *platus* and L. *latus* (Gaelic *leathan*). It may be noticed in connection with this letter-change that, while aspirated *p* becomes *f*, aspirated *f* becomes quiescent in Gaelic. From this it arises that several Gaelic words begin sometimes with, and some-

times without initial *f*, as *foir* and *oir*; *fàrlus* and *àrlus*; *fàradh* and *àradh*.

4. Many words beginning in Latin with *v* begin in Gaelic with *f*. Examples:—*Verus* and *fìor*; *vir*, *virì* and *fear*, *fìr*; *virtus* and *feart*; *vanus* and *faon* (*faoin*); *vagor* and *fògair*; *vesper* and *fescor* (*feasgar*); *viginti* and *fichead*; *varus* and *fiar*; *vox*, *vocalis* and *focal*. Instead of *v* in Latin, and *f* in Gaelic, the Welsh has frequently *gw*. Examples:—*Verus* and *gwir*; *vir*, *virì* and *gwr*, *guyr*; *vinum* and *gwin*; *ventus* and *gwynt*.

5. Several words beginning in Latin with *v* begin in Gaelic with *b*. Examples:—*Vallum* and *balla*; *vitium* and *baoth*; *veru* and *bior*; *vita* and *beatha*; *vivo*, (Gr. *bioō*) and *bèo*; *villa* and *baile*. It may be noticed, as showing that these letter-changes are not arbitrary, that where *v* in Latin represents the aspirate, or the digamma, in Greek, the Gaelic has *f*; but where *v* in Latin represents *b* in Greek, the Gaelic also has *b*.

6. Some words beginning in Latin with *f*, begin in Gaelic with *b*. Examples:—*Fero* and *beir*; *frango*, from *hīssō*, and *bris*; *frendo* and *bruan*; *fraus*, *fraudis* and *braid*; *frater* and *brùthair*; *fremo*, from *bremō* and *bramaire*; *fercio* and *beirm*.

7. Some words beginning with *f* in Latin begin with *s* in Gaelic. Examples:—*Frenum* and *srian* (Welsh, *ffrwygn*); *fustis* and *sùist* (Welsh, *ffust*); *flecto* and *sleuchd*. *Ff* (which corresponds to *f* in Gaelic) and *s* frequently interchange in Welsh and Gaelic. Examples:—*Ffroen* and *sròin*; *ffirn* and *sorn*; *ffreuo* and *sruth*; *ffynu* and *scàn* or *seun*. The Greek aspirate is frequently represented by *f* in Latin and by *s* in Gaelic, which accounts for the interchange of these letters in Latin and Gaelic.

8. *S* precedes several words in Gaelic when it does not precede the corresponding words in Latin. Examples:

—*No*, *nari*, and *snàmh*; *neo*, *neri*, and *snìomh*, *ruo* and *sruth*; *nix* and *sneachd*. It may be noticed here that the Latin *fallo* corresponds to the Greek *sphalō*, and *tego* to *stegō*; that *terphos* = *sterphos*; and that, in Gaelic, *leamhan* = *sleamhan* and *leac* = *sleac*. The Latin *stronuus* also may be compared with the Gaelic *treun*.

9. *N* disappears in Gaelic in the middle of a word before *s*, *f*, or the *tenues p, t, c* (Ebel's *Zeuss* p. 42). Examples:—*Mensis* and *mios*; *census* and *cis*; *infernum* and *ifrinn*; *dens*, *dentis*, and *deud*; *centum* and *ceud*; *viginti* and *fichead*; *tendo* and *teud*; *inter* and *eadar*; *quinque* and *cùig*; *rumpo* and *reub*; *mensus* and *meas*.

10. The *mediae b, d, g*, correspond in Gaelic, especially in modern Gaelic, to the *tenues p, t, c* in Latin. Examples:—*Capio* and *gabh* (*gab*); *caper* and *gabhar* (*gabar*); *carpentum* and *carbad*; *liquo* and *leagh*; *linquo* and *leig*; *squama* and *sgamhal*; *queror*, *querimonia* and *gearan*; *vix* and *beag*, *big*; *scateo* and *sgaoth*. In ancient Gaelic the *tenues* are frequently preserved, as in *acus* (*agus*), *cēt*, (*ceud*), *etar*, (*eadar*); *carpat* (*carbad*).

Other letter-changes, including those which affect the vowels, might be noticed—but the above, together with the large number of cognate words found in Latin and Gaelic, are sufficient to prove the close affinity of these languages. It is necessary, however, to guard against inferring affinity from mere resemblance in the forms of words, for words derived from different roots often closely resemble one another, while words that have little or no resemblance to one another in form may be proved, from the ascertained rules of letter-changes, to be cognates. *Ventus* and *gaoth* (Welsh *gwynt*) furnish an example. (See letter-changes 4 and 9 above.) So also the words *eun*, *ite*, *odn* (Welsh), *pen*, *feather*, which, although dissimilar in form, are all derived from the same

root *pet*, which appears in the Greek word *petomai*. (See the old Latin form *petna*, for *penna*, and letter-change 3 above.)

He then referred to the loan-words, such as *sagart*, *eaglais*, *peac-adh*, *aoradh* (anciently *adrad*, from *adoratio*), *leabhar*, *leugh*, *sgriobh*, *seirbhís*, which have been borrowed from Greek and Latin, and which, although they have been incorporated into Gaelic, cannot be taken into account in judging of its affinity to the languages from which these words have been derived. In very many instances it is difficult to distinguish between loan words and words that are purely Celtic.

The affinity of Gaelic to Greek is shown by the large number of cognate words which are found in these languages. The following are examples:—*Tis*, *ti*, and *tì*; *pelomai* and *beil*; *orgē* and *fearg*; *meros* and *mìr*; *keiro* and *geùrr*; *derkomai* and *dearc*; *lambanō* and *bimh*; *deinos* and *dian*; *kairos* and *còir*; *nepos* and *nèamh*; *ballō* and *buail*; *gunē* (Bœot. *bana*) and *bean*. The words that are common to Greek, Latin, and Gaelic are very numerous. The following are examples:—*Chortos*, *hortus*, *gort* or *gart* (*Gort* or *gart* frequently appears in Gaelic topography, as *Gartmore* *Gartsherrie*). The diminutive *gortan* is still common in the spoken language); *cheinōn*, *cheima*, *hiems*, *geamh* (*Geamhradh* is from the old word *geamh*, as *samhradh* is from *samh*); *chamos*, *hamus*, *cam* and *caman*; *tauros*, *taurus*, *tarbh*; *misgō*, *misceo*, *measg*; *kerdō*, *cerdo*, *ceard*; *hupnos*, *somnus*, *suain*; *kaballēs*, *caballus*, *capull*; *klinō*, *clino*, *clao*; *gignomai* (*aor. egenomēn*), *gigno* (*perf. genui*), *gin* (the root is *gen*, from which comes also *gùomh*); *kluō*, *clueo*, *chuinn* and *cuala*; *hezomai* (*fut. hedoumai*), *sedeo*, *suidh*; *biōō*, *vivo*, *beò*; *platus*, *latus*, *leathan*; *ōlena*, *ulna*, *uileann*.

A comparison of the numerals and

also of the pronouns in Greek, Latin, and Gaelic, would lead to the same conclusion in regard to the close affinity of these languages. He did not maintain that Latin and Greek have been derived from Gaelic. All that he maintained was that these languages are closely allied—that they have a common parentage, which parentage could be discovered only by a comparison of the roots of the several branches which have sprung from it. In estimating, however, the comparative ages of these languages, the fact must not be overlooked that there are many words in Gaelic which resemble more closely than do their Greek and Latin cognates, the corresponding words in Sanskrit.

After referring to the two families into which the Celtic dialects are divided—the British, including the Welsh, Cornish, and Armoric; and the Gaelic, including Scottish Gaelic, Irish, and Manx—he proceeded to give an account of the early printed works in Gaelic, some of which he exhibited, and concluded by referring to what has been done within the last few years by Continental and Irish scholars such as Zeuss, Ebel, and Stokes, to promote the scientific study of Gaelic, and to what still remains to be done in the same field. He said it was curious to find some of the most learned works on Celtic philology coming to us from India, where, far distant from the Celtic MSS., Dr. Whitley Stokes, who is connected with this city, finds means for prosecuting the study of a science to which he has made contributions, second in importance only to the great work of Zeuss, which, as now revised—it might be said rewritten—by Ebel, must form the foundation of the scientific study of Celtic. The “Turin Glosses,” printed by Stokes in his “Goidilica,” have since been published, carefully edited by the Chev. Di Nigra, and an edition of the “Milan Glosses”

is now in preparation for publication. The theologian Ebrard published, last year, a work on the Ossianic Gaelic, which is curious and interesting, although it contains many errors, which, however, are to be accounted for, partly by the incorrectness of the materials with which he dealt, and partly by his want of acquaintance with our vernacular Gaelic. In regard to modern Gaelic, he believed that as much has been done for the Gaelic of Scotland by the Stewarts, Dr. J. Smith, Armstrong, Ewen M'Lachlan (of Aberdeen), and Dr. M'Intosh M'Kay, as has been done for any of the other dialects of the Celtic, but much still remains to be done. The Gaelic Scriptures must be purged of the errors and anomalies which escaped the notice of the translators and also of the revisers of the quarto edition of 1826, so that they may become what they were intended to be—the standard of Gaelic Grammar and Orthography; the work of which Dr. Alexander Stewart laid the foundation, in his “Grammar of the Gaelic Language,” must be completed; a standard edition of the Gaelic poets must be prepared; the Bardic and other traditional literature which still exists in the Highlands, but which has not been committed to writing, must be collected and preserved, before the present generation shall have passed away; much must yet be done, in addition to what has already been done, to read and interpret the old Gaelic which has come down to us, often much obscured, in the Gaelic names of places; and, especially, a Gaelic Comparative Lexicon must be prepared, which will exhibit the words of which the language is composed, not only in the different forms in which they appear in the different dialects of the Celtic, but also in relation to their cognate words in the other branches of the Aryan family. This last work would cer-

tainly be a heavy undertaking, and one which could not have been accomplished when, more than forty years ago, the dictionaries of Armstrong and of the Highland Society were prepared—but the progress which has been made in the study of Celtic philology within the last few years has prepared the way for beginning, and for carrying on to a successful issue, a work of this kind—and if the Highlanders of Scotland should resolve, “shoulder to shoulder,” to help it forward, he promised that it would be undertaken.

#### A REVIEW OF THE HIGHLAND REGIMENTS.

In the muster-roll of the British army, at the present time, there are nine regiments denominated “Highlanders,” five of which—*Gillean an Fhéilidh*—in harmonious accordance with their designation, are appropriately equipped in the Highland garb; whilst the other four—*Bodaich nam Brigisean*—in evident incongruity with their distinguishing appellation, march at ease attired in trews. Whether the bands of these four regiments attempt the “Garb of Old Gaul,” or their pipers “Gillean an Fhéilidh,” is a question which should be decided negatively, inasmuch as neither of these martial, marching tunes concerns them, unless as a reminiscence of “Auld Lang Syne,” by recalling to recollection the bright days when *they also* were clad in the picturesque panoply of mountaineers. Although now we can only boast of nine Highland regiments, the late gallant and patriotic General David Stewart of Garth, in his interesting history, enumerates no fewer than 25 battalions.\* named and

#### \* LIST OF HIGHLAND REGIMENTS,

As detailed by General DAVID STEWART.

- 42nd Royal Highlanders.
- 71st Fraser's do.
- 72nd Seaforth's do.
- 73rd Lord Macleod's do.
- 74th Argyle do.
- 75th Abercromby's do.
- 76th Lord Macdonald's do.
- 77th Athol do.
- 78th Ross-shire do.
- 79th Cameron do.
- 81st Aberdeen shire do.

numbered, in addition to 18 Fencible regiments, which were raised and embodied in the Highlands during the latter half of last and commencement of present century, exemplifying the prolific nursery of warriors then possessed by North Britain. Need I dilate or enter into detail upon the martial achievements of our Highland regiments? From Fontenoy until the suppression of the Indian mutiny—

“The foe weel ken’d the tartan front,  
Which never shun’d the battle’s brunt,”

and on every field most memorable in the annals of British history, the tartan’d legions have worthily upheld the military renown of our redoubtable little kingdom and irresistibly demonstrated to adversaries in every clime that—

“Still against a foeman’s steel,  
No Highland brogue shall turn the heel,”

verifying the eulogistic lines of an English poet who wrote of the Highland regiments as being—

“In Egypt, India, Belgium, Gaul and Spain,  
Walls in the trenches, whirlwinds on the plain.”

In taking a rapid review of our present Highland regiments, I shall firstly name the 42nd, formerly the 43rd, but ever since its embodiment known as the “Black Watch,” or *Freiceadan Dubh*, which dates its origin from the year 1725, and in 1758 was made “Royal” as “a testimony of His Majesty’s satisfaction and approbation of their extraordinary courage, loyalty, and exemplary conduct.” That distinguishing badge, the Red Feather, worn by the 42nd in their plumed bonnets, was acquired from the 11th Light Dragoons, in 1795, consequently on a dereliction of duty perpetrated by the troopers named, in the winter cam-

paign of 1794-5, in Flanders; and which dereliction was promptly and effectively rectified by the 42nd. The 11th Cavaliers had made an inconsistent “rear-turn” on the occasion of an attack by the French, leaving two field-pieces, or cannons, of which they had charge to be possessed by the enemy, but which were speedily retaken when the Highland laddies’ services were brought into requisition. When the 42nd disembarked in Egypt in 1801, and under fire from the French enemy on the heights above the landing place, the regiment, after being formed in line on the beach, got the word of command to “fix bayonets;” which order was immediately executed. The commanding officer next followed with “prime and load,” but no sooner was this order given, than an individual in the ranks vociferated—“No prime and load, but charge baignets, and shist immediately,” when the entire regiment, as one man, instantly obeying the energetic summons, ascended the heights at the charge and carried the French position, with cold steel, in the most gallant style. On subsequent inquiry as to who had ordered the charge, it was found to be Donald Black, a private soldier and an old smuggler from the Isle of Skye.

The next Highland corps is the present 71st Highland Light Infantry, who got the graphic order from their gallant Colonel, Cadogan, at the battle of Vittoria, to “chase the enemy down the Gallowgate,” and which they did. Previously this regiment was known as the 72nd, or Lord Macleod’s Highlanders.

Next in order is the 72nd, or Seaforth’s Highlanders, but now designated the “Duke of Albany’s Own;” and inasmuch as they do not now display the kilt, although adhering to the plumed bonnet as worn by the kilted regiments, this corps is facetiously dubbed “the half-dress’d Highlandmen,” an imputation, I understand they are loath to admit—nay prone to resent—as if they verily possessed the “Garb of Old Gaul.”

The 74th follows, which took the place of another corps, bearing the same number, and termed the “Argyle Highlanders.” The present 74th, unlike the other Highland corps, bears no name, although I have heard whispered concerning them, “Belfast Highlanders,” which must be a misnomer, inasmuch as there is no concentration of

- 84th Royal Highland Emigrants.
- 87th Keith’s Highlanders.
- 88th Campbell’s do.
- 89th Gordon’s do.
- 91st Argyle-shire do.
- 92nd Gordon do.
- 93rd Sutherland do.
- 97th Strathspey do.
- 100th Campbell of Kilberrie’s do.
- 105th Queen Charlotte’s do.
- 113th Royal Highland Volunteers.
- 116th Perth-shire Highlanders.
- 132nd Cameron of Callart’s do.
- 133rd Colonel Fraser’s do.

Highland nationality in the flourishing town named.

We have next the 78th or "Ross-shire Buffs," whose vengeful bravery, during the Indian mutiny of 1857-8 is still in lively remembrance. This gallant regiment on landing in Persia, in 1856 to take part in a short scrimmage there, astonished the natives so much with their Highland garb, that it was anxiously inquired to which sex they belonged. The 78th has the exclusive Celtic distinction of being the only Highland regiment bearing a Gaelic motto on the colours and appointments, that of the Mackenzie's, among which clan the 78th was raised, as implied in its Gaelic designation, "Róisimeid Chloinn Choinnich." The motto is "Cuidich an Rìgh"—help the king—and refers to the exploit of an ancient chief of the clan, who opportunely rescued the Scottish monarch of the time from the attack of a stag, while on a hunting expedition.

Now we have

"The 79th, whose valiant name,

Is wreathed with many a field of fame," and who derive their title, the "Cameron Highlanders," from a patriotic Lochaber gentleman, "Ailean an Earachd," who raised the corps in the year 1793. Colonel Cameron, who, latterly, in addition to being knighted, attained the military rank of Lieutenant General, was so thoroughly imbued with Celtic fire and enthusiasm, that in order to preserve the nationality of his regiment intact, and have it virtually as well as nominally Highland, he enlisted none but Gaelic speakers, so that the 79th was long familiarly known as the "Cia mar thà-s;" whilst on another occasion, in the year 1804 on a threatened governmental abrogation of the kilt in the regiment, Colonel Cameron addressed an energetic remonstrative letter to the Horse Guards, which secured retention of the martial garment he so well loved. When entering a garrison town in Ireland, some years ago, as I have been told by a veteran of the regiment, the 79th were amused by the natives shouting to each other—"Holy Father, come and see the petticoats!"

Next in order is the 91st, Argyleshire Regiment, which saw much hard service in the Peninsular campaigns; and which, within the last few years, after long abandonment, has resumed the tartan, but only in the shape of trews.

The 92nd Gordon Highlanders follow, whose military history is somewhat like the motto of their "big brothers" the Scots Greys—"second to none." This famed corps when landing on a West Indian island, some 30 years ago, was whimsically set down (by an aboriginal negro) as being composed of "very poor men, when they had not money to buy trousers." Said nigger might rank in with the Spanish priest, who, having seen in Gibraltar, a regiment of Highlanders attired in the "Garb of Old Gaul," volunteered the information that the regiment in petticoats had been invested with this "feminine" attire for having misbehaved on the field of battle! Verily, this verdant ecclesiastic must have been an ignoramus of the first magnitude, and much in need of being posted up in the history of his own country, where so many of the Highland regiments brilliantly served under Moore and Wellington.

Lastly, I notice the 93rd, the now renowned Sutherland Highlanders,—the thin red line of Balaclava—and who, although the youngest of the Highland regiments, have won imperishable renown on the battle-fields of the Crimea and India, as well as at a more distant date, at the Cape of Good Hope.

Without further comment on the interesting subject which has suggested these observations, I shall conclude by quoting the expressive stanza of one of our national bards, while making a poetical review of the soldiers of the United Kingdom:—

"And oh, loved warriors of the minstrel's land,  
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave;  
The rugged form may mark the mountain band,  
And features harsh, and a mien more grave.  
But, ne'er in battle-field throbs heart more  
brave,  
Than that which beats beneath the Scottish  
plaid;  
And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,  
And level for the charge your arms are laid,  
Where lives the desperate foe that for such  
onset staid?"

"MAC A' GHAIHHEIL."

GAELIC HOMER.

(To the Editor of THE GAEL.)

SIR,

From letters which appeared in the "Scotsman" some time ago, it seems that the late Ewen MacLachlan's

Gaelic translation of Homer is still extant; the accompanying fragment\* is therefore sent for publication in "The Gael," in the hope that it may attract the attention of the possessor of the MS., and perhaps induce him to publish the whole.

I am, Sir,  
Yours respectfully,  
ABRACH.

A LETTER FROM "NETHER-LOCHABER."

Mr. Editor,  
DEAR SIR,

I send you a translation† of a well-known poem of Byron's. It is but a trifle, but a straw shows, as the proverb has it, how the winds blows, and small and insignificant as is this contribution, it is at least a proof that I read "THE GAEL" and wish it all success. A pinch from a snuff-box has often made men known to each other (and even friends) who might otherwise have been strangers—enemies perhaps—all their life long. I hope to send you something of more substance and "body," as the wine merchants have it, before the winter is past.

I am, with all good wishes,

Yours very faithfully,

The "Nether-Lochaber" Correspondent  
of the "Inverness Courier."

PROFESSOR BLACKIE ON THE  
GAELIC "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

The following interesting letter which appeared in the *Scotsman*, we copy for the benefit of as many of our readers as are of a philological turn of mind:—

"SIR,—I send you the Gaelic version of "God Save the Queen," sung \* \* \* \* at the first meeting of the Inverness Gaelic Society, and composed by Angus M'Donald, the bard of the Society. In order to give the uninitiated some idea of the materials of which this venerable language is made up, it occurred to

\* The fragment referred to is inserted in our Gaelic department, page 205.

† See our Gaelic Department, page 212.

me to etymologise the verses to the best of my ability; and the result is appended. You will see that about one-third of the whole words in the three stanzas is pretty distinctly recognisable as old friends with new faces—familiar to philologers either in the Teutonic or in the classical languages. The two columns will sufficiently explain themselves to all who care for such matters,—I am, &c.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

DHIA GLEIDH BHANRIGH.

Dhia (1) gléidh ar (2) Banrigh (3) mhòr (4).  
Beatha (5) bhuan (6) da'r (7) Banrigh choir,

Dhia gléidh Bhanrigh.  
Thoir bnaidh dhi, 'us sòlas (8),  
Son agus (9) ro ghlòrmhor (10),  
Fad' chum riaghladh (11) oirn:

Dhia gléidh Bhanrigh.

A Thighearn (12) ar Dia éirich (13),  
Sgap a nàimhdean (14) éitich,

'Us leig (15) iad (16) sìos (17),  
Cuir (18) cli (19) an (20) droch riaghladh;  
Tilg sìos an luib dhiabhlaidh (21);

Ar dòchas oirre leag:—

Dhia gléidh Bhanrigh.  
Do (22) thiodhlaig mhaith thoir dhi,  
Doirt oirre pailt gun dith (23)

Fad' riaghladh i (24):

Ar reachdan (25) dìonadh (26) i,  
Toirt dhuinn aobhar (27), gun sgìos,  
Bhi (29) seinn (30) le'r guth 's ar cridh' (31),

Dhia gléidh Bhanrigh.

GAELIC. LATIN, GREEK, ENGLISH, OR GERMAN.

1. Dhia ..... Deus, Theos.
2. ar ..... our.
3. Banrigh ..... Ban Aeoile for gunò, reg. rex.
4. mhòr ..... major, more.
5. Beatha ..... vita.
6. bhuan ..... menò.
7. da ..... to, ad.
8. sòlas ..... solatium.
9. agus ..... ac, atque, eke.
10. ghlòrmhor ..... gloria.
11. riaghladh ..... rego, regula.
12. Thighearn .... The first syllable of this compound I consider identical with tignum (Lat.) from tego—a shelter, a house.
13. éirich ..... orior, erigo.
14. naimhdean .... inimicos (?)
15. leig ..... lay, legen.
16. iad ..... that, id (t is the sign of the third person in all the Aryan languages)
17. sìos ..... subtus.
18. cuir ..... sero,
19. cli ..... laeuvus (?)—the omission of the first of two initial consonants is common, as klinò, lean.
20. an ..... yon, jen, keinos.
21. dhiabhlaidh... diabolus.
22. do ..... thy, tuus.
23. dith ..... deò.
24. i ..... she, hè.
25. reachdan ..... reclus.
26. dìonadh ..... den, dean, i.e., a sheltered place, a den.
27. aobhar ..... opera (?)
28. gun ..... un, in compounds, ohne.
29. Bhi ..... be, phò, fùl.
30. seinn ..... cano.
31. cridh ..... cor, kardia.

P.S.—I see I have omitted *luib*, which is just our English *loop*. J.S.B."

## NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

**EWEN MACLACHLAN'S GRAVE.**—The following extract we take from the "Nether Lochaber" column of the *Inverness Courier*, the sentiment of which we endorse, and hope that our friend's suggestion will meet with the sympathy and support it deserves:

"Ewen MacLachlan, commonly styled "of Aberdeen," because he taught the Grammar School there, and there died, but who was, in truth, a Lochaber man—nay, a Nether-Lochaber man born and bred, and whose ashes rest in Killevaodain of Ardour, without, we are ashamed to confess it, "One gray stone to mark his grave" \* \* \* \* \*

"There is a monument in the shape of a small obelisk, with a well written suitable inscription to the memory of Mr MacLachlan, so distinguished as a Gaelic scholar, on the "Craigs" at Fort-William. Why should not a plain stone, if no more, simply inscribed with his name, be placed over his remains in the old Kiel of Ardour, one of the quietest and sweetest spots in all the West Highlands? The Lochaber Highlanders of Glasgow, who have a large and influential annual "gathering," might surely do something in the direction indicated. Few true Highlanders would refuse, if solicited, to add their "stone" to the "cairn" of such a man. Aided by local subscriptions, the expense would be but a trifle. It is sad to see the grave at present, overgrown with nettles and other noxious weeds, uncared for and unattended, without a stone to mark the spot, or a line to tell the "meditator among the tombs," that beneath sleeps the best Gaelic scholar, as he was in all respects one of the truest Highlanders of his day, and a thoroughly good man withal, simple and guileless as a child. The writer of these lines will be glad, as minister of the parish, to take charge of all that may be necessary to be done upon the spot, should the suggestion be received with favour."

**MONUMENT TO A GAELIC BARD.**—Professor Blackie twits the Highlanders for having no Gaelic inscriptions on the grave stones in any of their church-yards. The practice of having such is not so general as might be wished and expected, but one instance at least can be quoted in which Gaelic is the language used. In the Jancfield Cemetry, Parkhead, Glasgow, a very elegant monument has been raised over the grave of William Livingston, the Gaelic Bard, by a number of friends, and admirers of his genius, on which there is both a Gaelic and an English inscription. The monument is a hard freestone obelisk, having on one side the words "Carragh cuimhneachan Uilleam Mhic Dhunleibhe, am Bard Ileach, a rugadh an Gartmeadhoin an Ile, 1808, a

chaochail an Glaschu, 1870." On another side it has the words "In memory of William Livingston, the Islay Gaelic Bard, Born at Gartmain, Islay, 1808, died at Glasgow, 1870." In our next number we propose giving a short notice of Livingston and from time to time some of his poetry, as there are some pieces of his which were never published, and which, by the kindness of those in whose possession they are, we can lay before our readers.

We understand that the Italian Artist A. Signor P. Priolo, residing at 64 Stockwell Park Road, S. W., London, has prepared engravings of drawings which he has made from OSSIAN. They are to be published with a page of letter press to each, and we hope that the undertaking will be crowned with success.

**OBAN—GAELIC CLASS.**—A meeting was held here on Thursday, the 26th September, for the purpose of starting a Gaelic class. Addresses were delivered by Professor Blackie; Rev. Archd. Farquharson; Councillor Clerk; and Mr. Macdougall. After these addresses a committee was formed to carry the suggestions &c. into effect, and 16 persons engaged to enroll themselves as members of the Association, Mr. Macdougall kindly volunteered to teach the class.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**TO G. MACK.**—The origin of the clan Mackay seems to be wrapped in much obscurity; but the general belief is that they are descended from the ancient Gaelic inhabitants of Caithness. Colonel Robertson says "They are no doubt the descendants of the pure Gaelic race, who had retired to the interior of the country from the Norwegian invaders." Their seat was Strathnaver, but there was also a branch of the clan in Kintyre, and another in Islay—to the latter, MacDonald of the Isles (who fought at the battle of Harlaw) granted, in 1408, the only Gaelic Charter known to be in existence. The antiquity of the clan is evident from the fact that as early as 1427, they could muster 4000. Their Arms are "Azure, on a Chevron, or, between three bears' heads coupé, argent, and muzzled, gules. A roebuck's head erased, of the last, between two hands holding daggers, all proper." Badge, "Bulrush." Motto, "Manu forti." Chief "Erick Mackay, Lord Reay." We have not heard the name pronounced Mackae or Mackee except where ignorance, or affectation, was the predominating passion. The name in Gaelic is Mac-Aoidh (son of Hugh) and in English it is pronounced almost similar, and that it was pronounced in that manner from the earliest times is manifest from the fact that Fordun writes it "Macqye."



# AN GÀIDHEAL.

I LEABH.]

CEUD MIOS A' GHEAMHRAIDH, 1872.

[9 AIR.

## MU NA SEANN GHÀIDHEIL.

### VII.

Dhearbh sinn a nis gu soilleir gu'm b'e an t-aon sluagh ceudna a bha 'chòmhnuidh an ceann tuath na h-Alba fad mìle bliadhna—olàithibh Agricolagu linn Challuim a' Chinn Mhòir. Ré thri cheud bliadhna theireadh na Ròmanaich *Caledonaich* riutha; agus ré sheachd cend bliadhna theirteadh *Pictich* riu leis na Ròmanaich agus leis na Seanachaidhibh; an déigh sin fhuair iad an t-ainm *Scutich*: ach 'n am measg féin b'e an t-ainm a bha orra daonna, na Gàidheil, agus b'i a' Ghàilig a' chainnt a bha iad a' labhairt riabh.

Tha cuid ag ràdh gun do chailleadh an t-seann chànan an nair a fhuair Coinneach Mac Ailpein an rìoghachd, agus gur ann o na *Scutich* a sgaoil a' Ghàilig air feadh na h-Alba: ach cha ghabh so creidsinn, oir tha e soilleir gun robh Gàidheil a chòmhnuidh 'an ceann deas na h-Alba agus 'an Eilean Mhanainn, agus mar an ceudna an Eirinn fada mu'n d' thàinig Agrícola, no Iulius Caesar, no neach sam bith dhe na Ròmanaich thar a' Chaoil Bhreatunnaich. Tha Gàilig Mhanainn na's cosmhuile ri Gàilig Albainn na tha i ri Gàilig Eirinn; agus tha so a' dearbhadh gum b'e an t-aon sluagh a ghabh còmhnuidh air tùs ann am Manainn agus ann an Albainn. Anns a' Ghàilig Mhanainnich gheibhear an lide diultannach, no am focal àicheidh Albannach *cha*, an àite an fhocail àicheidh *Ni*, no *Nior*, mar so, "*cha vel feeyn aca*," cosmhuil ris a' Ghàilig Albannaich, "*cha'n' eil fion aca*" an àite na dòigh Eireannaich "*ni bhuil fion aca*." Their na Manainnich a rithist

"*ca mi*," agus na h-Eireannaich "*do bhì mi*." Mar an ceudna their na Manainnich, "*cha vel, cha rou, cha bì*," agus na h-Eirionnaich "*ni bhuil, ni robh, ni bitheann*." Tha Gàilig Mhanainn mar so ni's faisge air Gàilig Albainn agus tha sin a' feuchainn gun robh na h-aon Ghàidheil ann am Manainn agus an Albainn o shean. Tha e soilleir mar an ceudna gu'n robh na Gàidheil an ceann deas na h-Alba anns na linnibh o chian, oir gheibhear mòran de ainmibh nan àitean air an toirt o'n Ghàilig. Tha cùntas againn gu'n robh seilbh aig na *Caledonaich* agus aig na *Pictich* air an tìr sin gu 'deas air caolas na Friù gu ruig a' chrìoch Shasunnach, agus cha robh na *Scutich* riabh a chòmhnuidh an sin. Gidheadh cha robh sluagh Gàidheallach sam bith a' fuireach, no Gàilig 'ga labhairt anns an dàthaich sin, o'n a thàinig *Ida* rìgh nan *Gall Sasunnach*, a ghabhail seilbh air an tìr 'sa' bhliadhna A.D. 547, còrr us trì cheud deug bliadhna roimhe so. Cò, uime sin, a thug na h-ainmean Gàidhealach air na h-àitean ud mur robh Gàilig aig na *Pictich*? Tha na h-ainmean Gàilig so cosmhuil ri ainmibh àitean eile far an robh na *Pictich* 'n an aonar a chòmhnuidh agus far am bheil na Gàidheil, an slìochd-san, a chòmhnuidh gus an là an diugh. Ann an Siorramachd *Haddington* tha sgìre eachd ris an abrar "*an Garbh-allt*," air a h-ainmeachadh o'n t-sruth, no an t-allt a tha 'ruith troimpe, ris an abrar an *t-Allt-Garbh*. Cìod an dealachadh ann an seadh eadar an t-ainm an *Garbh-Allt* ann a' *Haddington*, agus an *t-Allt-Garbh* ann am Bràighe Lochabar? Nach Gàilig iad le chéile? Nach tuigear cìod a's ciall doibh leis na h-uile

mac Gàidheil a chluinneas an t-ainm? Ann am Bràighe Mhàr, am fagus do Bhaile-chaisteil, tha allt ris an abrar an *Garbh-allt* mar an ceudna. Tha so a' dearbhadh gu'm b' e an sluaigh ceudna a bha a chòmhnuidh ann a' *Haddington* agus am Bràighe Mhàr, gu'n do labhair iad an aon chànan, agus gu'm b'i sin a' Ghàilig.

Tha baile ann a' *Haddington* ris an abrar *Dunbar*; tha so a' ciallachadh Dùn, no daingneach, a tha suidhichte air bàrr, no air rugha; agus tha e freagarrach do'n àite sin—a tha suidhichte mar sin. Tha àite eile'm fagus do Dhùn-cidin, mar leth-mhìle bhuaithe, ris an abrar Dail-Rìgh: 's tha mòran àitean 's a' Ghàidhealtachd air am bheil an t-ainm so, agus tha e soilleir do neach air bith aig am bheil Gàilig. Tha ainm a' bhaile Dun-Eidin, a' nochdadh mar an ceudna gun robh Gàilig air a labhairt 's an taobh deas aig an àm sin. Thugadh an tìr so bho na *Pictich* le *Ida* agus na *Gaill* 's a bhliadhna 547. B' e *Edwin* no *Eidin* an ath rìgh a bha air na Gaill an déigh *Ida*. Thòisich esan air rioghachadh 's a' bhliadhna A.D. 617. agus mharbhadh e 's a' bhliadhna 633 le *Caldwalla* rìgh nan Breatainn-each, agus *Penda* rìgh *Mercia*. Uime sin b' ann eadar an dà àm so a thog *Edwin* suas as ùr agus a chàirich e an seann Dùn a bha aig na *Pictich*, agus air an robh *Dun-Monaidh* mar ainm an toiseach, mar a chithear ann an roimh-ràdh Leabhar-Urnuigh Easbuig *Charswell* (a cheud leabhar a chlà-bhualadh an Gàilig.) O cheann còrr us trì cheud bliadhna chlà-bhualadh e "ann an Dun-Eidin, d'am bu chomh-ainm Dun-Monaidh, an 24mh la de'n mhìos *April* 's a' bhliadhna 1567." B' éigin gu'n tugadh Dun-Eidin mar ainm air a' bhaile cho fad 's a bha rìgh *Edwin* beò, 'se sin roimh'n bhliadhna 633, oir an déigh a bhàis cha bhiodh e dualach an t-ainm a thoirt air, do bhrìgh nach biodh e cho soilleir eo a rinn an daingneach mu'n do ghlac na Gaill an t-àite, agus b' éigin

gu'n d' fhuair e an t-ainm so fada mu'n d' thàinig *Agricola* agus na Ròmanaich do'n tìr, oir bha an carrann sin de Albainn cho làn sluaigh le'm bailtibh daingnichte agus gu'n do ghabh an Ceannard Romanach so dà bhliadhna a' ceannachadh nan Gàidheal a bha gu deas air caolas na Friù agus air Cnaidh. Tha mòran eileanan ann an caolas na Friù ris an abrar Innis, mar tha Innis-cheith, Innis-Challuin, an Innis-Gharbh. Is ainmean Gàilig iad so uile agus tuigear iad leis gach Gàidheal. Agus tha mòran àitean eile air feadh nan trì *Lothianan* ris an abrar *Inbhear*, far am bheil dà abhainn, no dà allt, a' coinn-eachadh a' chèile agus a' dol cuideachd, mar tha *Inbhear-bhuic*, *Inbhear-Lite*, *Inbhear-uisge*, *Inbhear-abhainn*, agus mar sin sìos. Ann an siorramachd Linn-Lìobhann gheibhear na h-ainmean soilleir Gàilig so: *Acha-nam-bàrd*, *Baile-Bhàird*, an *Abhoinn*, *Baile-na-Craoibhe*, *Creag-nan-Gall*, *Dail-nam-meann*, *Druim-beag*, *Druim-buidhe*, *Druim-dubh*, *Druim-loisgte*, *Druim-millidh*, *Dun-tairbh*, *Tòrr-fhithichean*, agus mar sin sìos. Agus an siorramachdaibh *Dhunfris*, *Roxburgh*, *Ghalloway*, agus *Shelkirk* tha an tìrlàn ainmean Gàidhealtach, mar tha *Sean-chathair*, an *Càrn-seilich*, *Dail-Rìgh*, *Dun-scòrr*, agus na cendan de'n t-seòrsa sin. Tha so uile dearbhadh gu'n robh an tìr aon uair làn Ghàidheal, agus ged a dh' fhalbh an sluaigh agus a theirig a' Ghàilig anns na ceàrnaibh sin, gidheadh dh' fhuirich na h-ainmean a thug iad air na h-àitibh gun atharrachadh gus an là an diugh. Thugadh na h-ainmean so air na h-àitibh nd cendan bliadhna mu'n d' thàinig na Ròmanaich do dh' Albainn, o cheann còrr agus dà mhìle bliadhna roimhe so, agus tuigear iad leis gach Gàidheal a' cheart cho math agus ged a b' ann an dé a dh' ainmicheadh iad. Mur bu Ghàidheil na *Caledonaich* agus na *Pictich* cia mar a b' urrainn so a bhith.

Tha nì eile a dhearbhas gur h-i a' Ghàilig a labhair na *Pictich*; se sin

Dàin Oisein. Rinneadh na Dàin so cadar A.D. 207, linn an *Impire Severus*, agus A.D. 276, a' bhliadhna 's an do mharbhadh Oscar mac Oisein le Cairbre Ruadh. Bha so mu thuairim sea ceud bliadhna roimh linn Choinnich Mhic Ailpein, agus na 'm biodh a' Ghàilig air a h-atharrachadh an sin rachadh na Dàin air chall, no bhiodh iad air am measgadh le facail Eireannach. Ach cha 'n 'eil measgadh sam bith anna. A nise mur biodh an sluagh ceudna air fiantuinn anns an tìr, 's a' labhairt na cànan cheudna a bha aig an sinsearaibh, cha tigeadh na Dàin so nnas air chuimhne bho linn gu linn. Dh' fheumadh iad a bhì air an aithris o bheul gu beul le daoineibh a bha làn-thuigsinn na cànan anns an do chuireadh rì chéile iad air tìs mu 'm b' urrainn so tachairt. Uime sin tha na Gàidheil a chòmhuidh anns an tìr o linn Oisein,—no ann am briathraibh eile 'si a' Ghàilig a labhairt na seann *Chaledonaich* agus na *Pictich*.

D. B. B.

### AIR CRUINN-CHORPAIBH SOILLSEACH NAN SPEUR.

Tha e 'na nì araon taitneach agus feumail do'n duine eòlas fhaotuinn a thaobh gach nì air am bheil e'n comas da a shùilean a thilgeadh. Tha oibre a' Chrùitheir, gidheadh, anns an t-saoghal nàdurra, cho lionmhor 'n an gnè, cho miorbhuileach air an dealbhadh, agus cho òirdhearc air an suidheachadh, 's nach urrainn an duine a tha gearr-sheallach, agus air bheag-eòlais, ach fìr-neonì dhiubh a rannsachadh a mach. Tha feartan na h-inntinn aige cho mòr air an truailleadh, 's nach ruig iad, ach ann an tomhas ro bheag, air maise agus mòrachd nan nithe sin a ta mn'n cuairt da air an talamh. Ach an uair a dh' amhairceas e air na speuraibh os a cheann, agus a chhì e a' ghrian, a' ghealach, agus na reultan, a' gluasad gu tosdach, ciùin,

'n an cuairtibh firsuing féin, tha aobhar aig an sin a thuigsinn cia co diblidh, fann, lag-chniseach 's a tha e ann féin! Tha oibre sin a' chruthachaidh a' fòill-seachadh, cha 'n e mhàin cumhachd neo-chrìochnach an Tighearna Dé, ach mar an ceudna, a ghliocas agus a mhaitheis! Gu'n teagamh, "Cuiridh na nèamhan an céill glòir Dhé, agus nochdaidh na speurau gnìomh a làmh,"—agus am feadh 's a ta iad mar so a' toirt fianuis air buaidhibh do-labhairt an Tì bheannuichte sin a dhealbh iad; tha iad, mar an ceudna 'toirt rabhadh do'n duine chum e féin irioslachadh 'na làthair, mar chreutair nach 'eil airidh air an tròcair a's lugha o làmh-san. Is ceart a thubhairt rìgh Israeil r'a Chruithear bheannuichte féin; "An uair a dh' amhairceas mi air do nèamhaibh, obair do mheur: air a' ghealaich, agus na reultaibh, a shuidhich thu; co e an duine gu'm biodh tusa cuimhneachail air, agus mac an duine gu'm fiosraicheadh tu e?" Ach neo-iomlan mar a tha an duine 'na reusan agus 'na thuigse féin, 'se a dhleas 'nas na feartan agus na cumhachdan a thugadh dha a ghuàthachadh ann a bhì 'faicinn agus a' fiosrachadh Dhé anns na h-oibrìbh eugsamhla sin a rinneadh le Focal a chumhachd. Rinn na h-abstoil so, an uair a thubhairt iad, "Tre chreidimh tha sinn a' tuigsinn gu'n do chruthaicheadh na saoghail tre fhocal Dé, air chor as nach d' rinneadh na nithe a chithear de nithibh a bha rì'm faicinn."

Chum cuideachadh a dheanamh le do luchd-leughaidh, a Ghàidheil ionmhuinn, gu beagan nithe a thoirt fa'near mu astar, meud, agus sìubhal nan reult, tha mi 'cur romham mìneachadh beag a thoirt seachad "air cruinn-chorpaibh sòillseach nan speur," ann an deich earrannaibh fa leth. Chuireadh a mach a' cheud ceithir de na h-earrannaibh sin ann an "Cuairtear nau Gleann," o cheann deich bliadhna fichead air ais; ach chum am mìneachadh a dheanamh cho iomlan 's a dh' fheadas mi, cuiridh

mi 'n ad ionnsuidh iad anns an òrdugh a leanas:—

- Earrann I. Air Reultaireachd gu coit-chionn.
- “ II. Air a' Ghrèin agus air Mercuri.
- “ III. Air co-shuidheachadh Bhénuis agus na Talmhainn.
- “ IV. Air caochlaidhibh na Gealaich.
- “ V. Air na reultaibh Mars, Bhesta, Iuno, Ceres, Pallas, agus Iupiter.
- “ VI. Air na reultaibh Saturn agus Urànnus.
- “ VII. Air na rionnagaibh càr-bnllach,
- “ VIII. Air na rionnagaibh suidhichte.
- “ IX. Air gluasad agus dlùth-tharruing nan corp-néamhaidh, agus air na seòlaibh-mara.
- “ X. Air dàbhradh na Gréine agus na Gealaich.—

—

EARRANN I.

AIR REULTAIREACHD GU COITCHIONN.

AN nair a bheachdaicheas sinn gu càr-mach air cruinn-chorpaibh soillseach nan speur, a' siubhal gu ciùin, agus gu riaghailteach os ar ceann, cha chomas duinn gun a bhì air ar lionadh le iongantas, agus gun eigheach a mach maille ri Dabhaidh, “Ò Iehobhailh ar Tighearna cia òirdhearc t-ainm air feadh na talmhainn nìle! a shoeraich do ghloir os ceann nan néamh! 'Nuair a dl' amhaireas mi air do néamhaibh, obair do mheur: air a' ghealaich, agus na reultaibh, a shuidhich thu, co è an duine gu'm fiosraicheadh tu e?” (Salm viii. 1—4.) An nair a dl' fhosglas sinn ar sùilean air na neamhaibh, chi sinn gu cinnteach sealladh leis am bu chòir duinn a bhì umhal agus iriosal,—chì sinn nì's leòir chum gliocas, cumhachd, agus maithcas Iehobhailh fhòill-seachadh d'ar tuigse;—agus chum firinn

bhriàthar an t-salmadair aideachadh, a deir, “Cuiridh na néamhan an céill glòir Dhe, agus nochdaidh na spéuran gnìomh a lamh.” (Salm xix. 4.)

Tha réultaireachd 'na h-èòlas a ta air gach seòl òirdhearc agus iomchuidh. Is iongantach a' chinnteachd, agus an eagnuidheachd leis am bheil reulta néimh a' gluasad ann an gorm-astar nan speur! Trid innleachd agus foghlum, innsidh na teallsanaich, roimh làimh, gach caochladh a thig air solusaibh néimh! Innsidh iad 'gu pongail mu dhùbhradh na gréine agus na gealaich, innsidh iad c'uin a thig gach dùbhradh dhiubh so—cia cho mòr 'sa bhios iad—agus cia fada 's a mhaireas iad!—Ach ged tha'm fiosrachadh so mòr, agus luachmhor, “An urrainn an duine le rannsachadh Dia fhaigheil a mach?” “Is esan a ta 'na shuidhe air cuairt na talmhainn, agus tha a luchd àiteachaidh mar fhionnain-fèidh, a ta 'sineadh a mach na néamha mar sgàil thana, agus 'gan sgaioleadh mar bhùth anns an gabhar còmhnuidh.” (1s. xl. 22.)

Cha'n e mhàin gu'm bheil reul-èòlas feumail chum an ìntinn a lionadh le smnaintibh iomchuidh mu ghloir, agus mu mhòrachd an Tighearna Dé:—ach tha e feumail do'n chinne-daoine air son nithe eug samhla eile. Air an aobhar sin gheibhear an t-èòlais so, ann an tomhas mòr no beag am measg nan nìle chinneach! Trid an èòlais so, tha daoine fòghluimte a' faotuin a mach caochlaidh soluis na gealaich,—riaghailtean nan seòl-mara,—cumadh agus mend na talmhainn,—agnsuidheachadh agus farsuingeachd dhùchanna agus rioghachdan an domhain! Trid an èòlais so, mar an ceudna, tha bliadhnaichean air an tomhas, agus teachd gach tràth' agus aimsir air a chomharrachadh a mach? Trid an èòlais so, tha seòl-adairean a' faotuin a mach nan àitean anns am bheil iad air na cuantaibh mòra agus farsuing, agus a' stiùradh an slighean gu tèaruimte do dhùchannaibh an cèin!

Mu dh'amhairceas neach, air oidhche chùin, rèda, gheamhraidh, chì e mu mhìle rionnag an crochadh mar òchran-aibh drilinneach os a cheann—chì e iad do gach meud, agus soilleireachd—cuid diubh beag agus fann, agus cuid eile dhiubh mòr, agus a' dealrachadh le solus soilleir agus seasmhach! Ach ged nach fhaicear ach mu mhìle dhiubh so leis an t-sùil luim, chithear le gloineach-aibh innleachdach a fhuaradh a mach, mu'n cuairt de chend mìle, uile còmbhlath! Agus cha'n 'eil an àireamh mhòr so an coimeas ris an àireamh a ta air an sgoileadh air feadh farsuingeachd na cruitheachd, ach mar eitean gaineimh air tràigh na fàirge! Tha cuid diubh anabarrach mòr—fìthead, lethcheud, mìle uair mi's mò na'n talamh air am bheil sinn' a' gluasad, agus is gann a gheibhear aon nam measg cho beag ris! Goirear le teallsanaich rionnagan suidhichte dheth gach solus a chithear anns na nèamhaibh, ach cha'n abrar so ris a' ghréin, agus a' ghealaich againne, no ri àireamh bheag de reultaibh agus de ghealach-aibh eile, agus de rionnagaibh-earbullach, a ta cuairteachadh na gréine, air an toir sinn cùntas an déigh so. Tha na rionnagan suidhichte aig astar namhasadh, agus do-thuigsinn air falbh uainne;—agus an uair a smuainicheas sinn air am meud, an àireamh, an nàdur, agus an astar—cha chomas dhuinn, an sin, gun smuaineachadh air cumhachd an Tì uile-ghlòrmhoir sin “a sgeadaich na nèamha le a Spiorad.” (Iob xxv. 13.) Chum beachd a thoirt air astar nan rionnag so air falbh, ghabhadh am peileir a's luath' a chaidh riamh a mach á beul gunna, ged a dh' fhanadh e 'na dheannaibh, còrr agus muilleann bliadhna, mu'n ruigeadh e cuid dhiubh! Nach ceart a dh' fheadas daoine a' cheist a chur, Co a rinn na nithe mora, maiseach, agus miorbhuileach so? Co, ach an Dia sin, “a rinn an talamh le 'chumhachd,—a shocruidh an saoghal le 'ghliocas,—agus le 'thuisge a sgaoil a mach na nèamha.” (Ier. x. 12.)

Tha na reulta so uile air an suidheachadh, mar gu'm b'ann, 'nan teaghlach air leth, air feadh farsuingeachd na cruith-eachd! Tha àireamhshònruichte dhiubh, aig am bheil grian doibh féin, m'a timchioll am bheil iad a' siubhal, ann an cuairtibh eug-samhla; agus o'm bheil iad a' faotainn soluis agus teas! Tha àireamh nan grian, 's nan reull, a ta 'gan cuairteachadh air an dòigh so, cho mòr, a's nach urrainn teallsanaich le'n uil' innleachdaibh, a bheag sam bith a dheanamh a mach gu ciutcach mu'n timchioll! Cosmhuil ris gach grian eile, tha a' ghrian againne 'ga nochdadh fein anns na speuraibh, air a cuairteachadh le a reultaibh fein, ris am bheil i a' comhpairteachadh araon soluis agus teas!

Air di a bhi fagus do làimh, an coimeas ri grian-aibh eile na cruitheachd; tha sinn 'ga faicinn mòr, cruinn, agus dealrach; am feadh 'sa chi sinn na grianan eile, mar rionnagaibh beaga, drilinneach, a thaobh am mòr-astar air falbh! Ged nach d' fhuair daoine foghlumte a bheag a mach mu thimchioll nan rionnag suidhichte, agus nan grian do-àireamh, a ta air an suidheachadh mar sheudaibh boillsgeach, anns na speuraibh os ar ceann; gidheadh, fhuair iad a mach mòran de nitheibh air mhodh ciutcach, mu thimchioll na gréin' againn fein, agus an teaghlach bhig de na reultaibh, a ta 'g iadhadh gu siùblach, tosdach, mu'n cuairt di! Orra so, uime sin, bheirear a nis cunntas goird agus ciutcach, chum 's gu'm faicear mòrachd agus cumhachd Rìgh siorruidh na cruitheachd a dhealbhadh iad uile an toiseach.

Fhuaradh a mach gu'm bheil seachd mhòr agus ceithir bheaga de reultaibh seacharanach, a' siubhal timchioll na gréine, ann an cuairtibh air leth, agus gu'm bheil gealaichean aig còig de na reultaibh so, a ta 'gan cuairteachadh, ceart mar a tha iad fein a' cuairteachadh na gréine! Tha gach aon de na cearcallaibh mora so, anns am bheil na reultan a' siubhal, aig caochladh astair air falbh o'n ghréin; uime sin, tha a'

ghrian air a suidheachadh ann am meadhon a teaghlach,

Cruinn mar lan sgiath chruaidh nan triath, far am bheil i a' tilgeadh a mach a gathanna-soluis, air gach aon fa leth d'a reultaibh, agus 'gan ath-nuadhachadh gach là le maise, agus soilleireachd! Tha na reultan air an ainmeachadh mar a leanas, agus anns an òrdugh anns am bheil iad aig astar o'n ghréin: MERCURI, BHENUS, AN TALAMI, MARS, BHESTA, IUNO, CERES, PALLAS, IUPITER, SATURN, agus URANUS.

Bheirear cunntas orra so fa leth, ann an carrannaibh eile an déigh so.

SGIATHANACH.

SEACHIDUINN AN CINN-A'-GHIUTHSAICH.

FHR MO CHRIDHE,

'S i mo bheachd gu'n robh 'ur luchd-leughaidh a' sìneadh air smaoin-eachadh nach cuirinn-se 'n còrr trioblaid orra, le mo chuid feala-dhà, air duilleagaibh A' GHADHEIL. Ma bha, chi iad a nise nach robh an cuid faidh-idearachd cho fìrinneach 's a bha iad an duil. 'N uair a sgrìobh mi "CEUM NO DHA O'N CHAGAILT" 's an t-seathsamh àireamh de 'N GHADHEAL, gheall mi gun innsinn aig àm eile cho math 's a thaitinn Cinn-a'-ghìuthsaich rium, 's air an aobhar sin ni mi dìchioll air focal no dhà 'chur ri chèile, agus mar a thuir an ceard "mar a dian mi spain, millidh mi adhare."

Ma's math mo chuimhne, dh-innis mi ann an "Ceum no dha o'n Chagailt" gur h-ann 'g am chluith féin a bha mi 'n Cinn-a'-ghìuthsaich, oir cha d' rinn mi ni ach falbh á Inbhir-nis mar rinn an "Rùnasdach" á Glaschu. Tha mi 'faicinn gu'n do dh-ionnsaich esan a' bhuidseachd air a chuairt, ach mise, cha chuala mi guth mu bhuidseichean no mu shithichean (an Nì math gu'n robh 'g ar gleidheadh) am fad 's a bha mi 'm Baideanach. 'Si cailleadh an Lagain, a' bhan-bhuidseach mu dheireadh

air an d'fhuair mi iomradh 'san dùthaich; agus air son sithichean, cha 'n eil duine am Baideanach a chunnaic a h-aon diubh riamh: ma tha, cha chuala mise mu dhéighinn. Theagamh gu'm bheil feadhainn de'r luchd-leughaidh-se nach euala an sgeula mu bhean an Lagain, agus air an aobhar sin, their mi focal no dhà mu'n nìlebiast. Ma tha gach sgiala fìor 's i 'chuir as an rathad Iain Garbh Mac-'Ille-Challuim Ràrsaidh; ach air an latha 'rinn i sin fhuair ise acaid a's galair a bàis. Air d'i pilleadh an deigh "Iain Garbh" a bhàthadh, thug i am monadh oirre agus a steach gu'n deach i do bhothan anns an robh fear deth 'cuid nàbuidhean a' gabhail tàmh. Bhiodh an duine seo gu math tric a' sealg agus na'm biodh stoirm ann (mar a thachair gun robh air an là ud) bu chleachdach leis 'anail a leigeil; agus ma-dh-fhaoidte, an oidheche 'chuir seachad anns a' bhothan a dh-ainmich mi. Air an là seo bha e staigh 's an deagh ghealbhan air a bhial-thaobh, a's e 'ga thiormachadh 's ga ghairleadh féin. Stùil 'gan d' thug e air an dorus cìod e chunnaic e ach cat peallach, odhar, agus gur gann a bha e 'lean-tuinn a chéile leis a' bhochduinn. Bha dà chù aig an t-sealgair, a's leum iad air a' bhéisd cho luath 's a thàinig e gus an dorus. Cha bu luaithe 'leum na coin air na thug e ràn as agus aig an àm cheudna dh-iarr e air an t-sealg-air trècair a dheanamh air. Ghabh an sealgair mòrioghnadh air do'n chat labhairt ris; agus a chum 's gu'm faic-eadh e cìod 'n seòrsa beathaich a bh' aige chaisg e na coin; 'san uair a chaisg cha 'n fhac e ach an cat mar a bha e 'n toiseach. "Thig gus an teine 's dean do ghairleadh" deir an sealgair. "Cha d' thig" ars' an cat, "oir tha eagal orm gu'n gearr do chuid chon mi." Thug an cat an seo ròineag fhada do'n t-sealg-air, ag iarraidh air aig an àm cheudna na coin a cheangal leatha ris a mhaide-cheangail. Chuir an sealgair an ròineag mu'n mhaide-cheangail, agus leag e air

ris a' chat gu'n do chuir e air na coin i mar an ceudna. An seo thàinig an cat thun an teine; agus cha bu luaithe 'thàinig na shìn e air fàs mòr. Thug an sealgair an aire do seo, agus ars' esan, "droch shiubhal ort a bhias leibeideach, 's tu tha 'fàs mòr;" a's ann am prioba na sùla bha 'n cat cho mòr ri mialchu; agus an ath shealladh chruth-atharraich a' bhias e-féin 's co bh' aige ach té deth 'bhan-nàbuidhean ris an canta gu coitcheinn "Bean an Lagain," agus air an robh e cho eòlach 's a bha 'n liagh air a' phoit. "A shealgair nam beann" deir ise, "thàinig e crìoch do làithean-sa. 'S fhada le b' fhuathach leat mi-féin 's mo sheòrs', ach a nise gheibh sinn buaidh." Leum i air, 's rinn i greim air a sgornan; ach cha bu luaithe 'leum na 'leum na coin oirre-se; "teannaich a's tachd a roineag" ars' ise—'s i 'n dùil gu'n robh an roineag mu abhaichean nan con—'s cha bu luaithe 'thuir, na 'ghearr an roineag am maide-ceangail. Bha na coin an sàs innte, 'g a caobadh 's ga reubadh, ach mu dheireadh fhuair i uapa, 's am prioba na sùla dh-fhalbh i air iteig 'an cruth fithich. Gu sgeula goirid a dheanamh dhuibh, fhuair i bàs an oidhche sin. Thachair do dhithis choisichean a bhì, aig a' cheart àm, a tighinn seach a' Monadh-liath eadar Srath-eire 's Baideanach; 's cìod a chunnaic iad ach boireannach 'n a ruith 's 'n a teann ruith, a' tighinn 'n an coinneamh, agus chaidh i seachad orra gun aon fhocal a ràdh. Cha deach iad fad air an aghaidh an nair a choinnich dà chù dhubb iad 'nan teann ruith air lorg a' bhoireannaich. Goirid an dèigh seo, choinnich duine dubh iad, a' marcachd air each dubh. Stad am marcaiche dubh a's dh-fheòraich e am faca iad am boireannach 's na coin 'n a dèigh. Thuir gu'm fac'. "Saoil sibh am beir iad oirre mu'n ruig i 'n cladh?" Thuir na fir nach biodh iad fada 'n a dèigh co-dhiù; 's an sin dh-fhalbh am marcaiche. Cha b' fhada gus gu'n

d' rug e orra tighinn air ais agus am boireannach seachad air a bhial-thaobh air an diallaid—an dara cù an slaoda ri 'sliasaid air taobh clìth an eich, agus an cù eile an slaoda ri 'cìoch air a thaobh deas. 'S an dol seachad thuir fear de na coisichean "Rug thu oirre." "Rug" ars' am marcaiche "direach aig dorus a' Chlaidh."—Thàinig na fir do Bhàideanach a's dh-innis iad mar thachair doibh air an t-slighe; is bu mhuladach e, oir cha 'n eil teagamh nach e spiorad cailleach an Lagain a chunnaic iad a' ruith thun a' chlaidh (oir b' àite seunta e) agus am Fear-millidh air a tòir.

Latha de na làithibh, 's mi air mo chuairt, co 'choinnich mi ach Dòmhnall-Phàil, am bàrd, duine cho aoigheil 's cho toilichte 's a chur cas am bròig. Labhair bathais-gun-nàire ris a cheart co tapaidh agus ged a b' eòl domh e o ghlùn mo mhàthar; 's mo labhair, cha b' e freagairt gruamach a fhuair mi. Shìn sinn air bruithinn mu 'n GAIDHEAL agus faodaidh sibh a bhì cinnteach nach ann 'g a chlàineadh. "An euala tu rianh an rann seo?" ars' esan:—

"Tha Ghàilig air a sgiathaibh  
'S tha 'srian aice 'n a beul;  
'S sean i, 's cha do liath i  
'S i rianh ann o lian Eubh—  
'S mar fhir-eun anns na nialaibh,  
Os cionn gach ian 's na speir!"

Cha 'n eil fada le chunnaic mi litir 's A' GAIDHEAL mu dheighinn òran a rinn Dòmhnall eòir. Cha 'n urraim mise 'thuigsinn co e 'n "Callum" a sgrìobh an litir ud; ach gun teagamh sam bith, tha fios agaibh-se. Cha 'n fhaca mise duine an Cinn-a'-ghhùthsaid de 'n ainm ach aon ionragan a bhà gu math tric air an t-sràid, agus ma's math mo chuimhne 's e "Callum Post" a chuala mi iad ag ràdh ris; a's mheall mo bharail mi, ma 's e esan a sgrìobh do 'r n-ionnsuidh.

Air cuairt eile air an robh mi fhuair mi iomradh air bàrd eile an Cinn-

'a-ghìthsaidh. Ged bha mi eòlach air bàrdachd Dhòmhnuille Phàil o m' òige, cha chuala mi guth riabh mu Dhòmhnull a' Chnuic (oir 's e sin ainm coitcheionn an fhir eile). Gu'n fhios nach 'eil luchd-leughaidh A' GHÀIDHEIL cho aineolach air subhailean an duine seo 's a bha mi-féin mu'n deach mi do dh-àrd bhaile Bhàideanach, bheir mi dhuibh na rainn a leanas. Bha iad air an labhairt leis féin, air dha éiridh a dh-òl deoch-slàinte nighinn Thighearna Chluainidh, air dhi *Caipitean Fitzroy* a phòsadh,

“Si seo deoch-slàinte 'ehupuill òig  
A phòs 'an Caisteil Chluainidh;  
'S a dh-fhalbh Diar-daoin le aoibhneas as,  
'S an *stoidhle* mar bu dual doibh.—  
Bi'dh sinne 'guidhe sòlais dhoibh  
'S a 'g òl le làn na cnaiche—  
'Saogh'l buan as mòr thoil-inntinn dhoibh  
'S iad cinntinn mar an luachair.

'N uair 'thàinig beul na h-oidhche  
Bha aoibhneas a' measg naislean,  
Bha aoibhneas ann am Bàideanach,  
'S gach àite 'n cualas luaidh air.  
Bha 'n tìr gu lèir a' soillseachadh  
Mar dhaoinceanan mu'n cuairt duinn,  
'S mar mheadhlon là bha 'n oidhche  
Le tein'-aoibhnis air gach guallainn.

Bha Còirneal Bhailebhilleadh ann  
Nach tilleadh le 'chuid armachd—  
Bha còrr a's coig eich fhichead aige  
'Tarruing giuthas sgealbta—  
Sid 's cliù air fear Paire an t-Cheipeil  
'S gun cheist cha 'n fhacas cearb air:  
'S gur mòr an cliù tha 'm Bàideanach,  
'S gach àit an cualas ainm air.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ach 's i ar guidhe 'n trà seo,  
'S gu bràth do'n chàraid nasail,  
An t-àrd Rìgh 'bhi 'n a *gheard* orra  
'S gach àit 'n dian iad gluasad,  
'S iad leantuinn lorg an sinnse-rachd,  
'S gu cinnteach bi'dh iad buadhach,  
'S ar duil gu'n till iad sàbhailte  
'Chur fàilt' air Tighearna Chluainidh.

Air dhomh pilltinn do 'n taigh 's an robh mi 'tamb, shin mi air bruithinn ri mo charaid (fear-an-taighe) nu gach ni a bha mi 'faicinn 'sa' cluinntinn gu mu dheireadh a thionndain ar conal-

tradh mu na báird. “Sin am pac,” ars' esan, “a tha fàs lionmhor, na bàird, no gu h-àraid luchd-millidh nan dàn. Cha 'n 'eil duine, ma gheobh e bliadhna no dha 's a' sgoil nach sin air toirt a chreidsinn air féin 's air càch, gur bàrd e. Chuala mi iomradh air piobaire leis am bu chleachdach a bhi aig gach pòsadh a's banais 's an dùthaich an làithibh 'òige; agus mar sin a' tionnal mòran airgeid. Ach air dha 'bhi tighinn gu aois shin feadhainn eile air a' cheard, agus cha robh an sean phiobaire 'faighinn cuireadh gu aon bhanais anns an fhichead a bha e cleachdadh 'sna 'làithibh a dh-aom'. Latha de na làithibh choinnich duine eil ris, a shin air bruithinn mu na piobairean òga mu'n cuairt: ‘O droch shiubhal orra ars' an sean fhear, ‘Cha'n fhaigh thu clach a thilgeas tu air eù ach piobaire;’ ach a nise na bàird; cha'n fhaigh thu clach a thilgeas tu air eù ach bàrd.” “S am bheil sibh a' smuaineachadh” deir mise, “nach 'eil bàrd idir ri fhaighinn an diugh?” “Cha 'n 'eil” ars' esan “S mi nach 'eil; ach ged a gheobhar beagan cruinneachd a' measg ar luchd eallaidh tha 'm moll ro phailt. Na smuainich idir gur bàrdachd rann no dhà a chur an altaibh a cheile (gu tric gle chearb-ach) gun aon smuaintean 'n am measg nach cuala sinn o làithibh ar n-òige. Tha 'n fheadhainn a tha 'ceangal an cuid rainn gun bhrìgh ri seann fhuinn bhlasd-mhòr Ghaidhealach an dùil gu'n cum iad an cuid féin spleadhachais an cuimhne air a' mhòd sin; ach tha iad gu tric a' call an còrsa, agus an cuid ranntachd a dol air an t-slighe air an robh i cho toilltinneach—eadhon *slighe na di-chuimhne*. Agus thoir a' chluas de mo chlaigionn-sa ma bhios iomradh aig an àl a tha 'g eiridh suas air aon anns an fhichead de na sgoim-airean a tha nise 'gabhaile orra 'bhi 'nam bàird. Ach togamaid diubh. Ciod i do bheachd de Bhàideanach?”

Dh-innis mi dha mo bheachd de Bhàideanach; agus A GHÀIDHEIL,



chomhairlichinn duibh-se cuairt a thoirt troimhe; oir 'se fìor àite Gàidhealach a th'ann. Ann an cuid de dh-àitibh de'n Ghàidhealtachd innsidh iad dhuibh le spalpadh pròise nach leugh iad a' Ghàilig (ge nàir e ri 'chluinntinn) ach am Bàideanach ma tha neach idir ann nach leugh cànan bhlasdmhor Phinn a's Oisein 's ann le athadh, a's ruthadh nàire 'na aghaidh a dh-aidicheas se e. Dh'aindeoin gach àite 's an robh mi cha do thachair mi ri boireannaich a bha cho ealanta air leughadh na Gàilig ris na Ban-Bhàideanaich. Tha iad cho eòlach air A' CHUAIRTEAR 's a tha iad air abhainn Spé; agus 'si mo bheachd gu'm faigh AN GAIDHEAL deadh aoigheachd 'na measg. Ach tha mi 'n déigh cus a sgrìobhadh mar tha, agus ged bu mhianach leam mòran a chantuinn fathast, 's éigin domh sgur; agus tha mi 'n dòchas gun cur sibh seo 's a' chiad GHÀIDHEAL, oir

“Cha-n-eil mise 'g innseadh bhreng;  
Tha mi fìor 's n a h uile car;  
Cha-n-eil mearachd 'na mo sgiala;  
Tha gach smiach a thuir mi ceart,  
'S i 'n fhàirinn i, hò ill ù o,  
'G a h-innseadh dhuibh hù ill ò;  
'S co-dhùnaidh mi hò ill ù o,  
Le dùrachd dhuibh hù ill ò.”

CUAIRTEAR.

## CALLUM A' GHILINNE.

## EARRAN III.

Air do Challum an sgoil fhàgail, chaidh 'ghasadadh ri 'shean-air car leth-bhliadhna gu bhì 'buachailleachd spréidhe ann am braighe a' ghlinne. Bha a shean-air 'n a dhuine comharraichte 'na latha agus 'n a inbhe féin. Cha b'aithne dha riamh leughadh no sgrìobhadh ach bha e anabarrach geur, soilleir 'n a thuigse agus 'n a bhreithneachadh. Bha e 'n a fhear-gnothuich tapuidh, sgilear, curamach, onorach. Ann an reic agus ceannach theirte gun robh e daonnan fortanach; ach cha robh ni air 'bith de dhìomhaireachd no de thuiteamas 'n a

fhortan, ach a thàlantan nàdurra fhein a bhi gu bunailteach air an cleachdadh agus air an riaghladh le onoir, le cùram, agus le adhartachd. Tha e duilich a ràdh, cia mar a ràinig e air na bh' aige de “speur-eolas”—cia mar a b'aithne dha tràithean na gealaiche o mhìos gu mìos, agus a bhuaidh a bha aig àm tighinn a staigh agus aig dol a mach nan ceithreamhan air an t-side agus air na siontan. B' iad cùrsa na gréine 's an latha, agus nan rionnag 'san oidhche, a b' uaireadair dha. Chombarraicheadh e mach àireamh nach bu bheag de na rionnagaibh suidhichte agus de na rionnagaibh gluasadach, agus an cnairt-shiubhal fa leth troimh chopan na h-iarmailt. Bha barrachd creideis aig a luchd eòlais 'na fhaisneachd-side na 'bh' aca ann am “Miosachan Bhaile cliath.” Le bhi 'toirt geur aire do an t-side ré dà là dheug na Nollaige—'se siu dusan latha roimh latha Nollaig—dh'innseadh e cìod an gne side a bhiodh a buadhachadh ré gach mìos de'n ath bhliadhna—oir na 'm biodh a cheud latha de'n dà-là-dheug stoirmeil no air chaochladh, bhiodh a cheud mhìos de'n bhliadhna mar sin mar an ceudna; agus mar sin air adhart o mhìos gu mìos. Air an oidhche mu dheireadh de'n bhliadhna, le bhi toirt fainear an airde o 'm biodh a' ghaoth a' s-ideadh, dh'innseadh e cìod an gne toraidh no tacar airson am biodh an ath bhliadhna comharraichte, agus cìod a bu bhìnthas do 'n bhliadhna anns a' choitcheinn, agus, sin a reir na seann riaghailt a leanas:—

Gaith o'n deas, teas a's toradh;  
Gaith o'n iar, iasg a's bainne;  
Gaith o'n ear, meas air chra-maibh;  
Gaith o'n tuath, fuachd a's feannadh.

Bha aige mar an ceudna, air a mheogh-air, aireamh do-chreidsinn de shean-fhocail thaghta anns an robh moran de ghliocas agus de fheallsanachd ro fhallain air am filleadh a staigh. Bhiodh e gu tric 'gan aithris do Challum, mar chaitheamh aimsir ann 's na feasgair—

agus a' cur deuchainn air a thuigse agus air a bhreithneachadh le bhli a cur cheisdean ris, a thaobh nam firinnean air an robh iad a' cur soluis. Faodaidh ar luchd leughaidh a thuigsinn o'n eiseimpleir a leanas, an deagh oileineachadh a bha Callum a' faotainn o' shean'air aig an àm ud. "A laochain, ciod a shaoileas tu a bha an duine glic o shean a' ciallachadh leis a' chomhairle a thug e d'a mhac air dha 'bhi togail air a dh' iarruidh ceile—"A mhic mo chuim! ciod air bith a dh'eireas dhuit, feuch gum faigh thu d'eun, á neid ghlain; se vchainn Ceòlag 'us Cinneadag agus Iolach-an-coill'." An àite 'bhi freagairt nan ceisdean, 'se bu roghnaiche le Callum a bhli 'na thosd, gu bhli toirt cothrom do 'n cheisdear e-féin a bhli 'ga m'neachadh, ni a dheanadh e air an doigh so—"Eun á neid ghlain"—faodaidh an t-eun a bhli glan, ged robh an nead salach,—faodaidh nighean mhaith tighinn o dhroch mhathair, agus mac onorach deagh-bheusach o athair bradach, breugach; ach ged a dh' fhaodas, leanaidh micliù nam parantan air a' chloinn cho math ri an aingidheachd. Seachainn "Ceòlag." Ma chi thusa te a bhios a sior-sheinn o mhoch gu annoch, ach 'fhad 'sa bhios i 'na cadal, gabh sin mar chombarradh air eanchainn fhalamh—air iutinn eu-domhain,—agus air lamhan neo-adhartach. "Cinneadag"—sin agad te a bhios an c'òmhnuidh a' deanamh uail as a dàimh ri uaislean ard-inbheach na tire—ma-dh' fhaodte ris an "naisle bhochd gun chas gun lamh" nach cuir salann air a' chaldh fhein no do mhuintir eile. "Iolach-an-coill"—sin agad te a chluinnear far nach faicear i, agus do nach comas a lochdan fein no faillean muintir eile a chleth, ciod air bith a thig 'n a lorg—te aig am bi a chend fhacail 'sam facal m' d'heireadh de 'n chonaltradh anns gach aite an suidh no 'n seas i.—Mar so bha Callum air dheagh oileineachadh gach feasgar ann an gliocas agus ann am feallsanachd nan seanachaidhean; oir cha'neil teagamh nach ann a nuas nathasan troi bheul-

aithris nan ginealach a thainig a chuid 'bu mhò agus a b' fhearr de na sean-fhocailgheur, shoilleir, bbrighmhor, a bha cho pailt 'am measg nan seann Ghaidheal; agus cha'n eil e idir coltach, gum be daoine aineolach neo-fhogluimte a b' ughdairean dhoibh. Ni mo am bheil e coltach, gu'm faigheadh daoine aineolach aithne air a' bhnuaidh a tha aig fàs agus earradhuhh na gealaich air fiodh, air luighibh agus air ainmhidhibh ann an amaibh araid de 'n bliadhna—gu'm bheil am fiodh a chinneas air an duathair ni's cruaidhe agus ni's fallaine na 'm fiodh de n t-seòrsa cheudna a chinneas air an deisear, agus mar an ceudna gu'm mair agus gu'n seas am fiodh a ghearrar bharr a bhuiunn 's an earradhuhh ni's fearr na 'm fiodh a ghearrar 's an fhàs—agus ioma ni eile a tha ach beag a' dearbhadh gu'n robh nair eigin 'am measg nan seann Ghaidheal, daoine araid aig an robh ard-eolas air diomhaireachd laghanna Naduir. Eadar teagasg agus conaltradh a shean'air agus tosdachd chianail nan raon air an robh Callum a' cur seachd nan kithean fada grianach 'n a aonar, far an robh cothrom aig 'iuntin rannsachail a bhli 'breithneachadh air oirdhearcais iongantach ioma-ghneitheach obair Naduir, thill e dhachaidh aig ceann na leth-bhliadhna a' saoilinn gu'n robh barrachd de fhior fhoghlum air a chosnadh leis rè na h-uine ud, na 'choisinn e rè an iomlan de 'n uine a bha e fo oid-eachas Eachainn sgoileir ann an sgoil na sgìreachd, agus le dian iartas dealasach an deigh air foghlum nach d' fhairich e riamh roimhe. Thuit e 'nis ann an gaol air foghlum agus air fiosrachadh a bha gu mor ni bu teotha agus a bu mhaireannaiche na 'n gaol a thug e do 'n bhan-cheaird; ach b'i a cheisd cia mar a gheibheadh e ruigheachd air, oir fhuir e cheana na b' urrainn Eachan sgoileir a theagasg dha. Rùnaich 'athair a chur do ard-sgoil ann 'sa' bhaile-mhargaidh a b' fhaisge; ach cha robh e 'san dàn gun tachradh e. 'Nuair a bha Callum mu

cheithir bliadhna deug a dh' aois, leagadh sìos athair le tinneas o nach d' eirich e, agus cha b' fhada gus an robh a mhathair 'n a bantraich—nì a thug caochladh airsuidheachad agus air crann-chur an teaghlach. Smuainich Callum na'm biodh e 'n a fhear ceairde, gu'm faodadh e ri h-uine, le dìchioll, le cùram agus le adhartachd ruigheachd aig a chuid 'bu lugha, air tomhas de'n ard-fhoghlum air an robh e an geall cho mor. Bu tric a chuala e iomradh air òganaich ghleusda, dheanadach, de a luchd duthcha a dh' oileinich iad fein le toradh an cosnaidh anns a' Ghalldachd, gu bhì 'n am ministirean agus na 'n lighichean; cha robh mòr thlachd aige 'san àm ud de aon seach aon de na gairmibh ud; cha tugadh e moran air na dreuchdan ud fa leth, na 'n coisneadh e an t-ard-fhoghlum a bha feumail gu bhì 'ga nìdheamachadh air an son; bha barrachd deigh aig air fòghlum air a sgàth fhein na air a bhuanachd a dh' fhaodadh tighinn 'n a lorg. Mar mheadhoin fa chomhair le criche a chuir e ri a shuil, cheangail se e-fein mar fhoghlumach ri fear ceairde ann an clachan na sgìre eachd. Leag e inntinn gu dùrachdach air a cheard, re na h-uine 'bha aige ri sheirbhiseachadh; aig an àm cheudna, bha e 'togail foghlum litireachail mar a b' fhearr a dh' fhaodadh e le leughadh agus le meorachadh. 'Nuair a thainig a mhuinntireas gu crìch, ged 'bu chruaidh leis a mhathair agus a dbuthaich fhagail, bha e gu mòr air a thaladh ris a' Ghalldachd. Mu'n àm ud, bha i 'n a barail chumanta anns an sgìreachd nach robh fear no te a rachadh do Ghlaschu airson cosnaidh, nach faodadh, na'm biodh iad cùramach, fortan a dheanamh ann am beagan bhliadhnachan. Dh' fhag Mairi Alasdair an duthaich 'n a caileig luideich, shlaodaich, neosgiobalta le brogan èille 's le gùn drògaid agus a falt mu 'cluasan, 'us gun smid 'bheurla 'n a ceann; cha robh i ach mu leth dusan bliadhna anns a' Ghalldachd 'n uair a thill i dhachaidh

cho riomhach loinneil ri ban-tighearna, le a boireidean iteach ribineach, le 'deiseachan sìoda, le a botainnean tana bioroch lannireach ard-shaileach, agus, na'm faodte a mathair a chreidsinn, le dorlach de 'n òr 'na sporan a bharr' air na bha mu' muineal agus 'na cluasibh dheth. An deigh do Ruairidh Eoghain an tàilleireachd ionsachadh o 'athair, thug e Glaschu air; aig ceann bliadhna no dha, thug e cuairt air ais a dh' fhaicinn a chairdean, le a dheiseachan briagha de thaghadh nan clò Sasunnach, le 'bhata cuile agus ceann airgid air 'n a laimh, agus sgailean sìoda fo 'achlais, le uaireadair airgid air slabhruidh òir, le 'fhaineachaibh agus le 'sheudaibh cosdail—co a theireadh nach be latha an àigh dhasan, an latha a dh' fhag e a dhuthaich. Rinn cuairt Ruairidh a leithid de fharum 'san sgìreachd 's gun robh Donncha nan oran air a ghluasad gu bhì luaidh a chliu ann an ranntachd dheth nach eil air ar cuimhne aig an àm ach an rann a leanas—

“Ged a chaidh do phàrantan,  
Arach air an Leth'r Mhuileach,  
Cha 'n ith thu buntata,  
Cha 'n aill leat ach aran cruinneachd.”

Cho luath 'sa dh' fhag Domhnall, mac Lachainn an Tuim, an sgoil, chaidh e do Ghlaschu. Bha e 'na dheagh sgoileir, a's fhuaire e a bhì 'n a ghille-bùthainn, agus o cheum gu ceum chuir e suas buth mhor eireachdail air a laimh fhéin. Ri h-uine, chaidh a mhathair g'a fhaicinn. An deigh dhi tilleadh dhachaidh, co a thainig 'san rathad ach “Cailleach nan uibhean,” gu bhì 'faotainn naigheachdan Ghlaschu. Aig deireadh a chonaltraidh, dh' fheòraich i cia mar a bha Domhnall—“Is cinnteach” ars' ise, “gum bheil e 'nis 'na dhuine mor, beartach.” “Tha gun teagamh,” arsa 'mhathair,—“tha pailteas agus urram aige—chan eil fios agam an creid thu mi, ach tha Domhnall 'n a *Sheanailèir!*” “A Sheonaid! a Sheonaid! tog dheth do bhòilich, co a chreideadh e?” “Mata,

mur creid thu mise; an ath uair a theid thu fein do Ghlaschu, rach a sios Margadh an t-sallain agus chi thu 'ainm agus a shloinneadh ann an litricheibh òir os ceann ard-dhorus a bhuth—  
 “Donald MacKinnon General Grocer”  
 —Tha Domhnall na *Sheanaileir* air na *Grocairean* cho cinnteach 'sa tha mise 'ga innseadh dhuit,”

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

MUILEACH.

—o—  
 NA SITHICHEAN.

Re mòran ùine, bha'n amaideachd a b' fhaoin air a creidsinn, feadh Gall-dachd agus Gaidhealtachd, nu thim-chioll nan daoine Sìthe. Do réir na h-eachdraidh thàinig a nuas d'ar n-ionn-suidh, anns na sgeulaibhdaibh spleadhach a bha air an aithris umpa air feadh na dùthcha, bha iad nan creutairibh neo-shaoghalta, guanach, eutrom, doléirsinn do shùilibh dhaoine, ach 'n uair bu toil leo féin e, a' sior ghluasad air an ais agus air an aghaidh, a làthair anns gach cuideachd, agus a mach air gach cò-dhail. Bha aca so, ma b'fhior, an còmhnuidh ann an uamhaibh fada fo thalamh, ann an uaigneas ghleann, agus fo gach tolmán uaine. Chuireadh as an leith, gu'n robh iad a' sealbhachadh àrd-shubhachas nan tallachaibh rionnach fo thalamh; gu'n robh aca cuirm shuillbhearra air ànaibh àraidh, le ceòl bu bhinne na aon ni chualas air thalamh; agus gun robh ann maighdeanan ni b'aillidh na uile òighean an t-saoghail so, iad do ghnàth ri aighear agus ri daunsa, gun sgìos gun airtneul; ach 'na dhéigh so gu léir, gu'n robh sior-fharmad aca ri muinntir an t-saoghail so: a h-uile togradh aca gu brìgh gach sòlais a dheochal uatha, agus domblas a thilgeadh anns gach deoch a bu mhìlse. Anns na linnibh doreha chaidh seachad, bha gach bàs obann, gach sgiorradh, agus dosguinn, air a chur as an leith; goid naoidheana, agus gnàthachadh ioma druidheachd, nach

fiaich aithris. Mar bha anns gach dùthaich san àm sin daoine cuilbheartach seòlta, a bha mealladh na muinntir shocharach le 'n gisreagaibh faoine, 'sann, ma b' fhior, o'n leannanaibh sìth a thàrnaich iad an t-eòlas a bha iad a' gabhail os làimh a bhi aca.

Ged a chaidh an saobh-chràbhadh so, agus iomadh amaideachd eile de'n t-seòrsa so air chùil, ann an tomhas mòr feadh na Gaidhealtachd, agus ged a tha 'n t-iarmad de na thalàthair a' teicheadh roimh ghathan dealrach an t-Soisgeil, mar a sgaioleas ceò na h-oidhche roimh éirigh na gréine, is iomchuidh an ni, gu'm biodh fios aig daoineibh cionnus a thòisich an fhaoinachd amaideach sin. Chithear so ann an eachdraidh na dùthcha.

O chionn da-cheud-deng bliadhna agus còrr, chaidh creidimh nan Druidh a thilgeadh gu tur bun os ceann. Bha geur-leanmhuinn ghuineachaira dhean-amh orrasan a ghnàthaich e. Bha iad air an fògradh o ionadaibh còmhnuidh dbaoine; agus air an co-éigneachadh gu tèaruinteachd iarraidh ann an glinn uaigneach, agus ann an uamhaibh ùdluidh nan creag, far am faigheadh iad an creidimh a ghnàthachadh, gu foighidneach ann an dòchas gu'm faigh-eadh iad saorsa uair no uair-eigin o'n chruaidh-chàs o'n robh iad a' fulang. Bha na Lochlannaich 'san àm sin, ag aideachadh creidimh nan Druidh, agus fhuair mòran de na chaidh fhògradh as an dùthaich so dìon agus fàsadh uatha. Bhrosnuich iad so na Lochlannaich gu éiridh as an leith; agus tha eachdraidh na dùthcha 'g innseadh dhuinn, gur iomad oidheirp a thug iad, linn an déigh linn, aicheadhail a thoirt a mach as an leith. 'S ann 'n an aobhar-san a thàinig iad 'n an cabhlachibh a thoirt sgrios le teine agus claidheamh air gach àite 'san robh eaglaisean an t-Soisgeil no tighean Mhanach air an suidheachadh. 'Fad na linn sin, bha mòran de na sagartaibh Druidheachd san tìr so, aig an robh còmhnuidh, mar chaidh a

ràdh, anns gach doire, agus anns gach fasach naigneach. Chum an àireamh a chumail suas bu ghnàth leò muathan agus clann a ghoid air falbh, agus gach cothrom a bha 'n an comas a ghabhail, chum an uireasbhuidh a dheanamh suas mar a b' fhéarr a dh'fheudadh iad. Bha iad innleachdach, seòlta, am feadh 'sa bha muinntir na dùthcha aineolach, dall; thug iad, mar so, air an t-sluagh achreidsinn gu'n robh aca fiosrachadh os ceann nàduir; agus o'n àm sin, thòisich eachdraidh nan daoine sith. So ainm a bhuineadh gu h-àraidh do shagartaibh nan Druidh. B'e'n gnothuch-san reachd-an a shocrachadh, agus sith na dùthcha a chumail suas. Chùm iad am mòid air tulachaibh uaine, air cuirn liatha, agus air beanntaibh àrda; agus, an lorg so, tha mòran de na h-àitibh air an ainmeachadh gus an là 'n diugh, Dùn-sith, Carn-sith, Sith-bhruth, agus iomad ainm eile de'n t-seòrsa sin.

An déigh do na Druidhibh so bhí air an cur fodha, smuainich daoin' aineolach, o'n eagal a bh' aca rompa, gu'n robh iad fathast air mhodh neò-shaogh-alta a chòmhuuidh's na h-ionadaibh sin. A thaobh na cumhachd a bh' air a chur as leth nan daoine sith, bha e air 'ainmeachadh, druidheachd a' dearbhadh dhuinn gur ann mar chaidh a ràdh a thòisich an eachdraidh amaideach sin. Tha e gu h-àraid air innseadh mu'n timchioll, gu'n robh àmanna sònruichte ann, anns nach robh e sona teachd an gar d'an sith-bhruth, gu h-àraid air oidhche Shamhnadh agus Bhealltuinn. 'S ann gun teagamh o chleachdadh nan Druidh a thàinig so a nuas; oir b' iad so an dà chuirm mhòr aca-san: agus is dùgh dhuinn a smuaineachadh, gun oidheirpicheadh iad daoin' a chumail air falbh an àm nan cò-dhailean sin, fhad 'sa bha iad féin a' cleachdadh nan deas-ghnath sin. Agus o nach b' urrainn doibh sin a dheanamh as euguhais teine 's e so a thug a nuas a' bharrail gu bheil teiner a' fhaicinn air nasith-bhruthaibh sin, air co-ainm nan àm sin. Mar so

chithear cionus a thòisich eachdraidh nan daoine sith, d'an robh cho liuthad aon a' toirt creideas, gus o chionn ghoirid, ann an iomad cearna de'n rioghachd.—*Leabhar nan Cnoc.*

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#### TALADH NA BEAN SHITH.

Tha e air aithris o cheann iomadh linn air ais gun d' thàinig a' bhean shith am beul an anmoich gu Lùchairt Mhic Leòid Dhunbheagain, 's an Eilein Sgiathanach, agus gu'n ghabh i staigh troimh gach doras agus seòmar gus an d' rinnig i an t-ionad 's an robh an t-oighre 'n a chadal, 's e 'n a naoidhean òg. Thog i air a glùn e 's sheinn i le guth binn leadarra an taladh neo-chum; anta 'leanas; an sin chàraich i an leanabh anns a' chreathail far an d' fhuair i e, agus le 'h-earradh fada uaine 's le 'h-aogasg neo-shaoghalta, gun fhòcal á 'beul, no sealladh o 'sùil, thog i mach ris an aonach a ghabhail a h-àite 'an talla a' chiùil agus nam fleadh am measg luchd àiteachaidh nan cnoc.

'S e mo leanabh mingileiseach, maingileiseach,

Bualadh nan eich, glac nan lùireach,  
Nan eich crùidheach 's nan each snagach,  
Mo leanabh beag.

'S trugh nach faicinn féin do bhuaile  
Gu h-àrd ard air uachdar sléibhe,  
Còta caol caite mach uaine,  
Mu d' dhà ghuallainn ghil a's leine,  
Mo leanabh beag.

'S truagh nach faicinn féin do sheisreach,  
Fir na deòdh mna-caoimhneil a' tighinn  
dachaidh,

'S na catanaich a' cur sil.

O mhile bhog, o mhile bhog,  
Mo bhrà rug, mo chloch a shluig,  
Mo ghluin a thog.

M' ultach iudhair, sultmhor, reamhar,  
Mo luachair bhog,  
M' fheòil a's m' uilhean, a ni bruidhinn,  
Bha thu fo mo chrìos an ùiridh, lus an toraidh,

Bidh tu 'm bliadhna gu geal guanach  
Air mo ghuallainn feadh a' bhaile,  
Mo leanabh beag.

O bhireinn o bhò, na cluinneam do leòn,  
O bhireinn o bhò, gu'm bioraich do shròn,  
O bhireinn o bhò, gu'n liath thu air chòir.

O bhireinn o bhinn thu, cha 'n ann a  
Chlann Choinnich thu,  
O bhireinn o bhinn thu, cha 'n ann a  
Chlann Chuinn thu,  
O bhireinn o bhinn thu, siol a's dòch' linn  
thu,—  
Siol nan Leòdach nan lann 's nan luireach,—  
B'e Lochlainn dùthechas do shinnsir.

N. M.L.

Dun-eidin, }  
Deireadh an Fhoghair, 1872. }

## DOCTUIR CEITIN

CECENT AG CUR SLAN CHUM NA H-EIREANN,  
AGUS E SA MBREATAINN.

Beannaclid leat a sgrìbhinn  
Gu Innis aoibhinn Ealga.  
Truagh nach leir dhomh a beanna,  
Le gnàth a teanga dearga.  
Slàn da h-uaislean is da h-oireachd,  
Slàn go roibheachd da clèareuibh;  
Slàn da banntrachduibh caoine,  
Slàn da saoitibh le h-eigse.  
Slàn da maghaibh mìne,  
Slàn fa mhìle da cnoceibh;  
Mo chean do 'n te ata innte.  
Slàn da linnribh 's da lochaibh.  
Slàn da coilltibh fa thorthuibh,  
Slàn da corthuibh iasgaidh;  
Slàn da mòintibh 's da banntaibh,  
Slàn da rathuibh 's da riasgaidh.  
Slàn om' chroidhe da eranntaibh,  
Slàn fòs da tuarthaibh troma.  
Sornidh da tulchuibh aonaiche;  
Slàn uaim da craobhaibh eroma.  
Ge gnàth a fòirne fraochda,  
An Innis naomha neamhbhoehd,  
'S iar tair trom (?) ehladh na dìlionn,  
Beir a sgrìbhinn mo bheannaichd.

ABRACH.

## COMUNN GAIDHEALACH LUNNAIN.

1784.

## UASAIL CHEANALTA,

Ma shaoileas tu gu 'm freagair seo, 's a'  
mhàileid, 's e do làn dì-beatha dha. Cha 'n  
'eil ann ach sgeòl a thug mi, a chion ath-  
arrachaidh, a m' "Bhalg-Tionail." Na m'  
biodh annas agam gheobhadh tu e; ach co-  
dhiù, "Is naidheachd ùr do 'n fhear nach  
cual e."—Lean do bhuille—is math do  
thriall.

Air an ochdamh latha diag de Dheireadh  
an Fhoghair, 1784, choinnich an comunn seo  
ann an Dun-eidin, an lathair mòran bhain-

tighearnan agus dhaoin'-naisle, a chur  
diachainn air bàird 'a air piobairean; agus a  
thoirt dhuaisean dhoibhsan a b' fhearr a  
thoilleadh iad.

Chaidh sia diag de rogha nam piobairean  
a dh' fhuachainn a chèile, agus cead aig  
gach fear dhiubh a rogha puirt a chluith.  
An d'èigh do gach fear a chuairt fhéin a  
chluith, thugadh air fear an déigh fir dhiubh  
"A' Ghlas-Mhiar" a chluith. Is e seo ceòl  
mòr cho briagha 's a th' ann, thathas am  
beachd. Chuireadh mu choinneamh nam  
bàird òran-molaidh a dheanamh do 'n Ghàil-  
ig, do 'n Phìob, agus do 'n Deise-Ghàidh-  
ealaich. Chluith na piobairean 's an rian a  
leanas:

- | Na Puirt.   | Na Piobairean. |
|---|----------------|
| 1. Moladh-Mùiri — Dòmhnall Iasgair á Braid-Albainn.   |                |
| 2. Cumbhadh an aon Mhic—Gilleasbuig Mac Griogair á Feartaighill.                                      |                |
| 3. Piobaireachd Dhòmhnull Duibh—Iain Mac Griogair á Gleann Liobhunn.                                  |                |
| 4. A' Ghlas-Mhiar—Iain Cuimeineach, piobaire Thighearna Ghrannnda.                                    |                |
| 5. Sliabh an t-Siorra—Rob Mac Aoidh á Dùthaich Mhic Aoidh.  |                |
| 6. Ceann na Drochaide mòire—Iain Mac Griogair á Feartaighill.   |                |
| 7. Spaidsearachd Mhic Mhic Ailein—Iain (òg) Mac Griogair á Feartaighill—aon bhliadhna diag a dh-aois! |                |
| 8. ——— Dòmhnall Guimhneach, piobaire Shir Iain, am Peighinn-na-eubhaig.                               |                |
| 9. Fàilt' a' Phrionnsa—Aonghus Ros, fear de thathanaich Mhic an Tòisich.                              |                |
| 10. Cumbhadh an aon Mhic—Seumas Munro, piobaire 'Chanongate.  |                |
| 11. Fàilt' a' Mhareuis—Dòmhnall Mac a' Chanonaich, á Paisley.   |                |
| 12. Ceann na Drochaide Bige—Dòmhnall Ros, piobaire Dhiuc Atholl.                                      |                |
| 13. A Cholla mo ruin—Dùghall Dùghallach á Latharna.   |                |
| 14. Sùghan agus Làgan—Alastair Mac Laomainn, piobaire Mhic Laomainn.                                  |                |
| 15. Fàilte Shir Seumas—Cailean Mac-an-Aba, piobaire Mhic-an-Aba.                                      |                |
| 16. Spaidsearachd Mhic Mhic Ailein—Donnachadh Mac na Ceàirde á Montath.                               |                |

An uair a sguir na piobairean thòisich na bàird—Donnachadh Bàn agus an Caimbeulach. Seo mar a thuirt Donnachadh Bàn 's e 'tòiseachadh:

Innsid mi sgeul àraid duibh,  
Air Cànan 'us air Ceòl.

Rogha na deas Ghàidhlig,  
'S i 's fearr a dh'innse sgeòil;  
A' chainnt a's lionmhor pàirtean,  
'S a's mìlse mànràn beòil;  
Gu freagrach deas labhrach,  
'S i àrd chuisseach gu leòir, &c.

An sin thug na piobairean an t-ùrlar orra.  
Thaitinn iad cho math ris na h-uaislean  
's gun do chuir iad romhpa duaisean-dannsa  
'thoirt seachad aig an ath choinnimh.

An àm tòiseachaidh, chluith Iain Mac  
Artair cuairt air a' phìob, agus cuairt eile  
an àm sgrù. B'esan piobaire Comunn  
Gàidhealach Dhùn-eidin, agus an t-aon mu  
dheireadh de dh'fhòghlumaich Mhic-  
Chruimcìn! B'ann an earbsa ris-san, agus  
ri usal eile de'n chomunn chiadna—Dòmhn-  
ull Dòmhnallach—a bha riaghladh na  
Coinnimh.

B' i 'chiad dhuais Pìob-mhor bhannach,  
airgeadach, ùr, a rinneadh le fear de Chlann-  
Donnachaidh, agus dà fhichead marg.  
Thugadh an duais so, 's bu gheal an airidh  
oirre e, do dh'Iain Mac Griogair a' Feart-  
aighill. Dh'ionnsaich e 'phìobaireachd do  
dhà-fhichead Gàidheal; bha a' cheathrar  
bhàithrean 'nam piobairean; a's b'e an athair  
fhéin a b'oid-ionnsachaidh dhaibh agus do  
cheithir fichead piobaire 'us deich a bharr-  
achd!

B'e Dòmhnall Iasgair a choisinn an dara  
duais—duais-chùinnidh; agus thugadh an  
treas duais do Dhùghall Dùghallach a  
Latharna.

Chruinnicheadh mòran airgid aig an dorus,  
agus riarachaidh e air na piobairean eile a  
phàidheadh an costuis bhon taigh 'us  
dhachaidh.

ABRACH.

### BEANNACHADH LEANNAIN,

Leis an Urramach A. STIUBHAIRT,  
'AM BUN-LOCHBAR.

Beannaich a Dhia mo leannan gaol,  
Is àille dreach 's as eutrom ceum,  
Beannaich i an tùs a h-òige,  
A's dìon an òigh d'an tug mi spéis!  
Beannaich a dà shuil dhonn bhoidheach  
'Rinn mo chridhe 'leòn air tùs,  
A cùl dubh, bachallach, cuachach,  
Dà chaol mhala 's gruaidh mo ruin:  
Beannaich a h-uchd 'sa broilleach fìor-gheal,  
Air an àille sìoda 's sròl,  
A gairdean réidh 'sa caol-mheòir ealamh  
Air gach inneal 's am bi ceòl,  
Beannaich a calpa cruinn 's a caol,

'Siubhal eutrom gun bhì fann,  
Ceum nach froiseadh dealt 'arr feoirnein,  
Finnealt' seolt' air urlar danns';  
'Athair, 'Mhic, 'sa Spioraid Naoinh!  
An Co-Dhia 'an Aon is àirde glòir,  
Beannaich an rìbhinn òg 'na còm  
O mhullach 'cinn gu bonn a bròig!  
Beannaich gach deadh bheus a's buaidh  
Anns an d' fhuair i urram mòr,  
Bàigheil, banail, bandaiddh, eiallach,  
Chridhe farsuinn, fialaidh còir:  
Ann an neochiontachd a h-òige,  
Ann am bòicheadas a guais,  
'Na maighdinu, 'na mnaoi-phosd 's na  
màthair,  
Beannaich gu bràth i 'Rìgh nan Dùl!  
Beannaich ar mòr ghaol d'a chéile,  
Dean e seasmhach, stéidhte, buan,  
Greas an t-àm 's an toir i làmh dhombh,  
'San goir mi bean mo ghràidh ri m' luaidh.

### ABHUINN DU'LAIS.

AIR FONS:—"Coirecheathaich."

Abhainn Du'lais a' ruith gu sìubhlach,  
'S a' cur na smùid d'i le buaireadh garg'  
Lochain dhù-ghorm 'cur neart as ùr iunt',  
Is sruthain ùiseil 'ga dùsg' am fearg.  
Le torman tìrsach feadh ghlaic a's lùban,  
I 'toirt dùlan do dh'uillte garbh,  
Feadh ehlach a's chùiltean a's chreag gu  
sùrdail,  
Gun bhoinne cuiraim, 'sa sùil ri faing'.  
Tha 'm barrach dù-ghorm a' cinntiun dù  
dhuith  
'Sa bharr air lùbadh gceitinn mu d' bhruaich,  
A' toirt dhuit ùmhlaichd is thu mar dhù-ùchd  
dha,  
Gach la 'ga ùrach' 's ga chumail suas,  
Sruth a' dùrdail a staigh troinnh' 'n uire,  
Gu bun nam fiúran 'g an dùsg o 'n suain,  
Toirt eulaidh ùr dh'ibh rinn geamhradh  
thòirt dhiubh,  
A's faile cùbhraidh 'cur fàilt air 'snuadh.  
Se 'n sealladh éibhinn ri latha gréine,  
Faileadh chraobhan an grunn do linn,  
'Toirt fàilte spèiseil le gràdh d'a chéile  
An sgàil 's na geagan le caidreamh grunn,  
'S gu'n saoilleadh cendan gun thigs' gun  
reusan,  
Gur anns na speuraibh bha stéidh am buinn;  
Bric a' leum riu le briogadh eutrom,  
'San itinn geura a' reubadh tuinn.  
'S lionmhor seòrsa le mian bhì pòsd' riut,  
Luibh a's sòbhrach gad chòir 's gach tom;

Doire neòinean mu d' bhruaich 'ga còmh-dach,

Is cuairteag òir mar ghloir 'na com.

Rosg dhùbhault gu da'ngan dlù orra,

Breac-gheal ùrar 'stu flùr gach fonn;

'S gach maduinn chiuinghil bi brat de 'n druchd orra,

Is sruthain chùbhraidh a' sùth' fo bonn.

Bi còin an t' sléibhe air maduinn cheitein

'Nan sreath air gheugaibh a' gleusadh teann;

An òigrìdh g' eisdeachd ri cèol an teudan,

Aneridh' a' leum annta an déigh gach rann,

Gu foirmeil speiseil le colg ag eiridh,

'S am borbhan féin ac' le 'n rè ghuth fann;

Claisdeachd gheur ac' 's an astar 's leir dhaibh,

Gun aire gun éigin na 'n éid air chrann.

Ni 'n smòrach eiridh gu barr 'na g'èige,

'S an uiseag tearnaidh o'n speur 'n a deann,

Le 'n caismeachd cheutach o ghrunnd an cléibhe,

Is athrach sgenil aca 'bhos a's thall;

Mactalla shléibhteann 'toirt freagradh geur dhoibh,

A' ruith 'sa' leumnaich o ghleann gu gleann  
Be an t' aighear éibhnis a bhí 'g an éisd-eachd

Co-sheirm le chéile 's gun deud na'n ceann.

Bi choill air ghluasad le cèol neo-thruaillidh,

Fuain a' chanaid bu luaineach ceann,

Tighinn deas a's tuath oirn feadh eas a's bhruachan,

Feadh phreas a's uain chrainn gun ghruaim  
gun ghreann,

Gun smal gun smaiairean a' gearradh dhuanaig.

'S car mu'n cuairt ac' gun duais gun gheall.

Cha treabh 's eha rùmhr' iad, cha chuir

's eha bhuan iad,

'S iad soithe umh sairce na'n uaisle ghrinn.

PADRUIG MAC-AN-ROTHACH.

### ORAN.

Comhairle 'bheirinn flùin

Air gach *brìchealuir* 's an tìr

Gun iad bhí 'tarruing mòran tìm,

Mu'n dean iad dìmeas air a' phòig.

Gaol an ainm a' dh' fhàs eùin,

Rìbhinn ghasla nan ceann dlùth,

Geng nam meangan nach gabh lùb,

'S i mo rùna mhaighdeann òg.

Thug mi greis 'am barail fhaoin,

'Au dùil nach laidheadh ormsa 'n aois;

Smaoinich mi gu 'n deanainn *saoir*,

'S shaoileadh iad gu 'm bìthinn òg.

Gaol an ainm, &c.

Ged bhiodh agam cupal chiad,

Crodh a's caoirich air an t-slabh,

'N uair 'dh' fhàsas an fhiasag liath,

Cha d' thoir na h-ionagan domh pòg.

Gaol an ainm, &c.

Smaoinich mi gu 'n robh an t-àm

Dol do 'n choill, 's cha b' aithreach leam,

Spìon mi meangan as a bonn,

Bha fiamh nan crann air bàrr gach meòir

Gaol an ainm, &c.

Fhuair mi thu le toil na cléir,

Toil do chàirdean 's do thoil fhéin;

Is thug mi gealladh dhuit da rèir,

Nach deanainn eudòir ort le m' dheòin.

Gaol an ainm, &c.

D. C.

### OIDHCHE AIR CHEILIDH.

A Ghàidheil Rùnaich,

Is taitneach leam fhaicinn o àm gu àm,  
an oidheup dhiongmholta tha thu a' toirt  
air nithibh Gàidhealach a chumail suas mar  
bu chòir dhoibh a bhì; agus sì m' ùrnuigh  
gu'm bidh "AN GAIDHEAL" fada beò. Tha  
dòchas agam gu'm bidh àireamh dheth,  
gach mìos, air a' liubhairt leis a' phost anns  
gach ceann de 'n dùthaich 's am bheil  
Gàidheal a' chòmhnuidh. Gun teagamh,  
cha bhì mòran dhiubh anns na bailtibh  
mòra, nach ceannaich e cho luath is a thig  
e mach. Tha mi 'cluinninn mòran 'g a  
mholadh 'sa' bhaile seo féin, agus is cinnteach  
mì, ri beagan ùine, nach bhì mòran Ghàidh-  
eal idir ann as eug'ais. Gu fìor, tha feum  
air a' leithid air son na Ghàidheil a' bhros-  
nachadh gu tlachd a' ghabhail air a' Ghàilig  
ionnsachadh; gnothuch leis an do leag iad  
cadal o cheann ionaid bliadhna. Is éigin  
dhomh féin aideachadh nach b' urrainn  
dhomh idir a' Ghàilig a leughadh ro mhath  
an uair a thòisich "AN GAIDHEAL" air tigh-  
inn a mach; ach thòisich mi air a' raonsach-  
adh gach mìos, agus theid agam a nis air a  
leughadh gu tlachdmhor.

Is taitneach leam a nis innseadh dhuit  
cuil de chraiceireachd a thachair mu ghnòth-  
aichibh mar seo, aon oidheche a thuit dhomh  
a bhì air chéilidh 'an taigh Gàidheal cho  
fìor 's a tha 's a' bhaile mhòr seo air fad. Ged  
tha 'n duine eòir gu math os ceann leth-  
cheud bliadhna 'dh-aois, is tric le gillean òga



bhì taghal 'na thaigh. Bha e féin a's mise, air an oidhche seo, 'n ar suidhe aig an uinneig ag amharc a mach air an t-sluagh a' bha 'dol a's a' tighinn air an t-sràid. Bha sinn a' bruidhinn air "A' GHÀIDHEAL," 'nuair a thàinig a steach do'n t-seòmar, trìùir ghillean Gàidhealach, air an robh sinn le chèile gle eòlach.

"Deanaibh suidhe," arsa fear-an-taighe. "Gun teagamh," ars' esan, (a leantainn air a sheanachas air dhoibh suidhe) "cuiridh 'AN GAIDHEAL' gu gluasad sinn air fad a chum tlachd a ghabhail de 'n Ghàilig, nach robh againn oirre le chaochail esan aig an robh gràdh cho mòr dhi." "Co esan a tha thu a' ciallachadh?" thuirt mi féin. "Co ach 'Caraid nan Gàidheal,' ars' esan. "Cha 'n eagal nach cuir," arsa Somhairle Sgiathanach, "is tha feum air. Cha robh a' Ghàilig riamh cho mòr air di-chuimhne 's a tha i aig an àm seo." "Is mòr mo bheachd sa," thuirt Eòghan Mòr, "gu'm faic sinn gu'm bi i fathast air a labhairt, 's air a teagasg, anns gach àit. Tha na daoine is luachmhoire 's an rìoghachd a nis ag éiridh suas air a taobh, a chum 's gu 'm bi i air a teagasg 'an oilleamhaid Dhun-éidin, 'an taighean-sgoile na Gàidhealtachd, 's anns na bailtean-mòra." "Cha d' thig an là sin am fèasg," thuirt Seumas Bàn, "ged nach biodh 'ga dèibart ach na Gàidheil féin, le 'n spòrsalachd. Na dearg amadain! 's iadsan na mortairean is miosa ta aice. Cha leag an stràic leò aideachadh gu'n urrainn dhoibh a bruidhinn, is cinnteach mi nach 'eil a' bheurla aca ach glè shuarach 'an éisdeachd nan Gall. Bu chòir teann-gheirm a dheanamh air sgòrnan gach aon de 'n t-seòrsa seo, a's e thoir orra mar thug an t-Arranach air a' bhalach bheag a shluig an t-sè-sgillinn." "Tha thu geur a nochd, a Sheumais," arsa Somhairle. "Chi mi gu'm bheil an deise-ghoirid féin a nis co bitheanta ri 'haicinn air pearsa nan Gall, is a tha i air drim a' Ghàidheil a bu chòir a caitheamh." "Tha na Gaill, da rìreadh, air ioma dòigh, a' toirt leasann dhuinn 'bu chòir nàire mhór a chur oirnn." "Ciod is ciall do ghnòthaichean a bhì mar sin?" thuirt mi féin. "'S e is ciall dhoibh," arsa fear-an-taighe, "di-chuimhne a thàinig air na maighistirean-sgoile Gàidhealach, a' Ghàilig ionnsachadh do chlanna na dùthcha, ri a sgrìobhadh a's a leughadh cho math ri Beurla—di-chuimhne a thàinig air a' chloinn sin a ris, 's a' bhaile mhòr, an gnothach a chàradh, le iad féin ionnsachadh innte mar bu chòir

dhoibh.—di-chuimhne air an t-sean fhocal, 'clanna nan Gàidheil ri guallibh a' chéile.' 'C'arson' (lean an duine còir, le 'adonn a' lasadh a suas) "c'arson nach 'eil iad a' cruinneachodh gach geamhradh, aon oidhche 'san t-seachduinn, agus iad féin a theagasg 's a' Ghàilig gu ceart. Is iomadh oidhche chridheil, shunndach, a dh-fhaodadh iad a chur seachad mar seo. Tha iad lionmhor gu leòir, is cha bhì an costas mòr 'n am measg." "Air m' onair," arsa Eòghan Mòr, "'s tu féin a tha 'tuigsinn a' ghnòthach gu ceart. Is tric a smaointich mi air a leithid. Ma sheasas sinne gu dìleas r'a chéile, faodaidh sinn fathast coinneachadh mar bhràithrean." "Tha thu ceart, Eòghainn, ach chuala mi seanachas mar seo tuilleadh a's aon uair a nis; ach co againn a chuireas a' ni seo air aghart?" arsa Seumas Bàn. "Cha 'n 'eil e cho duilich r'a dheanadh a's a tha thu smaoinichadh, a Sheumais," arsa fear-an-taighe. "Tha e soilleir gu'm bheil a dhì oirnn tuilleadh na bhì a' coinneachadh aon uair 's a' bhliadhna. Is éigin dhuinn gluasad chum na Gàilig ionnsachadh 'd'a chéile anns a' cheud àit. Sibhse tha luath, làidir, òg, bithibh an greim gu dàil; cuiribh am fraoch r'a theine a' meas ar luchd-dùthcha, a's chì sibh, an ùine ghoirid, gu'm bi aig na Gàidheil anns gach baile mòr Taigh-Coinnimeh dhoibh féin, le leabhar-lann Gàidhealach a's gnothaichean mar sin." "Air mo shon féin," arsa Eòghan Mòr, "tha mi deas air son a leithid a chuid-eachadh air aghart, uair air bith, ach tha eagal orm nach gabh ar luchd dùthcha ris mar bu mhiann leam Ciod e tha thu ag ràdh, a Somhairle?" "Tha mise ag ràdh" arsa Somhairle, "ma tha sinn air fad 's an aon bheachd mu'n chùis, gar còir dhuinn dol ris gu grad, a's a chuir air aghart air dòigh a bheir air gach gille Gàidhealach toil-inntinn a ghabhail ann. 'N d' theid thu staigh le sin, a Sheumais Bhàin?" "Theid mise staigh le ni air bith de a leithid; a's tha mi cinnteach gu'm bheil sinn air fad 's an aon bheachd." "Tha," arsa Fear-an-taighe; "agus a ris, their mise, bithibh an greim gu tapsaidh, na bitheadh eagal oirbh nach tiondaidh gach ni a mach gu réidh fadheòidh."

Ach gu earbull mo sgeòil. Mu'n do dheallach sinn, chuir gach aon roimhe buille a bhualadh air son cànan ar dùthcha mu'n rachadh mòran ùine seachad.

GILLE DUBH.

## LITIR A ONTARIO.

FHIR MO CHRIDHE,

Tha 'N GAIDHEAL a' tighin d'am ionnsaidh aon uair 's a' mhios, gun dàil, tarsuing air a' chuan mhòr. Fhuair mi an seachdamh aireamh, agus tha mi 'am beachd gur h-e is taitneiche dhe na chaidh a chlo-bhualadh, ged bha iad uile sàr-mhath.

Ma tha ar luchd-dùthcha dìleas, théid AN GAIDHEAL air aghurt o mhios gu mìos agus am faighear e aig a h-uile cagailt Ghàidhealaich ann an Canada iochdrach a's nachdrach, 's anns na h-eileanaibh còin deas a's tuath, 'n iar, 's an ear, a' tabhairt solais a's toilintinn do'r luchd-dùthcha ann an eulchaoilltibh Chanada, a's anns gach ceannaidh eile dhe 'n t-saoghal.

Tha 'N GAIDHEAL a nis air a shuidheachadh ann am baile Ghlaschu, far am bheil mìltean dheth ar luchd-dùthcha, m'ran diubh urramach na'n staid, beartach 'n am pòca, agus fòghluimichte anns na h-uile gluic a's innleachd a tha ri'm faotainn anns na làithibh seo. An do chaidh iad an dùthchas, no an do leag iad air di-chuimhne cainnt an màthraichean no gnìomharaibh an sinnsirean? Tha fios math againn nach 'eil a' chòis mar sin. Tha fios againn gu'm bheil iomadh Comunn Gàidhealach air a stéidheadh anns a' bhaile, air son cainnt, eachdraidh, a's bàrdachd an sinnsirean a chumail air chuimhne. Nach faod sinn a réisd 'bhi cinnteach gu'n cuir iad fàilt air A' GHÀIDHEAL.

Ma tha fear-dùthcha an Glaschu a tha air a thachdadh le cainnt an t-Sasunnaich a's aig nach 'eil spéis do'n chàin a dh-ionnsaich e o' mhàthair, crochamaid e aig crois a' bhaile, mar eisimplear do na h-uile balaoch eile, eadar Maol Chinntire agus taigh Iain Ghròt.

'S e mo rùn, anns an litir ghearr seo, cuir-eadh a thabhairt do mo luchd-dùthcha aig an taigh a thiginn gun dàil do Chanada, far am bheil pailteas de dh-fhearann, cosnadh aig na h-uile h-àm, a's tuarasdail sàr-mhath, ri'm faghinn. Na'm biodh fios aig ar luchd-dùthcha aig an taigh an deilir a tha eadar tuathanaich ann an sìorramachdan Inbhirnis, Rois, a's Earra-Ghàidheil agus an càirdean ann an Canada, cha bhith eadh gille òg, no nighean òg, no teaghlach òg, nach innricheadh air ball do'n dùthaich seo. Tha h-uile tuathanach ann an seo 'n a fhear-baile. Cha 'n 'eil mál ri phàigheadh, oir a's leis fòin ann fearann a tha e ag àiteachadh. Tha aige pailteas de el-ròdh, de chaorach,

de dh-eich, 's na h-uile mì eile a tha feumail dha. 'N nair a tha e 'dol bho 'n taigh cha choisich e; ach sann a tha e 'dol air muinn eich, no ann an carbad le dà each. Tha 'bhean cho riombach ris a' Bhan-rìgh le sìodh 's sròl bho 'bonn gu 'ceann. Tha 'n teaghlach òg a' faotainn fòghlum ro mhath 's na sgoilean. B' fhearr leam a bhì 'n am uachdaran air leth cheud acair fhearainn 's an dùthaich seo, na 'bhi pàigheadh trì cheud punn de mhàl aig an taigh. Mar eil creideas aig an tuathanach anns an Taigh-Mhalairt, aig an taigh, 'an ceann na bliadhna "theid an ceòl feadh na fìdhle"—no ann an cainnt eile, cha 'n urrainn e am m'ì a phàigheadh, 's feumaidh e falbh ni's bochda na thàinig e.

Ann an dòchas gu'n soirbhich "AN GAIDHEAL," a réir do thoilltineis, is mi, le mòr urram, do charaid,

IAIN MAC FHIONNLÀIDH.

Elora, Ontario,  
Dara Mios an Fheagharailh, 1872.

## COSAMHILACHDAN.

I.

AM MADADH-ALLAIDH AGUS AN T-UAN.

Air latha bruthainneach, teth, thuit do mhàdadh-allaidh agus do nan tighinn aig an aon àm a chasgadh ann pathaidh a sruthan soilleir, glau a bha a' ruith gu bras a nuas aodann beinne. Sheas am madadh-allaidh air àite ard, agus an t-uann astar math naith, shios an sruth. Ach air do'n mhàdadh-allaidh toil a bhì aige cur a mach air an uann, dh' fheoraich e dheth, dé bu chiall da 'bhi 'cur an uisge troimh-cheile agus 'ga fhagail cho salach nach b' urrainn dèasan 'ol; agus aig a' cheart am a' tagradh diolaidh. Bha an t-uann bochd air chrith le eagal 'n uair a chual e bagraidhean a' mhàdadh-allaidh agus thubhairt e ris, am briathraibh cho cinin 's a b' urrainn da, nach robh e comasach dhèasan a bhreathnachadh ciamar a ghabhadh sin a bhith; a chionn, an t-uisge a dh' ol e gur ann a ruith e nuas g'a ionnsuidh o'n mhàdadh-allaidh, agus uime sin nach b' urrainn gun robh e air a chur troimh-cheile cho fada suas an sruth. "Bithheadh sin mar a thoillicheas e" arsa m' madadh-allaidh, "cha 'n 'eil annad ach an sloightire, agus chaidh innscadh dhomh gun robh thu 'g an chul-chaineadh o cheann mu thuaircam leth-bhliadhna." "Air m' fhocal," arsa 'n t-uann, "bha an t-àm a dh' ainnich thu m'an do rugadh mise." An

uair a chunnaig am madadh-allaidh nach robh feum dha cathachadh n' a b' fhaide an aghaidh na firinn, chaidh e ann an corruich fhuathasach a' donnalaich agus cobhar m' a bheil mar gu 'm bitheadh e air a' chuthach, "A gharrach," ars' esan, agus e 'tighinn n' a bu dluithe air an uan, "mar tu féin 's e t-atbair a bh' ann, agus is e an aon chuid e." Le sin rug e air a' chreutair lag, neo-chiontach, bhochd agus shlaod e as a cheile na leopán e.

#### An Comhchur.

Tha an nì a tha air a chombarrachadh a mach anns a' chosamhlachd so cho soilleir 's nach ruigte leas a bhli meudachadh fhoceal nime. An uair a tha duine droch-nadurach, an-ìochdmhor, toileach aon a's isle na e féin, aon chuid ann an cumhachd no ann an cruidal, a nì-bhuileachadh gar an d' thug e dha an t-aobhar a bu lugha air a shon, nach math a dh-fbaodar a choimeas ris a' mhadadh-allaidh aig an robh a nadur cho gionach, shanntach 's nach b' urrainn e cur suas le bhli 'faicinn neo-chiont a' tighinn beò ann am fois na choimhearsnachd. A dh-aon fhoceal c'ait air bith am bheil droch dhaoine ann an cumhachd tha neo-chiont agus treibhdhiresa cinnteach a bhli air an geur-leanmhuinn. Mar is mìosa 'n sluaigh 's ann is mo a tha aca de ghnìis air son an reachdan aingidh. Tha e ealadh gu leoir anharas a thoirt air duine e 'bhli a' gnathachadh onarachd ann an droch thimean; ach na 'm bitheadh de dhanadas aig neach air bith onarachd a mholadh 's dòcha gur ann a rachadh gach cionta agus droch-bheairt a chur as a leth; oir, seasamh a suas airson ceartais ann an rioghachd a tha air clonadh uaibe is ionann e agus a bhli a' tabhairt achamsain do 'n luchd riaghlaidh, agus is bitheanta leis gur ann a bheir e 'nuas dìoghaltas air ceann an fhir a dh' fheuchas ris. Far am bheil an-ìochd, gamhlach agus cumhachd laimh an laimh cha 'n 'eil nì is usadh dhoibh no leth-sgeul fhaotainn air son ain-tighearnas a dhianamh os ceann neo-chiontachd, agus gach uile ghne euceoir a chur an gnìomh.

"Theil neart thar ceart."

## II.

### NA LOSGANNAN AG IARRAIDH RÌGH.

Ghàirm na losgannan—agus iad a' caith-eadh am beatha ann an sìth agus saorsa air feadh nam boglach 's nan lochan—coinn-eamh chabhagach, aimbreiteach aon latha,

agus chuir iad a suas ath-chuinge a dh'ionnsaidh *Iupiter* air son gu'n d' thugadh e dhoibh rìgh a dh'amhairceadh as dèigh am beusan agus a bheireadh orra a bhli beagan n'a b'onaraiche 'nan cleachdainnibh. Thuit do *Iupiter* gu'n robh saod meadhonach math air 's an àm; ghàir e gu crìdheil air iarrtus cho neònach agus thuir e, 's e tilgeil cabar fiodha anns an uisge, "So dhuibh, sin agaibh Rìgh!" Chuir an cabar a leithid de luasgan 's an uisge 's gu'n do ghabh na losgannan eagal cho mòr gu'n robh geilt orra tighinn g'a chòir. Ach an ceann beagan ùine, an uair a chunnaig iad e 'na laidhe gun char, ghabh iad de mhìsneach dlùthachadh air a lion beag as beag gus m'a dheireadh an do leum iad a suas air, agus a' faicinn nach robh cùram doibh, ghnathaich iad an cabar le dì-meas mar a thogair iad. Cha robh iad idir toilichte le rìgh cho marbl-anta, agus chuir iad air falbh an teachdaircan a rithid a dh' iarraidh air *Iupiter* fear air chor eigin eile 'thoirt doibh; oir am fear so 'cha d' thug iad urram dà 's cha mho 'b' urrainn doibh meas a chur air. An uair a chuala *Iupiter* so, chuir e corra-ghrìodhach g' an ionnsaidh, a thòisich gu neo-ìochdmhor air am marbhadh 's air an itheadh aon an dèigh aon cho bras 's a b' urrainn dì. Chuir iad an sin an guidhe gu h-uaigneach gu *Mercurius* a's fhuair iad gu'n deachaidh e a bbruithinn ri *Iupiter* as an leth, gu 'm bitheadh e cho math a's rìgh eile 'bhuileachadh orra, air neo an aiseag air an ais a dh'ionnsuidh na staid anns an robh iad o thoiseach. "Nì-eadh," ars' esan, "oir is e an roghain féin a bh' ann; bitheadh na biastan neo-thoilichte a' fulang a' pheanais a tha an gòraich a' toiltinn."

#### An Comhchur.

Tha *Phédrus* ag innseadh an àm anns an do labhair *Esop* an cosamhlachd so. An uair a bha co-fhlaitheachd na h-Aithne a' soirbheachadh fo laghannaibh math agus fallain air an dealbh leotha féin, chuir iad a' leithid de earbsa ann an seasairceadh an cor 's gu'n do leig iad le 'n saorsa dol gu amearasachd. Air do ior-ghuilleam briseadh a mach 'n am measg ghabh *Pisistratus* an cothrom; ghlae e an àitean daighnich, agus rinn e e-féin 'n a nachdaran orra féin agus air an sochairean. An uair a mhothaich muinntir na h-Aithne gu'n robh iad ann an staid thràillidh ged a thachair do *Pisistratus* a bhli 'na nachdaran gle ìochdmhor cha chuireadh iad air chor sam bith a suas leis; uime sin, an uair nach robh dòigh

leasachaidh air a' chùis, rinn *Esop* leis a' chosamhlachd so an comhairleachadh gu bhì foighidneach, agus thuir e riu mu dheireadh, "Mò luchd dùtchea ionmhainn, bitibh toilichte le 'ur crannchur, dona 's mar tha e, gun fhios nach ann a dheanadh atharrachadh gnòthaichean nu's mìosa."

"*Mar a chuireas duine a leabaidh, 's ann a laidheas e.*"

Ead. le MAC-MHARCUS.

### NAIDHEACHDAN.

Cha n' eil naidheachdan eudthromach sam bith againn ri 'n innseadh air a' mhìos seo. Ach faodaidh sinn gearr-chunntas a thoirt air beagan de ghnòthachaibh na dùtchea.

Thainig Mac Thighearna Ghranda gu 'aois air a' mhìos a chaidh seachad; 's ma thainig, cha-n ann gun fhuaim a chaidh an latha leigeil seachad. Bha Baile nan-Grannach air a sgeadachadh leis gach ni a's àillte 's urrainn sinn ainmeachadh; agus am meas na'n sgrìobhaidhean cha robh a' Ghailig air dhì-chuimhn', oir an àitean de'n bhaile bha na briathran seo: "Saoghal fada 's deadh bbeatha do 'n mhòr-fhear òg," "Fàilte air an oighre," agus an còrr.—Bhì muinntir Ghlinn-Urchaduinn cruinn aig an àm chendna. 'Sgann gun robh beinn, cuoc, no tulach 's a' ghleann gun tein' aighir 'n a chaoir-lasair air an mullach. Gu h-àr-labhair, snasmhor, deas-bhriathrach, sheas Uilleam òg Mac-Aoidh, 's a' Bhlar-bheag (Rùnaire Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis) a dh'òl deoch-slàinte an oighre òg. Labhair Mac-Aoidh 's a' Ghailig, a's bha 'uirgheall na bu fhreagarraiche 's na bu mhaisiche na mòran de'n *spleadhachas* fhada gun bhrìgh, a tha ro chumanta aig coimhinnean de'n t-seòrsa seo.

Thainig oighre òg Gàidhealach eile gu 'aois air a' mhìos a chaidh seachad—Rosach Chromba. Mar a's cleachdach aig amaibh de'n t-seòrsa seo, bha na h-àrd uaislean mu'n cuairt cruinn, aig deadh dhìothad. Bha mòran ri chantuinn, ach cho fad 's a's fiosrach sinne, cha robh idir a' leithid de choltas Gàidhealach air ni sam bith mu'n cuairt do'n chùis, 's a' bh' air coinnimh Thighearna Ghranda, 's a chuid iochdarain. Ann an deadh nìrigheall beurla, dh-iarr Fear-Ghàthan deoch-slàinte an oighre òg òl—ni a chaidh a dheanamh le mòr aoibhneas. Anns na làitheibh a dh-aom,

cha bhiodh coinneamh de'n t-seòrsa seo, aig nach biodh am bàrd a' seinn subhailcean nan òg agus a' luaidh air euchdan nan triath a dh' fhalbh, ach an diugh tha 'cheòl-raidh 'n a suainn, a' chlàrsach air gheugaibh seilich, agus mèilich, nan uan na's binne an cluasanibh an uachdarain na uile oirfeid nam filidh.

Tha sinn a' cluinntinn gu'm bheileas gu rathad i ruinn a dheanamh tro Eilean-dubh na Tòisidheachd. Choinnich mu'n cuairt do dhà fhichead de dh-uachdarain a's uaislean eile na dùtchea, anns a' Chanonaich deireadh na mìosa 'chaidh seachad, gu an comhairle chur cuideachd, agus beachdan a chéile 'fhaot'inn mu'n chùis. Bha fear Mac-an-Leisdeir 's a' chathair, a labhair gu pongail, agus a dh-iarr còmhnaidh o gach uachdaran mu'n cuairt. Gu sgeula goirid a dheanamh, mu'n do sgoil a' chuideachd, chaidh dlú air fichead mìle pund Sasunnach a chruinneachadh (no gu h-àraid a ghealltainn).

Tha'n aimsir am bitheantas fiuch anns gach cearna. Tha'm bàrr a nise air a thionnd gu tearuinte ged bu mhòr an eagal a bh' air cuid nach rachadh a thionnd air a' bhliadhna seo le fhuichead na h-aimsir. Cha d' fhuair a' mhòran air a cruachadh fhathast ann am mòran àitean de'n Ghàidhealtachd; agus tha a mbeud 's aig am bheil an comas gu dripeil a' togail giuthais, 'g a spealgadh, 'g a thoirt dachaidh, agus a luchdachadh na'n spàrdan leach.

Bha cuid, aon uair, ann am mòr chreideas 's a' bheachd fhaoin, nach biodh duine anns na h-uile seachd 'na Ghàidheal, mar gabhadh e 'n daorach cho tric 's a gheobhadh e mac-na-bracha. Faodaidh ar luchd-leughaidh a thuigsinn gu'm bheil a' bheachd seo a' call greim 's a' Ghàidhealtachd 'n uair a dh-innseas sinn gu'n d' thug Mac-Mhurchaidh, Mac-a'-Linnein agus *Elliot* àrd rìghlachd nan "*Saor Theampalach*" (ann am Breitinn 's an Eirinn) do phrìomh bhaile na Gàidhealtachd.

### FREAGAIRTEAN.

Fhuair sinn an litir thaineach agus na sgrìobhaidhean eile a chuir Iain Moireaston thugainn. Cuiridh sinn 's a' GAIDHEAL iad a lion cuid a's cuid. Mar a bha e 'g iarraidh, clò bhualidh sinn bhò àm gu àm sgrìobhaidhean às an TEACHDAIRE GAIDHEALACH, 's às a' CHUAIRTEAR.

Tha mòran litrichean againn gu am fhreagairt air a' mhìos seo.

# THE G A E L I C,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

NOVEMBER, 1872.

## GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.

In the study of Gaelic philology we must carefully guard against the danger of concluding that all words which resemble each other in form and meaning are cognates, for words derived from entirely different roots may closely resemble each other in both these respects. *Chunnaic* and *chunnaic*, for example, are nearly identical in form and have the same signification, but they are derived from different roots. *Chunnaic*, which frequently occurs in some of the older editions of the metrical psalms (see Ed. 1753, Pss. xxxvii. 35; cxix. 96, 158), is composed of the prefix *con* (= *co, com*, = Latin *con*) and *dearc* (*darc*), while *chunnaic* is composed of the same prefix and *faic* (O'Donovan's Gram. p. 223).

These words illustrate also the importance of a knowledge of the ancient forms of Gaelic words to enable us to determine their true etymology, and the words in other languages to which they have a real affinity. *Chunnaic* was in ancient Gaelic *condaic* (compare *adcondaic* = *ad con-daic* in Turin Glosses), which clearly points to the root *darc* (Sanskrit *drc*) and to the Greek cognate *derkomoi* (Di Nigra's Turin Glosses, p. 39, and O'Donovan's Gram. p. 223). *Chunnaic* was formerly written *chonnaic* (= *con-fo-ic*), which seems to point to a root *ic* cognate with *oc* in the Latin *oculus* (Ebrard's Handbuch der Mitt. Gal. Sp.).

It would be easy to give illustrations without number of fanciful etymo-

logies, based upon mere resemblance between words in sound without any regard to either their ancient forms or the laws of letter-change between Gaelic and its cognate languages, but the following will suffice at present:—

*Flaithneas* (heaven).—*F'laith-innis* (isle of nobles or heroes) is given in the dictionaries as the etymology of this word. But the old form *fluthennas* (glory) shows that it has no connection whatever, etymologically, with the "island of the brave or noble, which was supposed to lie far distant in the Western Ocean," and which, we are told, formed the imaginary heaven of the ancient Gael, but that it is a mere derivative from *flaithem* (lord) as *breitheanas*, anciently *brethemnas* (Saint Patrick's Hymn), is a derivative from *breitheamh*, anciently *brithem*.

*Ifrinn* (hell).—This word has been sometimes derived from *ì bhòin* (the island of sorrow). In Armstrong's Dictionary and in Logan's Introduction to Mackenzie's Beauties of Gaelic Poetry, it is explained as *i-fuar-shuinn*, "the isle of the cold land or clime," and in support of this etymology we are told that the "Celtic hell was a cold dark region, abounding in numerous reptiles and wild beasts, especially wolves." The author of the History of the Early Scottish Church derives this word (p. 176) from *avernus*. But the laws of letter-change between Latin and Gaelic show that these etymologies are mere fancies, and that *if'inn* (anciently *ifurnn*, gen. *ifirnn*) is a mere loan-word from *infernum*, *n* disappearing before *f* by rule (Zeuss' Gram. Celt. 2nd Ed. p. 42).

*Oirdheire* (excellent).—This word is derived in the Highland Society's Dictionary from *òr* and *dearc*; but the old forms *airdire*, *irdirec*, *erdire*, show that the first syllable is not *òr* (gold), but the preposition *air*, which in composition appears also as *er* and *ir* (Zeuss' G. C. pp. 5, 868).

*Inbhir* (confluence).—We have seen various etymological explanations of this word, but none which we could regard as satisfactory. The old form was *Inber* (Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 74), which we regard as containing the prefix *in* and the root *ber*, which latter corresponds, as will be afterwards noticed, to the Greek *pher-ò* and the Latin *fer-o*. *Inbhir* is, therefore, cognate with *inferre*, one of the meanings of which is "to flow in or into."

*Tighearna* (lord).—Of this word we have seen several fanciful etymological explanations, of which by far the most plausible is that which is given in the Highland Society's Dictionary, and which connects it with the Gr. *turannos*. But the old name *Vortigern*, glossed by *architector*, shows that *g*, which disappears by aspiration from the modern pronunciation, is an organic letter, and points unmistakably to the Lat. *tego*, Ger. *dach*, and Gael. *teach*, *tigh*, as cognates (Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 104).

Closely connected with the evil now referred to, is another against which the student of Gaelic philology must carefully guard. We mean the tendency to draw sweeping inferences from instances of affinity, which are either too few or too doubtful to support general conclusions. Of this crude mode of philologising, the following examples of affinity by which, we observed some time ago, a lecturer on Gaelic philology sought to illustrate a general statement which he made to the effect that four-fifths of the Latin primitives may be traced to roots which are also common to the Celtic, may be taken as a fair specimen:—*Aro* and

*àr*, *ureo* and *tart*, *aridus* and *tioram*, *aries* and *reithe*, *arista* and *dias*, *diast*, *arma* and *àrm*.

*Ar* and *aro* contain the same root *àr*, and are, and are, therefore, closely related; but *tart* and *tioram* are related, not to *aro* and *aridus*, but to *torreo* and its cognates, Gr. *tersomai*, Ger. *durst*, Eng. *thirst*, Sanskrit *tarsh*.

If the resemblance between *aries*, *arietis*, and *reithe* be sufficient to justify the inference that these words are cognates, then must we likewise conclude that *abies*, *abietis*, and *beithe* are cognates. But, unfortunately, *abies* is not the birch-tree (*beithe*), but the fir-tree (*giùthas*).

The lecturer seemed to feel that the resemblance between *arista* and *dias* is not such as to lead at once to the conclusion that these words are etymologically related, for he placed alongside of *dias* the form *diast*, which is used in some parts of the Highlands. But the *t* of *diast* is not organic, as may be seen by comparing *dorus* and *dorust*, *solus* and *solust*, *ris* and *rist*, *dithis* and *dithist*, *milis* and *milist*, *reubal* (*rebel*) and *reubalt*. Besides, *dias*, not *diast*, is the form which we find in ancient Gaelic (Zeuss' G. C., p. 623).

*Arm* is probably a loan-word, identical with the Latin *arma* (Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 69).

These examples of false etymology show that, in order to pursue the study of Gaelic philology intelligently, we must know:—

1. The oldest existing forms of Gaelic words.

2. The laws of Gaelic derivation and composition, that we may be able to determine with some degree of certainty the constituent elements, and, consequently, the roots of the words of which the language is formed.

3. The laws of letter-change between Gaelic and its cognate languages.

What we have now stated will be further illustrated by the following

examples of genuine affinity traced between words, some of which have little or no resemblance to each other:—

1. *Foirfeach* (Presbyter, Presbyterian elder) and *Gr. phoneus* (murderer).

These words have no resemblance to each other either in form or in meaning, but they are, nevertheless, closely related. *Foirfeach* (literally, a perfect man) is derived from *foirfe* (perfect). But the ancient form of *foirfe* was *foirbthe*, which is compounded of the preposition *for*, *bi* from the root *be* (to cut), and the participial termination *the*. (Di Nigra's Turin Glosses, p. 39). The root *be*, also *ben*, is cognate with the Gr. root *phen*, from which are derived the Gr. aor. *epephnon* from the obsolete *phenō* (to slay), *phonos* (murder), and *phoneus* (murderer). Greek *ph* corresponds to Gaelic *b*. Compare *pherō* and *beir*, *phallos* and *ball*, *phullon* and *bile*.

From the root *be*, *ben* or *ban*, come *bana* (death, O'Reilly's Dict.), *bàs* (death, Zeuss' G. C., p. 787), *tobe* (cutting off; = *do-fo-be*, Zeuss' G. C. p. 883), *indibe* (circumcision; = *in-di-be*).

The corresponding Sanskrit root is *van* (Bopp's Sanskrit Glossary, p. 342).

2. *Gàir*, *gàire*, *gair* or *goir*, *toghairm*, *freagair*, *agair*, *foghur*, *cagar*, *tairngire*, *jogair*, Welsh *gair*, Gr. *gēruō*, Lat. *garrio*.

These words are from the root *gar*, which is common to Gaelic with the other cognate languages. Compare Sanskrit *gar* (to sound).

The relationship between *gàir* (shout), *gàire* (laughter), *gair* or *goir* (call), *gairm* (calling), and Gr. *gēruō* and Lat. *garrio*, is obvious. We may, however, notice that *gàir* and *gairm* have the same relationship to each other as the verb *gnū* (facio), from the root *gen*, and *gnīm*, *gnìomh*. (Zeuss' G. C., p. 770).

*Agradh* (anciently *acre* = *adgre*) = *ad-gaire*, where *ad* stands for *ath* or *aith*, a common prefix (Zeuss' G. C. pp. 869, 875). *Freagradh* (anciently *frecre*) =

*frithgair* (Zeuss' G. C. p. 875, and Di Nigra's T. G. p. 46). *Tagraadh* (anciently *tacre*, *tacrae* in the Turin Glosses) = *do-ad-gaire*, where *ta* is formed out of the two prefixes *do* and *ad* (Di Nigra's T. G. p. 46). *Tairngire* (promise) = *do-air-con-gaire*, *tairn* containing the three prefixes *do*, *air*, and *con*. *Fogradh* (admonition) anciently *focre* = *fo-od-gaire*. *Irfocre* and *airocre* = *air-fo-od-gaire*. *Foghur* = *fo-gaire*. *Irgaire* (prohibition) = *air-gaire*. *Toghairm* (invocation) = *do-fo-gair-m*. *Diucaire* (exclamation; in Turin Glosses *diucrae*) = *do-od-gaire*. *Cogar* or *cagar* (whisper) = *con-gar* (Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 157).

I have met with several other derivatives from this root, as *frisgair* (to contradict), *forgair* and *forcongaire* (to command), which show the power Gaelic possesses of forming words by composition, and also the copiousness of ancient, as compared with modern Gaelic.

3. *Fianuis* and *witness*.

The old forms *fiadhnaise*, *fiadnisse*, show at once the affinity of these words. *Fiadnisse* is from the root *fid*, from which come also *fios* (anciently *fis*), if, indeed, it be not a loan-word from *visio*, *fidir*, *cusus* (conscience) = *con-fus* = *con-fis* or *con-fius* (Zeuss' G. C. pp. 787, 872); *cocubus* (conscience) = *con-con-fus*. Compare the modern word *coguis*.

With the root *jid* are cognate the Sanskrit *vid*, Gr. *id* (preceded by the digamma) from which come *cidon* and *oida*, Lat. *vid* (video), Ger. *wissen*, A. S. *witt*, Eng. *wit*.

4. *Beò* (living) and *quick*.

These words have not one letter in common, but they are, nevertheless, etymologically related, as shown by the following comparison:—

*Beò* (in old Gaelic *biu*), Gr. *bios* (*bi*[*f*]os, with digamma), Latin *vivus*, Sanskrit *giva*, Goth. *qvius* (th. *qviva*), A. S. *cwic*, Eng. *quick*. (Compare Zeuss' G. C. p. 37; Bopp's Glos. p. 154; Curtius' Gr. Etym. p. 418).

5. *Bean* and *queen*.

The Bœotian form *bana* shows that *bean* (in old Gaelic *ben*) is cognate with the Greek *gunē*, with which may be compared the Sanskrit *gani*, Goth. *gvens*, A.S. *cwen*, Eng. *queen*. (Compare Zeuss' G. C., p. 37, and Bopp's Glos., p. 147).

6. *Bò* and *cow*.

*Bò*, Lat., *bos*, *bovis* and Gr. *boûs* are manifestly cognates. But the last two examples have shown us that *b* in Gaelic corresponds to *g* in Sanskrit and to *c* in Anglo-Saxon. We can, therefore, compare *bò* and *bos* with the Sanskrit *ga*, *gaus*, Ger., *kuh*, A.S., *cu*, and Eng., *cow*.

7. *Gin*, *gineal*, *gìomh*, *còmhnadh fòghnamh*, *fòghnadh*, *cinne*, *cinneach*; Gr. *gignomai*, *egenomēn*; Lat. *gigno*, *genus*, *gnatus*; A.S., *cyn*, *cynl*; Eng. *kin*, *kind*, *kindred*.

These words, which, with their derivatives and cognates, form an extensive family of words, are all derived from the root *gen*, *cen*, which corresponds to the Sanskrit *gan*. (Bopp's Glos., p. 146). The root *gen* occurs in *genin*, an older form of *ginim*, (I beget). Compare *genair* in Fraoch's Hymn, and the Greek *egenomēn*. From *gen* come the verb *gìu* (I do), *gìomh* (anciently *gim*=*gim*, thing done), *còmhnadh*, (anciently *co-gnam*=*con-gim*, assistance, lit. co-act), *fòghnamh* (anciently *fognam*=*fo-gim*, service), *fòghnadh* (sufficiency), which, if not identical with *fòghnamh*, is from *fo*, *gim*, and the termination *adh*, now *adh*.

Although *gineal* has a close resemblance to the root *gin*, it is not derived from it immediately, but from the other form *cen*, as shown by its ancient form *cenel*, of which there must have been a still older form *cenethl*, as may be seen by comparing it with the Welsh *cenedl*, anciently *cenethl*.

The affinity between *gen* and the Gr. *gignomai*, from the obsolete *geuō* (compare *egenomēn*), and the Lat. *gigno* is obvious, and the form of the root, *cen*,

explains *cinne*, *cinneach*, with which A. S. *cyn*, *cynl*, and Eng. *kin*, *kind*, *kindred*, are cognate.

(To be Continued.)

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## THE RIVER NAMES OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND, AND WHAT THEY PROVE.

It is allowed by all who have studied place names, that those of rivers and mountains are the most ancient in all countries, and must have been given by the first inhabitants. Now, when we find that in England there are a very great number of rivers which have precisely the same names as those in Scotland, it is certain they must, in every instance, have been given by a race of people speaking the same language. The origin of the Scotch river names is derived from the Gaelic language; there are none composed of Welsh words, and this fact is acknowledged by a Welsh writer, Mr F. Edwards, who says, in his very recent work on "Names of Places," page 12: "The Scottish rivers and mountains must have received their names long before the Cymry arrived." This is a truthful fact, and proves that not a river or mountain in Scotland was named by the Welsh people. The etymology of the rivers of Scotland being from the Gaelic, the writer hereof proceeds to give the names of those of England identical with them, and their derivations.

In Scotland there are seven rivers named "Avon;" in England there are four rivers named "Avon;" in Scotland (in Dumfriesshire) there is a river "Evan;" in England (in Kent) there is also an "Evan;" all these come from the Gaelic word *Abhuinn*, and means "a river;" this name itself is formed from *Abh*, old Gaelic for "water," and *inn*, "a channel."—*Abhuinn* is often contracted into *Aune*, *Auin*, and *An*; we find it so in the "Aune" of Devonshire. In England there are three



rivers called "Esk," one in Yorkshire, and two in Cumberland; in Scotland there are seven rivers called "Esk," and are derived from the Gaelic word *Uisg*, or *Uisge*, meaning "water." The "Eskle" of Hereford is evidently from the same word; so also are the three English rivers named "The Ouse."

In England (in Yorkshire) there is a river called the "Leven;" in five different counties of Scotland rivers named "Leven," occur, and derive their names from the Gaelic words *Liath-abhuinn*, pronounced as if written "Leea-aven," and now contracted in English to "Leven." The signification of the Gaelic words is the "grey or misty river." In Lancashire there is a river called the "Douglas," which is identical with the Scotch rivers called "Douglas," of which there are no less than seven so named. One of them is in Argyleshire, where no Welsh race ever dwelt, and could not have named it. They are all derived from the words *Du-glas*, or in full Gaelic orthography, *Dubh-ghlas*, meaning "dark gray." In Glenfender, Perthshire, there is a stream named *Alltan Dubhghlas*, which confirms the etymology of all the "Douglas" rivers being as above stated. The people of Glenfender speak Gaelic, and know nothing of Mr Edmunds' Welsh word *las*, "a stream," but will understand *Dubh-ghlas* to mean "dark gray."

In Yorkshire there is a large river called the "Don," which is identical in name with the "Don" of Aberdeenshire, and another in Elgin, Scotland. Some good Gaelic scholars make its derivation to be from *Domhain* (pronounced "Doan"), which means "The deep river;" but Dr Armstrong, in his Gaelic Dictionary, says it is an old word for "water." The "Dun" in Yorkshire is the same name as the river "Doun" of Ayrshire, Scotland, and which last was in old charters written "Dun." Its etymology is from the Gaelic *Du-an*, meaning "The dark

river." There is in Yorkshire a river named the "Calder;" there are many of the same name in Scotland, in Lanarkshire there being no less than three. The derivation is from the Gaelic *Coille-dur*, meaning, "the wooded water or stream." "*Dur*" is well known to be an old Gaelic word for "water." In the county of Suffolk there is a river called the "Ore;" there are two rivers of the same name in Scotland, one in Fifeshire and one in Kirkcudbrightshire; the derivation is from the Gaelic *Oir*, which signifies the river which runs at "The edge or margin." The river in Aberdeenshire called the "Urie," was formerly written "Ure;" and there is in Yorkshire a river "Ure," and also comes from *Oir*. The old spelling of the river "Ayr," in Ayrshire, was "Aire," and we find a river of that same name in England (in Yorkshire), and on which Leeds is situated. The etymology is from the now obsolete term in Gaelic for water represented by the single letter "A," which is pronounced broad like the English word "awe," and occurs in the River "Awe," in Argyleshire; the other Gaelic word is *reidh*, pronounced "ray," the two together mean "The Smooth water."

The river Tyne in Scotland, and the Tyne of England, must have the same etymology; and, as the Welsh race did not give the name to the former, so neither could they to the latter, and with regard to the Angles naming the Scotch Tyne, that must be held as an unreasonable surmise, because they did not enter the country till the middle of the sixth century; but the Romans, in the first century found that part of Scotland held and fully peopled by the CALEDONIAN GAEL, and it was this primitive and valiant race who gave all the Gaelic topography of Scotland. This river name appears to be from the Gaelic words *Teth-an*, pronounced, as if spelled, "Tayan," and meaning "The

warm river." The rivers "Teau" and "Teign," of Devonshire, are probably of the same derivation. There is an "Alde," in Suffolk, which is certainly identical with the "Aldie," streams of Scotland, derived from the Gaelic words *Allt-du*, or "The dark stream." It is ridiculous to say the name of these streams (there are four in Scotland) was given by the English race from the Alder tree. The Gael must have given the names centuries before any Englishmen entered the country.

The "Allt" of Lancashire is identical with the "Allts" of Scotland, and of which there are many hundreds. Mr Edmunds makes an astonishing mistake as to this name in his last work (p. 14), where he derives it from the Welsh word *Allt*, meaning, he says, "a steep place, or mountain district"—which is impossible, because the "Allt," of Lancashire, is a stream.

There is a brook in the county of Kent called the "Eden," and in Cumberland there is a river called the "Eden," on which is Carlisle. There are four different rivers of the same name in Scotland; their ancient spelling is "Eidan," which is nearer to the Gaelic word whence this river name is derived—namely, from "Eudan," meaning "The front river," probably from being conspicuous; the Gaelic word also means "the face," which would be applicable to a river that ran along the edge or slope of a ridge. At p. 15, Mr Edmunds says this river name (Eden) "must be conceded as Gaelic." This admission is important, coming from an advocate contending for the Welsh race being the first inhabitants of Britain; but which is impossible, when we find proofs of the Gael naming rivers from Kent to Cumberland, both included, and that the very same river names are also spread over all Scotland, demonstrating that it was a Gaelic-speaking race who gave these names in both countries. That it is altogether

erroneous in Mr Edmunds, or any other person, to say that the "Douglas" and "Esk" river names come from the Welsh language, is proved by the important fact that they occur in Ireland, where the Welsh race never gave any names. Thus, Mr Joyce, in his work on Irish Topography, 1st edition, p. 411, says—"Douglas is very common both as a river and a townland designation all over the country;" and however eager Welsh writers may be to attempt to give their derivations to the Scotch and English rivers called "Douglas," we learn from this same Irish river name that they must be wrong. Esk is also found as a name in Ireland, and Mr Joyce (page 408) brings it also from the same corresponding word of the Irish Gael, namely, *uisce*, "water." The name "Eden" is also found in Ireland, derived, as mentioned above, and by this writer, from "Eudan." (See page 464.)

There are, besides, such a number of rivers identical in England with those of Scotland which must have been given by a people speaking the language of the Gael. There are also a great many others derived from it, and as it was not the Welsh race who named the Scotch rivers (which is admitted by Mr Edmunds), so the similar names in England must have been given in like manner by the Gael long before the Welsh race arrived.

JAMES A. ROBERTSON.

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#### RETIREMENT OF MR. MURDOCH.

It is with deep regret we announce that Mr. Murdoch, the spirited writer who has done so much to vindicate the Celtic character, is now retiring from his public office. Mr. Murdoch was for thirty-four or thirty-five years in the excise, and during that time, was continually contributing to the formation of public opinion on a variety of subjects—among others, the Repeal of

the Corn Laws, Temperance, and the Land Question. With the Temperance Movement he was connected for the last thirty years. In connection with the Land Question, his name is a household word. Having spent many years in England and Ireland, he was enabled to deal with the Irish and English Land Question, as well as the Scottish. Deeming this the most vital Question next to the Gospel, his zeal in ventilating it never flagged. He wrote largely on it in English and Irish as well as Scotch papers; and his writings on this subject alone, if collected, would form several respectable, good sized volumes. A notable series of papers from his pen, entitled "SUTHERLAND AND OTHER CLEARANCES," and signed "FINLAGAN," were printed, about ten years ago, in the "*Mark Lane Express*," the leading Agricultural Journal of England. In these papers, the Sutherland Clearances were made to shed light on the whole system of Eviction and Land mismanagement, and the interest they created was such as that they were reprinted in several other papers. Mr. Murdoch advocated the cause of the people, and particularly the right of the Celtic people to their native soil, at the same time recognising the hardships and wrongs of the Saxon. He has always been the champion of the Highlanders, and was ever eager to promote measures for their good. As an instance of how his writings are always relished, we may refer to a paper he read, two years ago, on the "CLIMATE OF INVERNESS," before the Members of the Inverness Literary Institute. Such was the interest created, that they unanimously called on him to deliver it as a Lecture, under their auspices, in the Music Hall of that town. In Forres, last winter, he delivered a Lecture on the HEROES OF OSSIAN; and we understand, he is called upon to deliver it again in some of the neighbouring towns. He also

wrote an elaborate paper on the CLAN SYSTEM. He was always ready to help others, both in public and private work, if he thought that in so doing he was advocating the cause, and walking in the paths, of justice. He is a Chief-tain of the Inverness Gaelic Society, and from the literary talent he brings to its meetings as well as the zeal he evinces in promoting its welfare, he is one of the chief pillars of the Society.

From the Revenue Department (to which he professionally belonged), it appears from what the *Civilian* says, that he is not retiring unnoticed:—

"Mr. Murdoch, whose name is a household word throughout the Department in every part of the kingdom, has for many months been a martyr to rheumatism, acquired by him in the discharge of the laborious duties of Supervisor, and, as no prospect of his early recovery exists, he has taken the only course open to him and sought retirement. We are certain that this announcement will be everywhere received with sorrow, and we cannot believe that Mr. Murdoch's retirement from the service will be unmarked by striking testimony to his work and fidelity to the great cause to which he has devoted so much energy and ability."

After the above cursory review of some of what Mr. Murdoch has done, our readers will see that a most useful man is retiring from Public Life. We would therefore humbly suggest that the sons of the Gael in all quarters, as well as his own friends (private and public) should co-operate with the Members of the Excise, in presenting him with something that may not be unworthy of themselves.

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#### GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

(A Letter to the Editor.)

MY DEAR SIR,

I have read with great interest the remarks you made in the English Department of the Oct. No. of "*The Gael*," upon the lecture delivered by the Rev. Mr. Cameron, of Renton, on Gaelic Philology. I have for several years been

groping my way in the same direction with very little leisure time, and no assistance except my nearly worn out knowledge of Latin and Greek, and recently acquired knowledge of Welsh and Armonic. I therefore hail with delight the idea of having a compilation as you shadow forth—a Gaelic Comparative Lexicon. It would be of the greatest importance to the Gaelic student. It would be the means of attracting more attention to the antiquity and virtue of the language, and wiping away the stigma, that even Germans and other foreigners know more about the Gaelic philologically than those whose language it is. The undertaking would, doubtless, be an arduous one, requiring much and varied study, much learning and great research, yet not insurmountable. I observe, with delight, in your concluding remarks, that, were encouragement given, and were Highlanders resolved, “shoulder to shoulder,” to help the matter forward, a promise was given by the Rev. Mr Cameron to have such a great work undertaken.

As a Highlander willing to bear a hand, I accept the challenge by offering at once to subscribe a five pound note to begin with, more if found necessary, and take several copies of the work when published. I hope every patriotic Highlander will do the same.

You, sir, will raise the lasting gratitude of every real Highlander, who has any love left in him for the language of his forefathers, by agitating further this undertaking, and the support, and the encouragement, to undertake so desirable a work.

I shall be heartily glad to hear more of the scheme, and to hear that it has a prospect of success.—Ever yours sincerely,

JOHN MACKAY.

[It is with the greatest pleasure we insert Mr Mackay's letter, and we hope that other Highlanders, at home and abroad, will follow his example, not merely by telling what ought and might be done, but by showing what they can do, and are willing to do; and, finally, we are confident that Mr Cameron's ability to execute the task is a full guarantee for the CELT everywhere, to follow in the good path which Mr Mackay has so munificently opened up.]

thing that Professor Blackie does in showing the affinities of the Gaelic language, I cannot allow him to run away with the harrows at pleasure. The word Tigh-earn (in its aspirated form “Thighearn”) he considers is derived from the Latin “Tego,” a shelter, a house. I beg to state that the word has no connection with “Tigh” (more properly taigh), a house. “Thighearn” is compounded of “Ti,” an individual or person, and “tharainn” over us, the word therefore meaning the individual who is over or above us, and equally applicable to “Thighearn” néimh and “Thighearn” an fhearainn. Though the first syllable “Tigh” has a resemblance to “tigh,” a house, yet the “gh” is no part of the word “ti.” The “gh” is only used to keep the vowels from coalescing, as in many instances “dh,” “mh,” “bh,” “gh,” “th,” &c., the real pronunciation of the word is “Tiarua.”

ARGATHALIAN.

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#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry that the sketch of Wm. Livingstone's Life has been unavoidably postponed.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—“Celtic Origin of Greek and Latin,” by Dr Stratton; also, by the same author, “The Affinity between the Hebrew Language and the Celtic;” “Lays of the Highlands and Islands,” by Professor Blackie; “Leabhar na Feinne,” by J. F. Campbell; “College Irish Grammar,” by Professor Bourke; also, by the same author, “Easy Lessons in Irish;” “Historical Map of the Clans,” by Col. Robertson and T. B. Johnstone; &c., &c.

We are glad to inform our readers that the “Nether-Lochaber” correspondent of the *Inverness Courier* has kindly consented to superintend a poetical column—original and select—in the winter and spring numbers of *The Gael*. Under the charge of a gentleman so thoroughly qualified to execute the task, we are confident that this column shall be hailed with delight by all lovers of the *kilted* muse. Mr Stewart's first contribution will appear in our next.

THE GAELIC “GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.”

(To the Editor of THE GAEL.)

SIR,—Although a great admirer of every-

## GAIDHEAL.

I LEABH.]

DARA MIOS A' GHEAMHRAIDH, 1872.

[10 AIR.

AIR CRUINN-CHORPAIBH  
SOILLSEACH NAN SPEUR.

## II. Earran

AIR A' GHREIN AGUS AIR  
MERCURI.

Ged tha oibre a' chruthachaidh gu léir mòr' agus miorbhuileach, gidheadh, cha 'n eil ni air bith ri fhaicinn 'n am measg ni's ciàtaich', agus ni's òirdheirce na cruinn-chuirp shòillseach nan speur. Feumaidh "na soluis a ta ann an spèuraibh nèimh" iongantas a chur orra-san uile, a bheachdaicheas le eòran air na gnìomharaibh so, a rinneadh leis-san a thubhairt, "Biodh soluis ann an speuraibh nèimh, a chur dealachaidh eadar an là agus an oidheche, agus biodh iad air son chomharan, agus air son aimsirean, agus air son làithean, agus bhliadhnachan! Agus biodh iad mar sholusaibh ann an speuraibh nèimh a thoirt soluis air an talamh: agus bha e mar sin.—Agus rinn Dia dà sholus mhòr, an solus a's mò a riaghladh an latha, agus an solus a's lugha a riaghladh na h-oidheche; agus na réultan," (Gen. i. 14, &c.) Mar so tha Maois a' toirt cunntais duinn air cruthachadh na gréine, na gealaich, agus nan reult. Labhair Dia am focal, agus leum iad suas gu bith—"Thubhairt e, Biodh solus ann, agus bha solus ann! Agus chunnaic Dia an solus gu'n robh e maith," (Gen. i. 3, 4). Gu cìnnteach is dall, aineolach, agus neo-mhothuchail an neach a thilgeas a shùilean air reultaibh soillseach nèimh, gun e fein òsleachadh, agus gun fhaicinn cia co dìblidh 's a ta e, agus cia co suarach 'sa ta a ghnìombara a's fearr, an coimeas ri àilleachd an t-seallaidh a chì e, agus

ri cumhachd neo-chrìochnuichte an Tì dhealbh nèamh agus talamh, á neoni!

Dh'innis sinn anns a' cheud earrainn, gu'm bheil a' ghrian air a suidheachadh ann am meadhon nan reult, a ta 'g iadhadh m'a timchioll 'n an cuairtibh eug-sàmhla fein. Tha i fein, ach beag, neo-ghluasadach ged tha a reultan uile a' gluasad mu'n cuairt di. Tha i, gidheadh, a' cur char di air a mul fein,\* o'n iar gus an ear, agus a' gabhail coig thar fhichead de na làithibh againne, chum aon chuairt a chur! Tha i còrr mòr agus muillean uair ni's mò na'n talamh so, agus còrr agus ceithir fichead 's a deich muillean mìle air astar uaithe; gidheadh, tha a teas, agus a solus a' ruigheachd air, agus a' toirt beatha do gach creutair agus luibh a ta air! A réir beachd dhaoine foghlumte, tha a' ghrian 'n a cruinn-bhall mòr, daingeann, agus dorcha, air a cuairteachadh le adhar soillseach agus dealrach air chor is nach faic sinne ach amhàin dearsadh an sgeudachaidh leis am bheil i air a còmhachadh! Chithear air uairibh buill dhubha air aghaidh na gréine, agus tha na teallsanaich a' deanamh mach, gur fosglaidhean, no tuill, iad so, air trusgan lannaireach na gréine, trid am bheil a corp dorcha fein air a nochdadh! Tha cuid a' saòilsinn gu'm bheil a' ghrian air a h-eiteachadh, cosmhuil ris an talamh so, le creutairibh reusonta agus tuisgeach! Ach cha 'n eil cunntas againn air so, agus cha 'n fheud sinn a bhì glic 'n ar barail fein, os ceann na tha air a sgrìobhadh! Ach, cha'n eil cunntas againn 'n a aghaidh; agus gu cìnnteach a réir reusoin, cha'n 'eil e

\* h-Aisil.—Béurla, Axis.

cosmhuil, gu'm biodh am ball cruinn agus beag so, air am bheil sinne a' teachd beò, air àiteachadh le creut-airibh tuigseach am feadh 's a bhiodh a' ghrian, a ta còrr agus muillean uair ni's mò na e, air a fàgail 'n a fàsach fiadhaich agus falamh; agus a réir ar beachd-ne, gun fhéum air bith, ach mar lòchran mòr a shoillseachadh nan reult, a ta 'grad-shiubhal mu'n cuairt di. Mar so, chithear a' ghrian, àillidh agus òirdheare, ann am meadhon a teaghlach, a' co-phàirteachadh riu gach sòlais agus aobhneis—a' tilgeadh a gathanna òr-bhuidh, chum an crìochan a's iomallaiche—agus a tomhas an aimsirean doibh maraon! Mar so, tha'n solus mòr so, a' riaghladh an latha do gach aon fa leth de na reultaibh a dh' ainmicheadh, agus tha e dhoibh, a réir sònrachaidh Dhé,—“airson chomharan, agus air son aimsirean, agus air son làithean, agus bhliadhnachan.” Air do'n ghréin a bhi ni's aillidh' agus ni's dealraiche na uile sholuis eile nèimh, rinneadh i 'n a cuspair-aoraidh, le cinneachaibh lìonmhor 'san àird an ear! Bha iad ag amharc oirre mar dhia, agus a' sleuchdadh dhi leis gach cùram agus tréibhdhreas 'n an comas! Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach i a' ghrian “Baal,” dia nam Pheniciach, “Chemos” dia nan Ammonach! Ach an aghaidh an iodhail-aoraidh so, thug Dia, le beul Mhaois, rabhadh sonruichte agus soilleir do chloinn Israeil, ag ràdh riu, “Thugaibh, uime sin an aire mhaith dhuibh fein, air eagal gu'n tog thu suas do shùilean ri nèamh, agus an uair a chi thu a' ghrian agus a' ghealach, agus na reultan, cadbon sloigh nèimh uile gu'n tairngear thu gu cromadh sìos dhoibh, agus gu aoradh a dbeanamh dhoibh, a roinn an Tighearna do Dhia ris gach cinneach a ta fo nèamh uile,” (Deut. iv. 15, 19).

Aig na reultaibh a ta 'cuairteachadh na gréine, tha là agus oidheche, samhradh agus geamhradh, ceart mar a ta aig an talamh againne. Tha iad uile

a' dol mu'n cuairt air am mulanaibh fein, ann an amannaibh suidhichte, agus 's iad na h-amanna sin, an laithean agus an oidhechean fa leth. Tha iad uile, mar an ceudna, os barr, a' dol mu'n cuairt do'n ghréin, ann an cearcallaibh mòra, agus tha gach cuairt dhiubh so, a' deanamh na bliadhna aig gach reult fa leth. Mar so tha bliadhnaichean nan reult, a's faigse do'n ghréin ni's giorra na bliadhnaichean nan reul, a ta aig astar ni's faide uaipe. De na reultaibh a dh' ainmicheadh anns a' cheud earrainn, 'se Mercuri a's faigse do'n ghréin. Tha 'n reult so ni's lugha na'n talamh, agus cosmhuil ris a' ghréin agus ris gach reult eile, tha i 'n a ball cruinn talmhainn, dà mhìle agus sea ceud de mhìl-tibh troi'pe! Tha i 'deanamh a cuairt mu'n ghréin, ann an seachd agus ceithir fichead là, agus trì uairean thar fhichead ùine de na làithibh againn-ne, agus 'se so, uime sin, bliadhna Mhercuri. Tha là na réilte so, dlùth air a bhi co fada ri'r latha fein; ach tha i co fagus do'n ghréin, an coimeas ris na reultaibh eile, agus air an aobhar sin, co ana-minic air a faicinn, is nach soirbh an ni do na teallsanaich, fad a là a thomhas! Tha i 'cuairteachadh na gréine ann an cearcall, a ta sea muillean deug thar fhichead mìle air astar uaipe; agus tha i a' siubhal anns a' chearcall so cho luath, 's gu 'm bheil i deanamh còrr agus ceud mìle de mhìl-tibh anns an uair! Tha 'n solus agus an teas a ta i a' tarruing o'n ghréin, a sheachd uiread ris an t-solus agus an teas againn-ne; agus ma tha creutairean reusonta a' gabhail còmhnuidh anns an reilt bhig so, chì iad a' ghrian, seachd uairean ni's mò, na tha sinne 'ga faicinn! Nach àluinn—nach mìorbhuileach uil' oibre an Tighearna De? “Cha 'n 'eil neach cosmhuil ri Dia Iesurain a tha marcachd air nèamh a'd' chòmhnadh, agus 'na mhòrachd air na speuraibh,” (Deut. xxxiii. 26). “Thigibh agus faicibh oibre Dhe—uamhasach tha e 'n a ghnìomharaibh,” (Ps. lxxvi. 5). 'Se

so an Ti Uile-bheannuichte sin, "A sgaoileas a mach na nèamha 'n a aonar, agus a shaltaireas air tonnaibh na fairge; a tha deanamh Arcturuis, Orioin, agus Pleiades, agus sheòmraiche na h-airde deas: a tha deanamh nithe mora nach bi e'n comas fhaigheil a mach, agus nithe iongantach nach gabh àireamb," (Iob ix. 8, 11).

SGIATHANACH.

o:

## CALLUM A' GHILINNE.

### IV EARRAN.

Mu'n àm au d'thainig muinntireas Challuim gu' crìch, agus 'n uair a bha e ann an tomhas de iomchomhairle co aca 'rachadh e gu Galldachd a dh'iarraidh 'fhortain, no a dh' fhanadh e car uine mar a bha e, thainig caochladh docharach air a' Ghaidhealtachd a dh' aobharaich an ditheachadh agus am fogradh a dh' fhag i mar a tha i, 'na fasaich an coimeas ris mar bha i aig an àm ud; eadhon, "Achd Lagh nam Bochd"—lagh nach do thionndaidh a mach na bheannachd aon chuid do'n bhochd no do'n bheairteach. Fo an t-seann riaghladh cha robh na bochdan ro lionmhor agus bha iad air an cumail suas ann an tomhas de chombhfhurtachd freagarrach da'n inbhe le saor-thabhar-tais nan sgireachdan d'am buineadh iad fa leth. An aite 'bhi air an cuibhreachadh mar phrìosanaich ann an luchuirtean mora, riomhach, cosdail, o'n leth a muigh, ach lom fuar fàsail o'n leth a staigh, agus fo smachd 's fo riaghladh mhaighistirean agus mhnathan eiridnidh aig nach eil ach ro bheag de chaomhalachd no de chombhfhuilangas ri 'n laigsinnean, a's ann a bha iad air an cumail suas gu blath agus gu seasgair 'n am bothain fein agus an uireasbhuidhean air an leasachadh gu bunailteach le fialaidheachd thlusmhor an cairdein 's an luchd eòlais, agus ant airgiod a bha air a thional o shàbaid gu sàbaid aig dorsaibh na h-Eaglais air a roinn orra leis an t-Seisein aig amaibh suidhichte.

Cha bu cheum air ghaig le oigrìdh na sgìreachd obair latha no dha 'bhuileachadh air buain, air caoineachadh agus air giulan dachaidh moine nam bochd, agus cha robh biuthas a dh' fhaoidte ainmeachadh as an deanadh ban-tuathanach barrachd uail na gum biodh e air a radh d'a taobh "gun robh beannachd nam bochd 'n a cuideachd." Ach air do'n lagh ùr tighinn as taigh, leis an robh eis air a leagadh air uachdarain a's iochdarain a reir an tighinn-as-taigh—a's a dh' fheumadh a bhi air a dioladh gun mheachainn gun dail aig na traithean suidhichte—cha b' fhada agus an d'rinn siod "am feumach mi-thaingeil 's an saoi-bhir neo-shuairc." Bha na bochdan a nis 'n an lethtrom agus 'n an uallach searbh do na h-uachdarain agus do na tuathanaich. Thug siod, gun dail, buille-'bhàis do'n spiorad uasal, chaomhail, bhilath-chrìdheach, air son an robh na Gaidheil cho comharraichte, agus do'n ghradh nàdurra fhiuthail neo-eiseimeileach a bha air altrum, eadhon leis na cosnaichean bochda d'am parantan aosda. Co 'nis a dh' aicheadh, no a sharuicheadh e fein, a cumail suas caraid no ban-charaid aosda, uireasbhuidheach, air dha bhi air eigneachadh, aill air n-aill, gu bhi dioladh gu daor airson cumail suas bochdan eile ris nach robh daimh no cairdeas aige. Mar sin, dh' fhas na bochdan ni bu lionmhoire agus na cìsean ni bu truime o bhliadhna gu bliadhna. B'e siod, ann an tomhas mor, a bu mhathair-aobhair do'n an-riaghladh dhocharach, bhreisleachail, ghearsheallach a rinn a' Ghaidhealtachd, ann an ioma cearna, ach beag, na 'fasaich. Thainig na h-uachdarain gu co-dhùnadh nach robh leigheas a b'fhear air an leon, na an tuath bheag, mar 'theirte riu, fhogar as an duthaich, an duil gum biodh na bochdan air an ditheachadh 's an tomhas cheudna agus uallach na cise air a thogail 'bharr guallainn an luchd diolaidh, no aig a chuid 'bu lugha air a h-eutromachdh.

Mar sin thoisich iad air suidheachadh an fhearainn air tuathanaich mhora mar fhrithean fhiadh agus mar ghabhalaichean farsuing chaorach. Chaidh gundail sguabach an fhograidh a leagail air a' ghleann thorrach, tharbhach, innseagach, 's an d' fhuair Callum agus a shinnsear am breth 's an àrach. Ged a bha 'mhathair còrr agus da fhichead bliadhna 'na ban-tuathanaich air an aon laraich, agus gun a bli riamh ann am fiachan do'n uachdaran, am measg chaich, fhuair i a' bhairlin; agus air a' chaingis a b' fhaisce chaidh corr agus fichead smuid a smàladh a dh' aon bleum o bhraighe gu bonn a' ghlinne, dhe an robh ant iomlan air a shuidheachadh air aon tuathanach gallda—seann fhleasgach, gun bhean, gun mhac, gun nighean. Mu mheadhon-là, ghluais gach teaghlach fa leth, a mach an comhdhail a cheile, cha b' ann mar a chite iad re ioma bliadhna air maduinn gach sabaid 'n an comhlain stolda rianail le'n aghaidhean air eaglais na sgìreachd gu bhì 'g aoradh do Dhia an athraichean—ach gu bhì 'gabhail an cead deirreannach d'a cheile ann an tir nam beò, a chuid a b' fhearr 'sa b' oige dhiu air cheann an allabain a' dol air imrich do dhutchaibh cèin. Bu chianail deuchainneach an sealladh e,—an oigridh luthor, fhallain, eireachdail, a' dealachadh ris an aosda, a bha air an lathaid air an iomain gu rudha cruaidh, creagach, ann an oisinn lethoireach de'n oighreachd far an robh bothain chumhan dhìblidh air an togail dhoibh. Am measg nan eilthireach bha cuid de bhraithrean agus de pheathraichean Challuin ri am faotainn. Bha a mhathair a nis air a fagail gun seilbh, gun bhunachas a's ach beag 'n a h-aonar, agus sgàil na sean aois ag iadhadh oirre, ach fhathasd cha robh i aon chuid ann an uircasbhadh no ann an eiseimeil ant saogail. Bha Callum a nis air a chur thuige gu deuchainneach, agus chuir e roimhe ciod air bith a dhéireadh dha nach fàgadh e Eilean Bhreatunn cho

fada 's bu bhèò i. A bharr air an teasghradh a bha aige dhi mar mhathair chaomhail, dhleasdanaich, bha cofhulangas ro chaoin aige rithe, mar bha i 'nis, 'n a suidheachadh aonarach, air chor agus gur ann le cridhe goirt a rinn e suas inntinn dol cho fada uaipe eadhon ri Galldachd na h-Alba. Cha d' rinn e suas inntinn gus an do chuir e 'n toiseach gu 'raidhe fein e, Co aca a b' fhearr leatha e dh' fhuireach dluth dhi mar a bha e na c' dhol do Ghlaschu far am faodadh cothrom a 'bhi aige air soirbheachadh ni b' fhearr a thaobh na chuir e ri 'shuil. Deuchainneach mar a bha i thug i 'lan aonta dha gun ghearaun gun soradh. Chuir i na 'uidheam e mar a b' fhearr a dh' fhaodadh i. Chur i Biobul ùr eireachdail, 'na chiste, air dhi aireamh nach bu bheag de earranan a chomharrachadh agus dh' asluich i air gun cuimhnicheadh e gach uair a thigeadh aon dhiu fo 'shuil, gu'm b' earrannan-iad os cionn an biodh ise gach latha a' guidhe gu'm biodh iad air am beannachadh dha; agus bha iad air am beannachadh dha air mhodh sonruichte mar a chithear an deigh so.

Air feasgar ciuin, blath mu dheireadh a' Cheitein, 'n uair a bha ghrian a' tearnadh gu h-athaiseach troi chopan gorm-shoillear na h-iarmailte gu a leabathaimh ann an uchd an Iar-chuain, ag òradh mullach nam beann, agus braon-dhrùchd caoin na h-oidheche cheana toiseachadh ri dealtradh nan coillean agus bhlaithrean cùbhraidh ioma-dhathach nan raointean agus nan achaidhean; agus coisir sgiathach nan doireachan a' seinn gu sunndach fo sgail an ùr-bharrach uaine, ghluais Callum a mach á bothan a mhathair air a thurus do Ghlaschu gu a bheag 'na sporan a bharr air na phaidheadh 'fhaireadh air bata-na-smuide, ach le beannachd agus deagh dhùrachd a luchd-còlais a's gu haraid le mìle beannachd a mhathair 'ga leantuinn. Cho luath 'sa fhuair Callum e fein air bord soitheach na



smuide, shuidh e sìos air a clar deiridh agus i a nis' ga ghiulan air falbh gu siubhlach o'n "Eilein ghrianach mu'n iadh an saile" ach cha b'fhada gus an do chuir an t-astar agus an dorchadas sgail-bhrat eadar a shuil agus

Tir nan giomanach gun ghiamh,  
'A rachadh sunndach ris ant sliabh,  
'Sa chuireadh smuid ri frith nam fiadh,  
Mu'n goir ant ian 'sa' chamhanaich.  
Tir a' bharrach chùbhraidh uain',  
Tir na soillse, tir gun ghruaim,  
'Sam faicte 'ghrian na gloir do-luaidh  
Gun toit a ghuail 'cur falach oirr.'

Agus air an fheasgar ud chuunaic Callum i, mar nach robh e 'san dan dha a' faicinn a rithisd car latha 's bliadhna na dheigh sìod, ach mar bu tric a chuunaic, agus a bheachdaich e oirre le thachd agus le iognadh

"aig crìoch a cuairt

Troi chupan gorm nan speuran buan  
A' dol gu tamh an uchd a' chuain,  
'S' i' g'òradh chruach 'us bhearraidhean."

Ged a b'fhada ghabh e o' nadur agus o' chliu a bhi aon chuid meata no lag chuisseach, chuir fàgail a dhuthcha sardheuchainn air a dhuinealais agus air a mhisneich. Ged nach robh a bheag aig a dhuthaich ri mhaoidheadh air ann an seadh air bith; agus ged a bha dochas aige gum faodadh e ruigheachd air cothroman feabhasachaidh, air cuspairean ionmhiannaichte agus ioma co-flhurtachd phearsanta ann an Glaschu, ris nach bu dū dha fuighair a bhi aige le fuireach aig a' bhaile, gidheadh bha dian cheangal aige ris an eilean bhochd iomallach a dh'fhag e, a bha an impis a chrìdhe 'bhristeadh. Bha suidheachadh cianail a mhathar, mar eun aonarach air sliabh, agus a' nead air a creachadh, a' laidhe gu goirt air 'inntinn. Air an laimh eile, bha leithid de bhuidh solasachaidh agus riarachaidh aig obair Naduir air aignidhean, mar tha 'n obair eugsamhuil sin air a taisbeanadh ann an aillidheachd fhiadhaich nambeann, nam gleann agus nam faschoilltean uaigneach—nan lochan,

nan allt caisleach, lùbach, tormanach— agus, nan aibhnicheaneasach, linngeach, balbh-shruthach, dian-shiubhlach a dh'fhag e nis' 'n a dheigh, gun fhios da nach e, ma' dh'fhaodte, a chead deirreannach a ghabh e dhiu 'n uair a shioid-laidh iad uìdh air uìdh as a shealladh fo sgail na h-oidheche, is gun d' fhairich e e-fein mar leanabh maoth air a ghrad spionadh o n' bhroilleach chaomhail a bha riann roimhe dha na bliaths, na thaitneas agus na ioc-shlaint. Cha robh teagamh aige nach robh moran nithe ri 'm faicinn ann an Glaschu de obair lamhan dhaoine a bhiodh 'n an annas, 'n an iongantas agus 'n an toileachas-inntinn dha; ach 'n uair a thainig e gu chuimhnemar a chuala' eno mar a leugh e uaireign—"Gur h-E an Cruithfhear a chruthaich an duthaich; ach gur h-ann le lamhan dhaoine a rinneadh na bailtean mora," smuainich e cìod air bith cuspairean talaidh no taitneachais a dh' fhaodadh a bhi air thoiseach air, nach tigeadh an latha 's an lionadh iad suas dha an fhalamhachd ionndrain leis an robh inntinn air an oidheche ud air a fiosrachadh.

Mu ghlasadh na cambanaich, bha soitheach na smuide timcheall Maol-Chinntire. Cha b'fhada gus an robh Callum bochd air urachadh agus air a bheothachadh le bhi coimhead air beanntaibh boidheach Chinntire agus an Eilein Arranaich; ach mo thruaighe; cha b'fhada gus an d'fhag e ant iomlan dhiu air a chultbaobh, agus beul farsuing Chluaidh r'a uèhd, agus mar gu'm biodh i ga shùghadh as taigh, ole air mhath leis, an coimneamh a sgornein dhoroche thoiteach nach do choisinn ach ro bheag dhe a thlachd no dhe a chiatadh. Bha faileadh breun a h-analach cho deistinneach dha is gu'n robh e gle thaingeil 'n uair a fhuair e a chas air tir, agus air cabhsair a' bhaile mhoir, anns am faighear e an deigh seo, a' cothlachadh air a laimh fein mar a bha an ceard 'sa' chaonnaig."

MCILEACH.

(Ri leantuinn.)

## "BUN-LOCHABAR."

In a company of literary men, at which the writer of these lines, though then but little more than midway through his *teens*, was privileged to be present, Professor John Wilson, of Edinburgh, the world-renowned "Christopher North," remarked, in the course of conversation—"Since the days of David, the sweet singer of Israel, I know not at this moment that I could point to a single hymn, properly so called, worthy of the name, except that which Scott causes the Jewess Rebecca to sing in 'Ivanhoe.' It is as nearly as possible a perfect gem of its kind, in which dignity, pathos, and a religious spirit, at once pure and fervid, are admirably intermingled. I know not any species of poetical composition so difficult to deal with successfully." We beg to present our readers with the hymn thus warmly praised by such competent authority, with a Gaelic translation on the opposite column, in which we have endeavoured, how successfully let the reader judge, to do something like justice to the original.

## REBECCA'S HYMN (FROM "IVANHOE.")

1

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out from the land of bondage came,  
Her father's God before her moved,  
An awful guide in smoke and flame.  
By day, along the astonished lands,  
The cloudy pillar glided slow;  
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands  
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

2

There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
And trump and timbrel answered keen,  
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,  
With priest's and warrior's voice between.  
No portents now our foes amaze,  
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;  
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,  
And Thou has left them to their own.

3

But present still, though now unseen!  
When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen  
To temper the deceitful ray;  
And oh! when stoops on Judah's path,  
In shade and storm the frequent night,  
Be *Thou*, long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light!

## LAOIDH NA BAN-IUDHAICH.

1

Tìr a braighdeanais 'n uair dh'fhàg  
Israèl a ghràdhaich Dia,  
Bha ESAN mar rithe 's gach trà,  
'Ga stiuradh air gach làmh 's ga dìon.  
'S an latha roimpe bha meall neòil,  
'S be 'n t' ioghnadh mòr sìod do gach treubh;  
S an oidhech' bha 'm fasach mar an t-òr  
Le boills'g' an teine a dh'orduich E.

2

'An sin bha laoidhean naoimh a  
Le tromp a's tiomban 'seirm do chliù,  
A's nigh'nan Shìoin 'togail fhonn  
D'an d' thug gach sonn 's gach sagart,  
fiù.  
An nis gun ni mar so—mo chreach!  
Tha Israèl air seach'ran sleibh,  
Cha gh'ath ar n' athraichean Do shlighs,  
As dh'fhag Thus' iad 'n an slighe fèin.

3

Ach mar ruinn fòs—ged 's ann fo sgàil!  
'Nuair 'thig oirn latha seilbh 'us maoin,  
Biodh smuaintean Orta dhuinn na dhion  
'O theas 'as iargain air gach taobh.  
'S air slighe Iudah O! 'nuair 'thig  
An oidheche dhorecha, tric bi dlù,  
Fad-fhulagach 'us mall chum feirg,  
'Nad sholus dealrach dhuinn 's na' d' stiuir.

4

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,  
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;  
No censor round our altar beams,  
And mute are timbrel, harp, and  
horn.  
But *Thou* hast said, the blood of goat,  
The flesh of rams I will not prize;  
A contrite heart, a humble thought,  
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

SCOTT.

4

Ar clarsaichean, nan culaidh-thàir,  
Dh'fhag sinn aig sruth Bhàbeil thall;  
Chaidh gach altair oirn fo smàl,  
A's fuaim ar gaire tha air chall.  
Ach fuil nan gobhar 'Dhia, ars Thus'  
Cha toilich mi na mìle spréidh  
"An cridh brist', 'san spiorad bruit'  
Si'n iobairt umh'l dan d'thug mi  
spéis."

NETHER-LOCHABER.

PAT O'CONNOR.

Chaidh duin'-uasal, Sasunnach àraidh,  
air tìr ann an Eirinn, agus chuir e  
fastadh air gille òg, tapaidh a thachair  
air d'am b'ainm Pat O'Connor, gu bhi  
'dol maille ris air feadh na dùthcha.  
Thòisich am Maighstir agus esan air  
comhradh r'a chèile anns na briathraibh  
a leanas.

MAIGH.—An i do bharail gu'n dean  
e an t-uisge an diugh, oganaich?

PAT.—Tha mi cùnteach gu'n dean e  
an t-uisge uaireigin, ach cha'n fhios  
domh cuin.

MAIGH.—Tha e eu-cosmhail ri uisge  
'san àm, oir tha 'ghrìan a' sòillseachadh  
gu h-àillidh.

PAT.—Tha gun teagamh. Gidheadh  
cha'n 'eil i a' deanamh ach an ni a's  
coir di. Ciod tuilleadh am feum a ta  
innte?

MAIGH.—Ciod an ùine a bha thu  
maille ris a' Mhaighstir a dh'fhàg thu?

PAT.—Air m' onoir, cha'n urrainn  
mi innseadh. Chuir mi m' ùine seachad  
cho toilichte 'na sheirbhis 's nach do  
ghléidh mi cùntas air. Dh'fheudainn  
teachd beò maille ris uile làithean mo  
bheatha, agus mòran ni b' fhaide n'an  
tograinn fein.

MAIGH.—Carson a dh'fhàg thu e,  
ma ta?

PAT.—Do bhrìgh gu'n do ghabh mo  
Bhan-mhaighstir 'n a ceann mo chridhe  
a bhriseadh. Cha tugadh i tàmh  
dhomh a là no dh'òidiche ach 'g am  
chur thall 'sa bhos, a dheanamh sud 'sa

so, air chor 's nach robh innleachd  
agam a bhi beò ni b' fhaide maille rithe.

MAIGH.—An ann mar sin a shàruich-  
eadh thu, ged tha thu ag ràdh gu'n  
robh thu cho toilichte agus sona?

PAT.—Bha mi cho aoibhneach 'sa  
bha'n là cho fad.

MAIGH.—Nach robh do Mhaighstir  
'n a dhuine ro uaibhreach àrd inntin-  
neach?

PAT.—'Se bha. An duine is ua-  
bhraiche 'san rioghachd air fad, oir cha  
deanadh e gnìomh suarach, salach, ged  
a gheibheadh e dha fein an cruinne-cé  
mu'n iadh a' ghrian.

MAIGH.—Ciod a's aois duit a nis, mo  
ghille tapaidh? Cia lion bliadhna tha  
thu?

PAT.—Tha mi dìreach 'san aon aois  
ri Morgan Finnigan. Rugadh sinn  
'san aon là, agus air duinn a bhi  
seachduin a dh'aois, tha cùmhne agam  
gu'n do bhaisteadh cuideachd sinn leis  
an aon uisge.

MAIGH.—Gu'n teagamh is maith do  
chùimhne, oganaich; ach innis domh,  
ma ta, ciod a's aois do Mhorgan  
Finnigan?

PAT.—Cha'n urrainn mi innseadh,  
agus a réir mo bharail, cha'n 'eil e a'n  
comas do Mhorgan fein a' cheisd sin a  
fhreagairt.

MAIGH.—An ann a'm Baile-clìath,  
ma ta, a rugadh tu?

PAT.—Cha'n ann idir. Dh'fheud-  
ainn a bhi air mo bhreith anns a'

bhaile sin n'an tograinn fein, ach b' fhearr leam an dùthaich; agus ma bhios mi beò gus am faigh mi bàs, agus m'a bhios deagh ghiùlan agam, bheir mi an aire gu'n adhlaicear mi 'san sgìreacaid far an d' rugadh mi.

MAIGH.—Ro cheart, ro cheart,—tha mi 'faicinn gur tapaidh an diùlnach thu, agus gur ainneamh do leithid; ach innis domh an dean thu sgrìobhadh?

PAT.—Sgrìobhadh! Is mise a ni, agus ni mi gu b-ealant 'e,—ceart co luath 'sa ruitheas am miol-chù an déigh an faidh air na raointibh.

MAIGH.—Ach a nis innis domh ciod an seòl cumanta air an téid neach air thuras troimh an dùthaich bhòidheach so?

PAT.—Ma ta, a' Mhaighstir chòir, tha 'chùis dìreach mar so,—ma théid thu air muir, feumaidh tu 'dol air luing sheòlaidhbh no air toit-long; ma théid thu air tìr, feumaidh tu dol air carbad, no air muin-eich; ach mar ròghnaich thu aon dhiubh sin, cha'n 'eil ann duit ach na casan a ghabhail, agus coiseachadh mar a's fearr a dh'fheudas tu, gus an ruig thu ceann do shlighe, biodh i fad no goirid.

MAIGH.—An deachaidh thu fein riamh astar mòr air do chosaibh?

PAT.—Is mi nach deachaidh. Cha do choisich mi riamh a mach air trì no ceithir cheud mìle a null tarsuing air an rioghachd; ach rinn mo chomhaois Morgan Finnigan Eirinn a chois-eachd o cheann gu ceann, gun bhròg air a chois, gun bhonaid air a cheann, agus gun snàthainn eudaich air a dhrùim, ach beagan luideagan reubta, salach, a bha 'gabhail beannachd le aon a' chéile.

MAIGH.—Mo thruaighe! Mòrgan bochd, cha robh sin idir furasd da, ach ciamar a chaidh aige air?

PAT.—Chaidh gu ro mhath, oir cha robh dith bìdh, no dibhe, no leapach air, an uair a bha teanga 'n a cheann, agus taighean, agus tobraichean ann an tìr na h-Eirinn.—Mar cuir mi fadal ort,

a Mhaighstir chòir, dh' innsinn sgeul beag dhuit mu Mhorgan.

MAIGH.—Rach air t-aghaidh, ma ta, agus innis ciod a dh' éirich do'n truaghan bhochd.

PAT.—Bha e an siod ag imeachd gu cruaidh air rathad mòr an rìgh, gus an d'rug e air duin'-uasal a bha' coiseachd air thoiseach air. An uair a bha e dìreach aig sàil an duin'-uasail, ghrad thionndaidh e mu'n cuairt, agus rug e air amhaich air Morgan, agus thubhairt e ann am feirge mhòir ris, “a mhèirlich ghoid thu mo neapaigin-pòca uam, agus cuiridh mi air ball do'n phrìosain thu.” Ro mhaith, ro mhaith, a dhuin'-uasail chòir, cha mlòr gur miosa sin na so, ach dean foighidinn beag, agus na bi cho bras, cha do ghoid mise òirleach dheth. Bha'n fallus a' dalladh an duin'-uasail, le bhì 'tarruing Mhorgain 'na dhéigh, agus stad e tiota beag. Mu dheireadh, thug e an ad aige bhàrr a chinn a thìormachadh an fhalluis. Ach ciod a fhuaire 'san aid ach an neapaigin-pòca a bha dùil aig a ghoideadh. Ghrad thionndaidh e ri Morgan, agus thubhairt e ris, “Tha mi 'g iarraidh maitheanas ort, a dhuine bhochd, oir dhìt mi thu gu neo-chiontach.” “Cha ruig thu leas maitheanas iarraidh ormsa,” a deir Morgan, “oir ghabh thusa mise mar mheirleach, agus ghabh mise thusa mar dhuin'-uasal, agus bha sinn 'nar dithis air ar mealladh!” Thug an duin'-uasal le deagh-ghean bonn-crùn da, agus dhealaich iad.

MAIGH.—Is laghach an sgeul sin, a Phat, agus bu tapaidh am ballach Morgan 'n a luideagaibh. Ach innis domh a nis, ciod an t-àm a's freagarr-aihe gu dol air thuras air feadh na dutheha so?

PAT.—Tha gu cinnteach an t-àm anns am mò am bheil a dh' àirgiod aig duine 'n a sporan.

MAIGH.—Glé cheart, glé cheart, (a' deanamh gàire) ach tha dùil agam gu'm bheil na rathadan mora 'san dùthaich so glé fhuasad in'eachd.

**PAT.**—Glé fhurasd gun teagamh ma phàighear na cìs-gheataichean a ta co tiugh air an suidheachadh, mar astar ochd mìle o chéile, air gach slighe 'san rìoghachd.

**MAIGH.**—Dh' innseadh dhomh gu'm bheil àireamh mòr agaibh dhe'n chrodh adhairceach 'san tìr so. Am bheil sin ceart?

**PAT.**—An iad na seilcheagan a ta thu a' ciallachadh?

**MAIGH.**—Cha'n iad, cha'n iad idir, an crodh-dubh tha mi 'ciallachadh.

**PAT.**—An crodh-dubh! Tha'n crodh againn deth gach dath,—dubh, geal, buidhe, bàn, odhar, riabhach, agus deth gach dath agus dreach eile fo'n ghréin.

**MAIGH.**—Ach tha dùil agam gu'm bheil e 'g uisge tuilleadh a's tric ann an Eirinn.

**PAT.**—'Se sin tha na h-uile neach ag ràdh; ach is comadh co dhiubh, cha'n fhad gus an tig crìoch air sin, oir gheall an duine maith O'Connell gu'n robh e gu achd Parlamaid a thoirt a staigh air son turaidh agus aimsire bhlàth, agus gheibh 'anam e. Guidhidh mòran gu'n teid a' chùis leis, gu sònraichte luchd buaineadh na mòine agus an fheòir. Guidhidh na h-uile gu'n tuit mìle beannachd air a cheann.

**MAIGH.**—Air duibh mòran aibhnichean grinn' a bhì agaibh 'san rìoghachd so, shaoilinn gu'm biodh pailteas éis agaibh an còmhnuidh.

**PAT.**—Pailteas dhe'n iasg is fearr a fhliuch riamh uisge! A cheud iasg air an talamh ach e fein! Gu'n teagamh, a Mhaighstir, cha'n innis mi breug dhuit, ach n'am biodh tu aig abhainn *Bhoyne* gheibheadh tu na bradain agus na bric a nasgaidh, agus n'an rachadh tu gu *Baileshanaidh*, gheibheadh tu iad air moran ni's lugha!

**MAIGH.**—Is leòir sin, ma ta, biomaid a nis a' falbh.

SGIATHANACH.

## BRASAILTE.

DO CHOINNEACH MACLEÒID.  
FEAR NA TOBRACH, 'AN STRATH-  
FEOTHAIR.

Thachair do bhean an ùghdair a bhì beagan sheachduinean aig tobraichean iocshlainteach Shrath-Feothair. Rè na h-ùine sin, bha i fuireach ann an taigh Mhic-Leòid, a nochd mòr chaoimhneas d'i; 's o'n bha teist muinntir eile, a bha mion-eòlach air ag co-chòrdadh anns gach seadh ri na thaisbein e dh' i féin smuanaich mi na rainn so 'chur ri chéile mar chuimhneachan air 'fhiùghantachd, 's air iomadalachd a bhudhan.

Tha m'aigheadh, 's mo chonn, 's a' cheòraidh air bhonn,

Gu-n togair leam fonn òrain,

'S o 'n tha sinn cho réidh, gu-n teid mi air ghleus,

'S gu seinnear leam séis shòlais

Do 'n fhiùran gun ghiamh, fhiùghantach, fhial,

Leadanach, chiabh òr-bhuidh',

'S mìn-dheirge dà ghruaidh mar chaorunn 'g am buain,

'S nan liop tha air shnuadh rò-an.

A Choinnich dheis, òig, o bhroilleach shìl Leòid,

'S na chinnich na seòid ainmeil,

'Nuair ghluaiseadh an sloigh fo bhrataichean sròil,

Bu fhathail am pòr meannnach,

'S torman nam piòb a' borbadh an spìd,  
A' tarruing gu strì armaibh,

'S mu 'm pilleadh o 'n àr bhiodh cìs air an nàmh,

'S e sud 'n an cuid blàr 'dhearbh iad.

Tha thu o d'òig, 'réir feartan do sheòrs',  
ceanalta, còir, uasai,

Faicilleach, ceart, taitneach, 's gach beart,

Rodhomain 'am beachd-smuaintean,  
Aoidheil gun stùrr, caoimhneil gun lùb,

Fileanta, ciùin, suairce,

Subhach gun chron, sicir gun lon,  
'S theid beannachd nam bochd 'suas

leat.

'S fhadh dh' imich do chliù, 's bi 'dh tu  
fo mhùirn,

'G ad shireadh 'an cùirt uaislean,  
'S tu eridheil mu bhòrd, 's a' lionadh  
nan còrn,

Ni thu gach bròn fhuadach ;  
Dannsair air làr ionnsuicthe 'thà,  
Briosg, sgiobalta, sàr-fhuasgailt' ;  
Ceòl gu do réir, 's bòidheach do chre  
Ri ruidhle nan ceum luatha.

Gur gile do chneas na cobhar nan eas,  
'S na cuithe 'ni sneachd aon oidheil' ;  
'S gur binne do ghuth na coisir nam  
bruth,

'S a' mhadainn ri moch aoradh :  
Gu-n dheothail thu rùn mhaighdean  
na dùthch'

Le mealladh do ghnùis fhaoiltich,  
'S tha cuid dhiubh fo bhròn 's a  
bhitheas ri 'm beò,  
A' cumha fo leòn gaoid dut.

'Nuair theid thu do 'n bheinn le d'  
ghunna tha grinn,

Gur moch thu 's na glinn àrda,  
'S do mhiol-choinn 'n an deann a'  
dùsgadh nam mang,

'S a' cuibhleadh nan seann làn-damh.  
Gur fuilteach do thriall a' tolladh nam  
bian,

A' leagail nam fiadh crà-dhearg,  
'S gur tric thug thu leat o iochdar  
nan eas,

Am bradan, 's am breac tàrr-ghéal.  
Coisnidh tu réis le taghadh do steud,

Tha spioradail, treun, naibbreach,  
'S e cìreanach, àrd, uchd-fharsuinn, làn,  
Mòr-shuileach, àill, cluas-ghèur,

Cuinneach, mòr, cruinn anns a'  
bhròig,

Màs-leathan, beò, enuachd-bheag,  
Lag-mhuingeach, gann, tiugh-carblach,  
teann,

Direach 's gach ball, 's luaineach.  
Cha-n aithme dhomh euchd 'ni duine  
fo n' gléin,

Nach fhaighear thar cheud buaidh leat,  
'S a dh-aindeoin gach pàirt 'thuair thu  
thar chàiel,

Cha chluinnear gu brath uail ort.

Choisinn thu toirt bheartach 'us bhoichd,  
'S ni iad le moit luaidh ort ;

'S bhrìgh d' uaisle ri m' Chéil' guidhidh  
mi féin,

Sonas 'us re buan dhut.

LOCH-AILLSE.

—:o:—

To the Editor of "THE GAEL."

*Inveraray Castle, October 31, 1872.*

SIR,—The following Gaelic poem is copied from a manuscript found yesterday, amongst a large and valuable collection of old papers, given lately by Mr Campbell, of Sonachan, to the Duke of Argyll. The manuscript is on quarto paper, written in a hand of last century, with an English rendering opposite to the Gaelic. The song appears to be a genuine composition of 1528. Like other Gaelic poems of this period, the language tends towards current northern Irish dialects. The spelling, accents, and other marks, are copied. With the aid of the Rev. Mr MacPherson, and after questioning Inveraray boatmen as to the meaning of some technical words, I have attempted to make a close translation, which I have now the honour to send, with a copy of the song.

It is interesting, because it gives a portrait of an ancient west country expedition. They launch their boats, they step their masts, they hoist a square sail, make the tack of the lug sail fast to the weather cat-head, set a foresail ("seoid-lin"), and beat to windward, using oars. This picturesque old navy of Loch Fyne was very like the modern herring fleet for size and rig. Such boats are commonly sculptured on tombstones, and are blazoned on coats of arms. It is curious also to note the small Gaelic equivalents for great titles, and their value when translated. The title of "Rìogh," which the learned bard gave to the Earl whom he chose for laudation, was given to a great many petty chiefs in

Ireland, and in Scotland, and clearly is the word "Raja." When given to the Irish monarch, who ruled at Tara over five provincial kings, they added a word to make the title "High King" (Ard Rìgh). When given to a great monarch in the East, they add a similar word to make the title "Great King" ("Maha Raja"). Rìogh, therefore, meant a country gentleman of old. Such titles as "General," "Lord High Justiciar," "Warden of the Marches," &c., in like manner dwindle when turned into Gaelic. I have tried to give equivalent words in translating the poem which follows, but I am not quite sure that I have rendered the whole correctly.

The following is a quotation from Buchanan. Vol. II. seventh edition. 1799. P. 153 :—

"And whereas, the King had no great confidence in the Hamiltons as being friends to his enemies, and was also offended at them upon the account of the slaughter of John Stuart, Earl of Lennox; and, besides, there being none of the nobility of the adjacent party that had power or interest enough

for that service, at last he resolved to send Colin Campbell with an army against the rebels, a person living in the furthest parts of the kingdom, but a prudent man, of approved valour, and, upon account of his justice, very popular. The Douglasses, when the Hamiltons and the rest of their friends failed them, were reduced to great straits, so that they were compelled by Colin, and by George, Chief of the Humes, to retire like exiles into England.

"In the month of October, two eminent knights came ambassadors from the King of England about a peace which, though earnestly desired by both Kings, yet they could scarce find out the way to conclude upon it. . . ."

From this it appears that the ballad is historical, so far as it goes with the history of George Buchanan. It also agrees with entries in Irish annals. Unless my recollection is at fault, this Colin Campbell is mentioned there as a generous, hospitable man, who gave gifts to learned scribes and bards.—I am, your obedient servant,

J. F. CAMPBELL.

### AN ODE OR SONNET

(Copy.)

Composed by a Highland Bard in honour of Colin, 3rd Earl of Argyle, in the reign of King James 5th, Anno 1528, upon his being appointed by the king to command an expedition against the Douglasses, then in rebellion on the borders. Buchanan, B 14 Ch. gives account of this expedition, with a beautiful and noble character of this Colin.

1.

Trialfá mi le m'Dhuanaisg ùllamh  
Go Rìogh Ghaoihdeal,  
Fear ag am bi 'm baile toitheamhil,  
Sonna saidhblhin.

2.

Triach Erragaidheal is fearr blifaicean  
Is mo maitheas  
Callen Iarla faoi cluidh  
Se is fial Flaithneas.

3.

Amhal ùasal fairsin freamhach  
Dan cùbhaigh moladh

1.

I'll wend with my finished ditty,  
To a Gaelic King [Rìogh]:  
A man whose town has many a fire-  
Happy and wealthy. [smoke,

2.

The Lord of Argyll is best to look on,  
Of greatest goodness;  
Colin the Earl, well reputed,  
Is pride of nobles.

3.

Noble apple-tree, widely rooted,  
Who is praiseworthy;

Crann is uire dhas roimh Thalamh  
Lan do thoradh.

4.

Seabhag is uasle theid sna neulamh  
Crann thar chrannuibh thu  
Mac Rath thu chum Dia go ullamh  
Don cleir Ealadhann.

5.

Mar leomhan neimhneadh neartmhuir  
An am trioblaid thu [laidir  
Beg nach deachuidh Alba ar udhmhal  
Gùs an do theasrig thu.

6.

An trath thrialfas Callen Iarla  
Is a shluagh bunnidh  
Cùrfar leis air Fairge o' chalachd  
Cabhlach ullamh.

7.

Loingeas leathan laidir lùchdmhùr  
Dealbhthach dhianach  
Is sleamhùinadh Slias dhol san ùrathd  
Dar-chruadh ramhach.

8.

Togar an sin no geal chroinn chorrach  
Suas le'n Ionadh  
Is iomdha Balle gu teann ga deanamh  
An am dhoibh Seoiladh.

9.

Dheantar àn slaogh dhireach dualach  
Mar bhraigh thosuigh  
Togar na seuil mhor le maisa  
Le scoid-lin crosach.

10.

Dheantar 'n cluas san chich tosaigh  
Dhol san ùrathd  
Mar Steid ro luath i, sruth gà sar-  
aigh  
'S muir ga bualadh.

11.

A leuid Laoch fulingeach meanmnach  
Dorn-geal treithach  
Imrudh lub air a hàlach  
Socairach seidthrach.

12.

An deadh sluadh lionmhur faoi lan  
O'mhareùigh reamhra [armidh  
Air a dheis laimh do anan neart na  
Aige Riogh Alba. [Dlùibhnach\*

\* (gloss) Campbells.

Noblest tree that grew through earth's  
Full fruit bearing. [mould,

4.

Noblest falcon that soars to cloudland,  
Tree above trees thou; [ready  
Son of good fortune, whom God kept  
For learned clerks [instructed bards].

5.

As a fierce lion, strong and mighty,  
In troubled time thou;  
Scarce but Scotland went to ruin,  
Till thou aided.

6.

The morn that Colin the Earl marches,  
And his people;  
By him is put on sea from harbour,  
A full flotilla.

7.

Broad-beamed shipping, strong, great  
Tight, and shapely; [burdened,  
Of slipperiest sides to go to windward,  
Oak-hard, oared.

8.

Then are lifted the white masts swaying,  
Up with their gearing;  
Many's the rope that is being made fast,  
What time they're sailing.

9.

Their straight cables are made coiled,  
To top the fo'k'stle;  
The great sails are raised in beauty,  
With foresails crossing.

10.

Their ears are made fast in the fore-  
bosom [cat-head],  
To go to windward;  
As a right swift steed she, tide ex-  
Sea her beating. [hausting,

11.

Her crew of haughty, enduring heroes,  
White fisted, hardy;  
Would make a bend in her oar-banks;  
Steadily breathing.

12.

The excellent numerous host full armed,  
From rich mark lands [markets];  
At his right ever the power of the  
Has the King of Alba. [Duibhnach,



13.

Le laigh a chartas 's nuair i b' eigin  
 Le cruadh chogadh  
 Bhuain sibh buaidh 's 'a sibh oirdheirc  
 'S fhuair sibh Tosach.

14.

Ni aithnidh dhamsa bhur cairdin a  
 Ga fairsin 'm eolas [mach  
 Ach' sro chintadha gu 'neiridh leatsa  
 Mac Leod Leoghes.

15

Fuil Mhic Intosich gu ullamh  
 Feachtha Mhic Imidh  
 Maire air an leagudh iad 'mbuilean  
 An am Lann imirt.

16

Clan na Leoin gu laidir lionmhur  
 O'n Fhion mhullach  
 An Dream thug buaidh an 's'gach beal-  
 ach  
 'S bfearr fuirach.

17

Brollach Clan Domhnùil ort a feith-  
 camh  
 Dun cliù bñaidh lathairach  
 Uaslin Inse Gall gu coimhlion  
 Fir gun ailin.

18

Fhuair thu sud faoi an Rìogh 'sgu  
 b'arrigh  
 Bhi d' ard chean bheirt  
 Air fearibh Alba is bhi d'ard Breith-  
 mhùr  
 Neithe is annama.

19

Ata thu d'ard-fhear gleidh agus coim-  
 Air an Crìoch thall [heàd  
 Rainig 's bhñaidh thar bhùr namhù-  
 dūin  
 'S fhuair thù siothcheant

20

Air ard-comhairle na Alba  
 S tū stuir uile  
 Do cho mhaith ni n' dhuarfais an sean-  
 nachūs  
 O lin Uilliam

13.

With hands of justice, and, when 'twas  
 With hard fighting; [needed,  
 Ye won victory, and ye are honoured,  
 And got the lead.

14.

Unknown to me are all your allies,  
 Though wide my knowledge;  
 But sure it is that he'll rise with thee,  
 MacLeod of Lewes.

15.

The Macintosh Blood ever ready,  
 The hosts of Mac Imidh [Lovat].  
 Woeworth on whom they may drop  
 In the blade play. [their blows

16.

Tribe of the Leoin, strong and plen-  
 teous, [MacLean]  
 From the white hill top;  
 The branch that won battle in every  
 Of best endurance. [pass,

17.

The Breast of Clan Domhnuil are  
 waiting on thee,  
 Whose style is "Victorious."\*  
 Gentles of the Gentile Isles together,  
 Men undaunted.

18.

That got'st thou from the King, and  
 earned it,  
 To be high chieftain  
 O'er the men of Alba and High Brehon,  
 In gear and lives [Souls (?) matters  
 ecclesiastical and civil].

19.

Thou art high keeper and watcher  
 On yonder marches;  
 Thou camest and overcamest thy foe-  
 men,  
 And gottest peace words.

20.

Over the high Council of Alba  
 Thou did'st steer all;  
 Of such a worthy no story was got-  
 ten,  
 Since the time of William

\* To whom is the honour Victory-in-  
 stricken-field-ish.



é dhiubh air “bhiod,” air son a fortan chluinntinn. Cha bu luaithe ’ràinig sinne na ruith an triuir a mach air an torus chuil; agus, ma dh’innseas mi n fhirinn duit-se, ’Ghaidheil ion-mhuinn, cha robh sinne bronach, oir cha bu toigh leinn a bhi ’g eisdeachd na caillich a’ leughadh na’n uibhean, agus gu ’n robh sinn cinnteach gu’m bitheadh na caileagan a’ magadh a ris oirn. Bhris a’ chailleach ubh, agus gu cùramach leag i leis a’ ghealagan ruith do’n ghloinne (aig an àm cheudna glé thoitheach nach gluaisedh am buidheagan, oir na ’n tuiteadh boinne dheth ’sa’ ghloinne maille ris a’ ghealagan ’s ris an uisge, cha bhiodh a’ chuis cho math). An deigh do’n ghealagan a bhi mar bu mhiannach leis a’ chaillich, chuir i a bois air beul na gloinne, ’s chrath i gu h-iollagachaig an am cheudna ’g ainmeachadh araon “Mhic-Shimidh” (air ainm ’s air a shloinneadh) agus an fhir nach tig an comunn nan criosduidhean. Leag i ’n sin leis na bha ’sa’ ghloinne stòladh, ’s shin i-fhein air aithris rann no ubag air chor-eigin. Leugh i ’ghloinne, ’s dh’innis i do “Mhac-Shimidh,” ni, ma tha e fìor, a ni ’na dhuine sona e, cho fada ’s a bhios ’anail a’ dol sìos a’s suas. Air a mhodh cheudna, leugh i mo ghloinne-se, ach ’s duilich leam nach d’thug i misneachd sa bith dhomh. Dh’fhalbh sinn an sin á taigh na caillich a’s dhealaich mi-fein ’s “Mac-Shimidh,” agus chaidh mi do thaigh eile, agus air dhomh dol as teach, bha fear ann an sin ’sa cheann gu ruig a ghuaillean ann am ballan uisge, feuchain an tugadh e sia sgillinn de ’ghrunnd. Theirteadh na’n tugta an t-sia sgillinn á grunnad a’ bhallain uisge, leis na fiacnan, gu’m faigheadh a neach a dheanadh sin ceile, luath no mall. Chuir mi fhein mo cheann ’san uisge, agus gach uair a dh’fheuchainn ri chur fodha, thigeadh an aileag orm, ’s ged a bhithinn a’ stri ris an t-sia sgillinn a thogail fhathasd cha

bhithinn dad n’a b’fhearr; agus sgur mi, oir bha e cho fasa dhomh snaoisean fhaighinn o “Dhòmhnall na Gealaich” ’sa bha e dhomh greim a dheanamh air an t-sia sgillinn. Dh’fhiach mi ’n sin ri ubhall a thoirt as a’ bhallan, ach cha b’e dad a b’fhasa dheanamh: a’s ghéill mi. Chuireadh an sin brat air m’eudainn, gus an robh mi cho dall ri fàth; agus chuireadh tri triunnsairean air mo bhial-thaobh—fear falamb, fear làn adh uisge glan, agus, le do chead-sa, am fear eile làn adh uisge salach. Bha agam ri mo lamh a chur ann am fear diubbh, agus a reir an fhir ’san cuirinn i, bha m’ fhortan’ ’sa bheatha seo gu bhi air a thaisebanadh. Tri uairean an deigh cheile, chuir mi mo lamh ’san triunnsair fhalamb; as le corraich thilg mi am brat de m’ aghaidh. Fhuair mi an sin ubhall agus chaidh mi leis gus an sgathan; oir chuala mi, na’n ithinn ubhall ag coimhead ris an sgathan agus coinneal a’ lasadh na m’ lamh chli, gu’m faicinn iomhaidh mo leannain. Rinn mi mar dh’iarradh orm, ach an truaighe iomhaidh a chunnaic mise ach m’ iomhaidh fein! Shin iad an sia air losgadh chnothan; ’s a chiad dithis a loisg iad (Mac-Shimidh ’s a mhaighdeann) “ghabh” iad cho aillidh agus gu’n eilticheadh tu-fein riutha ’Ghaidheil. Loisgeadh an seo mi-fein agus an té air an robh mi ’n tòir o ghlùn mo mhathar —’s mo loisgeadh, “ghabh” mise, ’s “chrag” ise. Cha b’urrainn mi seasamh ris a’ chorr, ’s dh’fhag mi ’n taigh le corraich agus thug mi ’n iolainn orm, a spionadh dhias as a’ chruaich choirce. Bha fadal mòr orm gus an tigeadh an dias, agus mi ’n dochas gu’m biodh i tarbhach, torrach, ach, mo dhiubhail! cha robh aon siallan oirre! As an iolainn thug mi ’n ath orm, agus thilg mi ceirse shnatha ’ghoid mi air mo mhathair, suas do chro na h-athainn, a’s dh’èigh mi, “co tha siod air ceann mo shnathain?” ach cha d’fhuair mi freagairt; a’s gu dubh-

chridheach b'eiginn tilleadh dachaidh. A' dol dachaidh smaonaich mi air oidheirp, cadhon an oidheirp dheireannaich: mo mhuilicheann a bhogadh ann an allt sa bith air an robh beo a's marbh a' dol seachad. Rinn mi seo, chaidh mi dhachaidh, a's chaidh mi 'laidhe. Chuir mi mo mhuilicheann fhuach fo mo cheann agus mi 'n dùil gu'm brudairichinn air ailleag air chor-eigin; ach cha do bhrudair, agus air dhomh ciridh 'sa' mhadninn bha mi "sgùth, trom, airteulach."

Nis a Ghaidheil ionnmuinn dh'innis mi dhuit mar dh'eirich dhomh oidheche shamhna. Dh' fheuch mi gach ni airson fios fhaighinn air ciod an seorsa mnatha bha mhanadh orm, ach cha d' fhuair mi am fios sin; agus ciod a ni mi? Cha bu mhatl lean a bhi na mo sheann fhleasgach, agus sin gu h-araid o'n tha 'n sean-fhocal ag radh "gur fada bu choir dol a dh'fhaicinn fear nach fhaigheadh bean." Theagamh gu'm faighinn-se te, ach 'se 'm mi-shealbh a bh'orm riabh—*an te a gheobhainn cha ghabhainn*. Bha mi 'n toir air iomadh te, ach dé dheth sin, cha ghabhadh iad mi. An nis a Ghaidheil shuairce tuigeas tu-fein mo staid, a's theagamh gu'n cur thu focal math as teach air mo shon ri aon de na h-oighean maiseach a tha leughadh do GAIDHEAL. Ma gheobh thu colas air te a shaoileas tu 'thaitneas rium, abair rithe gur ann innte-se tha 'n eis, 's nach ann annam-sa; 's ma shaoileas tu gu'm bi i coma-co-dhiù, abair, mar thuirt Uilleam Ros.

Nach cùis ghrain agus mhi-thoirt  
Seann nighean gun sgiamb,  
'N a briogaid gun mhiagh,  
'S nach iarrair a pog!  
Bì 'h-aodann air casadh,  
Bì 'falt air fas liath,  
Bì cam-char 'n a bial  
A's fiar char 'n a sroin;  
*When she'll whine and repine*  
Cha bhi loinn tuille dh' i,

*Not a kiss a gheobh is'—  
She'll be meas cumanta,  
Gun cheile, gun leannan,  
Gun teallach, gun tuar,  
'N a seasg-chaillich thruaigh,  
Fo smuaircan, 's fo bhron!*

Na di-chuimhnich m' athchuinge!  
Seall mo dhealbh do the sa bith leis am  
miannach fhaicinn! Cuir seo 'sa'  
Ghaidheal; agus, creid gur mi do  
charaid seasmhach

MAC-DHOMHNUILL DUBHIL.

Uig, XI. Mios, 1872.

—:o:—

### SGRIOS NAM PIOCACH.

BHO AONAS MACAONAS, CRAOITEAR,  
SMEARCLEIT, UIST-A'-CHINN-A'-DEAS.

[Sgrìobhta le Alasdair G. MacGille-  
Mhicheil, air an 13mh là de cheud  
mhios na bliadhna, 1865.]

Bha uigh aig Rìgh Coinneach cuir  
as do na Pìocach. Shuidhich e iomadh  
doigh air an sgrìos, ach cha deachaidh  
leis. Bha a mhac domhain 'sa' cheann  
agus shuidhich casan agus an greighear  
doigh chum an sgrìos, o na dh' fhairt-  
lich iad eir 'athair.

Agus b'ì seo an dòigh—"Falbh  
thus" orsa mac an Rìgh ris a' ghreigh-  
ear "agus abair ris an iasgair tois-  
eachadh air iasgach a' bhradain agus  
feannabuilg a dhianadh air a' chuile  
gin a gheobh e agus na biain a thoirt  
thugamsa." Thug an greighear seachad  
an t-ordugh a fhuair e, agus rinn  
an t-iasgair mar a shireadh ri, agus  
thug e biain nam bradan gu cùramach  
adh ionnsuidh mac an Rìgh.

Rinn an sin mac an Rìgh agus an  
greighear deise le biain nam bradan,  
agus bha an deise fuathasach iongan-  
tach.

Bha i coltach ris na luiricheann  
aigileanach uallach (? dualach) a bhith-  
eadh eir laoich o shean, ri àm cath a's  
comhraig. Ruigeadh i shuas gu mul-  
lach a chinn, agus shìos gu sail nam  
bonn!

Bha làis us leinneireac soills' aist nar bhoillsge bogha nan speur, a's dhealradh i 'san oidhche dhùdarra gheamhraidh mar dhealan air beinn an fheidh.

Chuir Rìgh Coinneach a sin fios a mach fad agus farsuinnfeadh Alba thun nan diucanan, iarlachan, agus tighearan, tighinn a chumail cuirm agus cuideachd ris, mar onair dha-fhein, agus mar thoileachadh dhaibhsean, aig feothas an treuntais agus an gaisge, ri linn bhith 'cur as dha na Pìocaich. Thainig na h-urracha mora agus rinn-eadh cuirm mhor, mhor, eir an coin-eamh.

Sgeadaich an greighear e-fhein anns an deise bhoisgeanta a rinneadh eir bian nam bradan. 'Nuair a bha na h-uaillesean 'n an suidhe aig an dinnteir chaidh e thun uinneig an Rìgh agus sheid e 'n trombaid, agus ghlaodh e le guth ard, "A Rìgh Choinnich, sgrios na Pìocaich! cuir as daibh! na fag anam beo dhiu. Is mise teachdaire 'thainig a suas o neamh leis an teachdaireachd seo thugad-sa agus bithidh minis a tilleadh a suas an taobh a thainig mi." Sheall na h-uaillesean eir an Rìgh agus eir cacha cheile, agus sheall an Rìgh orra, ach cha d' thuirt duine diog. Labhair a sin mac an Rìgh agus thuirt e, "Nach coir coimhead a mach fiach coid e'm fuath tha siod, no fiach coid e is mathas dha." "Is coir coimhead a mach gu dearbh" orsa na h-urracha mora. Nuair a shealladh a mach bha an greighear a suas ri aghaidh na beinne mu choineamh taigh an Rìgh. Dhearc'ad air gus an deach e as an sealladh. Thill iad a sin is taigh. "Tha siod fìor gu leoir a Rìgh Choinnich. Tha aingeal o neamh a siod gu beucaidh. Toisich thus air na Pìocaich agus bithidh sinne leat agus cha'n fhag sinn Pìocach beo an Albainn."

Sgaoil na h-urracha mora dachaidh a chruinneachdadh an cuid sluaigh agus airm. Thainig iad adh ionnsuidh an Rìgh le'n còisridh, le'n eachraidh

agus le 'm marcraidh. Shin iad fhein agus an Rìgh a sin air na Pìocaich gus nach d'fhagadh Pìocach beo as an deughaidh an Albainn.—Sin an sgrios mu dheireadh a thugadh eir na Pìocaich.

—:o:—

### NAIDHEACHDAN.

Bhrist teine mach ann am *Boston*, a rinn mor chall araon do bheatha dhaoine agus do cheannachd. Cha mu'n cuairt do ochd ciad taigh a' losgadh—a chuid bu mho dhiubh, taighean maileirt. 'S gann gu'n deach roineag chloimhe fhagail am baile *Boston*, gun losgadh. Ni mo a cha brogan (no leathar gu an deanamh) fhagail. Ged a cha na h-urrad de thaighean a' losgadh, cha robh ach mu'n cuairt do dha chiad pearsa gun dachaidh an deigh an teine—oir, mar a dh' ainmich sinn 'siad na h-aitean maileirt a cha 'm milleadh. Cha, aig a chuid a's lugha, luach ceithir fichead muillean dollair airgid a chall!

Cha slugh a chiurradh an la roimhe, aig Bail'-Eoghainn faisg air Inbhirfeotharainn le dà charbad iarunn a bhuaill a cheile. Cha deach gin a mharbhadh, ach cha beagan chnaimhean a bhristeadh. Gu sealbhach, bha leighich air a' charbad aig an àm, agus chleachd e'eolas gu' duineil—ni a choisinn da mor chliu o gach neach. Cha bu luaithe "'cho-bhuail" na carbaid na chuireadh dealan-fhios do Inbhirnis a dh'innseadh an tubaist. Gun uin a chall cha carbaid lan luchd oibreach a chur gu Bail'-Eoghainn, agus cha b' fhada 'bhathas ag cur gach ni 'n a aite fein.

Bithidh ar luchd-leughaidh toilichte chluinntinn gu'm bheil am fìor Ghaidheal Alasdair Mac-Neacail, am fear lagha, a' dol a dh' fhagail Dhun-Eidin do aite na's fearr da. Tha fios aig ar leughadairean cheana, air cho measail 'sa tha e air a' Ghailig; agus gun teagamh bi deagh chuiumhne aca air "Ruathar Mhic-Mhuirich," eadar-theangaichte leis-san, agus clo-bhuailte

'sa' cloigcamb aireamh de'n GHaidheal. Tha e dol do shiorramachd *Kirkcudbright*, gu dreuchd moran a's tairbhiche na 'dhreuchd an Dun-Eidin. 'Se Mac-Neacail a shuidh na uiridh 'sa' chathair aig coinneamh bhliadhnaidh nan Gaidheal, an Grianaig, 's air deireadh oran a cha dheanamh air son an aobhair, bha'n rann seo:

“Si ar durachd do Mhac-Neacail,  
Gu'n ruig e dhachaidh gu sabbhailt;  
Tha ar suil ri 'fhaicinn fhathasd  
'Na shuidhe an cathar is airde.”

Tha e gu “suidhe an cathar is airde” gun dail, agus tha sinn cinnteach gu'm bheil deagh-dhurachd gach Gaidheal maille ris.

Mar chitheadh ar luchd-leughaidh o litir a' “Ghille Dhuibh” 'san aireamh mu dheireadh de'n Ghaidheal, tha Gaidheil Ghrianaig a' strì ri COMUNN GAIDHEALACH a chur suas anns a' bhaile sin. Gun teagamh sa bith bhiodh e glé iomchuidh gu'm biodh nicigin de'n t-seorsa ann am baile anns am bheil na h-urrad de'r luchd-duthecha ri Grianaig: cha'n e mha'n gu'm bheil e iomchuidh, ach gu'm bheil e nàir nach robh e ann o chionn fhada. Air an aobhar sin, tha sinn an dòchas gu'm bi comunn maiseach Gaidhealach an Grianaig gun dail, agus nach bi na Gaidheil dearmadach air frithealadh air anns gach dòigh 'n an comas.

Cha an long a' “*Forest chief*” á *Hatifax* a chall air eilean Ile. Bha i á

tighinn á America làn de ghràn Innscanach, do cheann tuath Eirinn. Bha i air a' luasgadh leis an stoirm ghailbteach fad na slighe a' tighinn; ach ar d'i bhi gu math air a h-ghaidh troimh na chuan Eirinneach, cha i dheth a sàil, cha' luchd troimh-cheile, 's laidh e air taobh an fhasgath air mhodh agus gur gann a gheobhadh a sail greim ged bhiodh e fiathach. Fhuair a sgioba uile—ach aon fhear—air tìr. Ged bha iad air dhroch ghréigheadh, fhuair iad gach comhnadh an “eilean glas an fheoir,” agus á sin chaidh iad do *Liverpool*.

Bha 'n cruinneachd anabarrach tairbheach an America air a' bhliadhna seo—a' leithid de bharr cha chuimhneach leinn, eadhon da chiad a's da-fhichead muillean buisicil.

Tha'n aimsir glé chaochlaideach daonnan—theagamh maduinn ghrianaich, bhilath, a's uisge 'm anmoch; no lianagaich shneachda 'sa' mhaduinn a's aiteamh am oidheche. Tha'n cruinneach daor; tha mhin bho ochd tastain diag a's sia sgillinn gu nòta 'm bolla. Tha pris mhòr air feudail a's meanbh-chroth. Tha'n fheoil fuathasach daor—cho daor agus gu'm bheil moran 's na bailtean nach eil comasach air a faighinn idir. Tha'n gual cho daor agus gu'm bheil mor fharmaid aig muinntir nam bailtean ris an fheadhainn aig am bheil pailteas moine air an dùthaich.

### NUADH ORAN.

Air a dheanamh Do Eiridh a mach America, le Dunnchadh Ceanaideach Maighistir-sgoil 'am Meileart.

Luinneag

Hem o lil o lil ho ro li,

Hem o lil o lil ho ro hi,

Hem o lil o lil ho ro li,

Gur coma ro choma leam cogadh no sith.

'S e cogadh dubb, deurach, na h-Éiridh a mach,

A thòisich gun aobhar chum daoine 'sgath as,

Air an t-seachdamh-ceud-deug do Mhac Dhé 'thigh'nn á fath,

Ceithir deug 'us trì fichead air imeachd a seach.

Eadar Mòr Bhreatunn 's America thall,  
 Mu chùisean beag eigin a dh' fheumadh an t-arm,  
 A choimhead a sìth-thaimh 's gach tìr a ta ann,  
 'S a chomhrag nan Innseanach dhionadh an ceann.  
 Cha-n iochdadh na h-ìochdrain ud cùisean no càin,  
 Ach bhithheadh iad neo-cheangailt' ri Sasunn 's ri 'gnàth,  
 A reachd no ceart-choir-sa cha deònaicht'gu bràth,  
 A dhionadh 's a chòmhrag a' chòir ann an làimh.  
 Bu tàir leis an uachdaran uasal, an Rìgh,  
 'S le' chomhuirlich uile nach buidhinnt' a' chùis ;  
 Ged nach robh i gu sta-san, no dh' àrach na riogh'chd,  
 Ach chum am maith féin, ged nach b' léir dhoibh a brìgh.  
 An sin chuir a Mhorachd dream fhoghlumte nunn,  
 Gu sìth-réite a chlosdadh 'us cordadh air suim,  
 A bhith'dh gu'm maith féin 's nach éignicht' thar tuinn,  
 Ach dh'aichein na h-eucoraich, 's dh' éigh comhrag ruinn.  
 An trath nach robh againn ach cathach' no call,  
 An dùthaich mhor agbmhor, 's na phaigh sinn d' a ceann,  
 'Se roghnuich sinn éiridh, o'n b'éigin bha ann,  
 'S gu'm faiceadh na reubalaich euchdan ar lann.  
 An cuala riamh comhrag na's bronach na th'ann,  
 'N trath b' éigin do Dheors' dol a stroicimh a chlann,  
 Rinn an dìon ann a chleit anns gach greadan o naimh  
 'S a thug eideadh 'us lon doibh 'n trath b'eg 'us a b' fhaun.  
 O an-ìochd nam Frangach chaidh 'n dìon anns gach cruas,  
 O Spaintich, o Ghiosaich, 'so Innseanaich ruadh' ;  
 Chaidh an sìth 'us an saorsa a shaoradh le buaidh,  
 Ged a chaidh an claonadh gu baothail gu fuath.  
 Ach dh'fhas iadsan uaibhreach, 'us uailleil á 'n stor,  
 'S an cridhe mear, reamhar, le gean agus sogh ;  
 Air chor 's gu'n do chuitich le dùrachd an dorn,  
 Do mhathair an dùthcha, a chuinn doibh an t-or.  
 'S ann a dh'fhaodar an donas a choimeas gu léir,  
 Ris a' mhac struitheach òlmhor bu ghòrach 'na bheus ;  
 Ged bu mhuirneach dha 'athair le h-aidhear 'us spéis,  
 Cha-n fhoghnadh sud dhasan ach a phorsan dha fhéin.  
 'N tràth shluig a mhi-stuamachd o'n truaghan a mhaoin,  
 Thug gainne agus dolum dha eolas maraon,  
 Air easumhlachd dhasan a dh' àraich e maoth,  
 'S a thaisbein dha gràs gu ro ghairdeachail, caomh.  
 Ghrad theich e gu 'athair gun spionnadh gun treoir,  
 'Nuair bha e 'dol bas anns an fhasach gun lon ;  
 Am broineagan groda 'na eilthreach broin,  
 'S a' toirmeasg a chantainn a mhac dhe na's mo.  
 Thuit an t-iompaichte truagh ann an luathre air an fheur,  
 A' guil 'us a' caoineadh 's b'e aogas an t-eug ;  
 Ag aidmheach a dhòbhearta mora gu leir  
 'S ag guidheadh lan-mhaitheanais, 's gealladh nach treig.

'S amhail sin 's mar a tharlas do'n ghraisg ud fa dheoidh,  
 Ge h-uaibhreach ro statoil an tabhachd 's an treoir;  
 Feith, 'us chitear iad fhathasd a' gal 'us a' bron,  
 Air son gach mor thruaighe thug uaill ann an coir.  
 Nach iomadh ceud curaidh thug cuiridhnean ard,  
 Do'n bhuidhinn an-fheile nach toilleadh a bhaigh;  
 Gu tighinn fo fhasgath am brataich 'us tamb,  
 O dhortadh na fola, 's bhi tairis an saimh?  
 Nach cruaidhe an cridhe, gun tiomachadh riamh,  
 'S bhi 'faicinn an daoine nan slaod air gach sliabh;  
 'S gun truas aig an cairdean do'n ambghar o ehian,  
 O'n chaidh an truaileadh le fuath 'us droch mliann?  
 Nach amaideach, gorach, an doigh air an d' fhas,  
 Iad cairdeach ri'n naimhdean, 's nach ann air an gradh;  
 A tha iad 'g an comhnadh gach lo' anns a' bhlar,  
 Ach eum 'us gu'n deonaicht' dhoibh coir ann an ail' ?  
 Nach lionmhor an truaighe o'n ghluais iad a mach,  
 Tha 'm fearann gun bharr, 'us tha'n tain 'gan sgath' as;  
 An treudan 'nan spollaibh aig oigrìdh nam slath,  
 'S gun eideadh no comhdach tha 'n ton anns a' chath?  
 Cha-n'eil luibh ann an achadh, no 'machair, no 'm beinn,  
 Bha eifeachdach, fallan, an galar no'n tinn.  
 Nach deachaidh a thachdadh, 's a chasgairt gun fhoinn,  
 O'n thoisich a' charraid le gasraidh na foill.  
 Chaidh toradh na coille an gainnead gu léir,  
 'Us thoirleum gu làr ann an cràmhaig 's nan céir,  
 Chaidh ceairdean, 'us malairt, 'us ceannachd gun fheum  
 'Us mìltean a chreachadh 'bha gaisgeil gu h-euchd.  
 Ged thug iad 'n an triuir uainne dùbhlain nan lann,  
 'S ged fhuirneisich Duidsich dhoibh fùdar nach gann;  
 Cha gheill sinn, ach buaidhichidh suas thar an ceann,  
 'S mar chomhar' buaidh-laraich bithidh labhrais ri crann.  
 Tha 'n ionmhas 'g a tràghadh gach là do na sloigh,  
 Tha coimhead na làrach 's o glàbhadh thigh'nn oirnn;  
 Ach chì sinn an là nach aidhearach gleois,  
 Luchd dhùsgaidh na tuaireip, 's cha truaigh leinn an dèòir.  
 An t-sùil a ni fanoid, air 'athair caomh féin,  
 'S tha 'tabhairt d'a m'athair gach tàir 'us mi-gheill,  
 Ni fithich an fhàsaich an cràdh' as a cheil',  
 'S na h-iolaircan òga dhiubh lòn agus béidh.  
 Mhallaich an athair, 's cha d' bheannaich iad riamh,  
 Am màthair a dh' fhòir air an dòlum gach iall;  
 Ann am fradharc cho àrd 's nach b' aill leo an riar,  
 O'n dh' fhàs iad ro làidir air tailleamh namh fial.  
 Fhuair gionach 'us sannt ann an cridheachaibh cruaidh,  
 'S nach toilicht' gu bràth iad na 's mò na 'n uaigh;  
 A dh' fhàsas nis torrach cur chorpaibh an t-sluaigh,  
 'S gheibh a'chilarsach 's am foghnan, 's an ròs caitream buaidh.  
 (*Gu bhi air a leantuinn 'san ath aireamh.*)



# T H Q G A Q D,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

DECEMBER, 1872.

## GAELIC LORE.

WHILST we are keenly alive to the rights and interests of the Gaelic race, and ready at all times to do battle with those who traduce or contemn our people, we are also solicitous that Highlanders should manfully discharge the duties which they owe to the rest of mankind. Celtic mind has shone, no doubt, in every department of thought, as certainly as Celtic vigour and skill have accomplished their fair share of the physical work of the world; but we are self-abasing enough to confess that, of the purely characteristic products of Celtic genius, which are in an especial degree incorporated with the Gaelic language, comparatively little has as yet been contributed to the common stock of human knowledge. Every intelligent Highlander knows that, whether we refer to the facts or the ideas, the philosophy or the fancy, or limit our thoughts to the mere etymology of the language, there is a vast amount of treasure among us, from want of which philologists, archæologists, historians, ethnologists, and sociologists are at a loss. Numbers of these builders of science and philosophy are looking across the mountains and the seas to the Highlands of Scotland, to Ireland, to the Isle of Man, and to Wales, but particularly to those who speak the Gaelic language, for assistance which Celts alone can afford. This is an important fact in the high intellectual commerce of men; and although it may be somewhat depressing to think that we have been so remiss in times past, as in any measure

to neglect this part of our work, it is encouraging to those who have struggled against an evil anti-Celtic current of thought, to find that their countrymen are so much looked up to in the world of intellect. One of the most common reproaches with which Highlanders were wont to be assailed was, that there was nothing of value in the language which they spoke. It did not matter much that this allegation was made by persons altogether incompetent to pronounce a worthy opinion on the subject, the opinion was all the more positively asserted, that it was becomingly fortified by the most obdurate ignorance. It has repeatedly struck us as very remarkable that persons should so often feel themselves competent to pronounce judgment in Celtic matters, even when their own ignorance was most palpable. As if the Goth should say, "I know nothing about the matter, therefore there is nothing in it." There is a very important question connected with this assumption, to which we may, at some future time, call attention. How did this assumption arise? Was it a mere intellectual mistake, or a criminal policy? A curious example of the potency of this assumption occurred in the leading columns of the *Scotsman*, when the Irish Land Question was under discussion, some time previous to the passing of Mr Gladstone's great Land Act. The *Scotsman* editor has long been notorious for his furiously hostile feelings towards Irish Celts, as well as towards Highlanders; and at that time he was violently opposed to anything

being done to modify for the better a system of land occupancy, which was rapidly desolating the country. So, when hard pressed by certain Scotchmen, who spoke from personal knowledge of Ireland, the editor carried out the assumption of which we have been speaking, the length of saying, that personal knowledge of Irish affairs was a positive disqualification. This, of course, was only saying, in his own way, what numbers of others had felt. It must, however, have been accepted by the *Scotsman* and his clients, as a remarkable evidence of the perverseness of the human mind—of the law-making mind in particular—that the House of Commons, with Mr Gladstone at its head, acted on the opinions of those qualified by personal knowledge, rather than upon the superior judgment of those far removed from the force of facts. This is more than a curiosity: it should be a warning to those who fortify themselves in their strongholds of prejudice and ignorance, and should make them a little less confident of the power of the assumption before us. They may, like the *Scotsman*, have to bow down before the hard and unpalatable facts, when the submission will be a humiliation and a reproach. Better for them to think beforehand, even if they should have to acknowledge the force of facts, and bow to reason rather than in ignoble defeat. Just as certainly as the opinionists on the Irish Land Question had to bow before the obnoxious facts, so will the contemners of Highlanders, their speech and their polity, have to give way to the force of facts already acknowledged by the most enlightened men in Europe.

It is in reference to these facts that Highlanders are now called upon to gather up all their lore; to stereotype for distant and future generations the thoughts which glowed in the bosoms of their forefathers; to preserve their speech from decay; and to let the wide

world have the benefit of the "light of other days," which that speech alone is able to shed upon other languages, histories, and peoples. Highlanders must essay a suitable response to these demands; and, in order to do this, there must be some recognized organization. Highlanders must come to an understanding as to what it is exactly that they are to contribute to the general stock of knowledge. They must map out the field from which they are to reap, and they must look for the reapers, and assign to each, if possible, his own work.

This is work, it will be seen at once, worthy of philosophers and of patriots. It will be a great part of the vindication of the Celtic character which they owe to themselves. And, in labouring to confer benefits upon others, we shall be doing something towards removing that self-esteem of our people, from the depression of which, more than from anything else in themselves, they have fallen behind in the world's march. After being so often and for so long told that they were of no value, and that their chief mental possessions were drags upon them, it must have an encouraging effect upon them to be told that they and those possessions are valued by the most competent judges. They are an important portion of the human family; their ideas are valuable, their imaginings, even, are in requisition, and the world waits until their speech sheds its light on the path of human progress. In a thousand ways will these convictions put fresh energy into their hands, and send commercial life through the Gaelic communities of the north. A very large proportion of our duty to ourselves is performed immediately towards others. We sow the seed, in the shape of duty, in other men, and the fruits fall, in course of time, ripe into our own laps.

To the curious, to the leisurely, to the intellectual all over the Highlands,

we would appeal, to gather up the lore which lies thick as autumn leaves around them, and help us as a people to discharge the duty, and sow the particular seed of which we write. No doubt there are difficulties in the way. One of the results of the systematic repression of everything Highland has been that the poor people shrink from acknowledging what they know, and from exposing themselves to the ridicule of their more egotistical neighbours. Hence, the secretiveness which every collector of *sgeulachdan* has found barring his access to the Highland mind. And what has been induced by fear of the ridicule of the profane has been strengthened by the denunciations of some of the clergy. From Carswell downwards, numbers of the most revered among our Highland ministers have denounced as sinful the practice of devoting to *sgeulachd*, the time due to religious duties. This gave a kind of religious sanction to the criminal philosophy invented by the enemies of the Gael, for their own selfish purposes. Hence, in a great number of instances, it is only by stratagem, that the best repositories can be got at. But things have materially altered: among the most able and zealous advocates of the claims of everything distinctively Celtic, we are now able to class numbers of our Highland clergy of different churches. The ban of the church may be said to have been removed, when Dr MacLauchlan, Dr Clerk, Mr Stewart, Mr Mackenzie, Mr Cameron, Mr Ross, Mr Blair, and numbers of others come forward to recommend the study of Gaelic literature. The devotion of these men to the inspired Word of God has only intensified and elevated their appreciation of the treasures which God has offered to the world through the medium of the Celtic mind.

Notwithstanding the opposition provoked, at the time, by Macpherson's Ossianic publications, they set in motion

a regular succession of influences which Mammon has not been able to stop. A striking effect appears in Scandinavia, as we write: the second Oscar ascends the throne of Sweden. Napoleon the Great carried the Highland poems of Ossian about with him as if they afforded him the highest models. Bernadotte called his own son after Ossian's son, and he again gave the same name to his son, now Oscar! These poems have over and over again been translated into French. So they have into Italian and other languages; and, as we mentioned in our October issue, Signor Priolo, an Italian artist, has, as he says himself, discovered in Ossian a rich mine for pictorial illustration, and he has set about working the mine. We wish him success. Dr White, of Waterford, a professor of music, has adapted Comala for the stage, producing a beautiful opera, with airs, and pictorial scenery. We hope to be able to make fuller reference to Dr White's version of Comala in another issue. Mr Campbell, of Islay, has, by his labours, placed our most simple tales on a level with those which the Brothers Grimm have rescued from decay in other lands; and whilst he has himself saved a large mass of matter from oblivion, he has raised, as we may say, the market value of what has yet to be gathered, and encouraged others in the same work.

But we have outrun our space; and all we shall say further is, "Let our Gaelic friends do their duty to themselves and to other races, by rescuing, as quickly as possible, those treasures which will prove a gain to others, and a credit to themselves."

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#### THE PLACE OF THE CELTIC.

(From a forthcoming work, entitled a "Survey of the Celtic Languages," by the Rev. William Ross, F.S.A.S.)

If we cast our eye over a linguistic map of the world, we cannot fail to

note that there exists a vast number of languages, and that all of them have certain geographical relations to each other. We are not warranted to conclude that because of their proximity to each other, they are on that account so intimately related as to be one in structure or form—one in the materials of which they are composed, nor yet one in the sense of a common progeny, with diverse lineaments, owning a common parentage. Such a conclusion can only be arrived at on scientific grounds when the science of language shall have attained its majority, and the languages of earth have been analysed and compared. A careful and accurate study of any one form of speech will lead us to see, that, although the great bulk of the language may consist of materials of native growth and character, yet a considerable portion is to be traced to the incursion of materials that are of a mixed character—some bearing marks of a kindred, and some clearly of a foreign extraction. If we extend our inquiries to several languages, we obtain precisely similar results. The farther we extend our survey the more likely are we to obtain large and reliable data upon which to found a safe induction. A tolerably accurate survey of the languages which abound on the face of the earth has led to the discovery of three extensive groups or families of languages, each family having its own native character, qualities, and genius. These are the Aryan or Indo-European, the Semitic, and the Turanian or Allophyllian languages. How far these families are, if at all, related to each other, the future of our science must show. The question is foreign to our present inquiry. It is enough for us to know that the Celtic language possesses characteristics which enable us to fix its place in the Aryan or Indo-European family. It cannot be without interest to us to inquire how, and by whom, it was discovered that our language had

its legitimate place among the Aryan tongues. The discovery was not made by any merely Gaelic or Cymric scholar. Our native scholars, with one notable exception, the distinguished Edward Lhuyd, the author of the "Archæologia Britannica," were busily engaged for many years in endeavouring to prove an intimate connection between the Celtic languages and the Semitic family. In the early stages of philological studies, most linguists laboured long and diligently to show that their native tongue was the primeval speech, or at all events closely allied to it. Our Celtic scholars were no exception to the general rule. It is but just to the memory of Lhuyd, our first and perhaps greatest Celtic scholar, to observe that in his "British Etymologicon," he clearly pointed out the affinity between the Celtic and such Indo-European languages as in his time attracted the attention of learned men. It is possible that an intimate connection may yet be found to subsist between the Aryan and Semitic families; and if so, the Celtic may perform no mean service to the inquiries that shall issue in this result. The efforts of our native philologists were at the time, to a large extent, labour in vain. The discovery that helped to place the Celtic in its right position was that of the Sanscrit language, which took place in the year 1808. Previous to that year, it was generally supposed that there was an absolute distinction in race and language between the inhabitants of Hindostan and the East, and those of Europe and the West. In that year the supposed distinction was abolished. It was discovered that the Sanscrit, though dead for upwards of two thousand years, was the direct source of all the principal modern dialects of the Hindoos, while it, moreover, presented the closest affinities to the language of Persia and the chief languages of Europe. Sir William Jones, the dis-

tinguished founder of the Asiatic Society, was the first to point out the probable connection which might be found to exist between the Celtic and the languages of the East. In a paper contained in the first volume of the "Asiatic Researches" (p. 442), he says, "The Sanscrit language, whatever may be its antiquity, is of a wonderful structure: more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either, yet bearing to both of them a stronger affinity, both in the roots of verbs and in the forms of grammar, than could have been produced by accident; so strong that no philologer could examine all the three without believing them to have sprung from some common source, which, perhaps, no longer exists. There is a similar reason, though not quite so forcible, for supposing that both the Gothic and the Celtic, though blended with a different idiom, had the same origin with the Sanskrit. The old Persian may be added to the same family."

The next in order who secured the attention of scholars to a consideration of the question was Dr Pritchard, the celebrated author of a work "On the Varieties of the Human Race." We cannot value too highly the service which he rendered to the Celtic language by the publication in 1832 of his work on "The Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations." He says—"It will more evidently appear, if I am not mistaken, that from the Celtic dialects a part of the grammatical inflections, and that a very important part, common to the Sanscrit, the Eolic Greek, the Latin, and the Teutonic languages, are capable of an elucidation which they have never yet received." The line of evidence followed by Dr Pritchard, and the materials produced, were of such a character, and in such quantity, as to satisfy the most sceptical that the Celtic must find its

place in the numerous cluster of speeches embraced by the Indo-European tongues. The forty years that have elapsed since the publication of his work have only helped to confirm the position he had taken up, and largely to add to the evidence submitted by him. To his labours we are indebted for the first rational and scientific investigation as to the origin, place, and relations of the Celtic languages. The study of the Celtic now received a new impetus, and in the right direction. A singularly clear comprehensive, and scholarly review of Dr Pritchard's book, by the late Rev. Richard Garnett, of the British Museum, in the British Quarterly Review for September, 1836, and valuable articles on the languages and Dialects of the British Islands, by the same author, in the first and second volumes of the "Proceedings of the Philological Society of London," thoroughly confirmed Dr Pritchard's conclusions, and supplied fresh and valuable materials, which rendered conviction irresistible. "Till lately," says Mr Garnett, speaking of the Celtic dialects, "they were supposed by various eminent scholars to form a class apart, and to have no connection whatever with the great Indo-European stock. This was strongly asserted by Colonel Vans Kennedy, and also maintained, though in rather more guarded terms, by Bopp, Pott, and Schlegel. The researches of Dr Pritchard in the "Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations," and of Professor Pictet, of Geneva, in his truly able work "Sur l'Affinite des Langues Celtiques avec le Sanscrit," may be considered as having settled the question the other way, and as proving satisfactorily that the assertion of the philologists above mentioned, were those of persons who had never properly investigated the matter, and were consequently incompetent to decide upon it. The demonstration of Pictet

is so complete that the German scholars, who had previously denied the connection, now fully admit it, and several of them have written elaborate treatises showing more affinities between Celtic and Sanscrit than perhaps really exist." (Philological Essays, p. 147.) The result of the publication of the works of Dr Pitchard and Professor Pictet were of the most satisfactory character, and finally established the position of the Celtic as one of the Aryan tongues. At the same time, it must be conceded that several very striking coincidences between the Celtic and the Hebrew have been pointed out, while it is undeniable that the evidence hitherto adduced in support of the great mass of alleged resemblances is unsatisfactory, and, in not a few instances, entirely illusory.

The Celtic language possesses for us not merely a general, but a special and deep patriotic interest. It was among the first, if not the very earliest, to part company with its kindred, and to remove from the ancient fatherland. It was among the first to furnish names for the beetling cliffs, towering bens, shaded valleys, flowing streams, winding pathways, and thriving homesteads, of the continent of Europe—names which may even yet be distinguished as underlying the superficial deposits of Teutonic, Romanic, and Slavonic designations. Its vocabulary also supplied no small number of the terms that describe the social relations, and the arts of husbandry and war. As the parent imparts his lifeblood to his offspring, and the pioneer the results and value of his discoveries to his successors, so did the Celtic tribes hand over their treasures to those who tracked their footsteps and took possession of their lands and homes. These courageous and numerous tribes formed the van and centre in the great exodus of the European nations from their home in the East. They were impinged upon

by the Teutons on the North, by the Greeks and Romans on the South, while they were pushed forward by the lower Teutonic, Windic, and Illyric tribes, which took up the rear. The pressure of these various migrations drove the Celts to the West, and their further advance was for a time stopped by the Atlantic ocean, and their colonisation, by the occupancy of Great Britain and Ireland.

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### CORRESPONDENCE.

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Sir,—I hear that the Rev. Archd. Farquharson is trying to stir up the Highland people to make an effort to establish a Gaelic professorship in one of our Scottish Universities. It is high time that a really serious effort were made, and every true Highlander will wish Mr Farquharson God-speed, and hope that his efforts will meet with the most brilliant success. And it is to be hoped that such success will be the means of rescuing the Gaelic language from the contempt in which it is too frequently held by so many of those of whom better might have been expected.

If we contrast the conduct of the Welsh people in regard to their language and the conduct of the Highlanders in regard to theirs, I am afraid the contrast will not redound to the credit of the latter. The Welsh, although away from their own country for years, ay, and even for several generations, in Liverpool, London, or elsewhere, teach their native language to their children with a noble patriotism and true fidelity. Many Highlanders, on the contrary, even when residing in their own country, and amongst a Gaelic speaking people, if they think themselves in any way better than their neighbours, seem (with the most contemptible snobbishness) to consider it quite beneath their dignity to allow their children to learn Gaelic, as if they

considered the Gaelic people a conquered and subjugated race; and a most downtrodden and ill-used race they undoubtedly are in many respects. Even men whose chief claim to distinction is derived from their knowledge of Gaelic, have yet exhibited so much contempt for the language from which they derive their fame, as to deem it quite unworthy of the trouble of teaching it to their children. If such be the example of men of learning and distinction what can you expect of mere shoddy upstarts? How much of the blame for this shameful state of matters rests with the natural leaders of the people, the landlords?—how much with their hired leaders, the clergy?—I will not venture to say. This much we know, that some of the ministers would evidently be very glad to get rid of the language altogether. And of the landlords (with a few noble exceptions, such as the Duke of Athole, Cluny Macpherson, and a few others) how few of them know a single word of the language of the people by whom they are surrounded, or teach it to their children? Oh, but you will say, they are too busy “preserving their game and collecting their rents to think of anything so contemptible as the Gaelic!” And yet, forsooth, they plume themselves on being chiefs and leaders! How can they be chiefs among, or leaders to, a people with whom they have so little sympathy, so little in common, whose very language they do not understand? But surely, notwithstanding much game and greed, there are still some true patriots amongst the landlords. And, I believe, notwithstanding much indolence, traditional narrowness, *laissez faire*, and even snobbishness, there are many public-spirited men amongst the clergy. But, if not—if none of the so-called leaders will lead—why should not the people take the matter up themselves, and, by associating together, stimulate each other

in true patriotism and in love of their own beautiful language, bidding defiance to all despisers and oppressors of their country and language. Why should there not be Gaelic societies in all the Highland towns and villages like the now flourishing one in Inverness?

I hope to see much good accrue to the Gaelic from your valuable paper; much also from a Gaelic professorship, and even still more from the people taking the matter up in a public-spirited manner. Have they still patriotism enough to do so?—Yours very truly,  
J. F.

London, Oct. 30, 1872.

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A CHALLENGE TO THE CLANS.

SHREWSBURY,  
13th November, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR,

Following up the offer I made in a previous communication to you, with regard to the proposed “Gaelic Comparative Lexicon,” four more Mackays promise to contribute £20 towards it. I can rely upon obtaining material assistance from at least twenty more of the same name, of my personal acquaintances.

Now for the members of other clan names to come forward with their countenance and support. “Who gives quickly, gives twice.” Should each clan contribute, on an average, £50, the work can be undertaken and completed. Pray continue agitating the scheme. Surely Highlanders are not so dead to the value of such a work as to hold back, when it is so necessary to come forward.—Ever yours sincerely,  
JOHN MACKAY.

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NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

GREENOCK. — GAELIC SOIREE. — The second Gaelic soiree and concert under the auspices of Tir Nam Beann Lodge I.O.G.T. was recently held here. Brother Duncan Macpherson occupied the chair. After tea, the Chairman, Brother Macneil, and others, addressed the meeting. To add to the enjoyment of the evening, Brothers Campbell and Macfarlane played piobrachs; and Brothers Blue and Black, &c., sang

occasional songs. All were delighted, and the meeting was a great success.

OBAN.—We observe that Professor Blackie generously offers a prize of two guineas to the best Gaelic scholar in Mr MacDougall's Gaelic class. The text-book is D. B. MacIntyre's songs, and the examination is to come off in October, 1873. We hope that our friends in other parts of the Highlands will take an example of those in Oban, and start Gaelic classes to qualify themselves in the language of their forefathers.

GRAND HIGHLAND GATHERING.—As may be seen from our advertising columns, a grand assembly of the natives of Ross-shire, in Glasgow, is to be held this year, on the 27th December, when Kenneth Murray, Esq., of Geanies, will preside. Under the presidency of so qualified a gentleman, combined with the well known enthusiasm of the committee and their indefatigable secretary, Mr Ross, we have no doubt it will be eminently successful: and it only remains for us to add that we cordially recommend all who desire to spend a happy evening to procure their tickets as early as possible.

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#### THE TUAM NEWS ON THE GAEL.

We have this week received from the publishers, Nicholson & Co., 74 Argyle St., Glasgow, a copy of a new Gaelic periodical or newspaper in Gaelic. It is called "An Gaidheal; Pápeir Nuaidheachta, agus Leabhar-sgeuil Gaidhealach." It is published only monthly, and we are reminded that this copy before us is that for November, by the words, "Ceud mìos an Gheamhraidh, 1872." We bid the Gaelic newspaper ten thousand welcomes—"ceud mìle fáilte," say we, in the language of the Gael of Ireland, "Se do bheatha a phápeir nuaidheachta aig teact chugaim a n'oir as tir na sean-Gaedhal, as tir na h-Albaine, as tir Cholumb-eille, agus ar muinntire féin. Sé do bheatha. Is mait linn go bh-fuil tu a lathair. Bi slán." We take it as a favourable omen this publication from the pens of our Highland friends. It will tend to unite the clan of the Gael in the North of Caledonia; it will be a messenger of fraternity between the old Gaels of Eire, or Scotia Major, and the younger branch, the Gaels of Scotia Minor. There was a time when the people of Scotland were in accord with the Milesian

stock in Ireland. They had a right to be one; they were originally of one stock, they spoke a common language. Irishmen taught them the Christian faith—Columba, an Irish monk, evangelized them. Iona, peopled by Irishmen, taught them the arts and sciences and religion. The Highland Gaels deserve the thanks of Irishmen for this example of national life and national union. It is a sign of national life. It is the expression of national unity, to a certain extent, and of national life, of Home Rule—of a people distinct from, though united with, the people of England. It is an effort to be like Wales. Where is Ireland in the race of national distinctness? Where is her Irish national press? are we fairly snuffed out as a people? We are no where. No echo of the past bearing on the present. No vocal link uniting the times of old with the glories and the defeats and victories to the present with its aspirations for unity, for Home Rule, and for national life. Is the national pulse dead? Is the silent breathing of dissolution in the throat and in the heart of the nation? No Irish voice—no pen? No word of the Gaelic? Yes, in Connaught and in Munster there are still thousands who are alive, and who will foster the dying nation, and will yet restore her to a sound healthy existence.

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#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. M.—Your verses may soon appear.

S. G.—The "Historical Geography of the Clans of Scotland" is published by W. & A. K. Johnstone, Edinburgh. The map is well executed, and the contents to the letter-press varied. The price is only 7s 6d.

"DUNEDIN."—You forgot to send your name and address. Do so, and we may do something for you.

Letter by Mr Edmunds, author of "Names of Places," in reply to Colonel Robertson's article in the November *Gael*, shall appear in our next.

D. W. F. London.—We shall inquire.

M. CAMPBELL, Cape Breton.—The History of the Isle of Skye, by the late Alexander Cameron, is published by E. Forsyth, Inverness. Price 6s.



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# G A I D H E A L .

I LEABH.] TREAS MIOS A' GHEAMHRAIDH, 1873.

[11 AIR.

## AIR CRUINN - MHEALLABH SOILLSEACH NAN SPEUR.

### III. Earrann.

#### AIR CO-SHUIDHEACHADH BHEN- UIS AGUS NA TALMHAINN.

An uair a bheachdaicheas sinn le curam air na neamhaibh os ar ceann, far am bheil na milte grian, rionnag, agus reult, a' tilgeadh a mach an soluis air feadh na cruithreachd, agus far am bheil iad gu leir air an suidheachadh gu h-eagnaigh, agus a' siubhal gu riaghailteach 'n an cuairtibh eug-samhla fein, is ceart a dh' fheudas sinn éigheach a mach maille ri Salmadair binn Israeil —“Cia lionmhor t-oibre, a Thighearna! ann an gliocas rinn thu iad gu leir,” “agus molaidh t' oibre gu leir thu.” Tha cumhachd neo-chrìochnaichte Ieh-obhaidh air 'fhoillseachadh d'ar sealladh, agus d'ar tuigse, air mhodh miorbhuil-each, leis na solusaibh a ta 'triall gu neo-mhearachdach 'n an cuairtibh sònruichte, agus a ta, mar sin, a' co-lionadh na crìche air son an d'rinneadh iad air tùs! Co, uime sin, aig am bheil comus amhaire air na combaraibh mòr agus soillseach so, gun a bhi a' beachd-smurineachadh air bith, air làthaireachd, agus air cumhachd an Ti sin, trid am bheil gach ni anns na neamhaibh, agus air an talamh, a' co-sheasamh? Air an aobhar sin, “Biodh ard chliu Dhé ann am beul nan uile, moladh iad e air son a ghnìomhara treuna—moladh iad e ann an speuraibh a chumhachd.”

Air duinn cunntas a thoirt 's an earrainn mu dheireadh, air an rèult *Mercuri*, òn is i a's dluithe do'n ghréin, labhraidh sinn, a nis air *Bhenus*, an ath

reult ann an ordugh. Tha'n reult dhealach so a' cuairteachadh na gréine ann an cearcall a ta ochd agus trì fichead muillean de mhiltibh air astar uaipe; agus tha i a' triall air a slighe mu thimchioll ceithir fichead mìle de mhiltibh anns an uair! Tha i seachd mìle agus ochd ceud de mhiltibh troipe, a' cur car di air a mul fein ann an ceithir uairean-fichead, agus a' crìochnachadh a turuis mu'n ghrein ann an dà cheud agus ceithir latha fichead gu leth de na làithibh againn-ne, uine a ta 'deanamh suas na bliadhna aice-se. 'S i *Bhenus*, de gach uile reult, a's faigse do'n talamh againn-ne, air an aobhar sin chithear mòr agus dealrach i an coimeas ri aon air bith eile de na reultaibh! Theirear, mar a's trice, an reult-mhaidne, agus fheasgair, rithe so. An uair a bhios i an iar air a' ghrein, chithear anns a' mhadainn i, agus an uair a bhios i an ear air a' ghrein, chithear air an fheasgair i, corr agus leth-bhliadhna m'an seach! —Cha'n 'eil *Bhenus* a bheag ni's lugha na'n talamh air am bheil sinne a' gluasad, ach air di a bhi ni's faigse do'n ghrein, tha barrachd teas agus soluis a' bualadh oirre, na tha air an talamh! Ged nach 'eil an reult mhaiseach so, aig astar co fad nainn-ne ris na reultaibh eile, gidheadh tha a dearrsadh agus a soilleir-eachd co mòr, 's nach soirbh aon ni amharc oirre leis na gloineachaibh, eadhon a's fearr, chum gach ni a bhuineas di a chur an ceill le fìor chinnteachd. Air do na cuairtibh aig *Mercuri* agus *Bhenus*, a bhi cadar an talamh agus a' ghrian, chithear iad a' fas agus a' caith-eamb, cosmhuil ris a' ghealach ur! Tha na cuairtean anns am bheil iad a' ruith,

co cumbhann, an coimeas ri cuairtibh nan reult eile, 's gu'm bheil iad a ghnath air am faicinn am fagus do'n ghrein, agus air uairibh tha iad co fagus di's gu'm bheil a dearsadh 'g am foluch gu h-iomlan o' r sealladh! Nach leoir na nithe so chum gliocas neo-chriochnuichte an Ti a dhealbh iad a dheanamh follaiseach do na h-uile? agus nach leoir iad chum toirt oirne a radh, maille ris an abstol—"Tre chreidimh tha sinn a' tuigsinn gu'n do chruthaich-eadh na saoghail tre fhocal Dé, air chor do nach d'rinneadh na nithe a chithear do nithibh a bha r'am faicinn."--Eabh, xi.3.

Labhraidh sinn, a nis, mu'n talamh, a ta 'n a reult cosmhuil riasan a dh'ainmich sinn agus a' siubhal mu'n cuairt do'n ghrein ann an àm suidhichte! Is ball cruinn an talamh, a ta dluth air oehd mìle de mhiltibh troinne, agus coig thar fhichead mìle de mhiltibh mu'n cuairt. Tha e 'siubhal mu'n cuairt do'n ghrein ann an cearcall, a tha ceithir fichead, agus coig muillean deug de mhiltibh air astar uaipe: agus gabhaidh e trì cheud, trì fichead, agus coig laithean, agus teann air sea nairean ùine, chum aon chuairt a chur air a' ghrein, agus tha'n ùine so a deanamh suas na bliadhna againne.—Ged is bras a ta 'n talamh mar so a' siubhal sea fichead uair ni's luaithe na peileir gunna-mhòir gidheadh, cha 'n 'eil e idir co luath ri *Mercuri*, a cheann nach 'eil e 'deanamh ach mu thri fichead agus oehd mìle de mhiltibh anns an uair, am feadh 's a ta *Mercuri* 'deanamh corr agus ceud mìle de mhiltibh! Tha'n talamh, mar an ceudna a' tionndadh air a mhul fein, gach uile cheithir uaire fichead agus mar so tha ceithir uairean fichead air fad anns an latha againn-ne! Tha na nithe so uile iongantach annta fein; ach an déigh sin tha iad fìor. Cha soirbh, gidheadh, le daoimibh aineolaich a thuigsinn, gu'm bheil an talamh idir a' carachadh, no 'glusad as an aon àite. Tha iad mar a's trice s a' bharrail, gu'm bheil e neo-glusad-

ach, am feadh 's ta a' ghrian, na rionnagan, agus feachd neimhe gu leir, a' cur char diubh mu'n cuairt da!—Is iongantach leò, mar an ceudna r'a smuaineachadh, gu'm bheil an talamh so 'n a reult, a ta 'n am beachd-san, ni's mò na aon air bith de na rionnagaibh beaga, drilinneach sin, a chithear 'n am miltibh anns na speuraibh, air oidheche shoilleir. Ach tha e fìor, gu'm bheil an talamh a' gluasad air a mhul fein, gach là; agus ann an cearcall mu'n cuairt do'n ghrein, gach bliadhna; ceart mar a ta *Mercuri*, *Bhenus*, agus na reultan eile. Tha mòran an diùil, gu'm bheil a' ghrian agus na reultan, a' ruithe gu luath anns na speuraibh mu'n cuairt do'n talamh, nach 'eil a' carachadh as 'aite; ach tha iad air am mealladh an so 'n am barrail, ceart mar a ta iad, an uair a ghiùlainear iad seachad gu luath air luing an cois fearainn; oir an sin, tha iad an diùil, nach 'eil an long a' carachadh; ach gu'm bheil am fearann a ruithe gu grad seachad orra!

Dh' ainmich sinn a cheana, gur i a' ghrian a' ta toirt soluis agus teas do na reultaibh huile, agus air do'n talamh so a bhì 'n a reult, tha e 'mealtuinn buannachd an t-soluis agus an teas so mar an ceudna. Tha dàrna leth na talmhainn a ghnath air a shoillseachadh leis a' ghrein, agus tha'n leth eile ann an dorchadas. Ach o'n tha'n talamh a' tionndadh air a mhul fein, o'n iar gus an ear, gach uile cheithir uaire fichead, tha solus agus dorchadas a' teachd oirne mu'n seach, anns an ùine sin. Mar so, tha là agus oidheche a' leantuinn a cheile; agus an uair a ta an taobh air am bheil sinne do'n chruinne-ché, air a shòillseachadh, tha 'n taobh eile dheth annan dorchadas. Air an nobhar sin, an uair a bhios an là againn-ne 's an Eilean Bhreatunnach, bithidh an oidheche aca 's na h-Innsibh an aird an ear—ann an *China* agus ann an *Australia*! Tha mar an ceudna, claoadh sonraichte aig mul na talmhainn, trid am bheil solus na greine a'

bualadh aig amannaibh de'n bhliadhna, air earrainn ni's lugha de chearnaibh tuatha na talmhainn, na aig amannaibh eile; air an aobhar sin, tha na laithean againn fada agus goirid, a reir sin. Agus feudaidh sinn a nis ainmeachadh nach 'eil na cuairtean, na cearecail, no na slighean farsuing sin, anns am bheil na reultan a' sibhal mu thimchioll na greine, gu h-iomlan cruinn, ach air cumadh uibhe; air an aobhar sin, tha e furast fhaicinn, an uair a ta a' ghrian air a suidheachadh ann am meadhon nan cuairt sin, gu'm bi na reultan a ta 'gluasad aunta, ni's faide o'n ghréin, aig amannaibh araidh de'n bhliadhna, na aig amannaibh eile. Ceart mar so, ma ta, tha'n talamh a' suibhal mu thimchioll na greine, ann an cearecail a ta ni's mò ann am fad, na tha e ann an leud; uime sin, tha e air uairibh de'n bhliadhna fad o'n ghrein, agus air uairibh eile ni's giorra uaipe; agus tha so, maille ris a' chlaonadh a ta 'n a mhul fein, a' deanamh Samhraidh agus Geamhraidh, a cheann do thaobh nan astar eug-samhla a ta'n talamh o'n ghrein, nach 'eil a chearnau iomallach a' mealtuinn a soluis agus a teas, ann an tomhas co-ionann. Tha gach cuairt agus gach caochladh dhiubh so, air am faotuin a mach co cinnteach, agus, co eagnuidh le reulatairibh, agus air an tomhas co curamach leò, 's gu'm bheil fios aca air a' cheart uair agus mhionaid anns an cricchnaich gach reult a turus, agus cia co fad 's a ta an laithean, agus am bliadhnaichean fa leth. Gu cinnteach is iomadh innleachd a fhuair an duinne a mach; ach an déigh sin cia faoin a dhichioll, agus cia co neo-iomlan a chomas, chum slighean, agus oibre an Ti ghlormhoir sin a rannsachadh a mach. A ta 'na shuidhe air cuairt na talmhainn! An urrainn sinne le rannsachadh Dia fhaigheil a mach gu h-iomlan? Feuch is iad na nithe air an robh sinn a' labhairt, cuid d'a shlighibh; ach cia beag a' chuibhrionn a chuala sinn deth?

SGIATHANACH.

## CALLUM A' GHLINNE.

### V. Earrann.

Cho luath 'sa fhuair Callum cairteal-an freagarrach ann an Glaschu, an aite a bhi 'cur seachad uine, no a' caith-eamh nan gearr-bhonn a' sireadh a luchd-duthcha agus a luchd eolais o shraid gu sraid, is ann a sheall e mach airson cosnaidh, ann 'sa' cheud dol a mach; agus cha deachaidh e ach goirid gus an do shoirbhich leis; agus cha b' fhada gus an do choisinn e deagh-ghean agus muinighin a mhaighistir; oir a bharr air e bhi 'n a oibriche glan, teoma, riaghailteach agus bunailteach, bha e smiorail, tapuidh, gradcharach, suairce, siobhalta agus taitneach 'n a chonaltradh agus 'n a ghiùlan. Mar choigreach am measg aireanah cho mor—oir bha corr agus leth cheud fear ceairde ag obair fo'n aon fhardoich ris—dh' fhairich e gun dail cho feunail 'sa bha e dha 'bhi air 'fhaicill agus 'n a dhusgadh 'n am measg. Bha cuid dhiu nach do cheil am mi-run, an gamhlas, agus am farmad ris as leth na choisinn e de mhcas agus de fhàbhar o 'mhaighistir, agus o luchd-riaghlaidh na h-oibre. Bha cuid dhiu a thaisbean o'n leth-a-muigh caoimhneas agus saorsa ris, a chuir deuchainn ri h-uine air a chairiseachd air a dhuinealas, agus, air a chrionnachd. Bha caraiche sliom, seolta, 'n am measg d' am b' ainm Micheil Balgair. Bha cliù agus sloinneadh Mhicheil ann an ioma seadh co-fhreagarrach ri cheile. B' aithne dha gu gle mhath, e fein a thaisbeandh anns gach caochladh cruth agus coltais a dh'fhaodadh a bhi freagarrach do gach suidheachadh anns an tachradh dha tuiteam. Ann an seadh àraidh, bha Micheil, "na h-uile ni do na h-uile neach," a thigeadh 'n a rathad. Bu choidheas leis cuideachd Criosduidh no Anacriosduidh, ant uasal no ant anuasal, an glan no an neoghan, na 'n saoilteadh e gum bu chomasach dha, le an deagh-ghean a chosnadh, an caraadh no an

aomadh airson a chriochan cuil-bheartach gabhadhach fein. Do neach air bith a bhiodh dèigheil air taitneasan anam-sarra a' bhaile mhoir, b'e brod a' chompanaich agus an fhir-iùil e. Cha robh cuil no cùilidh uaigneach, taigh-cluiche no seomar ciùil, no seomar dannsa an taobh a staigh do chriochan Ghlaschu air nach robh e mion-còlach. Cha robh cleasaiche no ban-chleasaiche, àmhailteach no burraidh-abhachd air na sgàlain-chluiche o chladach gu cladach de'n rioghachd air nach robh tomhas de fhiosrachadh aige, agus gu h-àraidh mu gach cagarsaich sgainnealach no amharusach a thaobh an cliù modhanail. B'aithe dha o sheachduin gu seachduin co iad na h-eich-reise as am bu mho an robh de carbsa aig luchd na geall-chluich air feadh na rioghachd, agus na gill a bha air an leagail an aghaidh a cheile as an leth anns gach aite fa chomhair nan reisean anns an robh iad gu ruith. B'aithe dha gach taigh osda ann 'sa' bhaile far am biodh coinneamhan diomhair aig luchd na geall-chluich o' àm gu àm, agus am measg am faighte moran de ehleirich agus de ghillean bhuithean d'am bu chleachdadh a bhi ag gabhail air iasad gun chead, à cobhain-airgid am maighistirean, air chunnart a bhi air am brath agus air am maslachadh, ach daonnan ann an dochas ri buannachd fhaotainn dhoibh fein gun fhios agus gun chall d'am maighistirean. Leag Micheil a shuil air Callum o'n cheud dol-a-mach, agus ged a bha e glé shoilleir dha nach ro mòr mheas aig a chomh sheirblisich air Micheil, eiod air bith a b'aobhar dha, fhuair Callum e cho suairec, cho comaineach agus cho failteach is gu'n robh e gu mor air a thaladh ris mar charaid anns am faodadh e tomhas de carbsa 'chur; ach cha bu luaithe dh' fhairich Micheil gu'n do choisinn e a mhuinighin, na 'thaisbean e na crìochan a bh'aige 'san amharc anns gach caoimhneas agus cairdeas-beoil a

nochd e dha. Air do Callum a bhi na choigreach agus ro dheigheil air cuid de iongantasan Ghlaschu fhaicinn, dh'aontaich e gu toileach ri dol mu'n cuairt le Micheil anns na feasgair; agus gu dearbh cha b' fhuasda dha fear-iùil a b' fhearr fhaotainn; ach air a' cheud fheasgar a ghabh iad cuairt feadh a' bhaile, cha deachaidh iad ro fhada gus an do bhuaill pathadh air Micheil, agus b' fheudar taghal aig aon de thaighean òsda a' *Bhroomielaw* airson deoch-ùrachaidh. Bha Micheil coltach air an osd-fhear—duine uasal fiùghail, coir, flathasach, agus sìor Ghaidheal gu crainn an droma, agus aig am faighte smior an Ilich, gun truailleadh gun mbeasgachadh. Mu'n gann a chaidh iad thar na stairsnich bha bord-malairt nach faca Callum a lethid riamh o 'rugadh e—luchdaichte le stòpain agus le noigeanan airgid agus *crystal*, agus fear an taighe e-fein gun ad gun bhoineid, gun chota gun chasag, le mullcheanan a leine trusta gu 'ach-laisean, agus e 'cur na smuid dheth a' taosgadh suas dibhe de gach seorsa à broinn a' bhuirid-mhalairt, le geimhleagan riomhach air an còmhach thairis le or, le airgid agus le iobhri. Chuir antosd-fhear failte chridheil air Micheil, agus ceud failte air a' choigreach òg, air do Micheil ainm 'sa shloinneadh ainmeachadh. Sheòl e staigh iad do'n t-seomar chuil, ach anns an dol seachad thug Callum fainear do Micheil a' caogadh ris an osd-fhear. 'N uair a dh' fhosgail doras an t-seomair, bha e cheana lan de aoidhean, dheth nach do ghabh Callum mor chiatadh: a bharr air na bha de ghleadbraich agus de utag 'n am measg, cuid a' seinn òrain, agus cuid a deasbad agus a conn-sachadh: bha fàileadh deistinneach toit thombaca agus na min-shàbhaidh shalach lobhta leis an robh an t-urrlar air a chomhdach is gu'n d' fhairich Callum bochd e fein an impis a thachdadh, thionndaidh e gu grad air a shail, le run a bhi mach air an t-sraid a dh' aon

leum, ach bha Micheil agus an t-osdair ri 'uehd. Threòraich iad e a staigh do chuil bheag chumhann dhorch a far an robh bord beag aimhleathan, agus aite suidhe airson triuir no ceathrar. Rinn fear an taighe an dìth-bheatha le sgaile a' bhotull fein, agus dh' fhàg e 'nan aonar iad. Cha bu luaithe 'fhuair Micheil iotadh a chasg air cosd Challuim na dh' fhas e rud eigin sgith, agus cha rachadh e ni b' fhaide air an fheasgar ud. Am feadh a bha Micheil a' leigeil a sgios dheth, bha Callum ag eisdeachd le cluais fhurachair ris na bha dol air adhart anns an t-seomar chuil, agus anns na cuiltean cumhann eile a bha fosgailte ri doras cuil an taigh-osda. Cha b'fhada gus an cual e sgal na pioba moire ga gleusadh air taobh eile na claraidh, agus casbhruidhiun ard ghleadhach de bheurla agus de ghailig am measg a cheile; agus gun dàil thainig fear an taighe staigh gun chead gun iarraidh, don chuil 's an robh Micheil agus Callum, le ditlis no triuir comhla ris de Ghaidheil rapach, leibideach, nach robh ro sgiobalta aon chuid 'nan eideadh no 'nan conatrachd. Chuir iad failte chridheil bhrosgullach air Callum, mar choigreach agus mar fhear duthcha; agus gun tuilleadh seamsain, dh' fheumadh e dol leo, aill ar n-aill, don t-seomar 's an robh an ecol agus an dannsa. Thug Callum taing dhoibh airson an caoimhneis, ach dh' iarr e orra a lethsgèul a ghabhail; agus dh' innis e dhoibh nach robh a bheag de thlachd aige 'n a leithid sud de chaith-camh-aimsir. Chunnaic Micheil ann an tiota nach robh a chompanach gu bhi air a ribeadh aon chuid le smadadh no le mi-mhodh, agus dh' eirich e gu grad agus thuir e ri Callum gu'n robh an t-am a bhi 'bogadh nan gad. Ghabh e eagal, mar bu mbath a dh' fhaodadh e, gu'm faca agus gu'n cuala e air an fheasgar ud na bu leor gu a ghraineachadh gu buileach o bhi a' tathaich air osd-fhearan Ghlaschu. Thainig eagalan Mhicheil gu lan bhuil mar a shaoil

e, oir riamh 'na dheigh sud cha chuireadh Callum air ailghios caraid no cascaraid, a chas thar stairsneach aon de mhisg thaighean Ghlaschu, mar theireadh e riu; an aite sin is ann a bha e le buaidh 'eiseimpleir agus a chomhairle, 'na mheadhoin air ioma boganach bochd simplidh dheth a luchd duthcha a thiorcadh uatha. Cha robh e riamh na thur-sheachnuiche; cosmhuil ri ioma ni eile, b e 'bheach' soilleir suidhichte nach robh aon chuid eionta no cunnart ann a bhi a' gnathachadh deoch laidir gun a bhi ga mi-ghnathachadh; cha mho a bheireadh e gnuis no aonta do ghluasadan no measarrachd fhoirneadh a dhieoin no dhaindeoin air a mhor shluagh le Achd Parlamaid, ach rachadh e le 'uile chridhe ann an aobhar gach gluasaid d' am bu chrìoch a bhi 'sguabadh air falbh no a lughdachadh aircamh misg-thaighean nan grùdaircan mosach, salach, suarach, a tha cho millteach air deagh bheusan agus air maith coitichionn nam bailtean mora—na "h-uaignean gealaichte o'n taobh a muigh" le 'n coinnleirean meurach, agus le 'm breaghachd dhrillseach rìomhach chosdail, ach o 'n taobh a staigh na'm fàilean malcta, le'n cuiltean salach cumhann dorcha far nach faigh coigrich no luchd astair aite tàimh no cadail, biadh no deoch, ach deoch laidir; agus a tha 'tarruing am beòlaid ach beag gu h-iomlan o struidhcas anameasarra fòtus an t-sluaigh. Be sud an co-dhunadh gus an d' tháinig Callum air an fheasgar ud, mar thoradh air na chuala agus na chunnaic e an taobh a staigh do 'n taigh osda ann an cuideachd Mhicheil. Coma co dhiu—bha ribeachan eile aithnichte do Mhicheil leis am faodadh Callum ma' dh' fhaodte, 'bhi air a ghlacadh, agus chuir e roimhe feum a dheanamh de gach cothrom a thigeadh gu bhi ga thaladh 'n an dail gu h-athaiseach le foighidinn agus le seoltachd

MUILLEACH.

(Ri leantuinn.)

## BOINEIDEAN CORRACH.

## DHUINDIAIGH.

AIR FOKN "*The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.*"

Ri sàir Cuigse 'n Dunéidiunn  
Thuir Cléibhers' mar so—  
Mu'n d' thig erùn an Rìgh 'nuas  
'S ioma enuachd a bhios goirt;  
Gach lascaire treun  
Leis an éibhneas glonn-ghnìomh  
'Nis togadh air, 's leanadh e  
Boineid Dhuindiaigh!

FOKN—Lionar mo chopan  
Dearr-lionar mo chuach  
'Us diolaidear n' eachraidh,  
A mach biodh mo shluagh;  
'Ghrad fhosgla an t-Iar-phort,  
'Us leigear dhomh triall,—  
Tha togail fo bhoineidibh  
Corrach Dhùindiaigh.

Leum Cléibhers' air 'each  
Agus mharcaich tre 'n t-sràid  
Sheinn na cluig air an ais,  
Bhuail gach druma le stàirn;  
Ars' am Prothaiste còir,  
"Leigear fòil leis a shrian,  
Oir 's maith as ar comunn  
An Rosad, Dundiaigh."  
Lionar mo chopan, &c.

Mar mharcaich le sùrd  
'Tre na Lùbaith, 'n a still,  
Bha gach cailleach a' tathunn,  
'S a' crathadh a cinn;  
'S na h-ògana gràsmhor,  
'G amhare blath air an t-sonn,  
'S a' guidhe 'buaidh-larach,'  
Do dh' Armunn nan glonn.'  
Lionar mo chopan, &c.

Lion Cuigsiche searbh-ghnùiseach  
Margadh-an-fheòir;  
Mar dhaoine ri'n crochadh  
B'e coltas a phòir,  
'N uair' bha iad a' coimhead,  
Le goigh, 'us le fiamh,  
Am faicheadh iad seolladh  
De bhoineid Dhùindiaigh.  
Lionar mo chopan, &c.

B'airm sleagh, 'us bior-feòla  
Do na ceosaich o'n Iar,  
Agus core air bharr bata,  
A chasgradh nan eliar;  
Ach theich as an rathad,  
Le h-athadh fo dhion,  
Aig faotainn doibh plathadh  
De mhaithibh Dhùindiaigh.  
Lionar mo chopan, &c.

Spuir 'each gu cois craige sin,  
Caisteil nan stuadh,  
Thuir grad ris a Cheann—  
Coileach sar an Taoibh-tuadh—  
"Canadh 'Meig,' 'sa co-bhrath'rcan,  
Diog bhlat'h-coig no sea—  
A labhras teas graidh  
Bhoineid aird-ghuirm Dhuindiaigh."  
Lionar mo chopan, &c.

Diuc Gordon 'sin dh' iarr,  
'Cean is triall dhuit a Sheoid?'  
"An ceum sin a dh'fhoillsicheas  
Taibhse Mhointrois!  
'Us cluinnidh bhur Grasan,  
Gun dail ormsa sgial;  
No 's iosal 's an arfhaich  
Boineid ard-ghorm Dhuindiaigh  
Lionar mo chopan, &c.

"Ma tha Moirfhearann pailt,  
Ann am magh-thir man Gall,  
Gur lionmhor Cinn-chinnidh,  
'N tir ghlinnich nam beann,  
'S naoi mìle Duin' uasal,  
'Dh' eireas 'suas leam gun fhiamh  
'Us iolach a thogas  
Air bhoineid Dhuindiaigh  
Lionar mo chopan, &c.

"Air an sgeithidh tha pràis—  
Seiche làn chairte 'n tairbh—  
'S an truaile 'tha lamh ri'  
Tha stailinn gun mherig;  
Agus dearsaidh a' phràis,  
Drillidh 'n stailinn mar 'ghrian  
'N uair' thogar le h-ardan  
Boineid ard-ghorm Dhuindiaigh.  
Lionar mo chopan, &c.

"Air falbh thun nan coilltibh,  
Nan creag, 'us nam beann;

Ni mo leaba 's an t-Saobhaidh,  
 Mu 'n taobh le rìgh feall,  
 Gabhaidh oillt, a chealg-chuigsich,  
 'S gearr-mhairiann bhur rian,  
 Dh' fheobh fathast garbh-sheolladh  
 De bhoineid Dhuindiaigh."

Lionar mo chopan, &c.

Chrath e rithe nan euch,<sup>1</sup>  
 Agus sheid an stoc eruaidh,  
 'Choire-dhruma bhuaill bras,  
 Am marc-shluadh 'ghrad ghluais;  
 Seach Stiùic Bhaile-raobhail,  
 Agns Raon Bhaile-cliar—  
 Gu'n 'chailleadh, 'san astar,  
 Ceol tartrach Dhuindiaigh.

Lionar mo chopan, &c.

[Ead. leis an Olla Urr. Iain Mac-an-t-saoir, a bha 'n Cill-Math-Nibheig.]

—:—

### IOLAIRE LOCH-TREIG.

Bha roimhe seo seann iolaire mhór a' tàmh an Aird-mheadhoin Loch-Tréig, far am minig a bha a seòrsa. Bha i liath leis an aois bho'n bu chuimhne leatha fhéin e; 's bha i uime sin an dùil gum b'ì crétair bu shine bha beò ri linn. Ach an earlas nach faodadh a comhaois a bhì mairionn an àit eigin, chuir i roimhe, an ciad chothrom a gheobhadh i, sgrìb a thoirt air chuairt. Bliadhn' a bha 'n sin, thàinig an aon Oidheche-Bhealltuinn a b' fhuaire dh' fhairich no chunnaic i riabh, agus smaoinich i gum bu mhath an leisgeul d'ì e air a rùn-fallaich a chur an gnìomh; agus 's a' mhaduinn mhoich Latha-Bealltuinn sin fhéin seach latha sa bith, mu'n do bhlais na h-eoin eile ant uisge, togar oirre air cheann a turuis. Cha robh dùil bheò a thachradh oirre—ach nial na h-aoise bhì oirre, nach farraideadh: Am fac thu Oidheche-Bhealltuinn riabh cho fuar ris an oidheche 'n raoir? ach chan fhac a h-aon. Coma bha 'n luma ús a thoiseach, 's bha i mar seo ag cumail air ah-aghart gun chluain, gun chlos gus an do thachair seann dreathan-donn còir oirre. "Fàilt air

an dreathan, Latha buidhe Bealltuinn," ars ise, "am fac thu riabh Oidheche-Bhealltuinn cho fuar ris an oidheche 'n raoir?" Ach sean 's g' an robh tuar 'us dreach an dreathain, cha b' fhiosrach e gu'm fac. Cha robh eòlas aige air crétair bu shine na e fhéin; ach chual e gu'n robh seann ghobha-dubh bho chian am Bun-Ruaidh, 's ma bha e fhathast beò, gu'm bu dualach, ma thàinig a leithid, gu'm fac esan i; agus sheòl e 'n rathad dh' i. Thug i taing do 'n dreathan, agus togar oirre gu cèardach Bhun-Ruaidh. Ràinig i; ach cha robh roimhe ach làrach fhuar—thriall gach mith 's gach math, ach an gobha-dubh; 's bha esan fhein bho chian dall leis an aois, agus an déigh toll a dheanamh 's an innean ag glanadh a ghuib. Chuir i failte na Bealltuinn air a' ghobha, 's dh' innis i fath a turuis: "Am fac thu riabh," ars ise, "Oidheche-Bhealltuinn cho fuar ris an oidheche 'n raoir?" Thug an gobha glaomadh bochd air fhéin, 's thuirte nach faca riabh, agus nach cual e iomradh air a leithid; ach gu'n robh seann ùdlaiche bho chionn fhios e' uine tathaich Choill-Innse; 's gu 'n robh a chalg air liathadh leis an aois bho 'n bu chuimhne leis-san a bhì na bhùta beag a' sgiathais air feadh nam preas. "Bu tric leis ùine 's aimsir an déigh sin," ars esan, "tighinn a nall air chéilidh orm a chur seachad na h-oidheche faide Geambraidh, agus a thoirt sgeòil domh air cor na dùthcha; ach sguir sin. An turus mu dheireadh a bha e bhos, bha 'n aois cho tróm iar laidhe air, 's gu 'm beil eagal orm nach 'eil e 'n urrainn gluasad mór a dheanamh. Thug sinn cho fad an coimhearsnachd a chéile, 's gu'n dean mi, mar a thuigeas tusa, soған ri sheann langan, tùchanach mar a thà, an uair a chluinneas mi e 's a' chambanaich. Is e crétair a's sine tha làthair an diugh fad m' aithne 's m' eòlas; agus ma ni thu guth aige 's an dol seachad, innis dha fath do thuruis, agus gu'm fac thu

mise; 's mur d' thàinig' caochladh air nì e do làn di-beatha." Dh'aithris e 'n sin d'i gnothuichean àraid a thachair ri linn nan triath bu chuimhne leis am faicinn; mu éuchdan a shìnsrean, agus mu bhuid a mhuirichinn. An uair a bha iad ag gabhail "maduinn mhath" le chéile dh'carb 'us dh'earail e oirre taghal aige an ath uair a bhiodh i 'n rathad. Gheall i gu modhail do'n ghobha gu'n taghladh; agus thog i oirre do Choill-Innse, 's fhuair i 'nt ùdlaiche na chrùban am fagadh seann staic-fhéarna agus spideanan deighe le cuinneannan a shròine. Chuir i fàilte na Bealltuinn air agus dh'innis i fàth a turuis: "Am fac thu riabh," ars ise, "Oidheche-Bhealltuinn cho fuar ris an oidheche 'n raoir?" Bha 'nt ùdlaiche cho sean 's gu'n do "leig e 'n cabar air ant shlinnean;" ach thuirt e air a mhìn-athais nach bu chuimhne leis gum faca riabh. Fhuair i gu faoilteach, furanach e, agus dh'fhiosraich e gu caoimhneil mu'n ghobha dhall. Thug iad an sin treallan air seanchus agus air sloinnteachd, 's bha'n iolaire dol a thagairt urram na h-aoise; ach an uair a bha iad a' dealachadh, thuirt ant ùdlaiche gu'n robh breac cam ann an lochan Choire na ceanainn, air an do chuir e còlas an tràth a bha e na laoghean òg an cois a mhàthar a' ùghinn a nall an Làirig-leacach á Béinn a bhric. "Bha smaolach na h-aoise air an uair sin fhein," ars esan, "agus

ma tha ùine agad, is fiach' dhut dol dh' a choimhead—is enacaiche gasd e." Is e bh' ann gu'n do thog i rithist oirre, 's gu'n d' ràinig i 'n lochan. Chuir i deoch-còlais air a' bhreac cham, agus dh' innis i fath à turuis; "Am fac thu riabh Oidheche-Bhealltuinn cho fuar ris an oidheche 'n raoir?" Thuirt am breac gu'm fac— aon oidhech' eile, 's gu'n robh i cho fuar, 's ged a bha e 'n teas 'fhala 's an tréine 'neart gu'm b' éudar dha toiseachadh air gearradh shùrdag air feadh an uisge 'chumail teas air fhéin; "Agus," ars esan, "sùrdag dh' an d' thugas, leumar ás an uisge, 's buailear mo leth-cheann ris an lic dhuibh ud thall; ach bha nimh an-reothaidh cho dian, 's mu 'n d' fhuair mi mi fhein a thoirt air m' ais gu'n do lean mo shùil ris an lic; 's dh' fhàg sin an diugh mise cam!" An tràth chual an iolair seo, thug i modh 'us urram na h-aoise do 'n bhreac; agus thill i air a h-ais adh Aird-mheadhoin adh aithris a sgeòil do 'n àlach òg.

Chunnaic iad ioma latha geal, grian-ach an déigh sin; ach cho fad 's a b' urrainn d' i sgiath a ghluasad, cha deachaidh Latha-Bealltuinn fuar no teth seachad oirre nach deachaidh i tacan air chéilidh air na h-aosdai còrr—an gobha, ant ùdlaiche, agus am breac.

ABRACH.

An Tom Buidhe,  
Toiseach a' Gheamhraidh, 1872.

## "AN GAIDHEAL" AGUS AN EALA.

"An Gaidheal."

A! Eala bhàn o àros chiar nan tonn  
Stad air do sgeith, 's thoir eisdeachd uair do m' ghuth:  
Innis ciod e am fearann garbh nan sonn  
A chunnaic thu 'n uair threig thu fairge liath nan sruth.

An Eala.

Chunnaic mi thall air cladach lom na h-iar,  
(Bha ghrian san àm a tearnadh dluth ri cuan)



Oigfhear leis fhéin, 's a shuil air tonnan fiar  
Mar neach a dealbhadh bhriath'r, no aon a riarach smuain.

“Ruitidh” thuirt e “gu luath a nuas gu sàil  
Am fuaran àigh ged 's uaigneach e 'sa'ghleann;  
Ach o mo chridh!'s tu 'm fuaran daonan làn,  
Gun doigh 'san ruig do dhain luchd aiteach tìr nam beann.”

Chnnaic mi ris 's'mi triall seach sliabh a' cheo,  
An t-aosd air carn bha liath-ghlas mar e fein;  
Bha e mar neach a stad bhì measg nam beo:  
Mar thaibhs' an céo nan stùc; gidheadh 'n a shuil bha seun

A bhac mo thriall, is dh' eisd mi ris a' ghlaodh  
A bhris o 'bheul, 'se 'bualadh 'chas air làr:  
“A chuirn! a chuirn, ged 's balbh thu 'n seo ri m' thaobh,  
Mor smuainte duisgidh tu air linnte aosd nan sàr.

“Ach ged bu leamsa spiorad mor nam bàrd.  
An cluineadh càch gu robh mo leithid ann?  
Nach bit'h'n mar eun leis fhéin am frìth nan àrd  
Gun aon am fagus dà a bheireadh freagradh fann?”

Aon sealladh eile tharruing sios mò shùil:—  
Maighdean 'n a h-aonar dhùth ri sruthan luath,  
Bha 'ciabha dorch ag crìth-chluich sios mu 'cùl,  
'N uair sguabadh osag chiùin a nios feadh lùb nam bruach.

“A shruthain aosd” cha bhris an t-aog do ghuth  
(Seo chuala mi 'tigh'n nios troimh'n bharrach uain')  
Theid tìm, am milltear, thairis ort mar chruth,  
Le ceimeadh samhach mìn's cha chisnich e do dhan.

“Cha 'n ionnan thus a 's oighinnean mo thìr,  
'S gann gheibhear aon diubh chuireas rann r'a cheil':  
Mar bhalbh-chlais lom on d'fhalbh an sruth gu sior  
'S teare thig an tuil mu'n euairt a dhuisgeas luaidh'n am béil.

'S ged thogte 'n dán, an cluinnte e le sluagh  
Tha nis air fuadain feadh gach uile thìr?  
An cluinnt' e leo? cha chluinn gu bráth mo thruaigh!”  
'N sud dh' fhag mi i fo chlaoidh, 's mi 'caoidh an sgéil bhì fìor.

“An Gaidheal.”

A! Eala bhàn, thoir as gu tìr nam bard,  
'S innis gu'n d' éirich teachdair nuadh dhoibh féin,  
A theid gach mios a mach air feadh gach aird;  
Mar cholman 'falbh a's sgeulachdan fo 'sgéith.

Thog mise 'bhratach: rach a's duisg na slòigh:  
Mar ionnsuidh còmbrag rach is gairm na tréin;  
Glaodh ris a' bhàrd, na dichuimlnich na h-òigh'n,  
'S abair gur brath'r mìn ainm, 'san spiorad mar an céudn'.

## "BUN-LOCHABAR."

One of the best known, and deservedly popular, of our national *quick-steps*, when properly played on the *Piob-Mhòr*, is that known from earliest infancy to every Highlander as

Ga'aidh sinn an rathad mor,  
Ole no math le càch e!

An air that makes us all assume a bolder look, and feel at least an inch higher in our shoes. When deftly fingered by a master of the national instrument, it strikes upon the ear, whether on the streets of the populous city, or, better still, in the far remote Highland glen, where the bracken and the birch, stirred by the fitful breeze, seem to nod responsive to the warlike notes. The refrain or burden, and first verse, have always been well known, but the reader will, we dare say, thank us for presenting him with a complete version of the old words to which the quick-step air is so fitting an accompaniment. We took them down some years ago from the recitation of an old woman in Lorne—a Janet Mac Dougall, a cousin, I think, of Allan Dall's, the celebrated Inverlochy bard. A version very much the same is in our possession, taken down from the *Candaireachd* of an excellent old Highlander, the late Donald Mackenzie, North Ballachulish, better known as *Donull-a-Chaigìn*. The occasion of the song was this:—In 1644, a body of the Macgregors, Mac Nabs and Perthshire Stewarts marched to join Montrose under the command of Major Patrick McGregor, of Glengyle, and in spite of every obstacle, and having to march through the territories of hostile clans, they managed to join the "Great Marquis" in good time to be present at the battle of Inverlochy, where, for once at least in their lives, they had, to use the words of an old Seanachie, "a good day's *harvesting!*" The allusion to the MacIntyres is not to be taken as it seems. It is simply what the French call a *ruse de guerre*, very common at the period. The brave sons of "Cruachan," were, in truth, friendly to the king's cause, though they dared not appear openly in the matter for fear of their powerful neighbours, the Campbells of Argyll. The bard cunningly, and quite bard-like throws in the bit of abusive defiance in the first verse, to make the Campbells believe that the MacIntyres were hated by the loyalists quite as much as they hated the Campbells themselves. The line

Bodaich mhaol' an làgain

refers to certain auxiliaries from the low countries whom the Campbells called to their aid against Montrose, but who, along with the valiant Earl of Argyll himself, soon crossed Loch Fyne for safer quarters, whenever they heard that the loyalist Marquis intended paying them a visit (in return for many of *theirs*) and hoped to find them at home! *Làgan*, by the way, is the Perthshire Gaelic for *slummary* or *sowens*.—Could the bard have possibly used a more contemptuous epithet to hint in an indirect sort of way how little these valiant auxiliaries were to be trusted when the hour of trial came? Sluagh an Rìgh, in the last verse are of course the Stewarts.

The translation in the opposite column is not to be taken as a literal *translation*, but rather as a paraphrase or imitation of the original. It is merely an attempt to give the reader an *idea* and no more, of the manner and style of a very old song. It will stand, I think, in very proper juxtaposition with Mr J. F. Campbell's very interesting song in your last.

*Fonn.*—Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mòr,  
Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mòr,  
Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mòr  
Ole no math le càch e.

Ole no math le Cloinn-an-t-saoir  
Ole no math le Cloinn-an-t-saoir  
Ole no math le Cloinn-an-t-saoir—  
Na bodaich mhaol' an làgain.

Diridh sinn ri beann an fhraoich,  
'Tearnaidh sinn le gleann nan laogh;  
'S cha'neil fear de luchd-nam-braosg,  
Nach' leag sinn gaoir á 'mhàileid!

Thar a' mhonaidh null 'nar scriob,  
Sios Gleann Comhann air bheag sgios,  
Màrsaiddh sinn 'an ainm an Rìgh,  
Ole no math le càch e.

Gu Mac-'ic.-Alasdair 's Lochial,  
Bidh iad leinn, mar 'Sha iad riamh  
'S fear-na-Ceapaich mar ar mian,  
Ole no math le càch siod!

Thig Cloinn-a'-Phearsoin—feachd nam  
buadh, [tuath,  
'S thig Cloinn Choinnich o'n Taobh-  
'S maing an drèam do'n nochd iad fuath  
'Nuair 'dh'cìreas gruaim nam blùr  
orr'?

Thig Clann-Ghriogair garg 'san strì—  
Thig Clann-an-Abu,—*'s sluagh an Rìgh,*  
Màrsaibh nallach—suas i, phìob.  
Ole no math le càch e.

We will take the good old way,  
We will take the good old way,  
We'll take and *keep* the good old way,  
Let them say their will, O!

Let MacIntyres say what they may,  
Let MacIntyres say what they may,  
We'll take and *keep* the *good* old way,  
Let them say their will, O!

'Tis up the steep and heathery Ben,  
Adown the bonny winding glen,  
We march, a band of loyal men,  
Let them say their will, O!

We will march adown Glencoe,  
We will march adown Glencoe,  
By the Ferry we will go,  
Let them say their will, O!

To Glengarry and Lochiel—  
Loyal hearts, with arms of steel,  
These will beck you in the field,  
Let them say their will, O!

Cluny will come doon the brae,  
Keppoch bold will lead the way,  
Toss thine *antlers* CABER FEIGH,  
Let them say their will, O!

Forward, sons of bold Rob Roy,  
Stewarts—conflict is your joy,  
We'll stand together, *pour le Roy,*  
Let them say their will, O!

—:o:—

### ORAIÐ GHAILIG.

Leugh an t-urramach Alasdair Mac  
Griogair, ministear na h-Eaglais-an-  
Iar, an Inbhirnis, an oraid, o' m bheil  
na briathran a leanas air an tabhairt,  
do chomunn Gaidhealach Inbhirnis;  
a's tha sinn ag cluinntinn gur h-i a'  
chiad oraid Ghailig a bha air a liubh-  
airt 'sa' bhaile sin.

Tha duilichinn oirnn nach 'eil e 'nar  
comus ach fìor-neoni dhe'n òraid thait-  
nich seo a chur sìos anns a' GHAIÐH-  
EAL do bhrìgh gu'n robh i cho ro  
fhada agus a fìlleadh a staigh nithe cho

lìonmhor agus cho eugsamhla annta  
fein. Tha sinn a' tuig-sinn gu'n tug i  
mòr-thoilintinn do'n mhòr-chuideachd,  
eadar bhan-tighearnan agus dhain-  
uailse, a bha 'g eisdeachd rithe, agus  
gur iomadh glaoth-gaire agus caith-  
ream a thogadh leis an luchd-eisdeachd  
'n ùm di 'bhi 'ga labhairt o thùs gu  
deireadh.

Is iad na nithe air an do leudaich  
an t-Urrammach deas-bhriathrach,  
CAINNT, CEOL, CANTAIREACHD, COMH-  
DACHADH, CINNEADH, CLEACIDANNA,

CRUADAL, AGUS CAIRDEAS NAN GAIDHEAL. Leig e iomadh ni a ris gu soilleir, so-thuigsinn, air gach aon fa leth de na cinn seo, agus labhair e moran mu na Gaidheil fein, a thaobh an ceudthus, agus air gach ni air am bheil fios againn mu'n timchioll a thaobh an stuic agus an freimh aca. Thubhairt e, "Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach iad na Gaidheil an t-aon sluagh ris na Caledonaich agus na Piocaich an sinseara fein, eadhon na daoine gaisgeil sin a dh'ion an dùthaich agus an saorsa fein, an aghaidh gach ionnsuidh a thugadh orra le armaitibh tréuna nan Romanach. Bha Alba, no Caledonia air a h-aiteachadh leis na Piocaich agus thugadh leòsan ainmean 'n an cainnt fein air gach beinn agus baile, loch agus amhainn, agus ionad eile 'san rioghachd. Tha gach ainm a tha toiseachadh le *Dùn, Beinn, Monadh, Baile, Craig, Magh, Maghair, Ach, Amhainn, Leachd, Aird, Uachdar, Carn, Blàr, Cùl, Druim, Eas, Gleann, Srath, Innis, Cill, Meall, Torr, Loch, Linn, Poll, Ros, Port, Tullaich*, agus mòran eile, a' feuchainn air ball gur ainmean Gailig iad." Mu'n Ghailig fein, thubhairt e, "Do gach cainnt thugamaid an t-urrainn do'n Ghailig. Tha i hith-aosda, gidheadh is lùghmhor, laidir, lurach i,—is fallain, fiachail, flòr-ghlan i. Mar oigh gheamnuidh, cha'n aill leatha gnothuch a bhi aice ri ni sa bith a tha truailidh, no drabasda, no droch-mhuinte. Ann am beul nan laoch is binn, blasda a fuaim; agus is tiamhaidh, trom a guth ann an gearan gach dream a ta fo bhron. Air Laidinn, 's air Greugais bheir i barrachd, agus cha'n fhaigheara leithid galabhairt fo nghreinn

"A' chanain a bha rianh

Feadh bheanntan agus shliabh,

Ban-oighre dhligheach fhìor

Chaledonia!

A' chanain a's fearr

Fo na speuran i,

Chum gach smaoin is ni

'Chur an ceill innte.

Lan thorrach i gach am,  
Air focail nach 'eil gann,  
Tha gach cainnt eile th'ann  
A' toirt geillidh dhi.

Ach tha i nis 'dol suas,  
Air bunnachar nach gluais  
Le còmhnaidh Comuinn uasail,  
'S cha tréig iad i."

An deigh labhairt uine fhada air aois agus oirdheirceas na Gailig thòisich e air leudachadh ann am briathraibh ro thaitneach air Bardachd nan Gaidheal. Thug e iomradh freagarrach air saothair Oisein, agus air oibrigh nam bàrd 'sna limtibh cein sin, agus thubhairt e gu'm bheil "comas a nis aig na Goill fein air deagh eolas a ghabhail air na seann dànaibh seo aig Oisean air doibh a bhi gu cothromach air an eadar-theangachadh leis an Olla Urramach, Gilleasbuig Cleireach, Aodhair Chille-mhailidh. Thug e iomradh air bàrdachd mhoran eile, agus dh' aithris, e na h-uiread de na nithibh a rinneadh leo mar a ta "Miann a' Bhaird Aosda," agus moran eile. Thubhairt e, "Is lionmhor oran, iorram, dan, duan, rann agus laoidh a rinneadh leis na bardaibh aig na fineachaibh fa leth, seadh orain de gach gne agus cumadh, orain-gaoil, orain-molaidh, orain-cogaidh, orain-buaidhe, orain-treubhantais, orain sgaiteach agus éisgeil, orain-cànaidh agus caoidh, orain-cunhaidh agus broin, orain-luaidhe, agus iomraidh, agus buain, marbh-ranna, agus an leithidibh sin. Tha na fuinn agus na luinneagan a's boidhiche 'sa' Ghailig a gheobhar ann an cainnt sa bith eile."

Chaidh an t-Urramach a ris air aghaidh 'na Oraid thaitnich gu cunn-tas a thoirt air Piobaireachd agus ceol nan Gaidheal, agus air seo thubhairt e na h-uiread a dhuaisg iomadh glaodh-caithreim a'm measg an luchd-eisdeachd. An deigh leudachadh air a' Phìob-mhor a dheachd gu minic na gaisgich chum a' chatha, agus nithe a chur an ceill mu Chlann Mhic Cruimein, a bha 'n am piobairibh aig Sìol Leoid, Dhun-

bheagain o iomadh linn air ais, agus mar au ceudna mu chlann Mhic Artair aig Mac Dhomhnuill nan Eilean, thubhairt e, "Tha iomadh gne phiobaireachd ann. Tha cuid ann ris an abrar *Cruinneachadh* cuid eile *Brosnachadh* cuid eile *Cumha* cuid eile *Failte*, agus cuid eile *Tuireadh* mar a bha a' phiobaireachd thiomhaidh, mhall, bhronach, bu ghnath bhi ga cluicheadh aig adhlacadh nam marbh. Bha duil aig na Gaidheil, gu'n robh a phiob mar gu'm bann a' labhairt bhriathra na *Failte*, no an *Rabhaidh* no an *Tuiridh*, mar a dh' fheadadh a' chuis a bhith. Mar seo, ann an *Cumha Mhic Leoid*, bha phiob ag radh,—

Cha till, cha till, cha till Mac Cruimein  
Cha till e gu brath gu là na cruinne,  
Cha till, cha till, cha till Mac Cruimein,  
Cha till Mac Leoid 's cha bheo Mac Cruimein.

Is mor a' mhisneach a thug a' phiob-mhor do na Gaidheil gu dol a'm buil-sgean nan naimbdean, agus tha eadhon gu ruig an la'n diugh piobair aig gach cath-bhuidheann Gaidhealach chum dol maille riu do na blaraibh, agus

Cha do ghluais chum na tuasaid,  
'Sa chaoidh iad cha ghluais,  
Gun an bolg-fheadan neur-thollach  
Fhuaimneach 'n an cluais!

Bha Clann Mhic Cruimein, Dhunbheagain, a' sgrìobhadh na piobaireachd sios ann an leabhar, gu bhì' ga cumail air chuimhne, ach cha'n ann air an doigh air am bheil ceol 'ga sgrìobhadh a nis. Bha iadsan 'ga dheanamh le focuil bheaga, ghoirid, a bha iad a' cur an altaibh a' cheile chum fuaim an fheadain agus na puirt a chiallachadh. Bha e rud eigin cosmhuil ri iunleachd an *Sol-fa* a ta 'ga gnathachadh 'san àm seo ann an ceol nan salm. Bha iadsan a' gabhail lionmhorachd fhocal ghoirid, mar *hi, ri ro, bhi, ha, ra, din, hia, di, rit, hio, dra, ti, re, dro, tiri, tara, tetiri*; agus mar sin sios. Air an doigh seo chuireadh iad sios piobaireachd **FALTE A' PHRIONNSA** mar a leanas :—

## An t-Urlar.

hi ro dro hi ri, hi an an in ha rà,  
hi o dro ha chin, ha chin hi ' chin,  
hi o dro hi ri, hi an an in ha ra,  
hi o dro ha chin, ha chin hi i chin  
hi o dro hi ri, hi an an in ha ra,  
hi o dro ha chin, ha chin hi a chin.  
hi o dro hi ri, hi an an in ha ra,  
hi o dro ha chin, ha chin hi i chin.

Siubhal.

hi o dro hi chin, ha chin hà chin  
hi o dro ha chin, hi chin hà chin,  
hi o dro hi chin, ha chin hà chin,  
hi o dro ha chin, ha chin hà chin,  
hi o dro hi chin, hi chin là chin,  
hi o dra ha chin, hi chin, hà chin,  
hi o dro hi chin, ha chin, hà chin,  
hi o dro ha chin, ha chin là chin

Taobhludh.

hio dro to, hi dro to, ha dro to, ha dro to,  
ho dro to, ha dro to, hi dro to, hia chin,  
&c.

Thug an t-Urramach MacGriogair a ris min-chunntas air éideadh agus armachd nan Gaidheal, agus thug e iomadh dearbhadh gu'm bheil Breacan-an-fhéilidh anabarrach sean. Am measg chaich, dh' innis e gu'n do bhùiricheadh suas leac no clach leathann a' steidh *Balla Antonine* a thogadh leis na Romanaich tarsuing air Alba eadar an amhainn Friuth agus an amhainn Cluaidh, anns a' bhliadhna 140. Air an lie seo bha dealbh trìuir dhaoine air a ghearradh, a bha air an éideadh 'san trusgan Ghaidhealach. Thug e iomradh, mar an ceudna, air iomadh dearbhadh eile air gnè, dreach, agus cumadh éididh nan Gaidheal, agus air gach seorsa armachd a ghnàthaicheadh leò o linn gu linn.

"'S math' thig breacan an fhéilidh  
Gu léir do na sùinn,  
Osain gheart' air an calpannaibh  
Dòmhaill, geal, cruinn;  
Iteagan dorch' air slios  
Gorm uidheam cheann,  
Sud i éideadh nam blàr,  
'S cha bi an te fhada theann."

Thubhairt e gu'n feudadh mòran a bhì air a chur an cèill mu fhearachas-taighe, cleachdanna - dùchail, inneal-treabhaidh, buill-ae-fhuinn agus airneis nan Gaidheal. Tha mòran ann aig nach 'eil fios cìod is ciall do na nithibh seo a leanas a ta air an gnathachadh gu sonraichte anns na h-Eileanaibh an-iar; mar a ta Cas-chròm, Cas-dhireach, Slachdan, Groideallan, Ràcan, Poit-Uirearaidh, Leac-gradain, Muilean-leth-coise, Muilean-bradh, Bord-luaidh Plocan, Cisean, Iris, Siomaid, Cliabh, Caineag, Plàt, Sgonnan, Tallan, Sunnag, agus mar sin sìos."

Dh'innis e gu'm feudadh moran a bhì air aithris, mar an ceudna, mu na Gnath-fhocail, Saobh-chraobhadh, Giseag, Ranntachd, Dubh-cheisd, Toimhseachan, Taibhsearachd, Sùgradh, Iomairt, Cluich, agus Cleas, a gheobhar am measg nan Gaidheal,—ach dh'fhag e iad sin air fad, mar a thubhairt e, gu bhì gu so-thuigsinneach, soilleir air an lorgadh a mach, agus air an aithris gu h-ullamh, h-eallamh, deas-chainnteach, leis an Urramach fhoghlumte sin "BUN LOCHABAR!"

Labhair e na h-uiread mu threubh-antas nan Gaidheal, agus bha dorran air nach ceadaicheadh an ùine dha leudachadh gu farsuing air na Fincachaibh Gaidhealach fa leth, agus air gach connsachadh, cogadh, creach, agus blar fuilteach a bha aca 'nan aimh-reitibh an aghaidh a' cheile. Air an doigh chudna cha robh e 'n a chomas na bu mhath leis a chur an cèill mu bhreacnaibh nam Fincachan air fad, agus mu Shuaicheantas, Gairmibh-catha, Brataichibh, agus Briathraibh-bros-nachaidh nam Fincachan gu léir.

An deigh labhairt mu uair gu leth air na nithibh seo tharruing e gu crìch le teist urramach a thoirt air gaisge nan Gaidheal. Thubhairt e gu'n d'fhalbh na h-amanna deistinneach sin anns an robh comas beatha agus bàis ann an laimhibh nan ceann-feadhna, agus gur taitneach gu'n d'fhalbh. Ach am

feadh 'sa ta sliochd nam beann co-èlùiteach agus cruadalach 'sa bha iad riamh, bha'n dillseachd agus an treubh-antas air an gnathachadh o cheann linntean air ais, cha'n ann ri comhstrith an aghaidh a' cheile ach mar chath-bhuidheann gu'n strìochdadh, bha iad deas agus dìleas thar tuigsce, gu bhì dìonadh an *saorsa*, an *dutcha*, 's an *lagh*! Cha tug saighdearan nì b'fhearr riamh aghaidh do namhaid. Leo-san sguabadh air falbh an easairdean as an araich, mar a sguabar am moll le neart na gaoithe. O! cia fearail, cuimear, agus cìreachdail iad 'nan eideadh fein! Cia garg agus colgach a'n àm dol sìos do'n chath. Cia minic, luath mar na h-iolaircan a' dol air iteig chum cobhartaich, a ruith iad air feachd nan namh, agus a chuir iad as doibh gu leir. Is gann a nochdas iad an treubhantas, ach an uair a tha an cunnard mor, agus an namhaid garg agus dalma: an sin, còmhdaichidh an corruich an talamh le closaichibh nam marbh, mar a chòmhdaicheas corran a' bhunaiche an t-achadh le sguabaibh. Fhad 'sa bhios meas air fìor-shaighdearachd cha leagar air dearmad am fearalas air faiche fhuiltich *Waterloo*.

'Sann an sud a bha 'ghrìobhag,  
Le luaidh ghrad,—lannaibh bìorach,  
'S claidh'ibh sgaiteach 'gan iomairt,  
Le dream chalma gu'n tioma,  
Chaidh siol Alba gu'n ghìoraig,  
Anns an t-searbh-chath air mhìreadh,  
'Creuchdadh chorp is 'gan liodairt,  
Is 'gam fagail 'san ionad gu'n deo!

Anns an oraid ro thaitneach aige, anns nach robh lide Shasunnach, bhrosnaich e "Comunn Gaidhealach Inbhirnis" gu bhì dìchiollach agus dìleas. Nochd e gach strìth a rinneadh chum na Gaidheil a theagasg 'nan cainnt fein leis *An Teachdaire Ghaidhealach*, a ris le *Caraid nan Gaidheal* a ris le *Cuairtear nan Gleann* a ris le *Fear-tathaich nam beann* agus na h-uiread eile, ach chaidh as doibh gu leir, agus b'ole an airidh e.

Ach thubhairt e, “Cha d'fhagadh sinn fathast gun dochas, oir dh'èirich o cheann ghoirid *Gaidheal* eile suas ann an Glaschu, a ta nis air a thuras, agus 'se dleasnas a' Chomuinn seo, agus gach uile neach eile aig am bheil dualchas agus duthchas 'nan cridhe, an aire a thoirt gu'm bi *An Gaidheal* laghach seo air 'èiridinn, agus air a chuideachadh, agus air a chumail suas!

—:o:—

### ABRAICHIH GHLASCHU.

Air Di-Aoine, an seathamh latha de'n Dùdlachd, choinnich Abraich Ghlaschu, gu an dinnear bhliadhnaidh—'s a ri ma choinnich, 's ann orra fein a bha coltas nan siad! Bha Ghailig air a labhairt cho snasmhor 's cho fileanta, 's ged nach fhagadh na ceatharnaich riamh fasgath Beinn-Nimheis,—bha taghadh a' phoibaire ag cluith aig amaibh suidhichte re an fheasgair, a's air dha “Gilleann an Fheilidh” a thogail, tha mi 'n duil gu'n eireadh mo chridhe ged a “bhitheadh mo leth a' slaodadh rium.” 'S cha robh an deise ghearr air dhi-chuimhne, oir bha iomadh “Abrach o Léchaidh” 'san t-seomar comhdaichte an eideadh taghta nam beann, 's gun teagamh ag aithris 'n a chridhe:

“Chuir sinn a suas an deise

Bhios uallach, freagarrach dhuinn—

Breacan an fheilidh phreasaich,

A's peiteag de'n eudach ùr;

Cota 'chadadh nam ball,

Am bitheadh a' chàrnaid dlù,

Osan nach ceangail ar ceum,

'S nach ruigeadh mar reis an glùn.”

Bha Iain Mac-Gille-Mhaoil 'sa' chathair, agus Seumas Ailean 'san Iar-chathair. Am measg feadhainn eile 'bh'aig an dinnear faodaidh sinn na leanas ainmeachadh: an t-uasal Urramach Alasdair Stiùbhairt, am Bun-Lochabar; Somhairle òg Mac a'-Chalmain; Aonghas Ròs, maille ri 'bhrathair Iain MacDhomhnuill Ròs; Gilleasbuig

Camshron; Niall Camshron; Domhnall Mac-a'-Phì; Eachann MacCholla; Alasdair Mac-a'-Phì, agus moran eile. Air do na chuideachd an dinnear a ghabhail, chaidh sineadh air òl nan deochanna slàinte, anns a' mhodh thaitneach sin anns am bheil na Gaidheil amhàin gun choimeas. B'i 'chiad deochslainte, “A' Bhanrigh, a's buill eile an teaghlach rioghail;” na 'deigh sin, “an t-arm mara 's tire;” agus an sin sheinn Niall Camshron deagh òran Gailig:

“Siod agai' 'n deoch-slainte 'dh'òlainn,  
Deoch-slainte 'Chamshronaich

bhòidhich

Siod agai' 'n deoch-slainte 'dh'òlainn.”

An deigh do Niall Suidhe, dh'èirich fear-na-cathrach a dh'ol deochslainte “Chomuinn Abraich,” 's ma dh'èirich bu taitneach leis gach neach 'uirgheall. Thuirt e gu'm bi siod AN DOECH SLAINTE, 's gu'n robh e 'n dóchas gu'n rachadh a h-ol gu h-eireachdail. Labhair e car uine, gu pongal tuigseach mu ghnothaichean a' chomuinn, agus ma'n fheum a rinn an Comunn cheana do Ghaidheil a bha tighinn do Glaschu ann a bhi faighinn aitean daibh, 's 'gan comhnadh air iomadh seol eile. Cha an deoch-slainte ol le mor thoileachas, agus an sin chluith MacIomhuinn, am piobaire, port.

'Si 'n ath dheoch-slainte 'dh' ainmicheas sinn; “Na h-Abraich aig an taigh a's thairis.” Bha i seo air a h-ol le mor chaitream. Air do Uilleam Austin, eiridh a dh' iàraidh air a choluchd-duthcha urram a's onair a dheanamh do 'n deoch slainte bha iad gu ol, bha an gairdeachas cho mor a's gar gunn a chluinntè guth an fhir a bha bruithinn. Labhair e car uine air iomadh ni a bha ro thaitneach do gach neach 'san eideachd, as air do'n deoch-slainte 'bhi air a h-ol, dh'èirich an t-Urramach Alasdair stiùbhairt a thoirt tainge. Thuirt e gu'n robh e 'n comas dàsan labhairt riutha araon am

Beurla 'san Gailig, agus ged a bha e creidsinn gu'n robh neach no dithis 'sa' chuideachd nach tuigeadh canain bhlas-lmhor Fhinn a's Oisein. cha'n fhaodadh an fheadhainn sin a bhli diombach air chor sa bith mas e 's gu'n labhradh e beagan fhocail anns nach d' thoireadh iad moran brìghe: oir 'sann a bha e 'dol a labhairt ri Abraich, 's cha robh Abrach air bith nach tuigeadh a' Ghailig. Labhair e gu deas-bhriathrach mu iomadh ni, aig an robh co-cheangail, cha'n ann amhain ris na h-Abraich, ach ris na Gaidheil uile. Thuir e gu'm bu taitneach leis-san a bhli 'g amharc air a' chomhlan mhaiseach ud, oir 'an sùil gach fir, bha e comasach dha tòchridh-eachd a' Ghaidheil a leughadh. Lean e, an sin, air inneadh sgeulachdan a thug a mach iomadh glaodh a's gaire: "Abrach" ars esan, "a thog air do Ghlaschu, agus air dha bhli fagail taigh 'athar, thuir e, 'Athair, thoir dhomh do bheannachd ma'm falbh mi'; 'sin mo bheannachd-sa dhut a mhic', ars 'athair, 'se a' toirt còig *puinnid* Shas 'nach da. 'Ach nach can thu focail sa bith a chum misneach a thoirt domh air m' allaban an dùthaich chein?' 'Mata' ars 'athair, 'chan' abair mise riut ach, 'Ma bheir fear sa bith an car asad aon uair, mo naire *air-san*; ma bheir e 'n car asad an dara uair, mo naire *ortsa!*'" Labhair e 'n déigh sin, air Eoghann Mac Lachluinn. B'esan gun teagamh sa bith, "Smeorach chlan Lachluinn." Rugadh e an Torrachalltuinn, an Lochabar, 'sa' bhliadhna 1775. An deigh dha deagh fhoghlum fhaighinn 'an dùthaich a bhreith, chaidh e a dh' Abar-eadhain, far an do choisinn e mor-chliu, cha'n ann amhain da fhein, ach mar an ceudna, do 'n dùthaich a dh' araich e. A' bharr air e 'bhi 'na sgoilear cho ainmeil 's a bh'ann ri 'linn bha e 'na bhard taghta. Co nach robh eolach air an Eallaidh thaitnich sin:—

"Gur gile mo leannan

Na 'n eal' air an t-samh,

Na cobhar na tuinne

'S e tilleadh bho 'n traigh;

Na 'm blath-bhainne buaile,

'S a' chuach leis fo bharr,

Na sneachd nan gleann dosrach,

'Ga fhroiseadh mu 'n bhlar?'"

Agus c'ait am faigheadh iad **MARBH-RANN**, an canain air bith, cosmhuil ris' a' mharbhrann a rinn Eoghann Mac-Lachlainn do Sheumas *Beattie*? C'ait am faigheadh iad briathran cho fìor thiamhaidh, agus cho fìor fhreagarrach riutha seo:

"Och nan och! mar a ta mi,

Threig, mo shùgradh mo mbaran 's mo cheòl!

'S trom an acaid tha 'm chràdh-lot,

'S goirt am beum a rinn sgainteach 'am fheòil;

Mi mar ànrach nan cuaintean.

A chailleas 'astar feadh stuidhan 'sa' cheo,

O'n bhuaile teachdair' a' bhais thu

'Charaid chaoimh bu neo-fhailteamach gloir?'"

Dh'eng Mac-Lachlainn 'sa' bhliadhna 1822, agus bha e air adhlacadh an Cill-a'-Mhaodain, an Ard-ghobhar. Bha duilichinn air a chantuinn gu'n robh a tuam air ag còmhachadh leis an eamdaig thiadhaich, an aite i bhli air ag comharrachadh amach le clach-chuimhne; ach bha e 'n dochas nach biodh a' chuis fada mar sin.—Thug 'uirgheal mor thoilinntinn do 'n chuideachd agus mu'n do dheallaich iad, chaidh a dheoch-slainte òl le mor chaitheam.

'S duilich leinn nach eil e 'nar comas tuilleadh de na bh' air a labhairt a chuir sios air duillegaibh *A' Ghaidheil*, mar bu mhiann leinn. Ach anns a chodhùnadh, faodaidh sinn a chantuinn gu'n robh deoch-slaichte 'Ghaidheil air a h-òl gu taitneach. Dh' iarradh seo a dheanamh leis an ògonach cheanalta sin, Iain MacDhomhnuill Ròs. Labhair e car uine, a' molladh iomadh ni a bhuineadh do na Gaidheil, agus ag iarradh air na bha aig a' choimhinn còmhadh



a thoirt do gach nì de 'n robh faileadh cùbhraidh an fhraoich. Dh'iarr e 'n sin soirbheachadh do'n Ghaidheal, maille ri deoch-slainte Mhic-Choinnich (a bha sa chuideachd o'n Ghaidheal) òl—nì a bha air a dheanamh gu eridheil, agus an déigh sin thug Mac-Choinnich taing do'n chuideachd air son mar thaisbein iad am meas air a' Ghaidheal, 's air fhein.

[Tha 'N GAIDHEAL fada 'n comain nan Abrach air son an deagh rùn; agus, aig an àm cheudna, ag innseadh dhoibh, ma theid e "air chaluinn" am bliadhna, nach ann tuaitheal a ruigeas e taigh Abrach a tha 'n Ghlaschu; a's air a' laimh eile, ma thig Abrach 'na charsan aig an àm gar cinnteach a bhonnag dha !]

—:o:—

### NAIDHEACHDAN.

'S i naideeachd cho taitneach 'sa tha againn ri h-innseadh air a' mhios seo — an aireamh de chomuinn Ghaidhealach a tha "togail an cinn." Tha aon Chomuinn maiseach an Grianag agus MARCUS LATHURIN air a cheann. Re an Dùlchadh bha buill a' chomuinn ag coinneachadh, 's ag cur na'n Riaghailtean an altan a' cbeile, 's tha sinn toilichte chluinntinn gu'm bheil iad a' faighinn air an aghaidh a reir am miann. Cha 'n thaod sinn gun luaidh a dheanamh air a' chiad choinneamh a bh' aca. Aig a' choinneamh sin bha mòran Ghaidheal, agus uaislean eile aig an robh toil do'n chùis. Bha triuir no ceathrar phìobairean ag cluith aig an doras an àm do 'n chuideachd a bh' 'cruinneachadh; agus gun teagamh bu taitneach an ceòl do chridhe Gaidhealach sa bith. Air do'n t-sluagh cruinneachadh, air iartus fhir-na-cathrach, gu deas-bhriathrach, pongail chuir an t-Urramach D. Mac-Mhuirich an céill cuid de na h-aobharan air son am bheil an comunn gu bhli air a stéidheadh. Labhair e mu aoisead na Gailig, agus mu'n mheas bu

choir a bhì aig gach fìor Ghaidheal oirre; "Ach" ars esan, "ged a tha snuagh na h-aoise oirre bho chian, cha 'n eil mise 'creidsinn gur h-i a labhair Adhamh, oir cha robh i riabh am bial cho leibeideach ris a' bhial a mheall ar ceud phàrantan air dhoibh a bhi, na'n prìomh ionracas, ag àiteachadh a' Ghàraidh.—Tha 'n comunn seo ag cur romhpa moran oibre a dheanamh agus si ar dùrachd-ne gu'n soirbhich leo. 'Se' ainm a' chomuinn—COMUNN GAIDHEALACH GHRIANAIG.

Tha Comunn Gaidhealach eile an déigh a stéidheadh 'san Oban. 'S e 'ainm-san—COMUNN OISEANACH LATHURIN. Tha chuid a's mo de dh'uaislean an Obain a' toirt gach comhnaidh do'n chomuinn seo "le'n cinn, le'm pinn, 's le 'n sporain," a's 'si ar guidh-ne do gach neach diubh—"Lean do bhuille!"

Tha COMUNN GAIDHEALACH INBHIRNIS a' deanamh gu foghainteach. Tha sinn ag cluinntinn gu'm bheil a' mhorchuid de na h-oraidean ciatach a bha air an leughadh le buill a' chomuinn ré na bliadhna chaidh seachad, gu bhli air an clo-bhualadh gun dàil, a's gu bhli air an toirt a nasgaidh do bhuill a' chomuinn, 's air an reic ri muinntir eile.

Tha Comuinn Ghaidhealach Ghlaschu a nis air sìneadh air cumail an coinneamhan bliadhna—'s gheobhar iomradh an earrann eile de 'n *Gaidheal* air te dhiubh: an te Abraich.

Tha an aimsir anabarrach gailbheach o chionn fhada. Chaidh moran luingeas a chall leis an stoirm. Tha 'n call mara 's tire cho mor 's a bha e le 's cuimhne leinn. Bha cuid mhor de na luingeas a cha chall air an turus á America.

Chaidh an Granndach ath-thaghadh gu bhli 'na phrìomh fhear-riaghlaidh 's na Staidean Aonaichte,—sgeula bhios air a leughadh gu taitneach an Strathspé, an duthaich d'am bun e. Nach fìor a thuirt am port, "Tha na Grann-daich urramach?"

Chaidh "Là Naomh Anndra" a

chumail leis na h-Albanaich anns gach àit, cho aobhach 's bu nos da bhith. Tha sinn an deigh paipear fhaighinn á Baile-'n-rìgh an Canada, anns am bheil mor iomradh air dol-a-mach nan Albanach air an latha. Measg nithe eile tha deagh Dhàn le Eobhann Mac-Cholla, "clarsair nam beann," air na Fineachanadh' éirich "Bliadhna Thearlaich."

—:o:—  
**GAILIG ANNS NA SGOILTEAN.**  
 A Ghaidheil Rùnaich,

An ceadaich thu dhomh ficil no dha a radh an leth-sgeil na maighstirean-sgoile mu dheibhinn an robh an "Gille Dubh" a seachas anns an àireamh mu dheireadh de'n Ghaidheal? Tha e ag radh gur e *dichuimhne* a thainig air na maighstirean-sgoile a thug air a' Ghailig a bhith dol air chùl anns na sgoiltibh. Nis cha 'n e *dichuimhne* rinn so idir ach *mi-mhisneachd*. Anns an Earrach an uair a thigeadh na ministearan gu'n sgoil a cheasnachadh rach-

adh a' Ghailig fhagal gu deireadh, agus an sin 'se theireadh iad, "Cha 'n eile uine againn airson na Gailig ach o na chuala agus na chunnaic sinn a cheana cha 'n eil teagamh nach eil a' Ghailig air a deagh teagasg." Beagan an deigh sin thigeadh Fear-ceasnachaidh na Ban-rìgh agus gun aon smid de Ghailig 'n a cheann. Mar seo chunnaic na maighstirean-sgoile nach rachadh sealltuinn air an dìchioll ann a bhith ag call uine bu chòir a bhith air a cleachdadh ri nitheibh eile. Chunnaic na sgoilearan nach robh meas aig na daoine mòra sin air a' chainnt a bha iad ga'n sàrachadh fein ga h-ionnsachadh agus nach faigheadh iad cliù no moladh ge be air bith cho math 's a leughadh iad i. Mar seo le mi-mhisneachd air gach taobh chaidh a' Ghailig ach beag a chuir as na sgoiltean ach cha 'n ann leis na daoine bha thairis orra.

D. C.,  
 Maighstir-Sgoile.

—:o:—  
 TO THE EDITOR OF "THE GAEL."

NIDDRY LODGE, KENSINGTON, LONDON W.,

December 9, 1872.

SIR,—In your last number you printed an old Gaelic Ballad which I sent to you from Inveraray Castle. I have now the honour to send you another. This was found by Mr Donald MacPherson, loose in a drawer at the Advocates' Library, together with the following letter from Doctor Irvine, of Little Dunkeld, which gives a pedigree:—

("It is not known to whom this letter was addressed.")

"DEAR SIR,

"I seized the first spare moment after my return to look out for the song of which I spoke, and now send it to you with a hurried translation, which I endeavoured to make as literal as possible. You must pardon its defects as it does not aim at elegance. No English can convey the happy turns of the original." . . . "It was sung to the harp as it was probably composed with the harp. The name of the bard I have not got, though he was certainly the family bard and harper. He glances at the story of the lady being exposed on the rock in the sea as a scandal; but tradition is uniform on the subject, and the bard refers to the cause of such a barbarous deed. His lady bore to Lachlan no children, which explains 'that blossomed not to our wishes.'" . . . "He was killed by John Campbell, of Calder, his brother-in-law, tradition says in revenge.

"DEAR SIR, your most obedient Servant,

("Signed) A. IRVINE.

"Dunkeld, 6th January, 1810."

Dr Irvine, about 1800, made a large collection of Gaelic poetry. A copy of his manuscript was bought by Mr David Laing, of the Signet Library. By his permission, that collection is now printed in my Book "Leabhar na Feinne," as Text O. Dr Irvine proposed to collect orally, and to publish the Gaelic poetry which was current in his day. He printed a Prospectus; his work was approved by the Highland Society, but it never appeared.

The story of the ballad is well known, and has often appeared in books. In Vol. IV., Popular Tales of the West Highlands, p. 44, I quoted a version of part of the story, taken from a manuscript genealogy of the Argyll family.

The story, as I have it from many sources, printed, MS., and oral, may be very shortly told.

Archibald, Earl of Argyll, and Chancellor of Scotland, who fell at Flodden, 1513, had a numerous family. One of his sons married the heiress of the Calders, and founded the family of Lord Cawdor. Another founded the first family of Skipnish. The daughters were "Janet, Lady Athol; Mary, Lady Islay, (married to Macdonald;) Margaret, Lady Erskine or Marr; Isabel, Lady Cassells, (who was a writer of Gaelic poetry;) Massy, Lady Toward or Lamont; Elizabeth, Lady MacLean of Mull." The Laird of MacLean caused his wife to be placed upon a tidal rock in the Sound of Mull, which is called the Lady's Rock to this day. Her brother, the Laird of Skipnish, who was passing through the Sound of Mull in his barge, rescued her. Her husband, as it now appears from this Gaelic song, had a sham funeral, and some Mull bard composed the lament, which Dr Irvine recovered. The Laird of Calder, meeting MacLean in Edinburgh, thrust his sword, scabbard and all, through his brother-in-law, which event is recorded in the Irish annals of Loch Cē, and in the Argyll Genealogy.

The widow "Lady MacLean was married afterwards to Archibald Campbell, Laird of Achinbreck, to whom she bore John Campbell, called John Ayrach, because he was nursed in Glenaray. He was the first of the former house of Stronedoar in Knapdale."

So far as I am able to form an opinion, the Gaelic ballad recovered by Dr Irvine is a genuine composition of the time of James V. or Queen Mary, orally preserved, and slightly altered in dialect by time and modern orthography. Dr Irvine's translation renders the meaning; a poet like Sir Walter Scott might give life to the translation.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. F. CAMPBELL.

Oran [cumha] do Bhanthighearn Dhu-airt, d' om b' ainm Elizat, piuthar do Ghilleasbuig, Iarla Earraghail sa bhliadhna 1530, Leis a Bhard Mhuil-each.

'S cianail, gruamach, coimheach guar-ach

A d fhas am fuar mhon ard  
An Caol tha salach, molach, bailcach,  
O'n dh' éug an Ainnir bhàn;  
Friamh na gloine, Géug na loinne  
A d fhas gu lurach àill'—

DR IRVINE'S TRANSLATION.

A song to the Lady of Duart, whose name was Elizabeth, sister to Archibald, Earl of Argyll, in the year 1530, by the Mull Bard.

Sad, gloomy, fierce, and wintry wild  
Looks the lofty stormy hill,  
Boisterous, rugged, high rolling the  
Since the fair Ainnir died; [strait,  
The root of innocence, the branch of  
union  
Which blossomed in all the luxuriance  
of beauty,

Thug fras dhunai, bhuainn gun fluir-  
A thilg a bun os bàrr. [each,

'S cruadalach am beum a bhuaill sinn  
An uair bu bhuaint ar dùil;  
Bha sinn cridhail, suntach, mirail,  
Gun bhraon snith air sùil.  
A' Chlàrsach a' toirt ceòil le h-aiteas  
Fir ag cleasachd dlù  
An tulach ait le toirm ar gaire  
As baird a seim an cliu.

'Nuair a sheallas ris an aonach  
'S ioma fras a caochla rian  
'Nuair as motha bhios ar dochas  
'S ann as motha ar doghruinn shios  
S ionann sin 's mar thachair dhuinne  
'N uair a b' fhurannach ar miann  
Dh' aom a' Chreag le toirm gun abh-  
achd  
As air ar n-ailleas laidh a ghrian

Cha 'n ioghna Lachuinn thu bhi deur-  
ach  
Chaill thu reul nan oighean  
Chaill thu ionnus mor do cheannich  
Chaill thu tuigse chomhra  
Chaill thu sgiath dhian do chaidribh  
Chaill thu airde foghlum  
Chaill thu Iul a chuain ghabhai  
An uair a b' airde dò-shion

Thainig i mar bhoillsge greine  
Thoirt leus air oiche cheothar,  
Sgap i uainn an duthlachd catha  
Bha cur smal air òigri,  
Cheangail i suas ar créuchdan ruiteach  
Thiondaì guin gu sò-ghràdh,  
Thug i dhuinn ar n' airm 's ar n' eidi  
As reitich i gach dò-bheairt.

But which the shower of Death  
Suddenly swept away, laying its  
honours low.

Disastrous the blow which struck us  
When our hopes feared no change,  
Our hearts overflowed with joy,  
The drop of grief fled from our e'e  
The harp raised the exhilarating song,  
The warriors plied the feats of  
strength,  
The rock re-echoed the song of laughter,  
The bards sounded the praise of  
chiefs.

Mark the sloping height  
Darkened by the shower, enlivened  
by the sun;  
We indulge the hope never to be  
changed;  
It breaks, the deepest affliction over-  
whelm us,  
Such our portion,  
We looked forward to days of peace,  
The rock burst with the thunder of  
death,  
The sun set upon our pride.

Great, Lachlan, is the cause of thy  
grief;  
Thou hast lost the polar star of  
women,  
Thou hast lost a treasure beyond value,  
Thou hast lost discretion in converse,  
Thou hast lost the shield of friends,  
Thou hast lost the perfection of  
science,  
Thou hast lost the compass of the  
frightful ocean  
Lashed by the fiercest tempest.

She came like the sunbeam  
To illumine the cloud-envelop'd night;  
She dispersed the storm of battle  
Which saddened the hearts of our  
youth;  
She bound up our bleeding wounds,  
She turned our fends to feasts of love;  
She took off our arms and martial  
garment,  
And calmed each deathful strife.

# THE GAZETTE,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

JANUARY, 1873.

## ENGLISH RIVER NAMES, &c., DERIVED FROM THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

In a former article it was very distinctly shown, that a large number of English and Scotch river names were *identical*, and that their derivation was from the Gaelic language, and not the Welsh. The examples given extended also all over both England and Scotland, proving that it was the same race that had given the names in both countries, and speaking the same language.

There will now be laid before the reader a very great number of English river names which are most evidently derived from the Gaelic language. In Yorkshire, the "Dow" is clearly from the word *Du* or *Dubh*, meaning "dark" or "black." The surname "Dow," in Scotland, is always pronounced as if, spelled *Du*. The "Aran," in Sussex, is from the obsolete Gaelic word "*A*" meaning "slow," and the very common contraction *An* for "a river," whereby it is "the slow river." The rivers called "Rea," in Worcester, and the "Wrey," of Devonshire, are from *Reidh*, and of which Gaelic word they are almost the exact pronunciation; the meaning is "the smooth river." The large river called the "Tees," certainly appears to come from *Deas*, and may signify either "the river to the south," with reference to the Tyne north of it, or "the south running river," which the Tees does for several miles from its source. The "Lee," of Cheshire, is apparently from *Liath* (the letters *th* are mute), and it is pronounced *Leeā*, meaning "the grey river;" this name

has a great similarity to the "Leven's" of England and Scotland, so also the "Leen," of Nottingham, seems to have the same origin, with the addition of the contraction *An*, for *Abhuinn*, a river; thus it is *Liath-an*, and is also "the grey river."

The "Lidden," of Worcester, was anciently spelled *Leden*, and, therefore, appears to be derived from the two words, *Leud* and *an*, meaning "the broad river." The "Nar," of Norfolk, seems, no doubt, to come from the Gaelic *Near*, (the contraction of *An-ear*,) meaning "the east flowing river;" the Nore, a part of the estuary of the Thames, appears to be related to this word. The rivers named "Stour" are found in Ptolomey's Geography of the year A.D. 120, where the name given is "Sturius." This practice of adding a termination to Celtic names was common to both the Greeks and Romans. We see in this instance that a Gaelic etymology is very clear, because, when the foreign termination is removed, *Stur(ius)* remains, derived from the Gaelic *Sturr*, which means "rough" or "uneven." Mr Edmunds, in his work, controverts this being applicable; but this evidently shows he does not know how strictly accurate the name applies to the Stour of Dorsetshire, which rises in the high lands of that county, and for several miles in its descent from its source it is both "rough" and "uneven." From the Gaelic word *Car*, or *Char* (when aspirated), meaning "a bend or curve," we have the etymology of three English rivers, the "Char," of Dorset; the "Chor," in

Lancashire; and the "Kerr," of Middlesex.

The "Nene," in the county of Northampton, is a corruption, apparently, of the name of the Celtic god of the waters, called *Neithe*; the "Nid," of Yorkshire, seems also to have the same etymology as the Scotch river "Nith," and which was anciently spelled "Neith," derived, undoubtedly, from "Neithe;" so also the "Neath" of the county of Glamorgan. Mr Edmunds states there is no proof the Welsh race knew of a god of the waters; but if this last river was named by the Welsh when they were heathens, it is probable they did know it. If not named by them (the Welsh), then it was by the Gael, and is another proof to be added to those that show the Gael preceded the Cymri in Wales. The "Anker," of Leicestershire, is clearly from the Gaelic *An-ciar*, which signifies "the dun or russet-coloured river." The "Duddon," of Westmoreland, appears to be from *Dubh-an*, meaning "the dark river." The "Gelt," of Cumberland, appears plainly to be a contraction of the Gaelic words *Geal-allt*, meaning "the white or fair stream." In Scotland there are several rivers named "Gelly" and "Geldie," which have the same derivation and meaning. The "Conder" in Lancashire is most evidently from *Caoin-dur*, "the gentle water or stream." The "Bere," of Dorset, is the exact pronunciation of the ancient Gaelic word *Bior*, which signifies "water." It is very remarkable the affinity of the Gaelic to other Eastern languages. Thus "Beer," in Hebrew, also means "water," and in Arabic, "Bir," (identical with Gaelic) is "Water." The "Ver," of Herefordshire, is *bhìr*, the aspirated form of the Gaelic word *bìr*, meaning "water," the letters *bh* in it are pronounced the same as the letter V in English; *bhìr* occurs all over Scotland in the very

commonplace name of *Inver*. The "Ile," of Somerset, seems to be of quite the same derivation as the Scotch river "Islay," which was always anciently written "Ile," thereby identical with the one in Somerset, this word is derived from the Gaelic *Iosol*, and means "the low flat-flowing river," which correctly describes its character. There is in France a very similar named river, given of course by the Celts of Gaul, called the "Isole," and in Spain there is an "Esla."

The "Cam," of Cambridge, is identical with the Gaelic *Cam*, meaning "the winding or curved river." Mr Edmunds states *cam* is common both to Gaelic and Welsh, but even, if so, the probability is in favour of the Gael having given the name from the vast number of English rivers derived from their language. The "Cann," of Essex, the "Ken," of Westmoreland, which is identical with the "Ken," of Kirkeudbright, and also the "Kenne," of Devonshire, are all of them derived from the Gaelic word *Ceann*, meaning "head," or "extremity." The "Cover," of Yorkshire, is from the Gaelic word *Cobhar*, (the *bh* is pronounced V) meaning "the frothy river." The large English river, the "Severn," is very apparently derived from Gaelic words, namely *Seimh-bhurn*, meaning "the gentle or tranquil flowing water or river," which is very descriptive of it. In the above first word, the letters *mh* are pronounced as V in English, so also is the *bh* in the next word; thus these two words together though they look so very different to the name of this river, are, in fact, *very close to it*, the pronunciation being as if written "Save or Shave-yourn," which, after many ages, is not very differently represented by the word *Severn*. The rivers called the "Ock," of Berkshire, and the "Oke," of Devonshire, appear to be no doubt from the obsolete Gaelic word *Oich*, which means "the water;" there is in

Scotland both a river and a loch called the "Oich." Mr Edmunds' etymology of these two last English rivers is manifestly wrong, he brings it from the English word "Oak;" but if that was to be accepted as correct, then these rivers must have remained without any names for hundreds of years, because the Angles did not arrive till the 5th or 6th century in sufficient numbers to give river names; besides, Casar, 55 years before Christ, and Agricola, in the first century, found the country fully peopled.

There are two different rivers, both called the "Coln," in Essex and Gloucester, very clearly from the two Gaelic words *Caol-an*, meaning "the narrow river"; the "Cole," of Warwick, and the "Coly," are most probably derived from the same words. The river "Thames" is considered by the Rev. I. Taylor, and others, as most undoubtedly related to the Gaelic word *Tamh*, and thereby means "the still quiet river," which is very descriptive of the Thames.

JAMES A. ROBERTSON.

(*To be continued.*)

—:o:—

#### GAELIC STATISTICS — CENSUS OF SCOTLAND.

It was in 1801 that they began to take the census every ten years. Every time that this was done they ought to have noted the number of persons able to speak Gaelic. They have always neglected to do this. During the year 1870, representations from various quarters were made to the Home Secretary to urge this, but to no effect. The census return from Scotland, England, and Ireland, is in the form of a report from the Registrar-General, of each of the three divisions of the United Kingdom, to the Home Secretary. There is a separate Act of Parliament for each country passed in the year before the

census-year. The wording of each Act is the same. Previous to 1851, in Ireland, they improperly neglected to note the number of the Irish-speaking population; but in 1851, 1861, and 1871, they had the sense to do this. The form they use is very good and business-like. They note 1. The number who speak Irish only. 2. The number who speak Irish and English. 3. Total persons speaking Irish. 4. Proportion per cent. of persons speaking Irish to the whole population. This is given separately in each province. The per centage of Irish speaking persons to the whole population was in 1851, twenty-three, and in 1861 it was nineteen.

In the Isle of Man, and in Wales, the Celtic language statistics have always been neglected, in the same way as with us in the Highlands.

Who are the parties to blame for this? As the census return is in the form of a report from the Registrar-General at Edinburgh to the Home Secretary, it is clear that the former ought to make a proper return, and if he does not, then it is the right and the duty of the latter to find fault. The Lord Advocate has the supervision of Parliamentary bills relating to Scotland; if any of them are faulty, blame belongs to him. If, every ten years since 1801, the Gaelic language statistics had been ascertained and published, they would in after times have been looked upon as a valuable historical record. In the year previous to the one when the census is to be taken, an Act of Parliament is passed respecting it. In this Act there ought to be distinct mention of the Gaelic, Welsh, Manx, and Irish languages; it is a matter too important to be left to chance, or to the caprice or indifference of whatever officials may happen to be in office at the time.

Besides their historical interest, these statistics would strengthen the arguments of the friends of Gaelic schools.

As the Act of Parliament respecting the Irish census is under the same as the Scotch Act and the English Act, we wish to know how it is that in Ireland they manage to take the language statistics, when in the Highlands, Wales, and Man, they omit to do so. This neglect is very sad and very disgusting. As it is the country that is at the expense of the census being taken, the country has a right to require that it be taken in a proper manner.

THOMAS STRATTON.

LEABHAR NA FEINNE,  
OR HEROIC GAELIC BALLADS COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY J. F. CAMPBELL. LONDON, 1872.

[*Owing to pressure on our columns, we were compelled to curtail this article.*]

To the Editor of the "Popular Tales of the West Highlands"—that wonderful repertory of Gaelic lore—we already owe a debt of deep gratitude for the indefatigable industry and enthusiasm with which he has rescued from oblivion these fast disappearing popular tales, which afforded such delight to our Celtic ancestors. In his present work (so happily described in the euphonious and comprehensive title of *Leabhar na Feinne*), of which we purpose giving a very brief account, Mr Campbell has had even harder work to perform—work involving much time and consideration, and a good deal of what we can well conceive to have been very irksome drudgery. As the title indicates, the book is a collection of popular ballads relating to the *Feinne*, or of what is familiarly termed Ossianic poetry, culled from every accessible unsuspected source—from the Dean of Lismore, of 1512, to the Three policeman of 1872. Intermediate among his authorities, figure bishop and barrister, minister and advocate, tailor and traveller, policeman and

pauper, who are all thrown into Mr Campbell's crucible, to furnish the pure ore of which his text is composed. Conspicuous by their absence are the once well-known names of James Macpherson, and Dr Smith of Campbelltown, whom the editor, with scrupulous delicacy, declines to cite as witnesses, in accordance, we suppose, with the legal maxim, that no person can be called upon to criminate himself.

The Ballads or Texts are arranged on the following plan, under nine heads, according to their chronological sequence:—1. The story of Cuchullin; 2. The story of Deirdre; 3. The story of Fraoich; 4. The story of Fionn and the Feinne, and Norse wars; 5. Parodies; 6. Later Heroic Ballads; 7. Mythical Ballads; 8. Poems like Macpherson's Ossian; 9. Pope's Collection. Under the first four headings, which form, of course, the chief interest of the book, the different versions of the same ballads are given chronologically in the order of collection—in the orthography of, and word for word with, the original—thus showing, at a glance, the variations in spelling during several centuries, and mutations orally-preserved literature undergoes in the course of its transmission to posterity.

Mr Campbell's introductory matter is full of interest. He gives a most minute account of all Scoto-Celtic MSS. existing, or known to exist, from 900 downwards, as well as of all printed books containing Ossianic poetry, with the two notable exceptions we have mentioned. Every piece adopted in his texts is scrupulously authenticated, and he everywhere throughout the work rigidly adheres to his originals. We have here collected into one volume what has been for so long required—all the Fenian ballads of undoubted origin hitherto scattered broadcast in scarce books and in MSS. difficult of access—in short, the ballads



of popular tradition, known to the common people. We hardly need refer to the great literary and philological interest of such a book, as it will doubtless receive from learned Celtic scholars that notice which it so highly deserves. Read simply as ballads, and apart from all adventitious sources of interest, *Leabhar na Feinne* is thoroughly enjoyable to all who can read Gaelic, and to all such we cordially recommend this handsome and beautifully printed volume, so worthy of the subject. We look forward with much interest to the promised English translation, as we shall doubtless have from the learned barrister a summing up of the evidence *in causa*, Campbell *versus* Macpherson, a subject which, in the present volume, receives but passing reference. We confess a feeling of kindness for the latter, notwithstanding all his pride and perverseness and the trouble he has caused. So,

If you're strong, be merciful,  
Great Campbell of the "Tales."

—Communicated.

—:o:—

THE BONNET, KILT, AND FEATHER.

AIR—"Wha'll be King but Charlie?"

WHEN time was young, and Adam strung  
His leafy garb together,  
Then first were planned the outlines grand  
Of bonnet, kilt, and feather.

Chorus—O dear to me as life can be  
The land where blooms the  
heather;  
And doubly dear the lads who  
wear  
The bonnet, kilt, and feather!

Your dandy vaunts his skin-tight pants,  
Just fit such things to tether;  
But give to me, all flowing free,  
The bonnet, kilt, and feather.  
In lordly hall, or courtly ball,  
Where all that's grand foregather,  
There's nothing seen to match the sheen  
Of bonnet, kilt, and feather.

The georgeousness of Solomon's dress,  
Put Sheba's queen thro'ither,—  
A proof to me his Majesty  
Dress'd in the kilt and feather!

Let despots all, both great and small,  
Who wish to "save their leather,"  
Beware how they come in the way  
Of bonnet, kilt, and feather!  
Let Alma's height—Bal'clava's fight—  
Suffice to show you whether  
There's aught to fear for freedom where  
Are seen the kilt and feather.  
At Inkerman the Russ came on,  
Like fiends from regions nether,  
Yet there in blood, victorious stood  
The bonnet, kilt, and feather.

If awe or fear came ever near  
The Corsican bloodshedder,  
It was to scan in battle's van  
The bonnet, kilt, and feather.  
On Egypt's sands they taught his bands  
To rue they e'er went thither;  
At Waterloo immortal grew  
The bonnet, kilt, and feather.  
Behold them now by Ganges' flow  
Still brighter laurels gather;  
All odds are braved, a nation saved—  
So much for kilt and feather.

O garb sublime for any clime!  
What mortal man would swither,  
To toast with me now, three times three,  
The bonnet, kilt, and feather!

EVAN MAC-COLL.

—:o:—

## CORRESPONDENCE.

THE RIVER NAMES OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND, AND WHAT THEY PROVE.

SIR,

As myself and my book ("Traces of History in the Names of Places,") are referred to several times in the article by Col. Robertson in your November number, a copy of which has just reached me, I apprehend you will allow me space for a few words of reply.

Taking the least important point first, I may say that I cannot claim the honour of being a Welshman. I am content to be known simply as what I am: an Englishman of Anglo-Norman lineage, who has devoted many years to philological studies, in which the Welsh language has not been omitted.

My main object in writing, however, is the more important one, of the etymology of the river names of England. In my book I have gone through the whole of the names cited by Col. Robertson, and have given my reasons for believing that they all, with two exceptions, "Usk" and "Eden," are fully explicable as British or Cymric words, and that, therefore, having found a sufficient cause, we are not called upon to ask further. Granting, however, for the sake of argument, that I have not succeeded in my demonstration, I submit that Col. Robertson's case is not mended by the admission. There are certain general considerations which override all arguments at detail in this matter.

First, It is certain that none of the rivers mentioned by Col. Robertson are of either first or second magnitude. Excepting only the Dun and the Aire, which are but small streams, the others are all insignificant obscure brooks, not worthy the name of "rivers."

Secondly, All the rivers of any importance in England have either pure British names or British names Anglicanised. For example, Thames, from *taf*; Severn, from *Hafren*. Dee, Uumber, Wye, Derwent, Tees, are all pure British, or very nearly so.

Thirdly, The existence of Celtic-named brooks in outlying districts is fully accounted for by the historical fact of the repeated incursions of Picts and Caledonians into South Britain during the fourth and fifth centuries. It is not to be supposed that the invaders all recrossed the Tweed; and small isolated colonies may have given names to the brooks about which they settled, in a country which was very sparsely peopled. (See Gildas, Nennius, the A. S. Chronicle, etc., *passim*.) Parallel traces of Irish incursions are frequent in Wales, in words of which Gwyddel ("man of the woods," or Irishman) forms part, but we do not

conclude from thence that the Irish were the first inhabitants of Wales.

As to the Cymry in Scotland, I quite accept Col. Robertson's theory that they were military colonists planted by the Romans, but I cannot with equal readiness accept the details of his argument. Clydesdale seems to me to contain many more Cymric names than he admits. Lanark (from *Ulanerch*, a dearing), Tintock (*tin-wg*, portions of the district), Dun-briton (now Dumbarton), Ben Arthur, &c., are examples. These two latter places, too, are so near Argyllshire that I think it by no means certain that Col. Robertson is right in asserting that "the Cymry never were there." I suspect, too, that Lomond is none other than the British *luman*, a standard, meaning a place where the tribes assembled, like the Saxon *wapenshaw*. Plinlimmon, in Wales, is certainly *Pum-luman*, the hill of the five standards.—Very respectfully yours,

FLAVELL EDMUNDS, F.R.H.S.

Herford, Nov. 15, 1872.

#### AN DUANAG ULLAMIL.

SIR,—The Gaelic poem, of which Mr J. F. Campbell has sent you a copy, was published in Ronald M'Donald's collection in 1776, and again, in 1809, in a second edition of the same collection. Mr Campbell's copy agrees generally with M'Donald's, but, in some places, it is less accurate, as shown by the following comparison:—

Verse 16. For  
 "Clan na Leoin gu laidir lionmhur  
 O'n Fhion mhullaich,"  
 (The Macleans, strong and numerous,  
 From the white [fionn] top),  
 M'Donald's copy has,  
 "Clann a leoin gu laidir lionbhir,  
 O'n tir mhuillich."  
 (The Macleans, strong and numerous,  
 From Mull).  
 V. 18. For  
 "Chean(n) bheirt" (helmet), M'Donald's copy has "cheannart" (chieftain).

V. 21. For

“ Calen na d'aighsan gun coimhmheas  
An Thiarla uirach ”—

Which Mr Campbell translates,

“ Colin, after him, is peerless,  
That noble Earl ”—

M'Donald's copy has,

“ Cailain na dheigh sin gun choimeas,  
An Tiarl Aorach.”

(Colin, after him,\* matchless,  
The Earl of Aray.)

V. 9.

“ Dheantar an slaogh dhireach dualach,  
Mar bhraigh thosuigh ”—

which Mr Campbell translates,

“ Their straight cables are made coiled,  
To top the fo'k'stle ”—

is, in M'Donald's copy,

“ Deintir an staoigh dirich, dualich,  
Mu 'n bhraigh tshoisich.”

(Deantar an stadh dìreach, dualach,  
Mu 'n bhraigh thoisich.)

*Slaogh*, in Mr Campbell's copy, is obviously a mistake for *staoigh*. M'Donald's 2nd edition has *stagh*, but the more correct orthography is *stadh*. The *stadh* (stay) is the rope that sustains the mast (H. S.'s Dict.). It is drawn tight or straight (dìreach), and fastened with a knot or loop (dual) to the fore-breast.

V. 12. For

“ O' mhareuigh reamhra ”—

which Mr Campbell translates,

“ From rich mark lands [? markets],”

M'Donald's copy has,

“ O 'm barcibh reibhra.”

(O 'm bàrcuibh reamhra.)

V. 13.

“ Le laigh a chartas,”

Mr Campbell translates,

“ With hands of justice.”

But *laigh*, if any part of the noun *làmh*, must be the dative singular (*làimh*), and cannot, therefore, mean *hands*.

M'Donald's copy has—

“ Le laoigh a cheartais ”—

And, if we compare *laoigh* with *staoigh*

\* For “ 'na dhiègh-san.”

for *staoigh*, *stagh* (v. 9), we may safely conclude that

“ Le laigh a chartas ”—

is for

“ Le lagh a' cheartais.”

(With law of justice.)

*Laoich*\* for *laoch* (v. 11, M'Don.'s copy) and *seoiladh* for *seòladh* (v. 8, Mr C.'s copy), are other examples which may be compared with *laigh* for *lagh*, and *laoigh* for *laogh*, *lagh*.

V. 26. “ Gurrain” (Mr C.'s copy) is for “ dh'urrain.” M'Donald's copy has “ dhuirrin.”

I may notice also that, while Mr Campbell's copy entirely disregards, M'Donald's partially observes, the grammatical inflections.

Both copies have several Irish idioms.

In M'Donald's Collection, the poem is said to have been composed by the bard of Maclean, and the date assigned to it is 1569.—I am, &c.,

ALEXANDER CAMERON.

Renton, 3rd Dec., 1872.

—:o:—

### “ THE HIGHLANDER.”

We have just received the prospectus of a newspaper (bearing the above happy title) which is to be published in the Highland capital. Judging from the prospectus before us, *The Highlander* will be not only an excellent newspaper, but will also supply a *desideratum* which is now very much felt, and the well-known talent of its editor—Mr Murdoch—warrants the hope that it shall rank among the best of weeklies, and assume a free and independent air. *The Highlander* has *one object* in view, which, of itself, should obtain for it the sympathy and support of *shìochd nam beam* everywhere—“ to advocate the interests, and afford expression to the views of the inhabitants of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.”

In ventilating local matters, *The*  
\* “ Liuthid laoich” for “ A liuthad laoch” (so many heroes.)

*Highlander* shall take an active part. It promises to give the "earliest and most authentic intelligence." *The Highlander* is not only to be Highland in sentiment, for the language also is to receive special attention, a department being set out for that purpose. *The Highlander* has our warmest sympathies, and we hope its undertakers will find it a success both socially and financially. Its publishing company is at present being formed. The capital shall be £3000, in 3000 shares of £1 each, and it is hoped that that sum will speedily be gathered, and *The Highlander* enabled to don his tartan, and wield his "claymore" in the cause of his country and his race.

For the benefit of our readers we subjoin a few extracts from the prospectus before us:—

"A primary object of *The Highlander* will be to awaken an intelligent and vigorous public spirit, and afford opportunity and encouragement to the inhabitants of the Highlands and Islands to be heard in their own behalf, and in matters on which they are best able to judge. Highland interest, however, will be advocated, and Highland ideas ventilated, in no narrow spirit, but in the conviction that Highlanders have duties to perform as well as rights to defend. \* \* \* \* \*

"The nation now begins to see that the policy of depopulating the country, and throwing the land out of cultivation, was an economic blunder of the gravest sort, carried out in cruel disregard of the feelings and instincts of the people. *The Highlander* will endeavour to give effect to the wiser and more generous views now taking possession of the public mind—advancing alike the real interests of landlord and tenant, and at the same time benefiting all other classes of the community.

"Among the topics, therefore, which shall have prominence, are—the Land Question; Game Preservation and Deer Foresting; the best systems of Rural Economy and Practical Husbandry; the establishing of Manufactures in the Highlands; the Fisheries; the working of Mines, Quarries, and Peat Mosses; the

Utilization of Sewerage; Railway Extension, Management, &c. Other questions will arise to be dealt with according as they affect the well-being and doing of the community.

"Gaelic is still spoken, perhaps, over one-half the area of Scotland, and by considerable numbers in our large towns and colonies; whilst the learned of all lands look to the Gaelic language for valuable materials with which to perfect Philology, Archaeology, and other branches in Science and Philosophy. The views of both the learned and the unlearned shall be met, and the columns of *The Highlander* made, so far, racy of the soil, by some space being devoted to Gaelic articles, tales, poetry, and music, both ancient and modern. Occasionally, Gaelic readers shall be introduced to Irish, Manx, Welsh, &c." \* \* \*

—:o:—

#### NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

The Celtic Society of Edinburgh, which was founded by Sir Walter Scott, and of which the Duke of Argyll is President, is to hold a grand fashionable ball in order to collect funds in the aid of establishing the GAELIC PROFESSORSHIP.

KINGUSSIE.—A masonic lodge has been founded here of late, and several of the most respectable in the village and vicinity have become members. While we are so enthusiastic in upholding "foreign elements," might we not do something to uphold our nationality? While other villages are starting Gaelic societies, might Kingussie not try its luck by taking a step in that direction too? It sends more members to the Inverness, Ross, and Nairn Club than any other place of its size in these three counties; and could we not be equally munificent in supporting a Gaelic Society, to bring forth any latent flame which may still be dormant within us of the genius inherited by our brave ancestors?

—:o:—

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATUM.—Whilst the last number of *The Gael* was going through the press, two words have fallen out of the ninth line of the Gaelic translation, by "Nether-Lochaber," of REBBECA'S HYMN. In some copies they are, others want them. The verse begins thus:—

"An sin bha laoidhean naoimh a's sailm  
Le tromp a's tiomhan 'seirm do chliù." &c.

# AN GAIDHEAL.

I LEABH.]

CEUD MIOS AN EARRAICH, 1873.

[12 AIR.

## AIR CRUINN - MHEALLABH SOILLSEACH NAN SPEUR.

### IV.—EARRANN.

#### AIR CAOCHLAIDHIBH NA GEALAICH.

Tha oibre an Tighearn Iehòbhaih òirdheirc agus seasmhach. Gheail e féin, do nach comus bréug a dheanamh, gu'm buanaich na beannachdan agus na tròcairean, a ta 'sruthadh o theas agus o sholus na gréine co fad 's a bhuan-aicheas an talamh fein. Tha e ag ràdh, "Am feadh a mhaireas an talamh, cha sguir àm an t-sìl-chuir agus foghar, agus fuachd agus teas, agus sàmhradh agus geamhradh, agus là agus oidhche." —(Gen. viii. 22.) Ge' be taobh air an amhaire sinn air feadh na cruithachd, cha chomus duinn gun mheur a' Chruithair fhaicinn anns gach nì! Shuidhich e a' ghrian agus na reultan ann an speuraibh néimh, air chor is gu'm bheil ceithir ràidhean na bliadhna a' teachd gu riaghailteach an déigh a cheile agus a' cur aghaidh a' chruinne-ché fo chaochladh dreach! 'S an Earrach, tha fear agus luibhean a' briseadh a mach as an talamh agus a' còmhdaich a luime! Tha an tuathanach a' sgapadh rogha sìl 'n a fhearann, a bheir a mach toradh ioma-fillte ann an àm iomchuidh. 'S an t-Sàmhradh tha'n talamh 'n a làn ghlòir,—gach luibh agus craobh fo bhlàth, agus gach toradh luachmhor 'ga thoirt a mach leis a' ghréin! "Tha na cnuic ri gàirdeachas air gach taobh, na cluainean air an sgeudachadh le tréudaibh, agus na ghinn air an comhdachadh le h-arbhar."—'S an Fhoghar-

adh, fàsaidh na h-achan geal,—sàthaidh am buanaiche a staigh a chorrann, lionar an t-amar fiona, agus cuiridh an dabhach thairis!—"Iadsan a chuir le deuraibh, buainidh iad le gàirdeachas! Esan a chaidh a mach agus a ghuil, ag ìomchar sìl luachmhor, thig e ris le gàirdeachas, a' giùlan a sguab."—Mar so, lionar cridhe an duine le gean agus subhachas, agus nì e aoibhneas 'n a shaothair uile! 'S a' Gheamhradh, caochailidh an talamh a shnuadh agus rùisgear dheth a bhreaghad!—"As an àirde-deas thig ioma-ghaoth, agus fuachd as an àirde-tuath! Le anail Dhé bheirear reodhadh! Bheir e sneachda mar dainn; sgaoilidh e an liathreodh mar luathre! Tilgidh e a mach eigh mar ghreamanna; có dh' fheudas seasamh roimh fhuachda?"—Mar so, tha co-shuidheachadh na talmhainn ann am fochair na grèine, a' toirt air ràidhean na bliadhna aon a' cheile a leantuinn! Air uairibh, tha 'ghrian a' tilgeadh a gathan laga air saoghal reòta ach air uairibh eile, tha i a' cur a mach a soluis agus a teas air ionadaibh tuatha na talmhainn, agus a' co-roinn beatha agus maise riu! Mar so, tha Dia air a ghlòrachadh 'n a oibrìbh!

Labhair sinn roimhe air na reultaibh MERCURI, BHENUS, agus an TALAMH, agus nochd sinn gu'n robh an làithean agus an òidhean aca maraon. Tha teallsanaich an dùil, gu'm bheil gealaichean aig Mercuri agus Bhènus, chum an oidhean a shoillseachadh; ach air do na reultaibh sin a bli co teann air a' ghréin, cha 'n 'eil inneachd air an gealaichean fhaicinn, ma tha iad aca. Ach tha sinn cinnteach, gu'm bheil aon ghealach mhór, bhuidhe, againn fein,

chum dorchadas ar n-òidhean fhògradh air falbh; agus nì sinn dìchioll, a nis, air cùntas goirid a thoirt oirre. Cha'n eil a' ghealach 'n a reult, mar a ta Mercuri, Bhenus, an Talamh, agus reultan eile, ach is ball cruinn i, a ta, 'cuairteachadh na gréine! Tha oehd gealaichean deug, gu léir, aig na reultaibh a bhuineas do'n ghréin againn; agus diubh so tha aon aig an Talamh. Ceithir aig Iupiter,—seachd aig Saturn agus sea aig Uranus. Tha a' ghealach againne 'cuairteachadh na talmhainn ann an seachd là fichead, seachd uairean agus tri agus da fhichead mionaid; ach o chaochladh gu caochladh, tha i 'gabhail naoi là fichead, da uair dheug, agus ceithir agus da fhichead mionaid, chum a cuairt a choimhlionadh. Tha i beag ann coimeas ris an talamh; oir cha'n 'eil i ach dà mhìle, aon chèud, agus tri fichead de mhiltibh troipe, an uair a tha an talamh dlùth air oehd mìle de mhiltibh troimhe! Tha'n talamh uime sin, còrr agus tri fichead uair nì's mò na 'ghealach. Tha i nì's faide o'n talamh air uairibh seach a chèile ach tha i mar a's trice mu dhà cheud, agus da fhichead mìle de mhiltibh air astar uaithe! Tha i a' siubhal 'n a cearcall mu'n cuairt do'n talamh da cheud, ceithir fichead agus deich de mhiltibh anns an uair! Tha'n talamh a' cuairteachadh na gréine ann am beagan a thuilleadh air tri cheud, tri fichead, agus còig làithean; tha 'ghealach, uime sin, a' cuairteachadh na gréine 'san ùine cheudua; ach tha i 'deanamh mòran astair a bhàrr air an talamh, do brìgh gu'm bheil i 'ga chuairteachadh gach mìos, agus a' cumail suas ris, a thuilleadh air sin, 'na chuairt mu'n ghréin. Air an aobhar sin, tha e soilleir, gu'm bheil a' ghealach a' deanamh cuairt na talmhainn mu thimchioll na gréine ann am bliadhna; ach osbàrr, tha i an taobh a staigh do'n ùine sin a cuairteachadh na talmhainn 'na cearcall fein tri uairean deug. Tha 'ghealach cosmhail ris an talamh, 'n a meall cruinn, dorch, innte fein, a ta soilleir a mhaìn

trid ghathannaibh na gréine a bhi 'bualadh oirre. Air an aobhar sin, tha'n leth sin dhith a ta fa chomhair na gréine a ghnàth soilleir, agus an leth eile ann an dorchadas. Cha'n fhaic sinne i aig àm a caochlaidh, do bhrìgh gu'm bheil i dìreach eadar sinn agus a' ghrian, agus an taobh dorch dhi ruinn. Ach air di beagan astair a dheanamh 'na slighe, chì sinn earrann bheag do'n taobh shoilleir aice, a ta sìor mheudachadh, gus am bi i fa chomhair na gréine, air an taobh eile do'n talamh, an uair a chì sinn an taobh soilleir aice gu léir, agus an sin, tha i làn, cruinn, agus dealrach. Air an doigh cheudna, tha i a' caitheamh, gus an ruig i, a ris, eadar sinn agus a' ghrian, an uair nach fhaicear idir i. Tha i cosmhail ris na reultaibh a' tionndadh air a mul fein, agus tha e anabar-rach iongantach, gu'm bheile an ùine a ta i 'gabhail chum sin a dheanamh co-ionann ann am faidead ris an ùine a ta i 'toirt a mach, chum cuairt a chur air an talamh. Agus air do'n chùis a bhi mar sin, tha e 'tachairt gur e an aon taobh dhi a ta'n còmhnuidh ruinne, ge b'e àite d'a cuairt anns am bi i. Tha'n taobh so a ghnàth soilleir; oir an uair nach bi a' ghrian 'ga shoillseachadh, tha'n talamh a' toirt soluis da, tri uairean deug nì's dealraiche na'n solus a ta 'ghealach a' tilgeadh air an talamh. Tha'n taobh do'n ghealaich, gidheadh, nach 'eil sinne idir a' faicinn, soilleir rè cheithir là deug, agus dòrrach rè cheithir là deug eile. Air do'n ghealaich a bhi co fagus do làimh, an coimeas ris na reultab, tha cothrom nì's fearr aig na reultairibhair a faicinn le'n gloineachaibh. Tha iad, uime sin, a' deanamh a mach gu'm bheil i, cosmhail ris an talamh, air a còmhachadh le beanntaibh, gleanntaibh, agus machraichibh! Chaidh cuid de bheanntaibh na gealaich a thomhas, agus tha iad mar a's trice da mhìle air àirde; tha iad cruinn, agus corrach, agus anabarrach lionmhor. Cha'n fhacas a' bheag de choslas uisge anns a' ghealach, agus cha'n 'eil adhar

aice, no neòil mu timchioll, mar a ta aig an talamh. Feumaidh aimsir na gealaiche a bhì anabarrach iongantach, agus caochlaideach, air dì a bhì, rè cheithir là deug eile air a claoidh leis an reodhadh a's teinne a dh' fheudas a bhith. Ma tha creutairean a' ghabhail tàimh oirre, nì nach 'eil neochoimasach do'n Tì Uile-Chumhachdach òrdachadh, tha e cinnteach, gu'm bheil iad air an dealbhadh leis-san, le nàdur freagarrach air a son; oir, a réir ar beachd-ne, cha b'urrainn do chréutairibh na talmhainn so a bhì beò oirre.

Ged tha solus na gealaiche ìbhlidh agus fann, an coimeas ri solus deàlrach na gréine; gidheadh, tha e féumail agus taitneach, chum dorchadas nan òidhchean fada geamhraidh fhògaradh air falbh! Shuidhich an Cruithear a' ghealach ann an speuraibh nèimh, mar "an solus a's lugha a' riaghladh na h-òidheche," agus rinneadh i "air son chomharan, agus air son aimsirean, agus air son làithean, agus bliadhnaich," co math ris a' ghréin! Air an aobhar sin, tha ach beag, gach uile chinneach a' tomhas ùine le cuairtibh na gealaiche! Tha cuid de chinneachaibh ann, nach 'eil a' tomhas na h-aimsir le bliadhnaibh idir, ach a mhàin le gealaichibh;—agus mar so, ged robh daoine 'nam measg ceud bliadhna dh'àois. innsidh iad an aois, cha'n ann le bliadhnaibh, ach le àireamh nan "gealaichean," a bh' ann o'n là air an d'rugadh iad! Thugadh àithne do na h-Israelich iobairtean-loisgte, agus tabhartais-bidh a thoirt suas ann an toiseach am mìosan, agus tha sinn a' faicinn gu'm bheil "*gealaichean ura*,"—"Feillean suidhichte," agus "*Sabaidean*," air an ainmeachadh mar amannaibh a bha naomh do'n Tighearna!—(Aireamh. xxviii. 11. Is i. 13, 14.) Bhuanaich na h-Iùdaich ann a bhì séideadh an trompaidean aig àm an gealaichean ùra, agus an do sgapadh iad air feadh an t-saoghail; agus a réir a' chleachdaidh so, thug an Salmadair seachad an àithne,

Seidibh an stoc 'sa' ghealaich nuaidh  
Air làithibh òrduicht' féill;  
Bu lugh sud aig Dia Iacob fos,  
'S bu reachd do Israel.

SGIATHANACH.

—:—

## CALLUM A' GHLINNE.

### VI. Earrann.

Air an fheasgar ud 's an do dhealaich Callum agus a chompanach ri cheile an deigh na chunnaic agus na chual iad ré an cuairt ann an taigh-osda "Acair an dochais." bhuaill amharusan ioma-guineach air 'intinn, a thaobh fìor-chliu Mhicheil, agus mu'n do choidil e air an oidheche ud, thainig e gu co-dhunadh gur h-e ma'dh'fhaoidte a bu tearuinte dha a bheachd air cliù Mhicheil innseadh dha gu saor fosgailte gun sioma-guad no tumbartaich, agus cùl a laimhe 'chur ris mar charaid agus mar chompanach. Mhothaich e gu'n cuireadh sud deuchainn air a mhisnich agus air a dhuinealas; ach air dha a Bhiobul a ghlacadh mar bu ghnath leis, gu cuibhrionn a leughadh mu'n deachaidh e d'a leabaidh; 'nuair a dh' fhosgail se e, thuit a shuil air aon de na h-earrannan a bh' air an comharachadh le 'mhathair mu'n do chuir i 'na chiste e—"Sgrìosar companach an amadain." Rinn an earrann ud greim air 'inntinn nach d'fhairich e riamh roimhe, agus chuir e roimhe, ach mo thruaighe, 'na neart fein, nach biodh tuillidh guothuich aige ri Mhicheil aon chuid mar charaid no mar chompanach; ach 'n uair a choinnich iad air an ath mhàduinn, threig a mhisneach e. Bha Mhicheil cho fàilteach agus cho aoigheil 's a b' abhaist dha 'bhi. Bha coguis Challuim ga eigueachadh gus an rùn suidhichte dh'ionnsuidh an d'thainig e a dheanamh aithnichte, ach thainig an Rensan feolmhor ann san eadraiginn, ag eagarsaich 'an cluais Challuim,—ged a bha e fìor gu'm faodadh companach an amadain dol a dhith, gur

tric a bha companach subhailceach deagh-bheusach 'na mheadhoin air amadain a philleadh o'n amaideachd gu caithe-beatha rianail modhanail; agus a thuillidh air sin, chuir Micheil ioma comuin air, le ullamhachd gu bhi ga sheoladh agus ga oileineachadh a thaobh ioma ni anns nach robh e fein fhathasd coimhlionta mar fhear ceairde. Aig an àm cheudna, thainig Micheil gu bhi 'tuigsinn gu'n robh Callum eucosmhail 'na ghne agus 'na chliù ri ioma Gaidheal òg a b' aithne dha, a thainig do Ghlaschu, agus a thaisbein anns a' chend dol a mach, gu'n robh iad air an deagh oileineachadh agus fo dheagh chliù modhanail aig a' bhaile, ach air dhoibh iad fein fhaotainn air falbh o shuil an luchd-eòlais, agus am measg choigreach, a thilg dhiu, ann an uine gle ghoirid, gach cuing leis an robh iad air an cumail air an ais o dhroch cuideachd agus o gach mi-bheus follaiseach, agus a leig srian fhuasgailte le'n anamiannaibh. Chunnaic e gu soilleir nach robh Callum idir cho saorsachail no cho fosgailte 'na chonaltradh 'sa b'abhaist leis; gu'n robh rud-eigin air inntinn d'a thaobh fein nach bu toigh leis a nochdadh, nime sin, chuir e roimhe a sheoltachd a chur an cleachdadh gu bhi, na'm bu chomasach e, ag cosnadh air ais na chail e a reir coslais, d'a mhuinngin agus d'a dheagh ghean, mar a dh' fhaodar a thuigsinn o 'n chomhradh a leanas:—

“A Callum,” arsa Micheil, “Am bheil creideamh agad ann an Gnùis-fhiosachd, no am bheil a bheag de colas agad oirre?”

CALLUM.—Cha'n eil mi idir 'na m' neocheideach d'a taobh mar caldhain, no mar fhiosrachadh, ach cha'n fhad mi 'radh gu'n d'thainig mi' fhathasd gu' bheag de adhartachd ann an colas oirre. Carson a tha thu 'cur na ceiste?

MICHEIL.—Gu bhi 'taisbeanadh dhuit gu'm bheil mi 'faicinn gu soilleir na do ghnuis, gu'm bheil thu ag altrum

droch bharail d'am thaobh fein, o'n fheasgar air an do thaghail sinn ann an taigh-osda Mhic — ged nach do nochd thu fhathasd e na do chainnt no le do ghiulan.

CALLUM.—A dh' aindeoin do gheire, agus d' adhartachd mar ghnuis-fhios-aiche, faodaidh tu 'bhi air do mhealladh. Air a' chuid is lugha, cha'n eil mi 'saoilsinn gu'm bheil e dligheach dhut neach air bith a chasaid no choireachadh airson a' smuaintean diomhair, gus an dean e aithnichte iad ann an cainnt, no ann an gnìomh.

MICHEIL.—A dheagh chompanaich! Na smuainich gur h-ann ga do chasaid a bha mi. B'fhada uam e. Is ann a bha mi thuige so, ga m' thaisbeanadh fein dhuitse ann an cruth fallsa, nach buin idir do m' fhior-chliù, agus feumadh tu mo lethsgèul a ghabhail. Is i a' chrìoch a bha agam 's an amhar, deuchainn a chur air do ghne agus air d' fhior chliù-sa. Thug mi do'n taigh-osda thu, far am b'fhiosrach mi gu'm bheil moran dhe d' luchd duthcha 'n an luchd tathaich bunailteach, agus air an cleachdadh anns an ruidhteireachd gbraisgeil, umpaidheach, mhi-thoinisgeach a chuala sa chunnaic thu. Bha 'mhiann orm fhaicinn an robh no nach robh aomadh co-ghnèitheil agad ri 'leithid sud de chaitheamh aimsir, agus 'n uair a chunnaic mi' gu'n robh an cuideachd 'na grain dhuit, thug e mor thoileachadh dhomb. Cha'n eil teagamh agam nach eil thu 'nad fhior chrìosduidh, mar a tha mi fein. Cha'n eil mi 'an amharas, o na fhuair mi dh' eolas ort, gu'm bheil a bheag de cho-fhulangas agad ris na baoth-chreidich, luchd nan “aodann-fada.”

CALLUM.—Cìod a tha thu 'ciallachadh le *luchd nan “aodann-fada”*?

MICHEIL.—Na gabh gu h-olc e—cha'n eil mi agèiallachadh ni oibheumach air bith. Tha fios agad gu'm bheil cuid de luchd-aideachaidh anns gach àite, ach gu h-araidh 'am measg nan Gaidheal, a tha cho cumhan agus cho canra-



nach, is nach giulain iad le neach air bith nach eil ann's na h-uile ni a dh' aon bheachd riutha fein; agus nach tog suil no sròn o'n talamh ré na seachduin, no idir air an t-sàbaid. Ged a tha iad ag gabhail orra fein a bhi 'n an *creidmhuich mhora!* cha'n aidich iad gu'm bheil dad is fearr air an siubhal na ascreideamh agus daorsa, dorchadas, cruas agus mugaireachd. Cha'n eil iad a reir coslais, beo fo ghras ach fo'n lagh, ag giulan air an coguisean fein an t-uallach a bu choir dhoibh a leagadh air-san a chaidh a lot airson àm peacaidhean, agus air an do leagadh smachdachadh an sith. Ach ged nach toigh leam an cliu mar luchd aideachaidh, cha'n eil mi idir ag creidsinn gu'm bheil an giulan Phairiseachail ag eiridh aon chuid o cheilg no o lùbairachd ach o n' chreud chumhan chruaidh shean-fhasanta anns am bheil iad air an oileineachadh.

CALLUM.—Am faod mi fheoraich, ma seadh, Cìod is cliu do'n chreud anns an robh thu fein air d'oileineachadh mar fhear aideachaidh?

MICHEIL.—Is i mo chreudsa mo choguis—"Cha'n eil mi fo'n lagh ach fo ghras." Comh-sheasmhach ri saorsa an t-soisgeil—cha'n eil mi 'meas gu'm bheil cionta ann an smuain, ann an cainnt no ann an gnìomh air bith, nach eil air an diteadh le mo choguis fein, oibbheumach do m' chomhchreutairean no mi-dhileas do ughdarras aimsireil na rioghachd. Cha'n eil mi 'creidsinn gu'm bheil miann no iarrtas no togradh a bhuineas do m' nadur, nach eil e dlìgheach dhomh a riarachadh ann am measarrachd. Cha 'n eil creideamh agam ann an diomhaireachd air bith a tha os cionn m' eolais, mo thuigse agus mo bhreithneachaidh. Sin agad suim agus sus-bain mo chreudsa. Cìod i do bharail oirre?

CALLUM.—Is i mo bharailse, ma ta, nach eil a' choguis 'na bunait thearuinte do chreud neach air bith, do bhrìgh gu'm bheil i a thaobh naduir 'na dorchadas, agus ann am feum a bhi air a soillseachadh leis an fhirinn. Gu'm

bheil saorsa an t-soisgeil—eadhoin, an t-saorsa leis an do rinn Criosd a phobull fein saor, amhain ga'n saoradh o mhallachd an lagha, agus ga'm fuasgladh uaithe mar choimhcheangal beatha; agus mar tha an lagh ag cur an anam gu Criosd airson fireantachd agus neart, gu'm bheil Criosd ag cur an anam air ais a dh' ionnsuidh an lagha gu bhi ga gabhail mar riaghailt beatha agus umhlachd. Ni mo is i mo bharail gu'm bheil saorsa an t-soisgeil a' fuasgladh an anama o bhi a ceusadh na feola maille ri 'h-antograidhean agus a h-anamiannaibh. Is i mo bharail mar an ceudna, a thaobh cliu agus gne an fhìor chreidimh, gur h-c "brìgh nan nithe ris am bheil dochas e, agus dearbhehiant nan nithe nach faicear."

MICHEIL.—A! a charaid, tha mi 'faicinn gu'n thog thusa do chreud, cha'n ann o sholus do choguis fein, ach o theagasgan sean-fhasanta. Air dhuit a bhi cho deìgheil air leughadh, gheibh thu mach ri h-uine, ged a bha beachdan nan seann Diadhairean freagarrach do'n linn 's an robh iad beo, gu'm bheil iad air tuiteam fada air dheireadh air solus adhartach, agus air ard-fhiosrachadh na linn so.

Bha Micheil agus Callum mar so air an cleachdadh an drasd 'sa rithist ann an deasbudan de'n t-seors ud: Micheil, gu seolta agus gu faicilleach a' deanamh na b' urrain e, gu bhi ga nomadh gu beachdan seachranach, agus gu giulan fuasgailte; agus cha b' fhada gus an d' fhairich Callum bochd air a chosd fein "nach eil e ann an comas neach a dh'imicheas, a cheumanna a stiùradh." Bhuaidhaich e air gun dail gu bhi 'dol leis air uairibh do na taighean cluiche agus do na seòmraichean dannsa. 'Na shimplidheach neochoireach, cha robh aithne no amharas aig Callum a thaobh fìorchliu nam maighdeanan riomhach, iollagach a bha 'tathaich nan Seomraichean dannsa. Roghnuich Micheil dithis dhiu air an robh e eòlach, mar bhan-chompanachaibh dha fein agus do

Challum. Ach gu bhi 'cur ar sgeoil an giorrad—cha do dh'fhairich Callum ni air bith fhathasd 'nan conaltradh no 'nan giulan, a dhuisgeadh 'amharus mu 'm fìor chliu, mar sin, dh'aontaich e. air oidheche araidh, ri cuireadh a thug iad dha fein agus d'a chompanach gu suipeir aig an dachaidh fein. Air dhoibh tionndadh a staigh troithrannsa dorecha de nach do ghabh Callum bochd mor chiatadh, ann am priobadh na sula, thionndaidh aon de luchd freiceadain na sraide a lanntair ri an aodainn. Thug Micheil agus a bhan-chairdean iad fein as, cho grad 'sa bheireadh an casan iad, agus dh' fhag iad Callum

agus am *Policeman* le cheile. Bha e nis ach beag air a bhodhradh agus air a dhalladh; cha b' fhios da ciod a theireadh no 'dheanadh e. Ghrad thuig 'fhear-tioreaidh mar a bha chuis. Rinn Callum 'fhaosaid ris gu saor agus gu h-onorach. "Mo ghille math," arsesan, "bi taingeil do'n Fhreasdal cha-oimhneil a chuir mise 'an so air an dearbh àm so; fluair mi thu ach beagan shlatan o stairsneach aon de na taighean sin mu 'm bheil e air a radh 'Is e a taigh an t-slighe gu ifrinn, a dol sìos gu seomraichean a' bhais."

MUILEACH.

(*Ri leantuin.*)

CUMHA DO BHAINTIGHEARNA DHUBHAIRT.

(*Concluded from page 298.*)

Nam be inleachdan ar namhaid  
Bhrisadh barr ar coisridh  
'S ionna claidheamh cruadhach glas  
A leumadh grad gu feolach  
'S ioma gaisgeach armach, treunda  
Bheireadh beum sa cho-stri  
Edar Beitha caol Chinntire  
As Ripport Eilain Cheothach.

Dh'eiradh Lethanich 's Donulich  
Mar shruth nam mor bheann ard  
Dh'eireadh Stiuartich as Cattaich  
A bhuaidhaich neart nam blar  
Thigadh Guinich nimheil chlaioiteach  
A bheira tuinnse gu h'ar  
Cha bhiodh an aicheamhail gun iarraidh  
'S fireoin chiar an aird.

Ach ciod am fath mun luidh duthlachd  
Air Iuthar ùr nan crann  
Ghlac am bàs an Righin ailde  
'S thaisg an aros teann  
Chaidh fo 'n fhoid ceann gach seoil  
Beus gun sgod beul gun sgleo  
Cridh gun gho gnus gun cheo  
Lamh sgapa oir gun taing.

Had the arts of our enemy  
Broken the flower of our social train,  
A thousand swords of well-tempered  
Would quickly start to blood. [steel  
A thousand well-armed warriors  
Would strike a blow in the conflict,  
From the narrow promontory of Can-  
To Ripport of the misty Isle. [tyre

M'Leans and M'Donalds would rise,  
Like the stream of the towering hills;  
Stewarts and Catti would rise,  
Who gained the strength of battles.  
Campbells deathful desolating would  
Rushing fierce to slaughter; [come  
Revenge would not be unsought,  
For the dark brown eagles would  
rise on high.

But why should the tempest of winter  
Settle on the green-branched yew?  
Death seized the Princess of beauty,  
And closed her in the narrow hall.  
Under the turf lay the first in every  
grace; [scandal,  
Virtue without pride, lips without  
A heart without guile, a face unclouded,  
A hand to scatter, without seeking  
praise.

Thog iad tuailleas le mar fhuarachd  
 Bha suarach air ar call  
 Gun chuir sinn Eala chian nam math-  
 ghnìomh  
 Air sgeir na mar thonn thall  
 Gum beil i beo le luth's 's treoir  
 A dusgadh orain lann  
 Ach 's mise chuala fuaim a dèile  
 Nuair laidh fo fheur a ceann.

Cha 'n ioghna nis qnt Iarla Aorach  
 Bhi caoin air iona doigh  
 'S liuthad leaga fhuair a chraobh  
 Am bu lionmhor geugan aigh  
 Chaill e meangan diuth a b' ailli  
 Nach d'fhas fo bhilath gur deoin  
 Thuit i sìos am platha sula  
 'S shearg a sugh fo 'n fhoil.

Chlàrsach gabh anis do thanh  
 Tuille 's gràin leam fonn do cheol  
 Cha tig i chluinntinn failt no furan  
 Cha ruig d' iorram i 's an lòn  
 Cha dùisg i chluinntinn torman theudan  
 No cupan déine am dhorn  
 Falbhai mise mar tig ise  
 'S bidh sinn cridhail anns na neoil.

They who valued not our loss  
 In malice raised the tale  
 That we placed the swan of noble  
 deeds  
 On yonder shelf of mighty waves,  
 That yet she lives in bloom of health,  
 Awakening the song of swords;  
 But I heard the sound of her coffin  
 When her head was laid under the  
 grass.

The Earl of Aora may lament,  
 Many are his causes of grief;  
 Many a blast assailed the tree  
 Of thick blooming branches.  
 She lost the fairest bough  
 That blossomed not to our wishes;  
 In the twinkling of an eye it fell,  
 And withered beneath the turf.

Harp! take now thy rest,  
 The sound of the voice shall please  
 no more;  
 She will not hear the salute nor hospi-  
 table song;  
 Thy mournful strains cannot reach  
 her in the mead.  
 She will not hear the melody of thy  
 strings,  
 Nor will she hand the cup to inspire  
 my notes;  
 She will not come, but I will depart,  
 Together we shall rejoice in our  
 clouds.

*Note.*—"The annals of Loch Cè," printed, with a translation by Hennessy in 1871, treat of Irish and other affairs during 576 years, from 1014 to 1590. Under date 1513, James IV. is mentioned as "ri Alban," and his people as "Alban-chaib," his chancellor who fell at Flodden, Archibald, Earl of Argyll, is called "Mac Ailin."

1528, "Ridire Mac Mic Ailin" treacherously slew "Mac gilla Eain mòr Mac Echainn" in the town of Edinburgh.

This entry relates to John Campbell, first of the Campbell family of Calder, son of the Earl of Argyll, who is styled "8th Mac Callen Mòr" in Scotch writings, and "Mac Ailiu" in the annals of Loch Cè.

1529, "Mac Ailin i.e. Cailin, son of gille espuig, the choice of all in Oirer Gaoidhel for prowess and bounty died."

This entry refers to the man mentioned in the song printed above, p. 260. The events recorded in these two songs are therefore dated by Irish authorities.

## NITHE NUADH AGUS SEAN.

Tha còig nìthe ann air am feud na h-uile amharc mar chairdean agus mar chompanaich dileas trid turais na beatha so. Is e a cheud nì, còlas a bhì againn gu bhì a' cur an aghaidh an uile; an dara nì cleachd-anna subhailceach a ghnathachadh; an treas nì, saorsa a bhì againn o theagamh; an ceathramh nì fìughantachd 'n ar caithe-beatha; agus an coigeamh nì, deagh-ghiulan.

GRADH AGUS SONAS—Cha 'n 'eil nì sam bith nì's fhusa 's an t saoghal na 'bhì sona, n'an smuainicheadh slugh air. Cha 'n 'eil ann an SONAS ach ainm eile air GRADH. Far am bheil Gradh ann an teaghlach, an sin, mar an ceudna, tha sonas, eadhon ged robh aire agus eigin 'n a lorg. Air an laimh eile, far nach eil GRADH, ged robh e ann an luchairt, cha tig SONAS a chaoidh. Is mearachdach an tì a thubhairt, "An nair a thig Bochduinn a stigh air an dorus, theid Gradh a mach air an ninnig." Cha teid idir, oir tha'n fhirinn air an dòigh eile. An nair a thig Bochduinn a stigh air an dorus, cha teich fìor Ghradh idir, 's e nach teich, ach seasaidh e gu treun, daingean, agus cuiridh e an cath gu cruaidh an aghaidh gach namhaid. Iadsan a ta 'gan smuainicheadh fein truagh, rannsaicheadh iad am bheil GRADH n'an cridheachaibh fein, mu'm faigh iad cron do neach no do nì eile. Fosgailidh beagan bhriathra gradhach, taitneach, tlá, an t-slighe chum tuilte soluis a bhoillsgeadh a steach do 'n tìgh a rinneadh dubh, dorcha le tìugh-nenlaibh na h-aisith agus a' bhuaireis!

## TOIMSEACHAIN.

1. Rud dubh, dubh,  
Tha e chum feum an iomadh cruth  
Cha dean e feum mar labhair e,  
'San deigh labhairt dha cha'n fhìach e.
2. Tomhais, tomhais, toimseachan,  
Eadar mì fein 's Dòmhnallan,  
Toilidh na ceudan ann,  
'S cha toill mì fein 'n am aonar ann.
3. Cailleach anns an taigh nd thall,  
'S bi 'n rag chailleach i;  
Cha d'ìth i greim riamh.  
'S cha d' rinn i altachadh.
4. Air do dhà chailleach a bhì 'dol do 'n mhargadh le uibhean, thuirte an dara te ris an te eile: "Thoir thusa dhomhsa

aon ubh, is bithidh a dhà uiread agam 's a th'agads-a." "Cha toir," ars an te eile, "ach thoir thusa dhomh-sa dithis is bithidh uiread is uiread againn." Co meud a bh' aca an t-aon?

5. Chuir tuathanach a ghìle do'n mhargadh a's thug e dha ceud punnd Sasunnach, leis an robh e ri ceud ceann a cheannach:—daimh aig coig punnd Shasunnach an ceann; caoirich aig a h-aon; agus gèoidh aig sgillinn Shasunnach an t-aon. Co meud a bhiodh aige de gach seòrsa?

—:—

UILLEAM MAC DHUNLEIBHE,  
AM BARD ILEACH.

Tha e iomadh uair air a radh gu'n deach àm agus linn na bardachd seachad a chaoidh. 'Si a' bharail a tha coitcheionn ri tachairt oirre, nach eil a nis, iad idir ann, is urrain clarsach nam Filidh a threig a dhusgadh gu ceòl—gu'm feud ranntachd a bhì ann ach nach eil fìor bhardachd ri amas oirre am measg luchd-seinn ar latha-ne. Cha n-eil a' bharail so gu buileach ceart, oir géd nach eil an t-am so cho torrach ann an luchd dealbh nan oran is a bha linn Phrionnsa Tearlach, gidheadh tha an dràs agus a' rithisd aon ag eiridh an so agus an sud a dhearbhadh gu'm bheil fuigheal de Spiorad nam Bard fathasd beo 'nar measg, nach do threig ceolrach bhinn fir nan treun 'us na Gaidhlig gu tur luchd duthcha Oisein is Dhonnchaidh Bhain. A'measg na muinntir a tha dearbhadh so dhuinn is airidh Uilleam MacDhunleibhe air àite urramach shaotuin. Oir tha an obair aige a' dearbhadh dhuinn gu'n do thuit tonnaig aon de na Filidhean a dh' fhalbh airsan, is gu'n robh fìor Spiorad na Bardachd aige. Tha 'obair airidh air àite onorach shaotuin 'am measg Bardachd na Gaidhealtachd agus mairidh i air chuimhne cho fada sa bhithcas meas air Gaidhlig fhallan agus shnasmhor, agus air smuaintean àrda agus oirdhearc.

Rugadh Uilleam MacDhunleibhe

ann an Gairtmeadhoin, ann an sgiorachd Chill-a-rudha 'an Ile, mu mheadhon Foghar na bliadhna 1808. Tha e air ainmeachadh ann an leabhair na sgiorachd gu'n deach a bhaisteadh air 15mh de mhios meadhonach an Fhoghair; is o'n a bha e' na chleachdadh cumanta anns a' Ghaidhealtachd aig an àm sin gach leanabh bhaisteadh mu'n rachadh an t-ochdamh latha seachad, is docha gu'n d' rugadh easan mu'n t-seachdamh latha de'n mhios. B'e Seumas MacDhùhleibhe a b' ainm d'a Athair, agus Cairistíne nic Faidein a bu mhathair dha. Bha 'athair 'na shaor is ag oboir aig an uasal urramach sin, Ualter Caimbeul, Tighearna Ile. Ge'd a bha teaghlach mor aige thug e sgoil is oilean math do gach aon diu. B'e Uilleam, a reir innse fein a bu lugha fhuair de sgoil dhiu—a chionn is gu'n robh e' na bhallachan guanach aotrom nach fanadh anns an sgoil, is nach d' thugadh aire dhi 'nuair a bhitheadh e innte. Air an aobhar sin chaidh a chuir óg ri ceard. B'i a 'cheard a roghnachadh air a shon, an taillearachd. Bha e anns an àm sin 'na chleachdadh aig na taillearan a bhi 'dol o thaigh gu taigh, a dh'obair anns gach àite anns am biodh nodach ri dheanamh. Is iomadh naidheachd a bu ghnath leis a' Bhàrd innseadh mu na cleasan a's fhealadh a bu ghnath a bhi air an cleachdadh 's na cuideachd-an aotrom ud a b' abhaist coinneachadh far am biodh an taillear 'sa chuid ghillean ag obair. Bhitheadh beurais a's bearradaireachd, ranntachd a's bàrdachd, urseulan a's toimhseachain a dol ann am pailteas a's cha bhiodh facal Uilleim air deireadh, a's cha b'i a theanga a bu mhaòile. Ged nach b'e so an sgoil a b' fhearr gu balachan og a theagasg aon chuid ann am beusaleachd no ann an gliocas, tharruing am Bard og cuid de theagasg uaidh. Bha 'inntinn air a geurachadh trid nan deasbairiachdan a bhitheadh aca, agus dhuisg na sgeulachdan a bha air an

innseadh iartus 'na anam gu tuillidh fiosrachaidh fhaotuin mu na linntean a dh'fhalbh, is mu na daoine treun' a sheas agus a chatbaichas leth an duthcha. Gu moch thoisich e air rannan a chur ri cheile—se a chiad oidheirp a thug e ann an rathad bardachd oran a rinn e do chù a bha aige, a's ged nach robh e ach óg aig an àm, tha e a' foillseachadh gu'n robh spiorad na fileachd aige. Tha na rannan so a' toiseachadh air an doigh so:—

“Brannan beag mo chuilean boidheach  
Tha thu laghach baigheil suairc,  
Cha bhi thu tabhann ri daoine,  
No' cur nan caorach anns an ruaig,” &c.

Ged nach eil na rannan so idir a' foillseachadh air dhoigh air bith cumhachd nam buadhan ud a bha nan cadal ann an anam a' Bhaird, tha iad nan dearbhadh air firiinn an t-sean radh, “*Poeta nascitur non fit*,” se sin, nach dean oilean, ach gibhtean naduir a mhàin, Bard do neach. Goirid an deigh so chuir e ri cheile aoir air muc a chaidh air chall is mu dheighinn an d' rinn an neach d'am buineadh i othail mhór a' smaointeach gu'n deach a goid. Cha n-eil an aoir so a nis ri a faotunn agus is mor am beud oir bha i a' foillseachadh tapadh-inntinn nach bu bheag. Is iomadh uair a dh'iarradh air a sgrìobhadh ach cha robh toil aige, bha e ag radh, ainm daoine coire air an robh e an àm fealadha a deanamh fochaid, a bhi air an cur 'san dòigh sin an lathair an t-saoghail, is air an aobhar sin dhiult e a sgrìobhadh. An deigh dha a bhi reidh 'sa cheard dh'fhag e ealain duthcha a's thainig e gu Galtachd, ach ma dh'fhag cha do dhi-chuimhnich e na chual e mu na sean laoch a dh' fhalbh, is chuir e roimhe tuilleadh foghlum fhaotain de thaobh eachdraidh a dhuthcha. Is ged a bha aige ri obair gach latha, rùnaich e gu'n deanadh e suas an dearmad a rinn e air sgoil ann an

laithean òige. Thoisich e air leughadh gach sean eachdraidh air am b' urrain dha a laimh a chur. Ach cha b'fhada gus am faca e ma bha e ri sean Fhordun is a cho-luchd eachdraidh a thuigsin gu ceart gu'm feumadh e colas fhaighinn air a' chànain anns an do sgrìobh iad. Le duinealas fìor Ghaidheal thug e 'aghaidh air an Laidinn, is ged theagamb, nach còrdadh an rathad anns an leughadh e i ri ard sgoilearan, rinn e e-fein cho còlach oirre is gun rachadh aige air Laidiunn nan linntean dorcha eadar theangachadh ni b' fhearr na iomadh aon a bu mhotha cothruman agus sgoil. Theagaisg se e-fein mar an ceudna anns an Eabhradh agus anns a Ghreugais cho fada is gu'n rachadh aige air a rathad a dheanamh a chum brìgh nan sgrìobtaran anns na canainean anns an deach an sgrìobhadh air thus. Thug e aghaidh mar an ceudna air an Fhraingis agus air an Uáilsh. Tha cuimhne agam uair a thaghail mi air, e fein agus a bhean "a chearcadh fhraoich" mar theireadh e fein rithe, fhaotuin le cheile ag obair air eachdraidh nan Druidhean eadar theangachadh o Fhraingis gu Beurla. Bha e mar an ceudna mion eolach air eachdraidh a dhutheha; gu sonruichte air obair nan seann luchd-eachdraidh agus be a mbiann a bhi a ghnath a' labhairt air euchdan buadh-mhor "nan sean Albanach airidh." Ach thachair dha mar is tric a dh'eireas do mhuinntir aigam bheil cruadalan agus deuchainean mar an crannchur, agus do mhuinntir a thionndaidheas an aire gu h-ìomlan a chum aon chuspair sonruichte, gu'n robh e neo chomasach dha amharc air da thaobh ceisde le suil neo-chlaon—air an aobhar sin bha gaol-dutheha annsan air a mheasgadh le fuath ro-ghamhlasach an aghaidh na muinntir a bha anns na linntin a dh' fhalbh na'n maimhdean dh. R. I.

(Gu bhì air a leantuin.)

## AM FEILLIRE.

Faillte 's furan do'n FHEILLIRE! Tha mi lan-chinnteach nach 'eil a dh'ith ach gum biodh fios aig ar luchd-dutheha gu'm bheil e air tighinn a mach, gu e bhi air a chraobhs-gaoileadh am fad 's am farsuingeachd feadh tìr nam beann. Tha mi mar an ceudna dearbhta, an uair a leughar e, gn'n aidich gach aon gu'm bheil e 'toirt dhuinn goireas a bha gu mor air iondrainn 's a' Ghaidhealtachd. Is fada o'n a bha ioghnadh orm nach robh riamh leabhar d'an t-seorsa air a chur 'an lamhaibh ar luchd-duthechadh 'n an canain bhlasda fein, gus an d' thug an Gaidheal fiachail, CALUM CIOBAR an oidhirp an uiridh. Tha an duilleachan ùr so gu sonruichte taitneach air son an t-snuaidh gheitheil, dhuthechasaich a tha air an eolas a gheobhar aige. Cha 'n e idir eadar-theangachadh air Miosachan Beurla a tha againn an so. Tha cuisean agus tachartais Ghaidhealach a' faighinn an dùth fein de dh-aire. Gheobh sinn am breith agus bais nan Gaidheal a bu fhuighantaiche 's a bu mheasaile; laithean nam blar iomraiteach anns an do bhuaidhaich sinn, cho math rìusan—tearc 's mar a bha iad—anns an d' fhuair ar naimhdean seorsa de lamh-an-uachdar—gidheach ged a chaill sinn an latha, anns nach do lughdaicheadh ar cliu no ar meas. Tha AM FEILLIRE a' toirt duinn mar an ceudna mion fhiosrachadh ro fheumail mu laithibh feille agus margaidh na Gaidhealtachd gu leir; mu eiridh agus laidhe greine agus gealaiche; mu fhad an latha, agus mu mhuthadh an t-soluis; mu na fineach-aibh fa-leth, le'n Cinn-chinnidh, an Suaicheantais, le'n Pìobaireachdaibh, cho math ri inbh agus dreuchd Luchd-muinntir nan Ceannard, o'n Ghille agus am Bard, a nuas gu Gille a' Phìobaire agus an Cleasaiche. Chi sinn an so cuideachd ainmean agus laithean breith agus posaidh an Teaghlach Rioghail, agus brìgh cuid de riaghail-

tìbh a' Phòst-thigh. Ach carson a leud-  
aichinn. Deanadh bhur luchd-leughaidh  
AM FEILLIRE fhaotainn doibh fein, agus  
tha mi cinnteach gu'm faigh iad e fre-  
asdalach, goireasach os cionn na  
bhreithnicheadh iad.

MAC-MHARCUS.

—:o:—

### FREAGAIRTEAN

Do na Toimhseachain air taobh 214.

1. An t-uisge; 2. Am muir ruadh  
air dha bhì air a sgoltadh le slait Aroin  
a's na h-Israelich faotuinn an nall air tal-  
amh tioram, agus na h-Eiphitich a bhì  
air am bathadh 'nan deigh; 3. An  
latha 'san oidheche 'dealachadh; 4. Da  
fhitheach.

—:o:—

### TAISBEANADH AN AIRM AIR BIALAOBH AN RÌGH.

(Bho 'n dara Duan de Sgialachd na  
Troidhe, Eadar-theangaichte le Eobhan  
Mac-Lachainn.)

Aon tiota cha d' éisd an rìgh,  
'S ghrad-thug impidh d'a mhaoir-  
ghairm

Am feachd a theanal gun dàil,  
'S an tarraing gu blàr air leirg.  
Dh' éubh na maoir a b' onfhach sgairt;  
Thriall a' chaismeachd fad an fhuinn;  
'S na 'n tuil-mhaoim adh ionnsaidh  
glèis

Thair a' mhorfhaich dhòirt na suinn.  
Ghluais a mach 's an rìgh air thùs,  
Na cinn-fheadhna stiùradh chàich;  
Chiteadh Pallas nan gorm shùil  
Romhpa dùsgadh sùrd a' bhlàir.  
Air a slios bha 'n sgiatl bhith-bhuan,  
Thoirteil, áillidh, luachmhor, throm;  
Dhéarrs gaithean loinntreach bho cléith,  
A shoillsich gu léir am fonn.  
Bha ciad nathair chnìomhain ruadh,  
Ga lasadh mu'n cuairt adh òr,  
Ciad bann de 'n stuth rìomhach nuadh,  
Fiach gach aon diubh buaile bhò.  
Leis a' bhall airm seo ri 'taobh,  
Shiubhail i 'n raon sear a's siar,

A' mosgladh spéirid 's gach feòil  
'S mean-acrais gu còmhrag dian.  
Dh' fhadaidh i gaisge 's gach créubh,  
'S bu mhàise leo stréupaid laoch,  
Na tilleadh le 'n longan luath,  
Nùll thair chuan gu tir an gaoil.

Mar fhaloisg àird nan dearg smùid,  
'S an fhrìth mhòir air stùic nan sliabh;  
Bàcaidh tuil-lasrach mu'n chruaich  
'S chìtear ruadh am foidhleas cian;  
B' amhuil comh-imeachd ant shluaigh  
'S na h-airm bu neo-thruaillidh gnè;  
Fad shruthlean soille bho 'n cruaidh  
A' ruigheachd a suas gu nòamh.

Mar ealtainn gun àireimh cheann  
Lachainnean-fionn a's ghlach-chòrr,  
'S ealachan fad-amhach bàn  
Timchioll Asius nan gorm-lòn.  
'S cìbhneach iad a null 's a nall  
Thair Caister nan deann luath,  
'Téarnadh le garraicileis bhaoth—  
'S freagraidh am fliuch-raon do'm fuaim;  
Sin mar bhrùchd an teanal mòr  
Nuas á còir nam bùth 's nan long;  
Fir a's stéudan ri toirm chas,  
'S an talamh ag osnaich trom.  
Air dail Seamandair an fheòir,  
Sheas na mìltean slòigh cho dlùth  
Ri buidhionn lionmhor nam blàth  
A dh'fhàsas 's a' Chéitein chiùin.  
Mar mhìltean 'mheanbh-chuileag' bàth  
Feadh thaigh-àiridh glinn a' bhuair  
An aimsir an Earraich thlàth,  
'S am bainn-ùr na thàmh 's gach cuach;  
B' amhuil fad a' chòmhnaird réidh,  
Sliochd na Gréige b' òrbhuidh eùl,  
Fo iom-ghluasad gu staidh Thròidh,  
'G iarraidh còmhrag nan sleagh dlùth.

Mar bhuachaillean air raon cian  
Làn 'ghobhair fhiar-adhairceach ghorm,  
Tearbaidh iad gun strìbh an tréud  
A mheasgnaich air réidh nan learg;  
Sin mar thearb na ceannaird thréun'  
Feachd na Gréige bhos a's thall;  
Dheasaich gach triath a shluagh fhéin  
Los dol sìos gu stréup nan lanu.  
Thriall gu mòralach thair chàch,  
Agamemnon is àrd luaidh;  
Crios mar Mhàrs air seachad siar  
Uchd 's a chliabh mar dhia nan cuan;

A dhà shùil 's cheann mar Ióbh  
 Ni 's na neòil an torunn cruaidh ;  
 'S timchioll ceanna'idh an laòich mhòir  
 Shoillsich ùchd, a's glòir, a's buaidh.  
 Mar tharbh aoigheil, lùrceach, trom,  
 'S an spréidh air an àilein cruinn ;  
 Stàtail a thriall—àillidh 'chom,  
 'S e 'gluasad mar rìgh an fhuinn :  
 Sin mar ghluais Mac Atreuis àigh,  
 Oir thog Ióbh e gu ìrd naill.  
 Suaicheant an là sin 's gach cliù  
 Chit' e measg fir iùil a shluaigh.

—:o:—

### O R A N

DO'N URRAMACH ALASDAIR STUBHARD,  
 'AM BUN-LOCHABAR.

O! mosglaim-se le sunnd 'us càil,  
 'Us deachdar Dàn gu buadhach leam,  
 Do'n Fhìr-eun uasal, fhoinnidh, fhial,  
 A's pailte ciall 'us buadhanman.  
 Tha'm Bun-Lochabar nan damh donn,  
 'S nam mac 's nan sonn clis, fuas-  
 gailte, [dhàn',  
 Dhethl 'n aitim rìoghail, sheasmhach,  
 Bha sgaiteach, dàicheil, cruadalach.

'S tu 'fìran fearail, 's athail gnùis,  
 A's teinne lùgh, 's a's anamanta,  
 A's guirme sùil, 's a's deirge gruaidh,  
 'S tu fallain snuadh-mhor, geala-  
 mhaiseach ;

O shàil do bhuinn gu gruaig do chinn.  
 Gur cuimir, grinn, deas, dealbhach  
 thu, [chrùn',  
 'S na 'm faighte gairm a dhìon a'  
 Bughlan air thùs nu h-armailt thu.

Ach 's e ni buan do mheas 's do chliù,  
 Na gibhtean dlùth chaidh dhòrtadh  
 ort,

'S nach 'eil 's an àl so fear do chéill',  
 'S tu deanamh feum an còmhnuidh  
 dhith: [fremh,

'S tu 'n t-abhal ùluinn 's lionmhor  
 'S a's pailte geuga mor-mheasach,  
 Gun bheud, gun ghaoid, ach reachd-  
 mhor, làn,

'S e bhì fo d' sgeùil tha sòlasach.

Gur diomhair d' iùl 'us d' fhiosrachd  
 gheur, [oirnn,

Mu chuairt na gréin' tha deàrrsadh  
 'S cha'n 'eil an cleith ort gnè nan reul,  
 'S gach feart 's na's léir dheth 'n àir-  
 camh ud, [ghrunnd',

Mar sin gu-n dhearbhu thu meud do  
 'Us barrachd tìur mar Chàileadair,  
 A dh-innseas dhuinn m'an tig gu crìch,  
 Gach caochladh sin' 's mar thàrlas  
 iad.

'S gur solus dhuinn do bheachdan fìor  
 Mu ghin nan iasg 's an àbhaistean,  
 Mu ghnè nan ian, 's gach bith' ta beò,  
 'S mu bhudhan phòr 's mar dh'  
 fhàsas iad,

Mu chinneas luibhean 'us an sgèimh,  
 'S mu stuthan mhèin 's an gnàthach-  
 adh,  
 'S tu toirt dhuinn eòlais air gach maoin,  
 A tha 's an t-saoghal nàdurra.

A's tuigsach dh' innsear leatsa sgeòil,  
 Nan Aoisean Orach 's Iarunnach,  
 'S tu deas 'an cainnt na Gréig' 's na  
 Ròimh', [dhuinn ;

Cha bhì ort sgleò 'g an sgrìobhadh  
 'S gur taitneach 'chuirear leat 'an céill,  
 Mu ghaisce thréibh nam Fiann-  
 taichean,

'Us nòs gach teaghlaich, fin', 'us sluaigh,  
 Am meud, an snuadh 's an siolachadh.

Tha ort mar chliù, bhì suaice, ciùin,  
 Neo-uallach, mùinte, sìobhalta,  
 'S tu faoilidh, pàirtach, iochdmhor,  
 tlàth, [eachd,

'Us pailt an gràdh 's an sìmplidh-  
 Ro thapaidh, dian, 's gach àit 'us àm,  
 A sheasamh bhantrach's dhilleachdan,  
 Air cheann nam bochd a' dìon an cùis  
 'S deas-chainnteach, grunn-dail, dìleas  
 thu.

Gu'm beil do ghluasad 'réir do ghairm,  
 'S cha-n ann le foirm no cealgair-  
 eachd,

Ach tlusail, sèimh, 'us ceart 'am beus,  
 A' ruith do réis' gu h-armaichte :



Gu-n d' fhuair thu dh' onoir le gach  
 buaidh, [chriochan,  
 Bhi d' aobhar uaille' d' ar Garbh-  
 'S gur mairneil d' ainm air feadh gach  
 tìr,  
 'S bi'dh iomadh linn a' seachas ort.

Gu-n guidhinn fhìn dut 'measg nan  
 ceud,

Fad shìneadh ré neo-smuaireanach,  
 A' fàs 'an toirt, 'an cuid, 's an daoin',  
 'Ri fad do shaoghail buannachdail;  
 'S gu'm beil mi luaidh ort le mor  
 mhiann, [eas—  
 Aig ceann gach mìos' mar chuairtich-  
 'S ag òl do shlàinte le Mac-Ràild,  
 Fear cridheil, càirdeil, uasal e.

LOCII-AILLSE.

—:o:—

### LITIR O RUNASDACH.

#### A Ghaidheil Runaich

Bliadhna mbaith ùr dhuit  
 agus moran dìu—gu'm a slàn a bhitheas  
 tu, a's gu'm a fada beò thu. An saoil  
 thu nach ann a tha cuid de naire orm  
 sgrìobhadh thugad le cho fada is a bha  
 mi gu'n smid a chur a'd ionnsaidh?  
 Dh'fhaodain leisgeul a thoirt dhut air-  
 son mo thosd fhada, ach is coma leam  
 leisgeulan aig gach àm. Ach cha robh  
 an call cho mor ged nach robh facal  
 agad uam-sa o'n a bha uailsean urra-  
 mach foghainteach eile ag cur gu leòir  
 de nithean gasda thugad. 'Sann daibh  
 fein a b'aithne a dheanamh a's cha  
 b'ann do sgaomair bochd mar a tha  
 mise! Am bheil fhios agad gur ann a  
 bha mi anns an leth bharail, gu'm b'e  
 an t-aobhar nach d'fhuair mi cothrom  
 air litir a chur a'd ionnsaidh, gu'n robh  
 na buidsichean ag cur bacadh orm le  
 an giosragan is le an ubagan neo-  
 chneasda. Tha fhios agad fein gu'm  
 bheil iad ro shaotrach ann an àm na  
 Samhnadh, is nach leig iad leis an  
 fheur cinntin fo'n casan. Tha mi  
 beachdaidh as a so gu'n robh aon bhuid-  
 seach mhor ag cur grabadh orm—biasd  
 a' mhìll iomadh deagh rùn a's a thug

air iomadh aon, cothroman prìseil a  
 leigeil seachad—is fhuair an trudar  
 buaidh orm-sa o cheann da mhiosa. Is e  
 is ainm do'n bheisd "Cuir-dail-ann-gus-  
 am-maireach." Tha sar fhios aice  
 "An rud anns an d'theid dail theid  
 dearmad" is ma theid aice air toirt  
 air neach dail a chur ann an guothach  
 gu'm bheil a bhuidh aice. Is i so a'  
 bhuidseach a chuir cnapstarra a'm  
 rathad-sa, is cha n-e creutair neo  
 shaoghail air bith eile. Oir tha eagal  
 orm gu'm bheil ceard nan creutaran  
 bochda eile air dol a dhi, on a chaidh  
 eòlas a'm meud, is gu'm bheil iad air  
 diollaid a chur air a' chas-sguaibe is air  
 teicheadh do'n Spainn. Chuir sitrich  
 an eich iarunn agus rùn deatach bata  
 na smuide an cridhe asda is theich iad  
 gu fasnadh fhaotuin, fo chleoca an  
 aineola is ann an duthaich eigin eile.  
 Slan leatha—'s mairg a bhithead g'an  
 caoidh. "Beannachd Chillum Ghoba  
 leo." Cha n-eil ach tearc ri amas orra  
 a tha a nis a' toirt geill do'n bharail  
 amaideach so; ach bha aig aon àm lan  
 chreideas air a thoirt di. Cha b'ann a  
 mhain 'sa' Ghaidhealtachd a bha geill  
 air a thoirt do'n t-saobh-bharail gu'n robh  
 cumhachd aig muinntir trid cumhnant  
 a dheanamh ri spiorad an dorchadais  
 air nithean miorbhuileach a dheanamh.  
 Thar an t-saoghail mhoir gu leir bha na  
 beachdan so ri am faotainn. Bha na  
 cinnich a bhoghlumichte anns an t-  
 sean aimsir ga chreidsin. Is bha na  
 borb dhaoine anns gach cearn iomallach  
 a' toirt geill dha. Is cha be a mhain a'  
 chuid a b'ìlse is a b'aineolaiche de'n t-  
 sluagh, a bha ag creidsin anns an ni  
 ach daoine measail agus foghlumichte.  
 Bha Easbuigean agus Sagairtean,  
 Ministirean agus Foirfich ag creidsin  
 ann am buidseachas. Agus mo thru-  
 aigh, bu bhochd an toradh a thug an  
 creideas aca a mach; oir is iomadh  
 creutair truagh a chaidh a chur gu  
 bàs piantach air a thaileadh. Bha  
 iomadh cailleach bhochd air a losgadh  
 gu bas le daoine a bha a' saolsin gu'n

robh iad a' deanamh obair mhaith le bhì mar so ag cur seirbhisich an Fhìr-mhillidh gu bàs. Ach an àite a bhì 'cur na aghaidh sann a bha iad a' deanamh seirbheis dha, si mo bhàrail, le bhì a' deanamh a' pheacaidh mhoir so—a' peanasachadh truaghain bho chda air son cionnta anns nach robh e comasach dhoibh o nadur a bhì cionntach. Ach a chum cliù cleir agus pearsa Eaglais na Gaidhealtachd biodh e air innseadh nach deacha riabh (cho fad s' as fhìos dhomhsa, codhìu) neach a dhiteadh gu bàs air an iartus airson na bàrail fhaoin so.

Ach mar an robh peanas air a dheanamh erra cha b'ann a chionn is nach robh na Gaidheil mar dhaoine eile a' creidsin anna. Is iomadh sgeul a b'urrantar innseadh mu dheanamh nan cleasan de'n robh iad cionntach. B'urrain iad na'm b'fhìor, am bainne a thoirt o'n chrodh agus an toireadh a thoirt as a' bhainne. An uair a bha bainne màirt air ubagan a chuir air, bhìtheadh e tana, glas, agus ge'd a chuireadh tu a mach do chridhe ga mhaistreadh, nìr ime cha d'fhìgeadh air. Ma bha thu a' dol a' mhaistreadh, is gu'n robh eagal ort gu'm feudadh buidsichean a bhì a'd choir, be an gliocas dhut, riombal neo cearcal a tharruing mu'n cuairt ort le inneal stailinn eigin—grainne saluinn a chur 'sa' chuineag mhaistrìdh, am muighe a chuir 'na shuidhe air enutha eich, agus an rann a leanas a ghabhail, a' toirt an aire gu'm biodh gach faeal 'san rann ag co-flreagairt do gach buille de'n Ionaid—

“Thìg na maoir  
Thìg na saoir  
Thìg fear a' bhata bhuidhe.”

Bha na h-urrad de mhuintir ann aig an robh, na'm b'fhìor an cumhachd coire a dheanamh air an doigh so. Bha cumhachd aig na buidsichean iad fein a chur ann an cruth chreutairean eile ach gu sòruichte ann an cruth

maighfhiach. B'urrain mi iomadh sgeul innseadh mu mhuintir a bha mar so ga'n cruth-atharrachadh fein gu coslas a' chreutair so, na'm b'fhìor an sgeul. Is ged a bha na sgeulachdan sin gun steigh gun bhunnchar bha iad air an làn chreidsin. Tha cuimhne agam air maighfhiach a b' abbaist teachd do'n gharadh chail aig m'athair. Thug fear de'na gillean oidheirp no dha air a tilgil, ach co-dhìu a b'e is nach robh easan na shealgair maith, no nach robh an gunna aige air deagh ghleus cha deacha aige air. Thachair so cho tric is mu dheireadh ged a gheobhadh e lan chothrom oirre nach loisgeadh e. Thuit dhomh fein a bhì aig an taigh 'san àm, is shin mi air gaireachdaich mhagaidh air a' chuis. Ach thionndaidh e a's thug e dhomh spreigeadh smachdail, ag radh “Tog d'beth 'ille, is stad ded' ghlagaireachd, air neo cha n-eil fhios agam nach fhaigh thu dioladh air son d'fhealadhà uair nach saoil thu.” Theagamh gu'm faigh, ach cha'n i a' ghearr bhoedh a bheir a mach an aich-meil” orsa mise. “Uist” ors easan, “cha n-eil e idir eneasda fanaid a dheanamh air a' chuis.” “So, dhut sea sgillinn” orsa mise, “lub i is cur 'sa' ghuma i, oir chuala mi thu ag radh nach gearradh nì air bith ach sea-sgillinn lùbta air buidseach.” Ach cha bhìodh gnotach aige rium fein no ri mo shea sgillinn, air eagal, mar thuit e fein gu'm feudadh e bhì cionntach ann ann mortadh, oir bha leth bhàraile aige co i a bha ann an coslas na maighich. Is docha leamsa air son so uile, nach ann aig a' bhuidseachas, a bha choire ach gu'm be a b' aobhar nach robh a' ghearr air a marbhadh, nach robh 'sa' ghille choir ach “sealgair theab a loisg 's nach do leag.”

Bha crodh a bha air laogh a bhì aca fìor bluailteach a bhì air an gonadh, agus ann am mor chunnart gu'n rachadh toradh a' bhainne aca a thoirt air falbh. A chum buaidh a thoirt air giosragan nam biasdan bha nì no dha

feumail do'n bhanaraich ghlic a dheanamh. Bha cnutha eich ri bhi air a deanamh dearg agus a' chiad spùt de'n bhainne ri bhi air a bhleothan air a chnutha so—bha faine na banaraich ri bhi air a chur mu'n cuairt air aon mu seach de bhalain a' mhairt, agus na h-urad de dh'fhaoinis eile a cheart a cho gòrach riù sin. Ma bha toil agad dioghaltas a dheanamh air buidseach a rinn coire do thoradh do chruidh, agus fhaotuin a mach co an neach a rinn an dolaidh so ort, cha robh agad ach steall do'n bhainne a bha air a chronachadh a chur ann am pòit agus dorlach phrineachan agus shnathadan a chur ann am measg a' bhainne, an dorus a chrannadh agus a phoit a chur air an teine. 'N uair a thoisicheadh a' phoit ri goileadh, thoisicheadh piantan agus tachdaidean air a bhuidseach, is cha b' fhada gus am bitheadh i anns an dorus a' glaothaich faotuin a staigh. Cho fada 'sa chumadh tusa na snathadan a' goileadh, cho fada sin leanadh doruinn chraiteach air a bhuidseach, gus mu dheireadh an d'fhugadh i a da chluais thar a lethchinn air son fuasgladh fhaotuin. Ann an dluth dhaimh ri buidseachas bha an droch shuil. Ach bha an t-eadar dhealachadh so eatorra, gu'm faodadh an droch shuil a bhi aig neach gu'n e bhi na fhior dhroch dhuine; is gu'm feudadh e coire a dheanamh ort gun toil air bith a bhi aige sin a dheanamh. Bha na'm b' fhior an droch shuil a' sruthadh o chridhe farmadach a bhi aig neach. Na'm biodh farmad laidir aig neach riut, bha cunnart ann gu'm feudadh e coire a dheanamh ort anns an rathad so. Tha cuimhne agam aon uair a bhi a' reusonachadh ri aon mu amaideachd a' leithid so do bheachd. Ach cia b'e ni a theirin-sa, bha easan 'san aon bharail. Chrath e cheann agus thubhairt e "Cha n-eil fhios agam, sgoiltidh farmad na creagan." Tha iad ro lion mhor ann, a tha gus an latha 'n diugh a làn chreidsin gum bheil a leithid do

ni ri cronachadh ann. Agus 'se bhochdainn a thaobh an droch shuil, gu'm feud i bhi aig neach gun fhios da fein. Chuala mi iomradh, air neach nach b'urraim dol shealltuinn a chruidh aige fein gun choire a dheanamh orra, is air duine eile aig an robh a leithid de ghaol d'a chlann is gu'n robh iad iar an gonadh le a shuil. Ma bha toil agad gun choire a dheanamh anns an rathad so, dh'fheumadh tu, ann a bhi a' molladh beathaich, no leanaibh smugaid a chur air do shuil. Uaith so tha am facal ag eiridh "Fliuch do shuil mu'n cronaich thu e." Bha e iomachaidh mar an ceudna, gu'n cuireadh neach an roimh radh so an toiseach air molladh air bith a bhithheadh e a' deanamh "Mata gun an gobh mo shuil e, is briath an beathach sin." Bha na'm b'fhior muinntir ann aig an robh eòlas sornuichte a dheanadh slàn neach no ni a bha air a chronachadh. B'e so an doigh anns an robh an t-eòlas air a dheanamh; bha briathra seuna air an labhairt os ceann uisge, agus an t-uisge so an sin air a chur ann an searag, air a thoirt gu curamach is air a chrathadh os ceann an neach a bha air a chronachadh. Dh'fheudadh an t-eòlas a bhi air a chur ann an sraing is an t-sreang a cheangal mu mhuineal a' neach a bha air a bhualadh leis an droch shuil. B' aithne dhomh aon no dha a bha 'gabhail orra fein gu'n robh eòlas a chronachaidh aca, is chunna mi an da chuid daoine agus beathaichean, do'n robh an t-eòlas air a dheanamh. Ach ghabhadh e dearbhadh moran nis laidire na fhuair mise riabh air a chuis, a thoirt orm a chreidsin aon chuid gu'n robh an comas leigheis so aig a' mhuintir a bha 'gabhail orra gu'n robh, no gu'n d'rinn an t-eòlas aca feum do'n mhuintir d'an deach a dheanamh. B'urraim mi sgeul no dha innscadh dhut a thaobh na cuise so ach tha eagal orm gu'n bheil an litir so fada gu leir cheana. Bha aireamh mhor eile de sheuna agus de "eolais" ann. Mar a bha eòlas an déididh a

bha comasach air a ghalar phiantach sin a leigheas gun turcais fear-tarruingnam-fiacal a dhol an coir do chairein. Bha còlas na sula ann, a bheireadh smuirnean as do shuil ge'd robh thu miltean air falbh o'n neach a rinn an t-colas; agus aireamh mhor eile de'n cheart seorsa, a bha freagarach air son gach eucail agus anshocair air an cualas riabh iomradh. Ach tha na nithean so uile a' dol air chùl agus is maith do na leighichean gu'm bheil, oir na'n rachadh aig na seana chailleachan mar so air gach leigheas a dheanamh, tha eagal orm nach biodh brochan nan *Doctairean* bochda ach tana gu leoir. Bha dà chungaidh leighis air an cuala mi iomradh 'sa' chearnaidh d'an duthaich san deacha mo thogail, a bha aithnichte a reir aogais thar chearnan eile de'n Ghaidhealtachd, oir chunna mi eunatas ro thaitneach air a thoirt orra leis a' Ghaidheal smearail sin, "Bun-Lochabar," a tha deanamh na h-urrad air son sean nithe Gaidhealach a chumal air chuimhne. Feumadh mi a radh 'san dol seachad gu'm bheil "Bun-Jochabar," air mor chomhain a chur air na Gaidheil leis na seuna agus na toimhseachain a chur e chum a' phaipeir naidheachd sin aig am bheil an onair agus a' bhuanachd, an duine nasal sin aireamh 'am measg a luchd cuideachaidh. Ma dh' fheadas mi bhi cho dàna agus combhairle a thoirt air neach cho gleusda, tapuidh, foghlum-

aichte ris an urramach sin, theirin gu'm bheil mi an dochas gu'm bi e cho maith agus na sean nithe ud a chur air chuimhne ann a rathad a's maireann-aiche na taobh duilleag a' phaipeir naidheachd. Chuireadh e comain ro mhor air a luchd duthcha le so a dheanamh. 'Se an dà chungaidh leighis air an robh mi 'dol a labhairt—Biadh a ghabhail á Spainn de dh'adharc bobleo. Se sin, Spainn a bha air a deanamh de dh'adharc a chailleadh mart air dhoigh air bith. Cho fada is bhithheadh am mart beò bha buaidh shionruichte anns an Spainn. A' chungaidh eile a bha a'm bheachd, is eungaidh i gun teageamh air bith, na'n gabhadh i faotuin, a bhithheadh ann-asach, mar a deanadh i leigheas. So agad i:—

Ola cas easgainn.

A's bainne cich circe,

Agus geir mhean'bh-chuilleag

Ann an adharc muice,

Agus ite eait ga shuathadh ris.

Bha moran eile de dhoighean leighis ann, air nach ceadaich fad mo litir dhomh labhairt—mar a bha leanabh air an robh an tuagh a thoirt thar tri eriocha baile, meur duine marbh a chur air cinneas a bhithheadh air neach. Agus iomadh eile.—Slan leat. Is mi le gach deagh dhàrachd do charaid

RUNASDACH.

Glaschu air Cluaidh

Di Luain an t-Sainnseil, 1873.

## NUADH ORAN.

(Air a *Leantuin*.)

'S e *Hancock* 'us *Adam*, 'us *Franklin* na ceilg,  
A dh' éignich a' ghràisg ud gu h-ànrath 's gu feirg;  
Rinn *Washington* 's *Lee* 's gach giomanach seilg,  
A' choimhstri 'chraobh-sgaoileadh air aodann gach leirg.

Dh' fhàs iad cho làn 'us gu'n d'aichein iad Criosd,  
Le mìl 'us le bainne, le h-uran 'us fion;  
Ach bitheadh iad fhathasd air alaban tiom',  
A' goid ann an ainneis, 's a' gal an droch-gniomh.

'Siad sud a chuir miltean air ìomaroil chruaidh,  
Chum slighe na h-ath-sith air iomruagadh truagh;  
Ach tuitidh iad fathasd 's an lion a chuir suas,  
'Us éiridh an neo-chiont' an sòlas o'n uaigh.  
Gun chron no cion-fàth thog Spaintich an sròl,  
An co-aonachd Fhrangach gun taing iomairt-sgleò;  
'Sa choimhstri nach buineadh dhoibh buill' thoirt ri m beò,  
Eadar mac 'us a pharant ged fhàgadh e'n deò.  
Ghabh na béistean an cuthach gu buidheann 's a' bhàr,  
An cota 's a' pheiteag do Bhreatunn an àigh;  
'Sann rinn iad dhi cuspar gu cluich air gach laimh,  
Le saighdibh tein-athair a chaitheamh a bàre.  
'S an onoir nach tréig sinn am feasd no gu bráth,  
Ard-uachdranachd mara bhi againn 's gach àit;  
Mur dean ceilg no droch mharasgal 's athadh do nàmh,  
No brib uatha ghabhail,—cha-n fhaigh iad ri'n là.  
Is luaithe an cosan gu casgradh 'us leòn,  
Gu dortadh na fola nach d' chaidir an gb;  
Na iolair nan speur air a sgéith anns na neoil,  
Gu cathan nam flath a chur thairis air lòn.  
Mar sin tha an slighe gu milleadh mòr Dheors',  
'Sa shlugadh gu gionach na dhligheadh iad dhò;  
Ach thig orr' an là nach aidhearach nòs,  
'S a ghuileas gu cràiteach mar ghnàthaich a' choir.  
Ghairm esan gu ciùin iad, ach dhiùlt iad a rian,  
'Us shìn e a làmh dhoibh gu fàilteach 's gu fial;  
'Us thug geallanan gràidh dhoibh nach àrdaicht'am pian,  
Na'n closadh an samhchair, nach tairngte dhoibh liath.  
An ioghnadh ged ghair esan là am mòr thruaigh',  
'N tràth thig orr' o 'n fhàsaich an ard-osag chruaidh;  
A sguabas thair faire, an àl 'us am buar,  
Bi 'dh esan ri gaird'chas, 's aig làn chaitheam-buaidh.  
Co'n sin leis an duilich dream fhuilteach nan creuchd,  
A chlaoidh 'us a shàruich am pàrantan féin;  
A leagar am bràithrean 's an àraich gun bheud,  
'S am peathraichean dubbach an tuilichibh dheur.  
Dhoibh tarlaidh mar thachair do dh' Absalom truagh,  
Chaidh chomhrag r'a athair, le iomadaidh sluaigh;  
Aig marcachd roimh 'n doire, chroch a' choill e air ghruaig,  
Mo thruaighe! bu chràitich am bàs sin a rhuair.  
Tha corr 'us seachd bliadhna o na rianaich iad stòr,  
Gu comhrag ri 'n càirdean do 'm b'abhaisd am bròn;  
Gu'n sgathadh gun eutruas an coille no'n còs,  
'S cha b'ann air mhagh réidh dheanamh euchd ach tra-nòin,  
Nam faigheadh na lothramaich cothrom na Feinn',  
Aon la o'n thòisich a' choimhstri an-fhéil;  
Cha-n fhaighte mac duin' air aon tulaich gu feum,  
Ach 'n an carnaibh air chomhnard a' foghlum an eig.

Mur deantadh leo càirdeas ri Frangaich 'n an cas,  
 'S ri Spaintich dlubh lachduinn, bu ghrad bhiodh an sas ;  
 'Us Duidsich 'us Olandaich dheineachadh gràidh,  
 B'fhad o'n chaidh coreach air sgornan na graisg.  
 'S iomadh fear dearg bu ro-gharg anns an tòir  
 Chaidh reubadh le clàthair an doir' 's am bith'dh còin ;  
 'N a chrìuban fo fhasgath na daraig bu mhò,  
 'S a rùn gu dol dachaidh 'n am faigheadh e 'n ròd.  
 Na h-uilteachan cuinnsar bu phuinnseant' bha riamh  
 An aghaidh Mòr Bhreatunn an cleathar a cliar ;  
 Gun spéis do mhae duine, no urram do Dhia,  
 Ach leon agus reubainn a leadairt an Triath.  
 Na h-eucoraich chathach a tharruing an làmh,  
 An aghaidh an athar gun a thath 's a bhàr ;  
 'S na mna thug a' chioch dhoibh 's gach iocslainte aigh  
 A nis 'g a grad-bhualadh 's neothruacant' a h-àl.  
 'N tràth nìtear an ceannsachia' 's ambh'raich an sgeul  
 Fo eagal, an dòlas, gun dòchas am pèin ;  
 An naimhdean 'g an glacail. 's gun chaidreamh fo'n sgéibh  
 'S an càirdean 'g am brath anns gach rathad do'n teid.  
 Ni mearlaich an spùilleadh, 's cha dùraichd a ràdh  
 Gu'n d' fhuiling iad fòirneart no leòn o an làmh ;  
 Bithidh cunnart am folach 's gach bail' anns an tàmh,  
 Gur deisneach doghr'naich robh 'n sgornan an sàs.  
 Nach truagh an cumasg s' gun bhuinnig ach call.  
 Cha bhuidheann luchd-dionaidh na cise tha thall ;  
 'S an dream tha 'g a tagradh le carraid nan lann,  
 Cha seilbh i gun dòlas 's na leònadh 's an tailm.  
 Nach e iarraidh gu h-uachdranachd naill agus bròd,  
 'Ruaig prionnsa gach dubhaile gu h-iutharn a' bhròin ;  
 'S iad sin bheir a bhall-chrith air ceannard a' bhròid,  
 'N la sgiursar air charn iad gun armailt gun mhod.  
 'S iomadh mac tha gun athair, 'us athair gun mhae,  
 O'n la thoisich air teugbhail gu reubadh fad as ;  
 Dh'fhag braithe dhe' dubhaich 'us peathraichean 'gal,  
 'Us màthraiche brònach a' clò-bhualadh blas.  
 Dh'fhàg clann a' caoidh-chaoinneadh mar fhaoilinn a' chuain,  
 An athar chaidh laidhe gu codal 's an uaigh ;  
 'Us seann daoine liath mar am fiannis gun chluain.  
 A' bùirich nan armunn a dh'fhàgadh 's an ruaig.  
 Iads 'uile tha 'n càirdean gach lá anns an tòir,  
 Fo namhas gu 'm fàgar 's an àraich gun deò ;  
 Crith-cagail 'g an crà-chaoidh, nach airmhear'nam beò,  
 Iad anns a' bhràgad, 'n am àbhachd an t-slàigh.  
 Ach chitear an là nach aidhearach dòigh  
 Nan reuballach dubha nach enmadh a' choir ;  
 A'gal air an glunaibh toirt ùmhilachd do Dheors',  
 'S gun ghuidhe dad tuillidh, ach fhulang bhì beò.

## NAIDHEACHDAN.

Tha naidheachd bhrònach againn air a mhios so, mu bhàthadh a chaidh a dheanamh mu dheireadh a' mhios a chaidh seachad, aig ceann a deas Shasuinn. Chaidh soitheach Sasunnach da 'm b' ainm an *Northfleet* a ruith sìos le steamer *Spain*-each a ruith a steach na cliathaich agus faisg air da leith a dheanamh oirre. Bha 'n soitheach luchdaicite le daoine agus iarunn a bha dol gu ruig Australia, air son rathad iarunn a dheanamh ann an aon de chearnaidhean na duthcha sin. Bha mu 'n cuairt air ceitlir cheud pearsa iunte agus na 'm measg bha iomadh duine le 'bhean 's a theaghlach, ach se gle bheag dhiubh a chaidh a shàbhaladh. An deigh don steamar a bualadh, agus fios aic gu'n deachaidh call a dheanamh, cha do sheall i as a deigh ach falbh gu h-an-ìochdmhor agus leigadh leis an t-soitheach sìoladh agus na daoine a bhàthadh; bha so gle chianail, oir bha an soitheach cho faisg a' laimh 's gu 'm bheil barr nan crann, fhathasd ri 'm faicinn bho 'n fhearann a a mach as an fhaighe. Bu chianail an seal-ladh da rìreadh e, na h-urad do dhaoine, mhathan agus chlainn a' dhol a dhìth am faire am fearuinn fhein. Chaidh fios a chur leis an telegraph as deigh na steamair agus tha i nis an laimh 's a' Spain, air son a' ghnìomh oilltèil a 'rinn i, agus tha sinn an dochas agus a' guidhe gu 'm faigh am maighistir agus an sgioba a reir an toilltineis.

Chaidh mar an ceudna bàthadh cianail a dheanamh sa chuan Leodhasach air an 16mh de 'n mhios a chaidh seachad, leis an do chail seisear am beatha—ceathrar dhaoine pòsda agus dìthis ghillean òga. Bha iad a' tighinn dhachaidh a Steornabhà gu Grabhair an sgìre na Loch, le eathar beag luchdaichte le mion 's nithean eile. Tha n call so gle bhrònach, oir dhfhàg an ceathrar dhaoine, bantraichean agus teaghlachan lag chloinne. Fhuaradh an cuirp beagan laithean an deigh so. 'S iad so an ainmean: Domhnall Mac-Gille-Mhaoil, Ruairidh Cambèul, Alasdair Caimbeul, Iain Mac-Phàil, Iain Mac-Neacail, a's Niall Mac-Gille-Mhicheil.

Chuala sinn iomradh air call no dha eile de 'n t-seorsa a a' bhùineadh do 'n Ghaidhealtachd, ach cha 'n 'eil min-chuuntas againn mu 'n deibhinn aig an àm, ach tha aon dhuibh gu h-araidh a chuir fìor bhocheduinn air ar cridhe, se sin gille òg a mhu-

inntir Ghoillspidh, chaill a bheatha an deigh gnìomh cho gaisgeil agus treubhantach a dheanamh 's air an cuala sinn iomradh; innsidh sinn mu dheibhinn 's an ath aire-amh.

Tha 'n Geambradh so ainmeil thall agus a bhios air son stoirmean fiadhaich agus tha call mor air a dheanumh leotha.

Tha sinn a' chuinntinn gu'r ann gle mheadhonach a tha an t-iasgach a' dol leotha air feadh na Gaidhealtachd air a' mhios so, ged a bhitheadh pailteas èisg ann, tha an tìde cho fiadhaich 's nach fhaighear thige. Tha cunntas againn mar an ceudna gu'r e cor gle bhoched a tha air a' chuid mhor de chroitèaran agus iasgairean na Gaidhealtachd, leis mar a chaidh am buntata agus nithean eile air ais air a' bhliadhna a chaidh seachad. Bh'fhearr dhoibh a bhi 'n America. Tha prìsean air crodh agus caoirich a leantuinn fhathasd gle ard agus nithean eile da reir sin. Tha mion-chore' a's mion-eorna, bho fhichead gu deich tastain fhichead am bola; buntata bho thastan a' chlach air aghairt, mairteoil a's multeoil mu thastan am pund; laoigheoil naodh sgillinn am pund; muiceoil, seachd sgillinn am pund; 'm ochd sgillinn deug am pund; cearean mu leth-chrùn an t-é; uibhean, sgillinn am fear 'san cuid a dh-àitean trì buinn-a'-sia.

A measg naidheachdan na rioghachd cha 'n fhaod sinn dearmad a dheanamh air bàs an Iompaire Napoleon. Dh'eug e ann an *Chiselhurst*, air an naoidheamb, latha de cheud mhios na bliadhna. Rugadh e 'san Fhraing, mu thoiseach na bliadhna 1808. Sa' bhliadhna 1848 fhuair e ard-riaghladh na Frainge' leis an laimh laidir. Ach cha ruig sinn a leas an cor a radh an so. An deigh moran fola 'bhi air a dortadh cadar e fein a's rìgh Uilleam Phrussia. Chuir e seachad dà bhliadhna anns nach robh moran iomraidh air, gus an do ruith e an t-slighe bha air a cuir roimhe, 's tha e 'n diugh cho diblidh fo 'n fhò'd ri's an neach bu bhocheda de chuid ìochdran.

—:o:—

## SOP AS GACH SEID.

Aisling eaillich mar a dùrachd. Am fear aig nach bi gnothach do 'n taigh-mhor, bheir e gnothach as. A's sleamhuinn a' chlach a tha 'n stairsnich an taigh mhoir.

Na biodh cota dubh air cealgaire no cota dearg air slaightear.

Am fear a ni obair na thrath, bithidh e 'n ath latha na leth thamh

Am fear 's luaithe lamh 'se 's fearr cuid.

Am fear is 'n dan a' chroich, cha d' theid gu bràch a bhàthadh

An uair tharruingeas gach duine chuid thige, 's maig a bhithcas gun chuid aige. Cha d' thig fuachd gu carrach, cruaidheas no droch ceannach.

Bha duine bochd ann an Glinncilg a bha comharraichte air son teangasgainnealach agus thachair dha—gu tubaisteach—gu'n dh' fhàs a bhial goirt, a's bu mhiann leis a dhol do'n taigh-èirdim a dh' fheuch am faighcadh e leigheas. Chaidh e air tús a dh-ionnsuidh a' mhaighstir-sgoile air son teisteanais, agus fhuair e 'n teisteanas a leanas.—“*Duine bochd aig am bhail droch bhial.*”

Bah seann Chailleach ann am Baidcanach, agus cha 'n fhaiccadh i tiodhlacadh a' dol seachad, nach sineadh i air gal 's air bualadh nam bàs. Latha dhe na laithean bha chailleach aig ceann a taighe, a's eiod e chunnaic i 'dol seachad ach pòsadh. Cha robh a fradharc ach mall, a's dé shaoil leatha bha i 'faicinn ach tiodhlacadh. “O!” ars ise, 's i 'bualadh nam bàs, “Sìod an t-slighe air an teid sinn uile!”

Ann an taigh àraid an Loch-bhraoin, thachair dìtlis amadanan a bhì air an oidheche, agus chuireadh do 'n aon leabuidh iad. Cha do sguir iad fad na h-oidheche ach a' sùbaid airson co 'm fear de'n dìtlis a bh'oll 's a' mhcadhion.

“Am bhil thu na do chadal a Dhonnnull?” arsa seana Ghaidheal coir ri caraid dha a bha ramhanaich air an fheur air feasgar Sàmbraidh. “Chan-e eil a Dhonnchaidh,” ars a Donnnull. “Agus an toir thu dhonn deich tas-dain-fhichead?” ars a' Donnchaidh. “Tha mi na mo chadal a nise,” ars a Donnnull, agus e a' toirt srann as.

Bha comspaid uair-cigin eadar Caimbeulach a's Leathanach mu dheighinn co an fhine bu shine de'n dìtlis. Cha 'n fhuilgeadh an Leathanach a chluinntinn gu'n robh na Caimbeulaich cho sean ri 'chinnadh sa, oir bha e ag ràdh gu'n robh a sheorsa ann bho thoiseach an t-saoghail.

Bha fios aig a' Chaimbeulach gu math air eachdraidh a' Bhiobuill, agus dh' fhebraich e an robh Clann-Leathain ann roimh an dile. “An dile! eiod i 'n dile!” arsa Mac-a'-Leathain. “An dile,” ars' an Caimbeulach, “a bhàth gach nì a bh' air thalamh ach Noah, a theaghlach, 's a threud.” “O bhurraidh! thu fòin 's do dhìle.—bha mo Chinneadh-s' ann fada ro'n dile,” arsa Mac-a'-Leathain. “Cha do leugh mise anns a' Bhiobull mu dhèibhinn Leathanach sam bith a chaidh a steach do'n àire aig Noah.” “Airce Noah!” arsa Mac-a'-Leathain, “Co chuala riamh mu dhuine dheth mo Chinneadh-sa aig nach robh bàta dha fhéin!”

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## DO AR LUCHD-LEUGHADH.

Tha sinn leis an aireamh so, a' crìochnachadh a' cheud leabhar de'n GHÀIDHEAL. Rinn sinn ar dìchioll anns gach nì airson ar luchd-leughaidh a riarachadh agus a thoileachadh, agus miosachan a thoirt dhoibh 'nan cainnt fhein a bhith-eadh airidh orra fhein, air an canain, agus air an duthaich; a's ma chaidh sinn cearr air sin, cha b'ann do 'r deòin. Tha AN GAIDHEAL a' tighinn air aghairt gu gasda, ged nach eil urrad de luchd-leughaidh aige fathasd 's a dh' iarradh e. Tha sinn a' toirt mìle taing dhoibhsan a chuidich leis 'san tìim a chaidh seachad, agus tha sinn an dochas nach tèid aon ainm a bha ar leabhraichean bho thoiseach, a dhubhadh a mach “a' chiad dà lutha so.” Ma ni ar luchd-leughaidh an dìchioll, agus gach neach dhiubh fear no dha eile fhaighinn maille ris fhein, an àm cur a steach as ùr, cha bhì e ach beag thrioblaid dhoibh-san, agus nì e mor sheum dhuinne; oir cha 'n e m'kain gu'n neartaich e “AN GAIDHEAL,” ach bheir e comas dhuinne a dheanamh na 's motha. Tha sinn an dochas gu'n cluinn sinn bho 'r cairdean air a' phuing so. Tha e 'nar rùn AN GAIDHEAL a dheanamh na 's fhearr ann an iomadh rathad a so suas.



# THE G A E L I C,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

FEBRUARY, 1873.

## ENGLISH RIVER NAMES, &c., DERIVED FROM THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

(Continued from page 301.)

Besides the clear and direct evidence that has already been stated as to English river names being *identical* with those of Scotland, which were given by the Gael, as also of a very great number more, which are evidently derived from the Gaelic language, there exists further proofs in other place names that show positively the Cymri, or Welsh, were not the first inhabitants of the land of Britain.

The nearest part of England to what was anciently called Gaul (now France) is Dover, it is only twenty-six miles from Calais, and the Celts of Gaul would no doubt select the former for their landing place, let us therefore see what is the etymology of the name of "Dover." Mr Edmunds asserts (at p. 199, 2nd edition,) that it is from the Welsh word *Dufwr*, "water," which it cannot be, because every city, town, village, and hamlet at the sea shore, is on the "water," so also all these when on the banks of a river, are on the "water," and, according to Mr Edmunds, they would all be "Dovers;" thus we see what great absurdities follow from his etymology by trying to bring it from the Welsh language. The true etymology of "Dover" is correctly traced to the Gaelic language, being from the ancient word *Dobhair*, which means "the border of a country." Nothing can be more truthful and

descriptive of "Dover" and its situation. This Gaelic etymology carries conviction with it, from the clear and correct meaning it bears, whereas the Welsh word of Mr Edmunds *Dufwr*, or "water," appears impossible when applied to it. No doubt the name Dover was given by the Celts that came over from Gaul; the Gaelic is identical in pronunciation with "Dover;" it will be found in the standard work of the language—namely, the Dictionary of the Highland Society of Scotland, under the word *Dobhaidh*.

There is a hill in England, county of Derby, named "Mam-tor," which is most undoubtedly derived from the language of the Gael. Mr Edmunds, in his etymology, says it signifies "Mother hill," which assertion proves Mr Edmunds does not know what *Mam* means—it is a Gaelic word for a hill, of a round form, gently rising. There are a very great number of hills in Scotland called *Mam*, there are *none* in Wales, which is fatal to the theory of the Welsh being the earliest race in Britain, or that they gave this name to the Derbyshire hill. "Mam," is found in the Scotch counties of Perth, Argyle, Inverness, Ross, and the island of Mull; "Tor," occurs all over Scotland and the islands, and is generally applied to a conical hill, therefore the two together, *Mam-tor*, mean "the round conical hill,"—and the race who gave this name were the Gael, and not the Welsh. There is in England, in the county of Worcester, a range of hills called *Malvern*, which appear

very evidently to be derived from the Gaelic words *Meall-bhearn*, meaning "the indented hills," and describes the appearance of these hills most accurately. The English reader is reminded that in the second word the *bh* is used as *V*, and the name "Malvern" is nearly identical with the Gaelic. Mr Edmunds frequently mentions in his work that the Welsh call this island by the word "Prydan," meaning "Britain;" but this, instead of showing that they were the first inhabitants, proves they were not; because the oldest name for it is "Albion," and which, of course, had been given by a prior race, namely, by the Gaelic Celts, who came over from Gaul probably centuries before the Welsh arrived, and they (the Welsh) would, no doubt, call this "the island of Britain," if, as has been said, they came from Brittany; but it is necessary to consider as to "Albion," the oldest name, its derivation, and to what language and race it belongs. The name is most undoubtedly a corrupt spelling of *Alban*, which is compounded of two Gaelic words, namely, "All," meaning "a cliff," and is found in the topography of Scotland, though not used now in common speech. *All* or *Aill* also signifies "a cliff" in Irish, and Mr Joyce tells us in his topographical work (1st edition, p. 372) is found all over Ireland. The second Gaelic word is the well-known one "*ban*," meaning "white," the two together signify "the white-cliffs." Now, it is not possible to describe the coast of England opposite to France more accurately than naming it the land of "the white cliffs." That this designation was most certainly given by the Celts of Gaul cannot reasonably be doubted, because the Gael have ever called their country *Alban*, and it is so named by all Highlanders up to this very hour, having come down to them from their forefathers—the earliest race of Celts

who came into Britain, the oldest name for which was "Albion," derived from *Alban*.

The above facts are fatal to the theory of the Welsh being the first race in this country; but there are further proofs that they are not. When Cæsar arrived in Britain, 55 years before Christ, he found on and near the coasts a different race than those he met with when he had reached the interior; these last were the original inhabitants—the Gael of "Alban" or "Albion," and the former the Cymri or Welsh, who were intruders on them. These two invasions would, of course, cause a great emigration of the Gael northward, and westward by Wales, Anglesea, and Isle of Man to Ireland. Another very clear and strong proof that the Gael preceded the Welsh, is the name by which they design them, "*Gall Breatannaich*,"\* which means "the foreign Britons." How could such have been given them unless they were foreigners and intruders on the race who applied it to them? Lastly, a well-known classical historian, Diodorus Siculus, who wrote 44 years before Christ, proves that the inhabitants of Britain and Ireland were derived from the Gauls. This important fact is stated by him in his 5th book, wherein he says, "Ferocitate excellent *Galli* qui ad arctum remote, sicut Britannia a quibus Iris (Hibernia) habitatur."

There has now been laid before the reader many clear proofs that the Gael preceded the Welsh race, and as there are no facts to support the pretensions of the latter, it is believed that all unprejudiced persons having duly weighed and considered the evidence, will decide it has established, that the Gael were a prior race in Britain to the Welsh.

JAMES A. ROBERTSON.

\* The surname of "Galbraith," is derived from these Gaelic words.

## GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.

(Continued from page 246.)

8. *Beir*, *tabhair*, *abair*, *thubhairt*, *deirim*, *aobhar*, *diubhairt*, *tobar*, *cobhair*, *diobair* or *dibir*, *iobairt*, *beart*, *abar*, *inbhir*, *comar*; Gr.  $\phi\acute{\epsilon}\rho\omega$ ; Lat. *fero*; Ger. *gebaren* (from the old *baren*); A. S. *beran*; Eng. *bear*.

These words are all from the root *ber*, which corresponds to the Sanskrit *bhar*. *Tabhair*=*do-ad-biur* (the verb *biur*, from *ber*, and the prefixes *do-ad*; Di Nigra's T. Glosses, p. 33). *Abair*=*ad-biur*, in which *ad* is for *ath* or *aith*. *Thubhairt*=*do-ber-t*. *Deirim*=*do-bheirim* (Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 137). *Aobhar*=*adbar*=*ath-ber* (Zeuss' G. C., p. 869). *Diubhairt* (defrauding)=*di-ad-ber-t*. *Tobar*=*do-od-ber* (Zeuss' G. C., p. 885). *Cobhair* (help) is from *co* and *ber*. *Diobair* or *dibir* (forsake) is from *di* and *ber*. *Iobairt* (anciently *iubart*, *edbart*)=either *aith-bar-t* or *ind-od-bar-t* (Zeuss' G. C., pp. 869, 885), in which *bar*=*ber*. *Beart*=*ber-t*.

The three words *abar*, *inbhir*, and *comar* signify the same thing—a confluence, and are derived from the same root *ber*. *Abar*=*adbar* or *atbar* (the prefix *ad* [*at*] and *ber*). *Inbhir* (anciently *inber*) is the same root with the prefix *in*. *Comar* (cf. O. W. *cymr*=*cymber*)=*com-ber* (cf. Zeuss' G. C., p. 148).

The above analysis, which we are confident is correct, shows that the dispute in regard to the use of *abar* and *inbhir* in our topography cannot be decided by an appeal to their etymology, for both words have been derived from the same root, and their prefixes *ad* and *in* are common to Welsh and Gaelic.

Ebel thinks that the aspirate *bh*, which distinguishes *bheirim* (I give) from *beirim* (I bear), indicates that, according to the rule by which consonants flanked by vowels are aspirated, *bheirim* has dropped a prefix, probably *do*.

The affinity between *ber* and Gr.  $\phi\acute{\epsilon}\rho\omega$  and Lat. *fero* is obvious.

9. *Mòr* and Gr.  $\mu\alpha\kappa\rho\acute{\upsilon}\varsigma$ .

*Mòr* was anciently *már*, which may be compared with  $\mu\alpha\kappa\rho\acute{\upsilon}\varsigma$  as *deur* (anciently *dér*) may be compared with Gr.  $\delta\acute{\alpha}\kappa\rho\upsilon$ , Goth. *tagr*, A. S. *tear*, Eng. *tear*, the tenuis *k* (=θ) disappearing in both examples before *r*. (Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 90).

10. *Aithne*, *ecne*, *iongnadh*, *ainm*, *gnàth*;  $\nu\acute{\omicron}\varsigma$ ,  $\gamma\rho\gamma\nu\acute{\omega}\sigma\kappa\omega$ ,  $\gamma\rho\sigma\rho\acute{\iota}\zeta\omega$ ,  $\acute{\iota}\nu\omicron\mu\alpha$ ; Lat. *nosco*, *cognosco*, *nomen*, *gnarus*, *gnarus*, *notus*; Ger. *kennen*, *können*; A. S. *can*, *cunnan*, *cunning*; Eng. *know*, *ken*, *can*, *ignorant*, *name*, *note*, *cunning*; Sansk. *gna*, *nīman*.

These words, to which many more might be added, are cognates, although some of them have little or no resemblance to each other. The root is *gen*, originally *gan* (Di Nigra's T. G. p. 26). Cf. Sansk. *gna* (to know).

*Aithne* (knowledge) is for *aithgne* (=aith-gne), which is formed from the root *gen* and the prefix *aith*. Cf. the ancient forms *adgēnsa* (I have known), and *adgēnammar* (we have known), in which *ad* is for *aith* or *ath* (Zeuss' G. C., pp. 448, 450, 869). *Ecne* (knowledge) is from *aithgne* (Zeuss' G. C., pp. 869, 996), and is, therefore, identical with *aithne*. Cf. *eagna* (wisdom), and *eagnaith* (wise, prudent). *Iongnadh* (wonder) was, in ancient Gaelic, *iongnad*, which is compounded of *in* privative (Zeuss' G. C., p. 860), the root *gen* or *gan*, and the termination *ad*. *Ainm* (name)=*anmin* (Zeuss' G. C., p. 168)=*namin*. The pl. *anmann*, for *namann*, points to an original stem *namant* for *gnamant* (Di Nigra's T. G., p. 68; Zeuss' G. C., p. 776), with which may be compared *nomen* for *gnomen*, *co-gnomen*, *agnomen* for *ad-gnomen*,  $\acute{\iota}\nu\omicron\mu\alpha$  (stem,  $\acute{\iota}\nu\omicron\mu\alpha$ = $\acute{\iota}\nu\omicron\mu\alpha$ , where *-gnomat* corresponds to *gnamant*. *Gnàth* is from the same root. Cf. *gnád*, *gnáth* (accustomed) in Zeuss' G. C., pp. 73, 25, where *d*=*th*, and the substantive *gnás*.

NOOΣ, contr. νοῦς (mind), is for γνῶσις. Cf. the aor. ἔγνω, also γιγνώσκω, γνῶσιζω, γνῶμη, γνῶσις, all from the root γνε-, which is cognate with gen. ONAMA (= ὄνομα) is from the same root.

Nosco is for gnosco, nomen for gnomēn, and notus for gnotus. Cf. co-gnosco (Curtius' Gr. Etym.) To the same root may be referred also gnarus and gnarus (Curtius' Gr. Etym.)

To the root gen, gan, must also be referred Ger. kennen (to know), können (to be able), originally identical with kennen; A. S. can (to know, to be able), cunnan (to ken, to know), cunning (experience); Eng. know, ken, can (originally, to know), ignorant (from ignoro. Cf. ignarus=in-gnarus), name (A. S. nama, Lat. nomen), note (notus=gnotus), cunning (A. S. cunning). Cf. Sansk. gna, náman.

To the same root are to be referred several words which occur in ancient Gaelic, as adgēnsa, adgeuin, etarchad, etargne and etarone, etargeuin, ingae.

### 11. Cridhe and heart.

Cridhe (heart), anciently cride, is cognate with Sansk. hrd, abbreviated from hard (Bopp's Glossary, p. 449), Gr. καρδία, Lat. cor, cordis, Goth. haitro, Ger. hertz, A. S. heorte, Eng. heart.

C(K) and d in Gaelic and the Classic languages correspond to h and t in the Germanic languages. Examples—Lat. cornu, Gr. κέρας, Gael. corn, Ger. horn. A. S. horn, Eng. horn; Lat. canis, Gr. κύνων, κύνος, Gael. cù, coin, con, Ger. hund, A. S. hund, Eng. hound; Lat. dens, dentis, Gr. ὀδόντις, ὀδόντος, Gael. deud (anc. dēt), W. dant, Goth. tunthus. A. S. toth, Eng. tooth; Gr. ὀδόντις, Gael. deur (anc. dēr), W. dayr, A. S. tear, Eng. tear.

### 12. Og and young.

Og (anciently óc) corresponds to Old W. iuenc (now ieucne), which, when compared with Lat. iuencus, shows that òg has dropped initial j, and also

n before the tenuis c, that the tenuis has passed into its corresponding medial, and that the vowels have coalesced to form long ò. V (= v) either disappears or is included in the diphthong ou of iouenc and ò of òg. (Zeuss' G. C., pp. 48, 106, 812, and Stokes' Ir. G., p. 93).

The connection between iouenc, iuencus, A. S. geong, and Eng. young, is obvious.

### 13. Nìmhaid and enemy.

Nìmhaid, now used in all the cases of the singular, is a modernized form of the dative and accusative singular of the old noun níma, which was thus declined—

Sing.	Plur.
N. náma	námit.
G. námat	námat-n.
D. námit	náimtib.
A. námit-n	náimtea.
V. a náma	a náimtea.

Dual. N. and A. dá námit, G. dá námat, D. dib náimtib.

These forms show that the stem of this noun is námat, and by comparing náma, námat, with cara (friend), gen. carat, and with W. carant (relation, kin), we ascertain that námat is from namant=namantas=na-amantas (Stokes' Ir. G., p. 65), which corresponds to ne-amantes, from ne (not), and amo (I love).

Again, enemy is from Fr. ennemi (from Lat. inimicus, compounded of in negative and amicus, from amo).

### 14. Fiodh and wood.

Fiodh (wood), anciently fid, corresponds to W. gwydd, to which O. S. wudu and A. S. wudu (from which wood is derived) are related. F in Gaelic and gw in Welsh frequently correspond to w in Anglo-Saxon and English. Examples—Fion, gwin, wine; feith, gweith, wait.

### 15. Soisgeul and gospel.

Soisgeul (gospel), anciently soscéle, is compounded of so or su (well, good)= Sansk. su and Gr. εἶ. and sgeul (tidings), anciently secl.

*Gospel* (= *godspell*) is compounded of either *god* (God) or *god* (good) and *spell* (tidings), also written *spel*. But *p* and *c* frequently interchange (cf. *pluma* and *clumh*; *plant* and *clann* or *cland*; *purpura* and *corcur*), and, therefore, we may regard *spell* and *scél* as related, although the long vowel of *scél* seems to indicate, as noticed by Zeuss and Stokes, the loss of a consonant.

(To be continued).

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#### NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

The Ross-shire Association held their annual re-union in the City Hall, Glasgow, on Friday, 27th December, 1872.—Kenneth Murray, Esq., of Geanies, presided, and was accompanied to the platform by many gentlemen, some of them all the way from Ross-shire to partake of the evening's entertainment. The programme was both varied and select, and highly satisfactory. After the soiree, a fashionable ball took place.

INVERNESS.—The Gaelic Society of Inverness held their annual dinner in the Royal Hotel, on Thursday, the 26th December, 1872. C. F. Mackintosh, Esq., of Drummond, occupied the chair, and about the table might be seen a great number of the town worthies. After dinner, the secretary read the report, which reflected creditably on the management of the society, and their indefatigable committee. The programme of the evening, along with excellent speeches, embraced a number of select Gaelic songs, all of which, we understand, were rendered to the thorough satisfaction of the audience.

EDINBURGH.—The Mull and Iona Association in Edinburgh, held their annual re-union on the evening of Old New-Year's day. The chair was occupied by D. M'Phail, Esq., of this city, and author of "An t-Eilean Muileach," "A Dhomhnuill bhig, ho hù, ho hó," and several other popular Gaelic songs. This meeting was thoroughly Highland, not only that the programme was embellished by a number of excellent Gaelic songs, but also the chairman's address was delivered

in the mellifluent tones of the language of *Muile nam mòr-bheann*.

GLASGOW MULL AND IONA ASSOCIATION.—The Glasgow Mull and Iona Association, held their annual re-union in the City Hall, on Thursday, 30th January. The hall was quite crowded. R. MacKinnon delivered a Gaelic speech, and Gaelic songs were sung to the entire satisfaction of the audience. Mr D. Macphee, West Nile Street, and Mr R. MacKinnon, played a selection of Highland airs on the bag-pipes—both of them sustaining their well-earned reputation.

Messrs. Blackwood have in the press a History of the Clan Maclean, collated from various MSS. in the possession of the late Mr Maclean of Ardgor, and annotated and edited by the Rev. Alexander Stewart of Ballachulish.

INVERNESS GAELIC SOCIETY.—The following are the office-bearers for 1873:—*Chief*—Cluny Macpherson of Cluny. *Chieftains*—Mr Thomas Mackenzie, Mr Alex. Dallas, and Mr Alexander Mackenzie. *Honorary Secretary*—Mr John Murdoch. *Secretary*—Mr William Mackay. *Treasurer*—Mr Duncan Mackintosh. *Members of Council*—Messrs Charles Mackay, P. Mackintosh, Duncan MacIver, G. P. Campbell, and Alexander Maclean. *Piper*—Pipe-Major Maclellan. *Librarian*—Mr Lachlan Macbean. *Bard*—Mr Angus Macdonald.

BEAULY.—NEW YEAR'S DAY.—There are still amongst us people who cling to the customs of their forefathers. A grand shinty match was held at Balblair, in the vicinity of the village, on Old New Year's Day. Sides being drawn, upwards of 100 stalwart Highlanders entered the lists, and the play was contested with great vigour till 4 P.M., when it was found that the players were so equally matched that no hail was made on either side. There were upwards of 200 spectators present. Ample refreshments were supplied on the field by Mr Maclean, Teafish, Mr Mackenzie, late Lovat Arms, and others, and at the conclusion Mr Morrison, Ord Cellar, Beaully, proposed a happy new year to all present. The weather was fortunately favourable, and the company separated, resolved to hold another of the same on Old New Year's Day, 1874.

GLASGOW CELTIC SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this society was held recently in the Religious Institution Rooms—Dr. T.

D. Buchanan, vice-president, in the chair. The treasurer's report showed that the funds of the society amounted to £908 13s 7d, and that there was carried to the capital account, after meeting the claims against the society during the year, about £10.

ARGYLESHIRE SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this society, held in Maclean's Hotel, Glasgow, the following gentlemen were elected office-bearers for the ensuing year:—Honorary President—The Right Hon. the Marquis of Lorne, M.P.; President—John Wingfield Malcolm, Esq., of Poltalloch. Directors—James L. Mackie, Alexander MacNeil, Lachlan Cavan, Duncan Smith, Neil Sinclair, J. L. MacArthur, Duncan MacMaster, Alexander Fleming, and Matthew Bulloch. Hugh Stevenson, writer, 138 Hope-street, secretary; and Colin Campbell, treasurer, were re-elected.

### TO OUR READERS.

With the present number we bring the first volume of *The Gael* to a close. The success of the enterprise thus far has been considerable, though not quite sufficient to make it self-supporting; but we believe, with the support promised, and the arrangements made for the coming volume, the matter will soon be placed in a different position. As to our success in producing such a periodical as our countrymen required, we leave our readers to judge, believing it sufficient for us to mention that among many others the following well-known Gaelic scholars have contributed to the past volume, and promised their continued co-operation and support for the coming year:—The Rev. Drs MacIaichlan, Clerk, and Mackay; Rev. Messrs Cameron, Renton; Stewart, Nether Lochaber; Blair, Glasgow; Blair, Nova Scotia; Macgregor, Inverness; Ross, Rothesay; Macnish, and Professor Mackay, Canada; Messrs Colonel James A. Robertson, J. F. Campbell, Alexander Nicolson, Dr Stratton, D. C. Macpherson, Evan McColl, D. Macphail, F. D. McDonell, John Campbell, Ledaig; Mary, Mac-

kellar, John White, John Murdoch P. MacGregor, John Forbes, &c., &c.

To these, and many other kind friends who have assisted us in procuring subscribers and in other ways, we tender our most sincere thanks, and trust that, with their continued co-operation and support, the forthcoming volume of *THE GAEL* will be found, in every respect, what we aim to make it, a publication worthy of its name.

Our programme for the next volume includes several new features, which we hope will contribute largely to its value. Among these will be a series of portraits, with biographical sketches, of eminent Highlanders, commencing in the next number with a portrait and biographical sketch of the Rev. Dr Mackay.

Popular Gaelic songs, with music, will form another feature, and in our next we shall give a set of "Muile nam mor-bheann."

The first number of Vol. II. will be enlarged to 40 pages, and shall appear on the first of March, in various ways improved.

### GAELIC GRAMMAR.

Among other valuable contributions to *THE GAEL*, during the coming year, we take pleasure in announcing a series of articles on Gaelic Grammar, by the Rev. Alexander Cameron, of Renton. For thorough Gaelic scholarship, Mr Cameron has few equals, and these articles will prove a most valuable aid to those desiring a knowledge of the grammatical structure of the language. The articles will be illustrated with examples and precedents.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

ERRATA.—In Mr Edmund's letter, in the January number, for "ask further," read "seek further;" for "llannereh, a clearing," read "llannereh, a clearing;" for "Tin-wg, portions of a district," read "Tin-wg, fortress of a district."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Niddry Lodge,  
Kensington, London, W.,  
December 27th, 1872.

SIR,—Will you please to tell your readers that as soon as I got to books and to Gaelic scholars better informed than myself, I told you all I knew about the old song which you printed, p. 260, and notice p. 304. Mr Cameron says that Mr Campbell's copy is "less accurate" than M'Donald's. I have no copy. That which you printed I believed to be an exact copy of the Duke of Argyll's old manuscript, and so I said. I could not judge the relative correctness of M'Donald's printed text of 1776, without the testimony of the deceased bard of 1569; I could not get that evidence without a Medium, so I did not judge these ancient authorities. So far as I remember M'Donald's rare work, the various readings quoted by Mr Cameron are correctly given. For his trouble and notice we all owe him thanks, and I beg you to express mine. I am, your obedient servant,

J. F. CAMPELL.

## IMRICH GU ONTARIO.

THA Uchdranach Mor-roinn Ontario (no mar theirt roimhe seo "Canada an Iar") a nise 'toirt aiseag saor do luchd-imrich do 'n duthaich sin. Gheobh muinntir ionchaidh an t-aiseag bho Ghlaschu gu aite sam bith a dh-Ontario air son ceithir puinnnd 's a' coig; agus clann air leth prìse. Gheobh iadsan a phaidheas ceithir puinnnd 'sa' coig air son an aiseig ceithir-tastain fhichead a's ochd sgillinn air ais, bho Uachdranachd Ontario, an deigh dhoibh a bhi tri mìosan 'san duthaich sin; ach feumaidh muinntir a bhios airson an airgid seo fhaighinn air ais, teisteanas fhaotainn aig an ard office an Glaschu, 43 Sraid York. Tha 'n duthaich a' soirbheachadh. Tha pailteas oibre ri faotainn, deagh thuarasdail, agus fearann saor do mhuinntir a dh'fhanas 'san duthaich. Airson tuille fiosrachaidh, sgrìobh gu ALASDAIR BEGG, a tha mach bho Uachdranachd Ontario gu eolas a thoirt do luchd-imrich.

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