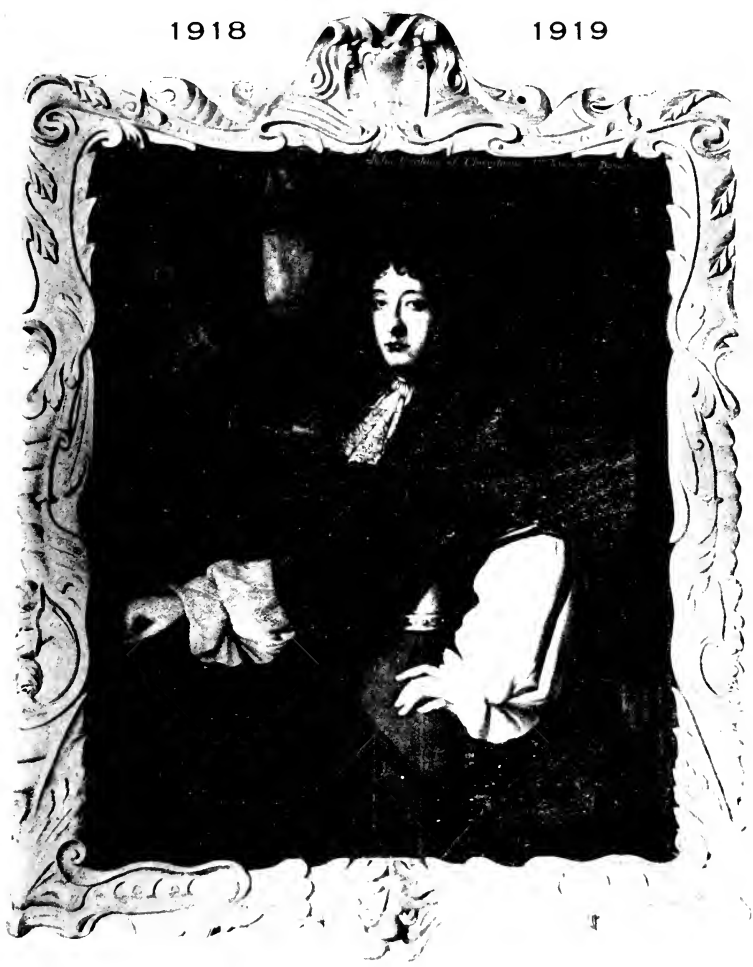


The Celtic Annual

1918

1919



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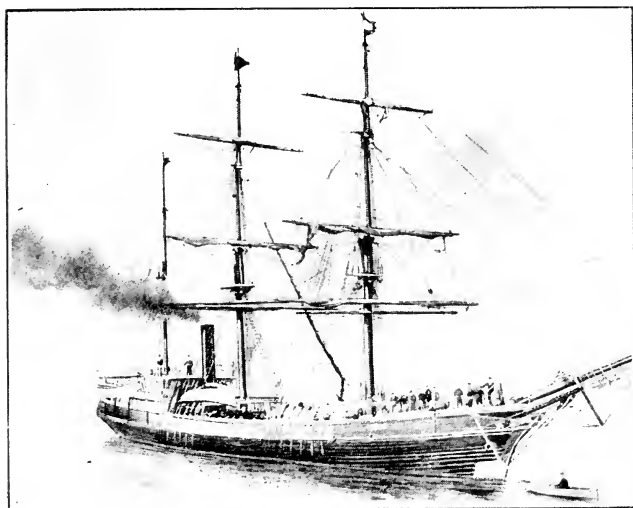
183 Blackness Road, DUNDEE

Sixth Year of Issue

THE CELTIC ANNUAL

Year Book of Dundee Highland Society

(Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach)



The Balaena, the last of the Dundee Whaling Fleet.

EDITED BY MALCOLM C. MACLEOD

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Foreword.

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THE GAELIC MOVEMENT.

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

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

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

4th September 1918.



THE CELTIC ANNUAL, 1919.

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

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

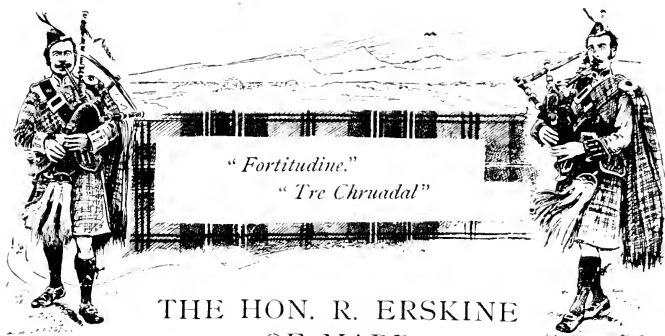
This contribution then must be welcomed by all who desire to see a beginning made of providing for the disparity between the state of the Gaelic language and the state of knowledge in these times.



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THE HON R. ERSKINE OF MARR.

London.



THE HON. R. ERSKINE OF MARR.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANGUS HENDERSON

CRÒNAN CODAIL.

Caidil-sa 'ghaelain, caidil mo lurachan,

Caidil-sa 'ghaolain, caidil gu sèimh;

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

'S claidh 'n fhaòileag 's an eala gu 'n leabaidhean fèin;

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

Caidil-sa cadalan caidreach, rèidh;

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

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

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

Dùin-sa do shùilean, mo chumhasan caomh;

'S snàmhaidh gu d' chluasaig bruadairean tairiseach;

Suaimhneas gu 'n laigheadh air leanabh mo ghaoil;

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

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

Chùin a' bhean-shith le min-ghuth sanasach

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

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

Eiridh tu gleusda, treubhach 'na d' threòir;

Theid sinn le chèile gu h-cìbhinneach, aigeannach,

A shiubhal nam bealach 's a theamal nam bó;

Eiridh tu, eiridh tu treubhanta, foghainteach,

Eiridh tu comasach, fallan, is mòr;

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

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

GLEANNACH.

EOLAS-AIMSIR NAN GAIDHEAL.

LE ALASDAIR CAMSHRON.

LS cuimhne lean gu 'm biodh an sabhal falamh deireadh a' Mhàirt. Dh' fhalbhadh neach as gach taigh, leis an spréidh g'an saodachadh gu àirde 'mhònaidh. Raebadh an buachailleachd gu beul an amhoich.

'S ann an sin a bhiodh a' ghàir, a' falbh leis a' chrodh. Chluimteadh "Hò—hò—Bò dhubbh, bò dhonn, bò chrùn riabhach, Bidh 'n ' Dubhag' gu h-àrd is ' Banag' gu h-ìosal."

Nuair bhiodh am feasgar fuar, 's an t-amnoch a' dlùthadh bhiodh fadal air a' ehloinn gu faighinn d'chaidh, agus chluimteadh á beul gach aoin:

"A ghrian, a ghrian, dean dian a' choisreachd, Ma rinn thu riamh e dean an nochd e, Iuthadh buachaille bochd, tha 'na shuidh 'm bun cnoic,

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

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

Bhiodh na seann daoine gabhail beachd air ceareall a bhiodh timchioll air a' ghréin, no air a' ghealaich c'ait an d' fhosgail e; oir ma's e droch cheareall, no cuibhle bh' ann, 's ann o'n àird an d' fhosgail e thigeadh an stoirm. Gu tric 's ann mar dh' fhosgladh an ceareall a bha e ri aithneachadh co-dhùibh 's e ole no an e math a bha ri thighinn na dheidhe. Bhiodh dòrn faisg air a' ghréin no air a' ghealaich, 'na chomharraidh dona; ma's ann air toiseach a bha e, 's e sin bu mhiosa. Bhiodh ceanna-cruaidh 'na dhroch chomharraidh, mar thuirnt Alasdair Dòmhnallach ann an "Sgiobaireachd Chloinn Raoghmairl":

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Gaeth á tuath, fuachd is gaillinnn,

Gaeth an iar, iasg is bainne,

Gaeth á deas, teas is toradh,

Gaeth an ear, meas air chrannaibh."

"Cha robh samhradh riamh gun ghrian,

Cha robh geamhradh riamh gun sneachd,

Cha robh Nolluig mhór gun fheòil,

No bean òg da deòin gun mhac."

"Mios roimh gach rait'h a coslas."

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

"Ged nach biodh agam ach an t-uain,

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

"Dior-daoin lath 'Ille Chaluim chaoimh,

Latha chur chaorach an seallbh."

"Àireamh na h-Aoine air caora'ch a bhail' ud thall."

"Tri latha sgathaidh na bà riabhach

Laithcan iasad a' Ghiblin."

"Am bronnach Geamhradh,

'S an seang Ferraich."

"Bi gu subhach geamnuidh

Moch-thrathach as t-Samhradh.

Bi gu curraiceach brògach,

Brochanach 'sa Gheamhradh."

"Na pòs as t-Fhoghar;

Dean foighidinn 'sa Gheamhradh;

Biodh tu cabhagach as t-Earrach,

Bidh gainn' arain as t-Samhradh."

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

"Lath Fhéil Bride thig an ribhinn as an tòm."

"Suiper le soillse la m' Fhéil Bride;

Cadal le soillse la m' Fhéil Pádrúig."

"Tha 'n oidheche 'san latha co-ionann Lath Fhéil Pádrúig."

"Lath Fhéil Pádrúig, bheir na cait an connadh dhachaidh."

"Bidh breac air gach inne Lath' Fhéil Pádrúig."

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

"Lath Fhéil Eathain as t-Samhradh.

Theid a' chuthag 'na taigh Geamhradh."

Bha móran geillidh aig sluagh air son Di-haoine oir cha chluimteadh na daoine beaga fein cho math air an là sin; oir thuirnt an saighdear aig Uaimh-na-h-ochanaich:

"Beannachd 'nan sabhal 's 'nan imeachd 's i nochd Di-haoine, 's cha chluim id sin."

Bha na Gaidheil riamh 'nan sluagh gaisgeil, eudmhor, agus geur-chuseach, a' gabhail 's a' foghlum obair nádair. Anns na linnean a dh' fhalbh, cha robh foghlum na litreach 'na meas; ghleidheadh bha iad cho làn de foghlum nádair 's a tha 'n t-ugh de 'n bhiaidh, agus tha mi smaimeachadh gu'n toireadh cuid de na seann daoine 'bha 'n sud, dùbhan, ann cuid de nithean, do na Feallsanaich is fhaide chi 'nar latha fhìn. Cha robh ni eadar nair is monadh, srath is beinn, fuachd no teas, geamhradh no samhradh, carrach is foghar, nach robh ac' ann an rainn, seath-fhaicil, is cantainean. Dheanadh iad leighens le lus, freumhan, is duilleagan nan craobh. Dheanadh iad dathan le pris, fraoch, blàithean, freumhan, is liath-sgròth mar creag 's nan clach. Cha robh fìu feamainn a' chladaich, is duileasg na traighe, leis nach nach robh iad a' deamamh dath, is leighens.

Bha 'ghrian 's a' ghealach air am faire 's air an toirt fairear mar dh' èireadh 's mar laigheadh iad an diugh, 's am màireach. Bha beachd araidh air a' gabhail air Dior-daoin roimh thighinn an t-soluis, co-dhùibh bhiodh e math no dona. "Amhuil 's mar a bhios Dior-daoin, 's iogmudh mar bi 'n ciad cheathramh." Ma bha 'n solus-uir 'na laighe fada air a' dhrum, theireadh iad solus boirionn ris, is cha bu chaomh leo idir:

"Solus boirionn air a' dhrum, bidh cuimhn' air le sìon is gaillinnn."

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

"Solus Sathairne foghair. Bidh e 'n rìgh am feabhas air seachd soluis, no gabhaidh e 'n cuthach seachd nairean." Bha aig neach ri bhì toigheach cìod an suidheachadh am biodh a làmh an cìod a bha e deamamh, an àm dha 'n solus-uir fhàicinn an toiseach. Ma bha làmh na neac 'na phòcaidean cha'n

fhlaigheadh e móran r'a dheanamh an biodh rath, cho fad 's a bhíodh an solus sin air an adhar.

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

'Na 'n biodh neach a' giùlan rud, bha sin 'na chomarradh maith. Snuilidh cuid nach eil feum, no math sam bith, 'na giosrugaibh so. Ach ma sheallas sibh a steach anna, chi sibh gu'm bheil ní-eiginn feumail co-heangailte ris gach aon duibh; oir is diomhanach an comharradh air fear 'sam bith, a bhí falbh le lámhan air an sparradh 'na phócaidean. Cha robh uaireadairéan aig na seana Ghaidheil, no iondramín orra; bha 'ghrian a' deanamh gnothaich tróimh 'n latha; a' ghealach, 's na planaidean ré na 'b-oidhche.

Bha 'n "Cran," an "Grioglachan," a' "Chas-chrom" no mar their sinn 'san áite so a' "Chas-chaibe," agus "Nighean-righ-mheallain" na 'n conbharrá math gu léor air mar bha 'n áine 'dol seachad. Aig a' Cheilidh nuair bhíodh an oidhche dorcha, gun aon reul ri fháicinn, theireadh fear-an-taighche: "Aithneoidh sibh an nochd air bhur broinn cuim is cóir dol dachaidh, oir thig an t-acras." B' fhiort thoirgh leis na seann daoine oidhche gun rionnagan 's an rath dhorch. "Cha b' e manadh na soimeantachd, oidhche shoilleir 'san ráth dhorch." Bha beachd air oidhche rionnagach, mar so: Gaoth o'n rionnag Earraich; Teas o'n rionnag Shamhraidh; Uisce o'n rionnag Fhoghair; Reothadh o'n rionnag Gheamhraidh, &c.

Geamhradh réodhtanach, Earrach ceothanach, Samhradh breac-riabhach, is Foghar gealghrianach

Cha d'fhág gorta riamb an Albainn.

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

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

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

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

"An Fheadag, máthair an Fhaoilich fhuair, Marbhaidh i caoragach agus uain,

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

"Mar mhárt caol a tigh'n gu baile tha camhanaich na maduinn Earraich."

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

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

"Is mis an Sguabag bheag a sguabas an sribhal." Bha biadh na spréidh a' fas gamm 's gu tric a' toireachdainn anns na seann tímean na's luaithe na e 'n diugh 'nar latha-ne.

Mur biodh caora dhubh ann, aig an biodh an cnaimh slinnean cleachdte ri bhí air a chur an feum gu bhí deanamh fiosachd leis, cha robh e idir ratháil beathach a mharbhadh aic Di-haoine. B' aithne dhomh duine a bha deanamh moran fiosachd le cnaimh-slinnein. Cluireadh e 'n cnaimh cadar e 's leus, is

di' inuseadh e nithean a bha nadurra thiginn gu crích, is bhíodh e toigheach nach abradh e ní ach rud a bhíodh coslach gu'n tachaireadh e. Bha e mar sin a' toirt air sluaigh simplidh a bhí creidsinn gu'n deanadh e fiosachd.

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

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

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

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

Cha 'n fhacas sealladh tuilleadh de na bhodach gu ám an Fhoghair. Air latha 'chlo dhaidh thánig an bodach is crioman de róp aige 'na lámh. "Cha mhór is fhiach an róp a thug thu leat," ars an tuathanach.

"Stad gu dheireadh gus am faic thu" ars an bodach. Bha 'n bodach a' cur anns an róp gus an robh fás an iomaire gu bhí ann. Ghlaoth an tuathanach:

"Aoine dhearg mi, Aoine chuir mi,
Aoine bhuan mi,
Aoine tionsaileam mo chuid sguaban,
Is Fhir a dh' órdach na ceithir Aoincean,
Na leig mo chuid-s' anns an aon ghad-gualne."

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

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

'S iad sin droch ghuidheachan.

"Is ann air Di-sathairn géarr uain, a bhuaíl an t-earrachall orm an spot."

"Innich Sathairne gun bhuaidh,
Agus innich Luain gu deus,

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

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

"Na falbh Di-luain, 's na ghuais Di-mairt:
An Cindain daobh, 's an Daorn dálach

An Aoin mi-bhuadhach
An Sathairne mi-ghrádhach,

Leig dhuit sgríob na truaigh
'S cha duál dhuit falbh an maireach.

"Di-dombhuic éirich do 'n ré,

Di-luain na òirich gu moch,
 Di-mairt àr agus eug,
 Di-ciadain creuchd agus croch,
 Dìor-daoin daoch agus lechd,
 Di-haoine ire na diombuaidh,
 Is cha dual duit falbh an nochd."
 'S iad sin droch ghuideachan,
 A mi 'n Sathairn deurach,"
 "Mort na h-Aoin air an t-Sathairn,"
 "Is e Di-luain iuchar na seachdhuin."

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

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

Agus Gràis-iasg: "Gu 'n robh tuillidh anns
 an t-seilbh cheudna gus an lion mi mo sgùilean
 diubb." Cha bu mhatht le fear dhiubb so an
 t-iasg a glae e 'chumtadh no imseadh cia
 lion iasg a fhuair e, agus is ann uaithe so a
 thàinig an sean-fhacal: "'S ann an ceann
 bliadhna dh' imseas iasgair sgiala."

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

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

Dh' iarradh na seann daoine gu 'n tigeadh
 am Faoilteach a steach le "ceann nathrach is
 le earbull peucaig" air. Dòigh nan Gall,
 gu'n tigeadh am Mairt a steach mar leoghann,
 's gu 'n rachadh e am mach mar uan.

Am cur an t-sil:

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

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

Aig an àm an bheil sinne beò, cha 'n eil
 an aimsir a' co-sheasamh ris na ràidhean aig
 na seann daoine idir. Bha iad co math air
 bàrdachd is nach robh ni air an leigeadh neach
 sùil, nach robh ac' ann an rann. Bha na
 bàird chrosda anabarra trom air a' Gheamh-
 radh. Ann a bh' 'ga chàineadh 's 'ga smàdadh
 cha roth iad a' tuigsinn idir feum a' Gheamh-
 raidh ann a bh' marbhadh meanbh-bhiastan
 nach leir do 'n t-sùil, 's a tha toirt mì-fhall-
 aineachd a steach do 'n t-saoghal. Cha
 robh smuain aig na bàird gur ann de
 mheacubh-bhiastan a tha gach galar is
 timeas, fiabhras, "breac," is caitheamh a'
 tarmacadh 's a tòiseachdadh. Cha robh
 gloineachan-meudachaidh cho cumbhachdach
 's a tha iad 'nar lath-ne ged 'tha mi creidsinn
 gu'n robh cuid de 'n t-sluagh cho
 glie is a tha iad an diugh. Dh' fhuoghadh leis
 na bàird a bh' rith sios a' Gheamhraidh 's ag
 àrdachadh cliù nam mìosan eile. Thuirt Rob
 Donn:—

"An t-Samhain bhagarach, fhaidhaich,
 Dhùbhrach, chàir-dhubh gun bhlàths,
 Chuineach, ana-bh'ochdach, fhuachdaidh,
 Shruthach, steallnach, fhuaimneach,
 Thuilteach, an-shorach, nìsgeach,
 Gun dad measaich ach càl,
 Bidh gach deat is gach miseach
 'Glacadh aogais a' bhàis."

Thuirt Eoghann MacLachluinn:—

"Mios reub-bhiorach circaada
 Chreuchdas gach dùil;
 Mios buaireasach buaitteach
 'S neo-thruacanta, gnais;
 Mios nuarranta buagharra
 'S tuath-ghaothach spùt,
 Bhios gu h-earra-ghlaiseach, feargach
 Le stairrich nach ciùin.
 Mios burra-ghlasach, falmarra,
 Garbh-fhrasach, fuar,
 Tha glìb-shleamhain, dileanta,
 Griom-reotach, cruaidh;
 Ged robh luirgnean 'gan ròsladh
 Rì deagh theine guail,
 Bidh na sàiltean 'gan cràdladh
 Gu bàs leis an fhuachd."

Thuirt Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair—

"Am mìos nuarranda, garbh-fhrasach,
 doreh,
 Sineachdach, cholgarr, stoirn-shionach,
 bith,
 Dhìsleach, dialla-churach, chathach fliuch-
 chruaidh,
 Bhiorach, bhoadharra 's tuath-ghaothach
 cith;
 Dh'eigeach liath-reotach, ghlib-shleamh-
 ainm, gharbh
 Chuireas sgiobairean fairge 'nan ruith
 Fhliuchach, fhuimtuimeach, ghuin'each
 gun tlàs,
 Chuiridh anail 's gach càileachd air chrith.
 Am mìos enatnach, ensadach, lom,
 A bhios tróm air an t-sonn-bhrochan dhubh;
 Churraiceach, chasagach, lachdunn is dhonn,
 Bhrìgiseach, stocaimeach, chom-chochlach,
 thugh,
 Bhrògach, mhiotagach, pheiteagach, bhàn;
 Imeach, arnach, chàiseach gun ghruith;
 Le miann bruthaisle, mairt-fheòil is càl,
 'S ma bhios teth nach dean tair air gùe
 stuth."

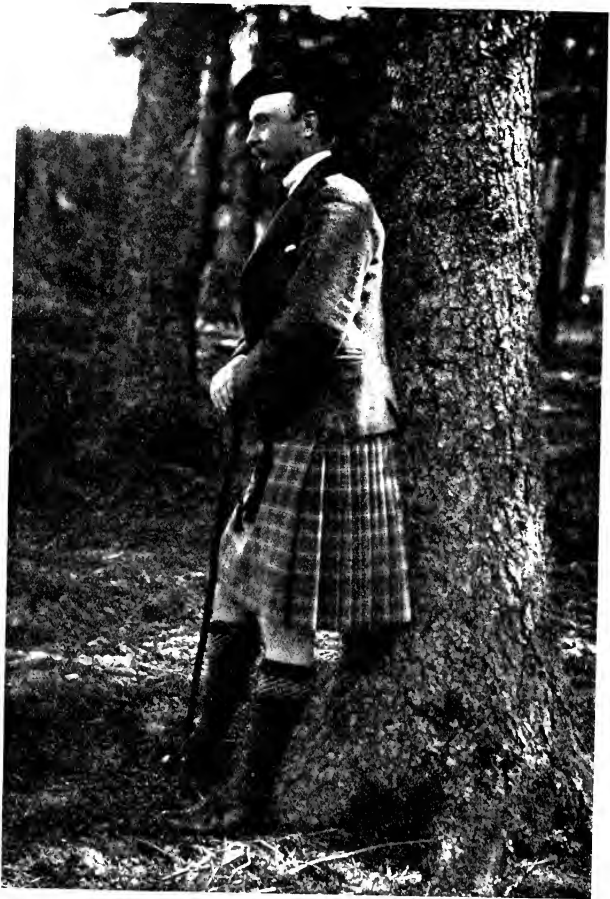
Tha mise an dùil gur seanachas-aimsir so
 da-rìreadh, ach tha so am pailteas de na
 rinn na bàird de chàineadh air a'
 Gheamhradh. Agus gheibhear an còrr ann
 ar "Sàr-obair nam bàrd Gaidhealach."
 Tha mo phàipeir cho slaodach fada is gu 'm
 feum mi co-dhùnach le beagan shean-fhacal
 air an aimsir a chur sios mar bha iad ag an
 t-seann slugh agus ri mo chiad chuimhne.

Seann-fhacal air an Aimsir.

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

- (16) Mar fhéath eadar dhá oiteig.
 (17) Coileach a' Mháirt, bidh e 'na thráthadair daonnan.
 (18) Deireadh is toiseach na sine, clachan mine meallain.
 (19) Druididh gach eun ri ealtainn nuair thig an t-anmoch.
 (20) Foghar Ghlinne-cuaich, gaoth á tuath is cruaiçh reothadh.
 (21) Gabh an latha math 'na thoi-each.
 (22) Gaoth á tuath nu Challuinn fuachd is feamadh.
 (23) Gaoth mbór á bolg beag.
 (24) Gaoth roimh aiteamb, gaoth troimh tholl, Is gaoth lóm, fo bhonn an t-siúil, Na trí gaothan is fuairc air bith.
 (25) Ge b' oil leis a mbaraiche dhian, Thig a' ghaoth an iar an déidh 'n uisge mhóir.
 (26) Ge b' oil leis a' mbaraiche dhian, 'S fial gach sion 's a ghaoth 'na laighe.
 (28) Is gann an t-Earrach an eunntar na faochagan.
 (29) Ma tha ghaoth air chall iarr o'n deas i.
 (30) Mar chloich a' ruith le gleann, feasgar fann Foghair.
 (31) Nuair thig an Samhradh, togaidh sinn taigh;
 Nuair thig an Samhradh 's fearr a bhí muigh na bhí staigh.
 (32) Ní mhoch-éirigh 'n latha fada.
 (33) Ní duine bith air sgáth na h-aon oidhche'.
 (34) Thig sin as do shróin fathast, 's theid an cathadh imte.
 (35) Thig' thig! latha math gu deanamh mid'.
 (36) Tha 'n cat 'san luath, thig frasan fuar.
 (37) Bidh geoidh is gabhair bodhar as t-Fhoghar.
 (38) Reothadh an lodain lán, cha dán dha bhí buan.
 (39) Cur ri reothadh, is treabhadh ri uisg', gníonh an amadain.
 (40) Am fear nach dean Nolluig da dhéoin, ní e Caisg a dh'aindeoin.
 (41) "Scól" ars an righ, "fuirich" ars a' ghaoth.
 (42) Is ole a' ghaoth nach séid scól fir eiginn.
 (43) Cha tig aiteamh á gaioith a tuath No sneachd buan á gaioith a deas.
 (44) An rud a thig leis a' ghaioith, falbhaidh leis an uisg'.
 (45) Giúlain do bhreacan 's an lá mhath.
 (46) Míl fo thalamh bainne Geamhraidh.
 (47) Am fear nach cuir 'san lá fhuar, Cha bhuain 'san lá theth.
 (50) Nuair dh' fhalbhas na Fuathan th' ann am bruaich gach eas, Faodaidh gach bean ghuamach dhol a bhuain gach meas.
 (51) Cha 'n e an lá math nach tig ach an duine dona nach fuirich ris.
 (52) Foghar an aigh, ial is fras.
 (53) Foghar fada 's beagan buana.
 (54) Biodh e fuar no biodh e blath, Bí glie is cuir an siol 'sa Mháirt.
 (55) Anmoch gu loch, moch gu abhainn, Is meadhon-latha gu alit.
 (56) Nuair is Ciad-aonach an t-Samhain Is iarganach fir an Domhain.
 (57) Is mairg is mathair do mhacan baoth, An uair is Daorn a' Bhealltainn.
 Bha Dior-daoin 'na lá sealbhach gu tóiseachadh ri deilbh aodaich, no dhol air thuras:
 Dior-daoin Chaluim Chille chaoimh.

- Air an treas latha diag de chiad mhios an Earraich, bha 'n nathair-nimhe tigh'n a mach as a h-áite falaich.
 (58) Lath' Fhéill Brighde thig an Imhir as an toll,
 Cha bhain mise do 'n an Imhir, Is cha bhain an Imhir rium.
 (59) Latha Feill na Brighde thig an Imhir as a' chnoc,
 Cha bhain mise do nigh'n Imhir 's cha dean nigh'n Imhir mo lechd.
 (60) Lath' Fhéill Brighde brisgeanach,
 Thig an ceann de'n chaiteanach;
 Thig nigh'n Iomhair as an tóim, Le fonn feadalaich.
 (61) Thig an nathair as an tóim,
 Latha donn Fhéill Brighde,
 Ged robb trí troidhean de 'n t-sneachd Air na leacan lair.
 Bha 'n shluagh a' creidsinn ann am manaigh-can mar bha còin, is ainmhidhean, beisdean, is beathaichean de gach seòrsa.
 An am falbh a dh' iasgach, na'n coinnich-eadh gearr, no maighdeach fear, thilleadh e dhachaidh. Ach 's e bhiodh buileach dona na 'n coinnich-eadh té le falt ruadh fear. Thilleadh e dhachaidh, is rachadh e timcheall an taighe deiseal, trí uairean as déidh chéile ag radh:—
 "Gruag ruadh boirionnaich,
 Fiasgar liath fireannaich,
 'S nairg a thachradh sud rium féin
 Ach deiseal théid ge b'oil leotha."
 (62) Moch madainn Luain, chualas—
 Chualas meaghal uain,
 Agus migead eunraig séimh,
 'S mi 'm shuidhe crom,
 Agus euthag liath-ghorm,
 Gun am baid a'm bhroinn.
 Feasgar finidh Mháirt
 Chunnacas air lie mhín
 Seilcheag shliom bhán.
 Agus eclairan fionn.
 Air bárr a' ghárraidh tholl
 Searrach seann Iarach,
 Spáigil 's a chúl rium;
 Dh'aithnich mi air mo chridh 's mo chliabh,
 Nach rachadh a' bhliadhna leam.
 (63) Chuala mi chuthag gun bhíadh a'm bhroinn,
 Chuala mi sinúdan am bárr a' chroinn,
 Chuala mi cuanal iad, shuas anns a' choill,
 Chuala mi tuargan cumhachlag na h-oidhche',
 Chunnac mi 'n t-uain 's a chúl rium,
 Chunnac mi 'n t-seilcheag air an lie luin,
 Chunnac mi 'n searrach le 'thulchann rium,
 Chunnac mi 'n eclairan air garradh thuill,
 An eunrag is mi na m' shuidhe cruinn,
 Is thubhairt mi an sin le m' bhial
 Cha teid a' bhliadhna so leam.
 (64) Thuir an Gearran ris an Fhaoilleach:
 "C'ait an d'aom an gamhainn boche?"
 "Fhèr a thug mi chum an t-saoghail,
 Chuir mi mhaodal air an stoc."
 "Och! mo léireadh!" ars an Céitean
 'S truaigh an éirig a thig ort;
 Na'n d'fhuair mise bogadh chluas deth,
 Chuir n' suas e ris a' chnoc."
 (65) An sneachd nach tig nu Shabhain,
 Thig e gun ambaras an Fhéill Brighde.
 (Tha 'n sean-fhacal so a' seasadh co chinn-teach 's a bha e riamh.)



THE LATE LIEUT. THE HON. GODFREY MACDONALD.

The Late Lieut. the Hon. GODFREY MACDONALD,

SCOTS GUARDS.



THE death of the subject of the touching Gaelic elegy which we publish, by Mr John Macleod of Tormore, which occurred in the trenches near Ypres in October 1915, was a great loss to the Isle of Skye, and was sincerely lamented throughout the Western Highlands and Islands. Godfrey Evan Hugh

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

Raman Mhic Ghoiridh Dhòmhnullach
nan Eilean, a chaidh a mharbhadh anns a'
Chogadh.

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

Beannachd aig Ban-tighearn 's fèarr cliù;
Tha ìochd agus coibhneas 'nad ghnuis;
Tha maise gum foill ann ad shùil,
Mar dhealradh o'n ghréin maduinn
dhrìuchd.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tha gruaim is fionn-dabh air a' Bheinn;
Doire nan geugan gun seinn;
Torman nan alltan ri tuireadh
'S a caoidh a' churaidh nach till.

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

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

IAIN MAC LEOD.

Tor-mór, Sléibhte.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DUNDEE ARTISTS.



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

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

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

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

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

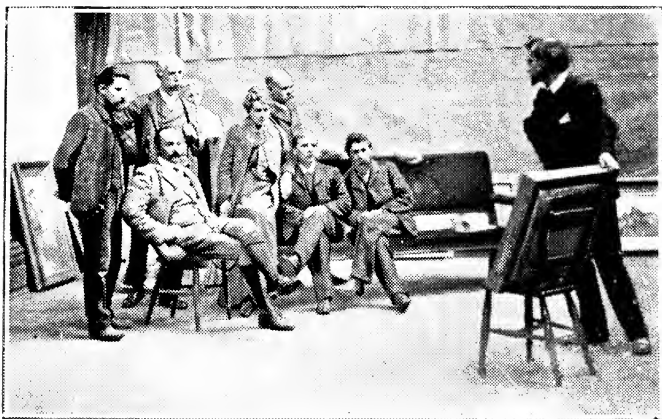
We will now review, in a word or two, a few of the important Dundee artists who are still with us and maintaining the honourable tradition of the city in the Fine Arts.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

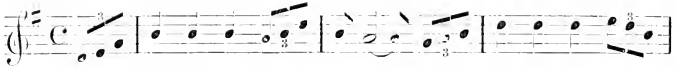
The city has produced few sculptors. Like most Scottish towns, unfortunately, it gives little or no encouragement to workers in that art. James Bremner, a true artist, died recently in Canada, although his best work was done in Dundee. In the carving of Gothic ornament—gargoyles, and other fantastic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

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

CUMHA NAN GILLEAN.

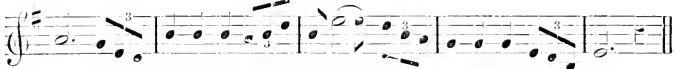
Rinneadh na faicil 's am fonn le Calum Mac Phàrlain air iarrtas an t-Seanchaidh eargnaidhich Niall Mac-an-rothaich a tha 'gam meas làn ionchuidh agus freagarrach do'n chuspair ion-roghnaichte a th' ann.

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



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

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ar; Ged a b'éibhinn iad féin nuair a dh'imich, Shil an drùchd bho mo shùilean gu fàr.

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'Ilean, 'ilean, 'ilean, Thug sibh na h-ionnsaighean dùrachdach dàn,

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

<p>Chuir sibh ur beatha gun mheathadh an canntart 'N aghaidh cumhadh nan gunnathan mòr, 'S iad e' sithheadh nan sligean 'nam m'villiar Mar gu'm b' e tuil a bh' ann thuiteadh bho neòil, 'Ilean, 'ilean, 'ilean, Nochd sibh an cruadal bu dhal do bhur scòrs, 'Ilean, 'ilean, 'ilean, Tilleadh cha b' fhuil feibh 's dhiult sibh bhi beò.</p> <p>Chuir sibh m'aimtir bho dùthcha fo chomain; Ghleidd sibh gun còchann daibh sochair na saors'; Chaisg sibh ruathar le duaire-luchd an donais</p>	<p>Chaidh air bàinidh le àrdan 's cion faoibh. 'Ilean, 'ilean, 'ilean, Cha b' e sud iobairt bha diòmhain na faoin; 'Ilean, 'ilean, 'ilean, Anam do 'n eug seach geur-smachd cò 'n t-saogh'l.</p> <p>Cadal sèmh dhaibh fo'n theur ghorm thar mara; Ge gur fad iad o 'n dachaidhean féin, Cuirear na blàithean le làmhnan nam mnathan Os na gillean, le sìleadh nan deur, 'Ilean, 'ilean, 'ilean, Dearbh cha 'n iongnadh ar tùrsa bhi geur; 'Ilean, 'ilean, 'ilean, Chreach an t-eug bhuaimean reultan ar speur.</p>
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So mar a chummaic Ruairidh Beag a' mhin air a bleith aig a' mhuileann:—
Chaidh mi sìos gu Alasdair Bàn dh' fhaotainn bolla de'n mhin bhàin. Chuir e steall de 'n bhùrn air a' chuibhill a bha muigh, agus chuir a' chuibheall a bha stigh car dhith. Bhuail i'm maide-stilcein air a' mhaide-stalcain,* agus shaoileadh tu gu'n do ghabh a' bhuidseag an euthach. Ach mu'n abradh tu sìod thàinig steall de'n mhin bhàin air a bleith sìos an amar na tròcair.

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

CARN NAN CRUIMEANNACH.

By J. G. MACKAY, PORTREE.



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

Do bhliadh an dòchais bh'aig na lzoich
A lùth nan cos—'s cha bhreith chlaon—
Leum gach fear air bharr a shleagh
'S chaidheada Mac Reath 's a chaol.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'S fhada mar so, 's fhada mar so
'S fhada mar so 'tha mi,
'S fhada mar so, gun bhiaidh gun deoch,
Air barais Mhic Aoidh tha mi,
'S fhada mar so, 's fhada mar so
'S fhada mar so, tha mi,
'S fhada so, gun bhiaidh gun deoch,
An tigh mo charaid Mhic Aoidh tha mi.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AM BADAN FRAOICH.

Le Donnchadh Mac Phail 'san Oban.

[Air dha litir bho aon de na gillean a tha ri uehd bla'ir 'san Fhraing, a lengladh, 's i ag aideachadh gu'n d' rannig badan fraoich e as a' Ghaidhealtachd.]

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

Bha thu cinntinn gu bòidheach air enocan
'san Oban,
'S tha sinne air fògradh le chèile,
Air a' cheam so de 'n t-saogh'l an guitear mòr caol;
Cha 'n ionann 's fo chraoibh nan geugan.

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

Dhonn 's eumhraidh mar thùis thu, 's tha leighias a' d' ghiulan;
Gach fear bha fo thùchan toirt diù dhuit;
'S tu 'n lighiche saor a' dùthaich mo ghaoil:
'S iomadh caslach a sgaoil do shugh-sa.

Ma thèid mise chadal, math dh' fhaodteadh,
's mhaduinn
Do phòilear nan sladairean breun ud,
Thèid thusa, a theagmh, am boimeid fir eile
Gu buaidh le gillean an fhéilidh.

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

THE LATE JOHN B. STEWART.

LANCE-CORPORAL JOHN BAILLIE STEWART was one of the many Ross-shire lads who made the supreme sacrifice in the great war. He was twenty-three years of age, and the fourth son of Mr and Mrs Stewart, Rhue, Ullapool. At the period of the war, when the cry for munitions was greater than for men, he entered a factory at Shettleston, and was there employed for some months, when, realising that there was a still more urgent call, he voluntarily enlisted in the Seafoorths. Having undergone the usual training at Ripon, and a special course for scouting and sniping, he was sent to France, and had his first experience in the trenches on 23rd January 1917. He was killed by a shell on Sunday morning, 18th March, while working with the miners. Lance Corporal Stewart was the author of a number of interesting Gaelic essays and short stories, and several of these have been issued in booklet form under the title of "Chi Sinn Thall Thu." The "Northern Chronicle" refers to this publication as follows:—"This little booklet has a pathetic interest, being some cullings from the collection of John Baillie Stewart, a young soldier belonging to Ullapool, who fell in action in France last March. These

little essays were contributed by him to the Gaelic column of the 'People's Journal' under the editorship of Mr Malcolm C. MacLeod. There are four of these papers altogether, slight it may be in bulk, but all breathing a fine spirit and couched in good Gaelic. 'Chi Sinn Thall Thu' ('We Shall See You Over') gives a short account of the transport of a large draft of Seaforth High-



landers to France, and contains a plea for men from the same district being banded together instead of on the mechanical alphabetical order. Another paper gives an interesting account of the loss of the fishing trawler King Athelstane. A third, 'Black Murdo and the Tinker,' relates a practical joke of a fearsome and effective kind on a thievish member of the tinker fraternity. The fourth is made up of brief reflections on the tragedy of war—the justice of the cause—all suggested by the death of a young Highland soldier who fell at Neuve Chapelle. The Under-Secretary for War gives a finely phrased foreword, and all who would increase their knowledge of a true type of Highland soldier should become possessed of this attractive little publication." The "Highland News" says:—"A gallant soldier hailing from Ullapool, who laid down his life. He was a sweet writer of his beloved Gaelic, and we feel grateful to the editor for placing this 'dressed' stone in the memorial cairn of one of our Highland heroes. The tales are couched in graphic, idiomatic Gaelic, and we feel confident that children in Highland schools would relish their study during the Gaelic hour, while their parents would be no less appreciative of them. The booklet is nicely got up, the Gaelic is free from printers' errors, and the whole effort is most creditable to editor and printers alike. A good photo of the author of the tales appears on the cover." Appreciative notices also appeared in the "Oban Times," "An Deo-Greine," &c. "Chi Sinn Thall Thu," by I. B. Stiubhard. Dundee: Malcolm C. MacLeod, Bookseller and Publisher, 183 Blackness Road. Price 2d.

HISTORICAL PORTRAITS—No. II.



From the original painting by Sir Peter Leitch.

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

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

NONA: SGEUL AIR NA LAITHEAN A DH' FHALBH.

LE ALASDAIR MAC DHOMHNUILL.



e "Nona" a' theireadh sean is òg ri Bean-an-Tuam fad nam buadhnaich ud a bha i 'nam cò-as, an beag a h-uile latha de 'n t-seachduan. 'S e ogha dhi fhéin a thug an t-ainm ud dhi an toiseach. An uair a theireadh e "mami" ri a mhàthair theireadh e "Nona" ri a sheann-mhathair, agus lean an t-ainm

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

Ach de na h-uile rachadh an rathad aice 's e na buachaillan ri 'm bu choibhneala "Nona." Bha i na sheann-mhathair—'s na nathair—do dhusan dhiubh gun an teagamh bu lugha. Anns a' bhaile bheag Ghaidhealaca d' am buineadh "Nona" bha e 'na chleachdadh aig a' mhuintir an crodh a shaochadh do 'n choille an deìdh a' 'mheadhon latha. Fo 'n rian bhuaichleachd a bh' aca bha 'm baile air a roim 'na dha thaobh—an taobh shuas 's an taobh shìos. Bhiodh buachaill bho gach taobh an deìdh a' chruidh. Bha dà latha 's an t-seachdain air cuid de na teaghlachan, agus aon latha air a' chuid eile. Mar bu trice 's e 'n òigrìdh a' bhiodh ris a' bhuaichleachd, agus aig amannan rachadh neach a chumail as an sgòil an uair a thigeadh latha na buachaillleachd mu 'n cuairt. Ach, an robh dolaidh mhòr an sud? Am bheil a nis againn ro bheag de 'n bhuaichleachd is tuilleadh 's a' chòir de 'n sgòil? Ciod an caitheamh aimsire bu taitneach na bhì 'g iomain bhò feadh choille 's feadh bhàr ri latha briagha samhraidh no foghair? Cha robh sud gun ionnsachadh an ceangal ris, agus ionnsachadh boidheach. Gun teagamh bha 'n crodh draghail air nairean, agus bhiodh, ach beag an còmhnaidh, an t-ocras air na buachaillan.

Ach bha toiseachadh—'s cha bu bheag e—'sa bhuaichleachd. Cha b' ann ainm a' bhìdh dithis chòlchath ann an cuideachda Cupid ris an spreidh, agus bu neo-chiontach, suama an goal a bheireadh buaidh air na buachaillan air nairean. Bu tric ann am Féid nam bàrd o shean "am buachaill 's a' bhàr-arach" agus 's iomadh sgeul taitneach a chluinnteadh mu 'n deighinn, latha dha 'n robh 'n saoghal.

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

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

Thuòhairt mi rithe gu sìobhalt:
'Mo chailinn na gabh mothlachd,
Ma leigcas mi mo chridh' iut,
'S mi fhin air do dhéidh';

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

An sin thubhairt am buachaill:

"Mo nighean na bi gruamach,
'S na tionndainn ann am fuath rium,
Is tàir na dean air buachaill'
Bhios a' cuartach an spreidh,
Bìdh do chrodh air buaile,
'S mi mi fathasd tuathanach,
Aca ma bhèir thu fuath dhomh,
'S an uigh bìdh mi fhéin.'
Sheall i 'n sin le tàir orm,
'S i deanamh 'snothadh gaire."
Agus fhreagair i:—

"Cha ghiullan bochd mar tha thu,
A tharas mi fhéin,
'S a lughad oga suaire,
Le carra- agus uaisle,
Le 'm b' ait' a bhì ri m'ghualainn,
'S cha bhuaichle spréidh."

Ach ars' em buachaill gu tapaidh:—

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

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

Thill i air a sàil rium, ag ràdh:—
'Do chridhe tha lán àrdain;
'Ach o'n a tha thu dàicheil,
Gu 'm bi sinn fathasd réidh."

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

A' buachaillleachd air aonichean,
Air aonichean, air aonichean;
A' buachaillleachd air aonichean,
A thug mi 'n gealladh gròrach dhuit,
Thug mise gaol nach diobradh dhuit,
Nach diobradh dhuit, nach diobradh dhuit
Thug mise gaol nach diobradh dhuit,
Is gheall thu a bhì dileas dhomh.

Ach chum thu, ghaoil, do chùlthoabh rium,
Do chùlthoabh rium, do chùlthoabh rium;
Ach chum thu, ghaoil, do chùlthoabh rium,
Nuair shaoil leam thu bhì dlùthadh rium.

'S na hò i mo thruaighe mi,
Mo thruaighe mi, mo thruaighe mi;
'S na hò i mo thruaighe mi,
Bho'n chuir thu, ghaoil, cho suarach mi.

'S na hò i mar dh'fhàg thu mi
Mar dh' fhàg thu mi, mar dh' fhàg thu mi;
'S na hò i mar dh'fhàg thu mi
Bho'n dhiùlt thu, ghaoil, do chàirdcas
dhomh,

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

* * *

Bha dachaidh Nóna dìreach air rathad nam buachailean, agus an tuiteam an fheasgair, ach beag a b' uile latha bho 'n a thòiseachd a' bhuaichleachd mu thoisich an t-samhraidh gus an sgùireadh i mu dheireadh an fhoghair, bhiodh neach no dithis de na buachailean anns a' bhaile bha 'n sud, a' taghal òirre. Cha ruigear a leas a ràdh gu 'm biodh iad òrach. Cha chreideadh Nóna a chaochladh, bho bheud a' mhinistear; agus bhiodh mìr arain aice do na buachailean cho cinnteach 's a thigeadh iad mu 'n cuairt. Uairean bhiodh im. no gruiddheam, no càis air a' Mhuigh; agus uairean cha bhiodh; uairean cile bhiodh boinnean as a' phoit bhroit a bhiodh air an teine leis, no as a' phoit teagha, na 'n tuiteadh i bh' 'na suidhe air leacaidh bhig 'sa ghriosaich. Agus cha bu mhir cumanta mìr Nóna, ach mìr tugh, tarbhach de mhìn choire, anns an robh brìgh agus biadh. 'S iomadh beannachd buachaile fhuaire Nóna 'na latha, agus b' fhìach i fhéin uile iad.

An deigh do na buachailean tigh Nóna flàgail thigeadh iad fhéin 's an crodh c'airt an fhearainn dhachaidh chun a' bhaile, agus ciod an sealladh a bu taitniche na bh' 'gan coimhead a' tighinn a dh' ionnsaigh nan tighen, air an socair fhéin? Mar a thubhairt am bàrd:—

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

Cha 'n eil fhios nach bu chòir innseadh gur ann am mach bho na buachailean a bha 'n duin' aig Nóna. 'S e mac a bh' ann do bhacaille tìghearna na dùthcha. Tha cuimhn' air gu'n robh buachailean aig a' chuid mhòir de na tìghearnaan fearainn, agus 's an am ud bha a' bhuaichleachd na h-obair 'g'le chudthromach ann an iomadh dòigh. Ach bha “Am Buachaile” 'na dhuthe tapaidh agus bhiodh e ris na h-òrain bho thim gu tim mar a thigeadh a stigh air. An bith-cheantas bhiodh e a' seinn nan rann so a leanas air an t-seann aochain “Mac-na-Bracha”:—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“An nair a dh' éireamaid gu moch,
Mu 'n rachamaid air fear am mach,
Bu mh'annach le 'r sinne-sarachd brùich,
Bu mhiannach leo beirm is brach;
Bho chaochan an dara nair,
'Dol mu'n cuairt na cùrte cam,
Thaing thu a' rioghachd na smùid,
Agus tìbadh air do cheann.
Còranaich an uisge chais,
Braganaich mu'm bruineadh greis;
Gus an gearradh e na daignin chruaidh,
Mac-nam-buadh nach bu chòir a còileith;
Bithidh e teth air an la fluair,
Agus fuar air an la theth.”

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

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

“Chì mi 'n ciobar 's a dha chù.
'Sìubhal dlùth le 'chròcan.”

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

Agus fhreagair am fahair:—

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

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

“Cha'n eil caiteag anns an àit'
Nach d' thug uile dhuit an gràdh—
'S aithne dhòmhsa té no dha
Tha tairgse 'n lámh dhuit còmhla.
Chì mi 'n ciobar, &c.

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

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

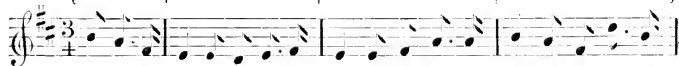
TURUS-CUAIN.

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

AM FÒSN LE IAIN MAC CALUM.

GLEUS D.

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



Ged's dàil cha dearmad a bhac mo sheachas Mu'n turus ainmeach 'san aimsir

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



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

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



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

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



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

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



canabas 's na tuinn bha barrgead, Bha spàirn 'gan teannachadh air cainb nan dùil.

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

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

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

G'um b' fhuair chruit chiùil a bhi 'g éisdeachd bùirein;

A tormain sùrdail 'bu bhrùchdaid fuaim.

Ge bu thoisich geamhraidh le gaoith 'bha ceannaidh,

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

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

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

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

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

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

'S i nì'n roid chinne deth 'na leum le sìnèig,
'S a suidh 'na still, thar na croinn 'dol suas;
Gu'm b'aites inntinn do neach 'bhi innte,
Mur deanteadh tinn e le glùin a' chuain

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

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

Is soills' o'n speur a' toirt léirsinn shùl:
Tha aisne clèibh aic cho taicil, treumhor,
Cho teann ri chèile 's nach géill i sùgh;
Ri nchd gach deuchainn tha i cho gleuda
'S nach tarladh léireadh do chré fo 'bùird.

Ged dh'éireadh cona-ghaoth'ch le teine sionnachaim,

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

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

Cha b'aoibhar iomagain da taobh nach buinig-eadh

I caladh cuimseach na'm fuilingeach siùil.

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

Gu'm b'aiteas dhuinn ar ceud sealladh sùl dhi,
 I teachd g'ar n-ionn-a dh' 's a cùrs gu tuath;
 Air dhi bhi giùlan nan teachdair iùlbor,
 Thoit' sgeul as ùr dhuinn air clù' an Uain;
 'S gu'm b'e ar dùrachd gu'n cumt' i sùbhlach
 Air feadh na dùthcha gach taobh mu'n cuairt;
 Feadh cheall is chùilt an fo neul an dàsail,
 A chum le ùr-ghras an dùsgadh suas.

Chuir i air tìr mi far 'n tric robh m'innt'nn,
 An caladh dìonach Phert-Rìgh nam buadh,
 Far 'n d'fhuair mi bàta na smùide làidir,
 A' ruith gun dal troimh Chaoil-Acaim suas;
 'N Caoil-Reith bha sàs oirr' 'cur sruth gu
 làicheil,
 Rì h-uend bha gáradh gu h-àrd mar bhruaich;
 'Na chop le cair gheal, na bhruich a' bàradh,
 'S a coim 'ga fhasgadh le spàirn 'bha cruaidh.

Nuair chuir i 'n caol sin, 's a fhuair i
 faebhadh,
 Mar fhìadh an aonach 's e 'n caonnaig
 chruaidh;
 Fha 'ceum cho aotrom ri eurb nan raointean,
 'S na coim fo 'n chuth'ch 'gan cur dian 'nan
 leath's,
 Gu Maoil-Chinn-tìre ri sròin bha sìontan,
 'S cha d' rinn i pìlltinn romh mhìll nan
 stuach;
 Nuair fhuair i 'ghaoth leath, taobh thall na
 Maoile,
 B'i fèin an t-sraonag feadh mhin-uig
 Chluaidh.

CEIT MHÒR LOCH-CAROIN.

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

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

Tha dòig, agus sgeul iompachaidh Ceit
 Mhòir uile gu lèir iongantach, agus a' nochd-
 adh dhuinn, an nì tha gràs Dnè comasach
 air a dheanamb, nuair a thòisicheas e anns
 an aonam. Ach b'e Maighistir Lachdunn,
 Ministear mòr, diadhaidh, urramach, Loch-
 caroin am meadhan a ghabh an Tighearna
 g'a bhì g' iompachadh Ceit, agus 'ga tìomhd-
 adh' bhò dhorchadas gu solus, agus bhò
 chumhachd Shàt'ain gu Dia.

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

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

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

D. I. Mac Cuis.



leughaidh na Gàidhlig gu lèir, a
 bhì 'na mhòr chomain, a thaobh a dhian-
 shìothrach eùramach, eudmhoir ann a bhì
 aig costas ainm de mo naidheachdan, mail'ò
 ri dà no trì eile dhiubh, a chlo-bhuaidh
 ann an leabhraan beag, grunn, sgiobalta, aig
 pris dà sgillinn, 's cha b'e luach e, fo'n
 ainm, "Ceil mhòr Loch-caroin."

In Memoriam.

THE SCOTTISH PRIMA DONNA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Many, indeed, did she set in their dreams sailing

Over the sea to Skye.

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

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

The first appearance on a London platform was made by Miss Maclachlan in 1886, when she sang at a concert held under the auspices of the London Gaelic Society. On this occasion she owed her introduction to the late Lord Archibald Campbell, one of the most patriotic Highland gentlemen who ever flaunted the tartan. Through his

In Memoriam—*continued.*

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

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



The late Miss JESSIE MACLACHLAN.

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

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

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

A NOTED SCOTTISH BOOKSELLER.



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



The late Mr JOHN GRANT.

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

In Memoriam—*continued.*

Edinburgh, a thoroughfare with which he was associated to the end, and which he converted into a kind of Paternoster Row. His business grew by leaps and bounds, and at the time of his death he owned two large shops, one on either side of the street. He was also largely interested in Oliver & Boyd, to the management of which firm he gave daily attention. Several years ago he purchased the stock of Gaelic books of Messrs MacLachlan & Stewart, and not only maintained but largely developed the connection with Gaelic literature they so long held. Mr Grant published a large number of Gaelic books, several of which are standard works, and many very popular in the Highlands and among Gaelic-speaking people generally. His business connections were world-wide, as may be judged from the fact that about twenty years ago it was calculated that he sold a quarter of a million volumes a year. Mr Gladstone was a frequent visitor to his shop when he was in Edinburgh on the occasion of his Midlothian campaigns, and Lord Rosebery was more than a customer—he was a close personal friend. Some of the rarest volumes now in the remarkable collection at Dalmeny were obtained through the agency of Mr Grant. An ardent Liberal, Mr Grant was for many years a prominent official of the Central Division Liberal Association, but severed his connection in 1900, mainly owing to the declination of his fellow-members to support Lord Rosebery for the leadership of the Liberal party. Although he declined civic honours more than once, he was always ready to lend a helping hand to municipal candidates, who, he thought, deserved support. The splendid work which he accomplished in connection with the Carnegie Free Library, Edinburgh, was handsomely acknowledged by Professor Masson when speaking for the Committee at the opening ceremony. It is gratifying to know that the high standard which Mr Grant set, and the best traditions of the Edinburgh bookselling trade are being ably maintained by his sons, Mr Robert Grant and Mr John Grant, jun.



THE LATE CAPTAIN KENNETH MACIVER, M.A.



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

CUMHA.

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

Le Domhnull Mac Leoid.

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

GLEUS C.

{ 1 | m ., 1 : 1 ., 1 | 1 ., 1 : d', d' - d' | d' ., d' : d' ., m | r' ., d' : t , t ., }



Chaidh Ghrian fo sgò 's tha còb' a r' Cui eiz; Tha gair' 's na glinn, 's na h-uillt ri tuiread;

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



Tha toirn na tràigh gu dubhach ard, 's mo léir mar tha 's nach till thu ruinn.

Tha muir is beinn fo thinn 's fo mhadal;	Bu shunntach gleus-t' do cheum 'sa mhonadh;
Tha còin an t-sléibh gun ghleus gun luinneag	'S tu cur 'nan ruaig daimh ruadh a' choire;
O'n thainig sgeul tha guineach, gear	Tha sgaiteach calm an ciùin no 'n stoirm—
A' cur an céill nach till thu ruinn.	O, 's cruaidh an t-seim nach till thu ruinn!

Tha iomadh buadh ri luaidh mu d' phearsa;	Ged bha thu òg bu bheò do ghaisge;
Thu fearail, stama, suaice, sna-da;	Bu deas do lann air ceann a' cheartaig;
Bu mhàlda ciùin do shealladh sìl;	Tha d' chadal sèimh 'san eilthir chéim;
'S ann oirne dhruidh nach till thu ruinn.	Mo bhòn 's mo léir nach till thu ruinn!

Bu lionmhor sàr dhuit fàilt' is furan;	An dèidh na h-oidhche' thig soills' na madainn
Bhiodh gean is àgh 'nad àite fuirich;	An dèidh na dùdlachd dùsgaidh earrach;
Do theachd 's do thriall bha maiseach riamh;	Ge dorcha 'n speur thig dèarsadh grèin;
'S o'n ear ro 'n iar cha till thu ruinn.	Ach dh' fhalbh an treun 's cha till e ruinn.

"ALEC MUNRO": A LAMENT.

(Translation by the Author.)

The storm-cloud frowns above the mountain,	When roared the hart in misty corrie,
There's wail of woe from rill and fountain,	No laggard thou in doubt to tarry;
From sea to sky resounds the cry:	Nor flood nor fell thy mood could quell:
"The hero's gone, is gone for ever."	But thou art gone, art gone for ever.

And now are hushed the moorland voices,	Though young in years, of manly mettle,
No lark or thrush at dawn rejoices;	Swift flashed thy blade in freedom's battle;
On Quinaig's crest the red deer rest;	Serene thy sleep—thy dreamless sleep,
For thou art gone, art gone for ever.	For thou art gone, art gone for ever.

In mansion proud and lowly sheiling,	Dead winter brings the time of sowing,
With laugh and jest dull care dispelling,	The midnight mirk, the morn a-glowing,
Once welcome thou of sunny brow:	The clouds unfold to sunbeam's gold:
But now thou'rt gone, art gone for ever.	But thou art gone, and gone for ever.

SCOTLAND IN WAR.

KEY F.

Words and Melody by C. M. P.

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

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

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

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

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

 our sires did leap To arms to keep Them free: Could we less ardour show?

Scotland! I love thy daughters
 Fair—
 Their hearts with goodness glow;
 With comely grace
 And kindly fae
 They care
 For those in want or woe;
 On fields of gore,
 'Mid cannon's roar
 And flare,
 They tended friend and foe.

Scotland! I love thy warrior
 Brood—
 To death alone they bow;
 No heroes bold
 In days of old
 As good
 To stem a vaunting foe;
 'Gainst shot and shell
 And fumes of hell
 They stood
 And laid th' oppressor low.

Scotland! We mourn thy sons
 Who died
 In air, on land, on sea;
 Their lives they gave
 Their kin to save,
 And tried
 To keep the nations free;
 Their bright renown,
 Let's send it down,
 With pride,
 The ages yet to be.

Scotland! Stand forth and claim
 Thy due;
 Unloose the laggard's chain;
 Brook no delay,
 But bring the day
 In view
 When, as a State again,
 Thou may'st, with zeal,
 Thy people's weal
 Pursue,
 Till just conditions reign.

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



SOME NEW GAELIC TERMS for EDUCATIONAL USE.

FACAIL URA GHAIÐHLIG A CHUM FEUM SGOIL-OILEIN.

LE COLMAN O DUGHAILL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We may now proceed to the tabulation of the

NEW TERMS

for the representation of objects and for conceptions arising therefrom.

AINMEAN URA

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

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

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

NEW TERMS—*continued.*

- A drawing.
 A landscape drawing.
 A seascape drawing.
 A map.
 A drawing of a living object.
 A portrait.
 A face portrait.
 A full-length portrait.
 A half-length portrait.
 A picture.
 A picture with a subject.
 The subject of a picture.
 The imaginary subject.
 A historical subject.
 A sketch.
 A preliminary sketch.
 A finished drawing.
 A comical drawing.
 A caricature.
 A scale drawing.
 A small-scale drawing.
 A full-size drawing.
 A half-size drawing.
 A drawing to a scale of a third.
 A drawing to a quarter-scale.
 and so on to a tenth-part.
 A drawing to a twelfth-part, &c.
 Enlargement by doubling.
 A working drawing.
 A detail drawing.
 A drawing of a group of details.
 Design or plan (v.).
 A design or plan (n.).
 A measured plan (or scale drawing).
 A plan (horizontal section).
 A site plan.
 A foundation plan.
 A ground plan.
 A first-floor plan, &c.
 A roof plan (from above).
 A bird's-eye view.
 A sectional plan.
 A section on line A.B.
 A cross or transverse section.
 A longitudinal section.
 A drawing of an elevation.
 A front elevation.
 A back elevation.
 A side elevation.
 An end elevation.
 A gable elevation.
 A west elevation.
 An east elevation, &c.
 A sketch plan, or design.
 Reproduce details.
 Copy a drawing.
 Enlarge in the copying.
 Reduce in the copying.
 Exaggerate in the copying.
 Render comical in the copying.
 Caricature in the copying.
 Copy to same size.
 Copy on the flat.
 Draw from the east.
 Draw from a relief.
 Draw from an image or statue.
 Draw from life.
 Draw in miniature.
 An exact copy of a drawing.
 Draughtsman (any one who draws).
 Draughtsmanship.
 Architect.
 Architectural draughtsman.
 Mechanician.
 Mechanical draughtsman.
 Ship-designer.
 Nautical draughtsman.
 Civil engineering draughtsman.
 Military engineering draughtsman.
 Clár-dhealbh.
 Tir-dhealbh.
 Muir-dhealbh.
 Cairt-dhealbh.
 Pith-dhealbh.
 Duin-dealbh.
 Gnúis-dealbh.
 Lán-duin-dealbh.
 Leth-dhuin-dealbh.
 Dealbh.
 Cúis-dealbh.
 Dealbh-chúis.
 Cúis-meanmna.
 Cúis-eachdraidh.
 Clis-dealbh.
 Tús-dealbh.
 Snas-dealbh.
 Gean-dealbh.
 Sgeig-dhealbh.
 Tomhas-dhealbh.
 Tomhas-dhealbhan.
 Fíor-mheud-dhealbh.
 Leth-mheud-dhealbh.
 Trían-mheud-dhealbh.
 Céathramh-mheud-dhealbh.
 Deicheamh-mheud-dhealbh.
 Dealbh da-dheugamh mar aon.
 Dá-mheud-dhealbh.
 Foghnadh-dhealbh.
 Dealbh meanbhain.
 Dealbh cruinne-mheanbhan.
 Tionnsgain.
 Tionnsgadh.
 Tomhas-dhealbh.
 Breath-dhealbh.
 Ionad-dhealbh.
 Dealbh an stéidh-bhreach.
 Dealbh a' cheud bhreach; no dealbh an lar-
 bhreach.
 Dealbh an dara bhreach, &c.
 Os-dealbh.
 Dealbh a réir súil-cóin.
 Sgolt-dhealbh.
 Sgolt-dhealbh air an lorg-strioch A.B.
 Sgolt-dhealbh air a tharsainn.
 Sgolt-dhealbh air a fhad.
 Shos-dealbh.
 Dealbh-béoil.
 Dealbh-cúil.
 Dealbh-taobh.
 Dealbh-cim.
 Dealbh-stuaigh.
 Dealbh-slics-shiar.
 Dealbh-slios-shoir, &c.
 Clis-thionnsgadh.
 Aithris.
 Dealbh-aithris, v. and n.; aithris dealbh.
 Mór-aithris.
 Beag-aithris, no mean-aithris.
 An-aithris.
 Gean-aithris.
 Sgeig-aithris.
 Mór-d-aithris.
 Clár-aithris.
 Clár-aithris o'n chruaidh.
 Clár-aithris o'n mhám.
 Clár-aithris o'n mheall.
 Clár aithris o'n bheó.
 Mean-dealbh, v., dealbhan, n.
 Mac-samhuil dealbha; fíor-aithris air dealbh.
 Dealbhadair.
 Dealbhadaireachd.
 Teach-thionnsgair.
 Teach-dhealbhadair.
 Inneal-thionnsgair.
 Beart-dhealbhadair.
 Long-thionnsgair.
 Long-dhealbhadair.
 Dealbhadair obair-chrítich'inn.
 Dealbhadair obair-choga'dh.

NEW TERMS—*continued.*

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

NEW TERMS—*continued.*

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

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

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

Sios-line.
 Nann-line.
 Nall-line.
 Ear-line.
 Iu-lite.
 Snas-line; no strioch.
 Mi-line; no strioch.
 Iuil-strioch.
 Foghnadh-strioch.
 Crioch-line.
 Lintean comh-amasach.
 Lintean sgar-amasach.
 Lintean comh-fhada.
 Lintean eas-fada.
 Striochan comh-leir.
 Striochan eug-leir.
 Striochan comh-samhuil.
 Striochan eug-samhuil.
 Sin line.
 Sin line mar dh'fhoghnas.
 Clár dad, v.
 Clár line.
 Num-shin line.
 Nall-shin line.

Nall-line.
 Nann-line.
 Satain-line.
 Cumadan.
 Slios cumadain.
 Timcheallan.
 Cumadan cóir-lineach.
 Cumadan crom-lineach.
 Cumadan crom-cóir.
 Snas-chumadan.
 Cumadan cottromach.
 Mi-chumadan.
 Fiadh-chumadan.
 Cumadan comh-shliosach.
 Aonan.
 Cruinncean.
 Spad-chruinnean.

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

Fad-cheathran.
 Cóir-cheathran.
 Cóir-cheathran fada.
 Fiar-cheathran.
 Fiar-cheathran fada.
 Breath-cheathran; ceathran breathach.
 Ceathran leth-bhreachach.
 Mi-cheathran.
 Dad-meadhóin; meadhonan.
 Fíaran.
 Cóireán.
 Scéathan.
 Senehdan.
 Oehdan.
 Naodhan.
 Deugan.
 Aon-deugan.

NEW TERMS—continued.

- Duodecagon, &c.
 Twenty-sided figure.
 Thirty-sided figure, &c.
 Hundred-sided figure.
 Centre of circle.
 Focus of ellipse.
 Radius.
 Diameter.
 Tangent.
 Tangential point.
 Segment; of circle.
 Sector; of circle.
 Circumference.
 Arc.
 Cord of an arc.
 Conjugate axis.
 Transverse axis.
 Diameter of an ellipse.
 Any foil figure.
 Any foil figure of one continuous line as
 perimeter.
 Any foil figure of two do., &c.
 Trefoil.
 Quatrefoil.
 Cinquefoil, &c.
 Cycloid.
 Crescent.
 Lanceet-shaped figure.
 Angle.
 Right Angle.
 Acute angle.
 Obtuse angle.
 Internal angle.
 External angle.
 Adjacent angle.
 Adjacent angles.
 Opposite angle.
 Vertical angles.
 One of vertical angles.
 Angle of intersection.
 Angle of incidence.
 Angle of reflection.
 Angle of refraction.
 Angle of convergence.
 Angle of divergence.
 Apex of angle.
 Subtending arms, or side lines, of an angle.
 Equiangular.
 Angle of 90 degrees.
 Angle of 45 degrees.

 Angle of 60 degrees.
 Angle of 30 degrees.
 Angle of 29 degrees.
 Angle of 115 degrees, 32 mins. 53 secs.

 Flat angle.
 Reflex angle.
 Salient angle.
 Re-entering angle.
 Positive angle.
 Negative angle.
 Included angle (between given lines).
 Angle included in another.
 A division of an angle (measured by de-
 grees).
 Solid figures.
 Cube (hexahedron).
 Tetrahedron.
 Octahedron.
 Dodecahedron.
 Icosahedron.
 Polyhedron.
 Sphere.
 Prism.
 Cylinder.
 Pyramid.
 Cone.
 Segment of a sphere.
 Scale.

 Dà-dheugan, &c.
 Ficheadan.
 Triochadan, &c.
 Ceudan.
 Mùl-dhad; meadhonan; dàd-meadhoin.
 Mùl-dhad.
 Gath-line; gathan.
 Tarsnan.
 Beantan.
 Dag-beantainn.
 Màman; -cruinnein.
 Geimcan; -cruinnein.
 Crios-line; criocan.
 Crios-mhìr.
 Teud-line; bonn-line màmain.
 Trasnán fada; fad-thr.
 Trasnán gearr; gearr-thr.
 Trasnán saor; saor thr.
 Duillean.

 Duillean-aoin.
 Duillean dà, &c.
 Duillean-tri; seamar-dhuillean.
 Duillean-ceithir.
 Duillean-cóig, &c.
 Shochdan.
 Easgan.
 Duillean da-bheann.
 Coimne.
 Còir-choimne.
 Caol-choimne.
 Maol-choimne.
 Ann-choimne.
 As-choimne.
 Coimne-taice.
 Coinnidhean comh-thaiceach.
 Comhair-choimne.
 Coinnidhean comh-ghobach.
 Gob-choimne.
 Sgath-choimne.
 Beum-choimne.
 Leum-choimne.
 Feall-choimne.
 Cuspair-choimne.
 Sgar-choimne.
 Coimne-dhad.
 Glac-litean coimne.
 Comh-choinneach.
 Còir-choimne; coimne nachad.
 Leth-choir-choimne; coimne ceathrachad 's a
 còig.
 Coimne-sèathad.
 Coimne triochad.
 Coimne fichead 's a naoi.
 Coimne ceud 's a còig deug, gu triochad 's a
 dhà, gu caogad 's a trì.
 Neo-choimne.
 Ais-choimne.
 Deud-choimne; coimne-nìlinneach.
 Eag-choimne; coimne-ghobhlach.
 Ann-choimne.
 As-choimne.
 Eadar-choimne.
 Mir-choimne.

 Rann-choimne.
 Meall-chruthan.
 Meallan-sè.
 Meallan-ceithir.
 Meallan-ochd.
 Meallan-da-dheug.
 Meallan-fichead.
 Iol-mheallan.
 Cruinn-mheallan.
 Shìos-cholbhan.
 Cruinn-cholbhan.
 Shìos-bhìdean.
 Cruinn-bhìdean.
 Meall-mhàman.
 Samhlan-toimhais.

NEW TERMS—continued.

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

NEW TERMS—*continued.*

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

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

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

NEW TERMS —continued.

- Simplify (the arrangement).
 Render complex.
 Study,* study in detail.
 Survey.
 Swell.
 Transpose.
 Truncate.
 Arrange in definite order.
 Attenuate.
 Augment.
 Base it on.
 Invert.
 Convert.
 State or condition of things.
 Circular.
 Convex.
 Concave.
 Curved.
 Elaborate.
 Exact, a.
 Gradual.
- Graphic.
 Impartistic.
 Interse shadow.
 Became obsolete.
 Intermediate.
 Multi-form.
 Multilateral.
 Multiangular.
 Norm.
 Normal.
 Normal size.
 Nud-
 Ocular demonstration.
 Demonstrate ocularly.
 Opaque.
 Transparent.
 Oblate.
 Rotund.
 Round.
 Spacious.
 Symmetrical.
 Symmetrical figure.
 Unsymmetrical figure.
 Technical.
 Technically trained.
 Visible.
 Hand-training.
 Eye-training.
 Complex.
- Simple.
 Major.
 Mirror.
 Finite.
 Infinite.
 Expert.
 Perfect.
 Certain.
 Secondary.
 Primary.
 Picturesque.
 Resemble.
 Semblance.
 Sequel.
 Sub-section.
 Simple elegance.
 Complex or involved richness.
 Simple object.
 Complex object.
 Quaint (in shape or appearance).
 Quaint (in speech).
 In proportion (as a figure).
 Out of proportion (as a figure).
 Bulk.
 Attitude.
 Average; on the average.
 Comparison of things.
 Basis of comparison.
- So-shuidhich.
 Do-shuidhich.
 Meamhraich; mean-bhreachmaich.
 Meas-bheachdaich.
 At; bolgaich.
 Iomlaid suidheachadh.
 Maol-sgath.
 Rian-léirich.
 Caolaich.
 Meudaich.
 Bun-shuidhich e air.
 Cuir bun os cioun.
 Iompaich.
 Cor m'ithean no rudan.
 Cuinn-chrom.
 M'mach.
 Glacach; folgach.
 Crom.
 S'othrachail; achranaich.
 Eagraidh.
 Air fàs-shèol; air snàg-shèol; uidh ar n-uidh.
 Deagh-dhealbhach.
 Neo-ealanta.
 Dubh-fhaileis.
 Chaidh e an dith-ghnàths.
 Eadar-mheadhonach.
 Iol-chruthach; ioma-chruthach.
 Ioma-shliosach.
 Ioma-choinneach.
 Gnath-shamhlan.
 Gràthach.
 Grath-mheud.
 'Na nochd.
 Sùil-thaisbeanadh; no léireachadh.
 Sùil-léirich.
 Dì-léir; neo-léir; leus-shùghach.
 Soilleir; so-léir; troimh-léir.
 Spad chruim.
 Creimn-mheallach.
 Cruinn.
 Farsuing.
 Comb-chumadach; combhromach.
 Comb-chumadau.
 Mi-chumadan.
 Griomh-oileanach.
 Gniomh-oileanta.
 Follasach; léir.
 Làmh-oilean.
 Sùil-oilean.
 Do-bheachdach; do-bhreachnach; achranaich.
 So bheachdach; so-shuidhichte.
 Is mò.
 Is lugha; is b'ige.
 Crìochnach.
 Neo-chrìochnach.
 Gasda, a; gasdair, u.
 Comb-làn; còimhliouta.
 Deimhin.
 De'n dara-innhe.
 De'n phrìomh-innhe.
 Léir-dhealbhach.
 Bì cosmhùil ri.
 Cosmhùileas; coslas.
 Leantain.
 Fo-rann.
 Se-eireachdas.
 Do-eireachdas.
 So-rud.
 Do-rud.
 Còrr-dhealbhach.
 Còrr-bhriathrach.
 An comb-chumachd.
 Am mi-chumachd.
 Uiread.
 Beachd-chruth.
 Eadar-mheas; a réir eadar-mh.
 Coimeas rudan (ri chéile).
 Bonn coimeas.

NEW TERMS—*continued.*

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

Comh-ionann 'na chumadh 's 'na thomhasan.
 Comh-mheallach; comh-thomadach.
 Comh-fhada.
 Comh-leathann; -leudach.
 Comh-dhombain.
 Comh-árd.
 Comh-fheadhach; -ghlacach.
 Comh-chlárach.
 Comh-throm.
 Comh-dhatlach; -lithcach.
 Comh-threiseach.
 Comh-luath.
 Comh-lúthach.
 Comh-shoilseach.
 Comh-shoiléir.
 Comh-dhorcha.
 Comh-dhoilleir.
 Comh-thróimhleir.
 Comh-dhí-léir.
 Comh-sgáileach.
 Comh-choinneach.
 Comh-chian.
 Comh-luach; -fhiaich; comh-dhiol; n; -ach.
 Ball-sampuill.
 Leth-bhreac; mac-samhuil.
 Comh-chodaichean.
 C'ár-mheud; -thomhas.
 Meall-mheud; -thomhas.
 Glac-mheud; -thomhas.
 Oir-line.
 Líntean na comh-áirde.
 Lorg line.
 Do-chrom; -lúb.
 Se-chrom; -lúb.
 Crom-bhuainn; -bhuidhe.
 Crom-chugainn; -chuige.
 Bonn-line; líne tús-thomhais.
 Deicheamh.
 Rian-deicheamhach.
 Faisbean-dhealbh; taisbeanau.
 Lin-thomhas.
 Chaidh e air amas.
 Tháinig e air amas.
 Na feartan is soilleire.
 Dith-chuid.
 Dealbh-bhuil.
 Comh-bhuil.
 Buileach.
 Dúil; tús-rud.
 Tús-colas.
 Tús-dhealbhadaireachd.
 (Clon-thomhas; tomhas a' chlaoin.
 Spuaín-chruth; -chumadh.
 Eadar-uidhe
 Faisge.
 Inneal(as).
 Innealair; inneal-thionnsgnair.
 Seól innealach.
 Inneal-aithris.
 Inneal-iúl.
 Inneal-ealain.
 Inneal-thriall.
 Tomhas.
 Clár-thomhas.
 Meall-thomhas.
 Meatron.
 Rian meatronach.
 Dúth-mheud.
 Líon; nuimhir.
 An líonmhoire.
 Geug-line.
 Ionad; áite.
 'Na dhúth-ionad.
 Coimeas-ionad.
 Gu feum.
 Roimh-ghnáths.
 Bun-riaghailt.
 Air chóir.
 Ath-leus; ath-sholus.
 Ath-choltas.

NEW TERMS—*continued.*

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

Coimeas.
 Cuairt.
 Uas-mheud; uasas.
 Ios-mheud; iosas.
 Cumadh; cumadail; gealbhach.
 Cumadair.
 Sgiobalta; cuimir; réidh.
 Fuasgladh (ceist no cúis).
 Máthair-sholuis.
 Dearcadair; amhaircair.
 Gnath-thomhas.
 Stad-áite.
 Stad-dhad.
 Còrr-chuid.
 Rian-leantainn.
 Leantainn mi-rianail.
 Tamull; eadar-uidhe.
 Lámhe na feuchainn.
 Snaasach.
 Neo-réidh; mi-réidh.
 Comh-chumadail.
 Comh-leathainn; -ieudach.
 Comh-fhada, &c.
 Fad-uireadan.
 C'ár-uireadan.
 Meall-uireadan.
 Fhluhan.
 Tomad(as).
 Fo aon chumadh.
 Saoi an dealbhadh.
 Lin-mhaise.
 Li-mhaise.
 Cruth-mhaise.
 Comh-mhaise.
 Air sealbh.
 An comh-shealbh; comh-shealbhach.
 Mar aon ri.
 Mar is follas.
 Teasg.
 De sin.
 Cead-rádh.

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

Cuir còir-line eadar A agus B.

Cuir line thar dad A.

Axiom.

Bun-rádh.

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

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

Tairgse-radh.
 Triall-dearbhadh.
 Triall-taisbeanaidh.
 Comh-fhirinn.
 Saoiltinneas.
 Buil-rádh; -aobhar.
 Baith-bhuil.
 Còir-thaisbeanadh.
 Fiar-thaisbeanadh.
 Iar-lionadh; foirlionadh.
 Comh-chumadh.
 Garbh-fhògradh.
 Meanbh-fhògradh.
 Gnìomh-sheòladh.
 Triall-dearbhadh.
 Eu-céillidh.

TAIRGSE-RADH EUCLID, V.

(Pons asinorum).

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

Abramaid gur triothan lànain an triothan A B C agus gur comh-fhada na sliosain A B is A C. Sin na linteain A B is A C mar dli' fhoghuas gu D is E.

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

NEW TERMS—continued.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Comh-fhirinn. Leis an sin tuigear gur comh-fharsuing trì choinnidhean trìothain chomh-shliosach.

NA GILLEAN GLEUSDA.

GLEUS G. SEIS.

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

Hó na gillean, hé na gillean; Hó na gillean

FINE.

gleus - da; Hó na gillean, hé na gillean.

RANN.

D.C.

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

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

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

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

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

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

'S iad aontachd agus dilce
A thug à tìrean céin iad.

Iad seasmhach mar bu dual daibh
Ri gualainnean a chéile.

'S gur suairec, seirceil, truasaill iad
'S an uair is motha feum air.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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GLEUS F. RANN. 8:

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

An uair a dh'fhàg sin Goblruidh, Bha fonn air na cail - eag - an,

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

Gach té dhiubh toirt a làmh dhuinn An àm bhí fàzail beannachd leinn.

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

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

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

tùrsach An rùt a thug a' chailleag dhomh; Hil ù hó ro hù o.

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

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

Nuair tàinig sinne Vérdun,
Cha b'èibhinn an sealladh e;
Na peileirean mu'n cuairt dinn
Mar fhras bho thuath, 's clach-mheallain ann.

Bha oifhichear, 's e gleusda,
Gu h-àrd ag cubh adbhansadh ruinn;
'S gun Ghaidheal ach mi fèin ann
Measg tréibh de bhalaich Ghlasacho.

Nuair chuir sinn dòigh air béigneid,
Cha 'n fheumadh tu bhí cadalach
A'dol an coinnibh Ghéirnean,
No 's e thu fèin a chailleadh air.

'S e dol air aghaidh b' éiginn:
Bha 'n bàs a'd dhéidh mur rachadh tu;
'S air dhómhsa bhí 'gam gbéardach
Chaidh té dhiubh 'n sàs 'nam achalais.

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

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

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

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

SEUMAS MAC COINNICH.
A bha'n Unapoll, Assaint.



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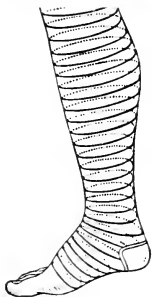
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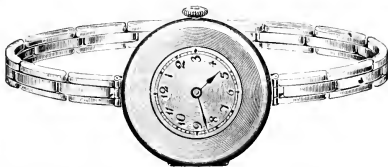
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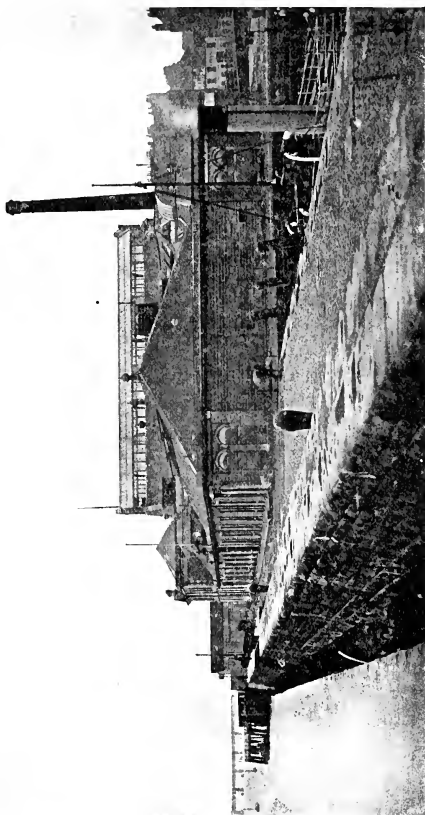
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