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PAIPEIR-NAIDHEACHD

AGUS

LEABHAR-SGEOIL GAIDHEALACH.

AN COIGEAMH LEABHAR.

(AIREAMH 49 GU 60.)

vol. 5
1876

“Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.”—OISEAN.

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G A I D H E A L.

“*Mar ghabh soluis do m’ anam fein
 Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh’ fhalbh.*”—OISEAN.

V. LEABH.] TREAS MIOS A’ GHEAMHRAIDH, 1876. [49 AIR.

LITREACHAS NAN GAIDHEAL.

I. NA LAOIDHEAN.

CHA’N fhiosrach mi gun d’thugadh fathasd oidhearp ’n ar canain fein air cunntas a thoirt seachad mu Litreachas nan Gaidheal an Albainn. Ged nach ’eil aireamh nan Ughdar a ghleidh seanachas air chuimhne ’n ar measg ro lionmhor, agus ged nach ’eil saothair nan Ughdar an comhnuidh ionmholta, tha mi meas gur airidh am bannal so air an Eachdraidh innseadh ’n an cainnt fein. Cha’n ’eil an tùrn air aon chor soirbh a dheanamh. Is ann ’s a’ Bheurla a rinneadh na chaidh a dheanadh ’s an rathad so; agus eadhon anns a’ Bheurla cha ’n ’eil cunntas coimhionta againn mu Litreachas ar Sluaigh. Cha’n e mo rùn an t-àite falamh a lionadh. Ma thig aon air aghaidh a ghabhas os laimh an obair so a thoirt gu crìch shoirbheachail, bhithinn taing-eil na ’m faigheadh e anns na leanas cuideachadh ’n a shaothair; agus chuirinn an cuimhne mo Luchd-duthcha an Sean-fhocal fìor: “Is trian obair toiseachadh.” Toisich-garnaid, ma ta, leis na LAOIDHEAN.

Tha mi ’n dochas gu’n gleidh an Leughadair air chuimhne nach e mo rùn a bhli toirt breth air a’ ghnè theagaisg a gheibhear ann an Laoidhean no, mar theirear, Dàin spioradail ar Duthcha. Co-dhiu tha ’n teagasg fallain no mi-fhallain; co-dhiu ghabhas na beachdan a tha air

an toirt far comhair anns na Dàin so cothromachadh ris na Sgrìobturaibh Naomha, ri Aidmheil a’ Chreidimh, ri Leabhar Aithghearr nan Ceist, no nach gabh; cha ’n e so an t-àm no ’n t-àite gu bhli fiosrachadh. Air tìrn iomchuidh agus ann an àite freagarrach, is e dleasdanas gach neach againn a bhli “ullamh chum freagradh a thoirt do gach uile dhuine dh’ iarras oirn reusan an dochais a ta annainn”; agus cha nach ’eil teagamh agam nach biodh Ughdair nan Dàn so ullamh gu leoir a dhion am beachdan fein; ach cha ’n ’eil mi meas gu’n d’thainig fathasd an t-àm, no gur e so an t-àite, airson a bhli ’g an ceasnachadh anns an rathad so.

A ris, ge b’e air bith mo bharail mu thimchioll Bardachd ar Laoidhean, agus mu thimchioll nam buaidhean a bhuineadh do Ughdair nan Laoidh, is ann le mor urram agus le mor mheas a bu mhaith leam luaidh a dheanamh air na daoine so, agus air an rùn leis an d’thug iad an smuaintean fa chomhair an t-Sluaigh. Cha’n e mo thoil, agus cha b’e mo chomain, a bhli labhairt suarach mu na sgrìobhaidhean so. Cha chuis fharmaid esan, saoilidh mi, a ni dimeas air Dàin a tha co-cheangailte ’n a inntinn ri cuimhne air dachaidh a chaidh ma sgaoil, cairdean sgapte’ feadh an t-saoghail, parantan ’s an t-siorruidheachd;—Dàin a neartaich gu tric creidimh ’s a ruaig eu-dochas Aithrichean ri àm trioblaid ’us amhghair, ’s a chuidich

solus, fann feudaidh e bhi, a thilg-eadh air an t-slighe dhuaiemidh sin a tha suibhal trid "gleann dorcha sgail a' bhàis"; ged, ma dh' fhaodte, an uair a chuireas e gloine-ambaire a' Sgrudaire ri shuil, a shaoileas e gu bheil smuain nan Dàn air nairean lag, 's gu bheil an rann air nairean mearachdach.

'S e mo rùn, an traths, a bhi 'g amharc air na Laoidhean mar Bhardachd agus air an Ughdair mar Bhaire, agus cha'n ann aon chuid mar theagasg no mar eisempleir; a bhi feuchainn ri shonrachadh ciod an t-àite a bhuineas do Laoidhean na Gaidhealtachd agus d'an Ughdair am measg Bardachd agus Baird nan Gaidheal; agus a bhi cur mo bharail fein gu saor, agus cho soilleir 's is aithne dhomh, fa chomhair an Leughadair.

Tha e air aithris gu tric mar ni iongantach, ged nach 'eil dream am Breatunn no, ma dh' fhaodte, 's an Roinn-Eorpa cho crabhach ri Gaidheil na h-Alba agus cho toigheach air ceol riu, gidheadh nach 'eil an Laoidhean ach gann ann an aireamh agus anmhunn ann an cumhachd. A' bheil an radh so uile gu leir fìor? Cha tig e dhuinne bhi 'g aicheadh gu bheil na Gaidheil crabhach, agus tha fios againn gu bheil iad ceolmhor; ach cha 'n eil mi cho dearbhta gu bheil ar Dàn Spioradail aon chuid cho gann no cho anmhunn 's a theirear gu tric a tha iad. Ach 'n a dheigh so uile is e mo bheachd nach 'eil ar Laoidhean cho lionmhor ann an aireamh agus gu sonruichte nach 'eil iad cho urramach ann am buaidh, 's a dh'earbamaid á crabhadh 's á ceol nan Gaidheil. Feudar aobhar no dhà fhaotainn airson gainne agus gu sonruichte airson laige nan Laoidhean Gaidhealach.

Chinnidh sinn air uairean nach 'eil an creidimh Protestanach, mar

theirear, agus gu h-àraid a' mheur de'n chreidimh sin a tha sinne 'g aideachadh, fabharach airson eiridinn spiorad na Bardachd am measg an t-Sluaigh. Theirear gu minic ged nach 'eil na's fearr na Leabhar Aithghearr nan Ceist airson cuimhne gheurachadh 's inntinn a neartachadh gu bhi giulan eolas spioradail air a dheagh chur an ordugh, gu bheil an t-iunnsachadh so a tha neartachadh comas reusonachaidh na h-inntinn a' claidh nam buaidhean a tha feumail do'n Bhàrd. Cha 'n 'eil mi meas gu bheil mòran firinn 's a' bheachd so; agus ged blitheadh tuillidh coire ri chur air an Leabhar uramach so na shaoileas mi a thoilleas e, cha'n ann air Gaidhealtachd ach air Galdachd na h-Alba a bu choir dol a shireadh toradh teagaisg Leabhar nan Ceist. Tha mi meas gu'm bitheadh e na b'usa a dhearbhadh o Eachdraidh na h-Eorpa gur e 'n t-atharrach tha fìor. Is ann, tha mi meas, anns na rioghachdan Protestanach is mo a gheibhear de Bhardachd, agus gu sonruichte de Bhardachd Spioradail. Ann am Breatunn 's e gun teagamh *Milton* is airde buaidhean, is farsuinge eolas, 's is doimhne faireachduin d'ar Baird Spioradail. Rugadh 'us thogadh 'us chaith esan a' bheatha am measg an aon dream a bha riamh an Samunn a bu choltaiche 'n an aidmheil 's 'n an caithe-beatha spioradail ri Gaidheil Phrotestanach na h-Alba.

Ach tha aobhar eile ann a tha mi meas is cudthromaiche gu sonruichte air son laigead nan Laoidhean Gaidhealach, agus 's e sin am beachd a th'aig na Gaidheil agus aig na Baird fein, anns na linnibh deireannach so co-dhiu, air oifig no dreuchd a' Bhaire.

Tha fios aig gach neach a rinn a' bheag no mhòr de rannsachadh mu thimchioll eachdraidh na Gaidhealtachd, ged tha moran de'n eachd-

raidh sin 's an dorcha oirnn, gu'n robh na Baird o shean ann an inbhe àrd am measg an t-sluaigh. Bha àite urramach aig a' Bhard am measg mhaithean na rioghachd, cha'n ann a mhain air son nam feartan Bardail a bhuineadh dha, ach air son a ghliocais, fhoghlaim, 's a ghluasaid. Bu dreuchd a' Bhardachd ris an amhairceadh an t-oganach Gaidhealach air aghaidh mar dhreuchd air son am b' fhiach a bhi stri, cia air bith cho urramach a staid no cho ard a' bhuaidhean. Cha 'n 'eil neach nar measg-ne a nis a choimeasar ann an cumhachd ris a' Bhard anns "na linnibh a dh' aon." Fear-teagaisg anns an t-seadh a b' airde, fear-eachdraidh, comhairliche, breitheamh;—bha gach dreuchd dhiu so co-cheangailte ri dreuchd a' Bhaird. Cha robh e farasda an t-ainm a bhuannachd. Dh' fheumadh an t-oganach leis am bu mhiann an t-urram a chosnadh dearbhadh a thoirt air na feartan inntinn a tha freagarrach do'n dreuchd, agus, dh' fheumadh e na buaidhean so a ghiullachd 's a neartachadh le iunn-sachadh dian a bha leantuinn roimh mhòran bhliadhnachan. Do bhrìgh 's gu'n robh, mar gum b'eadh, eanachainn na rioghachd gu leir 's an dreuchd, 's gu'n robh an sluagh o là gu là 'n am fianuisean air comasan gach ball de'n dreuchd, feudar fhaicinn gu soilleir gur ann le cumhachd, stri, 'us faicill a ghleidht e' aite-toisich am measg nam Bard. Bha 'm Bard a lathair aig gach cruinneachadh, a' dól a mach 's a steach o là gu là am measg uaislean 'us mhaith-eàn na rioghachd. An comhnuidh aig cuirt an rìgh, bha 'inntinn air a fosgladh 's air a neartachadh le bhi coinneachadh dhaoine urramach o rioghachdan eile. An comhnuidh an cuideachd an airm, bu duine am Bard, a reir a latha, "a chunnaic mòran dhaoine 's mòran bhailtean."

Ach an uair a bhriseadh aonachd na Gaidhealtachd, 's a dh'fhàs gach Ceann-cinnidh na Rìgh thairis air na b'urrainn dha cheannsachadh, dh' islicheadh gu mor fìor chumhachd nam Bard. Cha do lughdaich an aireamh, oir bha nis Bard a' leantuinn gach Ceann-cinnidh, ach dh' islich am measg mar dhreuchd. Cha bu rioghachd ach cinneadh am measg a robh urram a nis ri fhaotainn. Gu h-ìosal an diugh 's an uachdar a maireach, bha 'n Ceann-cinnidh a ghnath 'n a namhaid d'a choimhearsnach, 's bha 'm Bard 'n a namhaid do Bhard namhaid a Chinn-cinnidh. An aite a bhi seirm cliù na gaisge, an treuntais, 's nan deadh-bheus, ge b'e àite am faighteadh iad, b'e nis fìor-dhleasdanas a' Bhaird a bhi moladh a Cheann-cinnidh 's a chairdean, 's a' di-moladh gach neach eile fo'n ghrèin. Agus an lorg so, gheibhear a nis gu minic an àite nam buaidhean àrd, na h-inntinn fhar-suing 's a ghiùlain uasail, crìontachd, cuingeachd, brosgul.

Thainig gun teagamh am anns an d'eirich mòran de na fineachan Gaidhealach mar aon duine a sheas-am còir nan Stiubhartach, anns an do leig iad dhiu, rè tamuill, an naimhdeas do chach a chèile, agus gheibh sinn 's an àm so a' Bhardachd a' togail a cinn. Ach ma gheibh, 's ann le sgàil na gloire chaidh seachad a dh' eirich na Baird. Leugh thairis saothair an dithis is ainmeile a sheinn 's an àm so—Mac Mhaighstir Alastair agus Donnachadh Ban Mac-an-t-Saoir—agus chi thu an dealachadh mor a tha eadar an Orain-san agus a' Bhardachd a chaidh a ghiulan a nuas o chéin air meodhair an t-sluaigh, 's a tha nis air a h-ainmeachadh air Oisean. Gheibh thu ann an Oisean inntinn mhòr, fharsuing, ag amharc os cionn fuath 'us farmad 'us mì-rùn an t-saoghail, ag eirigh gu buadh-mhor os cionn gach ni beag

agus faoin, 's 'g a ceangal fein ri gaire 's ri luach, co-dhin a gheibhear iad an measg chairdean no mainbdean. Fìor fhear-teagaisg cha 'n ann a bhain d'a dhream 's d'a linn fein, ach do'n t-saoghal gu ruing a chrìoch. Mac rìgh gun teagamh—ach mac a choisinn dhà fein còir nach aich'ear air rìgh-chathair na's mramnaiche na bhannaichdeadh an fhuil is gloine 's am feachd is cumhachdaiche 's an Roinn-Eorpa dha. Fìor Bhard a dh' amhaire le sùil gheur 's a ghlac le greim teann laghannan a chruthachaidh mu'n cuairt d'a, 'us nadur an duine an taobh a stigh dheth; a sheall air ais agus air thoiseach air, mu'n cuairt d'a 'us os a chionn, 's a shleuchd anam le h-ìoghnadh 'us le h-namhas an lathair nan cumhachdan a bha do-thuigsinn dha-san;—Bard a' fhuair urram uapa-san d'an deanadh rìghrean umhlachd, 's a th'air a b'ughadh anns gach cearn de'n Roinn-Eorpa ach an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba a mhain.

Ma thiumndas tu o'n Bhardachd so gus a' Bhardachd Ghaidhealach, mar gheibhear i ann an "Sàr obair nam Bard Gaidhealach," agus, ann an tomhas mor, ann an cruinneachadh an Rìdìre Mhic-Griogair, Deadhan Lis-mhòir, mar theirear gu cumanta rìs, saoilidh tu gu bheil thu ann an saoghal eile. Cha 'n fhaigh ni doigh air an dealachadh a chur an ceill na's fearr na radh gu bheil Oisean mor, agus gu bheil na Baird eile beag. 'S e steigh Oisean cliù, cliù, 'us còir a' Shluaigh; 's e steigh nam Bard eile, anns a' chuid is mò, an cliù 's an còir, 's an cliù fein, no co-dhiu an cairdean 's am fine fein. Gheibh sinn air gach taobh-duilleig de Oisein morachd, creadhnachas, 'us oirdhearcas cho maith ri maise; ann an saothair nam Bard eile gheibhear maise gu tric, ach gheibhear ceart cho tric fuath 'us farmad, agus na's trice crìontachd 'us beag-

adas. A chum ar n-eolas ar inntinn an duine a mhendachadh, tha 'n obair buannachdail; ach a chum teagaisg is eigin aideachadh gu bheil beatha agus saothair a mhor chuid diu na's feumaile airson rabhaidh na tha iad airson eisempleir. An aite bhì "chum dìoghaltais do luchd deanamh an uile, ach a chum cliù a' choibhsan a ni maith," nach faighear moran d'ar Baird 'n an gràisg chunnartach le teangadhs-gallaiseach,—'n am madaidh thabhannach air am feumadh daoine còire cnaimh a thilgeadh mu'n siubhladh i a' rathad-mor an t-saoghail le sàiltean slàn. Cha b'iongantach, ma ta, ged shealladh an Eaglais le sùil chlaon, amhurusach air an leithidibh so de dhaoine, 's ged thigeadh na Baird fein gu bhì creidsinn gu'n robh iadsan neo-airidh air laoidh mholaidh a sheinn.

'S i mo bharail gu'n robh am beachd tha againn o chionn moran bhliadhnachan 's a' Ghaidhealtachd air dleasdanas luchd-aideachaidh a cuideachadh na Baird a chumail a mach a' fion-lios nan Laoidh. Cha'n 'eil aon 'n ar measg aig nach eil fios gu soilleir gu bheil na Gaidheil, 'n ar latha-ne co-dhiu, moran na's curamaiche na na Goill gu bhì cumail an dleasdanas spioradail tur-dhealaichte o'n dleasdanas 's an toiliuntinnean aimsireil; agus gu bheil ar ag airte bho luchd-aideachaidh 's an Airde-tuath gluasad moran na's faicilleche na thàtar 's an Airde-deas. Cha tig e dhomhsa dol a thoirt breth co tha ceart no co tha cearr, no, mar bu choir a radh, co is ceirte de'n dhà; ach cha'n 'eil neach a' chomhnuidh 's an dà àite nach 'eil làn-fhiosrach gu bheil a' chuis mar se.

A thuillidh air so, agus ma dh' fhaodte do bhrìgh so, bha cleachd-uin Ughdair nan Laoidh a' cumail nam Bard air an ais o bhì seinn

Dhàn Spioradail. Mur deanadh Fear-nan-oran Laoidh cha deanadh Fear-nan-laoidh Oran. Chaidh mar so an caolas a tha dealachadh fearann nan Oran agus fearann nan Laoidh a leudachadh 's a dhoimhneachadh leis an luchd-aiteachaidh o'n dà thaobh. Cha'n fhaighear, do bhrìgh so, 's a' Ghaidhlig, mar a gheibhear 's a' Bheurla 's ann an Canainean eile na Roinn-Eorpa, Laoidhean cho binn 's cho miaghail 's a tha air an seinn, air an cur ri cheile leis na Baird. Tha na h-aobhair so, saoilidh mi, làn-chumhachdach air son ar Laoidhean a bhì na's gainne agus gu sonruichte na's laige na dh' earb-adh coigreach á crabhadh 's á ceol nan Gaidheal.

Ach tha 'n t-àm a bhì 'g amharc air na Dàin fein; is mithich an tìr a rannsachadh, 's a lomnochd fhaicinn ma's e 's gur ann lomnochd a tha i.

Anns na Laoidhean Gaidhealach, chithear dealachadh mor ann an cumhachd Bardachd, 's ann am fo-lhlum 's an inbhe nan Ughdar. Am measg Ughdar nan Dàn so gheibhear am bochd 's am beairt-each, an t-àrd 's an t-ìosal, an sean 's an t-òg; an t-eolach 's an t-aineolach, an deoraidh 's an gaisgeach, agus, nach feud mi radh, an Bard 's am Burraidh. Gheibhear a' bhantrach do nach aithne a Biobull a leughadh, 'n a bothan falamb, a' taomadh a mach a gearain ann an rann, a' tilgeadh a h-uallaich Airsan a gheall a bhì 'n a Athair d'a dilleachdain, 's a briseadh a mach le buaidh-chaitheam an sealladh tonnan buaireasach Iordain a' bhàis; gheibhear an Diadhair cho àrd buaidhean 's cho farsuing eolas 's a chunnacas de'n fhuil Ghaidhealaich 'n ar latha-ne, a' caoidh nan Laoch treun nach maireann, 's a' cur earail, achmhasan, 'us aobhar-dochais fa chomhair a cho-phéacaich ann an Dàn.

Tha triuir nithean gu sonruichte, a reir mò bheachd, anns a' bheil Bardachd Spioradail na Gaidhealtachd easbhuidheach. Aon diu so dh' ainmich mi cheana, agus 's e sin nach do sheinn ar Baird is ainmeile Laoidhean. Is gann a gheibhear anns a' Bheurla Bard ainmeil nach do chuir ri cheile a bheag no mhòr de Laoidhean. Tha fios aig gach neach gu'n robh cuid de na Dàin Spioradail cho miaghail 's a th' againn anns a' Bheurla air an deanamh le *Scott*, *Addison* agus eadhon le *Byron*. Ach anns a' Ghaidhealtachd cha'n fhaighear Bard fìor ainmeil a sheinn Dàn spioradail a mach o na Baird Spioradail fein.

Aris cha'n fhaighear am Bardachd Spioradail na Gaidhealtachd Dàn mòr no *Epic*, mar theirear 's a' Bheurla. Gheibhear gun teagamh Laoidhean a tha glè fhada mar tha "Latha Bhreathanais" Dhughail Buchanan agus aon no dha de Laoidhean an Ollamh Dhomhnall-ach; ach ged a fhreagrachd an steigh a roghnaich Dughall Buchanan air son a leithid so de Dhàn, agus ged is ionmholtair air gach doigh a dh'òibrich Dughall a mach a rùn fein, cha'n abair neach gu bheil an Laoidh urramach so a lionadh an àite tha fathasd falamb 'n ar Bardachd Spioradail. A mach o Oisean cha'n 'eil *Epic* 's a' Ghaidhlig idir againn; agus tha e comharraichte mu thimchioil na Bardachd sin, cho beag 's a tha d'a fìor chumhachd an crochadh ri saoghal nan Spiorad. Ma sheallas sinn a stigh anns a' Bhardachd is glòirmhoire a chuala an Saoghal riamh, chì sinn gu bheil i ann an tomas mor 'n a Bardachd Spioradail. Sgrùd a mach á Daibhidh, á *Homer*, á *Virgil*, 's á *Milton* oibreachadh nan cumhachdan a tha riaghladh 's an t-saoghal neo-fhaicsinneach agus cha mhòr is fiach na theid fhagail; ach ged bheir thu

air falbh a Bardachd Oisein na tha 'n crochadh ri oibreachadh nan dè cha bhì air aon chor a' chuis mar so. Tha gun teagamh Oisean a feoraich mu thimchioll nan ceistean cudthromach a tha cnairteachadh beatha an duine 'n so 'bhos; ach is ann le lamh chritheach a thae tarruing a thaobh a' bhrat tha comhdachadh na dìomhaireachd so, is an le sùil fo sgleò tha e sealltuinn roimh 'n tiugh dhorchadas a tha mu'n cuairt d'a:—

Cia as tha sruthan na bha ann?
O'uin' a thaomas an t-am 'tha 'falbh?
Cath-Loduinn, Duan iii. 1-2.

"Tha astar nan taibhs' air neòil,"
Thuir Conall 'bu mhor ciall,
"Air gaoith chithear suinn nach beò;
Tha 'n tuineadh 'an còs nan sliabh;
'N am fios bi'dh an sanas ri 'cheile,
'S an labhairt mu bhàs nam fear."
Fionnaghal, Duan ii. 89-94.

Ach ged is ait leinn gu'n robh na smuaintean soluimte so a lionadh inntinn prìomh-Bhard ar duthcha mar a lion iad inntinn gach fìor Bhard toiseach an t-saoghail, cha'n urrainn duinn a radh gur Bard Spioradail Oisean. Cha'n eil "cìod a bha sinn" no "cìod a bhitheas sinn," "cia às" no "c'àite"—ar tùs no air triall—a' dearbhadh cìod is coir dhuinn a dheanamh:—

"Lean-sa cliu na dh' aom a chaidh,
Mar d' aithraichean bi-sa fein;
* * * * *

'N an oige bhuaill iad am blàr
An duanaibh 'nam Bàrd tha 'n cliù"
Fionnaghal, Duan iii., 430-435.

'S e so an comhnuidh am prìomh-aobhar gu deadh dheanadas.

Tha aon ni eile 'tha mi 'g iunn-drain a' Laoidhean na Gaidhealtachd, agus 's e sin, nach eil a bheag dhiu, ma tha aon idir ann, a ni greim air inntinn cheolmhor le fìor-mhaise agus le ceolmhoireachd na roinne. Tha gun teagamh cuid d'ar Laoidhean binn, ach cha'n 'eil e 'm chom-

as aon ainmeachadh a thig a nios ann a fìor mhìlseachd ciuil ri moran de na h-Orain a chluinnear anns na h-Eileanan an Iar. Cha'n aidich mi idir gur e mo chridhe cealgach is coireach gur e so mo bheachd; oir tha mi meas gu'n aontaicheadh na Baird Spioradail fein leam anns a' chuis. Cha'n eil neach a shiubhlas an t-Eilean Sgiathanach no Eileanan Mhuile 's Thirithe 's na cearnan sin, 's a chi an oigrìdh cruinn aig banais no aig feill, 's a chumas a chluas fosgailte, nach cluinn Orain, gun fhios co'n Ughdair, anns a' bheil barrachd ciuil na 's urrainn domhsa fhaotainn anns an aon is binne d'ar Laoidhean. Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach bi maise na nighinn duinn a sheinneas an t-Orain a' cuideachadh ceol na duanaig 'us toilintinn an luchd-eisdeachd a mheudachadh; ach as eugmhais a chul-taice thaitneach so, tha e fathasd fìor nach tig ar Laoidhean a nios r'ar n-Orain anns a' cheum so. Feudaidh e bhì gur ann leis an oigrìdh is mo tha de na duanagan so air an deanamh (oir co nach d' fheuch ri duanag a dheanamh mu'n robh e fichead bliadhna a dh'aois); agus gur ann leis an aosda is mo tha de na Laoidhean air an deanamh, agus tha fios gur i n-oige is ceolmhoire: ach cia air bith an t-aobhar tha chuis mar so. Cluinn mar a their an t-òganach ris a' mhaighdinn a tha car moiteil ri bhriodal:—

"A nionag a' chuil duinn neach fan thu,
'S fios 's an tìr gur mi do leannan,"

agus faigh ann an Laoidh aobhar 'n a àite fein cho freagarrach agus fonn cho ceolmhor.
D. M.K.

RANN DO CHOMUNN NAM FIOR
GHAIDHEAL.

'AN Inbhear Lochaidh nam mhòr,
Chunncas an t-Ùr-Ghaisreach cruinn ;
Thaisbean iad an liù bu bheus :
Sud an sgéul a b' éibhinn leinn,
B'ìoma Ceann-Tighe's Fear feachd,
B'ìoma Gaisgeach meannach mòr,
B'ìoma Flath agus Triath sluaigh,
A thuinich 'n Stuaigh nan còrn.
Gaidheil, an Comunn gun fheall,
Lan uidhea u Ghaidheal m'an Dream ;
Ghléusadh sud teanga gu fonn,
N'am b'èolach air dheilbh nan rann.

Sealladh cha'n fhacas air blàr
A dh'ardaicheadh cùil do chléibh,
Mar thriall nan Cath-Laoch nach clith,
An earradh an sinnsridh féin.
Boineid ghorm, an t-éideadh cinn,
Ite rionnach nan dos trom,
Air iom'chrith 'n a babaibh grunn,
Thair ùrlainn mheachair nan sonn.
Trast mu ghuailibh gach fir thréin,
Féileadh ball-bhrec nan céud cuach,
Mar bhogha frois ann 's a'n Spéur,
'S grian ag éiridh air fear-chluain.
Lann chosgruidh 's 'an truail air bhoinn,
Lointreach le h-airgiod 's le h-òr ;
Mar bheithir dhealain 'n a suain,
Mu'n duisg a bhruidhean 's na neòil !
Fuaighte ri feileadh nam pleat,
Tha sporan iallach a' bhrùic ;
'S tric a dhioladh as do'n bhochd,
Bho làmh phailt, le gnùis gun stuir.
Geal us Coreur a comh-ghleachd
'San Osan ghearr, beairt nan cos ;
Bròg bhileach dhubb bu ghrinn snas
M'an troidh nach dean féur a lot.
Ingeal nan srann-dhos a seinn
Caismeachd a b'ard-ghloireach pong,
Pronnduil lùth'or nam mean roinn,
'Chur aigneadh air ghoil gu glonn.

A' tuil-dhortadh as gach taobh,
Faicibh Uaislean nan Saor Chlann !
Sud coille nam mìle miagh
Nach d'aitreabh a' chrionach cham.
Dòmhnullaich rioghail nan sròl ;
Stiùbhartach da'n còirbheith Buaidh ;
Clann-Cham'roin 'an stréup nan arm
Cho teann ris an aibhinn chruaidh ;
Lachannaich chlis nan gléus dlùth ;
Leodaich nam béum drùidhte trom ;
Leathainich bu luaithe lamh
'An boile-chath gear nan sonn :
Granntaich is tric a fhuair cis,
Sliochd nan milidh bho thaobh Spéith ;
Clann-Choinnich bu phronntach àr
'Nuair dh' éireadh àrd Cròc an Fhéidh :

Ionmhuinnich euchdach bho'n t-Srath :
Sliochd Mhic Rath Dhuibh bu gheal
gniomh ;

Aitinn Ghriogair nan colg cruaidh,
Romh bhorb-shluagh nach gabhadh sniomh ;
Sìol Diarmaid nam faobhar nochd,
A mharbh an Torc 'an Gleann-Sith ;
Fraisealaich bhras bho'n Taobh-Tuath,
A dhruin-leanadh ruaig 's a'n strith ;
Clann t-Sola bho'n Apuinn ghuirm ;
Siosalaich nach fuilgeadh tàir ;
Sliochd an Toisich * bu mhor luaidh
Fo Chalum iol-bhuadhach àigh.
Ceann-Suidhe Comuinn gun mheang,
Mac-Oighre Rìgh Innse-Gall,
Ard-Flath an t-Slèigh ud Sìol Chuinn,
Alastair usal nan Gleann.

Tha 'n caidreamh Comuinn nam buadh,
Gach Subhaile luach'or bu chòir,
Firinn mhor-aigheach nach strìochd
Air mhuillein do mhiltibh òir.
Dearbhaidh na Feumaich am bàigh
Mar Ghreìn àigh 's a cheitein chiùin,
Madainn òg a' sìleadh bhraon,
'S Gach raon a' dealradh fo dhriuchd.
Eaglach do'n Bhiubhaidh tha'n gruaim,
Mar chaonnaig uaimhrich nan Spéur
Braghadaich an toruinn chruaidh
'Cur luasgain fo'n chruinne-ché !

'S ni nach iongnadh gloir mo dhàin ;
'S dualchuis do'n bhàrr gnàths an t-sil ;
A freumhaich abhail nan seud
Cha bhrisd Geug á Crithinn chrìn.
Bho gharg leoghunn nan tosg fiar,
'Choidhch cha shiolaich am meann tais,
'S cha bheir làir pheallach a' chléibh
Cruith-each àluinn nan leum bran.
Rannsuichear gach sgeul bho shean :
Bha'n deagh Ghaidheal riann gun chron,
An Fhionain dhearc-thoireach ghlan,
Do'n aon-bhrìgh bho bhàrr gu bun.
Sliochd Chuchulainn, Chaoilt', us Fhinn,
Oscair, us Oisein, us Ghuill,
'S Rìgh nan ceud cath gam b'ainm Conn ;
'S cian a bhios luaidh air na suitn.

Ge b'ard na Roimhich 'an Gléus,
'S a' Mhagh-thìr gu leir fo'n ceann ;
Thug Saorsa buaidh ann 's a' strith,
'S ghlèidh i dhì féin Tìr nam Beann.
Cha shnaoidh an Gàidheal an teinn ;
Treuntas a dhaingneach, 's cha'n fhoill ;

* The Progenitor of this valiant Clan was Shaw, who obtained an extensive property in Moray, for his active services in suppressing a Rebellion that had broken out in that County. He was a son of Duncan Thane of Fife, and flourished in the reign of Malcolm IV., about the middle of the Twelfth Century. Toiseach signifies General.

Cha mhàin am fìor-Ghaisgeach tàir,
 'S annsa leis am Bas na 'Chuing.
 'S tric thag Lochlann ionnsuidh chliath
 Gu sìol Mhìli 'chuair fo suaig;
 Fhuair i 'n Albainn éug is uaigh,
 Seilbh is buan dìth gu la bhria.
 Na crìochan Eorpach gu leir,
 Imsuidh sgeul air Laoich nan Sliabh,
 Am buillsgein gach deannail chruaidh
 Mar chuireadh iad ruaig gu dian.
 'S mairionn an alladh 's gur cian,
 Fad 's a shiùbhlar fo'n us cuan,
 Bho'n Tìr 's am mosgail a' Ghrian,
 Gu 'tamh niar air chul nan stuadh.

'Stuir Napoleon am mor-chath,
 Aig Bruaich Niluis nan seachd sruth,
 Sheall e, 's 'intinn fo throm cheal,
 Air reang nam Fear bu chaoìn cruth.
 " 'S Gaidheil iad sud," os an sonn,
 " Gaisgich chluiteach nan Tuath-Bheann;
 Dearbhaidh torunn an Fear lann
 Mar chogadh Oscar us Fionn."
 B'fhìor a bhriathar.—Las am Blar;
 Thionnsguinn Spairn nam brocladh searbh:
 Dh'fhlas na Do-cheannsuich gun chliath;
 Cho-chaille iad an ni 's an t-ainm.

Fhuair iad ath-dhiachainn a chraidh
 Aig Bhatarlàidh † nan àr trom,
 Cho dluth 's ga'n robh mheatailt aigh
 Cho'n comhdach bho bharr gu bonn.
 Bhéuchd Leoghunn Bhreatann le sgairt.—
 " As oirbh, a Chuileinean graidh!
 Gheibh sibh thall ud sealg gu pailt,
 Glacuibh us casgruibh blur sath."
 Sin for an robh spòltadh truaigh!
 Lannan luatha 'bruanadh chnamb,
 Ciosaichean pronn, plod-fluìl ruadh
 A' dearg-dhath gach cluain do'n bhlar.
 'Leagh a meall cruadhach gu léir,
 Rouh mhaoin theinntidh nan Treun mòr,
 Amhuil baideal do ched ciar
 A sgapas a' ghrian mu nòin!
 'Na lorg sud, tha meas us agh
 Air Clann-Ghaidheal nan colg geur;
 Bidh clìt' gach linn air an gnìomh,
 Fhad 's a dh'ìathas Grian mu'n spéur.

Mìle beannachd, mìle buaidh
 Air Comunn Uaislean mo ruin:
 Cha shuisnich Breatann le fiamh
 'S sibhse mar dhian air a cùl.
 Thog Albainn a ceann le h-uail:
 Dh'fhuasgladh a' Ghailig á snuim;
 Tha coir gach saorsainn gu fetm
 Aig Slìochd Ghaidheal nam beus grinn.
 Thig Sonas, us Bliochd, us Maoin,
 Fialachd us Thus, Faoilt, us Baigh;
 Sgaoilidh 'n am mìtibh bhur sìol,
 Mar rainich nam fiadh-gheallan fas.

+ Waterloo.

Eiridh Gaisreadh Ghallan ùr
 A dhian Bhreatann mar mhùr prais;
 'S 'an Ifrinn loisgich nan pian
 Taisgear Fòlachd fo chiad glas.
 Bidh Eolus us creideamh fìor
 A' stiùradh nan gnìomh le beachd;
 'S tionnsgaidh an Aois Oir 'an sìth,
 Mar a dh'òrduich Rìgh nan feart.

'Thus' a las an aidhbheis chian
 Le saogh'aluibh 's le grianuibh ìil!
 Didinn Ban-Iompair' a Chuain,
 Gu la luain, mar chloich do shùl.
 Coisrig i deas agus tuath,
 Coisrig gach sluagh tha fo reachd;
 Am bolich nan deubhadh garg,
 Treoruich-sa' gu sealbh a Feachd.
 Deonuich d'ar Prionns' oirdheirc aigh,
 Saoghal aoibhinn 's gach ard bhuaidh;
 Deonuich sar-ghliocas a' chuir,
 Chum 's gu'n dearbh iad ìil do'd shluagh.
 Naomhaich ar lagh, gleidh ar coir,
 Gun cham-fhoirneart ga buin d'inn
 'S aig Morachd Bhreatann biodh barr
 Fo d'shaor-ghras, bho linn gu linn!

EOBHON MACLACHUINN,

Rùnaire Comuinn nam Fìor Ghaidheal.

'An Sean'-Bhaile Obair-readhain,
 La Samhn' ur, 1815.

—o—

DONULL-NAN-IALL.

GED nach robh mòran de 'n t-
 saoghal aig Dònnull-nan-iall bha e
 gu math sìcir 'n a dhòigh fhein.
 Bha e dìchiollach gun teagamh, ach
 a chionn nach robh a làmh ro ghrinn,
 snasmhar, cha robh a thighinn a stigh
 ro mhór. Chuireadh e breabainean,
 us sàltean, us ceireinean, air brògan
 mar nach b' olc; ach duine a bheir-
 eadh tomhas a choisè dha aon uair
 cha tugadh e dà uair dha e, air
 fheobhas 's g' an dùraigeachd e
 Dònnull air a chothrom.

Mar a thuirt mi, ma ta, cha robh
 tighinn-a-stigh Dhònuill ro mhór.
 Dìchiollach 's mar a bhà e cha robh
 a phàidheadh ris a' ghnòthuch ach
 éigneach. Bha a bhean stuama,
 caomhantach, ach bha e ionann's a'
 fairtleachadh oirre iomfhuasgladh a
 ghleidheadh dhaibh fhein le cheile
 agus dh' an trùir chloinne. Cha'n
 fhaodar àicheadh ge ta, mur biodh

Dònull cho trom air a' phìob 's air an òl nach biodh fuigheall us foghnadh aca. Ach bha e ag obair goirt, agus cha b' fhuilear dha 'rud beag' 'n a uaireannan a chumail spéirid 's na seann uilt. Is e sin beachd a bh' aige fhein co dhiubh. Ach bha an 'rud beag' ag cost trì sgillinnean Sasunnach a's t-seachdain da, agus cha bu bheag an cuideachadh a dhianadh sin ris a' mhuirichinn.

Am pàisde bu shine—Maireag, bha i nise mu dheich bliadhna dh' aois. Bha i 'n a caileig ro lurach, caoimhneil, ach bha i riamh anfhann, breòite. B'i àilleagan an tighe i, agus cha robh an dealachadh eadar i fhein 's a h-athair. Rachadh Màireag a h-uile latha do cheann eile an tighe far am biodh e ris a' ghriasachd a chumail cuideachdais ris, agus dh' fhanadh i fhios cuine comhla ris ag cnacas cho seanagarra ri seann duine. 'N a uaireannan thigeadh greis thinnis oirre, agus shineadh i i fhein air an ùrlar, agus bu bhuidhe leatha bhì 'sealltainn 'n a aodunn. Cha bhiodh i toilichte ach an uair a bhiodh i comhla ris, agus cha bu chualag an obair airsan fhad's a bhiodh i mu 'choinneamh.

Bha mìos us mìos a' dol seachad, 's bha Màireag uidh 'n uidh a' snaidheadh as. A gruaidhean a' dol an tainead 's an glaisead, 's a sùilean a' dol am miad 's am mairbh-ead, agus a casan ag call an lùis. Thàinig oirre mu dheireadh nach b' urrainn d'i urad 's dol do cheann eile an tighe gun taice; an sin rinn a h-athair àrd-leaba dh'i. Bhiodh i nise 's an leabaidh greis a' bruidhinn ris, agus greis ag amharc 'n a aodunn. Mar so bha an uine dol seachad, ach a dh-aindeoin a' ghaoil a bh' aig air Màireag agus air a theaghlach uile, cha do leig Dònull dh' e an t-òl 's an tombaca. Agus mar sin cha robh annas no àilleis aca, agus ciamar a bhitheadh; cha robh, aig Màireag

fhein ged a bha i cho beadrach ri ubhal òir aige. Bha tuilleadh 's a b' urrainn d' i mharachadh aig a mhnaoi ri dhianamh buntàta-gundad us cearban aodaich fhaighinn daibh gun tighinn air annas no àilleas.

Beag no mór g' an coisneadh Dònull dh' fheumteadh an aon suim a chur air leth gach Sathurna mu choinneamh an òil 's an tombaca, agus cho cinnteach 'us sin rachadh gach bonn annta dh'e. Bha Dònull làn chinnteach 'n a bheachd fhein mur fhaigheadh e an 'rud beag' nach rachadh aige air an obair a dhianamh—cha do smaoinich e riamh ciamar a bha a bhean ris a' ghnòthuch gun chupa tì—agus mur fhaigheadh e toth de 'n phìob an deaghaidh gach tràth bidh bha e an duil nach b' ion da bhì strìth ris an t-saoghal; air chor 's gu 'n robh na sgillinnean Sasunnach gu riaghailteach a' dol 's a' cheathra'-bhodach agus 's a' phìob. Na 'n tuiteadh do na timeannan a bhì na b' fhearr air uair, bu tricid Dònull an tigh-an-ribidh 's cha bu ghoinnid a spluacan e. Ach an uair a chuireadh e a làmh 'n a phòca 's a gheobhadh e a' chorra-pheighinn ri falach-fead innte, dh' fheumadh e àill air n-àill an stuaim a chleachdadh. Mar so bha beairtean 'g an cur an gnìomh bho sheachdain gu seachdain 's bho mhios gu mìos—Dònull 's an 'rud beag' 's a' phìob cho muirneach mu 'chéile 's a dh' fhaodadh iad, agus an lorg sin, a' mhuirichinn 'g an cuaradh fo éire na h-aimbeirt.

Bha Màireag a' dol an laigead 's an laigead. Cha b' urrainn d' i fios ciod è de 'n bhuntàta-gundad a ghabhail, agus na ghabhadh i dh' e is ann a bhiodh e tighinn 'n a h-aghaidh. Is gann a bha i ag iche na bha cumail na beatha innte.

“Mo ghaol beag i,” os a màthair madainn a bha 'sin, “cha bhì i beo

gun bhìadh. Is ann a tha na maoinnean boga buntàta sin a' toirt a' chridhe aiste. Ochoin mise, nach ann agam a bha beagan de na th' aig na h-naisean thair a' choir 's ag cur an domail."

"Tha mollaehd a' ruith na bochd-ainn co-dhù," osa Dònull le gribheig nach bu chleachdadh leis, 's e scallt-ainn air Màireig ag cur bhuaiepe a' bhìdh, 's a tuar ag innse tuilleadh s' a b' urrainn d'i a chur an céill. "Mollaehd aice" os esan a rithist, "mo phàisdein beadrach a' dol bàs leis an dubheireachd 's gach ni gu'n ailleas aig clann nan uaislean."

Rinn Dònull bho chian inntinn leagte ris a' ghriasachd, 's leis an aon shurdan a bhi aige leis a' mhinidh 's leis an éill bho mhoch gu dubh, cha robh gnothuch rìgh no righeachd ag cur iomagain air, air chor 's gu 'n robh socair-inntinn nach bu bheag aige. Bha e làn thoilichte leis a' bhuntàta-gun-dad, no le salunn na 'm biodh e ann, agus cha dianadh e tàrmas air bog no cruaidh a chuirteadh 'n a thairgse. Ach bu docha leis Màireag na ni fo 'n ghréin, agus a bhi 'g a faicinn ag cur cuil ris an rud a b' annasaich a b' urrainn da chur 'n a tairgse, thug e sniomh air a chridhe, 's cha bu ligha leis na tòiseachadh air monmhur an aghaidh a chrann-chuir. Ach 's an àm cha robh e faicinn gu'n robh dòigh aige air a' chuis a leasachadh.

"Nach urrainn dut dad idir is fhèarr na so fhaotainn do Mhàireig?" os esan ri mhnaoi, 's e ag cur bhuaithe a mhìodair nu'n robh e leth-bhuidheach.

"Cha'n eil dòigh air" os ise le h-osua. "Air cho saor 's g'an ceannaich mi, 's air cho caomhantach, grunn-dail, 's g'am beil mi, is gann is urrainn domh an éiginn bhochd so fhein a chur cruinn."

Dh' éirich Dònull bho 'n bhòrd 's

thug e ceann eile an tighe air 's chaidh e air seilbh na h-oibre. Thuit a chridhe gu tur. Cha do chuir e a' phìob air ghleus ann, theirig an tombaca dha an raoir, mar gu'm b'eadh. Bha aon pheighinn de dh-airgiod-odhar aige, agus chuir e roimhe, cho luath 's a chàireadh e na brògan, tombaca cheannach 's an tigh-òsda, air a dhol seachad a' dol dachaidh leotha. Ach cha do chuir e ach greim no dhà tra a dh' fhairich e Màireag ag glaodhaich air. Dh' éirich e g' a h-iarraidh agus thog e gu muirneach air a ghualainn i—b'i sin an ulaidh bu luachmhaire a bh' aige ris an t-saoghal, agus bu ghoirt a chridhe ag cuimhneachagh nach b' fhada gus am biodh "leac us uir eatarra." Chuir e 'n a sineadh 's an leabaidh làmh ris i agus thòisich e leis a' mhinidh. Chuir uireas us easlainte na caileige luasgan fo shocair-inntinn Dhonuill. Thoisich a smaointean car tiota air co-ghleachd amhuil 's ian an sàs fo cheis a' sgiathais ri aisnean a' chléibh an tí air teicheadh, iadsan 'n a chliabh-san a' bualadh ri daor-aisnean na h-éiginn.

Mu dheireadh chàirich e na brògan, agus le iotadh na pioba ghreas e air dhachaidh leotha. Air an rathad faicear buth-mhìlseinean, agus cuimhnichear air Màireig.

"Nach truagh nach b' urrainn duinn ruighinn air roinn de so dh'i," os esan ris fhein, "bu bhìadh 's bu leigheas e. Ach, o, nach gòrach mo cheann—tha sinn bochd! bochd! Cha ruig clann na dubh-bhochduinn a leas duil a bhi aca ri ailleas no annas de 'n t-seorsa so, cha ruig, cha ruig."

Chum e air 's ràinig e an tigh-òsda a cheannach an tombaca. Sheas e aig an dorus, mar a chuir e a làmh 'n a phoca a rurach na peighinn mu dheireadh, thàinig fotha—a chiad uair bho'n a rugadh e, srian a chur ri an-mhiann.

Os eusan ris fhein “Gheobhadh so milsein do Mhàireig, ach chuireadh sin gun tombaca mi an diugh 's am màireach, cha'n fhaigh mi pàidheadh nam bròg so gu oidheche Disathurna an uair a gheobh Eobhan Aonghais a thuarasdal.”

Thug e greis 's an iolraig mar sin air an dalla làimh e faicinn iomhaigh Màireig us tuar a' bhàis oirre, 's air an làimh eile 'g a fhaicinn fhein gu tromsanach, domh, gun toth pioba fad dá latha. Shaoileadh duine na 'm biodh fìor-ghaol aige air a leanabh, nach leigeadh a chridhe leis a bhì urad 's leth tiota an iom-chomhairle mu'n chuis. Shaoileadh gun teagamh, agus bha sin aige oirre; ach, “an car a bhios 's an t-seana-mhaide, is duilich a thoirt as.” Duine a nì droch-cleachdadh sa bith dha fhein, mar a rinn Dònull, cha mhor nach 'eil e cho duilich dha sheachnadh no a leigeadh dh'e ri ball sa bith dh' a chluinn; oir tha e ionann's a' talmhannachadh 'n a nàdur.

Bha a' sgillinn aige eadar a dha mhiar 's thug e ceum thun an tigh-òsda; ach thàinig iomhaigh Màireige cho riochdail eadar e 's an doras agus gu'n do stad e. Ged nach robh aige ach an aon pheighinn ri chost, dh'èirich spairn nach bu bheag 'n a inntinn. Gaol Màireig air an dalla làimh agus an droch-cleachdadh air an làimh eile 'g a theumadh ionann's nach gabhadh e diult.

B' i pheighinn mu dheireadh a bh' aig Dònull eadar a mheòir. Na 'm biodh dithis aige cha bhiodh an diachainn cho ro chruaidh, cheann-aiheadh e milsein leis an dalla tè, agus tombaca leis an tè eile. Ach cha robh; agus cha robh aige air, ach e fhein a bhì gun tombaca, no Màireige a bhì gun mhilsein. Gun a' chuis a shocruchadh 's an àm sin, thuirt e ris fhein, “Chì mi tra a thilleas mi air m' ais,” agus togar air dhachaidh leis na brògan.

COMHRADH

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

M.—“C'ait am bheil thu, a Bhean-an-tighe, c'ait am bheil thu.” Tiuguinn gu h-ealamh, oir tha litir agam an so, o d' charaid caomh Coinneach Ciobair. Thig-sa gu grad gus an cluinn thu ciod a deir do ghoistidh. So agad mata, a bhriathrar càirdeil.—

An GOIRTEAN-FRAOICH, an 16la déug de cheud mhios a' gheamhraidh, 1875.

A Mhurachaidh ionmhuinn,

Choisinn Sir Seumas an lagh ann an Ardchuir na rioghachd, far an d' thug na Morairean Mòr a dh'aon inntinn, binn a mac an aghaidh an t-Sasunnaich, agus anns gach puing air taobh Shir Séumas. Ràinig an naigheachd thaitneach sinn air feasgair an dé, agus ochan! cha chluinn-e ar an so ach eigheach agus aoibhneas air gach cnoc. Tha'n caisteal a' fuaim le ceòl agus aighear, agus shaoileadh neach gu'm bheil eadhon na h-ainmhidhean fein air na raointibh ri luath-ghair. Tha na beannta mu'n cuairt a' lasadh air an oidheche le teineachaibh-aoibhneis, agus tha na enuic air gach taobh a' boisgeadh soluis anns an dorchadas. Thao-ghail Sir Séumas air a chosaibh fein 's a' Ghoirtean-Fhraoich o cheann tiota beag, agus thubhairt e, “A Choinnich, tha'mhiann ormsa an ath-sheachdain a chur seachad le bhì 'deanamh sùgraidh agus gàirdeachais aig a' chaisteal, agus chum na criche sin, tha mi 'cur romham gach mac màthar agus nighean athar air an oighreachd a chruinneachadh cuid-eachd mar aon teaghlach mòr, agus cuirmean freagarrach a dheanamh air an son. Feuch gu'n cuir thu fios air do chàirdibh agus do luchd-dàimh as gach àite chum na mòr-

chuideachd a mheadachadh, agus na dean dearmad." Uime sin, a Mhurachaidh, tha mi 'cur na litreach so ad ionnsuidh le Alasdair Mac Aonghais Mhic Uilleim, agus fèuch gu'n tig thu fein agus mo bhan-ghoistidh, agus a' mhead dhe 'n òigridh 's is nraim am baile fhàgail, agus sin le run fantuinn rè na h-ath-sheachdain, chum co'-roinn a ghabhail anns gach sugradh a bhios anns na crìochaibh so. Cha ghabh mi diùltadh uait, nime sin, dean deas, oir cha bheag an sòlas a nithear le Seònaid agus leamsa, an uair a chith sinn ar càirdean aon uair eile 's a' Ghoirtean-Fhraoich. Le mìle beannachd, is nì do charaid dileas.

COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

"Cìod i do bharail mu'n litir sin, a Bhean-an-tighe? Cha'n 'eil maith Coinneach Ciobair a dhiùltadh, oir tha e 'g ràdh nach gabh e diùltadh, uime sin, cuiridh mi fios, le focal-beòil d'a ionnsuidh le Alasdair Mac Aonghais Mhic Uileim, gu'n ruig sinn e co tràth 's a bhios 'nar comas air Diluain."

"Glé mhaith, a Mhurachaidh, deir Bean-an-tighe.ach cìamar fo'n t-saoghal a nithear deisealachd air son sin ann an trì làithibh goirid? Is fhurasda duit-sa, agus do d' leithid sud agus so a dheanamh, agus a shuidheachadh, oir tha gach nì air a dheasachadh chum do làimh; ach cha'n ionann sin 's mise, agus na nigheannan, oir tha fichead nì a dhith oirme. Cha'n 'eil brògan aig Seònaid agus Isiobail, agus cha'n 'eil na gùintean agus na bonaitean aca 's an fhasain. Air an làimh eile, cha'n 'eil deiseachan freagarrach aca chum iad fein a nochdadh ann an leithid sin do chuideachd, agus cha'n 'eil uime ann chum an deanamh suas."

M.—"Eisd rium, a Bhean mo ghràidh, tha thusa ceart dìreach air

do thoirt gu taobh le cleachdan-naibh amaideach an t-saoghail, cosmhuil ris na miltibh mu'n cuart duit. Tha thu 'g iarraidh a bli an tòir air an fhasan, uair nach comus duit idir ruigheachd, agus bu mhiann leat do chuid nighean a bli cosmhuil ris na dealana-dé, air an càireamh suas ann an sgeudachadh de gach dreach agus cumadh gogaideach fo'n ghréin. Cha fhreagair sin idir do nigheannaibh Mhurachaidh Bhàin, agus cha'n fheudar a cheadachadh. Nach leoir giulan amaideach na h-òigridh aig Fear Bhaile-na-Cille, chum sùilean gach tuathanaich fhosgladh gu bhì stuama, measarra, agus glic? Tha cleachdanna mòran slu-aigh anns an àm a ta làthair, a thaobh sgeudachaidh agus greadhnachais o'n leth a muigh, nì's leoir chum cianalas a dhùsgadh ann an cridhe duine chiallaich sam bith. Air an là an diùgh, cha'n fhàgar caileag òg anns a' chumachd a dheònaich an Cruithear Beannaichte air a son, ach o bhàrr gu bonn, tha i air a sniomh, agus air a teannachadh le h-uchd-éididh chruaidh o'n leth a stigh, agus o'n leth a muigh, tha i air a gramachadh, air a pacadh, agus air a ceangladh suas le piollag-aibh agus cluasagaibh-gaoisde, leis an nochdar i mar dhealbh an t-sean-gain. Agus cha'n e so a mhàin, ach tha a folt, air a chasadh agus air a thoinneamh suas le bian ròineach a bhuic, no le cruaidh-bhadanaibh gaoisid, gus am faicear e mar thuraid air a ceann, agus gu-h-àrd air mullach nan uile tha carraigeag bheag bhonaid air a ceangladh le géill-chriosaidh a ta foluichte 'san fholt! Ochan! cha b'ì an ribhinn ghlan òg, mu'n do sheinn am bàrd an uair a thubhairt e:—

"Tha do leadan 'na dhualaibh,
'Folach màillean do chluasaibh,
'S a' tearnadh mu d' ghuailibh,
Mar thuairnean de 'n òr.

'S òigh uasal air chinnte,
An ribhinn ghlan òg;
Cha'n urrainn domh luaidh dhuibh,
Gach buaidh th'air an òigh."

Tha i so ann am maise agus an dreach, a réir mar a dhealbhadh i, agus cha'n 'eil i air a truailleadh 'n a pearsadh le laimh sgaitich an fhasain. Agus cha'n e mhain, mar a thubhairt mi, gu'm bheil a' chol-uinn agus an ceann air an cur as a' chumadh nàdurra, ach mar an ceudna na casan. Tha iad sin air an sniomhadh a stigh ann am brògaibh biorach, aimhleathan, caol, air am bheil sàiltean corrach, àrda, nach 'eil co mòr ann am meud ri bonn sgillinne. Air domh a bhì 'dol seachad an là roimh air Baile-na-Cille, rug Bran air seann bhroig, a bha 'n a luaidh ri taobh gàraidh, agus, gun teagamh, bha iongantais air a' chù fein an uair a chunnaic e an t-sàil a bha mar chrìoman air a ghearradh de dhos na piob-mòire, agus air a shuidheachadh aig deireadh na bròige. Chuir an sealladh mulad orm, a' cuimhneachadh air amaid-eachd nan nighean aig Fear Bhaile-na-cille, oir gun teagamh bu bhròg le té dhiubh a thogadh o'n lar leis a' chù. Cha'n abrainn na h-uiread mu'n chùis so na'm b' iad na fìor bhantigh-earnan a bhàin a bhiodh a' gnàthachadh nan cleachdannanmi-chiatach so; ach cha'n iad, oir tha iad sin nì's stòlta gu mòr 'n an éididh na tha na ban-sheirbhisich aca. Chithear na searbhantan, caileagan gòrach, aig nach 'eil feudaidh e bhì léine m'an drùim, a' dol a mach air an t-Sàbaid a' marcachd air a ehnaimh a's àirde de'n fhasan. Ach is i a' cheist, c'ait no cìamar a ta iad 'g a fhaotuinn? Cha'n fhad a théid an tuarsadal aca chum an rionnachas sin a cheannachadh, agus an déigh sin tha iad 'g a fhaotuinn. Ach leis na nithibh so uile a ta fad os ceann an staid, tha iad co àrdan-

ach, uaibhreach, eas-ùmhail, 'us nach 'eil a chridhe aig na ban-mhaighstirean aca iarraidh orra nì sam bith a dheanamh ach mar a thogaireas iad fein. Is iad fein na ban-mhaighstirean a nis, agus dh' fhalbh an dàimhealas, agus an dillseachd a bha roimh so a' co-sheasamh eadar na maighstirean agus an cuid sheirbhisich. Uime sin, a bhean mo rùn, éisd rium, agus cuimhnic, fhad 's a bhios Murachadh Bàn beo air ceann a' theaghlaich fein, cha cheadaich e d'a chuid-nighean iad fein a nochdadh ach gu stòlda, stuama 'n an éididh, agus 'nan giùlan aig gach àm, agus anns gach comunn. Air an aobhar sin, deanamaid uile deas gu dol leis a' chàrn agus an gearran dubh, air maduinn Diluain, le beannachd 'na thoiseach, dh' ionnsuidh a' Ghoirtean-Fhraoich, a dh' fhaicinn Choimnich agus a' theaghlaich.

Mar so thàinig cùisean gu crìch; aig cromadh an aunoich air an là sin, ràinig Murachadh Bàn agus a bhean, maille ri dithis nighean, agus dithis mhac, an Goirtean Fraoich, agus air doibh a dhol a steach rinneadh mòr-ghàirdeachas ri'm faicinn.

M.—“Fair do làmh, a Sheonaid, fair do dha làmh, agus innis domh, a Bhan-ghoistidh, cìamar tha Coinneach agus na paisdean air fad?” Fhreagair Seonaid gu'n robh iad gu léir 'nan slàinte, ach gu'n tigeadh e air ball.

C.—“Fhir-mo chridhe, a ghràidh nam fear, cha'n 'eil e 'n am chomas solas mo chridhe a chur an còill, an uair tha mi 'faicinn teaghlach eireachdail mo charaid ionmhuinn fo m' chleith an nochd. Greas ort, a Sheonaid, agus faigh nì eigin a thogas an cridhe an déigh an turais fhada. Tha fuachd, acras, agus sgios orra gu léir, ach taing do'n Fhreasdal, gheibhear leigheas air ball air son

nan galar sin. Chuir car dhiot, a bhean, agus feuch ciod a's fearr a th'agad."

M.—“Dean foighidinn, a Choinnich, dean foighidinn, dh' fhuirich do mhàthair ri d' bhreith, agus cha'n i bu lugha cabhag,—tha Seònaid tràth nì's leoir, eia dhiu cha'n 'eil aobhar a bhi 'tilgeadh an tighe bun os ceann. Ach ciod na cùisean mòr a ta 'dol air an aghaidh aig a' Chaisteal an diugh? Chumnaic mi réultan a' sguabadh nan spéur, agus a' boiseadh mar dhealanaich a thall 'sa bhos, an uair a bha mi 'dluthachadh ris a' Ghoirtean-Fhraoich a chianamh, agus chuala mi ceòl, éigh-each, agus luath-ghair air na raointibh."

C.—“Cha'n 'eil teagamh agam, oir bu mhòr an là a bh' ann an diugh. Rinn corr is trì chéud suidh sios aig an dinneir 's an talla mhòr, agus Sir Seumas fein air an ceann; agus b'i sin an dinneir! Cha'n fhac mise a leithid riamh, agus cha'n fhaic. √ Mar a thubhairt am filidh :—

'N talla 'n fhir fhéil,
Bha piob is dàn;
Lasair de'n chéir,
Sithionn beinne,
'S deochan an céin,
O thír ro bhlàth,
'N àros an t-saoidh,
Cha robh gainne. √

M.—“Ach ciod a bha iad' deanamh rè an latha?”

C.—“Ciod nach robh iad a' deanamh? A' ruith air na cnocaibh; a' leumadh, a' tilgeadh na cloich-neart, a' cur a' chabair, agus ag iomairt gach cleas eile. Bha òighean agus òganaich, mnathan agus clann, aithrichean agus màthairichean, gach inbh agus aois a' ruith air feadh a' chéile, agus Sir Séumas, le 'bhreacan an fhéile, 'sa bhonaid bhinnich, 'gam brosnachadh chum iad fein a dheanamh toilichte. Rè an latha bha gach goireas air a sgaoileadh a

mach ann an clàraibh air an raon, aran de gach gnè,—caise,—deochan milis,—gach seòrsa fiona,—togsaidcan leanna,—buidealan de 'n uisge bheatha,—agus lionmhorachd nithe air nach do chuir mi sùil riamh,—agus an deigh sin, cha'n aithnichte air neach gu'n d' òl e boinne. An uair a thuit an oidhche thòisich iad iad air oibrichean-teine a bha da rìreadh ro mhiorbhuileach, a rinn-eadh le cuideachd a thainig á baile Ghlaschu; ach, a ghràidh mo chridhe, chith thu fein na nithe sin uile am maireach, agus uile laithean na seachdain. Cosdaidh iad na mìltean do Shir Séumas, ach is comadh leis sin, air da buaidh a thoirt air an t-Sasunnach, olc air mhaith leis e."

M.—“Is cinnteach mi gu'm bheil sgios ort, a Choinnich, an déigh co'roinn a bhi agad dheth na nithe sin uile, agus cha'n e sin a mhaoin, ach bha thu gun teagamh 'nam measg-san a bha 'riaghladh nan cùise, agus 'gan cur ann an òrdugh."

C.—“Labhair Sir Seumas ri corr is fichead 'nar measg, chum sùil a bhi againn gu'm biodh gach ni ceart, agus gu'm biodh pailteas aig na h-uile, gun dearmad air an aon as lugha. Ach rinn an t-òganach so, am ballach bàn so, cuideachadh mòr leinn. Is Granndach á Srathspé e,—caraide dhomhsa, a thainig gun fhios gun aire a 'shealltuinn oirne an dé, agus cha'n fhag e sinn re na seachdain. Ma tha déigh agad, a Mhurachaidh, air oran Gaidhealach, tha deagh chàil aige, agus mar an céudna, deagh aireamh de dh' òranaibh ro thaitneach."

M.—“Bhiodh oran laghach gle thaitneach agus gun dolaidh sam bith, ma's i toil an òganaich aon a shéinn duinn."

C.—“Cuir ruit, a Sheumais, agus thoir duinn,—

'Cumhadh an òigfhir air son a' leannain'.

SGIALACHD.

BHA ròcas ann roimhe so a bha air tòir cobhartaich dha fhein, agus air a thurus goidear mulchag-chàise á uinneig tigh-àiridh; agus càite an deach e 'g a h-iche ach do bharr craoibhe. Rinn e gurach air spic; agus sùil g' an d' thug e, ciod a chunnaic e shìos fotha ach gugarlach mor losgann 'g a bhlianaidh fhein an lub. Bha sùilean an losgann 'n am faoban éitidh a' sginneadh romh 'chlaigeann—bha e 'n a shealladh, air leis, cho ro ait 's gu'n do chuir e, ri faicinn an spliutaire shliomaich, thruaigh, spliug de bhraoisg-ghàire air—an seòrsa spliug sin nach tig ach do 'n ròcas 's e thoradh a ghean. Goirid bho 'n losgann bha soidearlach de dhamh còir, sultmhar, ag ionaltradh; baidnein uan ag cluain-eis mu 'n àilein, agus greis mu seach aca air snodadh bhileagan feòir agus bhlaithèan.

Co a bhuaill a stigh do cheann shìos na cuithe ach gu 'm b' e madadh-alluidh. Sgeadaich e e fhein cho seòlta an deise de chulaidh-chaorach, 's nach d' aithnich na h-uain cò a bh' aca; cha'n e mhàin sin, ach fear dhiubh a bha an uilebheist tiotan beag roimhe sin an deaghaidh a mhàthair iche agus a craiceann a shuaineadh mu a ghuailnean, ruith e gu soganach, neochiontach, 'n a choinnimh an dùil gu 'm b'è a mhàthair.

“Hi-hi!” os an sionnach 's e ag ialadh timchioll a' ghàraidh an ionad a bha fo sgàil na craoibhe air an robh an ròcas 'n a ghurach ag gabhail beachd air an losgann ag coimhead air an damh le dà spliachd-shùil a bha an impis sgàineadh le farmad 's gu bhi tachdte le ròcuil sglamhrainn. “Nach baoth na h-uain fhein. Seall thus' air a' bhalcaire fhaoin, mhèalanach ud nach eil ag aithneachadh a' mhadaidh-allaidh fo chraiceann

na caora! An seann chealgaire sin a dh' ich màthair ciorraidh an dé 's a dh' icheas e fhein an nochd—hi-hi!”

Bha comhachag am falach 'n a suain an còs an stoc craoibhe, agus 's na cuir a bh' ann dùisgear. “Pu-u-hù, fhir a th' ann, ged nach eil mi g' ad léirsinn tha mi 'g ad fhair-eachdainn! Ma 's toigh le cuid de dh-fheadhainn na h-uain, tha feadhainn ann air nach beag na geòidh,” os a' chomhachag.

“Agus, a ghràidh nam ban, is toigh leatsa an luch,” os an sionnach.

“Bidh muinntir China 'g an iche, tha iad ag ràdh,” os a' chomhachag, “agus leugh mi an leabhar air choir-eigiun gu'm beil iad fuathasach déigheil air feòil chon,” os an t-seana bhean chòir a rithist.

“O, tra nach do sgrios iad gach mac madaidh dhiubh bharr aghaidh an talmhainn!” os an sionnach.

“Agus leugh mi cuideachd an àit eigin, gu 'm bi na Frangaich ag iche nan losgann, os a' chomhachag. “Am beil thu 'sid, a ghoistidh? Nach ann againn a bha cho-sheirm bhinn cheileiridh an raoir!”

“Ma bhios na Frangaich ag iche mo chineil-sa, bidh na Sasunnaich ag iche mairt fheoil,” os an losgann le ròchd—“bithidh daimh mhòra, mhosach, dhreallach, Ghallda.”

“Pu-u-hù!” os a' chomhachag, “air leam gu 'n cuala mi sin, gu dearbh, agus nach beag orra bonnach-an-t-soduil.”

“Ach cò riamh a chuala gu 'm biodh iad ag iche nan comhachag, no nan sionnach, a bhean chòir?” osa gille-nan-car. “No idir gu 'n suidheadh iad sìos a chreim ròcais,” os an t-uasal a rithist 's e ri beic do 'n t-seann ròcas a bha 'n a ghurach 's a' chraoibh 's an càise aige 'n a ghob. “Is triuir sinne nach cuirear am poit a leasachadh ruidht no ròic dhaoine—tha sinn os cionn sin.”

“Is mise ian a' ghliocais,” os a' chomhachag, “bha mi fhein 's an Seana-Ghàidheal 'n ar companaich; gheobhar gu tric mo dhealbh air a ghearradh air cùirn 's air tùir na h-Eiphid.”

“Gu dearbh chunnaic mi gu tric e air a ghearradh air àrd-dhorsan shàibhlean air a' Ghalldachd,” os an sionnach 's e cur braoisg air fhein. “Tha thu 'd dheagh bhan-sgoileir, a bhan-ghoistidh. Is aithne dhòmhsa rud no dhà mi fhein, ach is eadar dhomh aideach nach cil mi 'm sgoileir —is gnothaichean an t-saoghail is mò tha tighinn fosnear dhomh—is fear mi a tha tighinn suas air mo luim fhein—duine-uasal bhàrr na dùthcha, mar gu'n abradh tu.”

“Is ann a' fòchaid air a' sgoileir-eachd,” os a' chomhachag, 's fàite-fanaid air a h-aodann àidh.

“Bidh mise ri mòran leughaidh a's t-oidhche.”

“Bithidh, a cheist, an uair a bhios mise ri sgoileir-eachd air feadh nan ceare 's nan coileach air an spiris,” os an sionnach.

“Ach coma, is bochd nach 'eil sgoil agad: na 'm bitheadh bheir-eachd an déile so os mo chionn beagan fiosrachaidh dhut.”

“Dé tha i 'g ràdh,” os an sionnach.

“Cha'n urrainn demh leughadh ri solus an latha,” os a' chomhachag, 's chaidh i 's a' mhiananaich air a h-ais do chòs na craoibhe a chadal gu feasgar.

“Plumbas buntàta air a dubh-fhacail, b'e sin è,” os an sionnach 's e sealltainn suas ris an ròcas.

“Saoil, nach ann a tha phròis 'n ar ban-choimhearsnaich! cha b' ioghnadh leam ach i—ag gabhail oirre gliocas an t-saoghail a bhi aice—clod-cheann dall na caillich-oidhche—gu dearbh na 'n abradh i na ròcais.”

An uair a bha an conaltradh so

a' dol air adhart eadar na càirdean ud, bha an damh gu soimceach ag ièhe an fheòir 's an losgann a' dùr-bheachdachadh air le leithid de dh-eud ri 'mhiadachd 's gu 'n spùtadh e nimh air na 'm b' urrainn da, agus gu'n sgàineadh e le neart farmaic mur-bhith nach robh sin 'n a chomas. Bha 'n tuainein gun fhiamh, gun amharus, 'n a shineadh ri taobh a' mhadaidh-allaidh; a thaobh gu 'n do ghabh esan a shàth dhe mhàthair cha do ghabh e fhathast gnothach ris. Ach coma, bha laiseadh a' tighinn 'n a shùilean 's toiseach aige air 'fhiacalan a chasadh agus dh' éirich gurt us greann air ri cuimhneachachadh gu 'm b' fhéairrde e uain-fheoil gu 'shuipeir.

“A! nach mòr na sùilean a th' agaibh,” os an t-uan 's e 's a' mhèilich.

“Is ann is fhèarr a chì mi thu, éudail.”

“A! nach mòr na tuisg a th' agaibh.”

“Is ann is fhèarr a dh' ich——.”

Mu'n robh am facal uile mach as a bhial, thainig an ràn déistimeach ud air feadh na cuithe, 's chlisg gach beò a bh' innte leis an eagal. Ciod a bha 'n so ach asal a fhuair fàth le tubaist air choir-eiginn, air boiceann leòghainn a chur uimpe, agus a' tighinn 'n a still a stigh air bealach a bh' air a' ghàradh, us daoine 's clann ag cur rithe le maidean 's le gunnaichean.

An uair a chuala am madadh-allaidh an raic a rinn an asal a bha 'm boiceann an leòghainn, shaoil leis gur h-e rìgh mòr an fhàsaich e fhein a bh' ann, 's thug e as cho luath 's a leigeadh a dheise leis. An uair a chual an damh an fhuaim thug e le clisgeadh cuibhleadh romh 'n lub, agus saltrar air an losgann, a bha 'g a dhubh-chàineadh, 's cuirear a chnaimhean air a chéile. An uair a chunnaic an ròcas daoine a' tighinn le gunnaichean, ghrad-leig e as a'

mhulchag 's ghabh e na sgiathan. An uair a chunnaic an sionnach a' mhulchag a' tuitean, thug e g' a h-ionnsuidh—dh' aithnich e raic na h-asaile—agus, 's an leum a thug e tuitear an gòisinn, agus caillear an t-earrball ris. B' eudar dha riamh tuille an saoghal imeachd as 'aonais, ag gabhail air, a's droch-uair, gu'n deachaidh na h-earrbaill asan fhasan, agus gur h-ann bu mhisde na sionnaich orra iad.

Annas na cuir a bh' ann thàinig balchan 's leadair e an asal le bata gus an robh i 's an raicil aige. Cha b' urrainn am madadh-allaidh mòr-chabhadh a dhianamh leis gu'n deach craiceann na caora mu chasan, agus 's e bh' ann gu'n d' thug fearr de na daoine an aire dha 's gu'n do thilg e e. An uair a dh' fhairich a' chomhachag a' bhodhar-fhuaim a bh' ann chaidh i 'n a breitheall, 's leis a' bhoile leum i á còs na craoibhe 's buailear i am buachaille an clàr an aodainn, agus mharbh e i le cuaille bata. Thàinig 'n a àm fhein an feoladair agus thug e leis an damh 's an t-uain; agus fhuair an tuathanach an t-earrball 's a' ghòisinn, agus chuir e am bràigh an teintein e, 's cha robh duine thig-eadh air chéilidh air, nach innseadh e dha am mìomhadh a fhuair e ag cur gu bàs an t-sionnaich.

—o—

MU THUARASDAL.

CHA 'n e an t-aon thuarasdal a gheobh a h-uile seòrsa cosnaiche. Gheobh saor tuilleadh ri sgalaig, agus gheobh òrcheard tuilleadh ri saor; agus cha 'n e fear a bh' g' oibreachadh na's goirte na fear eile dhiubh is coireach ris a' chaochladh-thuarasdal.

Tha obair na h-inntinn air an aon chur-h-uige ri obair a' chuirp. Cléireach a' plinn, air cho goirt 's

g'an oibrich e, cha 'n eil a thuarasdal cho mór ri pàidheadh fir-lagha no lighiche.

Uime sin tha e soilleir nach ann a réir *goirtead* na h-oibre, ach a réir a *luach*, a tha tuarasdal a' chosnaiche.

Ciamar ma ta a mheasar luach oibre?

Tha luach oibre mar luach badhair no rud sa bith eile; tha e mór no beag a réir a' mhiagh no na foighneachd a bhios oirre; is e sin a réir cho duilich 's a thà e a faotainn. Na 'm b' e 's gu 'm faighteadh punnd òir air cho beag dragh us costuis ri punnd luaidhe bhiodh an luaidhe cho luachmhor ris an òr.

Ach ciod is coireach òrcheird us lighichean a bh' na 's goinne na saoir us sgalagan? Am briathran eile; carson a tha e na 's dorra do dhuine faotainn a bh' 'n a òrcheard na 'u a sgalaig?

Is e bonn a' ghnòthuich gu 'm beil an t-ionnsachadh a' tighinn gu tuilleadh costuis. Cha 'n fhuilear do dhuine ùine mhór a thoirt ag ionnsachadh a bh' 'n a òrcheard no 'n a lighiche mu 'm bi a' chèird no an ealaidh aige air a làimh. Air chor 's mur bi gu leòir aig duine gu cost air fhein ré na h-ùine sin, agus a thuilleadh air sin gu 'oid'-ionnsuich a phàidheadh, nach dian e an gnothuch. Agus cha chostadh duine sa bith air a mhac ag ionnsachadh a bh' 'n a òrcheard no 'n a lighiche, ged a bhiodh e 'n a chomas, mur biodh dùil aige, an lorg sin, gu'n coisneadh e tuilleadh ri saor—nach d'fhèmir idir uibhir a chost ris ag ionnsachadh na saorsainneachd.

'N a uaireannan air a shon sin meallar air duine 'n a dhùil. Mur bi togail aig gille, no ma bhios e gun dicheall, gun suim, cha 'n ionnsuich e cèird no ealaidh, co dhiu ach lethchearbach; air dhòigh 's

gur call gun bhmannachd na chostar ris 'g a h-ionnsachadh. Ach cha 'n e na chostar ri lighiche ionnsachadh is coireach gu 'm pàidhear tuilleadh dha air son duine chur 's a' ghlun, na a phàidhear do shaor air son cas a chur am bòrd-bidh, ach na lighichean a bhi gann. Leis an ionnsachadh a bhi costail, cha 'n eil ach aireamh chuibheasach a' dol a dh-ionnsachadh na h-ealaidhe. Tha sin a' fàgail nan lighichean gann: uime sin is e goinnead nan lighichean a tha a' togail am pàidhidh.

Bho na thuirt mi, ma ta, tha e soilleir gur h-ann a réir pailtead no goinnead na h-oibre a tha a luach, cleas gach rud eile.

Còrr-uair tha tàlann a' seasamh do dhuine an àite costuis. Mar shamhladh air sin, Piobaire no fear-ciùil sa bith nach eil Nàdur lombais ris mu 'n alt a bhuileachadh air, bidh a dheich urad foighneachd air ris an dreangan a fhuair a' cheart nibhir ionnsachaidh ris agus a tha an ealaidh ag cur mòran tuillidh de spàirn air. Ach cleas gach oibre eile, is e *goinnead* luchd nan tàlann is coireach an tuarasdal a bhi na's motha. Tha luchd nan tàlann gann: uime sin tha an obair am barrachd miagh.

Ach a thuilleadh air na dh' ainmich mi tha oibrichean ann nach e costus-ionnsachaidh no *tàlann* a tha togail an tuarasdail. Is ann diubh sin obair sa bith a tha *cunnartach*, no *neo-fhallain*, no *mè-thaitneach*. Mar biodh an tuarasdal math, cha'n fhaighteadh duine idir a ghabhadh os làimh iad.

Tha feadhain ann a tha 'n duil, ma thuiteas dhaibh a bhi ag obair na's goirte na feadhain eile, gur h-ana-ceartas e mur fhaigh iad tuilleadh tuarasdail riutha. Agus cha 'n eil teagamh nach anaceartas e, agus nach eileas ri ainneart orra, ma thathas a' toirt orra, gun an coire

fhein, oibreachadh air thuarasdal a thograr a thoirt daibh, amhuil 's na traillean a tha aca ri oibreachadh a bhidh 's aodach. B' ainneart e mar so na 'n tagainnsa, mar gu'm b' eadh, air urra sa bith, rud sa bith—obair, badhar, barr, no spréidh, a reic rium ge b' oil leis, air a' phris a thograinn fhein. Ach cha 'n ana-ceartas e, agus cha 'n ainneart, a thoil fhein a thoirt do dhuine a tha reic no ceunach; ma 's ann a' reic, iarradh e a' phris a thogras e; ma 's ann ag ceannach tairgeadh e na chi e iomchuidh. Is reiceadair oibre an cosnaiche; is ceannachadair a' fear a tha cur muinntiris air; uime sin is ceartas gu'm bi an toil-shaor aca le chéile.

Bho shean bha lagh ann a shocruchadh an tuarasdail. Chuirteadh ubhla air duine sa bith a thairgeadh no a dh' iarradh tuarasdal nach robh an lagh sin ag giulan. Ach is ann a bha lagh mar so ri tuilleadh croin no math. Bliadhnaichean bhiodh an tuarasdal cho mór 's nach b' fhiach do thuathanach, mar gu'm b' eadh, a chuid skalag uile chumail; cha chumadh e ach an fheadhain a b' fhearr, 's leigeadh e mach an talamh; an sin bhiodh am barr gann agus moran sluaigh a chion oibre. Air an laimh eile an uair a bhiodh an tuarasdal ìosal, bhiodh tuathanach ann a dhianadh luim air muinntireas a chur air rogha nan skalag le sineadh-na-làimhe a thoirt daibh, agus neothar-thaing do 'n lagh. Bheireadh sin air tuathanaich eil' an cleas ciadna a dhianamh; air chor 's nach robh stàth sa bith 's an lagh.

Is i an doigh is fhearr sa bith a thoil fhein a thoirt do gach duine—reiceadh e no ceannaicheadh e air a' phris a chi e iomchuidh.

Tha feadhain eile ann a tha 'n duil gur h-ann a réir pris a' bhidh a a tha 'n tuarasdal ag èirigh 's a'

tuiteam; tha iad a' saoilinn, an uair a dh' éireas am biadh gur còir do 'n tuarasdal amhuil sin éirigh; air an làimh eile an uair a thuiteas am biadh gu'n tuit a réir sin an tuarasdal; air chor's gur coma do 'n chosnaiche co-dhiu bhios am biadh saor no daor.

Ach duine sa bith a ghabhas beachd air a' chuis, tha e soilleir dha nach ann am meinn pris a' bhìdh a tha éirigh no tuiteam an tuarasdail. Dh' fhiach sinn muthrà gur h-e goinnead luchd-cèird' ealanta is coireach ri tuille tuarasdail a bhi aca na th' aig na dubh-chosnaichean. Amhuil sin tra bhios an luchd-oibre gamm éiridh an tuarasdal. An fheadhain a bhios a dh-easbhuidh chosnaichean, theid iad gu'n dùlan gu 'm faotainn, theid, a thairgsinn air a cheile, mar a bha iad a' dian-amh an toiseach an Astrailia. Air cho saor's g'am bi am biadh cha ghabh duine sa bith tuarasdal beag, an là 's gu 'm faigh e tuarasdal mòr.

Uime sin cha'n ann am meinn pris a' bhìdh a tha eirigh no tuiteam an tuarasdail, ach a reir na foighneachd a th' air obair. Tra a bhios na cosnaichean lionmhar bidh an tuarasdal ìosal. Cha d' fhàg an sean-fhacal fhein urad sin gun an aire thoirt da: "Is misde na bochdan a bhi lionmhar." Air an làimh eile, an uair a bhios mòran am feum luchd-oibre, éiridh an tuarasdal.

Tha cosnaichean gu minig an teinn nach ruigeadh iad a leas, le cion a bhi sealltainneach rompa. Bidh iad ag cur na coire air an atharrach, ach gu tric is iad fhein ceann na coire. An uair a bhios tuarasdal math aig duine, agus nach cuir e peighinn mu seach a dh-fheitheamh an latha fhliuich, ach a chaitheas an òl 's an eile, a' tighinn suas bho 'n làimh gus an fhiacail, ciamar a bhitheas e ach 'n a éiginn

tra a thig là nan cuileagan bàna, 's a ghannaicheas an obair's a thuiteas an tuarasdal.—Gliocas bho 'n t-seillein:—

Bha fannan-feoir ann roimhe so, 's bha e toiseach geamhraidh a bha 'sid an impis a bhi marbh leis an fhuachd 's leis an acras, agus b' eudar dha falbh air an tuath. Ràinig e an seillein 's fhuair e 'n a shuidhe gu soimeach a stigh e, gun dìth, gun deireas, agus dh' iarr e, air ghaol an iochd, an déire air. Thuirt an seillein ris gu 'm b' iongantach leis uireas a bhi air cho tràth de 'n bhliadhna 's an samhradh a bhi cho math, agus dh' fharraid e ciamar a chuir seachad teas na bliadhna. "O," os am fannan, "chuir ag òl, 's a' seinn, 's a' dannsa, 's cha do smaoinich mi riamh air gaillinn a' gheamhraidh." "Cha 'n e sin mo dhòigh-sa idir," os an seillein, "tha mi saothreachadh gu goirt ré an t-samhraidh a' tional lèin air son a' gheamhraidh, agus an fheadhain nach dian mar sin, air leam gur geal an airidh iad air a bhi 'n an teinn 's a' gheamhraidh."

AM PÌOBÀIR AOSDA AGUS A PHIOB.

Tha eachdraidh ar dùthcha a' leigeadh ris duinn iomadh ni iongantach a thachair an uair a bha na fineachan ag eiridh an aghaidh a' cheile, agus an uair a b' iad na claidhean, mar bu trice, a dheanadh suas an reit eatorra. Bha na h-amanna sin gun teagamh, fuasgailte, lasach, agus buaireasach; agus cha b' urrainn neach e fein fhacinn tearuinte a là no dh' oidheche, a thaobh nan aimheitean a tha do ghnàth mu'n cuairt da. Cha robh na cùisean gu mòr air an ath-leasachadh ri linn cogannan nan Stiùbhartach. Nach mòr

an odhail agus an upraid a bha air feadh gach cearnaidh dhe'n Ghaidh-ealtachd ann am bliadhna Thearlaich, an uair a bha fineachan trèun air a thaobh, agus fineachan ceart cho trèun 'na aghaidh? Bha'n dùthaich air a roinn agus air a bnaireadh agus bha càirdean agus luchd-dàimh air an tarruing gu bhli nàimhdeil ri chéile. Rinneadh spàirn ro chruaidh chum na Stiubhartaich a shuidheachadh air an rìgh-chaitheir, ach dheònaich an Freasdal a chaochladh, agus tha aobhar againn a bhi taingeil a thaobh sin. O na h-amanna fuilteach sin thàinig iomadh caochladh mu'n cuairt chum na cumhachdan a ta 'riaghladh os ar ceann a chomh-dhaingneachadh air an rìgh-chaitheir, agus chum dòchas nan ceannairceach a smàladh as gu bràth. Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach robh càirdean Thearlaich lionmhor, dileas, agus cumhachdach. Am measg chàicir bha am piobair aosda, air an toirear a nis gearr-iomradh. Bha e 'na charaid dian, agus dileas do'n Phrionnsa. Bha e 'na là agus 'na linn fein comharr-aichte, cha'n e mhàin air son a neart, agus a thréubhantais, ach mar an céudna air son an fheabhais leis an cluicheadh e a' phìob-mhòr. B' aon de chloinn Sgéalach e, Iain Mac-Griogair, a rugadh 'sa bhliadhna 1720, ann an Fartrichill, ann an siorramachd Pheirt, far an robh a shinsear cliùiteach rè iomadh linn, mar na piobairean a's fearr 'san dùthaich air fad. Bha clann Sgeul-aich ceart coiomraiteach 'sna linn-tìbh a dh' fhalbh ri cloinn Mhic Criom-ain Dhùnbheagain, no ri cloinn Mhic Artair, piobairean Mhic Dhomhnuill nan Eilean. Bha Iain MacGriogair 'na dhuine tapaidh, trèun, agus bu tearc e r'a fhaotuin a chuireadh a dhruim ri talamh. Bha spéis gun tomhas aige do'n Phrionnsa, agus ceart cho luath 'sa chàraich e a chos air mòr-thìr na

h-Alba, ghrad thug Iain leis a' phìob-mhòir do GIlheann Fhionghain air agus chuir se e fein fo bhrataich Thearlaich Oig. Cha b' fhad air an làimh eile, gus an robh mòr-thlachd aig a' Phrionnsa dha, agus cha deal-aicheadh e ris 'na chuairtibh anns gach àite. Chumadh e còmhradh càrdeil ris a' phìobair bhoehd, agus dh' iarradh e a chomhairle anns gach cùis. Cha robh, gidheadh, ach eòlas ro bheag aig Iain còir air a' Bhéurla, agus cha b' urrainn da còmhradh freagarrach a dheanamh ris a' Phrionnsa. Ach cha b' fhad gu's an d' rinn Tearlach gréim air earrann-aibh sònraichte dhe'n Ghàelig, agus an trà 'sa ris, ghlaodhadh e ris a' phìobair,—“Séid suas do phìob, Iain.” An uair a chaidh Tearlach a steach do Dhùnedin, agus an uair a theich Cope agus a mharc-shluagh aig Prestonpans, ghlaodh am Prionnsa gu cruaidh, cabhagach. “Séid suas, séid suas do phìob, Iain.” Chaidh am piobair boehd anns an ruaig gu Derbi,—bha e 'lathair 'san Eaglais-Bhric, agus aig séisd Chaist-eil Shrighlaidh,—agus mu dheir-eadh aig faiche mhi-shealbhaich Chùilfhodair, far an d'fhuair e an sealladh mu dheireadh de ghnàis thlà a' Phrionnsa. An deigh iomadh déuchainn agus cruaidh chàs, phill MacGriogair air ais gu sgìreachd a bhreith, far an robh e gu là a' bhàis. Bha ceathrar mhac aige, agus ochdnar oghaichean, agus bu piobairean air fad iad. Ach dhe 'n àireamh so gu léir cha bheò an diugh ach a h-aon.

Bha 'phìob chéudna leis an do dheachd MacGriogair misneach agus spiorad a chuid companach anns a' chath, aig ogha dha, Iain MacGriogair eile, a chaochail ann an Druimchar-aidh, ann an sgìreachd Fhartrichill o cheann beagan bhliadhnaichean air ais, mu cheithir fichead a dh' aois. Bha e 'na dhuine stuama, measail, agus cliùiteach, d'on robh

mòr-spéis aig a luchd-eòlais gu léir. Bha 'n t-seann phiob ann an deagh-ghléus agus òrdugh, an uair a chaochail MacGriogair, agus goirid o là a' bhàis, bha e 'na shòlas da' chridhe a bhi 'ga séideadh suas, an uair a bha eadhon an anail goirid. Ach tha i fathast a làthair aig Diùc Athol 'na chaisteal fein ann am Blàr. Cha robh aice riamh ach da dhos, de bhrìgh nach robh an treas dos air a chleachdadh anns na h-amannaibh o shean. Bha 'n sionnsair air a chòmhdachadh le bannaibh airgid, làn sgrìobhaidh ann am Beurla 'san Gàelig. Chuir an Ridir Iain Athol MacGriogair nach mair-eann, clàr leathann airgid air, leis an sgrìobhadh a leanas anns an dà chàinnt:—"Bha 'phiòb so, a bhuineas do Iain MacGriogair, piobair Dhiùc Athoil, air a cluicheadh le 'slean-athair Ian MacGriogair, ann an cogannaibh Phrionns' Teàrlaich Stiùbhart 'sa bhliadhna 1745-6; agus chuireadh an sgrìobhadh so oirre le 'Cheann-cinnidh fein, an Ridir Iain Athol MacGriogair, 'sa bhliadhna 1846, mar chùimhneachan air obair urramuich na piòba."

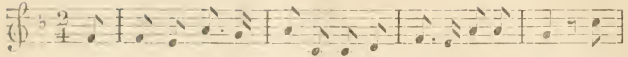
Bha Iain MacGriogair so mu dheireadh aig an robh a' phiob 'na fhear-cluiche ro eireachdail gu deireadh a làithean. Choisinn e a' phiob-mhòr mar dhuais-cluiche ann an Dùnedin, ann am mìos mu dheireadh an t-samhraidh 1811. Bha e rè iomadh bliadhna 'na phiobair aig Diùc Athol, agus a ris aig Mac Fhionnlaidh, Mhonaltri, agus an deigh sin aig Mac Fhionnlaidh, Finghein. Chluich e 's a bhliadhna 1813 aig co'-chruinneachadh nan uachdaran 'san Eilean Mhanainneach, aig Ceinn Thinbhailt. Bha e a' cluicheadh air ceann nan Griogaireach ann an Dùnedin, an uair a

thàinig an rìgh 'sa bhliadhna 1822. Bha e 'na phiobair aig Gaidheil Dhiuc Athol aig Faoin-chòmhrag Eglinton ann an 1839, agus chuireadh an t-urram air cluicheadh an làthair na Banrighinn aig Caisteal Bheallaich. Ach mu dheireadh luidh an aois gu tròm air Iain còir. Dh' fhàs e diblidh, fann le luchd nam bliadhnaichean a chaidh thairis air a cheann. Agus a thuilleadh air sin, dh' fhàs e glé ghann 'na chuid, 'na làithibh deireannach. Chuir e litir o làimh fein dh' ionnsuidh an Sgiathan-anaich, air da a bhi 'na fhear-cinnidh dha, dh' fhéuchainn an gabhadh duin'-uasal éigin tlachd dhe 'n t-seann phiob, chum gu'm biodh i air a gleidheadh re linntean ri teachd mar chuimhneachan air a seirbhis 's an àr-fhaich. Chuir an Sgiathan-ach eachdraidh Chloinn-sgéuluich agus na piòb anns na litricheibh naigheachd mar a rinneadh eadhon a nis, agus thàinig na h-uiread dhaoin'-uailse air an aghaidh a bha deònach gréim fhaotuin air a' phiob, agus a bheireadh suim airgid do 'n t-seann duine còir air a son, ach am measg chàich chuir Diùc Athol nach maireann fios gu 'n suidhicheadh e uiread 'sa bhliadhna, fhad s' bu bheò e, air a' phiobair aosda air son na piob. Gheall e uiread 'sa dh' fhàgadh an seann duine còir soimeach, socaireach rè uile làithean a' bheatha. Rinn an Diùc mar a gheall, agus shineadh làithean a' piobaire gu beagan bhliadhnaichean an deigh sin, a' sealbhadh le taingealachd teirbheartais an Diùc. Ach mu dheireadh fhuair e am bàs, agus fhuair an Diùc a' phiob,—agus cha 'n eagal nach gleidhear tearuinte i leis an teaghlach àrd-uasal sin re linnte ri teachd.

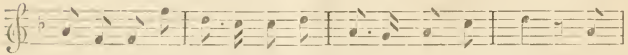
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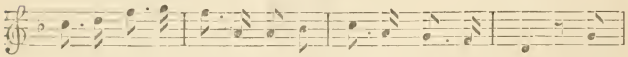
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O SOIRIDH slàn do 'n Ailleagan
'Bha 'n so mu 'n tràth so 'n dé;
Gu 'n d' lot thu dh' ionnsuidh m' àirnean
mi,

'S nì cràiteach as do dhéigh:
Ma 's teachdair 'tha bho 'n bhàs thu,
'S nach slanaich mi gun léigh,
Gu 'n tug nì gaol bho m' chridhe do
Dh' òg-nìghinn nan rosg réidh.

Bho dh' fhalbh thu 'n dé mu 'n tràth so
uainn

Tha mi fodh chràdh 's fodh leòn;
'S e 'n gaol a thug mi 'n céud là dhut
A dlùidh air m' fhuil 's air m' fheadil;
Ach chì mi 'n diugh nach d' thàinig thu,
'S air nàile cha b' i 'chòir,
Tha m' osna tròm an uaignidheas
A' smuain air bean do neòil.

Och! tha mo smuaintean cairiseach
Bho dhealaich sinn Di-luain,
'Gheug ùr nan glaca mìn-bhasach,
A leannain chaoimh gun ghruaim;
Ma tha buaidh mu 'n t-sùgradh ort,
'S nach lùb thu le meud stuaim,
'S e d' ghaol a leasaich m' iomguin dhombh,
'S a chuir an giorrad m' uair.

'S e 'chuir, an uair, an taice rium
Gu 'n d' ghlac thu cleachdadh ùr:
Gu 'n d' rinn thu gnìomh nach b' àbhaist
dhut,

Mo ghràdh-sa 'chur air chùl.
Cha d' aithnich mi riamh fàilg ort,
Bho chàirich mi ort m' iùl,—
Gu h-uasal, banail, bàirigeach,
Gu tairis, chàirdeil, ciùin.

'S mìn, tairis, ciùin a labhradh tu,
'Gheug ùr nach mall 'n a d' chéill,
Air Machthir no air Gàidhealtachd
'S tearc samhail bean do bheus,
Cha 'n ionghnadh cliù 'bhi fuaighte riut,
'S gu 'n d' fhuaradh thu gun bheud,
'S tu 'shìol na fala connspuilich
Le suaineas ceann an fhéidh.

'S mìn, soitheamh, sèmhìdh, suaimbneas-
ach

An rìbhinn uasal òg,
Gur lionmhor eis a bhuannaich thu
Nach d' fhuaradh riamh cho mòr.
Do dhà ghruaidh dhearg cho taitneach
Do shlios mar shneachd' an lèin,
Do shùilean mealla, mìogach,
Mar ghrian air tionntadh neòil.

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GAELIC IN HIGHLAND SCHOOLS.

WE are glad to observe that this question, which was discussed last year with considerable interest and with great ability in the leading newspapers, North and South, is again taken up with renewed vigour at the beginning of the present year. It is gratifying to learn that a further attempt is proposed to be made to press upon our educational administrators the desirableness of making an effort to frame some rule by which the intelligent teaching of Gaelic-speaking children can be secured. A Monthly Magazine is not the most suitable medium for discussing a question upon which conflicting views are entertained; but, on the other hand, newspaper correspondence and after-dinner speeches are too apt to lose sight of the main question at issue, and to attach too much importance to matters more or less personal to the correspondents, and more or less determined by the circumstances which may have called the orator to his feet.

We consider it unfortunate that the question of teaching Gaelic-speaking children through the medium of the only language which they know, should be mixed up with the totally different question of whether or not it is a desirable thing that the Gaelic language should cease to be spoken in our land. Our ancestors, more than two hundred years ago, confounded

these two questions, and legislated accordingly. They ordained that English schools should be planted in every parish for the avowed purpose of rooting out Gaelic. In their case the illusion was pardonable, for experience had not yet taught them the very reasonable lesson that languages are not among the things that will be eschewed by a people at the bidding of legislators, or even of schoolmasters. And yet, notwithstanding the experience of the last three centuries in this country and in Ireland, where Gaelic has *not* been taught in the schools, it may be regarded as the general belief of Englishmen and Lowland Scotchmen at the present day, that the surest means of perpetuating the language is to teach it in the school, and the most effective method of extirpating it is to refrain from teaching it. And these same Englishmen and Scotchmen year after year send out, at great expense, missionaries to the most distant and uncivilised quarters of the globe to Christianise and instruct the natives. What is the mode of procedure far away from home? Curious to relate, it is as natural and sensible as in this country it is unnatural and absurd. Abroad, the missionary in the first instance sets himself resolutely to learn the language of the people whom he is to instruct; secondly, he endeavours to translate his Bible, or a portion of it, into their language. Then, and not till then, he considers himself competent to instruct the people. But it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that

with us our teachers and our teachers' teachers are considered, or consider themselves, all the more competent instructors in proportion to their ignorance of the people's tongue. Prince Bismarck, a few years ago, forbade the teaching of French in the public schools of the conquered provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. The measure was harsh; but from the point of view of the great German statesman it may have been wise. A people living on the confines of two powerful and rival empires will have their political sympathies mainly determined by their language. But there is no parallel between the case of the conquered French provinces and that of the Scottish Highlands. Our allegiance to the British crown is in no danger of being shaken. We have no fertile and wealthy province for our habitation, no "*La belle France*" on the one side of us—the rival in power, the more than rival in the allurements of civilisation—of a rugged and aggressive neighbour upon the other side. No! we have only sterility and poverty for our portion, and the "melancholy ocean" for our western neighbour. A master sterner far than the English schoolmaster, with the compulsory officer, the inspector, and "my Lords" to boot, presses upon us the necessity of learning English. To the young Highlander, English means material comfort, the only avenue to knowledge, wealth, and honour. We admit that there might be circumstances in which the teaching of the native language in the school might tend to perpetuate the speaking of it in the country; but we contend that these circumstances do not obtain in the Highlands of Scotland at the present day. The perpetuation or the extinction of Gaelic as a living tongue is a matter

which our geographical position and our past history have determined for us, and which we can do little to affect now in one way or another. That the language will die sooner or later is a matter of regret to many—of congratulation, perhaps, to some. But whether we regret the fact or rejoice at it, we are none the less certain of its truth. The demise of Gaelic in Scotland is a matter of time; it is determined by causes far more numerous and far more powerful than any which School Boards and Education Codes can wield. But, while looking at the relative position and circumstances of the Gaelic and English speaking population of Scotland, we cannot believe that School Boards and Education Departments, by refraining from teaching the language, can hasten the demise of Gaelic as a spoken tongue by a single day; we consider that the attitude which our educational authorities may assume towards the language is of the utmost importance to those of our children who are born and reared in the Gaelic-speaking districts.

Again we consider it very unfortunate that the question of teaching Gaelic in schools has been subordinated to another,—viz., whether the children in these districts should be taught to read Gaelic or English first. That the education of a child shall commence with the only language the child knows, and shall continue upon the basis of that language and with reference to it, is a general principle which we presume no sensible person will think of disputing. But here, again, we have to consider the special circumstances of the case before us. Our educational arrangements have been very much improved within the last generation or two. Our teachers have been

trained; publishers vie with each other in producing the most instructive, interesting, and attractive reading-books, spelling-books, song-books, pictures, maps, &c. The whole of this training and the whole of this activity, with the view to make the first days of school life pleasant and profitable, are exclusively adapted for English-speaking children. Now it may be a reasonable proposal, in remembrance of all this, that the reading of the Gaelic-speaking child for the first year or two should be conducted in English, so that the various mechanical advantages above alluded to may be made use of. It is quite possible that a child, with the advantages of a trained teacher and of books skilfully constructed, may acquire the power to read (that is, to attach certain arbitrary sounds to certain arbitrary forms), in an unknown language in a shorter time than he would acquire the same power in a known language without all these advantages. Having once acquired the power to read in any language, it is merely a matter of so many lessons to be able to read his own. No doubt in teaching a child to read in an unknown language you are doing grievous injury to his opening intelligence; and with us at the present day the question of what language a Highland child ought to be taught to read first, should be answered with reference to these two considerations solely—upon the one hand you have a trained teacher, suitable books, and all the accessory attractions of a well-equipped school; on the other hand you are in a great measure deprived of these advantages, but you are able to carry the intelligence of the child along with you from the first step in his progress. That the child will, by reading English first, pronounce English

better ever afterwards, has indeed been affirmed, but it is difficult to see the ground of the assertion or to find a living example to confirm it. And even supposing it were the case, we have still to remember that the chief end of school teaching is to turn out the most intelligent and the best trained children, and that a slight improvement in accent is but a very small portion of such training. It is as difficult to see that the ultimate progress of a child toward a knowledge of English is better secured by teaching it first to read in English. To a Highland boy or girl at the present day every intelligent lesson, in whatever language, and upon whatever subject, is an incitement to learn English; every unintelligent lesson is, there as elsewhere, an incitement to learn nothing.

But reading does not form the whole of school work. In the earlier stages of school life reading (by the child) should form only a very small portion of his school work. And if, in obedience to teachers and in deference to inspectors and Codes, the reading should be conducted in Highland schools in English, is it too much to ask that the speaking and the singing should be mainly in Gaelic? Is it not sufficient to compel these little worshippers to sacrifice to the god of ignorance for a portion of the day? Might not the most attractive part of school life—the singing—be made additionally attractive by being made intelligible in sense as well as in sound? It was a great educational mistake to banish good Scotch songs from the schools of the South in favour of hymns of questionable theology and of more than questionable poetry, and we are beginning to rectify the mistake; but when shall we hear even execrable translations of these hymns

in a Highland school? Is it too much to hope to hear even a Gaelic song? We consider that the question of how far Gaelic ought to enter into the school life of Highland children is of infinitely greater importance than the question of whether their first-books should be English or Gaelic. That the intelligence, sympathies, and feelings of children can be properly stimulated and guided through the medium of a foreign language is a proposition that does not require the example of the Highlands to be brought forward in order to refute—upon the face of it, it is absurd. And, after all, is not the end of school life to educate,—to train the expanding capacities of the child, so that he can find pleasure as well as profit hereafter in extending his knowledge, and cultivating these capacities, physical and mental? We are perhaps too apt in the Highlands to consider that the great object of school life is to acquire a knowledge of English, and that this is best attained by eschewing Gaelic. We make a grievous mistake in the latter case; and even in the former our dictum is not faultless. The aim of the schoolmaster should be to turn out the most intelligent scholars,—the most intelligent English scholars if possible, if not the most intelligent Gaelic scholars. We are too apt to suppose that culture and intelligence mean the power to speak English fluently,—ignorance the want of this power. By a few months' residence in the South, a young man or woman can acquire a facility of expression in English which the most diligent cramming for years in school cannot secure. But in order to acquire this very questionable accomplishment in school years, the training of the child to habits of industry and self-reliance, the quickening of its in-

telligence and sympathies, the instilling into its young mind a love and a taste for letters, have hitherto been sadly neglected. This training can be given only through the medium of the mother-tongue. In a desultory, but withal somewhat effective manner, our fathers received a portion of this kind of training by the recitation of their native literature. This excellent practice has ceased; and the school which ought to supply its place has not hitherto done so. Until the attempt is made, the first step in the intelligent education of Highland children is not taken.

We have seen it stated that the evil, for it appears to be acknowledged on all hands that an evil exists, can be cured by making Gaelic a "specific" subject, to be paid for under the provisions of the Scotch Code, and to rank with a number of other subjects, literary and scientific, which are considered proper subjects of study in our common schools. These subjects are meant to take the place of the advanced subjects of the old parish schools. Very properly there is a wide selection of them. Teachers are not encouraged to commence them until the pupils are already fairly advanced in the common subjects; and considerable proficiency in them is very properly demanded to secure a "pass" or a "grant." It is not an easy matter to see what conception of the educational necessities of Highland children must have been formed before this remedy could have been suggested. It is admitted that the great aim of the Highland teacher is to secure to the child a sound, intelligent, English education, which can place it as nearly as possible on an equal platform with others whose mother-tongue is the language of the nation.

Whether this education can be best secured by ignoring the child's language from the outset, or whether the language of the child should receive due acknowledgment at the hands of the teacher, are questions upon which experienced and earnest men have differed. It is undeniable that for his proper education as a British citizen, the Highland child's mother-tongue is a hindrance. To fulfil his part in life, as life exists for him, the language is of no value to him. At every step it clogs his way; or, to speak more accurately, the want of another language does. And in order to remedy this anomalous state of matters, it is proposed to commence the teaching of Highland children in English, and to continue the process till the child can pass a fourth standard.

By the time the average Highland child can pass the fourth standard, as every person acquainted with the requirements of the Scotch Code knows, his school-days are fast approaching their close. A very small proportion of the scholars of the South have hitherto been able to pass in the two higher standards. And even by taking the most sanguine view of the beneficial effects of the working of the Education Act, we fear that more than one generation of scholars will dissappear from our school-rolls, before very many of our children in the outlying parts of the Highlands can pass a fifth standard. To delay the reading of Gaelic until a Highland child passes his fourth standard, is, for some years to come, to delay it until he leaves school altogether. But what is it that is actually meant by teaching Gaelic as a "specific" subject within the meaning of the Scotch Code? or rather, to put it more definitely, what kind and amount of knowledge of Gaelic

would be required of a pupil, in order to secure a "pass" and a "grant?" Would the pupil not be subjected to much the same kind of test as that exacted for a pass in English as a "specific" subject? Now, without adverting to the fact that we are but scantily furnished with the necessary reading-books, grammars, and dictionaries, to assist the learner, where are the teachers to teach, and where are the examiners to test the results of the teaching? To profess as your aim, the securing to the Highland child the best and most intelligent English education that his neighbourhood can afford; and to attempt to secure this by ignoring his mother-tongue, until he has fairly conquered the difficulties of reading, writing, and spelling English, and is about to leave school; and *then* to put for the first time a Gaelic reading-book into his hand, and a Gaelic grammar and dictionary at his elbow, without even taking the precaution of providing a teacher who knows the grammar of the language, or an examiner who knows the dictionary of it, is surely the wildest, as well as the latest, solution of our educational difficulty that has yet been propounded.

That to those children who do not hear English spoken in their homes, Gaelic must necessarily be the language, whether by speaking or reading, or both, through which the most valuable part of the education can be conveyed, is a proposition the mere statement of which reflects sadly upon our past educational history, and upon our present educational intelligence. Were it not that the system of teaching pursued in the remote parts of the Highlands has been actually followed for a couple of centuries over a considerable tract of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, we doubt whether our ed-

educational authorities in the South would believe that the thing could be tolerated by civilized men. Wherever Englishmen and Scotchmen came in contact with people speaking a foreign tongue and felt called upon to instruct them, they adopted a rational and successful method, *except* in Great Britain and Ireland. Throughout all the British dependencies, where the natives are instructed by the home government or by missionary societies from home, the method of education is the same, viz., to impart to the natives, in the first instance through the medium of their own language, a knowledge of, and a taste and liking for the language, and the institutions, and the religion of Britain. The same method is as necessary at the present day for a great portion of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, of Ireland, and of Wales, and if it were speedily adopted and energetically followed out, might we not even hope that the same results would be achieved?

What position should Gaelic occupy in those schools where the children know from childhood more or less of both languages? Our educational condition is in such a lamentable state, that if we secured something rational for the thousands who know Gaelic only, we would be content to leave the case of those who speak both tongues to be dealt with according to existing arrangements. Their case is a very interesting one nevertheless. As things are at present, these children can be intelligently educated. But it surely is no heresy to say that they could be more intelligently educated by making a judicious use of a language which they already know, and which they do not require to learn. We consider that in the large Highland villages where the

child acquires the familiar use of both languages, the school-master can find material out of which to manufacture scholars which he can get nowhere else in Scotland. To be able to look at an idea from two points of view; to be able to express a thought in two languages so radically different as English and Gaelic are, is a power which, if rightly used and wisely directed, ought to yield rich results, not merely in language but in life. In the best equipped schools of the larger villages, and in the higher-class schools of our semi-Gaelic districts, Gaelic might well find a place as a "specific" subject. In such schools where the children could remain in school till they were fourteen and even fifteen and sixteen years of age, Gaelic taught properly along with English might become an element of true culture in place of which Latin and Greek would be but lifeless, and therefore valueless, substitutes.



THE HUNTING SONG OF THE CHILDREN OF FIONN.

IN IMITATION OF A GAELIC HUNTING SONG.

To the hills, to the hills, to the lovely hills,
To the glorious hills away,
Where the sun is shining so warm and bright,
And all rejoicing in morning light,
The little streamlet play.

Ho e ro.

To seek the deer in his corrie deep,
To waken him out of his luscious sleep,
To see him erect his noble head,
One instant pause as he hears our tread,
Then startled, bound away.

Ho e ro.

On the hills, on the hills, on the lovely hills,
On the glorious hills away,
Where the sparkling dew-drop of early spring,
Decks with rich silver each tiny thing,
The blue bells, heather, and spray.

Ho e ro.

Each practised eye said where he ran,
 After him ! after him ! Oscar, Bran,
 We'll follow, we'll follow, in eager chase,
 Over the mountain's rugged face,
 We'll bring him at last to bay.

Ho e ro.

From the hills, from the hills, from the
 lovely hills,

From the glorious hills away,
 The sinking sun ere he goes to bed,
 Is kissing their sides with his lips so red
 His sweet good night to say.

Ho e ro.

We'll bear him up on our shoulders high
 He deserves on a warrior's couch to lie,
 Oh, the children of mountain and mist are we,
 Who so happy, or who so free,
 At the close of our hunting day ?

Ho e ro.

JAMES A. CAMPBELL,
 Barbreck.

—o—

THE OLD CELTIC WORLD, FROM A NEW STAND-POINT.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

Is there visions about ?
 Is civilisation a failure ?
 Or is the Caucasian played out ?

THE truth contained in these lines has grown into this whimsical shape, out of the rough soil of California, where sleek John Chinaman has proved himself to be more than a match "in ways that are dark," for the smartness of our American cousins ; and the subject upon which I will try to turn its light, was the natural outcome of the mist-shrouded corries, and dark cliffs of our Highland hills. The Teutonic mind treats the Celt very much as the Greeks treated all the rest of mankind ; it has failed to grasp the poetry and the philosophy of the Celtic race ; it disposes of the creed and the reverence of the quivering Gaelic mind, by calling both a tissue of superstition ; and it has not yet done justice to what was best and deepest in Highland life and charac-

ter. My aim in this rough sketch, is to translate what was peculiar in that life and character, in that poetry and philosophy, and in that creed and reverence, into a new meaning ; and to turn that meaning round and round in the light of modern thought.

If we resolve or split up the thing called Highland superstition, we find a multitude of negative or thin qualities, all of which centre in the weakness which is supposed to mark the Celtic mind. The Celt is played out ; and is now a relic for the museum. The Gael has uncouth fragments of faith ; but he is said to respect mysteries, because he cannot solve them in the cool clear-headed way in which an Englishman carves the articles of his belief, or a German undermines his ; he is called a visionary, an idle dreamer, or even a ghost-monger, not because he has a keen insight into things unseen and their interpretation, but because he does not possess sufficient strength of will or moral courage to find out, and face the realities of life which lie behind the glamour of his own incompetence ; if he is credited with a sort of stunted imagination, he is also thought to be incapable of sifting fact from mere fancy ; and if he is allowed to be somewhat of a poet, it is because he is not up to the level of prose. In short, he has no sense for the real, and but little for the true ; there are "visions about" in his turbulent little world, which itself is surrounded by mist and the mystery of the savage, and though he stretch the power of his arm to its very utmost, he cannot lift the veil or penetrate beyond it.

If a cultured Englishman spoke out his thoughts about the superstition of the Highlander, he would say nothing more favourable to the latter than this ; most likely he

would come far short of this. *Omne ignotum pro magifico?* No. On the contrary, what is not very near to us or almost a part of us, is generally ignored. Most men live in the narrow circle of their own coterie or profession, or country, or generation or age; and look upon all beyond, in a dim or false light. It is very easy, but not very wise, to pool-pool the past, or a section of it from the isolation of our superior wisdom; and to call its thinking and its faith a tissue of superstition. Whether we acknowledge the fact or not, it is in human nature to look back upon one's grandfather with a curious mixture of sentiment, in which pity and reverence are in equal proportions. No generation and no age does justice to the merits of its predecessor; though it does more than justice to those of its successor. We see the distant not in itself, but through a medium—often a complex one. Until very recently proper canons of criticism were not applied to history; and the life and spirit of great eras were concealed or obscured. Even now, when we have occasion to survey the past, and ascertain its movements, we rest content by contemplating a lifeless deputy, or by forming an image of it, out of which the most of the original has dropt, and into which much which is not of the past or distant at all, blends. Do we not, almost all of us, gloss over remote history by bisecting it into heathendom and the dark ages? Yet, this heathendom was not so heathenish, after all; it possessed as noble an activity, and as keen a sense of truth and right and beauty, as the enlightenment of this century can claim for itself; and we know now, or ought to know, that the dark ages were brilliant in deed, and subtle, if not fertile, in

thought. The darkness is not so much a cloak of any age itself, as it is a quality of the onlooker. We cannot look upon any age or any people directly; nor can we get any knowledge of the past or absent, unless we recognise the fact that ourselves and everything palpable around us are ever changing from the old to the new. Age develops into age; languages and the institutions, and the very thoughts which they embody, pass into new modifications; and form changes into form. What we have therefore to do, is to ascertain the law of this perpetual change; to study it; to get out of our narrow bias; to read the meaning of the past in the light of the present; and to translate history, and whatever remains we can get of the days that have been into the language, and the other symbols of our own times, and into our own particular mode of looking at our own time, and all time. Be we Teuton or Celtic, we err grievously so long as we do not look generously beyond the circle of our immediate life, and so long as we relegate whatever does not square with our own cherished opinions to a lower level of thought, or to an effete superstition.

It has been said that orthodoxy in matters of religious doctrine, varies with geography; and it is certainly true that rules of taste, and even canons of truth naturally suit themselves to the nature of particular localities, and that the practical virtues grow, to some extent, out of selfishness. At all events, natives look at whatever lies outside themselves from a national, which means a low standpoint. They do not by any means see themselves as others see them. Thus the Teuton draws a line in his own favour, between himself and the Celt; and the Lowlander con-

trasts himself with the native of the glen. A sturdy Highland boy, whose frame is well knit and well seasoned, and whose spirit is high and light, faces all kinds of weather without taking much thought for the scantiness of his costume; he knows and cherishes the literature traditional in his glen; and he acts pretty well up to the ethical standard of his race. Though he neither entertains nor expresses decided views, he entertains a vast fund of latent contempt for those who live in Lowland luxury, and find it necessary to protect their nether limbs by the tailor's art. A central point of his meagre creed is that one brawny Gael is more than a match for three ordinary Southerners, who, in turn, laugh at the impudence of the little bare-legged imp. And yet, this little savage does nothing more atrocious than the conduct of the Jews towards all who could not and cannot claim descent from Abraham, the behaviour of the enlightened Greeks towards all who lay beyond their little nook of earth, and the arrogant superiority which Europe, and especially the Teutonic portion of it, assumes over those who live under other skies, and breathe a different atmosphere. We are all of us only too apt to believe that we are the people of the earth, and that wisdom is confined to us. As a nation the English have never recognised the merits of the Africans, Hindoos, and Gaels. There is no African tribe so savage as the denizens of some London streets that could be named. The narratives of nearly all travellers abound in instances of humanity, and even of delicate feeling that can not be paralleled by the conventionality of any English drawing-room. One incident will illustrate this. When, in July 1796, Mungo Park arrived at Segou, he was not allowed to

enter the town, or see the king. On being sent to a neighbouring village, no one would admit him into his house; faint and weary he sat under the shade of a tree during the day; but towards evening the wind began to blow, and the rain to fall heavily. A woman, returning from her work, observed him in this wretched situation, and having ascertained his destitute state, brought him into her hut, and gave him the best supper she could procure in so short a time. When he lay down on a mat to sleep, the woman and the other females of the family began to spin cotton, and continued at this work during the greater part of the night, one of the young women singing a sweet and plaintive song, and the rest joining in the chorus, which was as follows:—"Let us pity the poor white man, no mother has he to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn." The refrain is primitive, and the whole action was simple; but it was not the act of a savage. If instead of looking down from a lofty pinnacle and treating them with coarseness, arrogance, and cruelty, Englishmen understood the customs and institutions of the African people; if they could enter into their sympathies, ethical codes and general habits, instead of hurling ridicule and oaths at them from without, they would find that the savages of London, Manchester, and Glasgow, are as lawless as those of Dahomey, and have a conscience both smaller and more callous. Missionary literature and the history of the many missions that have in vain attempted the conversion of the Hindoos to Christianity, are only too sad proof of the proud arrogance of Teutonic civilization. Those who take their ideas from the literature, and especially the records of the missionaries, must imagine that the Hindoo mind is

both dark and obtuse. But though Teutonic Europe will not recognise or act upon the fact, the Hindoo literatures are old and extensive, and the Hindoo mind is naturally subtle, and well trained in several directions. It is true the Teuton does not bribe the Gael with bits of coloured glass and cheap beads, as he does the Negro: nor does he waste pity and tracts upon him as his custom has hitherto been with the natives of India; but he spies his merits from afar, instead of examining his thoughts and feelings from within his religion, his poetry, and his philosophy.

The model sophist made himself the measure of this many-sided universe; and philosophised upon this basis. Every nation has its own standard of ethics and truth, as it has its own coinage, or its own meridian. This standard is an induction from data, collected within the life of the nation itself; and hence it is not a universal standard, applying to all times and all places. The Celt tests his world, such as it is, by his home-made standard; the Teuton profiting by wider experience in a wider area, possesses a standard of greater accuracy, and tests the universe by it. Both standards are defective, and differ in degree merely. It is not then from the stand-point of the Celt, nor yet from that of the Teuton, that I propose to examine the growth and extent of the old Celtic economy; but from a far different point of view. What that point of view is, will appear by and by. Meanwhile I simply lay stress upon the fact that the living thought and moral impulse of our age, or of any country of this age, may appear as a mass of crude superstition to the critical mind of subsequent centuries.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be,
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they,

With this canon in view, let us look back to what is vaguely called the Ossianic period. I care not now whether Ossian lived in the flesh or not; for the Ossianic era is a fact as real as the Homeric epoch; and Ossian, myth or no myth, is as localised as Homer. The world, for all that history can produce, or criticism can advance, knows nearly as much of the personality of the Fingalian bard, as it does of that of the poet of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Without accepting all, or almost any of the minute geographical details collected by Dr. Waddell, we may accept the broad fact that a considerable change has taken place in the relative position of sea and land, on the west of Scotland and north of Ireland, since the beginning of the Ossianic period. And yet the appearance of the country then was not much different from what it is now. Mountains rose into the clouds and veiled their heads in mist, as they still do; the dark grey Atlantic lashed the dark cliffs with the same restless fury; hills were clad in brown, and plains in green; the sun shone fitfully; rain fell, and deep shadows rushed across valley and loch; grass and trees grew; flowers blossomed and beautified; and men preyed upon the lower creation and upon each other as they still continue to do. But the cosmos of the Fingalian was in nearly all other respects different from the matter-of-fact world of the modern Isleman or Highlander. What that world was, what it all meant, and how it is related to this, will be afterwards discussed.

A N G A I D H E A L.

“*Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.*”—OISEAN.

V. LEABH.]

CEUD MHIOS AN EARRAICH, 1876.

[50 AIR.]

LITREACHAS NAN GAIDHEAL.

II. NA LAOIDHEAN.

THA e coltach gu'n abairteadh o shean *Laoidh* ris a' Bhardachd ris an abair sinne *Oran* no *Dàn*. Gheibh sinn mar so “*Dàn an Deirg*,” agus “*Laoidh an Amadain Mhoir*.” Cho fad 's is léir dhomh, dh'fheudteadh na h-ainmean atharrachadh—“*Laoidh an Deirg*” agus “*Dàn an Amadain Mhoir*”—gun brìgh na cainnt a mhùthadh. Ach o chionn iomadh bliadhna their sinne *Laoidhean* ris a' ghne Bhardachd sin a tha buntainn ri firinnean ar Creidimh ro naoinha. Is co-ionann, tha mi meas, am focal Gaidhlig *Laoidh* agus am focal Beurla *Lay*. Co a' chanain d'am buin am focal, cha ro mhaith is aithne dhomh. Tha e againn 's a' Ghaidhealtachd o chionn iomadh bliadhna. Ach a ris, gheibhear e anns a' Bheurla o chionn iomadh ceud bliadhna. B' e so an t-ainm a bha aig na Baird 's a chanain sin airson naigheachd air a cur ann an rann. Sheinneadh am Bard, mar bu trice, an *Lay*, agus bhiodh guth na clarsaich a cofhreagrachd ri 'ghuth fein. Cha 'n 'eil e idir eu-coltach nach ann o'n Bheurla a thug sinne am focal, agus creididh mi gu'm b' ionann ciall o shean do'n fhocal anns a' Ghaidhlig agus anns a' Bheurla; ach, mar thuirt mi cheana, 's e ciall cumanta an fhocail *Laoidh*, 'n ar latha-ne, *Dàn Spioradail* a tha air a chumadh

ri fonn, 's a tha freagarrach gu bhì air a sheinn a chum cliù Dhè.

Cha 'n fhiosrach mi gu bheil a bheag a nis ri fhaotainn de na *Laoidhean* *Gaidhealach* a rinneadh roimh linn an *Ath-leasachaidh*. Agus cho fad 's is aithne dhomh, cha 'n 'eil rann idir ri fhaotainn de *Laoidhean* nan *Druidhean*. Is call mor so; oir ged bha creidimh nan *Druidhean* mearachdach, feallsa, bu daoine crabhach iad agus, a reir soluis an latha fein, daoine foghlumte. B' ann an rann a bha 'n beachdan air an gleidheadh air chuimhne; agus cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach b' e seinn *Laoidhean* roinn mhor de'n aoradh. Bu thiodhlac luachmhor dhuinne an aidmheil agus an riaghailt-aoraidh 'n an cainnt fein.

Ach is call air gach doigh moran na's mò, nach do rainig a bheag is fiach iomradh sinn de *Laoidhean* na seann *Eaglais Ghaidhealaich*. Tha seanachas creideasach air cho teom 's a bha *Calum Cille* 's a luchd leanmhuinn air seinn *Laoidhean*. Cha 'n 'eil mi cho earbsach gu bheil an seanachas cho creideasach gur e *Calum Cille* is ughdar de'n aon rann *Ghaidhlig* a tha nis air a luaidh air ainm:—

“I mo chridhe! I mo ghraidh!
An aite guth Manaich bi'dh géum bà;
Ach mu'n tig an Saoghal gu crìch,
Bi'dh I mar a bha.”

Ma bheirear creideas do'n fhaistneachd, is dòcha gu bheil crìoch an

t-saoghail na's faide nainn na's maith leis an Ollamh *Cumming* aideachadh. An nair a bha "coigriach a' chuain" a' seideadh thùrlach, a' creachadh àiridhean, 's a' spuilleadh theampull anns na h-Eileanan a Tuath 's an Iar, cha'n 'eil teagamh nach iomadh Laoidh mholaidh cho maith ri iomadh Brosnachadh gaisgeil a chaidh gu brath a dhith anns an leir-sgrìos cagalaich a thainig air a' Ghaidhealtachd anns na luintibh an-ìochdmhor sin.

Anns a' cbruinneachadh de Bhardachd Ghaidhealaich a riun Sir Seumas Mac Griogair, Deadhan Lis-mhoir, o chionn corr agus trì cheud bliadhna, gheibhear a mhòr chuid de na thais a lathair de'n t-seana Bhardachd, a mach o Oisein. Ann an cruinneachadh Mhic Griogair gheibhear Bardachd chrabhach; ach cha 'n fhaighear a bheag agus cha'n 'eil am beagan ro mhaith. Cha 'n 'eil mi smuaineachadh gur airidh na "comhraidhean" eadar Oisean agus Padruig a bha cho siubhlach 's an àm sin am measg an t-sluaigh a bhi air an ainmeachadh 'n ar Laoidhean. Tha iad luachmhor 'n an aite fein; ach cha Laoidh connsachadh eadar Oisean 'us Padruig co-dhiu b'fhearr cleachduin nam Fiaun na'n creidimh Criosduidh—Parras na talla Fhinn. De na Baird Spioradail a gheibhear an cruinneachadh Mhic Griogair, 's e Muireach Albannach—a réir coslais a cheud aon de Chlann Mhuirich, Baird Chlann-Raghail—gu mor is àirde cliu. So eisempleir d'a Bhardachd:—

"A bhi an cridhe Mhic Dhe,
Peacach mar mi mòr an sgeul,
Mise d'a gun d'fhuir a nis,
Crois Iosa Criosd air mo bheul;
A Iosa Criosd sean de d' mhos,
Mo dha chos 'us mo da làmh,
Agus sean-sa mise de d' dheadh,
Eadar fhuil, 'us shal, 'us chnàmh."
—*Book of the Dean of Lismore*,
p. 121 (Gaelic text).

Cha 'n fhaighear cunntas mion mu leabhraichean Gaidhlig 's mu'n Ughdair, ged nach 'eil an aircamh ro mhòr. Rinneadh a cheud oidheirp 's an oidheirp mu dheireadh 's an rathad so le *Reid*,* anns a' bhliadhna 1832. Chaidh moran de leabhraichean Gaidhlig de gach seorsa a chur a mach o'n àm sin; agus bha iomadh leabhar clo-bhuailte 's an àm sin fein air nach d'amais *Reid* ged rannsuidh e gu ro churamach. Thachair air *Reid* naoi deug agus dà fhichead leabhar Bardachd aon an Gaidhlig; agus 'n am measg so tha aon deug de leabhraichean Laoidhean. Anns a' bhliadhna 1841 chuir Iain MacCoinnich a mach an leabhar luachmhor sin "Sàr Obair nam Bard Gaidhealach;" ach am measg saothair dà Bhard dhéug thar fhichead, cha d' thug e aite ach do thriuir de na sgrìobh 's a chuir a mach Laoidhean. Ann am beachd Mhic Coinnich bha ochd de na leabhraichean Laoidhean a dh'ainmich *Reid*, a thuillidh air na leabhraichean nach b'aithne do'n duine sin, nach robh airidh air cuimhne bhuan airson am Bardachd. Tha mi meas nach robh barail Mhic Coinnich ro chli anns a' cheum so. Anns na chlo-bhualadh de Bhardachd Ghaidhealaich bho 1841, tha roinn mhòr—dlù air an dara leth, tha mi meas—'n an Laoidhean. Thachair orm fein, uile gu leir, mu fhichead leabhar Laoidh; agus tha fios agam gu'n deachaidh leabhar Laoidh no dhà a chlo-bhualadh nach faca mise.

Cha bhiodh e freagarrach, aon an cunntas aithghearr mu'r Laoidhean, dol a dh' ainmeachadh gach leabhar dhiu so air leth. A chum a'mheur so d'ar Bardachd a

* *Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*. John Reid. 1832. Glasgow, John Reid & Co.; Edinburgh, Oliver & Boyd; London, Whitaker, Treacher, & Arnot.

thoirt fa chomhair an Leughadair, feudaidh sinn ar Laoidhean Gaidhealach a roinn 'n an ceithir. Buidheanan no Earannan.

I. Laoidhean eadar-theangaichte.

II. Laoidhean a gheibhearsgaoilte feadh na tire gun fhios co leis iad, agus leabhraibh bheaga a chaidh a chlo-bhualadh o àm gu àm.

III. Laoidhean a tha 'n Ughdair fathasd maireann.

IV. Laoidhean 'us Ughdair a tha airidh air aite urramach fhaotainn am measg ar Bardachd.

I. Laoidhean eadar-theangaichte.

Is ann 's a' bhuidheann so a dheanta' luaidh air Saim Dhaibhidh, na Laoidhean 's na Dain Spioradail a gheibhear le ughdarras na h-Eaglais 'n ar Biobuill; agus cha'n urrainnear, tha mi meas, cus cliù a thoirt do na daoine foghlumte a thug gu crìch cho ordheire an obair chudthromach so, agus gu h-àraid do'n Ollamh *Smith* a rinn, ma dh' fhaodte, na bu mho na neach eile.

A thuilleadh air na Saim 's na Laoidhean a tha ri'm faotainn 'n ar Biobuill, tha moran do Laoidhean eadar-theangaichte 's a' Ghaidhlig. Gu bhì g' an gabhail thar cheann, is eigin dhomh aideachadh nach eil mor mheas agam air na Laoidhean so. Gheibhear gun amhurus, a nis 's a ris 'n ar Cuairtearan, Laoidh no Dàn air dheagh eadar-theangachadh, agus chaidh dà Leabhar a chur a mach le Mac-na-Ceardadh, ann an Glascho, o chionn beagan bliadhnanachan—a mhor chuid de Dhàn Spioradail eadar-theangaichte—a tha uile gu leir ionmholta; ach seachad air na dh' ainmich mi, cha 'n e mo bheachd gu'n robh an roghainn a chaidh a dheanamh de na Laoidhean Beurla uile gu leir fortanach, no gu'n robh oidhearp an Eadar-theangair an comhnuidh soirbheachail. Ged tha 'Ghaidhlig 's a' Bheurla

'n an coimhearsnaich o'n a rugadh a' Bheurla cha robh riamh moran companais eatarra. Creididh mi nach 'eil Bardachd 's an Roinn-Eorpa is duilghe chur gu Gaidhlig na 'Bhardachd Shasunnach. Tha so fìor gu souruichte, a reir mo bheachdsa, mu thimchioll nan Laoidhean sin is trice a gheibhear airan Eadar-theangachadh—Laoidhean Beothachaidh no Dugaidh, mar theirear rin. Mar a dh' ainmich mi cheana tha dealachadh mor eadar ar beachdan agus eadhoin ar fair-eachduinean Spioradail anns a' Ghaidhealtachd agus beachdan nan Gall, agus gu souruichte nan Americanaich; agus cha 'n 'eil e idir farasda oidhearp shoirbheachail a thoirt air eadar-theangachadh an t-seorsa Bhardachd so. Chunnaic mi Dain *Mr. Weaver* a bha ro shiubhlach 'n ar measg beagan bliadhnanachan roimhe so, anns a' Ghaidhlig; ach b'e mo bharail gu'm faighheadh an t-eadar-theangair obair a b'fheumaile agus a dheanamh e na b'fhearr. Dh' eadar-theangaich *Mr. MacRath* gu Gaidhlig cuid de Laoidhean an Americanaich *Mr. Sankey* a bha 's a tha cho tairbheartach 'n ar measg. Rinneadh an obair so le tuigse, le foghlum, agus le saothair; ach saoilidh mi gu'n aidich a mhor chuid de dhaoine nach faighear a bheag de Bhardachd an Laoidhean *Mr. Sankey* 's a' Bheurla, agus nach 'eil e comasach am beagan sin fein a thoirt gu leir do'n Ghaidhlig.

II. Anns an dara buidheann tha mi cruinneachadh cuideachd Laoidhean—gun fhios co rinn iad—a chluinnear a nis 's a ris a measg an t-sluaigh; Laoidhean a chithear am Paipcearan Naigheachd 's an Cuairtearan le ainm an Ughdair no gun ainm; agus Leabhraibh bheaga Laoidhean a gheibhear air uairean anns na bùthan.

Tha gun teagamh dealachadh

mor ann am buaidh cadar cuid de na Laoidhean so agus cuid eile; agus tha iad moran na's lionmhoire ann an aireamh na bhiodh an t-aineolach a' saoilinn. Tha cuid diu binn, ceolmhor: ach tha moran diu, ged is duilich leam a radh, anns nach faic mi a bheag ach dearbhadh follais-each air cion tuigse, fein-speis agus aineolas an Ughdair. Bheirear air nairean cliù Baird seachad air son beagan de rannan; ach is eigin gu'm bi am beagan de ghvè fìor-mhaith mn'n cunntar an t-Ughdar airidh air an urram. Tha e air aithris nach do sgrìobh *Wolfe* de rann ach "Tòrradh Shìr Iain Moore" ach gleidhidh an Duan bheag so cuimhne *Wolfe* agus Shìr Iain maireann's an tìr. Am measg nabheil de oidhearpan beaga againn 'n ar Laoidhean Gaidhealach cha saoil mi gur airidh air cuimhne mhaireannach ach aon —Laoidh Mhic-Ealair. Chaidh tuillidh 'us aon de Laoidhean MhicEalair a chur an clo—'s e Daibhidh nan Laoidh a theirteadh ris 'n a ghinealach fein ach bha aon diu cho measail os cionn chaich 'us gu'n abrar rithe fathasd "Laoidh Mhic-Ealair" mar nach sgrìobhadh an t-Ughdar ach i so a mhain. Gheibhear an Laoidh so ann an Cruinneachadh MhicCoinnich — ach as eugmhais so gheibhear i ann an cuimhne na cuid mhor a tha cleachduin a bhi 'g eisdeachd no seinn Laoidhean Gaidhealach. Chois-cadh i ainm Baird d'a h-Ughdar ann an canain fo'n ghréin.

III. Laoidhean a tha 'n Ughdair fathasd maireann. A

Am measg nan Ughdar a sgrìobh Laoidhean 's a tha fathasd maireann, tha cuid nach aithne dhomhsa; oir tha 'chleachduin cumanta 'n ar measg a bhi 'sgrìobhadh gu'n ainm, no le ceud litrichean an ainm. Ach thainig aireamh nach bu bheag fa m' chomhair air aon doigh no doigh eile.

Theirteadh o shean "Na labhair ach maith mu na mairbh;" agus am measg iomadh dearbhadh eile a th' againn air a' bhuaidh a tha 'n saoghal a ta lathair a' faotainn thairis oirnn fein, tha 'n doigh air a' bheil sinne a' leantainn na comhairle so a thainig a nuas o chéin. An aite a radh "Na labhair ach maith mu na mairbh," their sinne "Na labhair mu na beothaibh aon chuid maith no ole;" agus, ma dh' fhaodte, air son an reusain chendna. Bha ar n-aithrichean a' creidsinn gu'n tugadh Spiorad nam Marbh dioladh a mach; tha dearbhadh gun taing cho laidir againne nach ni faoin a bhi 'n eisemeil teangadh nam Beò. Cha 'n 'eil mi 'dol a dh' atharrachadh na cleachduin so. An uair a theid thusa agus mise a ghiulan do'n tigh a tha air orduchadh do na h-uile bheò, feudar barail neo-chlaon a thoirt air Sgrìobhaidhean ar latha-ne; agus cha 'n 'eil mi gun amhurus nach e breith an dream a thig 'n ar deigh, cia air bith cho torach 's a tha an linn so ann an Ranntachd, nach 'eil a' Bhardachd ach teara.

IV. Laoidhean a tha iad fein agus an Ughdair airidh air aite Urramach fhaotainn am measg ar Bardachd.

An uair a chuir Mr. Mac-Illeathain, Ghlinn-Urchaidh, a mach a chuid Laoidhean fein, seachd bliadhna roimhe so, sgrìobh e 's an Roimhradh air an doigh so: "Nach lionmhor iad a tha fathasd beò agus nach lionmhoire iad a tha marbh, a mheal mor-bhuannachd agus toil-eachas-inntinn o Laoidhean Spioradail a sgrìobhadh le aireamh nach beag de Bhardaibh Diadhaidh ar duthcha fein, mar a bha Dughall Buchannan, an t-Urramach Seumas MacGriogair, an t-Olla Domhnallach, agus Iain Moristan—Gobhainn na h-Earadh—agus moran eile a bharrachd orra a dh' fhaodainn ainmeachadh." Ach chaochail MacIlleathain; agus cha

d' fhag e, a reir mo bheachdsa, anns a' Ghaidhealtachd Bard cho ard cliù, no ach gann Breitheamh air Bardachd cho comasach, ris fein. Leis a cheathrar Bhard a dh' ainmich esan, bu mhaith leam triuir eile a chur a tha airidh air aite urramach fhaotainn am measg nam Bard Gaidhealach a sheinn Laoidhean—'s e sin Donnachadh Dughallach, Padruig Grannd, agus Mr. MacIlleathain e-fein. Tha againn mar so seachdnar a tha comharraichte am measg ar Baird Spioradail araon airson airde am buaidhean agus meud an obair. Cunntar MacEalair 'n am measg air son nam feartan bardail a dhearbhadh anns an laoidh a' dh' ainmich mi cheana. Cha 'n fhiosrach mi aon tuilleadh is airidh a bhi air ainmeachadh am measg na buidhne so. Theirinn, ma ta, gu bheil ochdnar Ghaidheal a sgrìobh Laoidhean ò linn an Ath-leasachaidh is airidh air urram mar Bhaird. Ach tha aon dia so, a reir mo bheachdsa, a tha 'g eirigh cho ard os cionn chaich, gu leir—Dughall Buchannan—agus gu bheil e airidh, air a ghleidheadh, air leth ann an cumntas nam Bard Spioradail. De 'n t-seisear eile—oir tha mi 'gabhail seachad air MacEalair—bha triuir de'n Eaglais Shaoir agus triuir de'n Eaglais Bhaistich; agus anns gach buidheann bha dà mhinisteir agus aon searmonaiche.

Feudar, tha mi meas, an t-Olla Domhnallach agus Iain Moristan a chur cuideachd. Mar Bhaird, bha iad coltach ri cheile, agus mar Dhiadhairean cha robh iad, tha mi meas, ~~tha mi meas~~, mi-choltach. A mach o'n tìr anns an cualas an guth 'us anns am facas an gluasad, cha 'n 'eil an Laoidhean, cho fad 's is aithne dhomh, moran air an leughadh. C'arson so? Cha 'n ann 's an Leabhar so, tha mi saoilinn, a ruigear a leas dol a sheirm cliù an Oll-

aimh Dhomhnallaich. Aidichear anns gach aite gur ann fìor ainmig a chunnacas duine cho tréun ann an cubaid Ghaidhealaich o linn Chalum Chille. Agus air son buaidhean nadurra saoilidh mi, a réir gach cunntais a th' againn, nach robh Gobhainn na h-Earadh a bheag air deireadh air Abstol na h-airde Tuath. Ciod is aobhar, ma ta, an uair a bu Bhaird le cheile iad, nach 'eil an Dàin na's miaghaile na tha iad? Thagh iad steighean, mar bu trice, a bha cumanta gu leoir am measg nam Bard Gaidhealach—Marbh-rannan. Feudaidh mi bhi mearachd; ach 's e mo bharail gun faighear an t-aobhar ann an tomhas mor ann an so;—gu'n do lean iad an steigh tuillidh 'us fada eadhon a réir an tomhais. Ghaidhealaich; nach do chleachd iad fuinn a bha cumanta am measg an t-slaaigh; gu bheil iad mar a dh' fhaodas sinn a' radh an comhuidh a' searmonachadh 'n an Dàin; agus gu bheil na faireachduinean 's na beachdan a tha iad a' toirt fa'r combhair do-thuigsinn do mhoran, agus luach-mhor 'n an suilibh-san a mhaing a dh'araicheadh 's a dh' iunnsachadh o'n òige anns na crìochaibh anns an do theagaisg na daoine urramach so. Bha Mr. MacIlleathain, a reir mo bharailsa, ann am buaidhean nadurra, air deireadh air an aon is laige de'n dha; ach saoilidh mi nach faighear o aon diu rannan is binne na iad so:

'S maing a dh' earbadh as an oige
Ged is boidheach i r' a faicinn
Near't 'us cuma, 's faoin iad comhladh,
'S i ghorraich a dh' earbadh asda.

Bha thusa, Mhairearad, òg am bliadhnaibh

Bha thu ciatach am measg òg-bhan
Og mar bhean thu, òg mar mhàthair
Og 'n uair ghairn am bàs sibh comhladh.

Mu'n triuir Bhaisteach a dh' ainmich mi tha e mar an ceudna

fior gur e an t-aon is isle buaidhean is airde cliù mar Ughdar Laoidhean—'s e sin Padruig Grund a chaithe a bheatha fhada gu h-urramach an Strath-Spè. Gun teagamh am measg nan Soisgeulaichean a dh'fhag an rioghachd so o àm gu h-àm, 's a chaithe am beatha a' saothreachadh an duthchannabh eòin, cha 'n aithne dhomh aon is airidh air cliù na's airde na'n Dr. Séumas MacGriogair ach a mhain Peainteach mar bha 'e fein a tha fathast maille ruinn, Dr. Duff; ach cho robh MacGriogair cho buadh-mhor mar Bhard 's a bha e mar dhuine 's mar Shoisgeulaiche. Bu duilich leam ri searbh a' radh mu 'n duine urramach so; ach tha aon ni gu sofhichte a tha 'diteadh nan Laoidhean eige ann am bheachd sa—'s e sin mar tha moran de 'n chainnt 's de'n smuain air an tarruing o Bhaird eile agus gu sonruichte o Dhonnachadh Bàn Mac-an-t-Saoir. Tha a cheart rann agus moran de'n chainnt anns an do sheinn Donnachadh Bàn cliù Mhairi Bàn Og aig MacGriogair a' cur an ceill a ghraidh d'a Fhear Saoraidh. Cha 'n e mhain so. Chuir Donnachadh bochd an "Cumha" a' rinn e do Choire-cheathaich ri fonn port-damhsa cho iullagach 's a th' againn—*Flowers of Edinburgh*; agus mar gum biodh gach ni ceart a thigeadh o Mhac-an-t-saoir ghabh MacGriogair an rann agus cuid de'n chainnt ann an Laoidh d'an d' thug e mar ainm *An Gearan!* Chaoin Donnachadh Bàn Coire Cheathaich mar so:—

"Is duilich leam an càradh
Th' air coire gorm an fhàsaich
'S an d' fhuair mi greis g' am àrach
'S a bhraighe ud thall," &c.

agus ghearain MacGriogair a staid spioradail fein mar a leanas:—

"Is duilich leam mar taa mi,
A' siubhal le mo namhaid,

Gun umhail do na h-aintibh,
'S mo ghradh dhoibh cho fann:
'S ionadh fear a bharr orm,
Tha siubhal reir a naduir,
'S e 'n lagh tha fulang tamailt,
'Us taire nach gann," &c.

Chuala mi iomradh air bantrach Piobaire a chaidh, beagan laithean as deigh b'ais a fir, a dh' fhaicinn na h-naighe. Ghuil a bhantrach bho chd gu goirt, phòg i 'm fòid fo'n robh fear a graidh 'n a luidhe, agus dh' eirich i gu dubhach a dhol dachaidh. Cha robh e soirbh dh'i a cùl a thoirt ri "leabhadh chaol" a fir; agus fathast 'n a seasamh air an uaigh, chaidh a cuimhne air a h-ais gu laithean a h-oige, an uair a chuir i eolas air a' Phiobaire. Bha na cuimhneachain taitneach, oir "gheibhear gairdeachas 's a' bhròn." Thog smuain na bantraich gu nadurra a dh' ionnsaidh nam port a bu toigh leis a' Phiobaire bhì cluich air a' phiob. Bha aon phort gu sonruichte air an do sheoerich a h-inntinn. "Bha do speis de'n phort so, a rùn," arsa bhantrach, "riamh ro mhòr, agus is maith tha fios agam e'arson, 's e am port a bhithinn fein an comhnuidh ag iarraidh ort a chluich an uair a tha sin a' suiridh. Cha leig mi am port sin air di-chuimhne gu brath." Leig a' bhantrach bho chd air di-chuimhne aobhair a turuis. Chaidh a giulan air a h-ais, le cumhachd na smuain, gu bliadhnachan a h-oige 's a sunnd; agus, mu'n d' thug i 'n aire e' àite an robh i, sheinn 'us dhanns' i 'm port air uaigh a fir nach robh seachd- uin marbh. Saoilidh mi gu bheil Donnachadh Bàn a' caoidh Choire-Cheathaich, agus Seumas MacGriogair a' gearan a pheacanna, ri fonn *Flowers of Edinburgh*, cho fada air seacharan ris a' bhantraich agus nach 'eil leth-sgeul na bantraich aca. Cha d' thug MacCoinnich àite do Dhonnachadh Dughallach ann an

“Sar obair nam Bard Gaidhealach,” agus cha d’ainmich MacIlleathain e am measg nam Bard Diadhaidh. Bha’n Dughallach ’n a Shearmonaiche an Eilean Thirithe. Cha’n fhaighear a leabhar ach tearc; ach ’s e mo bharaill gu’n do thaomadh Spiorad na Bardachd ann an tomhas air an duine so. Cha do thagh e ro thrìc fuinn thaitneach; agus cha ’n ’eil a rann ach ainmig reidh no ceolmhor; ach tha inntinn laidir mhìsneachail aige, agus tha ’smuain torach, brìghmhor. Feudaidh e bhì nach ’eil ann ach neonachas, ach dhuìsgidh laoidhean an Dughallaich agus dealbhan Mhic-an-t-Sagairt (Earra-Ghaidhealach eile) co-ionann faireachd uin a m’ inntinn. Bheir iad le cheile air m’ais mi gu h-Eileanan na h-Airde-n-Iar; saoilidh mi gu bheil fead na gaoithe ro’n mhuran ’us gaoir a’ chladaich an comhnuidh a m’ chluais.

Le na bulugna desmiora’ Bhaird na Donnachadh Dughallach agus le buaidhean moran na b’ isle na Seumas MacGriogair, choisinn Padruig Grannd barrachd cliù le cuid de ’Laoidhean (ged tha cuid eile dhiu air bheag luach mar Bhardachd) na choisinn an dithis eile ged chuirteadh comhla iad. Bhuidhinn e ’n clàr so, ann an tomhas mor, tha mi meas, le bhì ’cur smuain shoilleir ann an roinn reidh, air a’ cumadh ri fonn freagarrach, farasda thogail. Tha moran de “Ghloir an Uain” agus de “Bhas an Fhìreìn” fìor mhaiseach agus fìor cheolmhor. Chunnaic mi dearbhadh nach di-chuimhnich mi air a’ ghreim a rinn an rann a leanas air inntinn cheolmhor.

Ged dh’fhag sibh sinne brònach
An gleann nan deòir ’n ar deigh,
Cha ’n ann mar ’dhream gun dòchas
Nach còmhlaich sinn a cheil;
Tha sibhse an diugh cho sgiamhach,
’S cho geal ri grian nan speur,

’S ’n uair bhios an obair crìochnaicht’
Bìdh sinne triall ’n ar deigh.

D. M’K.

—o—

ORAN DO THOBAR A CHUNNAIC
MI ANN AN TRAIGH LOCH
ERIBOL.

(*Song to a Spring in the Beach of Loch Eribol.*)

Cìod e chuir thu, Thobair fhìor-uisg’,
Dh’iarraidh anns an tràigh do chuaich’,
Far nach tig an t-eun a dh’òl dhìot,
’S nach cinn feirnein air do bhruaich ?

Gur mìlis ’s gur grinn thu, Fhuarain,
’S air leam fhein gur cruaidh do dhàn,
Am folach am broilleach na mara,
Fhad ’s a mhaireas am muir-làn.

B’fhearr leam d’fhaicinn anns an fhìreach,
No an innis ghuirm nan craobh,
Far an òilt’ thu moch us feasgar,
Leis an Eilid is a laogh.

Far an tigeadh an Damh cabrach,
O ’leabaidh ’s a’ chreachunn fhuar,
’Dh’òl gu deòthasach de ’n fhìor-uisg,
’Rinn fhalluinn co sgiamhach tuar.

Far an iarrt’ thu leis an t-sealgair,
Sgith ’s an anmoch tighinn o’n bheinn,
’S ’n uair a dh’òladh e a leòir dhìot,
Cha lùbadh e ’m feòirnein fo ’bhuinn.

Far an tigeadh eòin a’ bigil,
’Fhliucheadh ribhead nam ponc binn,
Seal mu’n dùisgeadh iad a’ choille,
Le coireall nan laoidhean grinn.

Far ’m bu mhiann le maighdinn bhòidhich
’Bhì cumail na còmhdaill àigh,
’G eisdeach as ùr cliu na maise,
’Chuir lasadh an cridh’ a gràidh:

I ’goid seallaidh tric a’ d’ sgathan,
De ’n àilléachd mu’n d’rinn e sgeùl,
’S ’n uair a chromadh i a dh’ òl dhìot,
E ’maoidheadh dhut pòig o ’béul.

B’annsa leam an sud thu, Thobair,
Na ’bhì feadh nan clachan garbh,
’Dòrtadh do shruthanan soilleir
Am broilleach nan tonnan searbh;

’Dòrtadh d’ fhìor-uisge gu diomhain,
’S ged dh’fhiachadh tu gu La-Luain,
Cha dean thu ’n cladach na’s grinne,
’S cha dean thu mìlis an Cuan.

FREAGAIRT AN TOBAIR.

C'òd a chuir thu, 'bhean, 'g am chumha,
 Ged is garbh 's is dubh mo chuach,
 Ged nach e grunnal is grunn dhomh,
 'S nach cinn flùran air mo bhruaich.

Tha mi anns an tràigh cho suaimhneach,
 Ag dìleachd ri nuallan nan toinn,
 'S ged bu cheol dhomh na h-àrd langain
 Aig leannan nan aighean domh.

Cha 'n eil grinneas na mna-u isle
 Ceangailte ri luach a séud,
 'S ged blios rionbath daor mu'n fhiodhuill,
 Cha dean sud na's biun' an téud.

'S ged bhiodh ròsan, fear, us biolair,
 Mu m' bhile 's an aonach àrd,
 'Se na b'fheaird mi fhein sud agam,
 'Bhi maiseach an sealladh Bùird'.

'S ioma bean tha 'm bothan brònach,
 Aig a' bheil sòlas 'n a crann,
 Nach eil aig baintighearnan mòrail,
 Aig a' bheil an t-òr neo-ghann.

'S ioma bean a tha mar mise,
 A' dòrtadh ionmhas a gaol
 Far nach fhaigh i meas no pris air,
 Gus an ruig i crìoch a saoghal.

'S ged tha mise leth mo latha
 'M folach am broilleach an loch,
 Eadar tràghadh agus lionadh
 Bheir mi do 'n iotmhor a dheoch.

'S ged nach tig a ghreadhan uallach,
 Dh'iarraidh fuarain feadh nan clach,
 'S tric ag òl dhe'm shruthain flior-uig
 An eala, an gèadh, us an lach.

'S ged bhithinn gu flurach 's na tolmair,
 No an innis ghuirm na t'his,
 Cha deanadh tu fhein dhomh òran,
 'S cha 'n fhaiceadh tu bòidheach nam
 ghnuis.

Cha dean mi 'n cladach na's grinne,
 'S ris a' chuan cha bhi mi 'stri,
 Ach bheir mi mo shruthan gu milis
 Do'n àite anns 'na chuireadh mi.

MAIRI NIC-EALAIR.

St. Petersburg, a's t-fhoghar, 1875.

COMHRADH

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS
 COINNEACH TOBAIR.

M.—“Bha dùil agam riut an
 nochd, a Choinnich, agus is mi tha

toilichte nach do mheall thu orm
 's an duil sin. Bha fios agam gu'n
 robh thu a' cur romhad a bhi ann
 am Baile-na-Cille air Dimairt a dh-
 fhaicinn gach ni a reicear an là sin,
 agus chuir mi fios thugad le Domb-
 null Mac Alasdair Mhic Shéumais,
 a bhi cinnteach gun tigeadh tu an
 nochd gu bhi deas chum nan gnoth-
 uichean cianail ann am Baile-na-Cille
 fhaicinn air an ath sheachdain.
 Tha mi 'n dòchas gu'n d' fhàg thu
 slàn iad eadar bheag agus mhòr 's
 a' Ghoirtean-Fhraoich.”

C.—“Tha iad air an cosaibh gu
 léir, agus cha lugha na mìle beann-
 achd a chuir Seonaid dh' ionnsuidh
 nan uile 's an fhàrdaich so. Tha
 gnothuichean Fir Bhaile-na-Cille
 cianail da rìreadh ma's fìor na chual
 mi mu'n tiomchioll.”

M.—“Cha'n 'eil ath-sgeul air,
 agus d'a thaobh-san cha'n urrainn
 cùisean a bhi ni's miosa. Cha'n
 fhàgar fiu luach na circe aige nach
 toirear uaith, ach a' bhean agus na
 pàisdean, agus mo thruaigh iadsan
 a nis! Ach thug iad orra fein e.
 Cha'n ann cosmhuil ri tuathanach a
 bhà e, a dh' fheumadh seasamh ri
 màl tròm gach leth-bhliadhna, ach
 ri uachdaran saibhear nach b' urrainn
 grunn an sporrain aige a ruigheachd
 dh' aindeoin cosdais.”

C.—“Tha amhuras agam gu'n d'
 fhuair esan innleachd air grunn a
 sporain a ringheachd agus a scriobadh
 falamh. Cha'n fhoghnadh do dh'
 fhear Bhaile-na-Cille, agus d'a
 chuid mhac agus nighean, ach eich
 agus carbaid dheth gach cumadh
 agus gnè, cuirmean, pòiteireachd,
 ruidhteireachd, agus gleadhraich
 dhe'n t-seòrsa sin gach là dhe'n
 bhliadhna. Cha b' urrainn Sir
 Séumas fein seasamh ri sin. Ach
 c'ait am bheil taing Fir Bhaile-na-
 Cille an diugh 's a dhruim ri balla?
 Ochan! nach robh muinntir stolda,
 stuama, agus glic.”

M.—“Cha'n fhios domh air an t-saoghal ciod a dh' eireas da fein, agus d'a theaghlach àrdanach, uibhreach, ainneiseach! Tha aobhar aca a ràdh mar a thubhairt an Stiubhard éucorach,—“cha'n urrainn sinn ruadhar a dheanamh, agus is nàr leinn déire iarraidh.”

C.—“Ruadhar a dheanamh! Cha b'e 'n sealladh beag na nigheanna riomhach, leòmach, aige, mar na deallain-de fhaicinn a' ruadhar air no raointibh, no ri dubh-obair sam bith eile. Is olc a thigeadh e dhaibh, ach cò is coireach? Cha robh ach òinseach 'n am màthair, agus amadan 'n an athair, ach ciod ris am féudar dùil a bhi a thaobh an sliochd? An àite do'n chloinn a bhi air an àrachadh suas ann an gliocas, grunn dalas, agus deagh bhanas-tighe, agus air an teagasg chum an làmh a chur ris gach obair a stigh agus a mach, thugadh cead do na nigheanaibh agus do na gillibh maraon, fàs suas ann an aineolas air na nitibh sin gu léir, agus rud a's miosa, ann an aineolas air gach foghlum bu chòir a bhi aca mar mhuintir 's an inbh' sin anns an robh iad 'g an suidheachadh fein. Chual mise nach 'eil sgoil sam bith aig an òigrìdh air fad, agus is cianail an gnothuch e! Is mòr an dearmad air son am bheil aig na pàrantaibh sin ri freagairt a thaobh na cùise so, oir is muladach ann an dùthaich Chrìosduidh, gu'm biodh sliochd duine a bha 'g a mheas fein na b' fhearr namuintir eile, air an togail suas ceart co aineolach ri loth na h-asaile fiadhaich.”

M.—“Tha sin uile ro fhìor, a Choinnich, oir cha'n aithne dhomh an diugh teaghlach a tha ann an staid na 's truaighe na'n teaghlach sin ann am Baile-na-Cille. Leig fear-an-tighe fein le fiachaibh gu'n choimeas meudachadh na aghaidh. Cha robh e 'gabhail suim dhiubh,—cha robh e 'cuannail nan gnothuichean

aige réidh, ach bha e 'cur an droch la seachad le bhi 'g oibreachadh o mhios gu mìos anns na bancaichibh dubha sin,—a' dearmad a dhleasnaais d'a theaghlach,—a' call suime dheth riaghladh an fhearainn aige,—a' fàgail gach cùis ann an lamhaibh a chuid sheirbhiseach,—a' cur na h-ùine seachad ann an ruidhteireachd, agus a' fàgail a shliochd fein mar a thubhairt thu, a Choinnich, gu tur aineolach, gu'n sgit, gu'n sgoil, gu'n stiùireadh, gu'n seòladh, chum gach nàr a dheanamh a reir an toil fein. Ach a nis, thàinig na nithe sin gu buil, agus ann an aon là, thuit neul dorch air Baile-na-cille, an uair a bhrùchd an luchd-lagha, agus na maoir an-ìochdmhor a stigh air chum gach nàr a chur fo chis le h-ughdarras do-chìosnachaidh an dréuchd fein. Gun teaganh is leòir an staid dh' ionnsuidh an d' thug Baile-na-cille e fein, chum sùilean gach tuathanaich 's a' Ghaidhealtachd fhosgladh, agus chum cùram, gliocas, agus measarrachd a theagasg dhoibh. A thaobh nàdair bha e 'n a dhuine càirdeil, comunnail, coingheallach, agus rè ùine curamach mu gnothuichean fein, ach a' chuid 's a' chuid dh' fhàs e mòr 'n a breachd fein, agus chaidh e leis an t-sruth. Cha'n fhoghnadh dha ach a bhi a dh' aoinbhéum 'n a dhuin'-uasal. Agus chum na criche so, cha bhiodh e toilichte mar faiceadh e daoine mòra na dùthcha gach là a' taoghal air. Bu mhuladach a bhi 'faicinn a ghiùlain air an dòigh so; 's eadh, bu chianail a bhi fianuiseach air mar bha e air a lionadh le mòr-chuis agus stràicealachd, agus mar sin, le amaideachd fein a treorachadh a theaghlach gu sgrios. Uime sin, gabhadh gach tuathanach, agus gach neach eile rabhadh o ghiùlan gun chéill an duine thruaigh so, a chaidh gu h-obunn dh' ionnsuidh na bochdainn le' shùilibh fosgailte.”

C.—“Is lag-chuiseach an crèutair an duine an uair a dh' fhàgar e dha fein, agus air sin tha Fear Bhaile-na-cille 'n a cèisimpleir soillear. Chual mi nach 'eil lide aige an diugh dhe'n Ghaelg, cainnt a mhàthar fein, agus nach ceadaich e focal dhi a labhairt le theaghlach 'n a thigh fein, agus tha fios aig an t-saoghal nach 'eil Beurla Bhaile-na-cille a' bheag ni's fear na Beurla Choinnich Chìobair.”

M.—“Cha'n 'eil, no leth cho maith, oir tha anabarrach cearb-ach 's a' chainnt sin, agus is iomadh gàire mòr a bheir e air Fear-a'-Chaisteil, Fear-na-Cùile, agus orrasan nìle a ta 'taoghal air. Ochan! an truaghan gu'n tuigse! Tha iad sin uile a' milleadh a chodach, a' dean-amh miodail ris. sgus 'g a shéideadh suas le h-uaille air son spòrs dhoibh fein; ach nach beag a ni iad 'g a chuideachadh an diugh an uair a ta a cheach fo'n uisge?”

C.—“Ach is brònach an ni a bhi faicinn na cloinne aige co anabarrach aineolach, agus co tur mi-chom-usach air ni sam bith a dheanamh air an son fein. Tha iad 'n an cul-aidh-thruais mòran na's miosa na na crèutairean sin a ta air Leabhar-nam-bochd.”

M.—“Cha'n 'eil leisgeul aig neach an diugh a chlann a bhi ann an aineolas, agus sgoil ach gann ri 'faotuin air gach cnoc.”

C.—“Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh, b'iad sin na sgoilean daora, agus na sgoilean trioblaideach. Cha lugha na tri dhiubh a tha 'gun togail 's an sgireachd againne, agus aon diubh 'n a caisteal mòr air Cnoc-nan-coileach a dh' fhoghnadh mar ionad còmh-nuidh do Shir Seumas fein. Ubh ubh! cha'n 'eil cuimse idir aca.”

M.—“Cha'n 'eil na sgoilean sin a nasgaidh, a Choinnich, an àite sin, creachaidh iad an dùthaich.”

C.—“A nasgaidh! 'Cha'n 'eil port a nasgaidh ann,' 's na h-amannaibh

cruaidhe so. Nach do chuir mi mach ocd sgillinn deug as a' Phunnd Shasunnach de mhàl, air an t-seach-dain so chaidh air an son, a thuill-eadh air paigheadh roimh làimh air son gach aon dhe'n chuignear chloinne a chuir mi do'n sgoil an là roimhe? Cha'n urrainn duinn seasamh ri sin, agus Airgiod-nam-bochd a bharrachd air sin. Tha gach ni a' luidh gu trom air an tuathanach bhochd, agus is maith mar géill gach aon diubh fo'n éire thrùim mar a rinn amadan Bhaile-na-cille.”

M.—“Cha b' iad na sgoilean no na bochdan a chreach an duine truagh sin, ach na tighean-òsda, agus na daoine mòra mu'n cuairt da, maille ri miann do-shàsachaidh a' chridhe fein gu bhi mòr, uasal, agus spagluinneach. Ach gu'n teagamh tha na sgoilean agus cèisan nam bochd anabarrach tròm. Cha'n iad a mhàin na tighean-sgoile agus duaisean an luchd-teagaisg a tha 'n an uallach air na tuathanaich shàr-uichte, ach mar an céudna sgaoth de luchd-dréuchd eile. Tha sgrìobh-airean, cléirich, agus oifigich àraidh, a' sgiùrsaidh na dùthcha, agus a' greasadh gach pàisde dh' ionnsuidh na sgoile, biodh e tinn no slàn, lomnochd no sgeudaichte, casruisgte no còmhdaichte,—agus aig gach aon dhiubh so fa leth tha deagh-dhuais air son an saothreach. Agus cha'n e so e uile, ach cha'n fhaod pàisde a a shròin a chur a stigh air dorus an tighe-sgoile air airgiod a mhaighstir a bhi 'n a dhòrn. As eugais sin cuirear dhachaidh e, agus cha luath' a' ruigeas e tigh 'athar na dh' fhògaires an t-oifigeach e air ais a ris dh' ionnsuidh na sgoile, agus aig an am cheudna a' càineadh athair na teaghlach do bhrìgh nach 'eil e 'a cur a mach an airgid dhligich air son na cloinne aige. An sin, eiridh còmhstrith eadar fear an tighe agus an t-oifigeach, a chionn gu'm bheil

an t-aon a' tagradh nach 'eil e 'n a chomas an t-airgiod a' chiur a' m'ach, agus an t-aon eile a' cur an ceill gu'm feum e sin a dheanamh, agus mur 'eil sin da rìreadh 'n a chomas faigheadh e 'e o Bhòrd-nam-bochd. Uime sin, air da a bhì falamb, gun fu aon sgillinn ruith 'n a sporran, tha e' toirt a' Bhùird sin air, ach cha luaith' a dh' innseas e a' chuis, na chuireas am Bòrd air falbh e, a' cur an ceill da, ann am briathraibh aithghearr, crosda, gu'm bheil e 'n a dhuine a ta slàn, laidir, fallain, agus uime sin, làn chomusach air obair a dheanamh, agus gu'm feum e airgiod na sgoile iocadh gun dàil Cuimhnichheadh e, mur dean e sin gu toilichte, gu'n dean an lagh a cho'-éigneachadh, olc air mhaith leis e. Air an dòigh so, tha àmhreitean ag éiridh anns gach sgìreachd, agus tha a' chhlann bhochd mar eadar dha theine air an ruagadh a null 's a nall, gun a bhì idir a' faotuin na buannachd a's lugh o'n sgoil."

C.—Chuir thu gu dìreach, ceart na cùisean an céill mar a tha iad, a Mhurachaidh, agus is aithne dhòmh-sa aon duine bochd a tha 's a' cheart am, anns an staid sin a dh' ainmich thu, agus is e sin mo choimhears-nach fein Seumas MacUilleim Mhic Ruairidh. Thu deichnear chloinne aige (gu'n robh iad air am beannachadh dha) agus seachdnar dhiubh ann an aois na sgoile. Tha'n t-oifigeach ri 'shàil gach là, 'g a chàineadh, 'g a chiobadh, agus 'g a bhag-airt air son a bhì 'cumail trìuir dhiubh as an sgoil; agus air an làimh eile, tha Seumas bochd a' tagradh le firinn nach urrainn da a' chaochladh a dheanamh. Cha 'n 'eil a thuarasdal ach da sgillinn Shas-annaich 's an là an uair a bhios an aimsir tioram, gun ùine bhrìste, agus gu cinnteach cha 'n 'eil iomall mòr air sin, an deigh da bhéul dhéug a lionadh, da choluinn dhéug

a sgeadachadh, agus màl tighe iocadh,—cha 'n 'eil iomall air sin, mar a thubhairt mi, chum a bheag a thoirt seachad air son na cloinne a theagasg.

M.—Cha 'n 'eil, cha 'n 'eil, a Choinnich, a réir mo bheachd-sa, cha robh mòran gliocais ann an cinn nan àrd-riaghlairean sin a dhealbh na reachdan 'cruaidhe sin a thaobh nan sgoilean, agus mur ath-leasaichear iad bheir iad sgrios air an dùth-aich. Tha na h-uile nithe ag oibréachadh an aghaidh an duine bhochd. Tha e' air a chlaoidh, agus air a sharuchadh. Tha an spiorad aige air a bhriseadh, agus do bhrìgh nach 'eil cumhachd aige nithe a ta éucomusach a thoirt gu crìch, tha e a' call a mhisnich, a' tuiteam ann an éu-dòchas, agus a' fàs caoin-shuar-ach mu nithe an t-saoghail a ta làth-air, agus a ta chum teachd.

C.—Bhuail thu gu dìreach an tarrang air a ceann, a Mhurachaidh, oir cha 'n 'eil àicheadh air a' chuis idir, agus is lionmhor iad anns gach cearnadh dhe 'n Ghàidhealtachd a thogas fianuis air an fhàrinn sin."

M.—Ochan! mo thruaigh gur fìor an sgéul, agus mu leanas cùisean fad air an doigh sin, millear an dùth-aich, agus cuirear stad air gach soirbheas agus sonas. Is iad na cosnaichean, an luchd-ceairde, agus gu sònraichte na tuathanaich a ta 'cumail suas na rioghachd, agus ma mhillear iadsan, tuitidh gach nì ann an aimhrèit, agus thig an t-àm anns am faic an rioghachd Bhreatannach an là a's àirde.

C.—Na dean droch mhanadh, a Mhurachaidh, ach fàg gach nì ann an làimh an Fhreasdaìl mhòir agus ghlic sin aig am bheil cumhachd solus a thoirt a dorchadas, agus gach slighe cham a dheanamh dìreach. Fàgaidh sinn na nithe sin, ma ta, gun tuilleadh a ràdh mu'n timchioll aig an àm, ann an dòchas gu'n oibr-

ich iad le cheile fathast chum maith d'ar tìr, agus do gach àrd agus iosal a ta 'g a b-aiteachadh. Slàn leat an dugh, a charaid mo ghràidh, slàn leat.

M.—Slàn leat-sa, a Choinnich, agus na bi fad gus an tig thu a ris. “Is iomadh rud a chith an duine a bhiosfada beo,” agus tha mi'n dòchas gu'm bheil iad beò a chith nithe a' soirbheachadh gu sònraichte am meas nan Gàidheal, gu'm faigh iad am meas agus an chù sin a thoill iad, agus gu'm bi gach lagh agus reachd air am beannachadh chum an leas. Mile beannachd do Sheònaid. Slàn leat.

ALASDAIR RUADH.

—o—

SOIRIDH.

Rinnadh an t-òran a leanas le Aonghus Mor Mac-Coinnich nach m'airiunn, Abrach a thug deich bliadhna-fichead 'n a àrd-ghlomanach air frithean Mhic-Shimidh. 'N uair a thug an t-àrd 's an aois dheth na feith chaidh e air imrich do Chanada. Cha d' fhàg e sealgair 'n a dheaghaidh a bu chuimsiche, 's a bu mhion-eòlaiche air àbhaistean fhir-na-choice. Dh' eug e 's a' bhliadhna 1858 fo dheagh bhiùthanais aig mithibh us mathaibh a dhuthcha.

C. S.

Ochan's gur mise tha fo mhulad,
An diu 's an de's gach latha ri tuireadh,
Cuimhnachadh Albainn a dh'fhàg mi
'n uiridh—
B'og bha mi 'ga falbh le mo Ghunna.

Gur ann' siud bha 'n àbhachd ainmeil,
'S iomadh latha riamh dhearbht'e,
Silidh na Feinne thair geur-luchd sean—
chais—
Fhinn 'us Oisean's Oisair chalma.

'S ged ghabh mise mo chead buan dhith,
'S ged ghabh mi an t-aiseag thar a' chuan
uaip'
'S tric mi 'smaoineachadh an uaigneas
Cuimhn'chadh air a Gleanntaibh uainnhne.

'S gu'm b'iad sid Glinn an arain,
Glinn an ime, Glinn a' bhainne,
Glinn chruidh-laoidh air àiridh bharraich,
Far am bi'n damh dearg a' langan.

'S òg thug mi gaol do'n t-sealgach
Bhi 'g' eiridh moch 's tighinn dachaidh
annoch
Siubhal sleitibh bheannta garbhlaich
Le gunna caol nan glens neo-chearbach.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh mi bhith fo airteal,
Cuimhn'chadh air gach beus a chleachd mi'
Falbh gu h-uallach bheann 'us chreachann
'S a' fagail maic na b-eild' gun astar.

Ach 's e thogadh sunnd air m' aigheadh,
Cead bli 'g eiridh ann 's a' mhadainn
Shealg an fheidh mar a chleachd mi
'S 'dubh-nam-bann' fo sgeod mo bhreacain.

Bho'n 's tric loisg mi leatha fùdar,,
Beul glaic nam fuaran dùbh-ghorm
'S peileir teann 'n a com nach diùltadh
Toll a thoirt air bian an udlaich.

Ach bho'n a leig mi dhìom an ealaidh,
'S nach dirich mi beinn no beallach,
Bithidh mo ghunna caol gu leannan,
Te mo ghaoil nach d' rinn mo mhealladh.

Ach 's tric mi smaointinn le airteal,
Air na càirdibh dh' fhàg mi 'n tasgaidh,
An cistibh caola fo na leacaibh
Thall thair cuan nan stuadhaibh farsainn.

Dh' fhàg sid m'inntinn cho luaineach
Ris a' ghaoith bhios air na cuaintibh,
Cuimhn'chadh air gach ni le 'luasgan,
Gu'n fhios c'àite an toirear uaigh dhomh.

Ach mile beannachd bhuan gu'm chaid-
ibh,
'S mile beannachd thair an t-sàile,
Dh' ionnsuidh 'n àite an deachaidh m'ar-
ach
Braighe Lochabar nam beann àrda.

B'e siud duthaich nan sàr-ghaisgeach,
Dh'am math thig féileadh 'us breacan,
Osan teann fo ghùn le gartan,
'S brògan sùbailt chum an astair.

'S tric a thog iad piob 'us bratach,
Bho Cheann-Lochial gu Braighe-Loch-
Airceig,
'S bho thaobh Loch-Lòchaidh mhoir nam
bradan,
Mach Gleann-Spiathain gu ceann-Loch-
Lagain.

Ge b'e thachradh oirbh an uair sin,
Ur fuil dearsadh àrd 'n ur gruaidhean,
Bhiodh ur naimhdean ga 'n ruith 's g'
ruagadh,
An deigh sgiùrsadh le lannaibh cruadhach.

MU SHEALG DHEIRINNEACH OISEIN.

BHA Oisian na shean aois ann an Tigh a muigh na aonar ann am Baile gan ainm Gleann-caoin-fheoir an Sgithreachd Thorasa. Chuir Pàdruig agus nighean Oisian, cul ris, le ro mheud sa dhichidh e. Chur Padruig cuireadh air Oisian athir-ceila air latha araid chum fensd a dh' umhluiche do dhream araid dheth na cairdibh. Chuir aon do na daoineibh oga, reasgach a bha nan suidh aig an fheusd, aig an robh Calpa Feidh ga chreim, a cheist air Oisian a faca e riamh calpa feidh bu mho nan calp ud. Rug Oisian air a chalpa agus mheurich e e, oir bha e na dhall an uair sin. Agus fhreagair e 'n t oganach, agus thubhairt e ris gu fac e calpa Luin moran ni bu mho, agus gum b' aithne dha 'n t aite 'n robh e. Mar a bli dith na Leirsin. O! se 'n t' amadan truadh ars a nighin a fear ata tabhairt creideis dhuit led' Bhosd agus led' Bhriagaibh. Thug i an togail ghrad sin air Eachdraidh na Feinnidh bha sgriobht' aig a companach Padruig, agus thilg i 'n t-iomlan ann am meadhoin 'n teinidh, agus chaidh iad re theinidh, mun do rug iad ach air ro bheag a shabhaladh dhiubh. Bha Padruig ro dhuilich air son. Mata ars Oisian dearbhidh mise dhuibh, gar i 'n fhirinn ata agamsa. Agus a Phàdruig mo cheadichis tu d'od mhac falbh leamsa lorgadh mi mach fathast Calpan Luin. Dh' aonntuich Pàdruig a leigidh leis. Dhalbh Oisian agus mac Phàdruig, ga 'm b' ainm an Gille-blar-odhar. Choisich iad gu iochdar Beinn an t-sealluidh, agus thog iad a mach ri achadh gan ainm Lurg Iarinn. Thubhairt Oisian ri odha ciod e laochain a thu nis a faichdinn, oir tha mi cluintinn monmhor bruidhne. Tha ars odha daoine tha air

Seisrich lamh rinn. Thoir mise laochain an rathid a tha iad; rinn odha mar a dh' iarr e air. 'S math a gheibhar sibh fhearamh ars Oisian. Tha sinn a deanamh mar dhaodas sinn ars a na fhoir. Thoir dhomh do lamh ars Oisian ris a chrann-aorean cha tabhair ars odha, ach thabhair an colltair' as a chrann, agus thabhar dha e. Rinn an duine mar sin, agus ghlac Oisian 'n colltaire agus lùb e air a cheil' e.

Na dheidh sin thog iad a mach re màn bradhail, agus theirinn iad air Leitir Luin, air a bheil an t-ainm sin gus an la 'n diu'. Deir Oisian re odha bi furachair a faic u seana chraobh mhor dharuich agus cos na taobh. Thuair an Gille-blar-odhar i gun ro mhoran saothrich, le scoladh a Shean-athir. Chuir Oisian a lamh a stigh sa chòs 'us thug e mach as calpa 'n Luin. Dh' imich iad rompa mach as a choillidh. Seall a laochain ars Oisian a faic u cnoc mor anns a bhlar an iochdar na coille. Chi ars odha. Treoruich mis' n sin ars Oisian. Se ainm a chnoic sa Ceann a clinoc ain. Cnoc-fraorc bu ghnath leis an Fheinn a bli a tath-ich gu tric ann sna linnibh roimhe sin. Ceart lamh ris a pholl na thoidhluichd Fionn athair Oisin an coire ris an canar 'gus an la 'n diu' poll choir Fhinn. Thuigh iad air a chnoc agus ghabh iad mo thamh an sin re na h-oich'.

Ghuidh Oisian gu duthrachdach gum biodh Biorach-Mac-Buidheag an t-aon chu bu dona bha riamh san Fheinn air dheonuchadh dha. Mhosguil e mu dheiridh na h-oich' 'us e mothachadh trom air muin, a chos, agus dh' athnich e gun d' fhuair e athchumhnic. Dh' fhan e mar a bha aige gu briseadh na faire. Dhuisg Oisian an Gille-blar-odhar, agus thug Oisian eibh na iolach mhor as a chuir geilt-chrith air gach creutair gluasadach a bha anns na

coilltichean man cuairt dha. Ciod e chi u ars Oisian ris a Ghille-bhlair-odhar? Tha mi faicsinn aireamh lioumhor do chrentairibh beaga seanga ruadha. Leigidh sinn seachad iad sin deir Oisian. Cha 'n eil a sin a Laochain ach sliochd na Luaithe-Luinnich. Thug Oisian an ath-èidh as. Ciod e nois a chi thu laochain. Chi mi ars odha na h-urid do bheathichibh seanga donna. Tha sin sliochd na Deirge-Dasnuiche. Leig sin seachad fathasd. Thug e an treas èidh as Dh' fheoruich e da odha ciod e bha e faicsinn. Tha mi faicsinn ars odha moran de fheidhibh troma-donna. Bis tuig Biorachmachd buidhaig. Re siubhal a laochain a faic u. 'n cu a tighin. O! chi mis e ars an Gille-blarr-odhar agus a chraos fosgailt. Cha neil mo chuileis buidhich seilge fathasd agus marbhlich e sinne. Ach feuch a stiur thusa mo lamhs a stigh na bheul nuair a thig e 'm fogasg. Rinn e mar a dh' iarr Oisin air, agus chuir e lamh na chraos 'us mharbh se e.

Tha air a nis mi far a fac u na feidh a tuitim. Chruinnich e leis iad air mullach a ghualinn 'us air nallich a dhroma, gus an ruig e 'n cnoc air an do chaidil iad an oiche roimh sin. Chuir iad suas an turhach. Chruinnich iad connadh. Chuir iad na feidh as bein. Thog Oisian Coir Fhinn athair as a pholl 'us bhruich iad na feidh. Nis a laochain ars Oisian ri odha fan thusa fad na laimhe uamsa man ich mi thu 'n riochd toitein. Mo gheibh mise mo leoir an diugh cha bhi dith na failinn ortsa rid bheo. Ma b' fhior na fuidhidh e leoir an la sin gum fàsadh e ogail, laidir, neartmhor treubhach. Bha 'n fhagails aiga on leannan Shith. Bha crios ma mheadhoin air son a bhrù thean-

nachadh air a cheila. Bha naoi tinnachan* dhe 'n chrios air a chuir seach a cheila, man do thoisich e air itha nam fiadh. Dh' fheumadh e fhaoitinn do shithinn na lionadh a bhrù 'n sin biodh an crios ann an ruiddidh gus an tinne b' fhaide mach. Ach nair chunic an Gille-blarr-odhar nach rabh coltas air Oisin gum fagadh e fuighlich, sgrìob e leis pios mor do an bha air beulthaobh a Shean-athir, agus chuir e sud air a thaobh fein. Dhith Oisin na bha aig an nair sin ach cha rabh e air a shasuchadh. Dh' ionndrain e na thug odha leis, agus thubhairt e. O! laochain us ro ole thuaras du na faga du an t-iomlan agam bhithinn cho mhath sa bha mi riamh.

Thiodhlaichd Oisin an coir ann am poll choir-Fhinn. Ghluais e fein agus odha chum pillidh do Ghleann-caoinfheoir, ach se chomhair' chinn an ceann odha Oisin gu feuchadh e fuidhidh e Oisin a shean-athir a chuir le craig. Chomhairlich a mhathir dha ra laimh sin a dhean-anh. Threoruich se e gu bruaich Uiridh-Bhiatich ris an goirar gu cummanda nis Uiridh 'n-flhithich, agus dh' fhag e sud e. Thuit e leis a chraig agus stad e meadhoin na h-uiridh. Bha e car uine mam buirinn dha gluasad, ach cho luath sa chuir e 'm preathal sin seachad thoisich e air meurachadh man cuairt da gus an d' fhuair e fainne dhealluich ris uine roimhe so. Nis sann o Leanna sith a thuair e 'n toisich e. Bha do bhuaidh air nach cailidh, e radhare agus nach fuidhidh e bas. Thanic e 'n sin dhachaidh le fhainne agus le calpa 'n Luin, agus mar a thubhairt e rin man d' fhalbh e, us amhluidh b' fìor, be calpa 'n Luin moran bu mho.

—*Leubhar na Feinne.*

* Tuill.

CUMHA.

THE accompanying verses are a few of the many beautiful songs and ballads composed by Mrs. Fraser of Culbokie. The death of Donald (one of her nine sons) who had a commission in the German army, called forth the pathetic elegy. An interesting account of Mrs. Fraser's "Balg-solair," *The purveying bag*, is given in "The genuine remains of Ossian," by Patrick Mac Gregor, M.A.

C. S.

Nollaig mhór do'n gnàs bhì fuar,
Fhuair mì sgeula mo chruaidh-chàis;
Dònull Donn-gheal mo rùn,
Bhì 'n a shineadh an tiugh a' bhlàir.

Thu gun choinnill os do chionn,
No ban-charaid chaomh ri gal;
Gun chistidh, gun anart, gun chill,
Thu 'd shìneadh a laogh air dail.

'S tu mo bheadradh 's tu mo mhùrn,
'S tu mo phlanntan ùr an tùs fais;
M' òg laghach is guirme sìil,
Mar bhradan fìor-ghlan 'us tù marbh.

'S e bàs an-abaich mo mhic
Dh' fhàg mì cho tric fu ghruaim;
'S ged nach suidh mì air do lic,
Bìdh mo bheannachd tric gu d' uaigh.

'S ann do Ghearmailt mhóir nam feachd,
Chuir iad gun mo thoil mo mhac;
'S ged nach cuala càch mo reachd,
Air mo chridhe dh' fhàg e cnoc.

Ach ma thòdhlaid sibh mo mhac,
'S gu'n d' fhalaich sibh le ùir a chorp;
Leigidh mise mo bheannachd le feachd,
Air an làimh chu' r dlighe 'bhàis ort.

Sguiridh mì de thuireadh dian,
Ged nach bì mì chaoidh gun bhàr;
'S mì 'g ùrnaigh ri aona mhac Dhé,
Gu'n robh d' anam a' seinn an glòir.

—o—

AM BRITHEAMH LEOGH-
ASACH.

A REIR innse-sgeoil b' e Iain Moiriston ainm an fhir mu dheireadh ris an abairteadh am "Brith-eamh Leogasach." Bha e còmhnaidh an Tàbast an Nis. Bu Bhan-

Eirionnach a' chiad bhean a bh' aige. Theich i air an deaghaidh dhaibh ceathrar mhac a bhì aca de theaghlach. B' e ainm nan gillean: Ailein, Dònull, Coinneach agus Aonghus. A null do dh-Eirinn thug am màth-air orra, agus dh' fhàg i iad fhein 's an athair an Nis air an dlò. Cha robh am Britheamh gu bhì fada gun mhnaoi: goirid an deaghaidh do 'n chiad te fhàgail chaidh e null a dh-ionnsuidh na Mòrthir, agus thug e leis te eile á sin gu ruig Nis. Da bhliadhna an deaghaidh an dalla pòsaidh, chaidh Iain Moiriston a rithidh gu ruig a' Mhòrthir, agus an uair a ràinig iad tìr thug e air a a chuid sgioba bothan a dhian-amh dhaibh fhein agus dhàsan, gu cur suas annta fhad 's a bhiodh iad 's an dùthaich aineolaich ud. Dh' fhàs a' mhuir cho fiadhaich an là bha suil aca ri falbh air an àis do Leogas agus gu'n seoladh an t-slige bheirnich oirre. Air an doigh chiadna dh' fhàs a' ghaoth cho ciuin 's nach gluaiseadh i an seol bho 'n chrann aca. Cha robh comas air, b' éiginn daibh fuireach 's an àite 's an robh iad an oidhche sin. Mu mheadhon-oidhche chuala fear de 'n sgioba an sgread oilleil 's a' bhuille throm ud. Dhùisg e càch cho luath 's a b' urrainn da, agus ghrad-éirich fear dhiubh agus chuir e gabhail 's an teine mar a b' fhearr a dh' fhaodadh e, agus chunnacas mar a bha chùis. Dh' éubh an duine gu luath le guth uamhasach, "Mo chreach! mo chreach! a dhaoine, éiribh 's am Britheamh marbh, 's a cheann 'n a dhà leth. Chaidh gach fear 'n a bhreislich, gach fear a' suathadh a chadail as a shùilean. An uair a dh' éirich iad uile fhuair iad a mach gu 'n robh a' chùis mar a chuala iad. Anns a' mhaduinn thigear oigeir le falt buidhe bhàn h-uca; agus na 'm b' fhior, co bu duiliche air son mar a thachair do 'n bhrith-eamh na esan

—ged gu fìrinneach a b' e e fhein a mhòrt e.

Co lath 's a chaidh an deò as a' Mhoiristneach thàinig gaoth fhabh-orach air son an toirt gu Leogas. Thuirt fear an fhuilt bhàin riu, "Tha mise dol do Leogas, agus bhithion 'n ur comaine na 'n leig-eadh sibh dhomh falbh comhla leibh anns a' bhàta." Cho-aontaich iad nìle leigeil leis, agus sheòl am bàta gu ruig Leogas. Thàinig e gu tìr gu sàbhailte leo aig cladach Lerstein faisg air an Stoth Niseach. Air do 'n òganach tighinn air tìr dh' iarr e lorg air tigh a' Bhrithimh. Agus gun a' bheag a mhoille chaidh e gu ruig Tabast. An uair a thàinig e tigh a' Bhrithimh, dh' aithnich a' bhean e, agus dh' fhiosraich i dh' e mu a companach pòsta. "Falbh, falbh," os esan, "gheobhar deireadh gach sgeòil a nasgaidh." Chaidh biadh a dhianamh dha, agus dh' fhoighnich a' bhean d' e an dalla h-uair am b' aithne dha dad sam bith mu dheigh-iun a fir. "Ud," os esan agus e labhairt gu dimeasach, suarach, "bhàsaich e air a' Mhòrthìr, ach coma leatsa mu thimchioll, bho'n a bha mi fhein 's tu fhein a' suirdhe roimhe so posaidh sinn a nise." Bha bean a' Bhrithimh riarichte gu leoir gabhail leis an t-suidheach òg; ach cha robh e fada fuireach 's an tigh an uair a chuir e fhein agus Ailein an mac bu shine dh' fhàg am Brith-camh, a mach air a cheile. Là àraidh an deaghaidh dhaibh a bhì trod, dh' éirich oide an deaghaidh Ailein leis a' bhiodaig, Tra chunnaic Ailein so ruith e mach as an tigh 's thug e leis còmhla an doruis air a ghuallainn 's lean an cù e. Dh' fhàg Ailein car mu chnoc oide 's dh' fhalaich e e fhein an sloc mòr a bha 'n sin 's fraoch a' dùnadh a bheòil. Coma leibh na co dhiù, thachair do 'oide dol a dh-ionnsuidh an t-sluic, ach mar a bha sealbh an dàn do Ailein,

bha a' chomhla aige os a chionn fhein, 's bha 'n cù 'n a laidhe air a' chomhla. Chuir 'oide amhurus gu'n robh e 's an t-sloc agus shàth e a' bhiodag sìos ann. Chaidh a' bhiod-ag amms a' chù agus an nair a chunnaic an daoith fuil a bhì oirre shaoil leis gu 'n do chuir e as do Ailein a dhalta. Ruith e dhachaidh 's moit mhor air an deaghaidh an namhaid a chur gu dith. Thuig Ailein nach b' ion da dol dachaidh, agus chuir e roimhe seol a dhianamh air dol a dh-Eirinn far an robh a chàirdean 's cuideachd a mhàthar. Ràinig e tigh an t-seann-duine a b' àbhaist a bhì 'n a fhear-ciùil aig 'athair, agus fhuair e bhuaithe biadh us beagan airgid air son a thoirt air a thurus. Thàinig Ailein bochd gu ruig Steòrn-abhadh, agus an tìne ghéarr fhuair e soitheach anns an deach e dh' Eirinn. Gu sgial goirid a dhianamh dh' e, thainig triuir bhràithrean a mhàthar a nall comhla ri Ailein a thagairt a chòraichean. Bu dhaoine calma, tapaidh iad, a réir coltais—cha robh duine dhiu a bu lugha na sia traidhean air àirde. Ràinig iad Nis air Oidhche-Callainn, 's chaidh iad gu tigh an fhir-ciùil a bh' aig a' Bhritheamh. Dh' fhiosraich iad dh' e ciod an dòigh a b' fhèarr air an tigh a ghlacadh. "Leanaibh mise, a dhaoine uaisle," os esan, "agus chì sinn." Tra a ràinig iad an tigh, chaidh am fear-ciùil a stigh 's dh' fhàg e càch aig an dorus. Bha bean a' Bhrithimh 's a céile ùr 'n an suidheag cuilm na callainne, agus am bàrd ùr còmhla riutha. "Tha sibh ann an sin dà bhàrd," os oide Ailein, "agus faicemaid co is fhearr a nì rann agaibh." Thuirt bàrd Iain mhic Uisdein—b' e sin ainm oide Ailein—

"Làmh mo chridhe làmh Eoin,
Nach suidheadh an tigh gun cheòl,
Mharbh e am Britheamh
Bho'n tigeadh an lagh cam."

An uair a chuala bean-an-tighe so bhuail i a basan, agus thòisich i air gàireachdaich. Ach fhreagair seana-bhard a' Mhoiristinich agus thuirt e : “A bhean bhaoth, 's a bhean gun nàire, ghabh thu droch ceann de chlann an fhir a tha marbh, 's ghabh thu leis a' mhortair.” “Beiribh air, beiribh air, 's marbhaibh e,” os ise. “Thoir toighe gu bheil mo luchd cuideachaidh gle fhaisg orm,” os an seann-duine agus gun éisdeachd ris a' chòrr bhuail na fir a bha mach a stigh. Tra chunnaic Iain Mac Uisdein agus a bhean Ailein 's na bha còmhla ris theich iad a mach air dorus-cùil a bh' air an tigh, rinn ia luim air a' Mhòrthir a thoirt orra. Mar so chaidh an tigh 's an t-seilb uile fhàgail aig Ailein 's aig a bhràithrean. Cha robh a chùis fada mar so an uair a chuala Niall-Odhar Mac-Leòid, mac diolain do sheann Ruari Mac-Leòid, an t-uachdran dligeach mu dheireadh de na Leodaich a bh' air Leoghas, gu'n robh am Britheamh marbh, thainig e fhein 's prasgan dhaoine a nall à Uige gu fearann a' Mhoiristinich a thoirt a mach a chòir no éucoir. Fada an deaghaidh so bhiodh Mac-Leòid 's clann a' Bhrithimh ag aimhreit 's ag còmhstrith. An deaghaidh bàs Aonghuis, chaidh a thriuir bhràithrean turus a null dh' ionnsuidh na Mòrthir, agus ghabh Niall eucorach a null air an tòir. An uair a chunnaic na Moiristinich so chuir iad am bàta aca air saile gu tilleadh do Leoghas. Rinn Mac-Leòid as an deaghaidh, ach bha na Moiristinich cho anabarrach tapaidh 's nach robh an leithid 's na h-eileinean tuath 'n an latha fhein, agus dh' iomair iad cho làidir 's gu'n robh iad ag gteidheadh astair mhath an ceann air Niall. Mar a bha am bàta dol air aghart bha Ailein a' dianamh na h-iorraim so :

Iomair thusa Choinnich cidhe,
Gaoil nam ban òg, 's gràdh nan nighean,
Tha eagal mòr air mo chridhe
Gu 'm beil birlinn Nèill a' tighinn.
No sgoth chaol Mhic Thormaid oighe
Iomraidh mise fear ma dhithis
'S na 'm b' eiginn domh fear ma thriuir.
Ach, 's truagh nach robh mi fhein 's Niall
Odhar,

Slagan beag os cionn Dhùn-Odhail,
Biodag am làimh 's esan fotham,
Dhearbhainn fhein gu'n rach' i domhain,
'S gu 'm biodh fuil a chinn mu ghobhal,
'S gu'n dianteadh feòil 's gu'n dianteadh
sithionn,

'S gu 'm biodh biadh fo ghob an fhithich.
Cha d' rinn mi fhathast beud no pudhar,
Mur do leag mi fiadh fo bhruthach,
No biast mhaol an caolas cumhang,
No dubh sgarbh an còis na tuinne.
Chi mi rudha, 'us slagan beag eile
Anns 'na mhilleadh mo chàirdean.
Is truagh nach robh mi 'n Ròna romham,
Cha d' thainig mi riabh an cuan so roimhe,
Gun taod oirre, gun taod-cluaise,
Cuipeall ann am bord an fhuaraidh,
'S fiuran dìreach sheasadh suas innt',
'S cranna fada rachadh mu'n cuairt air.

Bha na Moiristinich cho sgìth an uair a ràinig iad tìr 's gu'n deach an triuir aca do uamha bhig a bha faisg, 's chaidil iad an sin. Ach mo thruaigh mar a bha an cruaidh-fhortan 'n an lorg, co thainig gu tìr fo 'n àite sin ach an Leodach a bha 'n an deaghaidh, agus 'n a uile throm fheirg thuit e fhein 's a sgioba air na Moiristinich sgìth, thruagh, a bha 'n an cadal, 's mhòrt e an triuir gun fhathamas, gun tròcair.

A thuilleadh air a' cheathrar mhac a dh' ainmich sinn dh' fhàg am Britheamh Leoghasach aon nighean, Goirid an deaghaidh bàs a bràithrean, rinn a' chaileag so gealltanais pòsaidh ri oganach smiorail—Moiristinich eile—agus 's ann ris an fhear so a chaidh cùisean teaghlach a' Bhrithimh earbsa gus an tigeadh Murchadh Og am mac bu shine dh' fhàg Ailein gu inbheachd duine. Tha e coltach gur h-ann an sgrì nan Loch a rugadh an t-òganach. An la a dh' fhalbh e dhachaidh gu tighinn do Nis thug a mhàthair dha fichead

urad nibhe de dh-im, agus dh' iarr i air gun leum seachad os cionn tuim bhuidhe coinnich gus an ruigeadh e ceann a thuruis, agus e dh' i che crìnein de 'n im an ceann gach greis. Cha robh e fada an sealbh air fear-ann us seilbhean eile a' Bhrithimh an uair a thàinig Niall Odhar Mac-Leoid 's an luib a stigh. A réir coltais dh' fheumadh Niall a spàin a bhì 'n càl a h-uile duine. Air an turus so thug e ceathairne mhath, làidir, leis a thogail féudail nam Moiristneach. Dh' innseadh air dòigh air choir-eigin do na Nisich gu'n robh na h-Uigich air an t-slighe a thogail an cuid chreach. Chaidh Clann Mhic-Gille-Mhoire a ghrad 'n an uidheam gu deannal còmhraig a thoirt no Mhac-Leoid. An uair a chunnaic Niall cho uidheamaichte 's a bha iad, cha deach e an cinneal arm riutha; is ann a thòisich e air trod ris a' Mhoiristneach. Thuirt am Moiristneach ris gu 'm buineadh fearann Thàbast dhàsan ann an còir a mhnatha a fhuair i nuas bho h-athair 's bho seanair 's bho sinn-seanair. Thuirt Mac-Leoid an aghaidh sid gu'n do choisinu esan e le fuil 's gu'm feumadh e fhaighinn. Tha 'n seanchaidh ag ràdh gu'n deach iad a dh-ìomairt lagha, 's dh' fhàg sinne an sin iad.

DONULL MAC-LEOID.

—o—

MU IOMA NI A THREEIG.

Is neònach a' chainnt a' Ghàidhlig. Tha i anabarrach sean. 'S e sean-achas no àrsaireachd, fiosrachadh no eòlas mu shean ghnòthaichean; 's e seanchas, bruidhinn mu'n déibhinn, agus is e seanchaidh, fear a ta math air seanchas a dheanamh ùmpa. 'S e giullan seanagarra, fear a bhios, 'na chòmhradh 's 'na dheanadas, coltach ri daoine a's sine na e féin. 'S e sean-nòs, seann chleachdadh;

ach 's e seanadh, comunn de sheann daoine (gu diachadaich de'n chléir) cruinn a' cur an comhairle ri 'chéile mu chùis lagha no chreidimh. Ris gach fear de'n t-seanadh, theirear *seanair*; ach 's e seanair, mar an céudna, duin' aig am bi ogha. 'S iad saighdean armachd cho sean 's a th' air an t-saoghal, thathas 'am beachd. 'S e saighdear fear-saighde; ach, a nise, bheirear an t-ainm sin air fear-cogaidh sam bith, co dhiubh 's claidheamh no gunna 's ball-airm dha.—Bi 'n t-slige-chreachainn 's an còrn, as am biodh na seann Ghàidheil ag òl. Bhiodh cuachan aca cuid-eachd. Bha uair, agus 's ann an soithichean craicinn a bhiteadh a' gleidheadh agas a' giùlan dibhe. Riutha sin theirteadh searragan, no soireachan-dibhe. Bha soireachan eil' aca, ris an canadh iad builg, gus gràn 'us min 's an samhul a ghleidheadh. Bha nàdur bhròg aca ris an abradh iad cuarain. Bha trusgan àiridh aca ris an cainteadh féileadh-sguaibe, agus gnè eile aig na boir-ionnaich, do 'm b' ainm earrasaid. Theireadh iad sgùman ris a bhad fhuil a bh' air clàr an aodainn, agus sgrogan ri boineid bhig leibidich. Bha na fir 'nan gaisgich thréuna; cruadalach, fulangach air fuachd 'us acras, teóm air siubhal nam fireach 's nam fàsach; ro dhéigheil air seilg 's air sithinn; agus 'nuair a dheanadh iad fiadhach, dh'òladh iad an sàth de'n t-siabh; bhiodh fleadh aca bhàrr an fhéidh, agns 'na dhéigh sin cab ri còrn, gus an éireadh an aigne gu treallan a thoirt air dànachd na Féinne, 's air fear-ghniomh an sinn-sir, gus an cuireadh mac-talla na h-òiche maoin fo na logaidean, agus crith air an creagan aosda.

Ach, a dh'aindeoin seo air fad, bha iad làn ghisreag. Bha iad a' creid-sinn gun teagamh gu'n robh glaistigean, 'us ùraisgean, 'us bodaich, 'us 'us bòchdain, 'us fomhairean, 'us

omharlairean, 'us mnathan-sithe, 'us sìthchean, 'us daoine beaga, 'us siogaidean, 'us eich-uisge, 'us tairbh-fhaire, 'us spréidh chorc-chluasach, 'us tàisg, 'us taibhsean, 'us tàcharain, 'us tubaistean, 'us tàisearan, 'us tàisearachd, 'us buidsichean, 'us raid-sichean, 's an sgoil-dubh, 's an dàn, 's an droch-shùil ann; agus na maighdionnan-mara, agus gu'm b'e ròn mac rìgh fo gheasaibh, agus gu'm biodh na buidsichean a' dol 'an riochd mhaigheach, 'us ghobhar, agus mar sin sìos. An àm a bhi seanchas sgiorraidh, dh'fhéumadh "samhuilt an cloich, no 'ga innseadh do na clachan e," a bhi ann; no "croiseam sgiorradh." "Cha bhiodh e 'na shùgradh" tachairt air boirionnach cas-ruiste, 's a' mhaduinn. Bha "seilcheag air lic luim, searrach òg 's a leth-deiridh ri gaisgeach, 'na

mhanadh air mi-shcalbh dha fad na bliadhna; agus bha ceileir aoibhneach na cuthaige féin, 'na chulaidh smuainich do m' shìn-seanair, na'n c'uinneadh e a ceud ghug-ghug, "latha buidhe Bealltuinn," "gun bhiaidh 'na bhroinn."—Ach, soiridh buan leis na gaisgich fhéilidh. Choilian iad ùdarrais an linne féin. Tha ann an diugh a their, nach d'thainig an samhuil 'nan déigh. Agus cò's urrainn sin àicheadh? Thainig mùthadh nòis air an tìr o'n theasd iad uile, agus ged nach d'thainig Tómas le 'chuid each fathast, agus nach eil fhios cia aca tha e 'n Dun-buic no 'n Tom-na-h-ùraich: tha coltas, ma leanas an cosnadh 's a' Ghalltachd mar thà e, gu'm bi "latha nan creach aig Cluaidh."—*An Trediriche.*



A' FAIRE GU CAOMH AIR MO CHEANN.

(*Eadar-theangaicht' o'n Bheurla le Gillesbuig MacFuidein.*)

'N UAIR bhios cagarsaich dhìomhair a' snàmh air gabh taobh,
 Agus guthan nach fhaod bhi 'n an tosd,
 O'n tìr so 'g am ghairm air sligh' uile chlann-daoin',
 Thair a' chuain th' aig gach aon ri dhol trasd;
 Le ùr-fhradharc 'n uair ch' mì tigh-comhnuidh nan naomh,
 Taobh thall gach saoth'r 'us trioblaid a th' ann,
 Aig geata sgiabhach na cùirt' an bi ann a h-aon
 'Bhios a' faire gu caomh air mo cheann?

Tha sluagh beag ann 's an còmhnuidh an sùil air mo chéum,
 'S a tha 'm feum air fear-dion agus iùil,
 Tha maoth-thruaghain air faontraigh ag amharc am dhéigh,
 'S nach bu deacair an deur chur o'n sùil;
 Ach a chlann fadaidh Iosa a ghairm leis gu caoin,
 'N uair is àird' bhios an doilghios no 'm fonn;
 Aig geata sgiabhach na cùirt, dhiubh sin am bi aon
 'Bhios a' faire gu caomh air mo cheann?

Tha aonaraich aosd' ann tha feitheamh nan tràth,
 Air na làraichean dh' fhag an luchd-dàimh,
 'S dh' fhaodadh blàth-fhacal aig am, no idir gnìomh gràidh
 Gean agus àgh a rìthist thoirt daibh;

Ach an gart tha làn abuich tha 'm buanaich ri thaobh,
'S tha là claidhean an t-saothraich aig ceann,
Aig geata sgiamhach na cuir', dhiubh sin am bi h-aon
'Bhios a' faire gu caomh air mo cheann ?

Tha caomh chàirdean ann dh' fhaodteadh le m' ghradh thoirt gu smuain,
Tha fìor-thruaghain ann 'g inneachd na sràid',
Tha ann coigrich gun nì agus aimbeartach thruagh,
Agus deoraidh fo smuairin a ghnàth ;
'Measg nam mìltean nì còmhnuidh an Teampull nan naomh,
'S ioma h-aon nach do shaoileadh bhios ann ;
Aig geata sgiamhach na cuir', dhiubh sin am bi h-aon
Bhios a' faire gu caomh air mo cheann ?

Faodaidh Crìosda 'n a mhòr-ghràs mi do neamh a thoirt suas
Oir 's e truaghain a shaoradh a mhiann,
Ged nach gabh mi de'n bhoichd no de'n dilleachdan truas,
'S nach bi smuain orr' am ùrnuigh ri Dia ;
Ach air neamh nach toir m' fhéinealachd bròn air mo smaoin,
Mur h-e bròn nì nach fhaod a bhi ann,
Aig geata sgiamhach na cuir' dhiubh sin mur bi aon
'Bhios a' faire gu caomh air mo cheann ?



UAIGHEAN NAM FIANN.*

It ta fa ne tullych so toye
Mac Cowle is croye colk
Mak daidzail nein in Derk
Nach tug ra erk trayir borb.
It ta fane tullych so dess
Mac Vckoyne Kneiss mar vlayth
Cha dar sa' nach fa neith in gress
Mo char veine yeth lawe

Id ta fa tullych hoirrych
Ossgyr bi vath gol is gneif
Clan morn gach mach nì fir
Noch chor chur sai sin in breith.

Id ta fa tullych so har
Gillyth ba van tess nach. . . . aake
Mac ronain dor weych cleir
Fane tolyth so har it ta.

Id ta fane twlych so foyme
Innor vych von groik is grane
Connan dych zoif gych murn
Fa tullych fume id ta.



SOP AS GACH SEID.

CHA bu chòir do dhuine a bhi air a mheas
air son a chodach no a bhuaidhean, ach air
son an fhéuma a nì e dhiubh.

* From Ewen MacLachlan's Transcript
of the Book of the Dean of Lismore.

Far nach 'eil lagh cha'n 'eil saorsa.

Biodh eagal a' bhàis ort, ach na biodh
geilt agad roimh.

Cha ghabh neach sam bith co taitneach
ri smachdachadh, 'sa nì an neach sin a's
luga a ta 'ga thoilltinn.

Tha e gu tric a' tachairt gu'm bheil iad-
san a ta miannachadh an uile do mhuinntir
eile, glé chinnteach gu'n d' thig an t-olc
gu'n dàil orra fein.

Tha gnìomhara 'nan steigh urrainn nì's
àirde na comhradh. Nach 'eil thu 'tuig-
sinn gu'm bheil beatha nì's àirde agus nì's
urramaich 'na briathra ?

An uair a dh' fhàsus sinn aosda cha'n
fhuras d'ar caircibh ar toileachadh, agus
cha'n 'eil mòr-chùraim orra cia aca tha sinn
toilichte no nach 'eil.

Théid a' chùis leat me nì thu gu maith
an nì a tha 'nad' chomus a dheanamh, oir
cha'n 'eil e 'nad' chomas na h-uile nithe a
dheanamh.

Biodh tlachd agad ann an obair, do
bhrìgh, mar 'eil féum agad air a thaobh
bin gu'm féud féum a bhi agad air, air son
leigheis.

Tha mòran de chomhfhurtachd na beatha a ta làthair a' co'sheasamh ann an eòlas. càirdeas, agus comunn a bhi againn maille riu-san a ta diadhaidh, glic, agus subhailc-each.

Smuainich mu'n labhair thu, agus smuainich cò iad ris am bheil thu a' labhairt. Smuainich c'ar son a tha thu a' labhairt, agus smuainich ciod a tha thu a' labhairt.

Na cuir fios air fear-comhairle le rùn fantuinn co'-dhaingnichte 'nad bharail fein. Dh' fheadadh tu ceart co maith fios a chur air leigh 'nad' thinneas agus òrdugh a thoirt dha ciod a' ghnè leigheis bu chòir da a thoirt dhuit.

Na biodh uaill 'nad' chridhe gu'n d' rinn thu ni sam bith a ta gu sonraichte glic, oir feudaidh cùisean a nochdadh an déigh so, gu'm bi an n' sin gu sonraichte amaideach. Na deanadh duine sam bith uaill as a dheanadas fein.

Ciod air bi is miann leat a leantuinn anns an t-saoghal, cha téid a' chùis leat ach a mhàin le dhi-chioll cruaidh. Buainich gu foighidinneach gus am bi an inntinn 'na làn uidheam, agus gus am bi an cridhe air a cho'-dhaingneachadh ann an creideamh agus gràdh.

Tha àimhreit eadar càraid phòsda cos-huill ri seòmar aig am bheil uinneag air gach ceann dheth. Ma dh' fhosgaillear an da uinneag còmhladh, bithidh gaoth-tharruing agus fuachd 'san t-seòmar, ach ma dhùnair a h-aon diubh, bithidh an seòmar tiorail agus taitneach. Mar sin, air an t-seòl cheudna, an uair a dhùisgeas connsachadh eadar fear agus bean, ma dhruidear aon bhéul bithidh sìth 'san fhàrdaich air ball.

Bha duin'-uasal a' dol seachad air an-ann araidh, agus chunnaic e Eireannach 'na sheasamh air cloich gu dian ag iasgach ann am pòll mòr, domhain a bha roimhe. "Tha thusa an sin, a Phat, a' cur gu tréun ris an iasgach; is cinnteach gur taitneach, grinn, gasda an sruth sin air son nam breac." "Ochan! a' ghràidh mo chridhe, is esan a th'ann sin oir bha mi 'nam sheas-

amh an so, o cheann trì uairean a dh-uine, agus cha'n fhàg aon siolag dhiubh am poll.

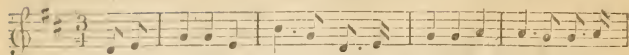
Tha gràdh an còmhnuidh deas chum gach seirbheis a dheanamh. Tha gràdh bunailteach agus tréibhdhireach 'na dh'chioll. Tha e do ghnàth 'ga thoirt fein seachad a' nasgaidh. Is ni e a tha deanadach, dhi-chiollach, agus tréun. Tha e 'na shonas do ghràdh a bhi saorachail agus fialaidh. Ciod nach dean mathair ghràdhach air son a leinibh fein? Ciod nach dean bean-phòsda dhleasnachail air son a companach fein? Ciod leis nach cuir Gaidheal suas chum a rìgh, agus a thùr, agus a shaorsa a dhionadh, agus chum nàimhdean air an lionmhorachd a ruagadh air falbh?

Tha tlachd aig mòran ann a bhi 'faotuinn coire do gach ni a nithear, no labhrar le muinntir eile. Ma mholas tu ni sam bith, is comadh ciod e, di-mclaidh iadsan e. Air an laimh eile, cha'n 'eil iad toilichte ma ghabhas tusa toillintian ann an dad sam bith, agus an uair a chith iad sin, cuiridh iad gu dian 'nad' aghaidh. Ni iad so air uairibh le dùil gu'm féuch iad barrachd eòlais agus gliocais na bhuilicheadh ortsa. Ach tha iad 'ga dheanamh, mar a's trice, trid peasanachd agus lonais a ta 'g éiridh o fharmaid 'nan cridhe. Thoill iad so gu léir gu'm biodh an sròn air a tarruing, chum nach tog iad co àrd i tuilleadh nis mo.

Is iomadh màthair fo lag-mhispich a ta fillleadh nan làmh sàruichte aice air an fheasgair, an dail nach d' rinn i a bheag rè an latha, ged nach do chuir i seachad aon mhionaid ann an diomhanas o'n dh' eirich i 'sa mhaduinn. Nach mor e do'n màthair a bhi làthair an uair a thig a cuid leanaban d'a h-ionnsuidh le'n gearanaibh agus le'n gairdeachas! Nach mòr e do'n màthair an uair a théid a companach a mach le tlachd chum a chuid oibre, agus a philleas e le toill-intinn aig an fheasgair gu 'dhachaidh shona fein. O! a mhathair sbòruichte agus dhilis na smuainich nach d' rinn thu nithe mòr' agus luachmhor, an uair a rinn thu do dhleasnas dod' chéile 's dod' chloinn, oir cha'n 'eil fios agad air do chumhachd agus air do chudthromachd fein gus an cuirear chum cleachd iad.

CUMHA HIRTEACH.

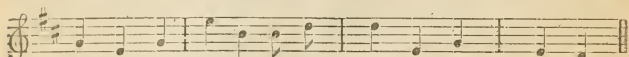
GLEUS D.



: D r | f : f : r | l : f : D ., r | f : f : s | s : f : F ., s |

l : l : d¹ | d¹ : l : R¹ . l | d¹ : r : f | r : d ||

Fonn.

: L ., s | f : r : l | d¹ : d¹ : R . r | f : s : s | l : f : L ., f |f : r : f | r¹ : l : L . d¹ | d¹ : r : f | r : d ||

CHÀIDH an Cumha so a dheanamh le mnaoi òig Hirtich d' a fear-pòsda; do 'n do thachair dol leis a' chreig anns an ròbh e ag ianach ann' an Sòthaidh, aon de na h-eileanan beaga, creagach, a tha laimh ri eilean Hirt; an t-àite anns an cuala mi an luchd-seinn òran agus shalm, a 's fònmhoire, 's a 's réidhe, 's a 's binne guth dheth na chuala mi riamh.

D. R. M.

'S ann air tràigh eilean Shòthaidh
'Dh' fhàg mi m' òganach gléusda;
Urra 'dheanadh mo thacar,
'S tabhairt dhachaidh na spréidhe.

Fonn—*Fàth mo dhiachainn 's mo lednaidh!*
Mo chreach bhròin, 's mo chreach léiridh!
Mo chridh' adhlac' an dòlas,
Cha tog còl, no cung léigh e.

Ged a thuit thu bho 'n chreig ud,
Cha b' e 'n t-eagal a léum thu;
'S ann a rinn do chas sraonadh,
'S cha do dh' fhaod thu riamh éiridh.
Fàth mo dhiachainn, &c.

Dhòirteadh d' fhuil air a chloich ud,
Bha do lot an deigh léumadh,
Bha thu muigh air bhàrr stuaidhe,
'S muir ga d' fhuasgladh blo chéile.
Fàth mo dhiachainn, &c.

Thàinig thugam do mhàthair,
Gun i 'chàradh a bréid oirr',
'S ruith do phiuthar 'n uair 'chual' i,
Ach b' fhad' uainn far an d' éug thu.
Fàth mo dhiachainn, &c.

'N uair a thàinig do bhràthair,
B' àrd a ràn ga do léirsinn,

'S gath 'n ar cridhe ga shàthadh,
'Faicinn d' àmhghar an céin uainn.
Fàth mo dhiachainn, &c.

'S e 'tha 'torradh mo thruaighe
Mar 'thuit fuar-bhuille 'n éig ort,
Gun neach fagus, a ghaoil, ort,
'Bheireadh faochadh 'n a d' fhéum dluth.
Fàth mo dhiachainn, &c.

A sheachd beannachd nan càirdean,
'S a lon làidir na féuma,
Tha mo chuid-sa de 'n ianlaith
Feadh na h-iarmaid ag éigheach.
Fàth mo dhiachainn, &c.

Tha mo chuid-s' dheth na h-uibhean
Aig a' bhuidhinn a 's tréubhaich';
Cha 'n 'eil dhòmhs' ach 'bhi riaraidh'
Le cruaidh dhioghlum na h-éiginn.
Fàth mo dhiachainn, &c.

Eòin nan spéur, 's iasg nan cuantan,
Leam bu shuarrach gu léir iad,
Na 'm biodh laimh rium mar 'b' àbhaist
Pearsa ghràidh fir mo spéise.
Fàth mo dhiachainn, &c.

Ach cha ghluais guth mo bhròin-sa
Dhachaidh beò thu gu d' chéile—
'S ann air tràigh eilean Shòthaidh
'Dh' fhàg mi m' òganach gléusda.
Fàth mo dhiachainn, &c.

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THE SKULL.

BY DUGALD BUCHANAN.

From the Gaelic, by PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

THIS poem has long enjoyed great popularity and an extensive circulation among the devout Gaels. It has been translated already, several times, but always, I believe, by native Highlanders. This is, perhaps, the first time that it has been attempted by a rhymers who was not born with Gaelic in his blood. To those who are familiar with the original, I wish to make the remark that they will not find here what some persons may expect, a strictly literal version, line for line, of the Gaelic. I have no faith in literal versions of lyrical poetry, nor indeed of any work where an æsthetical effect is intended to be produced; in the domain of art, even more than in religion, it is "the letter that killeth, and the spirit that maketh alive." What ought to be brought out in a poetical translation is the characteristic, not the literal; and the characteristic element in the poem must be expressed with spirit and force, and with an easy, natural movement; for dancing in fetters is no dancing at all, and worse than the most clumsily executed piece of a plain prose march. To the English reader I would say that he may probably deem the poetical merit of this piece somewhat inferior to its high reputation among the Gaels; and no doubt it is true that religious poetry often gains a circulation among devout persons out of all proportion to the æsthetical merit of the production. Personally, I cannot help thinking it pretty plain that this poem would have been considerably improved, if it had been more condensed, and kept more free from the tone of the pulpit, especially towards the close. On the other hand, the admirers of the composition may reasonably say that the Bard of Rannoch was a preacher, and that he was as much entitled to mingle preaching with poetry as the prophet Isaiah was, or Solomon, king of Israel. So be it! Let "The Skull" be denominated an excellent sermon in verse, and all parties ought to be pleased.

J. S. B.

I sat all alone
 By a cold grey stone,
 And behold a skull lay on the ground !
 I took in my hand,
 And pitiful scanned
 Its ruin, all round and round.

Without colour or ken,
 Or notice of men,
 When a footstep may trample the ground ;
 A jaw without tooth,
 And no tongue in the mouth,
 And a throat with no function of sound.

In thy cheek is no red,
 Smooth and cold is thy head,
 Deaf thine ear when sweet music is nigh ;
 In thy nostril no breath,
 And the savour of death
 In dark hollow where beamed the bright eye.

No virtue now flashes
 'Neath eyelids and lashes,
 No message of brightness is sped ;
 But worms to and fro
 Do busily go,
 Where pictures of beauty were spread.

And the brain that was there
 Into ashes or air
 Is vanished, and now hath no mind
 To finish the plan
 It so boldly began,
 And left—a proud folly—behind.

From that blank look of thine
 I gather no sign
 Of thy life-tale, its shame or its glory ;
 Proud Philip's great son
 And his slave are as one,
 When a skull is the sum of their story.

Thou who pliest the trade
 With shovel and spade,
 To make beds for the dead in the land,
 Declare, if thou can,
 Be it maiden or man
 Whose skull I now hold in my hand.

A maiden wert thou,
Of bright eye and fair brow,
And a witchcraft of smiles in thy face ?
And was thine the fine art
To enmesh the weak heart
Of each youth that might sigh for thy grace ?

And what art thou now,
With no grace on thy brow,
And thy witchery turned to disgust ?
Cry shame on black Death
That stopped thy fair breath,
And trampled thy bloom in the dust !

Or a lawyer wert thou,
Wise and true to thy vow,
To hold all offenders in awe,
Without favour or grudge
To weigh and to judge,
And to keep the straight line of the law ?

Or wert thou a knave,
A tool and a slave
To the rich who could buy thee with gold,
But no virtue couldst see
In the poor man's plea,
And left him to starve in the cold ?

If thou wert expert
To refine and pervert,
Till right became wrong in thy hand ;
A court waits for thee,
Where no fictions may be,
And only the truth may stand.

Or wert thou a leech,
Keen to know and to teach
All the pharmacy tabled in science,
With a balm in thy hand
For each plague in the land,
Bidding death and disease defiance ?

But alack for the man
That so bravely could plan,
From disease and distemper to save ;
In vain all his skill,
With potion and pill,
To respite himself from the grave !

Or a soldier wert thou,
 With storm on thy brow,
 On the sword of thy vengeance relying,
 Careering with power,
 In victory's hour,
 O'er heaps of the dead and the dying ?

Was thy sword in thy sheath
 When confronted with death,
 Or did thy heart faint in the day,
 When the stout heart must yield
 To light swarms in the field,
 And vile armies that creep through the clay ?

No whit care the worms
 For the strong man of arms,
 On his brain they will banquet full well ;
 And the skull of the bold
 Is a garrison hold
 For the black-mantled beetle to dwell.

Some are digging beneath
 The fence of thy teeth,
 Thine ears some are boring within,
 And some creeping out,
 In a revelling rout,
 Are spoiling the bloom of thy skin.

Or wert thou a lord
 Of strong drink at the board,
 Where the cup was the deepest to drain,
 With no heaven but this,
 To wallow in bliss,
 With the ferment of wine in thy brain ?

And did oaths at thy board
 Sweetest music accord
 To thy filthy carousers and thee,
 Till your senses were drowned,
 And you reeled on the ground,
 More swinish than swine may be ?

Or wert thou a man
 Of the temperate clan,
 With the gentle control of the brain
 To reason thy whim,
 When passions o'erbrim,
 And a king in thy kingdom to reign ?

Or wert thou a glutton
 To gorge and to fatten,
 Thy carcase unseasoned by soul,
 In thy belly to find
 A god to thy mind,
 And a worship in draining the bowl?

Now the belly, thy god,
 Must rot in the sod,
 With the cold ooze dripping round thee,
 Thy teeth may not bite,
 Nor thy tongue taste delight,
 Where the fetters of death have bound thee.

Or wert thou a man,
 The chief of thy clan,
 The broad-acred lord of the soil,
 A help still at hand,
 To the good in the land,
 But a rod and reproof to the vile?

Or was it thy plan,
 A hard-faced man,
 Thy people to grind and to flay,
 To exact to the letter
 Thy right from thy debtor,
 While Mercy cried out for delay?

And never from thee,
 In the pride of degree,
 Could the old man's voice bring a tear,
 As he stood in the air,
 With his bald head bare,
 And the sharp East wind in his ear.

But now the poor thrall
 Waits not in thy hall,
 Forced honour and homage to pay ;
 Death loved the poor man,
 When he bravely began
 To level thy pride with the clay.

Or wert thou a teacher
 Of truth, and a preacher,
 With message of mercy to tell,
 With an arm swift and strong
 To pull back the throng,
 That headlong were plunging to hell?

Or wert thou a man
 Of the moderate clan,
 To shepherd the sheep at thy leisure ?
 If the fleece were but thine,
 Old Reynard might dine
 On the lambs of the flock at his pleasure.

But woe for thy doom
 When the judgment shall come,
 And the eye of the Master shall find thee,
 To cast the amount
 Of thy hollow account,
 When the fetters of death shall bind thee !

Or wert thou a head,
 The hot-house and bed
 Of evil devices, uncaring
 For statute or law
 To temper with awe
 The restless career of thy daring ?

A forger of lies,
 And the rumour that flies
 On the pinions of calumny strong ;
 With lips of deceit,
 And a smile bitter-sweet,
 And the poison of asps on thy tongue ?

But now still in death,
 With no voice to give breath,
 That tongue shall no more be offender ;
 While maggots shall go
 In thy mouth to and fro
 And gnaw at the root of thy slander.

And if thou didst go
 All sin-laden so,
 With a lie in thy throat to the tomb ;
 The cold grave shall be
 The sole heaven for thee
 Till the trumpet shall call thee to doom.

Like an ugly old toad
 From thy miry abode,
 Who shalt crawl to reproof of the day ;
 To encounter thy God
 When he comes with a rod
 The reward of thy doings to pay.

O then in thine ear,
 With voice sharp and clear,
 The Judge shall thy doom deliver,
 With devils to dwell
 In the furnace of hell,
 And his curse on thy head for ever.

Nor deem that the fire
 Shall kindly conspire
 To ashes unfeeling to turn thee,
 Thy flesh and thy bones
 Shall be hardened to stones,
 And the flame that shall scorch may not burn thee !

Or wert thou a wight,
 That strove for the right,
 With God for thy guide in thy doing ?
 Though now thou lie there,
 All bleached and bare,
 In the blast a desolate ruin,

From the tomb thou shalt rise
 And mount to the skies,
 When the trump of the judgment shall bray ;
 Thy body of sin
 Thou shalt slip like a skin,
 And cast all corruption away.

Thy form shall be bright,
 As the fair lady Light,
 When in redness of morn she advances,*
 Like stars when they shine,
 Thy far-seeing eyne,
 Shall pierce through the dim with their glances.

Thy mouth shall o'erbrim
 From God with the hymn
 Of His praise in the high habitations ;
 He will open thine ear
 In rapture to hear
 The pæan of deathless ovations !

When in glory divine
 The Redeemer shall shine,
 The hosts of His people to gather,
 When the trumpet hath blared,
 Like an eagle repaired,
 Thou shalt rise to the home of thy Father.

* *Grian*, the sun is feminine in Gaelic.

He shall greet thee His own,
 From the light of the throne,
 Whence joyfulness flows like a river ;
 Thou shalt bloom in His sight,
 Without blast, without blight,
 In an Eden of glory for ever.

O listen and learn,
 And timefully turn,
 From delusions that fondly deceive you !
 While the Saviour stands
 With welcoming hands
 And a door open wide to receive you !



EREUNA.*

WE hardly know what to make of this book. It is a small volume of about 180 pages, tastefully got up, and, so far as we are able to judge, accurately printed. It is divided into three chapters: Etymons of ancient classical words and names; Hebræo-Celtic affinities; and Etymons of Hebrew words and names. It is written in a remarkably clear and lively style. The author has evidently read extensively in his subject, and shows capacity to grasp philological principles. But, beyond this, one is at a loss what to say. "Celtophile" does not consider himself bound by any rule, philological or logical. "Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri" is his motto and his principle, and he follows the *dictum* in the most unflinching manner, even when the *magister* happens to be "Celtophile" himself. He freely wanders over this earth of ours from Kamtschatka to Mexico, from Caffraria to Connaught, and

finds the names of its places, men, and gods, ancient and modern, intelligible only through the medium of the Celtic tongues.

Vowels and consonants which are usually treated with considerable disrespect by philologists are tumbled about by "Celtophile" in a manner truly alarming. And yet the happy and, in some cases, beautiful interpretation which he is able to give of the names of the old gods and goddesses by means of his Celtic key makes one almost believe that the interpretation is sometimes true. *Triton* becomes easily *Triath-thonn*, "the lord of the waves;" *Lares*, *Làr(dh)e*, "the gods of the floor;" and *Laomedon*, *Leth-amadan*, "half a fool." *Athénai* as *Aite-naomh*, "a holy place," is a little more obscure. *Neamh* is a prolific word. Signifying *cruel*, *pitiless*, it explains *Nemesis*. In its more common acceptation of *heaven* it is made to explain (*n*)*ambrosia*, *manna*, and the river *Nile*,—if the meaning of this last word be referred to the blue colour of the river or to its unascertained source; if the word means *misty* or *cloudy*, as an ancient scholiast suggests, it is merely the Gaelic *neul*. The fertility of the author's invention stands him in

* "Ereuna; or, An Investigation of the Etymons of Words and Names, Classical and Scriptural, through the Medium of Celtic: together with some Remarks on Hebræo-Celtic Affinities. By a Celtophile. Williams and Norgate, London and Edinburgh. 1875."

good stead when explaining the name of the great deity of Egypt, *Osiris*. The *siris* or *siride* is clearly the Gaelic *siorraith*, "eternal." The *o* may signify *fire*, in which case *Osiris* is the *Sun-god*; or *eye*, when the meaning of the name is the *eternal eye* (of Providence). *O*, it is said, means also *water* in Celtic, like the French *eau*. "Taking the word in this sense, the compound form *Osiride* would denote the ever-flowing water of the river of Egypt." But, finally, *o* may be prosthetic. If so, the name is explained by a Greek quotation from Dionysius Afer. We would add one more meaning to the ubiquitous *o*—viz., from (*bho*, usual contraction *o*). The meaning then would be, *From eternity* or *The eternal*.

In some cases we are sorry to find the author's fertile fancy fails him. *Pivōmi*, "fair and good," from *ro mhait*, "very good," is a stroke of genius; but the author is obliged to confess that "the first part of the composite form, *Pivōmi*, is not so plain, and may be either the Egyptian definite article or else a word related to a Semitic expression for *fair*." Again, *Sybil* as *saobh-chiull*, "the occult meaning," is more than doubtful; for *saobh* is *wandering, perverse, false*, rather than *occult*, as the author elsewhere states, (cf. *saobh-chreidimh*, "superstition;" *saobh-shruth*, "cross current"). We would prefer *sith-bheul*, "peace," or "mystic mouth," both for sound and sense. "Celtophile's" derivation of *pisces*, from *uisge*, "water," and *fiadh*, "a deer," "wild," is no doubt ingenious, but unsatisfactory. He first conjoins the two words *uisge-fiadh*, which he pronounces *wisk-i*, and then transposes them, *fiadh-uisge* (*fisk*), and from the transposition evolves *pisces*. We confess we would have preferred the natural to the

transposed form, even if the true etymology of *pisces* had still to be traced; for we would have an admirable derivation and an apposite meaning for our national beverage, *whisky*. A keener feeling of disappointment arises when perusing the felicitous analysis of *chitōn*, "a garment," from *cui*, "a covering," and *tōn*, "the fundament;" for the author should remember that the first syllable, *chi*, is a proper Gaelic word for "see," and that therefore the true meaning of *chitōn* is not the concealment but the exposure of that portion of the person. This derivation, in addition to the beautiful simplicity of it, combines the further advantage of silencing for ever the attempt lately made by Hill Burton and others to assign a modern date to the invention of the kilt.

Two-thirds of the volume is taken up with an explanation, by means of the Celtic tongue, of Hebrew words and names. With reference to this portion of his subject the author's position is peculiar, and, what is more remarkable, he admits it to be so. In the preface he speaks of the pernicious tendency of geologists and philologists to conduct "their pursuits on principles which seem to ignore the truths of Revelation." His analysis of Scripture names, however, leads him to the conclusion that, if his conjectures have any foundation (an important saving clause), "the reasons assigned for the names in our present copies of the Scriptures must be mere conjectural glosses, foisted into the text by ignorant copyists, and should be rejected accordingly." Here truly is a field opened up to the most advanced school of German theologians which, from their point of view, might yield a luxuriant crop. Our author is, however, decidedly

orthodox. He would be "grieved if aught advanced by him should militate in any sense against the veneration due to the Revealed Word." He finds consolation in the fact that, "though Celtic seems to discredit in some minor points what has been hitherto received as Scripture, it serves to confirm our faith in what is of more importance." And accordingly he analyses a host of Scripture names with the same combination of shrewdness and whimsicality which we have illustrated from his treatment of classical names. The derivation of Solomon and Solon from *so*, "well," and *ollamh*, "learned," we consider to be peculiarly happy; that of Beelzebub through *diabulus* from *dia-aoibheil* we consider to be an example of the ingenious.

Some fifty or sixty years ago, when the principles of philology were but imperfectly known, *Celtophilists* delighted in tracing resemblances between the language of the Gael and the language of the Jew. At that time similarity in sound and accidental resemblances in vocables were considered convincing proofs of identity in origin. But the publication of Pritchard's "Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations," while establishing the antiquity of the Celtic people and language on a basis sufficiently firm to satisfy the most ardent Celt, taught succeeding inquirers to look for the blood relations of the Celt among the Hindoos and the various European nations rather than among the Hebrews. The labours of succeeding philologists have confirmed the soundness of the theory which Pritchard was the first to establish. It is now an accepted fact that the Celtic language and the Celtic people are a member, and historically by no means the least interesting member,

of the great Indo-European or Aryan family. But while the Celt and his language have had their true place assigned to them among the nations and tongues, it by no means follows that resemblances important to the philologist and interesting to the general reader are not traceable between the Celtic language and Hebrew. One of the oldest, if not the oldest, members of the Aryan family, the Celtic tongue has somehow managed to preserve, in the various dialects spoken in this country, the sounds and forms and idioms which belonged to the remote past in greater perfection than any other member of the group, with the doubtful exception of Sanscrit. It would be surprising, therefore, if in the comparison of primitive tongues our language should not hold a foremost place in the estimation of the philologist. It would be even hazardous to say, with our present knowledge, that among the many fantastical derivations of Hebrew names given by *Celtophile*, none can stand the test of scientific analysis. Comparative philology has made rapid strides of late years, but it is as yet only emerging from its infancy.

From the examples we have adduced, it will be seen that "EREUNA" is, if not a scientific treatise, an amusing and, in a sense, an instructive book. It deserves to be read by all who take an interest in the subject of which it treats. We have seen *Celtophilism* exhibited in a more extravagant fashion, and in all soberness on the part of the author. We have it exhibited in this book, combined with such manifestations of talent, that we cannot but suppose the lively author satirizes, though he very skilfully conceals it, what is considered by many to be one of the amiable weaknesses of our day.





"Cruaidh mar an bròck
Duan mar an darach".
W. B. Mackenzie

AN G A I D H E A L.

*“ Mar ghath solnis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.”—OISEAN.*

V. LEABH.]

DARA MIOS AN EARRAICH, 1876.

[51 AIR.

EACHDRAIDH - BEATHA PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

RUGADH EGIN STUART BLACKIE, no “Dubhaig” mar a their e fhéin ris, ann an Glascho 's a bhliadhna 1809. Bha 'athair 'n a bhancfhear an Abaireadhain. Fhuair e a chuid ionnsachadh-sgoile ann an Abair-eadhain agus ann an Duinéidin. Chuir e dà bhliadhna seachad ann an Göttingen, Berlin, agus 's an Roimh, agus fad na h-aimsir sin shaothraich e gu mòr ag ionnsachadh na cainnt Gearmailtich, agus na cainnt Eadailtich, agus maille ri sin an daimh anns am bheil seana chan-ainean ainmeil dhaoine a 'seasamh d'a chéile. 'S a bhliadhna 1834 chuir e an clò eadar-theangachadh am meadar air “Faust,” toradh saothair a' bhàird mhòir Ghearmailtich, Göethe, le sgrìobhaidhean foills-eachaidh air a' bhàrdachd; agus thugadh a stigh e mar fhear-tagraidh ann an Cuirtibh-lagha na h-Albann. Sgrìobh e mòran aig an àm sin air litreachas na Gearmailt, ann an “Leabhar-mios Bhlackwood,” agus ann an “Leabhar-mios Tait,” agus “Leabhar sgrùdaidh Ràidheil air cuisibh an céin.” 'S a bhliadhna 1841, fhuair e a' chaithir-theagaisg Laidinn a chuireadh suas as ùr an Oilthigh Mharischal Abaireadhain. Dh'fhan e an sin aon bliadhna deug a' cuideachadh gu mòr, fad na h-ùine, leis an athleasachadh a bha air iarraidh air Oilthighibh na h-Al-

bann, agus a rinneadh le Achd Parlamaid 's a bhliadhna 1858, a' toirt mòr adhartais do ard-ionnsachadh 's an tìr. Sgrìobh e mòran air cumadh agus co-cheangal cainnte anns a' “Chlassical Museum” 's a bhliadhna 1850; agus le sin chuir e an clò eadar-theangachadh air a bhàrd Ghreugach, Æschylus, ann am meadar. Choisinn so dha, 's a bhliadhna 1852 Caithir-theagaisg na Greugais ann an Oilthigh Dhùineidin. Chuir e mach iomadh sgrìobhadh an deigh sin, nach 'eil e farasd ainmeachadh 's a Ghaelig. Bha sgrìobhadh air “Doigh labhairt na Greugais” 's a bhliadhna 1852; “Sgrìobhadh air Maise,” le beachd-an àraidh air barail Phlato mu “nàdur Maise” 's a bhliadhna 1858. Bha Bardachd air a chur a mach, leis, a' mhòr chuid dith air Seann sgeoil dhùthchasach nan Greugach, 's a bhliadhna 1857; agus Bardachd Bheurla 'us Laidinn 's a bhliadhna 1860. Air a bhliadhna 1853 ghabh e turus 's a' Ghreig, agus sgrìobh e leabhran a' moladh gu mòr daoine a chur eòlais air Greugais an latha an diugh, le sgrìobhaidhean eile ann an leabhraichean-mios 'us ràidh air a Ghreig a th' ann a nis. Sgrìobh e mu “Phlato” agus mu “Homer” gu h-ealanta, ionnsaichte. A thuilleadh air obair na cathrach-theagaisg aige, tha e easgaidh, ealamh, gu dol air feadh na tìre a' teagasg dhaoine agus tha e eudmhor thar mòran mu nithibh a bhuineas do chliù na h-Albann. Anns an deasboireachda

bh' ann 's a bhliadhna 1867, mu 'n Athleasachadh air an t-suidheachadh chum daoine a thaghadh do 'n Pharlamaid, labhair e gu fearail an aghaidh nan daoine a bheireadh riaghailt America a stigh 'n ar measg, agus thagair e a chèis an aghaidh Ernest Jones, duine a bha dian air an taobh eile. Bha na beachdan aig air "Riaghladh nan uile dhaoine" (Democracy), air an cur an clò sé nairean ann an ceithir là deng? Chuir e gu làidir air taobh na h-Achd a shaor luchd-teagaisg Oilthighean na h-Albann o bhì fo éigin iad fhéin a cheangal ri creidimh na h-Eaglais Stéidhichte. 'S a' bhliadhna 1866, chuir e mòran d'a shaothair an clò, agus ann an 1869, chuir e mach Bardachd airson foghlumaich agus luchd-frithealaidh nan oilthighean. 'S a' bhliadhna 1870, chuir e an clò orain-catha nan Gearmailteach, agus sgrìobh e gu trenn air taobh nan Gearmailteach ann an cogadh ris na Frangaich. 'S a' bhliadhna 1872, chuir e an clò, "Laoidhean na Gaidhealtachd agus nan Eilean." Cha-n fhad o sheas Professor Blackie suas an Lunnun a' cur gu h-ealanta, glic, an aghaidh bheachdan Mr. Eoin Stiùart Mill air Feallsanachd Mhoghail, Mr. Grote mu Fheallsanaich Greugach ris an abradh iad na Sophists, agus Mr. Max Muller mu mlineachadh nan seann sgeoil dhuthchasach. Chuir e a bheachdan fhéin an clò 's a bhliadhna 1871. Ann an leabhraichean air an bheil "Horæ Hellenicæ" leig e ris a bheachdan air daimh agus co-cheangal chànanean am measg dhaoine agus chuir e mach leabhar beag airson fhoghlumach air an bheil "Fein eideachadh," leabhar a fhuair mòran cliù ann an Sasunn agus ann an America. O cheann ghoirid chuir e a ghualainn ri caithreagaisg na Gaelig a chur air chois ann an oilthigh Dhùineidin. Agus

cha-n 'eil teagamh air a nis nach teid a chèis leis mar a b' àill leis. Tha e air an t-ir a shiubhal air fad, agus sgrìobhadh a dh' ionnsuidh gach cearnaidh de 'n t-saoghal 's am bheil boinne de fhuil nan Gaidheal a ruith ann am feith, agus tha ainmean air an cur sìos aige airson corr us ochd mìle punnd Sasunnach. Ach cha leòrsin. Tha tuilleadh uaith chum beo-shlainte fhreagarrach bhì ann do 'n fhear-theagaisg, agus cha 'n 'eil e neo-choslach nach ruig e air an t-suim air am bheil a chridhe suidhichte mu 'n tig fad. Is maith 's fhiach e clù o na h-uile duine, Gaidhealach 'us Gallda, aig am bheil taobh ris a' Ghaelig. Agus tha sin aig 'us bithidh barrachd aige fhathast dheth. Cha-n 'eil sinn ag radh mu'r caraid fhathail ach mar a theireadh an seann sluagh, "Gu mu fada beò e, 'us eò dhe a thigh."



DONULL GORM.

[FHUAIR SINN AN DÀN SO BHO 'N UASAL cheanalta, ALASTAIR MAC GILLE-MHICHEIL, an Uithist. Thug e dhuinn eachdraidh an dàn am Béurla; ach tha sinn ro dhuilich nach urrainn duinn a toirt seachad 's an àirimh so. Theagamh, air a shon sin, gu'n tachair sinn fhathast. Mairionn, buan do'n fhìor Ghàidheal so; agus deoch-eòlais air. Tha sinn cinnteach nach 'eil Gàidheal "air chnairt no thall an cuan" nach òl gun obadh i—am fear nach dian air son fearais-chinnidh e gu'n dian e e air son fearais-dhùthcha.]

'N àill leibh, oh!,
Ar leam gur h-i,
'Ghrian 's i 'g éirigh.
'N àill leibh ho hau.

Nàile, nàile,
Nàile ri triall, hò,
Gu chùirt Dhònuill
Nan sgiath ball-bhreach,
Nan lann ceann-gheal,
Nan saighead sìubhlach,
Nan long seòlach,
Nam fear meanmnach.

Nàile, nàile, hó,
 Nàile gu triall,
 Moch am màireach.
 Gu 'n d' fhaighneachd a' bhean
 De 'n mhnaoi eile :
 Na, cò i 'n long ud
 Siar an eirthir
 'S a' chuan Chananach ?
 Don-bidh ort !
 C' uime 'n ceiliun,—
 Co ach long Dhònuill—
 Long mo leinibh.
 Long mo rìgh-sa,
 Long nan Eilein.
 'S mór leam an trom
 Tha 'n a deireadh.
 Tha stìbhir òir oirr',
 Tri chroinn sheilich.
 Gu 'm beil tobar fiona
 Shlos 'n a deireadh,
 'S tobar flòr-uisg'
 'S a' cheann eile.

Hó, nàile, nàile,
 Nàile, ri triall,
 Moch am màireach.
 Nàile chuirinn geall
 'S mo shean-gheall,
 Am faod sibh àicheadh,
 'N uair theid mac
 Mo rìgh-sa dh' Albainn,
 Ge b' e cala
 Tàmh, no àite,
 Gu 'm bi mire,
 Cluith, a's gàire,
 Bualadh bhìog,
 'S leòis air dhearnaibh ;
 Bithidh sid,
 A's iomairt, hó !
 Air an tàileasg,
 Air na cairtean
 Breaca, bàna ;
 'S air na dìsnean
 Geala chnàmha.

Hó nàile, nàile,
 Nàile le chéile.
 Ge b' e àite
 'N tàmh thu 'n Alba,
 Bithidh sid
 Mar ghnàth's ann :
 Ceòl a's seanchus,
 Pìob a's clàrsach,
 Abhachd, 's dannsa ;
 Bithidh càirt nìsge
 Suas air flanga ;
 Ol fiona
 'S beòir 'ad champa ;
 'S gur lìonar triubhas
 Saoithreach, seang, ann.

Nàile, nàile,
 Nàile, hó, nàile.
 'N uair theid mac, ho,
 Mo rìgh-sa deiseal,
 Cha 'n ann air chòignear,
 Cha 'n ann air sheisir,
 No mhór-sheisir,
 Cha 'n ann air naoinear,
 Cha 'n ann air dheichnear,
 Ciad 'n an suidhe leat,
 Ciad 'n an seasamh leat,
 Ciad eile, ho ! bhi cur
 A' chupa deiseal dhut ;
 Dà chiad diag
 Bhi dianamh chleasa leat ;
 Da chiad diag
 A bhi 'g iomairt
 A' bhuill-choise leat ;
 Dà chiad diag,
 'Bhi 'n òrdugh gleachda leat.

Nàile, nàile, hó,
 Nàile so, h-ugaibh i.
 'N uair theid mac
 Mo rìgh fo uidhim,
 Cha 'n i Mhòrthir
 A cheann-uidhe ;
 He 's Cinntire,
 'N Ròimh 's a Mhuthairn,
 Dùthaich Mhic-Suain,
 'S dùthaich Mhic-Aaoidh,
 Cuide riutha.

Cha lean dris
 Air an droighionn ;
 No sguab choire',
 Air achadh foghair ;
 No sop seann-todhair,
 Air taobh tighe,
 No 'n chùirt Dhònuill,
 Sgiath a's claidheamh ;
 Clogaide gorm-dheas,
 A's balg-shaighead.

* * * * *
 Mùirn a's meaghail,
 Gur lìonar boireid
 Ghorm air staing ann,
 'S coinneal chéire
 Laiste 'n lainntir.

Nàile, nàile
 He, nàile le chéile.
 'N uair theid mac
 Mo rìgh-sa 'n a 'eideadh,
 Gu'n robh gach dùil
 Mar thà mi fhein da ;
 'D é ma bhitheas,
 Cha tachair béud da.
 Gu 'm beil mi dhut,
 Mar tha do phiuthar ;
 Mur h-'eil mi bàrr—
 Tha mi uibhir.

Neart na gile dhut,
 Neart na gréine,
 Bhi eadar Dònull Gorm
 'S a léine ;
 Neart an fhochninn
 Aims a' Chéitein,
 Bhi eadar Dònull Gorm
 'S a léine.
 Neart na tuinne,
 'N tuinne thréubhach,
 Bhi eadar Dònull Gorm
 'S a léine.
 Neart a' bhradain
 Is braise léumas,
 Bhi eadar Dònull Gorm
 'S a léine
 Neart Chuchullainn
 Fo 'Ràn éideadh,
 Bhi eadar Dònull Gorm
 'S a léine
 Neart sheachd caithean,
 'S feachd na Feinne,
 Bhi eadar Dònull Gorm
 'S a léine.
 Neart Oisein bhinn,
 Neart Oseair éuchdaich,
 Bhi eadar Dònull Gorm
 'S a léine.
 Neart Ghoill
 Nan trom chréuchdan,
 Bhi eadar Dònull Gorm
 'S a léine.
 Neart Fhinn
 Nan ioma béuma,
 Bhi eadar Dònull Gorm
 'S a léine.
 Neart gach abhna,
 'S gach allt sléibhè,
 Bhi eadar Dònull Gorm
 'S a léine
 Neart na stoirme,
 'S na toirn-ghaoith réubaich,
 Bhi eadar Dònull Gorm
 'S a léine.
 Neart an torruinn,
 'S na beithreach éitidh,
 Bhi eadar Dònull Gorm
 'S a léine.
 Neart an dealain,
 'S an tairnich bhéuraich,
 Bhi eadar Dònull Gorm
 'S a léine.
 Neart na mlòla
 Mòire 'séideadh,
 Bhi eadar Dònull Gorm
 'S a léine.
 Neart nan dhùl,
 A's chlanna-spéura,
 Bhi eadar Dònull Gorm
 'S a léine.
 Gach aon diubh sid,
 A's neart Mhic Dhé

Bhi eadar Dònull Gorm
 'S a léine.
 'D é ma bhitheas
 Cha tachair bénd dut,
 Ar leam gur h-l
 Ghrian 's i 'g éirigh
 'N àill leibh ohi
 'N àill leibh oho hàù.

—o—

COMHRADH

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

MUR.—“Eha dùsal cadail orm,
 agus an àm domh dùsgadh suas, air
 domh na coin a chluinntinn a' comh-
 artaich aig an dorus, is beag dùil a
 bh'agam gur e Coinneach Ciobair a
 bha aig an stairsnich aig an uair
 anmoich so dhe'n oidhche. Thig a
 steach, fhir mo ghràidh, agus innis
 domh ciod is cor dhuit, agus cia mar
 a dh'fhàg thu iad gu léir 's a'
 Ghoirtean Fhraoich?”

COIN.—“Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh,
 is fear gun nàire 'chuireas dragh air
 teaghlach sam bith aig an uair neo-
 iomchuidh so, agus uime sin, is fear
 gun nàire mise, oir tha thu 'faicinn
 gu'n d' rinn mi sin.”

M.—“Dùin do bhéul, a charaid,
 agus na cluinneam smid tuilleadh
 dheth 'leithid sin de sheanchas, oir
 tha deagh-fhios agad nach 'eil anam
 beò, a mach o'm theaghlach fein, a
 bheireadh barrachd sòlais do m'
 chridhe fhaicinn na Coinneach
 Ciobair aig uair sam bith dhe'n là,
 no dhe'n oidhche. Dean suidhe, ma
 ta, gus an dùisg mi bean-an-tighe.”

C.—“Bean-an-tighe! cha dean
 thu idir e,—is tu nach dùisg, oir
 cha'n 'eil nì sam bith a dh'uireas-
 bluidh ormsa ach beagan bhriathra-
 seanchais, agus cùil bheag chum mo
 cheann a chur fodham gu mad-
 uinn.”

M.—“Bi 'n ad thosd, a Choinnich,
 tha e cianail mar 'eil comas aig duine
 bochd a thoil a dheanamh 'u a thigh

fein. Eirich a' bhean, éirich, agus faic co a th'againn an so."

Air ball, bha bean Mhurachaidh air a bonnaibh, agus an sàs ann an Coinneach, a' cur fàilt is furain air.

C.—"Is obair gun aobhar so air fad,—

M.—"Na cluinneam tuilleadh dheth sin, a Ghraidh nam fear, oir ged nach deachaidh do chuid 's a' phoit, tha drùbhag 's an t-searraig dhuibh a fhliuchas do sgòrnan, agus cha mhisd' thu boinne beag an deigh do thurais, maille ri crioman as a' mhulachaig agus greim dhe'n aran. Goilidh a' bhean an coire beag, agus is fearrd thu diodag bhlàth, mu'n cuir thu do cheann far am bi dùil agad 'fhaotuinn 's a' mhaduinn."

C.—Gu dearbh 's gu cinnteach cha ghabh mi boinne blàth an nochd, agus cha'n 'eil stàth a bhì 'bruidhinn. An déigh dhuinn an Leabhar a ghabhail, rachamaid le beannachd a chadal, agus gheibhear gach àr-sgéul 's a' mhaduinn.

M.—"Mar bi e air mo chomhairle-sa, biodh e air do chomhairle fein, a rùin mo chridhe. Oidheche mhaith agus deagh fhois dhuit. Do bhrìgh gu'm bheil thu sgìth, na dean cabhag 's a' mhaduinn."

C.—Fàilt ort, a Mhurachaidh, is moch thu air do bhonnailh mar a b' àbhaist, am bheil thu gu fallain, slàn, surdail an duigh?

M.—Is dàn a bhì' talach, a Choinnich, ach carson a dh' eirich thu co moch, 'fair duit a bhì a'rsnealach, sgìth an raoir, ach cha robk' ùine agam fhòighneachd cìod an gnothuch mu'n robh thu an dé, an ùair a thàinig thu, mar an sneachd, gun dùil riut?

C.—Bha mi air Féill Mo-Chalmraig, far an do reic mi trì chetd molt le Sir Séumas air son an d'thugadh dhomh dùbladh sin de phùinnidh Shasunnach.

M.—Fhuair thu mù's mòr, dà

phùinnidh air a' cheann, ach is cinnteach gu'n robh iad ciatach.

C.—Bha iad mar a bha am baile ann an Baideanach, an eatorras, ach chuir duin'-uasal àraidh'd'am b' ainm Mac-an-Fhleisteir, fios-dealain orradh' ionnsuidh Shir Séumas, agus chòrd iad fein mu'n luach, ach thug e dhòmhsa òrdugh-banca do Shir Séumas air son sea céud, a thuilleadh air cùig bùinn òir a chuir e am laimh fein air son mo shaoithreach.

M.—B'e 'n duin'-uasal e da tìreadh, agus cha'mhiste leam agad na cuig bùinn sin, is bòidheach iad, agus is maith 'n an àite fein. Cuiridh iad brògan air Seonaid agus air na pàis-dìbh.

C.—Cha b'e sin an gnothuch furast an diugh, a Mhurachaidh,—na brògan! Ach coma co dhiùbh, is taitnich' airgiod nam bròg na duais an léigh; agus is fearr a bhì 'caith-eadh nam bròg no nam plaideachan. Ach, a Mhurachaidh, cha'n 'eil mi tuigsinn fo'n ghréin cìod is ciall do'n telegram sin a thug Sir Séumas o cheann mìos air ais dh' ionnsuidh a Chaisteil aige. Tha e' dol os ceann mo sgìl agus mo sgoil, agus cha'n 'eil dùil agam gur nì e a ta cneasda. Tha òganach an sud ann an seòmar beag a' sir-amharc air aghaidh rud cosmhuil ri uaireadair Gearmailteach, air am bheil da làimh bhlìg a' grad-chlisgeadh a null 's a nall, agus tha greim aige air gnè inchrach leis am bheil e do ghnàth a' gliogairsich, agus a' cur nan làmh beaga air chrith-ghluasad gun sgar Cha'n aithne dhomh idir cìod is ciall da.

M.—Tha mi 'g ad chreidsinn, a Choinnich, ach is e an telegraph aon de na h-innleachdaibh miorbhuileach sin a fhuaradh a mach o cheann beagan bhliadhnaichean, agus cha luga na ceithir no cùig dhiùbh, co-ionnann iongantach anna fein, a fhtaradh a mach o'n bha d'athair 'n a leanabh.

C.—Ainnich iad sin, a Mhurachaidh, a chum gu'm bi cuimhu' agam orra.

M.—O'n a's cuimhne leam fein fhuaradh a mach an *telegraph*, an toit-chumhachd, an gas-sholus, agus dealbh-tharruing na gréine, a thuilleadh airiomadh athleasachadh feumail eile.

C.—Minich dhomh an *telegraph* au toiseach, a Mhurachaidh, oir is minic a chunnaic mi na caol-shlatan iaruin air an sineadh, agus air an teannachadh air mullach nan crann àrda, agus is tric a chual a mi na naigheachdan a' dol seachad le srann-fhuaim air na slataibh, agus a' toirt orra a bhi séinn mar air téudaibh fìdhle. A reir coslais is iad na deagh-naigheachdan a bheir a mach binn-cheòl dhe'n t-seòrsa sin, oir cha'n 'eil ni sam bith toilichte no taitneach mu'n droch naigheachd.

M.—Tha thu gu tur air do mhealladh mu na nithibh sin, a Choinnich, oir cha'n iad na naigheachdan a ta deanamh na fuaim, ach an osag ghaoithe a' gluasad nan slat a ta air an teann-tharruing mar théudan na cruite-ciuil.

C.—Ciamar, uime sin, a chuirear an naigheachd air falbh?

M.—Tha sin 'g a dheanamh le dealanach nan spéur. Tha fios agad, a Choinnich, gu'm bheil e comusach, an dealanach a dheanamh le stuth-annaibh sònraichte, agus a ghleidheadh ann an searragaibh àraidh a ta air an cumadh air a shon. An uair a nithear an dealanach air an doigh so, tha comas aigesan a ta 'gabhail curaim deth air a dheanamh lag no làidir a reir a thoil fein. Leis an iuchuir ud 'n a làimh tha e cur an dealanaich troimh nan cuibhleachan, agus tha na cuibhleachan sin a' gluasad nan làmh beaga ud a chunnaic thu, agus a' comharrachadh a mach litrichean àraidh a ta, mar sin, a' deanamh suas bhriathra na

teachdaireachd. Tha cumhachd an tein'-adhair sin a' ruith air na slataibh a' ruigheachd ann am priobadh na sùla nan ionadan a's faide air falbh dl' ionnsuidh am bheil an teachdaireachd a dol, agus an sin a' cur làmhnan eile air ghlusad a chuireas an teachdaireachd air ball an céill. Ach cha'n fhuarast sin a mhìneachadh le briathraibh, a's eugais sealladh nan sùl.

C.—Is miorbhuileach an ni cumhachd a bhi aig duine peacach, dall, aineolach, thairis air dealanach nan spéur, agus seirbhiseach a dheanamh dheth. Dh'aindeoin gach cùis, tha'n duine 'n a chréutair innleachdach.

M.—Ro cheart, a Choinnich, ach cha'n 'eil sinn ach 'n a thoiseach fhathast, oir gun teagamh meuduichear an innleachd sin gu mòr là éigin, oir tha nithe ùra 'g am faighinn a mach gach là. Am bheil fios agad gu'm bheil gnè dhealanaich ach beag anns gach ni mu'n cuairt duit. Gabh cat ann an seòmar dorch, agus sliob sios bian a dhroma gu cruaidh rè mionaid na dhà, agus a ris gradshuath e an aghaidh a' chuilg, agus chith thu sradan teine a' boisgeadh as a dhruim, agus is gnè dhealanaich a ta an sin.

C.—Is miorbhuileach gach ni a ta ann! Cò a's urrainn an gabhail gu léir a steach! Ach ciod mu'n toit-chumhachd?

M.—Tha thu fein eòlach air an toit-chumhachd leis am bheil na luingeasan air an greasadh, na h-eich-iaruin air an gluasad, na h-achan air an treabhadh, agus air am buain, na h-éudaichean de gach gnè air an sniomh agus air am figheadh,—na leabhraichean air an clòdh-bhualadh,—agus na muillnean de gach gnè air an greasadh. Tha 'n toit-chumhachd mar so 'g a fhoillseachadh fein fo mhìle riochd, agus 'g a chleachdadh chum ach beag gach obair agus ealaidh a chur

air an aghaidh. Na'n togadh do sheanathair a cheann as an duslaich, ciod a theireadh e an uair a chith-eadh e na carbadan a' ruith gun eich,—na h-achan 'g am buain le cumhachd teine agus uisge,—agus na longan a' ruith air chuibhleach-aibh, agus a' grad-shiubhal gun sheòl, gun ràmh, an aghaidh an t-sruth agus na gaoithe? Is cinnteach gu'n abradh do sheanathair còir gu'n robh làmh aig do chàird-ibh na sìthichean anns a' ghnòthuch, agus gu'n robh barrachd na cumhachd talmhaidh air fhoillseachadh anns a' chùis.

C.—Tha mi fein a' deanamh gnè thuigsinn air an toit-chumhachd, oir is minic a chunnaic mi, an uair a bhiodh Seònaid a' goil a' choire dhuibh, air son drùbhaige dhe'n tì a dheanamh 's a' mhaduinn, nach b' fhuirst an ceann a chumail air a' choire le cumhachd na toit.

M.—Tha thu glé cheart, oir is ann le coire beag mar sin a fhuaradh an cumhachd sin a mach an toiseach.

C.—Ach ciod mu'n ghas-sholus? Chunnaic mi fein e 's na bailtibh-mòra, agus gu cinnteach cha d' thug mi mo bheannachd air.

M.—Ud! ud! ciod so a dh' éirich dhuit, a charaid?

C.—Ciod a dh' éirich dhomh! Innsidh mi sin, ach na dean gàire rium, a ghràidh nam fear. Gun teagamh air oidhche àraidh theab e an ghnòthuch a dheanamh orm. 'Nam domh a bhi ann an Glaschu maille ri Sir Séumas, tha cuimhn' agad, air an turas a thug sinn a dh-Eirinn, chuireadh a steach do sheòmar àluinn cadail mi, far an robh lasuir mhòr dhe'n *ghas*, mar sgiathan eòin, a' gabhail gu soilleir. An deis domh mo bheannachadh fein, agus ochan! is ann agamsa a bha feum air beannachadh o'n Airde an oidhche sin, shéid mi as an solus,

agus thilg mi mi fein 's na plaid-eachaibh; shéid mi gu grad as e, mar a b' àbhaist domh coinnlean geire nam molt a chur as, agus thug mi mo leabuidh orm. Ann am meadhon na h-oidhche, bha mi 'n impis mo thachdadh; dh' éirich mi, ach cha robh anail agam, agus thòisich mi air gleadhraich a dheanamh air feadh an t-seòmair, a' tilgeadh nam bòrd thairis, a' briseadh nan soithichean-ionnlaid, agus a' fairtleachadh orm dorus no uinneag fhaotuinn thall no bhos. Bha mo cheann 'n a bhreislich, agus bhuaill mi an t-ùrlar gu cruaidh air son furtachd. Mu dheireadh, dh' fhosgail neach èigin an dorus, agus ghlaodh e mach—*Gracious goodness! what is this?*—Ghlaodh e *gas, gas, gas*—agus ged a bha esan mar an céudna, an impis a thachdadh, rug e air ghualainn orm, agus threòraich e mi gu ceann na staidhreach, rùisgte mar a rugadh mi, agus dh' fhosgail e na h-uinneagan air ball. Bha'n t-àite dubh, dorch, agus gaoth fhuar a' seideadh air mo choluinn rùisgte. Dh' innis e dhomh gu'm bithinn ann an siorruidheachd na'm biodh esan leth-uair eile gun tighinn a steach, agus gu'm biodh an tigh air a sheidcadh suas mar le fùdair, na'n tugteadh coinneal laiste do'n t-seòmair.

M.—Fhuair thu cuimhneachan air cumhachd an t-soluis sin, a Choinnich, a leanas riut am feadh is beò thu, oir is caol a thearnadh thu gun teagamh. Tha fios agad gum bheil an *gas* air a dheanamh as a' ghual. Gabh piob-thombaca le cois fhada, agus lion sòrn na pioba le gual gu min air a phronnadh, agus còmhdaich e le potaig de chreadhaidh air a h-oibreachadh gu réidh. Càraich ceann na piob anns an teine, a' fàgail na coise dìreach a mach. Ann an ùine ghoirid chith thu ceò a' brùchdadh a mach as a' chois, agus

ma chuireas tu teine ris, loisgidh e gu soilleir, agus bheir e deagh sholus uaithe. Is ann air an dòigh cheudua, uime sin, a nithear an *gas* aunn an tomhas mòr chum na bailtean a shoillseachadh, mar a chith thu iad aunn gach àite.

C.—Mòran taing dhuit, a Mhurachaidh, is iongantach an t-còlas a ta air a sparradh 's a' cheann sin agad, agus cha'n fhios domh idir ciamar a rinn thu gréim air. Ach ciod a nis mu dhealbh-tharruing na gréine, a ta co h-iongantach ri aon de na h-iunleachdaibh a dh' ainmich-cheadh leat a cheana?

M.—Ma tà, a Choinnich, cha'n fhuasda dòmhsa sin a mhineachadh dhuit, a chionn nach 'eil mi fein 'g a thuigsinn gu soilleir. Goirear anns a' Bhéurla "*Photography*" ris;— focal a ta 'ciallachadh "*Sgrìobhaidh,*" no "*Tarruing*" le solus na giéine. Tha clàran beaga gloine ceithir-shliosnach air an ullachadh, agus air an ionnlad ann an géur-shùbh làidir, agus tha aon de na gloine-achaibh sin air a shuidheachadh ann am bocsa cosmhuil ri gloin-amhairc. Snidhidh an ti a tharruingear fa choinneamh a' bhocsa so, le 'shùil air a' ghloine, agus air do'n dealbhadair a bhi 'n a sheasamh air an taobh eile dhe 'n bhocsa, tha e' togail suas spéilean, no dorus beag, chum solus na gréine a leigeadh a stigh do'n bhocsa. An sin, ann am priobadh na sùla, tha'n dealbh air a nochdadh air a' ghloine, ach tha'n dealbhadair gu grad 'g a spionadh air falbh gu seomar dorcha, agus 'g a thilgeadh ann an stuth araidh, leis am bheil an dealbh air a cho'-dhaingneachadh air a' ghloine. Tha'n dealbh sin a ris air a chlàdh-bhualadh bhàr na gloine air paiper tana, agus tha'm paiper sin air a ghlaodhadh air càirt làidir ghil, chum a ghleidheadh tèaruinte, agus tha'n dealbh an sin deas.

C.—B'e sin d'a rìreadh an obair eagnuidh, iongantach, agus is firinneach a nochdas e riochd, agus aogas an dmine. Thug Sir Séumas a dhealbh do Sheònaid an là roimhe, agus cha b'urrainn ni sam bitli coslas an Rìdìre a nochdadh na's fearr. Cha'n 'eil fiù gaoisdean air a mhalaidh nach fhaicear an sin gu soilleir, agusthafulteanan a chinn gu riochdail air an leigeadh ris. Is anabarrach an innleachd e.

M.—Tha mi 'creidsinn sin uile, a Choinnich, ach a nis, o'n thug an duin'-uasal còir sin air Feill-Mo-Chalmaig na cùig bùinn òir dhuit, glac a' chéud chothrom chum aon diubh a chur a mach ann an dealbh far an nochdar thu fein agus Seònaid, agus an òigrìdh uile, 'n ur n-aon chomunn air aon chàirt.

C.—Cha dearmaid mi do chomhairle a ghabhail, a Mhurachaidh, oir is taitneach teaghlach fhaicinn uile cuideachd mar sin, air dà a bhi 'n a ni cinnteach gu'n sgapar iad am fad 's am farsuing ann an ùine ghoirid.

M.—Tha Bean-an-tighe 'g ar n-iarraidh, a ghràidh nam fear, agus is còir duinn dol a dh-fhaicinn ciod a th'aice air ar son.

ALASDAIR RUADH.



ORAIN LE IAIN LOM.

RINNEADH an dà òrain a leanas le IAIN LOM. Is ann bho 'n Urramaeh A. Maclean Sinclair, an Canàda, a fhuair mi iad. Cha'n fhiosrach mi gu'n robh iad riabh roimhe 'n clò. An treas fear, eadar Iain Lom 's Gilleaspuig Gruamach, fhuair an uiridh 's a' Bhraìghe.—ABRACH.

IORRAM DO MHAC-GILLEAIN DHUBHART.

GED is fhada mu thuath mi
'S math leam slàn do na h-uaislean,
Leam gur mithich bhì gluasad gu m' thìr.

Gu dùthaich shìr Lachainn,
Nam pìob a's nam bratach,
'S mòr mo dhiùbhail rì faction an rìgh.

Cha b' e leantainn na lùdaig'
Ris na téudan bu dùithe
A thug mise do'r dùthaich bhig, chrìn.

Ach bàs Mhic-Gilleain—
E 'n réilig Odhrain 'n a laidhe,
'S e dh' fhàg mise gun aighir, gun phléid.

Agus Eachann 's an àraich,
Fo thrupa nan nàmhaid,—
Fàth mo thùrsa gach là bhì 'g ur caoidh.

'S math thigeadh clogaide cruadhach,
Air càl bachlach nan dual glan,
Gnùis fhathail a's gruaidh mar am fion.

Agus spàinteach ghéur, thairis,
Ann an ceann claiginn ealant',
A's sgiath bhreac nam ball daingeann 'g ad
dhìon.

Na 'm biodh agam air blàran,
De Chlann-Dònuill 's de m' chàirdean,
Mhiad 's a chunnaic mi 'n armait an rìgh.

Mhiad 's a chunnaic mi fhéin diubh,
Teachd air loingeas á Eirinn,
De shliochd gasda Chumru-Chéud-Cha'ich
nam pìos.

Cha bu shìochaint ur cogadh,
'N àm dol sìos an tùs trod, duibh,
Dhrèam rìoghail nan clogaid 's nam pìc.

Chluinnteadh farum ur clàidhean
Air claignibh ur nàmhaid,
Agus blaighdean nan ceann 'g an toirt sìos.

'S a liuthad cùbaire gealtach,
Tha buidhinn cùirt ann an Sasonn,
Bha 'g a chrubadh mar chát ann an craoibh.

Agus rògaire bréugach,
Bha mu mhilleadh rìgh Tèarlach,
'S a tha nis oirn ag éirigh gu strìth.

'S mur caochail sibh faction,
Gu 'm bi taobh deàrg ur leapa,
Ur fuil bhì taosgadh an claisean 's an dùg.

'S gu 'n cluinnteadh feadaireachd luaidhe,
An lorg sradag na cluaise,
'S mnà 'g acain—'s cha chruaidh leinn an
caoidh.

ORAN DO MHAC-GILLEÁIN

Mur b' e 'n abhuinn air fas oirn,
'S tuil air éirigh 's na h-àithean,
Bhithinn latha romh chàch air a' chòdhail.
Bhithinn latha, &c.

Is bochd an eiridinn pàisde,
'N uair a bhuail an lot-bàis e,
Bhì gun cheirein, gun phlàsda, gun fheòir-
nein.
Bhì gun cheirein, &c.

Is ann de 'n choinnimh is mìosa,
An gàradh-droma air bristeadh,
Mar gu 'm pronnadh sibh slige le òrdaibh
Mar gu 'm pronnadh, &c.

Is ann de dh-fhòrtan na cùise,
Ma 's e 'n Torc th' oirbh a' mùiseag,
Gu'n teid stopadh na mùile 'n a phòran.
Gu'n teid stopadh, &c.

Tha sgrìb fhiar nam peann gearra,
Cumail dìon air Mac-Cailein,
'S e cho briathrach ri parraid 'n a chòmh-
radh.
'S e cho briathrach, &c.

Thug sibh bhuainne le spleadhan,
Gur h-i Ile ghlas, laghach,
Us Cinntre le 'maghaman gorma.
Us Cinntre, &c.

Ghlac an eire na teanchrach,
Air deagh chinneadh mo sheanmhar,
'S lag an iomairt ged 's ainmeil an seòrs'
iad.
'S lag-an iomairt, &c.

Dh' fhalbh ur cruadal 's ur gaisge,
Le Eachunn Ruadh 's le Sir Lachunn,—
Iad 's an uaigh far 'n a phaisgeadh fo 'n t-
sròl iad.
Dh' fhalbh ur, &c.

'S Lachunn Mor a fhuair urram,
Chaidh a bhualadh an Gruinneart,
Cha tugt' uachdranachd Mhuile 's e beò
bhuaidh.
Cha tugt' uachdranachd, &c.

Is math mo bhàrail us m' earbsa,
Mur a roghainn gun dearmad,
Nach bu chladhaire ceàrbach Fear Bhròlais.
Nach bu chladhaire, &c.

An eaglais I Chalum-Chille,
Tha suinn chròdha gun tioma,
Chaisgeadh dòruinn 's gu 'n tilleadh iad
tòrachd.
Chaisgeadh dòruinn, &c.

Is mor a b' fhèairrde drèam fhiata,
Nan each seang-fhada fiadhaich,
Eobhan Abrach Loch-Ial agus Lòchaidh.
Eobhan Abrach, &c.

GILLEAS-BUIG GRUAMACH AGUS IAIN LOM.

Gilleasbuig.

A bhean nam pòg meala,
 'S nan gorm-shùilean meallach;
 'S ann a thà mo chion-falaich,
 Fo m' bhannan do m' ghràdh.
 A bhean, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil mi 'g ad léirsinn,
 A' h-mar gu 'm biodh reul ann
 An taic ris a' ghréin so
 Tha 'g éiridh gach là.
 Cha 'n 'eil, &c.

Iain Lom.

Air leatsa gur reul i,
 'S gur coltach ri gréin i,
 'S òg a chaill thu do léirsinn,
 Ma thug thu 'n éisg ud do ghràdh.
 Air leatsa, &c.

Boladh ùilleadh an sgadain,
 De dh-ùrla na h-apa;
 'S i 's cèbaiche faicinn,
 A tha 'n taice ri tràigh.
 Boladh ùilleadh, &c.

Gilleasbuig.

Fios bhuam gu Iain mabach,
 Do 'm bu chèird a bhi 'g adachd,
 Nach co-ion da bhi caig rium
 'S ri cabaire bàird.
 Fios bhuam, &c.

Am busaire ronnach—
 Nam pluit-chasan cromach;
 Tha na cuspan air lomadh
 Gu bonnaibh do shàil'.
 Am busaire, &c.

Am pluitaire busach—
 Nam brusg-shùilean musach;
 Cha 'n fhasa do thuigsinn
 Na plubartaich càil.
 Am pluitaire, &c.

Ged thà thu 'm fhuil dhùrich,
 Nàile, cumaidh mi sìos thu—
 Cha 'n 'eil coille gun chrìonaich,
 Gu dilinn 's gu brath.
 Ged tha thu, &c.

Fuigheall fìor-dheiridh feachd thu
 Cha 'n fhiach le càch ac' thu.—
 Chaill thu d' òngnan 's a' Cheapaich
 Sgrìbeadh phrais agus chlàr.

Iain Lom.

Fios bhuamsa dhut, 'ille,
 Chaill thu dualchas do chinnidh,

Gu 'm beil thu air mhìre,
 Là de dh-inisgean bàird.
 Fios bhuamsa, &c.

Mi cho saor de na ronnach,
 Ri aon fhear beò d' shloimeadh;
 Nàile, rinn thu briag shoilleir,
 Am follais do chàch.
 Mi cho saor, &c.

Ma 's ann ormsa mar dhùmeas,
 Ghabh thu choill as a crìonaich;
 Iarr an doire na 's Ìsle,
 Bho òchdar do chlàir.
 Ma 's ann ormsa, &c.

Mur-bhi dhomh mac d' athar,
 Is ann dà tha mi 'g athadh,
 Nàile, chuirinn ort athais
 A tha faiste 'n ad chail.
 Mur-bhi dhomh, &c.

—o—

DAMON AGUS PITIAS.

AN uair a chaidh Damon a dhit-
 eadh le Dionisius gu bhi air a chur
 gu bàs air latha araidh, ghuidh e gu
 'n tugteadh cead dha dol turas d'a
 dhuthaich fein a chum gnothaichean
 a theaghlaich bhronaich a chur an
 òrdugh. Chuir an t-uachdran an-
 iochd-mhor roimhe so a dhiultadh
 dha, le cead a thoirt da falbh air
 cumhantan a mheas esan neo-chom-
 asach a choimhionadh; b' e sin, gu
 'm fagadh e fear-eigin mar urras gu
 'n tilleadh e air an latha, agus mur
 tilleadh, gu 'n rachadh am fear-ionaid
 a chur gu bàs 'n a aite. Chuala
 Pitias na cumhachan cruaidh, agus
 cha d' fheith e gus an rachadh
 iarraidh air, ach 's ann a thairg e
 gun mhoille e fein mar urras air son
 a charaid; nì ris an do ghabhadh,
 agus chaidh Damon a ghrad chur
 mar sgaoil. Ghabh an rìgh agus a
 chuid comhairleach mor-ioghnadh ri
 gnìomh Phitias; agus uime sin, an
 uair a bha latha na binne a' teachd
 dluth, chaidh e air son annais a
 dh-fhaicinn Phitias anns a' phrìosan.
 An deigh dhaibh a bhi a' còmhradh
 car ùine mu chàirdeas agus mu
 dhilleachd, thug an rìgh mar a

bharail gu 'm b'e an leas agus am math fein a chosnadh 's a chur air aghaidh an t-aon nì a bha a' gluasad dhaoine gu gnìomharan sam bith a dheanamh; agus air son subhaile, cairdeis, fuighantachd, gradh-duthcha agus an leithide sin, thuirt e gu 'n robh e 'g am meas dìreach mar bhriathran air an tionnsgnadh le daoine seolta a chum muinntir lag-inntinneach a mhealladh. "Le cead ur morachd," arsa Pitias, le gnuis fhilathail 's le guth ard, "b' fhearr leam, na 'm bu chomasach e, mìle bàs 'fhulang, na gu 'n tigeadh mo charaid gearr ann an aon lide d' a onair agus d' a fhirinn. Cha dean e sin, mo thighearna; tha mi cho cinnteach as a dhillseachd 's a tha mi gu bheil mi fein beo ann an so. Ach tha mi ag aslachadh air na diathan arda gu 'n caomhain iad ar aon beatha agus treibhdhìreas mo charaid Damon. Eiribh 'n a aghaidh, a ghaothan na h-iarmaid, bac-aibh déine agus braise a dhìchill chlititich, agus na fuilingibh dha tilleadh gus an deigh dhomhsa le m' bhàs a bheathasan a shaoradh—a bheathasan a tha mìle uair na 's luach-mhoire na mo bheathasa; na's luach-mhoire d' a mhnaoi ghradhaich, d' a leanabanan caomh, d' a chairdean, agus d' a dhuthaich. Bu mhiosa leam gu mor na 'm bàs gu 'n tilleadh mo Dhamon caomh an àm gu fulang e fein." Bha Dionisius fo fhiamh agus air a lionadh le iognadh le uaisleachd nam briathar so, agus leis a' mhodh anns an do labhradh iad; mhothaich e a chridhe air a bhualadh le plathadh d' an fhirinn; ach bu mhò bha de imcheist na de thaiseachadh 'n a inntinn uaibhrich. Thainig an latha dòlasach. Chaidh Pitias a thoirt a mach, agus le freiceadan de shaighdearan air gach taobh dhe, choisich e le ceum aotram, agus a ghnuis suidhichte, ach gun smuicarean, a dh-ionnsaidh an aite

anns an robh a' bhinn ri 'cur an gnìomh. Bha Dionisius cheana an sin 'n a shuidhe ann an carbad greadhnach, ard, air a tharraing le sè eich. Bha a ghnuis fo throm smuain, agus a shuil a ghnath air a' phriosanach. Thainig Pitias air aghaidh gu h-aotrom, iollagach, agus air dha seasamh car tiota ag amharc gun eagal, gun fhiamh air inneal a bhais, thionndaidh e m' an cuairt agus labhair e mar a leanas ris an t-sluagh: "Tha m' urnaighean air an eisdeachd; tha na diathan fàbharach dhomh; tha fhios agaibh, mo chairdean, gus an dé gu 'n robh a' ghaoth an ceann aig Damon; cha b' urrainn da tighinn—bha sineucomasach da. Bidh e an so a maireach, ach bidh an fhuil a theid a dhortadh an diugh air a bheatha a chosnadh do m' charaid. O, na 'm b' urrainn domh gach amharus a dhubhadh a mach as bhur cridheachan, agus gach teagamh suarach a dh' fhaodas a bhi ag eirigh annta mu threibhdhìreas an duine sin air son a bheil mi dol a dh' fhulang, rachainn a dh'ionnsaidh mo bhais cho togarach 's a rachainn thun mo bhainnse. Foghnadh e an drast gu 'm faighear mo charaid dileas; gu bheil 'fhirinteachd gun mheang; gu 'n toir e gun dàil dearbhadh air sin; gu bheil e aig a' cheart uair so a' dian ghreasad air a shlighe, 'g a choireachadh fein agus nan siontan agus nan diathan—ach greasam gu bhi an toiseach air a luaths: a chrochadair, dean do dhleasnas." Is gann a bha na facail mu dheireadh as a bheul an uair a chunnacas gluasad am measg iomall an t-sluaigh; chualas guth fad' as, thog an sluagh na facail, agus, "Stad, stad, a chrochadair!" ghlaodh iad uile mach. Chunnacas duine 'tighinn 'n a dhian chabhaig; dh' fhosgail an sluagh bealach reidh dha; bha e 'marcachd air steud-each a' sruthadh

le fallus agus geal le cobhar: ann an priobadh na sùil bha e bharr an eich, leum e agus thilg e 'dha laimh mu mhuineal Phitias. "Tha do bheatha caomhainte," ghlaodh e, "tha do bheatha caomhainte, mo charaid, mo charaid gràdhach! taing do na cumhachdan gu h-ard, tha thu slàn; cha 'n 'eil agamsa a nis r' a dheanamh ach am bàs fhulang, agus tha mi air mo shaoradh bho dhoilgheas an agartais a bha mi a' deanamh orm fein a chionn gu 'n do chuir mi ann an cunnart beatha a bha cho mor na bu luach-mhoire na mo bheatha fein." 'N a sheasamh gu glas-neulach, fuar ann an glacaibh Dhamoin, fhreagair Pitias ann am briathran dubhach, "O, cabhag na truaighe! Déine na dunach! Co na cumhachdan farm-adach a chuidich leat anns an euchd mhi-fhortanaich so! Ach cha teid am aghaidh gu buileach: mur faod mi bàsachadh gu d' shaoradh, cha bhi mi beo ad dheigh." Chuala Dionisius, a's chunnaic, a's thug e fainear gach ni dhe so le iongantais ro mhor. Dhruigh e air a chridhe, ghuil e, agus a' fagail a chathair-rioghail aird, chaidh e suas far an robh Damon agus Pitias. "Bithibh saor agns mairibh beo, a chàraid gun choimeas!" ars' esau; "thug sibh dearbhadh do-aicheadh gu bheil frinn agus dillseachd ann; agus tha an fhirinn sin a' foillseachadh gu bheil Dia ann nach leig gu 'n caill i a duais. Beatha shona agus cliu gu 'n robh agaibh; agus O, seolaibh mi le 'r comhairlean, mar tha sibh ga m' chuireadh le 'r n-eiseimpleir, gu bhi airidh air co-phairt de chair-deas cho treibhdhireach agus cho fìor."

Eadar. le MAC-MHARCUS.

—o—

LITIR MU'N TAIBHSEAR-ACHD.*

(*Bho'n Bheurla.*)

UASAIL,—Bha mi daonnan ag cluinntinn mu 'n taibhsearachd, ach cha d' thug mi mòran creideis d' i; a dh-aindeoin sin, a chionn gu'n robh daoine firinneach ag aideach i bhi aca, chuir mi romham, a' bhliadh'n ud (1652) a bha mi 'm cheatharnach-coille's an Taobh-tuath (leis na réubail Shasonnach), mion-rannsachadh a dhianamh mu 'n chùis. Duan gach duine gu 'n robh mòran de na Gàidhil, gu h-àraid na h-Eileinich, aig an robh an dà-shealladh; fir, a's mnathan, a's clann gu 'm bu chòimh-dheis; gu'n robh clann ann aig am bitheadh i, ged nach biodh i aig am pàrantan. Airuaribh, gu 'm faicteadh seann-sluagh aig am biodh i, ged nach biodh i aca an uair a bha iad òg; agus nach b'urrainn gin diubh innseadh cia mar a fhuair iad i. Gu 'n robh i na trioblaid do gach aon a bha buailteach dh' i; agus gu'n cuidhticheadh iad i gu toilichte na 'm biodh e na n' comas sin a dhianamh.

Cha'n fhaic iad an taibhse ach fhad 's a chumas iad air an sealladh. An fheadhain aig am beil cridhe làidir, is àbhaist daibh dùr-bheachd a ghabhail, los sealladh fhaotainn oirre na's fhaide; ach an fheadhain a tha gealtach, cha'n fhaic iad ach plathadh dh' i: priobaidh air an sùil mu 'n gann a chi iad i. Is iad na taibhsean is trice leo fhaicinn—taibhsean sluaigh, a's bheathaichean, a's bhàtaichean, a's aodaichean, agus eile. Cha'n fhaic iad taibhse duine-

* A succinct account of my Lord Tarbol's [Tarbat] relations, in a letter to the Honourable Robert Boyle, Esq., of the predictions made by seers, whereof himself was ear and eye-witness.—*R. Kirke's Essay, 4to, Edin. 1815.*

mhairbh idir; ach, ciod sa bith a chi iad, cha 'n 'eil teagamh aca nach tachair e gu riochdail, mar a chunnaic iad e, agus anns a' cheart àite 's am fac iad e. Cha' u urrainn daibh innseadh ciod a' cheart ùine theid seachad gus an tachair a' chùis; ach tha riaghailtean àraid aig an fheadhain is sean-eòlaiche dhiubh, leis an toir iad gìar-bharail air. Mar shamhladh air sin: Ma chì iad an léine-bhàis air duine, bheir iad barail air an ùine bhios e beò, a reir na bhios i còmhach dh' e. Is tric gu 'm faic iad an càirdean (ged bhiodh iad cho fada bhuapa ri America) na 'n suidhe, no na 'n seasamh, no a' gcoiseachd 's an àite a thuiteas dhaibh fhein a bhì; agus cha bhì teagamh sa bith aca, ach iad ga 'm faicinn, nach bi iad fhathast amhuil 's mar a chunnaic iad iad, agus anns a' cheart àite 's am fac iad iad. Ma bhios té ann aig am bi leannan, is àbhaist daibh fhaicinn na sheasamh làmh rithe; agus breithnichidh iad miad an deothais, air an astar a bhios eatarra 's an àm. Duine tha 'n galar a bhàis, chì iad a riochd 's an t-anart-bàis ga còmhach uile.

Is taibhsearan cneasda, firinneach, fo shàr-chliù aig an coimhearsnaich, a thug dhomh am fiosrachadh so mu'n chùis; oir, rinn mi roghainn, a dh-aon-ghnothach, air daoine còire ciallach, de'n t-seòrsa. Agus a thaobh gu'n robh, a reirinnse-sgeòil, tuilleadh thaibhsearan an Leoghas, an Uithist, agus anns na h-Earradh na bha 'n dùthaich sa bith eile, chuir mi fios gu Sir Séumas (nach mairionn), agus gu Sir Tormoid MacLeòid, agus gu Mr. Moiriosan (tha iadsan le chèile a làthair,) iad a thoirt cùntais dhomh mu'n dà-shealladh so. Thug iad sin domh le làn-dearbhadh air gach sgial mar a thug iad seachad. Agus bha gach fear dhiubh air an aon seanchus ri m' urrainnean fhein. Ach ged is daoine ainmeil iadsan an céill 's an onair, mar is fiosrach gach duine,

is annsa leam, seach e 'bhi ri ràdh nach 'eil agam ach seanchus feadh-nach eile, cùntas a thoirt an tùs air cùisean a bha mi fhein fianuiseach orra.

Bha mi turus air chuairt anns a' Ghàidhealtachd agus mo chuid ghillean còmlila rium, mar is gnàth le uaislean na dùthcha sin. Dh' fhalbh fear dhiubh air thoiseach orm, 's ràinig e le cabhaig dorus tighe 's an robh mi dol a chur seachad na h-oidhche gu dol a stigh, ach thug e léum air ais 's leig e glaodh as, agus tachrar clach air a chois, a's tuitear anns an stairsnich. Bha fìor-choltas an eagail air, agus dh' fharraid mi dh' e ciod a dh' fhairich e. Ghrios e orm gu stòlda, gun chairtealan a ghabhail 's an tigh ud, nach b' fhada gus an tigeadh ciste-mhairbh amach as; gu 'n do thachair i airsan, agus dòmhla das sluaigh ga giùlan, an uair a leig e 'n glaodh as. Cha d' thug mi feairt air agus 's e bh' ann gu'n d' fhairich mi. Thuirt esan ri feadhain de na gillean gu'n robh e cur iomaguin air, nach robh teagamh aige nach éireadh amach mar a chunnaic e, agus sin an ùine roghoirid. Cha robh duine easlainteach a stigh an uair a ràinig mi; ach mu'n d' fhalbh mi, thàinig paisein air fear-an-tighe, Gaidheal fallain, làidir, agus dh' éug e ann.

Anns a' bhliadhna 1653, bha mi fhein 's Alastair Munro a bha 'n deaghaidh sin 'n a Chòirneal air Reisimeid Dhunbreatunn, a' sràid-eamachd air dail bhig am bun beinne caise an Ullapull, an Taobh Loch-Bhraon. Bha gille ag obair le sluasaid air a' chéum romhainn agus aghaidh ris a' bhruthach. Mu'n d' ràinig sinn e leig e 'n t-sluasaid as a làimh air an làr, agus sheall e suas ris a' bheinn. Chaidh sinn seachad làmh ris ach cha d' thug e 'n aire dhuinn. Thug mi fhein sùil air, ach leis mar a chuunaic mi esplachd-

adh, smaoinich mi gu'n robh an dà-shealladh aige, agus ghlaodh mi air. Thug e clisgeadh as agus rinn e snodha-gaire. Dh' fharraid mi dh'e ciod a bha e 'dianamh. Thuirt e gu'n robh e faicinn rud glé neònach -- trup Shasonnach an ceann an cuid each a' téarnadh na beinne, agus enid de na h-eich ag icheadh an eòrna a bha fàs air an dail aig bun na beinne. Bha so air a' cheathramh là de 'n Chéitein, ceithir no coig de lathaichean mu'n deachaidh sìleìn de 'n eorna 'chur. Dh' fharraid Munrò dh'e cia mar a bha fhios aige gu'm bu Shasonnaich iad. Thuirt e gu'n robh a chionn gu'n robh iad a' falbh an ceann nan each, 's gu'n robh adan orra--rud nach biodh air Gàidhil an sid. Cha do ghabh sinn suinn de 'n t-sealladh; ach bha sinn a' dùrachdainn na Sasunnaich a bhì ann, bha an t-àite cho doirbh air son each, agus sinn a bhì cogadh riutha 's an àm. Mu Lùnastainn thàinig air Middleton pàirtidh a chur do 'n Ghàidhealtachd. Chuir e an t-arm romh Ionar-Lawell, agus an fheadhain a theirinn an toiseach dhiubh, thòisich iad air iche an eòrna air an fhoich bhig aig bun na beinne. Chuimhnich Munro air seachus an taibhseir, agus ghrad-sgrìbh e h-ugamsa gu Loch-Sine far an robh mi aig an am.

Bha mi uair aig còdhail àraid, agus thuit gu'n robh taibhsear anns a' chuideachda, agus thug mi guth e --is àbhaist dhomh dol daonna'n an enacas. "Am faic thu 'bhaintighearn ud thall," osam fhein ag cur diachainn air. "Chi," os esan. "An innis thu dhomh am beil leannan aice?" "Tha," os esan, "ach cha 'n 'eil mi 'g a aithneachadh." Fad an dà latha bha e 'n a cuideachda, bha e faicinn duine-uasail 'n a sheasamh làmh rithe 's a cheann air a gualainn. Bu chomharradh sin

air gu 'm pòsadh e i, agus amhuil sin nach biodh e cho fada saoghal rithe. Bha so 's a' bhliadhna 1655. Dh' iarr mi air a choltas innse dhomh. Rinn e sin cho ro mhion 's gu 'n do thuig mi co b' e an leannan ged nach robh guth aca air a cheile--cha robh gu dà bhliadhna an deaghaidh sin. B' Eileineach an taibhsear so; agus thuit dhomh bhì 's a' bhliadhna 1657 còmhla ris an duin'-uasal a dh' innis e choltas domh, agus thug mi guth an taibhsear ciadna, agus dh' fharraid mi dh'e an robh e ag aithneachadh an duine-uasail ud. Thuirt e nach robh, ach gu 'm b' e an ceart fhear a chunnaic e dà bhliadhna roimhe sin air gualainn na baintighearna 's e 'g a h-ainneachadh; agus gu 'm fac e an sin fhein iad glaic air ghlaic. Bha so mìos mu 'n do phòs iad. Mar a b' fhior dh' eug esan, ach tha ise fhathast beo.

An t-aon sgial so fhathast. Chuir e urad iongantais orm ri gin idir air an robh mi fhein fianaiseach. Deir-eadh a' gheamhraidh 1652, bha mi fhein 's Còirneal Munrò, a dh' ainmich mi muthrà, an tigh Uilleim Mhic Leoid, *Ferindea*, an Siorrachd Rois. Bha fear an tighe agus sinn fhein 'n ar suidhe 'n ar triuir, aig taobh an teine agus dà Eileineach, càirdean do dh-fhear-an-tighe, a thàinig an oidheche sin fhein air chéileidh air. Bha fear dhiubh a' bruidhinn ri Munro, ach thugar an aire do'n fhear eile a' sealltainn car neonach an rathad a bha mi fhein. Smaoinich mi agam fhein gu 'm b' Eileineach e, agus gu'n robh an dà-shealladh aige, agus farraidear dh'e ciod air an robh e coimhead. B'e 'n fhreagairt a thug e dhomh, iarraidh orm éirigh as a' chathair, nach robh e seannsail dhomh. An sin dh' fharraid mi dh'e carson. Thuirt e rium gu'n robh a chionn gu'n robh e faicinn duine-mhairbh 's a' chathair

a bha làmh rium. “Ma ’s ann ’s a’ chathair a tha làmh rium a tha e, nach coma sin domhsa? Ach co ris a tha e coltach?” “Is duine mor e,” os esan, “còta-mór glas air, agus bòtuinnean; an dalla cas aige tar-suinn air lamh na cathrach, a cheann an crochadh marbh ris an taobh eile agus a lamh ’n a cliob ri chùlaobh mar gu’m biodh i briste. Bha feadhain de’n trùp Shasunnaich ’s a’ choimhearsnachd ’s an àm, agus le reobhadh a thàinig an deaghaidh aitimh mhóir bha ’n dùthaich ’n a stòlaichean deighe. Mu dhà uair a thim an deaghaidh an t-seallaidh so, bha ceathrar no coignear de ’n trùp a’ dol seach an tigh. Bha sinn ’n ar suidhe ag an teine ’s chuala sinn tartar mor a mach. ’D é bha ’so ach na trupairean agus na gillean, agus fear aca ’g a thoirt a stigh, eatarra ’s e an deaghaidh tuiteam fhaotainn, ’s a ghàrdean briste, agus e bho phaisein gu paisein. Thug iad a stigh do ’n t-seòmar e agus chuir iad e air a’ cheart chathair ’s am faca an taibhsear a thaibhse, ach cha d’ éug e.

Is ann bho Shir Tormaid a fhuair mi an sgial a leanas. Bha duine àraid ’s an dùthaich ’s cha robh teagamh aig na taibhsearan nach rachadh saighead ’n a shliasaid mu ’m faigheadh e am bàs. Ach dh’ éug e ’s cha deachaidh. Bha iad ag innse so cunntas bhliadhnaichean mu’n d’ éug e do Shir Tormaid. Thuit do Shir Tormaid a bhi air an tiodhlaiceadh aige an cladh Robhadail. ’S a’ cheart am bha giulan eile ann. Dh’ eirich cònsachadh eadar na càirdean co dhiubh giulan a rachadh an toiseach fo ’n ùir, agus bho ’n chònsachadh ’s e bh’ ann gu’n deach iad an dàil a chéile. Bha fear dhiubh aig an robh bogha-shaighead agus thilgesaighead air am feadh (’s an eilein tha thas a’ tiodhlaiceadh gach aon an ciste-chloiche, ’s cha’n ’eileas ag cur ciste leotha

do’n chill.) An uair a chuir Sir Tormaid sìochaint orra, fhuaradh an t-saighead sàs an leis a’ chuirp. Bha Sir Tormaid e fhein fianuiseach air so.

Tha Mr. Moiriston ag innse dhomh gu’n robh nighean òg ’s an sgireachd aige a bha an impis dol as a ciall le bhi faicinn a riochd ’s a chùlaobh rithe, gach uair a rachadh i mach. Thug e ceithir no cóig de bhliadhnaichean ’g a leantuinn mar so, ach tha e ’g innse gu’n do chuidhtich e i.

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LAOIDHEAN SHEALMA.

(SONGS OF SELMA.)

Tha na laoidhean a leanas a’ taisbeineadh cleachdaidh a bha daonnan anns an Fheinn, ’s e sin—coinneamh àraidh a chumail uair ’s a’ bhliadhna, aig an robh na bàird, le farpuis dhàn agus theud, a’ seinn cliù agus treubhantas nan gaisgeach a dh’ aom, a mhosgladh spéirid agus misnich anns na laoch a bha mairiunn gu bìthhas agus cruadal an sinnsrean a leanmhuinn; agus aithuil sin, a dh-àrachadh nam bliadhnaichean a dh’ fhalbh ann an cuimhne nan aosda—nàs a chleachd faithin na h-Alba cian an deaghaidh nam Fiann.

SUM.

Mar Chrìstèadh-seanchuis, tha Oisein a’ toiseachadh le falte do’n Iùl-oidhe an reul an fheasgair. Tha e ’sin car tamuill a’ meamhrachadh, agus ionann’s a’ faicinn coinnimh àraidh dhiubh so aig an robh e fhein, aig taobh Laoire.—Fionn ’s an Fheinn mu ’n cuairt da—na bàird a’ tighinn air a bhialaobh—Mìfhonn nighean Thornain a’ fosgladh an latha le Laoidh Cùlmath leannan Shealgair. Thuit Sealgair us Cùlmath an trom ghaol air a’ cheile, ach a tbaobh seann fhalachd a bhi eadar an dà fhine, bha an càirdean ’n an aghaidh. Rinn iad coinneamh ’s a’ bheinn-sheilg; ach, mar a bha cham-chòdhail ann thachair a bràthair-se air Sealgair, agus reub iad a chéile. Ràinig Cùlmath an t-àite, ach cha d’ fhuar i a leannan ’g a feitheamh. An deaghaidh dhi a bhi greis a’ tuireadh, fhuair i, am marbh na h-oidheche, an dithis ’n an corp làmh rithe! Dh’ éug ise ’g an caoidh, agus thiodhlaiceadh fo’n a’n lic iad

'n an triùir. — An uair a shuidh Mìnfhonn dh' èirich Ullainn agus 'chluith e cuairt de "Easaidh Ailpein" air a' chlàrsaich. Rì cluimantinn "Laoidh Ailpein" thàinig reachd air Armann triath Ghornn, nu dh'iol a chloimne, Airneadal agus Diùra. Air iarradas Chiamhoir triath Ghallnùill, dh' èirich Armann 's ghabh e laoidh. Is eoltach gu 'n d' fhuair Armair mac Airneart lann Diùra. Ghabh Dioghailt Erath mac Odghuill: thuit a bhràthair le lannh Armair. An lorg sin, ghabh e fàth 'oirre, agus chuir e e fhuair an riochd maraiche mar theachdaire bho Airneadal, agus le brath-fòille mar sin mheall e leis i do dh-eilein a mach 's a' chuan, agus dh' fhàg e ann i. Mar cho-dhùnadh tha Oisein a' meamh-rachadh air a chor fhein 's le dubhachas ag guidhe gu 'm fosgladh an uaigh dha.

S CAIÒN. 'Tuil-oidhehe, thall 's an iar,
De ghatha-soillse 'n ciar nan tràth;
A chialh-nan cleachd bho sgéith nan nial,
S mòrail ceum do thriall 's an àrd.

Cìod a chi thu air an rìon?
An doinnom dh' aom le caoin gu fèath;
Thall am mòirneas ri gaoir-fhuaim,
'S glogluinn-shàimh a' chuain an céin.
A' chuileag fhaoin ri sgiathais fhuaim,
'S tiamhaidh srann air chuairt an fhuinn;
Cìod a chi thu, 'aiteil chaoin?
'S mòirneach d' aoigh 's tu 'triall a-nunn.

Thiun 'toirt còdhail dhut le faoil,
Do leadan-gaoil 'n asgail stuadh;
Soiridh leat, a shoillesein thlàth—
Mosgladh càil mo chré 's an uair.

Mhosgail i le feart as àr,
Chi mi dlàth mo chaoimh nach beò;
'Còdhail ac' aig Laoire chais,
Mar 's na làith' 'chaidh seach 'bu nòs.
Chi mi Fionn air cheann nan laoch,
Coimeas do 'n t-saoidh braon-bhaidcal cèd;
'S chi mi 'n co-thional nan èliar,
Ullainn liath 'bu mhilse glòir,
Roinne flathail, 's Ailpein binn,
Agus Mìnfhonn nam pong-bròin.
B' e 'n caochla so, a chàirdean rùn,
Seach 'n uair 'bhiteadh 'n dùn nan cuach,
Rì co-fharpuis théud us dhàn,
Mar aiteal earraich air bhàrr chruach,
Cuiseag fo bhuaidh mu seach 's fo gheill.

Dh' èirich Mìnfhonn, ùidh an t-slàigh,
Gu màlda, fòil, 's a rosg fo dheur;
A ciabh mu 'gualne 'snàmh gu fann,
'S an aiteal 'bha gam bho 'n bheim.
Bu chianail auma nan laoch,
'N uair 'thog i a caomh-ghuth binn;
Air caol-tigh Shealgair nan beum,
'S tric 'thathaich sinn fhéin 's an fhridh—
A' chlar-chòmhnuidh 's an robh 'tàn, h,
Cùlmath bhòrnach an uchd bhàin.
Chàm Cùlmath 'bu bhinn glòir,

Rì Sealgair còdhail 's an àrd.
Thuit gu dorcha, tiamhaidh, 'n oidhch',
Cùlmath 's an aonach fo phrìamh.

Sgeula Cùlmath a' bhroin,
'N a h-onrachdan air beinn nan sian:

AN OJDHCH' ANN—'s mise leam fhein,
Am ònrachdan air beinn nan sian!
Chuinnear callan-gaoith mu 'n àrd,
'S ar t-eas ag gairich gu dian.
Bruth mo teach-cha 'n eil am chòir,
'S mi 'm ònrachdan air beinn nan sian!

Soills', a ré, bho chùl nan neul,
Stiuribh mi, 'reulta na failmh',
Gu fasdail uaignich mo ghràidh,
'S am beil e 'tàn, an déis na seilg'.
'Tubhar gun ghleus air làr,
A ghaodhair lannh ris fhein 'g a dh'ion;—
Mise 'm bun na creig léith':
Am ònrachdan air beinn nan sian!

'S fuaimear toirm an uilld 's na gaoith—
Guth mo ghaoil cha chluinn mi 'teachd.
Fàth do mhòille, 'Shealgair rùn,
A t'riath nan stèca 's nam feachd?
Seall-tu 'chlach, 's i so a' chraobh,
Seall-tu eas na gaoir' am chòir;
Gheall thu 'bhi 'n so 'n ciar nan tràth—
'Shealgair, èite? c' è do chòs?
M' athair dh' fhàgaim leat am dhéigh,
'S mo bhràthair nach geill 's an strìth;
Bha ar sinnsre cian 'n an nàimh—
Thusa 's mis' gu bràth cha bhì.

Gabh gu fois car seal, a ghaoth,
Fosadh beag, a chaoine eas chùin;
Cluinnear m' acain-sa mu 'n cuairt,
Thigeadh i gu cluais mo rùn.
'Shealgair, 's e guth Cùlmath 'th' ann,
So a' chraobh, an t-all, 's a' chlach.
'Shealgair rùn—so do ghràidh,
Fàth do mhòille, 'shàir nam flath?

An ré a' boillsgeadh gun nial,
An tuil a' soillseadh shìos an srath;
Ch'ètar clachan glas nan learg,
Cha 'n fhaic mo Shealgair 'n an gar.
Cha 'n fhaic mi 'lith-choin mar bu nòs,
A' tigh 'nn am chòdhail le sgial—
Mo Shealgair 'bhi dlàth 'n an déigh:
Mi 'm ònrachdan air beinn nan sian!

Co-so lannh rium air a' bhàrr?
Mo Shealgair! O, mo bhràthair fial!
Nach labhair sibh, a chaoimh mo chré,
'S mi 'm ònrachdan air beinn nan sian!
Mise Cùlmath, 's cha 'n fhaigh sgeul,
Mo chridh' 'g a léireadh le fiamh.
Marbh le chéile! seall, an cruidh
Bho 'barr-dheis ruadh le baath-ghnòmh!
C' uime reub thu, 'bhràthair chaoimh,
Sealgair 'fhuair mo ghaol bho thùs!
'S a Shealgair sin do 'n d' thugas gràdh,
C' uime reub mo bhràthair rùn!

Gaol mo chridhe sibh le chéil—
Cìamar thogar leam beus ur cliù?

D' àilleachd-sa thair mhilte slòigh—
Eсан còrr an glenn 's am biùth's.

Labhraibh rium, éisdibh mo ghlaodh,
Cluinnibh mi, a chaoimh mo ghràidh.

Och, iad sàmhach, balbh, gu sìor,
'S fuar an criadh an glaic a' bhàis!

Labhraibh bho aillbinn na cruaidh',
Bho mhullach nam fuar-bheann cian;
Labhraibh, a thannais am marbh,
Cha chuir ur seanchus mi fo fhiamh.

C' àit am beil ur tuinidh nis?
C' i 'chreag bhrìst' am beil ur còs?
Cha 'n 'èil guth air sgéith na gaoidh',
No fann-ghlaodh 's an doirinn mhòir!

Cumaidh mis' an fhaire 'nochd—
Mi dubhach gun toirt ri gréin.
'Chaoimh nam marbh, dianaidh 'n uaigh,
'S 'n an asgail suainibh mo chrèubh.

Mo bheatha mar aising a' triall,
C' uime dh' fhanainn cian 'n an déigh?
Taisgear mi 's an fheairt le m' ghràidh,
Mu 'n allid air sgàth na creige léith'.

'N uair 'thuiteas an oidhch' air a' chàrn,
'S a shéideas an àrd-ghaath dian,
Mo thannas 's an aiteal a' tùrs'
Mu m' chaoimh a tha 'n cùirt nan nial.
Clisgidh 'n sealgair, 'n a bhruth faoin,
Tala 'dth 'm fonn fo dhaors' a sgàth.—
Cha b' iognadh ged chanainn gu binn—
B' annsachd-chridh' dhomh an dà shàr!

—o—

SGIALACHD MHC-CRUIMEIN.

AN DEAGHAIDH do na Lochlunn-
aich na h-eileinean niar a cheann-
achadh, thàinig mòran de dhaoine-
uaise cumhachdach a nall á Baile-
na-Beirbhe do Leogas, oir thug
Donnamarg rìgh Lochlunn dhaibh
cead taobh niar an eilein a bhi aca
dhaibh fein saor bho chàin sa bith.

Fhuair fear ris an abairteadh an
“Ciamhan-Lochlunnach” sealbh air
Daile. An so tha tobar ris an abrar
“Tobar-Chlìanahain” ri fhaicinn
fhathast. Fhuair “Cromanabus”
còir air Suainabost, “Mac-Cruim-
ein” Gamhsan bho thuath, agus Iain
Moiriostain còir air Bragar. B' e
Mac-Cruimein, mar gu 'm b' eadh,
aig an robh riaghladh chàich, agus
bhiodh e 'dol uair 's na trì bliadhna
do Bhaile-na-Beirbhe, a dh-amharc
an rìgh. Uair de na h-uairibh
chaidh e null a dh-iarraidh luchd

soithich 'de dh-fhiodh. Tra a chaidh
e stigh do thigh-an-rìgh chuir a'
Bhànrìghinn fios air d' a seòmar.
Tha seanchaidhean ag ràdh gur
boirionnach neo-chumanta pròiseil,
àrdanach, a bh' innte, ni a tha 'n
sgialachd a leanas a' dearbhadh gu
soilleir. “Trobadh,” os' ise, “gus
am faic thu an teine 'th' agam an so,
agus air m' uil' onair nach fhac agus
nach fhaic thu leithid ri d' bheò.”
Thàinig Mac-Cruimein a stigh agus
shuidh e ag coimhead an teine. “'S
eadh” thuirt a' Bhànrìghinn, “am
faca tu a leithid sin de theine bòidh-
each riamh roimhe?” “Le 'r cead,
a Bhànrìghinn, osa Mac-Cruimein,
is mise chunnaic.” “C' àite,” os a'
Bhànrìghinn, agus i anabarrach
feargach, “tha mi cinnteach gur h-
ann an eilein bochd, clachach, bog-
lach Leoghais.” “Ann an sin fhein,
le 'r cead, a Bhànrìghinn,” osa Mac-
Cruimein. “Gabhaidh mi air d'
fhacal thu,” os a' Bhànrìghinn, agus
ma bheir thu nall h-ugamsa á
Leogas do Bhaile-na-Beirbhe conn-
adh a ni teine faisg air cho math ris
a' chonnadh agamsa, an uair a thig
thu rithist bheir mi dhut luchd dà
luinge de dh-fhiodh saor a nasgaidh.
Rinn iad cumhnantadaingeann taobh
air thaobh. Ghabh Mac-Cruimein a
chead de 'n Bhànrìghinn 's dh' ullaich
e an luchd 's chuir e air bòrd na
luinge e. Thog e air le chuid daoine
a nall á Lochlunn do Leogas, agus
le soirbheas math a bhi aca, ràinig
iad sàbhailte an Stoth Niseach. Air
chionn an ath-shamhraidh, thòisich
Mac-Cruimein air buain mòine
duibhe, caoranaich, ann an Gamhsan;
agus leis an aimsir a bhì anabarrach
tioram, dh' fhàs an riasg dubh so
cho grod, cruaidh ris, a' ghual. An
uair a bha a' mhòine cho tioram 's a
ghabhadh i, thagh e làn thrì barail-
ean de 'n chuid a b' fhearr dhi. A
h-uile latha grianach a thigeadh
sgaoileadh Mac-Cruimein a h-uile

caoran de 'n mhòine dhuibh so ris a ghrèin. Shuathadh e taobh gach fòide le h-ola, agus chàireadh e suas i 's na baraillean mar a bha i roimhe. Lean e air so gu àm dha dol a rithist do Lochlunn. An ceann nan trì bliadhna chaidh Mac-Cruimein do Bhaile-na-Beirbhe, agus cho luath 's a ràinig e, chaidh fios air thun na Bànrighinn. Mu 'n do ghabh i a sgial dh' fharraid i an d' thug e leis connadh á Leoghas—mur d' thug, nach robh aon chuid sìth, sonas, no beatha gu bhì aige. Ach bha Mac-Cruimein air neothar-thaing, agus bha sin glé fheumail dha aig a' cheart am. Bha an connadh aige; agus mu 'n d' fhàg e làthair na Bànrighinn, chaidh là a shònrachadh gu diachainn a chur air an dà chonnadh. Is ann air connadh na Bànrighinn a chuireadh diachainn an toiseach, agus cha robh e cho dona; ach, cha robh e ach faoin an coimeas ri mòine dhuibh Mhic-Cruimein, agus thug an luchd-breith an t-urram gu tur dhi. Fhuair Mac-Cruimein an luchd fiodha a nasgaidh. Cha 'n e sin a mhàin ach rinn a' Bhànrighinn cuirm mhór do mhaithean 's do uaislean Lochlunn; agus 'n am broilleach Mac-Cruimein á Leoghas. An uair a bha na h-aighean sgith òil us iche thòisich ceòl us dannsa, agus fearas-chuideachd de gach seòrsa. A meas nam baintighearnan a chaith an t-ùrlar a' dannsa bha dithis nighean do 'n Bhànrighinn fhein—bha iad gun choimeas am màise, am finealtas, agus an ceanal. An deaghaidh na cuirme chuir a' Bhànrighinn fios a rithist air Mac-Cruimein, agus thòisich an còmhradh a leanas eadar e fein us ise:

“S eadh, a Leoghasaich,” os a' Bhànrighinn, “nach ann againn a bha an oidhche chridheil 's a' chais-teal so an raoir.” “Air mo bheatha gur h-ann,” thuirt esan. “Ma tà,” os ise, “am fac thu riamh dithis cho

math air an dannsa ris na h-aighean-an agamsa?” “Tha iad fìor mhath air gu dearbh, ach, le 'r cead, a Bhànrighinn, cha'n urrainn domh a ràdh nach fhaca,” os Mac-Cruimein. “Tha mi cinnteach gur h-ann an Leoghas a chunnaic tu ban-dannsairean cho math ri m' chuid nigheansa,” os a' Bhànrighinn gu h-anabarrach feargach. “Is ann an sin fhein, le 'r cead,” os esan. “Cuimhnich,” os ise, “nach 'eil dannsairean math ri 'm faighinn le talamh Leoghas a chladhach, mar a gheobhar connadh.” “Tha sibh ceart an sin le 'r cead,” os esan, “ach tha ciall, us eòlas, us tuigse an Leoghas, a tha cho comasach air danns ionnsachadh do na caileagan 's a tha e air connadh luachmhor a dhianamh de 'n riasg fhliuch, amh. Ma bheir thu nall do Bhaile-na-Beirbhe dithis nighean a ni dannsa no cluith cho math ri m' nigheansa, bheir mi dhut dà luchd do shoitich a dh-fhiodh,” os a' Bhànrighinn. Sheòl soitheach Mhic-Cruimein á Lochlunn an làirnamhàireach, le soirbheas ciatach, agus ràinig e fhein 's an sgioba cala sàbhailte 's an Stoth Nisich. Cho luath 's a fhuair e air dòigh aig a dhachaidh, thòisich e air ionnsachadh cluith us dannsa do 'n trìuir nighean bu shine aige. Bu chaileagan air leth finealta, bòidheach iad—gach te dhiubh le a falt fada, òrbhuidhe, cuaicheineach fhein, a' ruighinn sìos an crios. Cha'n e mhàin gu'n robh am pearsa gun choire, ach bha iad amhuil sin grunn, caoimhneil, 'n an nàdur. Cha robh caileag 's an àirde-niar a thug barrachd orra an eireachdas 's am beusan. An ceann thrì bliadhna chaidh Mac-Cruimein 's a thriuir nighean maille ri sgioba iasgaidh, tapaiddh, air thurus-cuain do Lochlunn. Ràinig iad uile fìor shàbhailte Baile-na-Beirbhe. Mu 'n gann a ràinig iad, chuir a' Bhànrighinn fios air Mac-Cruimein do 'n

chaisteal, agus chaidh e ann. "Thàinig thu, 'Mhic-Cruimein, os a' Bhàn-rìghinn." "Thàinig mi, le 'r cead," os esan. "An d' thug thu nall dannsairean math á Leoghas," os ise. "Thug mi leam triuir dhannsaireann, ach chithear am beil iad math no nach 'eil an uair a chuirear diachainn orra." Chaidh là a shònrachadh air son na diachainn, agus thug a' Bhan-rìghinn cuir-eadh do àrd-uaislean na tìre gu cuirm gu bhì fianuiseach air an

diachainn-dhannsa. Is iad clann na Ban-rìghinn a dhannsa an toiseach, agus rinn iad gu math 's gu ro mhath; ach an uair a chaidh nigheanan Mhic-Cruimein air an ùrlar dh'aidich an luchd-breith 's a' Bhàn-rìghinn fein gur h-ann aca bha'n t-urram. Mu'n do thill Mac-Cruimein dhachaidh á Baile-na-Beirbhe, thàtar ag ràdh gu'n do phòs a chuid nighean triuir phrionnsaichean.

DONULL MAC-LEOID.

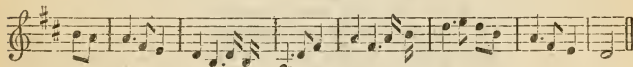
AN TALLA 'M BU GHNA LE MAC-LEOID.

LE MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASTAIR RUAIDH.

GLEUS D.



: D . r | m : - . m : s | s : m : D¹ . l | s : - . l m | r : d : - . S . l | d¹ : - . r¹ : m¹ . r¹ | l : - . d¹ : s | m : - ||



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Rìgh! gur muladach tha mi,
'S mi gun mhìreadh gun mhanran,
Anns an talla 'm bu ghnà le Mac Leoid.
Rìgh! gur, &c.

Tìgh mor macnasach meaghrach,
Nam maca 's na maighdean,
Far 'm bu tartarach gleadhraich nan corn.
Tìgh mor, &c.

Tha dò thalla mor prìseil,
Gun fhasgadh gun dìon air,
Far am fàca mi 'm fion bhì 'g a òl.
Tha do, &c.

Och mo dhiobhail mar thachair,
Thainig dil' air an aitreabh,
'S ann a's cianail leam tachairt 'n a chòir.
Och mo, &c.

Shir Tormaid nam bratach,
Fear do dhealbha-sa bu tearc e,
Gun sgeilm a chur asad no bòsd.
Shir Tòrmaid, &c.

Fhuair thu teist, a's deagh urram,
Ann am freasdal gach duine,
Air dheiseachd 's air uirghioll beoil.
Fhuair thu, &c.

Leat bu mhiannach coin lùthmhor,
Dol a shiubhal nan stùc-bheann,
'S an gunna nach diultadh re h-òrd.
Leat bu, &c.

'S i do lamh nach robh tuisleach,
Dol a chaitheamh a' chuspair,
Le d' bhogha cruaidh, ruiteach, deagh-neoil.
'S i, &c.

Glac throm air do shliasaid,
An deigh a snaitheadh gun fhiaradh,
'S barr dosrach de sgiathaibh an eoin.
Glac throm, &c.

Bhiodh ceir ris na crannaibh,
Bu neo-eisleanach tarruing,
'N uair a leimeadh an t-saighead bho d' mheoir.
Bhiodh ceir, &c.

'N uair a leigteadh bho d' laimh i,
Cha bhiodh oirleach gun bhathadh,
Eadar corran a gàine 's a smeoirn.
'N uair a, &c.

Ceud soiridh le dùrachd,
Bhuam gu leannan an t-sugraidh,
Gu 'm b'è m' aighir 's mo rùn bhi ga d' chòir.
Ceud soiridh, &c.

'N àm dhut tighinn gu d' bhaile,
'S tu bu tighearnail gabhail,
'N uair shuidheadh gach caraid mu d' bhòrd.
'N àm dhut, &c.

Bha thu measail aig uaislean,
'S cha robh beagan mar chruas ort,
Sud am cleachdadh a fhuair thu d' aois oig.
Bha thu, &c.

Gu 'm biodh faram air thailisg,
Agus fuaim air a' chlarsaich,
Mar a bhuineadh do shàr mhac Mhic-Leoid.
Gu 'm, &c.

Gur e b' eachdraidh 'n a dheigh sin,
Greis air uirsgeul na Feinne,
Us air cuideachda cheir-ghil nan cròc.
Gur e, &c.

THE GAEL,

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NORMAN MACLEOD.*

THE name of Norman Macleod ought to be dear to every Highlander. Few names were more widely known or more highly honoured in the history of the Highlands; and no name is so widely known or so highly honoured in the Modern Highland Church. The chiefs of Macleod for centuries made the name illustrious in the councils of the nation, and in the affections of the people; and at the time when the old ties of clanship were being broken up, and when the power of the chiefs began to wane, a young man of the clan emigrated from Skye to Argyle, and revived in the manse of Morven the influence which was declining in the Castle of Dunvegan. During the last hundred years we have had men among the Highland clergy of whom any Church and any country might be proud. Our Smiths, and McDonalds and Kennedys would maintain the reputation of any Church in any land. But the Macleods of Morven are without a parallel in the ecclesiastical history of the Highlands—we might say of Britain. Norman Macleod of Morven was by all accounts a remarkable man. Of commanding intellect, of majestic presence, of wide sympathies, of warm affections, of fervid eloquence, and of that marvellous charm of

manner which secured the affection as well as the esteem of all who came in contact with him. He educated two sons for the ministry who inherited the physical and mental gifts of the father. Each of these sons sent two sons to the Church; and the same characteristics have descended to the third generation. Norman Macleod was ordained minister of Morven in 1774 and lived fifty years the minister of that extensive parish. His eldest son, Norman, as minister of Campbeltown, Campsie, and St. Columba, Glasgow, was one of the most influential of the Scotch clergy of his day, and admitted by all to be the best writer of Gaelic prose whose works remain to us. His youngest son John, the present venerable minister of Morven, was ordained his father's assistant and successor in 1824; and during his long ministry in that remote parish, has wielded an influence in the pulpit and in the courts of the Church, and earned a name in Gaelic literature second only to his elder brother. Of the two sons of Norman of St. Columba, the eldest is the subject of this memoir, and the youngest is the minister of Park Church, Glasgow, his biographer; while the two sons of John, Norman and John, have at an early age been placed at the head of two of the most influential congregations of the Church of Scotland—St Stephen's, Edinburgh, and Govan, Glasgow. We doubt whether the ecclesiastical history of Britain can produce the same combination of numbers and

* Memoir of Norman Macleod, D.D. By his brother the Rev. Donald Macleod, B.A. London; Daldy, Isbister and Co., 1876.

talent in the same family within the space of one hundred years.

Whether the third Norman, the minister of the Barony Church, and the subject of this memoir, was the most highly gifted of this talented family or not, it would perhaps be rash to affirm. He had a wider field for the development and display of his talents; and, hitherto, he has been the best known. The sphere of the first Norman's influence was confined to Morven and immediate neighbourhood. The stipend of Morven was small, the minister's family was large. There was no Gaelic press in those days; and the facilities for travel enjoyed by the present generation did not exist. What he was we know from the influence he exerted over his gifted sons. Again while the minister of St. Columba was one of the most eloquent preachers and one of the most influential ministers in the Church, the seat of his power was in the Highlands, and his tongue and pen told most effectively upon Gaelic minds. But the minister of the Barony is known wherever the English language is spoken. He was seen and heard, admired and loved, in every country of Europe, in America, and in India. And yet it appears to us that his life is unintelligible without a continual reference to Morven; and that the secret of his influence and power over his fellow-men of all grades and races was well known and practised by his grandfather in Morven one hundred years ago. In the biographical sketch of the author, prefixed to "Caraid nan Gaidheal," the minister of the Barony writes thus:—"When my father married and had a family, his ideal seemed to be to reproduce the old manse of Morven in his own; with what results it is not for me to say, further than that his children

look back to their home days with the same feelings of thanksgiving that he did to his. His preaching, too, as a minister, was unconsciously modelled on that of his father. The same peculiar pleading of tender affection, touching pathos, simple, clear statement, and fervid bursts of eloquence. The familiar and hearty intercourse which he cultivated with his people in Glasgow was what he had been accustomed to in his early years in Morven." And at the time of his father's death, he wrote as follows: "Were I asked what there was in my father's teaching and training which did us all so much good, I would say both in regard to him and my beloved mother,—that it was love and truth. They were both so real and human; no *cranks*, *twists*, *crotchets*, *ims* or systems of any kind, but loving, sympathising, giving a genuine *blowing-up* when it was needed, but passing by trifles, failures, infirmities, without making a fuss. The liberty they gave was as wise as the restraints they imposed. Their home was happy—intensely happy. Christianity was a thing taken for granted, not forced with scowl or frown." No one can read this memoir without seeing that in describing his father and grand-father's homes, he is also describing his own.

Norman Macleod died on Sunday the 16th of June 1872, having completed his sixtieth year on the 3d of that month. The whole country mourned him, from the Queen to the poorest in the land. In reading this memoir we cannot but feel that if his country had known him better, she would have loved him more. There were few public men, if any, of his day who were, in a manner, more widely known, or whose death was so universally regretted; but to the many he was only known in

part and, now with his life before us, we may say that the man as he really was, was hardly known at all. His biographer says: "Dr. Macleod was a man whom it is almost impossible to portray. His power was in many respects inseparable from his presence. The sympathy, the humour, the tenderness, depended so much for their full expression, on look, voice, and manner, that all who knew him will recognise the necessary inadequacy of verbal description. 'Quantum mutatus ab illo' must more especially be the verdict upon any attempt to record instances of his wit or pathos." Those of us who knew only the public man were charmed and thrilled by his eloquence; and we Highlanders were proud that one of our blood and name commanded the admiration and affection of so large a number of his fellow-men. But it is undeniable that the belief obtained among many of his countrymen, that Norman Macleod as a clergyman, divine, and politician, was dubious and unsatisfactory.

There were apparent grounds for this belief. In many respects he differed widely from those clergymen whom Scotchmen delight most to honour. He was high in favour with the great of the land; and it has become the fashion with some in our day to consider this incompatible with being the poor man's friend. His wit and humour, his drolleries, his conversational and mimic powers were well known. This feature of his character was common to him with much smaller men in the Church, who being possessed by the gift instead of possessing it, often became a cause of offence to many earnest men. The abuse by many of his brethren of this rather dangerous talent injured in a measure the public reputation of Dr.

Macleod in the eyes of many Scotchmen whose good opinion is of value. In Church politics, and latterly in Church doctrine, Dr. Macleod was to many unintelligible. He became a minister during the fierce conflict which preceded the '43. His public conduct to many seemed wavering. As long as he possibly could, when parish minister of Loudoun, he hung back from taking a decided stand for one side or the other. In consequence of the decision in the civil courts upon the Stewarton case, he, as Moderator of the Presbytery of Irvine, was forced to declare himself; and he sided with the "Moderate" party; but shortly afterwards he was found among the number known to the world as "the forty thieves,"—men who to the present day appear to receive more contempt than respect from the survivors of the two great parties into which the Church divided herself in that trying time. And even after the Disruption, Dr. Macleod was looked upon, as an ecclesiastical politician, with considerable suspicion in his own Church. He himself writes of his father: "While holding decided and consistent views in State and Church politics, being from his very nature a Conservative in both, yet he was essentially 'moderate' in the best sense of the word. He never was bitter in his opposition—never personal in his animosities—never advocated extreme measures, but such as might reconcile rather than divide parties. He was too sympathetic to be a violent partizan." This again may be taken as a tolerably accurate description of the attitude of the son in Church politics. But he lived in a time when parties acquired an importance in the Church which was formerly known only in the State,

and when to belong to no party was to run the risk of being credited with stupidity or insincerity. As the former could not be affirmed of Macleod, he had to bear from many excellent men the imputation of the latter.

His position as a theologian was even more inexplicable than his position as a politician. With the movement led by the late Dr. Robert Lee to relax the rules which regulated the mode of conducting the services of the Church of Scotland, he fully sympathised. He advocated greater liberty in interpreting the standards which define the doctrine of the Church. As editor of *Good Words* he gathered around him men of different shades of theological opinion in England and Scotland—chiefly of the Broad Church party. In 1865 he startled and shocked the greater portion of pious Scotchmen by the part he took in the well-known Sabbath controversy; and, at a later period, while pleading the cause of Indian Missions in the Assembly and elsewhere he enunciated views which indicated a wide departure from the traditional belief of the Church of Scotland. While thus one of the most prominent and advanced of the Broad Church party in Scotland, his conception of the practical work of a minister's duty and functions allied him more with the Evangelical party in the Church. His pulpit ministrations, his parochial organisations for bringing the poor, the degraded and the outcast within the pale of Christian ordinances, and his missionary schemes were conceived and carried into effect with an enthusiasm, zeal, and fervour which has not hitherto characterised the action of any prominent member of the Broad Church party in Scotland. During the whole course of his ministry, he

may be said to have held an unique position in the Church. The only man whom he looked to as a leader was the late Professor Robertson; and while he had many sympathisers and admirers, and commanded greater personal influence in the Church, and certainly beyond it, than any Scotch clergyman since Chalmers' death, he could scarcely be said to have a follower in the ordinary acceptance of the term. To the old conservative party in the Church he was too liberal; the new conservatives looked upon his doctrinal views with suspicion and alarm; while even the Broad Church party could hardly fully sympathise with a man whose doctrine and polity were determined more by the heart than by the head.

To those who had the privilege of being intimately acquainted with Dr. Macleod, the apparent inconsistency of his career was intelligible; but to the more numerous public of Scotch Presbyterians who had to estimate his character from his writings, from an occasional speech or sermon, and from newspaper reports, and who had formed, to their own satisfaction, a pretty definite conception of what the character of a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman in the nineteenth century ought to be, the character of Dr. Macleod appeared inconsistent and unsatisfactory. His great talents and eloquence could not be disputed; his social and conversational gifts were appreciated; but a number of sincere and earnest men looked upon him as a man who had mistaken his calling, who appeared to have no fixed principles nor earnest convictions, who was ready "to become all things to all men," not in order to win souls to Christ as much as to win applause to Norman. Now that we have his life before us, we can see that this

belief regarding the character of this eminent man was false—utterly false. His brother “claims for this biography the merit of truthfulness. In whatever respects it may fail, it cannot be charged with concealment or exaggeration of fact or sentiment.” We believe that the claim is just; and we believe, moreover, that no man can rise from a perusal of the book without being satisfied in his own mind that the true character of Dr. Macleod was the very reverse of what popular belief assigned to him—that the mainspring of that character was earnestness, sincerity, truthfulness.

The biographer has done his work well. He gives two interesting chapters on the “Parentage” and “Boyhood” of Dr. Macleod. After Norman enters college, and begins to write letters and keep a diary, his brother allows letters, diary, and the reminiscences of intimate friends to tell the story in the main, the biographer interpolating a chapter or part of a chapter in order to give sequence to the narrative. And a beautiful story it is, and beautifully told. Dr. Macleod’s conception of a clergyman’s character was widely different from what the most of us were taught a clergyman’s life ought to be. But with many shortcomings of which he was painfully conscious, which he faithfully records, and which his biographer as faithfully quotes, he seems to have acted up to his favourite motto, “Trust in God, and do the right,” more rigidly than many of his severest critics—that is to say, to his own conception of right. “You have no right to blame your natural disposition. By so doing you blame God, who gave it to you. No quality is bad unless perverted,” he says to one of his daughters; and this seems to

form the key of his whole character. “I never knew a man bound to humanity at so many points; I never knew a man who found in humanity so much to interest him,” says one of his most intimate friends. In reading his story as we have it here, we can scarcely conceive that his life could be otherwise than it was. The Macleods, it is said, were of Scandinavian origin. The Norse blood, mingled with the Celtic, has produced physical and mental vigour of a rare type. The M’Neills of Druimdriseig, and the Campbells of Glensaddell connected him with the Celtic blood of South Argyle and of Ireland. His mother was a Maxwell of border ancestry. We have many-sidedness in the very blood of the man. The intensity of the Celt, the fertile energy of the Scandinavian, the common sense and persistency of the Lowland Scot. Place this highly-gifted boy in the home of highly-gifted parents in Campbeltown for the first twelve years of his life. He acquires a passion for ships and sailors which never leaves him. At twelve he is sent to Mórven—a home as affectionate, as pious, and as cultured as his father’s home, but with sublime scenery and tradition weird and wild. He leaves his father’s home—his father “who might have made him a slave to any *ism*, but who left him free to love Christ and Christians.” He enters Glasgow College, and, “next to the grace of God, his affection for home and its associations kept him steady.” He goes to England as tutor, associates with squires, visits Wordsworth, and communicates in the English Church. He lives a year or two in Weimar—the home of Rationalism. During the latter years of his Divinity course, he takes charge of the students boarding in his father’s house.

In 1838 he is ordained minister of London and enters upon active public life. Few Scotch clergymen had his varied experience at his early age. None probably enjoyed afterwards such opportunities of extending his knowledge of men and places. And, till the day of his death, you have the same man—the same faculties—the same affections growing richer and deeper, but still the same. Of no man could it be said that “the child was father of the man,” more truly than of Norman Macleod.

“No quality is bad unless perverted.” Dr. Macleod believed this. He had more qualities than most men; and, Scotch clergyman though he was, he had the courage to use them—not to abuse them. The power of mimicry, which gave such serious cause of alarm to his father and mother in his youth, was of a piece with the rest of the man’s character. He used it, but did not “pervert” it. This ideal of the Christian character may or may not be the true ideal. It falls not within our province to discuss the question. It was Dr. Macleod’s ideal, and he manfully acted up to it. His very inconsistencies are but the outcome of his truthfulness. It is easy to be consistent if you have but two talents to commence with, and if you bury one of these in the earth. But he who undertakes in the busy market-place of the world of our day to make the best of ten, will surely be inexplicable to the man of one. If there is one thing more than another which his whole life, as shown in this memoir, proves it is this,—that the Christian character is the development of all the faculties, dispositions, sentiments, and affections which God has given you; and to declare this boldly and clearly and truly to your fellow-men at all times and in all cir-

cumstances. Perfect confidence was what his mother demanded of him; and there is no more pleasing feature of his character than the tone of his letters to his mother. He demanded the same of his children. “Only on two points was he uncompromising even to sternness. The slightest appearance of selfishness or of want of truth was severely dealt with.” It is this perfect frankness which seems to have captivated all those who came in contact with him, and which he felt it his duty to maintain towards all classes and conditions of men. “I am never tempted,” he writes, “to conceal any conviction from the Queen, for I feel she sympathises with what is true, and likes the speaker to utter the truth exactly as he believes it.” To a member of the Royal family: “Your Royal Highness knows that I am here as a pastor, and that it is only as a pastor I am permitted to address you. But as I wish you to thank me when we meet before God, so would I address you now.” The same frankness and truthfulness won the hearts of the outcasts of Glasgow. “We have heard him,” says a writer in the *Daily Review*, “under all circumstances, and in many lands; . . . in the cool upper room of the Scotch kirk at Alexandria to backsliding sailors and money-getting merchants; in the sweltering air of St. Andrew’s kirk, Calcutta, where he towered above the crowd from the precipitous pulpit; and in the chance school-room or drawing-room, or by the roadside to the subtle Bengalee, the sceptical Competition-walla, or the thoughtless white mechanic. In all, and to all, he was the same; . . . the man who spoke what he felt.” It is the same devotion to truth which appears to us to explain his outspokenness upon questions which he knew would give pain to many,

and which seriously endangered his own position in the Church. As his age increased and his experience extended, his views became broader and his convictions deeper. Where inconsistencies appeared, he cared not to conceal them. In 1839 he wrote to Dr. Donaldson why he could not attend a Burns festival. In 1859, at the Burns Centenary in Glasgow, he appeared on the platform, the only clergyman, and took part in the proceedings. His last speech in the General Assembly was perhaps the "broadcast" he ever uttered; his last entry in his diary was the most heterodox he ever wrote.

The same principle that no quality is bad unless perverted, appears to us to explain the most inexplicable feature in his character,—the rapid transition from the grave to the gay, or rather the blending of the two. All his intimate friends notice this feature. They grew so accustomed to it in Dr. Macleod that they seemed to regard the thing quite natural. It certainly is a feature which we have not been accustomed to approve in a clergyman's conduct. Upon any other theory it is inexplicable as well as untenable. "He talked to me as though he were a blacksmith," says a member of that profession, "but never left me without speaking of Christ." Principal Shairp writes: "The anecdote, reflection, argument, bright flashes of imagination, drollest humour, most thrilling pathos, and solemn thoughts wandering through eternity, all blended into one whole of conversation, the like of which you never before listened to. In a moment he would pass from some comical illustration of human character to the most serious reality of sacred truth, and you would feel no discord." "I never," writes another, "knew

him, in all my meetings with him, force a reference to religious thought or feeling. I never was with him for a quarter of an hour that his confidential talk, however conversational, however humorous even, had not, as it were of itself and as of necessity, disclosed the centre round which his whole life revolved."

In keeping with the rest of his character is his intense affection for his early home, and the companions of his early days. In his sanctum, after his death, were found some presents of trifling value given by his school-fellows in Campbeltown. His letter to his son, when a very young boy at Morven, shows the lifelong influence which his own stay in that parish when a boy exerted over him: "Be happy; for when you will be old like me, you will remember Fiunary as if it were the Garden of Eden without the serpent." Two years before his death, he writes in his journal: "I beheld Morven with Aunt Jane. . . . I saw the trees which mark Samuel Cameron's house, where I spent such happy years, and received an education, the education of my beloved ones in Fiunary included, such as has moulded my whole life. I enjoyed one of those seasons of intense and rare blessing, when tears come we cannot tell why, except from a joy that rises in silent prayer and praise to the Creator and Redeemer."

We close the book with feelings of the most profound satisfaction. We know Norman Macleod better, and we feel that we ought to have loved him more. We hope the book will soon be issued in a cheaper form, for Dr. Macleod's admirers were not among the wealthy only. We would like to see portions of his letters and diary in Gaelic. Our countrymen might be none the worse for seeing a pure and noble Christian life dis-

played in a somewhat different manner from what they have been taught to admire and reverence.

—o—

DUGALD BUCHANAN.*

TAKEN all in all, probably no name is so familiar to Scottish Highlanders, wherever situated, as the name of Dugald Buchanan. In popular estimation, Duncan Ban M'Intyre ranks higher as a poet. But though one hears in Highland gatherings the name of the game-keeper of Beinn Dorain more frequently than the name of the schoolmaster of Rannoch, Buchanan has taken a firmer hold of the minds of his countrymen than M'Intyre. This fact is very gratifying. Apart altogether from the higher aim of the evangelist as a teacher, his poetic genius, we consider, is superior to that of his brother-poet. The work before us is called the "twenty-first edition," which means, we presume, that the hymns of Dugald Buchanan have been printed in Gaelic twenty-one times. This shows that no Gaelic poet has been so extensively read. M'Intyre's poems have gone through seven editions only; M'Donald of Ardnamurchan's poems have been printed seven times; and Grant's hymns twelve times. No other Gaelic poet, so far as we remember, has had his works issued oftener than two or three times. And, from the comparatively limited number of lines that Buchanan composed as well as

from the general excellence of all he has left behind him, no Gaelic author has perhaps been so carefully read, or so accurately committed to memory. It would not be difficult to recover, at any period since his hymns became generally known, the whole of his poetry from the recitations of his countrymen; and this could not be affirmed of any of our foremost Gaelic poets. To earnest and serious Highlanders the poetry of Dugald Buchanan has probably furnished more intellectual nutriment than any book ever printed in Gaelic except the Bible. The literary judgment and taste of our countrymen have often, as is the case with people who receive more intellectual training, been mistaken; but, in their unshaken attachment to Dugald Buchanan, they have judged rightly. Ossian alone, of Gaelic poets, was intellectually and æsthetically his superior.

Attempts have been made, from time to time, to translate the poems of Buchanan into English. Mr. Sinclair enumerates these. He himself gives a prose translation of the poems, and a poetical version of one of them, "The Skull." As all our readers know, Professor Blackie, in the last number of this Magazine, gave an English metrical version of the same hymn or "Sermon in Verse," as the Professor would prefer to call it. It is no disparagement to Mr. Sinclair's translation that we consider Professor Blackie's superior. Mr. Sinclair can more fully feel the meaning of the Gaelic; but the Professor can more fitly express his thoughts in English. Besides we thoroughly agree with Professor Blackie that in translating lyric poetry the spirit rather than the letter ought to be reproduced. It is hard to translate well. It is

* Reminiscences of the Life and Labours of Dugald Buchanan, formerly Teacher and Evangelist at Rannoch, Perthshire, with his Spiritual Songs, and an English Version of them. By the Rev. A. Sinclair, A. M., Kenmore, Author of "Memoir and Remains of M'Cheyne," in Gaelic. Edinburgh: Religious Tract and Book Society. 1875.

rare to find one to whom even Gaelic and English are equally familiar. Whether the more successful translator is he who knows best the original, or he who can best wield the language into which he is to render his author, it would be hazardous, as a general principle, to say. If one has to give a literal prose version, perhaps the first qualification is a thorough knowledge of the original; but in the case of a poetical translation, it is fully as necessary, if not more so, to know the language into which the translation is to be made. In the former case it is perhaps more necessary to know what to say; in the latter, how to say what you have to say becomes of more importance. The best translator is he who can possess both qualifications in the highest degree.

Those who have undertaken to pass judgment on the poems of Buchanan have uniformly spoken of them in the highest terms of commendation. Mackenzie, in his notice of Buchanan in the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," is lavish in his praise. The ablest and most searching criticism of Buchanan's genius which we have read is contained in a paper written by the Rev. A. C. Sutherland, Strathbraan, and printed in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness for 1875. Mr. Sinclair does not consider it necessary "to attempt a critical analysis of his (Buchanan's) performances. Our Gaelic readers do not require it at our hands. The English reader we leave to judge for himself from the translations we have given;" only cautioning the English reader that the translation falls far short of the original. Had Mr. Sutherland's paper appeared before this volume was published, and had its substance been incorporated in the introduc-

tion, we would have been satisfied. As the case stands, we cannot but consider Mr. Sinclair's decision not to give a critical analysis of the poems unfortunate, and his reason inadequate. We doubt whether a book was ever published containing original poems, and translated versions of them, when both the languages were living tongues, in which the editor and translator might not employ the language of Mr. Sinclair with as great justice as he does. "The Gaelic readers do not require it, and the English readers won't get it"—this, we take it, is, in so far as it contains a reason, one of very universal application.

If Mr. Sinclair does not consider it necessary to give a critical estimate of Dugald Buchanan's poetry, he gives examples of the beauties of the various poems. Questions of beauty are questions of taste, and tastes, as we all know, differ; but we hardly think that most readers will agree with Mr. Sinclair in the selection he gives of Buchanan's beauties on pp. 67-70. "The Day of Judgment" is replete with examples of the sublime and the terrible; but our judgment is greatly at fault if

Bithidh farum mor am measg nan enamh
Gach aon diabh dol do aite fein,

and

'Us thusa Philat tog do shuil
'Us faic a nis am muthadh mor
An creid thu gu'r E sud an Tì
A rinn thu dhiteadh air do mhòd,

are happy selections to represent either mood.

The volume before us is carefully put together. Mr. Sinclair is highly qualified to superintend the issue of a Gaelic work. The hymns are, in the main, correctly printed in bold, clear type. The translation is, perhaps, not

uniformly excellent; but, keeping in view the warning of the translator to his English readers, we consider, on the whole, that it is creditably done. The "Reminiscences," which take up more than the third of the book, cannot receive the same high commendation. This portion of the work is chiefly made up of extracts from the Diary left by Buchanan,—a production remarkable in many ways, and one which Mr. Sinclair would gladly have published in full. We yield to none in our admiration for Dugald Buchanan; and we think that no man of our race has influenced for good so large a number of our countrymen; but when his life is to be written, it ought to be done in a more discriminating fashion than Mr. Sinclair has chosen to write it. The Diary of Dugald Buchanan is, to his biographer, very valuable; if it were different from what it is, it would be still more valuable. Every Gaelic reader admires the literary gifts displayed in the production; but we doubt whether it gives us a true picture of the poet, or even of the Christian. It was the fashion of sincere Christians of his day to make a merit of suppressing their human sympathies, if they had any; and Buchanan, unfortunately, fell in with the prevailing fashion. We say unfortunately, because, by all accounts, the man himself was a loving, sympathising man who won the affection as well as the admiration of those who came in contact with him. The Diary represents him as painfully exercised about his own spiritual state, but very selfishly so. The spiritual state of his fellow-men deeply concerned him afterwards; but in the Diary neither the spiritual nor temporal affairs of any person except his own appear to have occu-

ried much of his thoughts. Such spiritual exclusiveness is but a phase, and not, perhaps, the truest phase of Christianity.

We dwell the more strongly upon this, because we fail to see the need for a new edition of Buchanan, except for the purpose of making us better acquainted with the man as he really was. His hymns are his most enduring monument—more enduring, we fondly hope, than even the beautiful granite monolith which was erected but the other day at Kinloch-Rannoch to commemorate his fame. But these hymns are published separately for the sum of threepence. Again the hymn and the whole of his Diary in the original Gaelic, as he left it, can be had for two shillings. An English translation of the hymns has been sold for sixpence. We have always thought that a new issue of Buchanan's works was desirable; and that an attempt ought to be made to give a true picture of the man as he lived and moved. Probably the life as well as the hymns should be written in Gaelic. But whether written in Gaelic or in English, the life should tell all that can now be known of him, and should represent him as he lived and walked before the world; and not merely as the unconverted youth of wild and wayward passions appeared to the mature Christian of after years. The records of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge might be searched with advantage. It is said he made a collection of the traditional poetry of his district in his youth. In a future issue Mr. Sinclair might give his "Reminiscences" a wider range. But we cannot say that this volume, in its present shape, ought to replace the cheaper editions of Dugald Buchanan previously issued.

AN GAIDHEAL.

“*Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.*”—OISEAN.

V. LEABH.] TREAS MIOS AN EARRAICH, 1876.

[52 AIR.]

AN D'THAINIG NA GAIDHEIL AN IAR ROIMH AM NA DILE?

FEUDAIDH a' cheist so a bhi air a cur le neach 'sam bith; ach mar tha fìor a thaobh cheistean mu nithibh eile cha'n 'eil freagradh fhaotainn di idir cho fùrasda. Tha am beagan a leanas air a thoirt air aghaidh mar *bharail* a dh' fheudas a bhi 'na cuid-eachadh gu cùisean a réiteachadh air son fuasgladh fhaotainn do 'n cheist.

Cha bu mhaith leam gu'n togadh neach 'sam bith ceàrr mi, le bhi smuaineachadh gu'm bheil mi a' ruith gu h-eutrom is gun tùr an aghaidh teagasg neo-fhàilneach a' Bhìobuill ann a bhi eadhon a' cur na ceist,—ann a bhi a' feòraich gu teagmhach mu'n chùis. A thaobh na bheil againn anns a' Bhìobull 'si mo chreud gabhail gu creidmheach neo-theagmhach ris gach fìrinn a tha againn air a leagadh sìos ann gu soilleir; ach air an làimh eile tha mi gleidheadh saorsa beachd no barail dhomh féin a thaobh nithean nach 'eil air an foillseachadh gu h-iomlan no gu coimhionta anns an Fhocal. Tha mi saoilinn gu'm bheil am beachd a tha mi gabhail air a' chùis glan réidh agus co-shìnte ri rùn teagasg a' Bhìobuill cho fad agus a tha sin a' toirt leis 'n a luib 'ni 'sam bith a chuidicheas fuasgladh do'n cheist. A bhàrr air so, cha ruig sinn a leas a bhi fo àmhghar gu'n téid creideamh no cràbhadh a cha-

ruchadh às an áite le barailibh luaisgeach do'n t-seòrsa so, a tha ann an diugh is às am màireach; oir gu tric cha'n 'eil iad ach 'nam meadhon a tha treòireachadh a dh' ionnsuidh fìrinn is mò agus is cudthromaiche fhaotainn a mach no a dhaingeachadh.

Tha ceud ghluasad no imrich prìomh theaghlaicean a' chinne-dhaonna 'na chuspair mu'm bheil mòran air a labhairt agus air a sgrìobhadh. Ach far nach 'eil eachdraidh ag innseadh le guth dearbhte mu na ròidibh a ghabh na fògaraich sgapte dhoibh féin tha beachdan luchd-rannsachaidh tur eug-samhuil gu tric, agus cha'n 'eil riarachadh ach gann ri fhaotainn. Cha bhi ioghnadh ormsa, uime sin, ged nach faigh a' h-uile fear riarachadh anns na leanas:

I.—*Teisteanas luchd-Ealain.*

Tha cuid a' cur na cùis air an dòigh so. Tha Ealain am beòil a luchd-riochdachaidh a' tagradh gu'm bheil aois agus eachdraidh aig cuid do chinnich a tha dol fada ni's fhaide air ais na àm na Dile o'n do shaoradh Noah. Tha aon a' sgrìobhadh mar so: “Tha dòigh sgrìobhaidh *Aibidealaich* ann a nis o cheann trì mìle bliadhna no còrr, agus tha modhan sgrìobhaidh *dealbhaich* ri 'm faotainn a' dol air ais trì mìle bliadhna eile.” (*Humphreys's Origin and Progress of the Art of Writing.*) Tha sinn mar so air ar toirt a dh' aon

leum air an-ais gu làithibh Adhainh. Tha e cumail a mach gu'n robh modh sgrìobhaidh coimhionta aig na h-Eiphitich roimh àm Abraham; agus bheil sgrìobhaidhean d'an cuid a làthair, far am bheil iomradh air rìgh sònruichte, Souphi, a bhuineas do linn "air a' chuid is lugha ceithir mìle bliadhna roimh theachd Chrìosd." Tha e nochdadh mar an ceudna gu'n robh eòlas sgrìobhaidh ri fhaotainn an measg nan *Chinese* "tri mìle bliadhna" mu'n d'fhàinig Chrìosd. Ach cha 'n 'eil an so ach aois bheag an coimeas ris na linnibh a chùinnt *Epigues*, air am bheil *Pliny* ag iomradh; tha esan ag ràdh gu'n d' fhuair e cùinntas mu reul-eòlas an measg seann mhuinntir Bhàbiloin a bha a' sìneadh air ais gu còrr is seachd cead mìle bliadhna (720,000!), agus gur h-ann air clachaibh creadha a fhuair e an sgrìobhadh. Ach ged nach 'eil e duilich an spleadh so a chur á dealbh firinn, gidheadh cha 'n 'eil e cho soirbh beachdan a tha air am bonntachadh air rannsachadh *Young* agus *Champollion* a choinneachadh. O'n mhìneachadh a tha iadsan a' deanamh air seann sgrìobhadh agus gràbhaladh a gheibhear air clachdaibh agus air leacaibh aosda na h-Eiphit, thatar a' codhunadh gu'n robh Ealain a' Sgrìobhaidh air a cleachadh an measg nan Eiphiteach *agus do chùig mìle bliadhna roimh àm teachd Chrìosd.*

II.—*Teisteanas a' Bhìobuill féin.*

Gheibh sinn mar an ceudna anns na Sgrìobtuiribh féin suidheachadh agus iomradh air nithibh a tha ag ambarc air ais ri tùs o'n d' fhàs iad, —tùs ni 's aosmhoire na am beachd coitcheann a thatar a' togail o'n Bhìobull.

Ann an làithibh Abraham tha sinn a' leughadh mu 'n staid eòlais agus ealain air an d' ràinig na h-

Eiphitich. Tha iad air an cur f'ar comhair mar chinneach agus mar rìoghachd ann an làn òrduigh, crutha, agus coimhiontachd. Bha eòlas aca air Ealainibh, mar chunnaic sinn mu Ealain a' sgrìobhaidh, air nach 'eil cinnich a' faotainn greim ann an ùine bliag. 'S ann a mhàin mar thoradh air mòran feuch in, oidheirp, agus saothair, a tha a leithid so do dh' àirde eòlais ri a faotainn an measg chinneach,—mar thoradh air fàs cuairt mhòr do bhliadhnachan. Am measg nan nithe eile a dh' oibrich iad a mach dhoibh féin, gheibh sinn rian a' sgrìobhaidh. Ràinig iad aig an àm so air cenn àrd na h-aibideil—ceum air nach d' ràinig mòran do chinnich na h-àirde-'n-ear gus an latha 'n diugh. Is ann le saothair mhòir o mhodh sgrìobhaidh le deilbh a ruigear air inbhe na h-aibideil. A nis bha an Eiphit an làn sheilbh air so agus air ioma rud eile ann an linn Abraham. Agus 'n uair bheir sinn fainear nach robh ann an Abraham ach an *deicheamh* o Noah, tha e 'na aobhar ioghnaidh gu 'm b' urrainn do chinneach mòr, a ràinig air mòran eòlais, ealain, is innleachd, a bli air fàs suas anns an Eiphit ann an ùine cho goirid. Agus cha 'n e a mhàin gu 'n robh an Eiphit air fàs suas 'n a cinneach treun anns an ùine ghoirid ud; ach gheibh sinn mar an ceudna mòran do rìghrean agus do shlòigh eile mu 'n cuairt anns a' cheàirn ud. Fendar so a thuigsinn o chogadh Chedarl-aomeir agus a chompauach. Os bàrr so, bha sluagh tiugh sgaoilteach ann an Canaan; agus mar an ceudna ann am bailtibh a' chòmhnaird, Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, is Seboim.

A nis is e an ni duilich fhosgladh air dòigh riarachail, cionnus a b' urrainn an Eiphit, anns an ùine ghoirid a bha eadar Noah agus Abraham, fàs suas gu cruth agus staid cho coimhionta agus a tha 'ga

clìùthachadh ann an làithibh Abrahaim? Tha e soilleir gu 'n gabhadh e cùig no sè linntean o Noah mu 'm b' urrainn sluagh gu leòir a bhi ri fhaotainn 's an Eiphit a dh' oibrich-eadh a mach ealain is inleachd. Bhiodh na ceud ghinealaich 'nan luchd-gleidheidh bhuar is thrend. A ris tha e doirbh a thuigsinn cionnus a b' urrainn an Eiphit is cinnich eile tighinn gu h-inbhe cho àrd ann an ceithir no cùig a linntean 'na dhéigh sud. Bha aithrichean an là gun teagamh a' faotainn aois mhòir, ach cha réitich so a' chùis gu buileach. A réir mo bheachd-sa gabhaidh an gnothuch a bhi air a shoilleireachadh gu Sgrìobturail agus sin an còrdadh ri eachdraidh mar an ceudna, le *aobhar* agus *rùn* na Dìle a chumail 'n ar cuimhne.

III.—*Rùn agus Farsuinneachd na Dìle.*

Tha a' chuid is mò do dhiadhairibh maille ri luchd-ealain ag aideachadh a nis nach robh an Dìle a' còmh-dachadh aghaidh na talmhain gu h-iomlan. Tha iad ag ràdh nach robh e feumail gu 'm biodh sgrios tuileil 's am bith air a thoirt air ceàrnaibh anns nach robh daoine a chòmhnuidh. Nach robh e feumail mar so a thaobh rùn Dhia gu'm biodh an tuil uile-fharsuinn. A ris ri taobh so tha e soilleir a réir a' chùimntais a tha againn air meud na h-àire nach b' urrainn dithis do gach creutair beò air thalamh a bhi air an gabhail a steach innte. Tha an àireamh diubh so air am bheil eòlas mionailteach a' toirt cùimntais dhuinn a nis cho mhòr, agus gach latha a' fàs, 's gu 'm biodh e tur mi-reusonta a smuainteachadh gu 'n d' fhuair iad àite 's an àire. Ach chì sinn nach 'eil aobhar àraidh 's am bith a bhi cumail a mach gu 'm feumadh iad uile a bhi innte. 'N uair a sheallas sinn ri rùn 'modhannail no crìoch

shònruichte na Dìle, gheibh sinn, a réir mo bheachd-sa mineachadh riarachail air a' chùis. Tha rùn Dhia ann a bhi toirt sgrios air an t-saoghal leis an Dìle air dheanamh glé fhoillsichte. Chunnaic Dia iom-chuidh, agus feumail d'a righladh modhannail air daoineibh, gu 'm bu chòir peanas a dheanamh air an aingidheachd uamhasaich na dhàinig an lorga' chomhcheangail mhi-naoimh agus mhi-nàdurra a rinneadh eadar sluagh sònruichte Dhé féin agus a' mhuintir a bha an taobh a mach do chrioch an fhìor chreidimh agus aoraidh. Ghabh mic Dhé nigheana dhaoine d' an ionnsuidh an aghaidh a' chleachdaidh agus na h-àithne. Tha an leithide sud do chuingibh mionaomha air an dìteadh o thoiseach gu deireadh a' Bhìobuill; agus gheibh sinn gu bheil Dia a' fiosrachadh air dòigh ro gheur an toraidh uile a thig 'na dhéigh sud. Sgriosadh bailtean a' chòmhnaird air son aingidheachd a bha car do shamhuil sud; agus a ris air son gu 'n robh iad cho fagus do shluagh sònruichte Dhia féin. Chì sinn mar so gur h-ann a chronachadh aingidheachd agus a bhacadh a fàis a tha Dia a' tighinn gu h-uamhasach aig àmanna àraidh le dìoghaltas air peacadh; agus mar an ceudna a ghlanadh oighreachd féin agus a'n gleidheadh cuimhneachail air an crìoch nèamhaidh. Ann a bhi a' sealltuinn air rùn Dhia anns an dàimh so chì sinn nach 'eil e, air a' chuid is lugha, mi-reusonta a bhi ag altrumas a' bheachd nach ruigeadh Dia a leas gach treubh air thalamh a sgrios a dhìon no dh' fhìrineachadh a cheartais no a dheadh riaghlaidh am measg dhaoine. B'urrainn e, agus rinn e gu tric, a chliù agus a cheart uachdranachd fhoillseachadh agus a dhearbhadh le làimh a bhreitheanais a leagadh air *ceàirn* no *cuid* gun na *h-uile* bhi air ghabhail a steach ann an sguib a

dhioghaltais. A thaobh teaghlach a' chumhnaint am measg am feum e ghnàth fianais a bhì aige dha féin, tha e soilleir cionnus a bhiodh e ionchuidh agus ceart labhairt air sgrios na dile mar bhreitheanas a ghabh gach beò 'na luib,—aig an robh na h-uile ach Noah a mhàin agus a theaghlach an glaic. Agus fo bhuaidh sgriosail slat an dioghaltais mar an ceudna thigeadh na treubhan a b' fhaisce do shluagh a' gheallaidh; do bhrìgh agus gu'n robh iad 'n am buaireadh agus 'nan ceap-tuislidh dhoibh. Dh' fheudadh Maois scalltuinn agus labhairt air teaghlach a' chumhnaint mar a' teachd fo sgrios uile-fharsuinn a' gabhail a steach nan uile. Feudaidh na facail, “an saoghal uile” a bhì air an tuigsinn ann an seadh cumhamm mar dh' fheumar a dheanadh a thaobh cuid eile do'n Bhìobull.

IV.—*Codhunnadh.*

Mhìneachadh am beachd so mu fharsuinneachd na dile cionnus a bha mòran slòigh a ràinig air àirde ealain is innleachd ri fhaotainn anns an Eiphit cho tràth ri àm Abraham. Dheanadh e mar an ceudna ni 's so-thuigsinn cionnus a gheibhear luchd-àiteachaidh, cho fhad agus a tha eachdraidh a' dol, ann an ceàrnaibh eug-samhuil na talmhain; mar an ceudna an ni iongantach gu 'n robh sìol nàistneach do dhaoineibh anus gach dùthaich a fhuaradh a mach riamh fathast. Bhiodh e ni b' usa cend àiteachadh na Roinn-Eòrpa a thuigsinn a réir a' bheachd so; agus mar an ceudna an t-àm tràth aig an d' fhàg na Gàidheil an àirde-n-ear, agus a thriall iad troimh cheàrnaibh deas na h-

Eòrpa, anns an robh iad ùine mhòr roimh éiridh na Gréige agus na Ròimh. Bhiodh an triall no an cuairt troimh 'n Ghréig agus troimh 'n Eadailt aig an aon àm anns an robh an Eiphit 'n a séis; agus anns an robh na h-Iùdhaich no na h-Eabhraich a' fàs 'n an cinneach. Dheanadh am beachd so mar an ceudna ni bu choslaiche cionnus, mar tha na Greugaich ag innseadh dhuinn, a bhiodh e comasach do Fheallsanach Druidhneach o na h-Eileanaibh Tuathach so,—“*the hyperborean philosopher*,”—dol a dh' fhaicinn na sgoil fheallsannaich 's a' Ghréig air an robh *Pythagoras* 'n a cheann. Bha meas mòr aig na Greugaich theuma air an eòlas agus air an fheallsanachd a nochd Abaris a bhì aige. Is tha e gun teagamh iongantach cionnus a b' urrainn fear cho fòghluimte dol às na h-Eileinibh so cho tràth ri *sè ceud bliadhna* roimh theachd Chrìosd; agus aon seachd ceud bliadhna roimh 'n àm anns robh Fionn is Oisein beò. Ann an solus nan nithe so mar an ceudna tha e ni 's usa a chreidsinn agus a thuigsinn gu dé mar a bha tùir dhìon nan Gàidheal agus an clachaireachd ag amharc aosda ri linn nan Ròmanach. Tha mi a nis a' fàgail na cùis so agus mo bharailean féin mu déibhin aig feadhainn eile aig am bheil theagamh fradharc is faide agus is géire. Ach their mi fathast gu feud e an déigh so a bhì air a dhearbhadh air bonn firinn nach e sgeulachd tur gun toinigs a bh' ann an uail Mhic-Néill Bharra, Nach robh esan an eiseimeil àire Noah, gu 'n do sheachain e an tuil 'n a dheadh Bhirlin féin! SEANN RAMH.

AM BARD TINN AGUS AN LEIGH.

I. CEARAN A' BHAIRD.

THA caisteal mo chléibh air géilleadh gu baileach,
 Tha mo chridhe 's mo sgamhan 'g an riasladh ;
 Tha m' inneadh us m' àirnean cho làn dheth mo ghalair
 'S nach comas gu 'n aithris mi trian dheth ;
 Gu 'n do lagaich e m' inntinn na tha 'ghaoith air mo stamaig,
 'S cha ghearann ma leanas mo chiall rium ;
 Tha mo chuislean, 's tha m' fhèithean, gun spéirid gun ghramas,
 'S gach ball dhìom a' faireachdainn phiantan.

De dhroch eiridinn, cruadal, us fuachd, agus allaban,
 Fhuair mi na leagadh na ciadan ;
 'S e gach dosgainn us àrath a thàrr 'n a mo charamh
 A dh' fhàilinnich m' fhallaineachd riamh orm ;
 Ged a bhithinn ri sgrìobhadh bho 'n linn aig mo sheanair,
 Cha 'n innsinn mu m' anshocair chianail—
 Bho 'n is lighiche sibhse, ma tha ni a ni math dhomh,
 Nach toill sibh mo bheannachd le 'fhiachainn ?

I. M'C.

II. FREAGAIRT AN LEIGH, AN COIS NAN CUNGIDH-LEIGHIS.

CARAID rùnach mo shòlais, cliar mór a' chridh' fharsuinn,
 Smior an t-seòid nach bu sgabach 'n a fhialachd,
 Bhi 'n a eiridneach lodaicht' fodh dhóruinn a' ghalair,
 'S buileach brònach ri aithris an sgial e ;
 'S mór am béud fear do nòis, a ni òran cho math rint,
 'Bhi gun chòmhnadh 'n uair 'thachradh tu 'n iargainn,
 Ach biodh d' earbsa ri fòir fhad 's 'tha deò ann a d' anail—
 Cha 'n 'eil leòn air an talamh gun iocshlaint.

Ged nach taitneach do 'n t-sùil, 's ged nach cùbhraidh, no milis,
 An gnè chung s' 'tha gu smior 'chur 'n a d' eirbheirt,
 Ma thig slàint' ort 'n a chùrs', mar 'tha dùil ris gu'n tig ort,
 Cha chùis-dhiombaidh dhut miosad a sheirbhe ;
 Rach-sa 'n sàs ann mar dhiùlnach, 's fodh d' chùlaig dean sgil air,
 Na biodh stùr dheth nach ith thu, 's nach meirbh thu,
 Ged 'bhiodh dréin ort ri 'ghrùid, 's blas a shùigh a' toirt crith ort,
 'S ged a rùisgeadh d' eit-gheach le 'ghairge.

D. R. M.

LAOIDHEAN NA GAIDHEAL- TACHD.

ANNS an dà àireimh mu dheireadh do 'N 'GHÀIDHEAL bha ar n-aire air a tarraing a dh' ionnsuidh na puinne so le D. M'K. Ann an deireadh na ceud roinn tha mi 'g aontachadh le a bharrail,—Nach 'eil a mhòr chuid de laoidhean na Gàidhealtachd a' tighinn suas ann an ceòl binn ri mòran de na h-òrain a tha air an seinn anns na h-eileanaibh. Cha 'n 'eil ach fìor bheagan diubh freagarrach air son a bhi air an seinn ann an comh-cheangal ri searmonachadh an t-soisgeil mar a tha laoidhean Shancai. Na 'm biodh neach ann us cluas mhath chiuil aige, le Spiorad bàrdachd, agus fo cheannsal Spiorad na fìrinn, is mòr am maith a dh' fheudadh e a dheanamh d' a luchd-dùthcha le bhi 'g ath-ghintinn nan òran ud gu laoidhean spioradail. Ged a tha sinn dearbhte gu 'm bheil an linn ghlòrmhor a' teachd 'n uair a théid às do na h-òrain sin a tha a mhàin a réir na h-inntinn fheòlmhoir, cha 'n fheud sinn a chodhunadh nach 'eil feum 's am bith anns na fuinn leis am bheil iad air an seinn ach a dhol a muga maille rin. Is e a tha annta ceòl nadurra nan Gàidheal; a fhuair àite 'n an cridhe nach fhaigh ceòl eile; agus a tha freagarrach d' an cànan féin; air chor 's gu 'm bheil encoir mhòr air a deanamh orra ann a bhi ag oidhearpachadh air an ceòl fhègradh às an dùthaich. Cha 'n aithne dhomh meadhon is freagarraiche chum an caomhnadh do Dhia na feum a dheanamh dhiubh chum na crìche sin. Tha e dearbhte gu 'n robh Laoidhean Lùtheir air an seinn le ceòl nadurra nan Gearmailteach; 'nam meadhon ni bu mhò air obair an Ath-leasachaidh a chur air aghaidh na a chuid sgrìobhaidhean.

Is anabarrach a' bhuaidh a gheibh briathran cudthromach, air an cur ann an ranntachd eireachdail, agus air an seinn le ceòl binn, air an inn-tinn.

Tha D. M'K. ceàrr a thaobh Mhic Griogair. Cha 'n e Baisteach a bh' ann, ged a bhà e 'na òige 'nam measg. B' ann de na *Seceders* no an *Secession* a bha e; a thàinig gu bhi air an aonadh ris an *Relief*, agus mar sin 'nan *United Presbyterians*. Dh' fhàg D. M'K. e d'a thaobh a chuid Laoidhean air dheireadh air a' chòignear eile. B' aithne dhomhsa an Dùghlach gu math; agus tha mi dearbhte n'an abradh neach ris gu 'n robh a Laoidhean air thoiseach air Laoidhibh a' Ghriogaraich gu 'm biodh e cinnteach gu 'm b' ann a' fìor mhagadh air a bhiodh e; agus tha mi dearbhte gu 'n robh am beachd ceudna aig Para Gràndd. Is e mo beachd seasmhach féin, agus bheir mi seachad i gu neo-sgàthach, a mach o Dhùghal Bochannan gu 'm bheil e air thoiseach air an iomlan; agus a thaobh leasmhorachd agus soilleireachd a theagasgan fallain gu 'm bheil e air thoiseach air Buchannan féin, ged nach 'eil e sin ann an spiorad bàrdachd, no anns a' mhòrachd leis an do sgeadaich e a bheachdan. Is gann gu bheil teagasg a tha feumail do 'n chreidmheach eòlas fhaotainn air, nach 'eil 'n a Laoidhibh. O an toiseach gu an deireadh tha iad ceangailte ri chéile mar tha leabhar aithghearr nan Ceist. Is iomadh leabhar a leugh mi ach cha do leugh mi a h-aon riamh a mach o'n Bhìobull, a b' fheumaile do m' anam, agus a bu mhò a thug cuideachadh dhomh ann an searmonachadh an t-soisgeil na e; agus na h-uile dhaoine tuigseach poncail air an d' fhuair mi eòlas, agus a rannsaich e la cùram, bha iad a dh' aon bheachd rium; agus tha mi dearbhte nach 'eil iad ach tearc a fhuair eòlas cho farsuing

air beachdan dhaoine eile d' an taobh 's a fhuair mi. Tha mi feòraich do D. M'K.,—"D. M'K., an do leugh thu riamh ann am Beurla, no an Gàilig, firinnean is cudthromaiche agus is glòrmhoire, agus air an cur sìos ann an ranntachd ni 's eir-eachdaile, na tha ann an "Coimh-cheangal nan Gràs?"

Tha laoidhean Phàruig milis gun teagamh, gu sònruichte air an seinn; ach ann a bhì 'gan leughadh 's minic a thubhairt mi rium fhéin, "dh' fhàgaimn so ni b' fheàrr;" ach cha d'thubhairt misin ann a bhì leughadh a' Ghriogaraich. Bha eadar-dhealachadh mòr eadar an suidheachadh anns an robh an Griogarach agus an Grànndach air an cur. Bha Pàruig aig a dhachaidh; agus 'na thir fhéin, 's 'na companach dha a cheud bhean a bha comharraichte air ceòl. Ach bha Seumas an tìr chéin, neo-chomasach air eòlas fhaotainn air òran-aibh agus ceòl a dhùthcha, ach trid am bàird. 'S e sin an t-aobhar air son an do lean e Donnachadh Bàn cho mòr. Tha e coltach ma rinn Macgriogair piobaireachd nach d' rinn D. M'K. dannsa. Cha b' ann mar sin a bha a thaobh Dhonnachaidh Dhùghlaich. Bha e mach 'n a aonar aon là agus gun duine 'g a fhaicinn, agus chuir an rann a leanas gu dannsa e cho sgairteil 's a rinn e riamh:—

"Nis tha mi air tìr le cinnt 's le cothrom
Ge dìblidh dona mi fhéin;
Tha m' Urras gun dibreadh, chì mi chobh-
air,
Gun dìth mu choinneamh gach feum."

Tha e coltach gu 'n robh e air a riaghladh leis an aon Spiorad ri Daibhidh 'nuair a dhanas e fa chomhair na h-àire; agus gu bheil gu leòir ann, n'am faiceadh iad e, a bhiodh a dh' aon inntinn ri Michel, nighean Shanil. Agus O is mi a ghàireadh gu cridheil,—cha b' ann gu magail, ach gu tréibhdhireach,—

n'am faicinn D. M'K. le aon de òranaibh a' Ghriogaraich air a chur gu dannsa, le uile chridhe, leis an àrd aoibhneas a lion anam an Dùghlaich. Tha e coltach gu'm bheil e a' meas nach coir laoidh 'sam bith a chur air fonn dannsa. Tha mi dearbhte gu'n cuala mi mòran tuilleadh de laoidhibh air an seinn aairsan, agus tha mi 'toirt fianuis nach cuala mi riamh laoidhean a bu-drùighteiche air an seinn na cuid diubh sin. Ma 's e agus gu bheil na fuinn sin iomchuidh chum casan an duine entruim amaidich a chur gu leumnaich 's gu dannsa, nach 'eil iad a chearta cho iomchuidh chum anam a chreidmheich a chur ann an gleus agus ann am fonn? Dé an ceòl a chuireadh anam Gobhainn na Hearadh gu dannsa?—

"'S m' anam a' sìor dhannsa
Neo-fhann gun aairsneul."

Cha ghluaiseadh *Coleshill* no *Martyrdom* bhàrr na cathrach e.

Tha D. M'K. a' faotainn coire do MhacGriogair air son cuid de na h-òrain ghaoil aig Donnacha Bàn a chur 'nan laoidh. Nach do rinn Solamh feum 'na dhàn air a' ghaol a tha aig fear agus òigh d'a chéile, mar shamhlachas air a' ghaol a tha eadar Crìosd agus a chéile an eaglais?

Nach neònach an ni a bhì 'a samhlachadh a' Ghriogaraich ri ban-trach a' phiobaire! Cò ris a shamhlaicheas mi e féin? Tha ris a' chonnspaich pbuinnseanta. Tha daoine eile a' toirt mìl às na laoidhibh mar an seilein; ach tha esan a' toirt puinnsein àsda. C'ait am bheil am puinnsean? C'ait ach 'n a inntinn féin.

O'n tha D. M'K. 'g a chur féin suas mar bhreitheamh air Bàird agus air Laoidhibh na Gàidhealtachd bu chòir da féin eiseimpleir mhath a chur rompa; agus toiseachadh air

na fuinn lùrach sin a thogail a tha an measg nan Eileanach, agus laoidhean spioradail a chur ri chèile freagarrach air an son. Deanadh e sin agus faiceamaid obair a làimhe fèin; agus 'na bhithas iad eadhon cho mhath ri laoidhean a' Ghriogar-ach is mise a' cheud duine a bhiodh toileach a chuidsan fhaotainn. Cha 'n aithne dhomh cò e; co-dhiù a tha e sean no òg. Ach tha mi ann an trom amharus gur h-òganach a th' ann. Ma seadh cha bhi e cho deacair a lùbadh. Feudaidh e bhi còlach air a' Ghàilig; ach 's e aon ni a tha mi dearbhte às gu 'm biodh e 'na bhuannachd dha cuid d' a bheachdaibh a chuiteachadh.

Bha an Gràndach airidh air gach moladh a thug D. M'K. dha. Tha mi creidsinn nach robh eaglais anns a' Ghaidhealtachd aig an robh barradh ann an spioradalachd, ann am blàths, ann an aonachd, agus ann an smior na diadhachd, air eaglais Baile-nan-Gràndach, 'n uair a bha e féin air a ceann agus a chuid laoidhean air an seinn 'nam measg. Ach plòs e bean Ghallda 'n a shean aois. Cò nach biodh duilich air son a shuidh-eachaidh. Oir glé ghoirid an déigh dha féin agus d'a dhanagan milis a bhi air an toirt fo chis thàinig a' Ghàilig fo chis mar an ceudna. A mhac a bha comasach air a cumail suas dh' fhàg e iad 's chaidh e Dhùnéideann. Le cion tùir nam pàrantan, toileach air a' chlànn a thogail gu fasanta, thog an òigridh an cinn a' deanamh tàir' air a' Ghàilig. Is mise tha dearbhte gu bheil na briathran a leanas freagarrach do'n eaglais sin do thaobh an ni a bha i:—

“Ach dh' fhalbh sud uile mar bhrudar
No bristeadh builgein air uachdar nan
tonn;”

Agus gu bheil na briathran a leanas freagarrach air an ni a ta i:—

“Cionnus a thàinig smal air an òr?
A chaochail an t-òr ro fhinealta?”

GILLEASB. MAC IAIN.

ORAN DO IAIN RUADH MAC CAILEIN AN TRIATH AORACH.

Le NIALL MAC EALAIR, Tuathanach ann an Diùra anns a' bhliadhna 1694.

Gur h-e sgeul an Iarl' Aora so
B' ait leam fhéin fhaotainn;
'S do mhuintir gu teagadh,
'S gun am mulad 'gan taobh-inn:
O! ach bli 'g éiridh gu greadhnach
Mu d' shròin!

B' e sud Iarla na carraige,
'Nuair a chaidh e thar fairge,
A bha gu h-urranta gailbheach,
A dhol an comhdhail an Fhrancaich,
O dh' fhàg e mòran d'a champa
Fo leòn!

Mìle fàilte do 'n ghaisgeach!
An uair a dh' fhailnich an t-each air
Ghlac an t-àrmunn a chasan,—
Spiorad Gàidheil gun ghealtachd,
Rinn e mòran diubh ghlacadh,
O 's thug e pùc do luchd ad
Agus chleòc!

C'uim nach deanamaid ùmhlachd?
'S gun an claidheamh a rùsgadh,
Mòran onoir is cùram
A bhi romhad 's gach dùthaich,
A nòic an rath is àrd cliù air
Ceann slòigh!

C' uim nach deanamaid mire
Air songu 'n d' fhuair sinn ceann-cinnidh?
De 'n fhuil is uailse 's is mire,
A sheasas cruadail gun tioma—
O 's cha 'n 'eil fòtas fo fhilleadh
Do chleòc!

Mìle furan, ceud fàilte,
Bu chòir dhuinne thoirt dhàsan,
'S a bhi 'g òl a dheoch slàinte,
Aiseag copain foirm ceàrnaich,
Fuaim fhinnibh 'n uair thairnt' iad,
As na togsaidean làna
'S bhi cur seachad fion Spàinnteach
M'ar bòrd!

B' e sud a' chuideachd bha rioghail
Eadar Dubhaird an fhìona
Agus Tairbeart Chinn-Tìre,
A bha gun chadal na h-oidliche,—
O m'an d' thugadh iad sgrìob d' ar
Cuid beò!

COMHRADH

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS
COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

MUR.—“An e so Fear a' Ghoirtein Fhraoich? Bn bheag mo dhùil an uair a dh'fhàg mi am baile, gu'm faicinn thusa, a Choinnich, air an fhéill so. Am bheil muilt agad r'a reiceadh an diugh, no crodh r'a cheannachadh, no dròbhairean r'a chòmhlachadh, no càirdean r'a choinneachadh, no ciod a th'agad r'a radh air do shon fein, a Charaid?”

COIN.—“Feudaidh mise a ràdh mar a thubhairt an Sean-fhocal, ‘Am fear aig nach 'eil gnothuch do'n bhaile mhòr, bheir e gnothuch as.’ Dh' fhàg mise an Goirtean-Fraoich an diugh 's a' mhaduinn gun gnothuch àraidh, agus a réir coslais fàgaidh mi an fhéill gun gnothuch àraidh a thoirt gu crìch. Bha gréidhear, no riaghlaire fearainn a dhith air Sir Seumas, agus chuir e romhamsa teachd dh' ionnsuidh na féille, gun fhios nach fhaicinn neach eigin freagarrach air a shon; ach cha'n fhaca, uime sin tha mo thuras diomhain.”

M.—“Is e sin a' cheart gnothuch a thug mise an so, mar an céudna, ach thachair mi air fear a mhuinntir Siorrachd Rois, a ni, tha mi'n dòchas, mo gnothuch.”

C.—“Ciod a dh'éirich do Uilleam Mac Aonghais Mhic Shéumais a bha agad co fada?”

M.—“Ghabh e'n a cheann dol do dh-Australia, far am bheil piuthar aige pòsda, agus riamh o'n smuainich e air sin, cha robh suim aige do'n obair, oir is minic a chual thu, ‘Fear 's a bhaile, us aire as, is fearr as no ann e.’ Mar sin dh' eirich do Uilleam Mac Aonghais, ach tha eagal orm gu'n gabh e aithreachas, oir bithidh ùine gu leoir aige chum sin a dheanamh mu'n ruig e taobh eile

an t-saoghail. Cha'n 'eil Australia mar a bha e, oir cha'n fhaighear a nis an t-òr air na clachaibh, ni's mo na gheibhear 's a' Ghaidhealtachd; ach, mar a chual thu, tha 'adhaircean mòr air a' chrodh a ta fad as. Ach thig-sa maille riumsa an nochd, a Choinnich, agus cuiridh sinn gnothuichean an t-saoghail an òrdugh.”

C.—“Tha eagal orm, a Mhurchaidh, gu'n saoil Seònaid gu'n do thuit mi ann an sloè, no gu'n do ruith mi air falbh le caillich eile, mur ruig mi an Goirtean-Fraoich an nochd, do bhrìgh nach do chuir mi teagamh 'n am dhol dhachaidh.”

M.—“Cha'n eagal do Sheònaid, oir cha'n 'eil cunnart sam bith gu'n tuit thu ann an sloc, ni mo tha dùil idir agam gu'n ruith thu air falbh le caillich eile, oir 'is fearr an t-òle eòlach, na'n t-òle aineolach.’ Ach so agad mar a nithear, chum gach slighe a dheanamh réidh, agus gach neach fhàgail aig fois. Chunnaic mi do choimhearsnach Callum Mac Alasdair Mhic Fhearchair air an fhéill. Ni mi greim air, agus cuiridh mi brath leis dh'ionnsuidh Seònaid, gu'm faic deireadh na h-ath sheachdain thu aig a' bhaile. Eireanaid ma ta, agus thugamaid dhachaidh oirnn.”

C.—“Cha'n 'eil maith a bhi 'cur 'n ad aghaidh, a Mhurchaidh, oir socraichidh tu gach ni air do dhòigh fein. Feuch, ma ta, am faic thu Callum Mac Alasdair. Cha'n 'eil e fad as, oir gheibhear e am measg na drùthaig ann am bùth air choreigin. Cha mhisg le Callum bochd an dà shùil a fhliuchadh mu'm fag e làrach na féille, ach an déigh sin is creutair laoghach e, agus gun lochd do neach eile. Ach tha eagal orm nach bi Seonaid socaireach ma dh' fhanas mi.”

M.—“Socraich thusa thu fein, a Choinnich, agus gabh cùisean an t-saoghail ni's eutruime na bha thu

a' deanamh, oir cha'n 'eil gliocas, no buannachd, no beamachd, ann a bhli'g ad chlaoidh fein a là agus a dh' oidhliche le nithibh saoghalta; oir cha'n fhad gus am fàg sinn 'n ar deigh e, maile ris gach diomhlanas a bhuineas da. Uime sin, is amaid-each an duine sin a ta 'toirt a chridhe dha, agus a ta 'snidheachadh 'iuntinn fein air mhodhanacuinseach air. Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach féun neach a bhli' d'ann, dichollach, dean-adach, ann a bhli' deanamh solair air son a theaghlaich fein, oir is mios' e na ama-creideach nach dean sin. Ach air an làmh eile, a Choinnich, tha riaghailt, cuimse, agus measarrachd, anns gach dleasnas fo'n ghréin. Tha iad sin air an sònrachadh leis-san, a tha gu neochriochnichte glie, agus leis-san biomaid air ar stiùireadh 'n ar dleasasaibh aimsireil agus spior-adail, agus bithidh ar crìoch dheir-eannach ann an sìth."

C.—“Tha mi ag aontachadh leis gach lide a labhair thu, a Mhurachaidh, agus bu mhaith dhuinn uile na nithe sin a ghabhail a steach air mhodh ni's curamaich na tha mòran a' deanamh. An uair a bha'n teaghlach agam òg agus diblidh, cha'n 'eil teagamh nach robh mi 'g am chlaoidh fein tuilleadh's searbh, o mhoch gu dubh, air son an leas; ach a nis, air doibh a bhli air fàs suas, feumaidh iad amharc air an son fein, agus ceadaichadh d'an athair fein beagan fois agus suaibhneis a shealbhachadh."

M.—“Gle cheart, a Choinnich, tha mise mar an ceudna, a' cur romham a' cheart ni sin a dheanamh; oir, mar a thubhairt duine àraidh roimh so;

“Cuim' am bithinn mar Chroman-lin,
A' tional lèin o bharr gach dris?
C'arson nach caithinn-sa an saoghal,
O'n chaitheas an saoghal mis'?”

“Sin agad, ma ta, rùintean mo

chridhe, a charaid mo ghràidh, agus is ann chum na criche sin a shònrach mi greim fhaotuinn air riagh-lair thairis air a' bhaile, aig am bheil ceann ni's fearr na bha aig Uilleam Mac Aonghais mhic Shéumais. Cha b'urraim mi mòran earbsadh ri Uilleam bochd, oir cha robh ann mu dheireadh ach creutair seòchlanach gun mhoran maith no cron. Cha robh stùlean aige chum cùisean fhaicinn mar a bha iad; cha robh tuigse aige chum am mearachd a ghlacadh 's an déis; agus cha robh amhuras 'n a chridhe gu'n robh e 'n a ni comusach an t-olc a dheanamh."

C.—“Tha mi an dòchas gu'n riarach am fear ùr so gu maith thu, a Mhuraehaidh, oir tha sonas an teaghlaich gu mòr an crochadh ri dillseachd nan seirbhiseach."

M.—“Tha deagh chliu dheth co dhiubh, agus tha aon bhuaidh air gu'n cùm e iadsan mu'n cuairt da suilbhear, critheil, oir is deagh phiobair e, agus tha e taghta air na h-oranaibh, agus 'n an aite fein cha'n 'eil lochd sam bith anns na buaidhibh sin."

C.—“Cha bu mbhiste leam fhaicinn, oir tha eolas agam air moran de na tuathanaich air taobh an iarr Rois, mar a ta Loch-Aillse, Loch-Dubhaich, Loch-Carrain, Ceann-Taile, agus na crìochan mu'n cuairt."

M.—“Chith thu e gun dàil, is Mathonach e, agus tha a chridhe anns na crìochaibh sin a bhuineadh o shean do na Mathonaich, agus a bhuineas, ann an cuid dhoibh fathast. Tha e ann so a' tighinn, agus tha e gle ealanta 's a' Ghaelig. Is duine ciallach, tuigseach e, agus ro dheasbhriathrach a thaobh eachdraidh nam Mathonach. Chuir e an ceill gu'n robh Mac Mhathoin ann roimh so, a bha 'n a Phrionnsa Orieil, agus air ceann aon mhìle deug fear, chuir e an ruaig air Ionraic De Courcei, a bha 'n a cheannard air armailt nan

Anglo-Normans. Thachair so, ma's fìor an sgéul, air còmhnrdaibh Fearnraig 's a' bhliadhna 1171. Cha d' rinn aon de Chinu-fheadhna nam Mathonach sìth mar iochdarain ri rìghrìbh Shasuinn gu linn Banrighinn Ealasaid, a chuir luchd-bràthaidh d'an dùthaich, agus a thug sgrios air na h-oighreachdan aca le teine is claidheamh. An déigh mòran mineachaidh a thoirt air gach geur-leanmhuinn a rinneadh air an fhineadh aige, shéinn e òran, agus glaodhaidh mi air gus an seinn e dhuit fein e, a Choinnich. Thig-sa am fagus, a Mhathonaich, agus cluinn-eamaid fuaim do ribheid."

1.

Mo shoiridh air chuan-uam,
Gu ruig na mna uas-aill,
Chuir thugam mo shuaich'neas
Air fhuaidheal le snàth.

LUINNEAG.

Gu'm bi mi 'siubhal a null thar sàil,
Gu'm bi mi siubhal, 's cha'n fhaicear mi
dubhach,
Ach ruigidh mi subhach, Loch-Dubhaich
Chinn-Tàil,
Gu'm bi mi 'siubhal a null thar sàil.

2.

Air fhuaidheal gu riomhach,
Le h-olainn 's le sìoda,
Tha h-obair ag innseadh,
Gur finealt' a làmh.

3.

Bean cheanalta, shuairce,
Do chinneadh nan uaislean,
Clann Ghriogair o Ruadh Shruth,
Thug buaidh auns na blàir.

4.

Ged rinn iad Gleann Liobhainn,
A chall le luchd mi-rùin,
Tha 'n cinneach a' dìreadh
'S an rioghachd an tràths'.

5.

N a'm bithinn am phòitear,
Gu'n rachainn gu deònach,
A shuidh 's an tigh-òsda,
A dh' òl an deoch-slàint'.

6.

Cha leth-bhodach spìocach,
A b' àill leam 'bhi 'g iarraidh,
Ach buideal làn fiona
'S a dhioladh air clàr.

7.

Ged chaill sinn an tìre,
Thug Ailpean an rìgh dhuinn,
Tha slìos Inner-Ionaid,
Fo chis aig mo dhàimh.

8.

Tha'n Aird agus Aoineig
Aig fear de mo dhaoine,
'S Loch-Dubhaich nar aonach,
Gach taobh dheth 'n a làimh.

9.

Tha'n tìr a thug Domhnall
Mac-Mhathoin le gòraich,
Do dh Fhearachair Mac Bheòlain,
Le còir aig an tràths'.

10.

Ged chaill sinn le millteir,
An tìr bh' aig mo shinnsear,
Tha sòlas air m' inntinn,
Gur leinn Tullach-Ard.

11.

'N uair a thug sinn do Chailein,
Ceann-Tàile le Malaidh,
Bhris Pàdruig a ghealladh,
'G ar mealladh gach tràth.

12.

Gur beag a bha 'bhuaidh ann,
Do'n dream a thug uainn e ;
'S ged nochd iad dhuinn fuath
Gu'm bi 'n tuarasdal paight'.

13.

Ged mheall iad le foill
O Mhac-Mhathoin an oighreachd,
Gu'n d' fhuair sinn 'nis greim oirr'
'S neoir-thainge do'n ghràisg.

14.

Tha Leòbhas na fairge,
A comhnard 's a garbhlach,
Aig Mathonach calma,
'S gach cearb dhi 'n a làimh.

15.

'S na fhuair sinn o Ailpean
Gu'm faigh sinn air ais e,
Is pillidh mi dhachaidh
Le h-àiteas do'n Aird.

16.

'S gu'n innis mi sgéul duibh,
An Gaelig no 'n Béurla,
Mu thinnchioll nan tréun-fhear
Chuir Eirinn fo chàin.

17.

Chuir Ionraic De Courcei
A losgadh na dùthcha,
Ach dh' éirich na diulnaich
Is sgrios iad a' ghràisg!

18.

'N uair a dh' éirich Mac-Mhathoin
Air deas Rìmh a' chearna,
Chaidh dubh-Ghoill a chrathadh,
Le flath Innis-Eail!

19.

Cha deanadh iad strìochdadh,
Fad cheithir chéud bliadhna,
Do dh-Ionraic na dh-Iabhair,
Bha riamh air an àit.

20.

'N uair chaidh iad an òrdugh,
Am Fearnaig le'n comhlann;
Bha Sasunnaich brònach
'S chaidh mòran duibh bàs!

21.

Ach bithidh mi 'cò-dhùnadh,
Nan rann so le dùrachd,
Mo Bhancharaid chliuteach
Bhi sùgach gu bràth!

LUNNEAG,

Gu'm bi mi 'siubhal a nùll thar sàil,
Gu'm bi mi 'siubhal, 's cha'n fhaicear mi
dubhach,
Ach ruigidh mi subhach Loch Dubhaich
Chinn-Tàil,
Gu'm bi mi 'siubhal a nùll thar sàil.

C.—“Is gleùsda a rinn thu, a
Mhathonaich, is maith do chàil, agus
is glan do ghuth. Tha sòlas ort
gu'm bheil Leòbhas, Loch-Aillse,
agus ionadan eile 's na 'cearnaidh sin
a ris fo chumhachd nam Mathonach.
Bi dileas do d' mhaighstir, agus gu
robh buaidh leat.”

M.—“Tiugainn a nis, a Choin-
nich, dh' fhéuchainn am faigh sinn
greim suipeir mu'n d'théid sinn m'a
thàmh. Tha bean-an-tighe ag éigh-

each oirnn, ach bithidh tuilleadh
còmhraidh againn m'a chaomhnar
sinn gu là eile.”

ALASDAIR RUADH.

—o—

FEIN-OILEAN.

OILEAN NA H-INNTINN.

ANNS na linntean so againne tha a' chuid
is mò d' ar n-eòlas a' sruthadh bho LEABH-
RAICHEAN. Gun teagamh sa bith tha leabh-
raichean ro fhéumail chum ar cuideachadh
gu ruigsinn air eòlas, agus ann an tomhas
mór gus gach ealain agus fòghlum taibhach
a chur an cleachdamh, ach cha 'n iad air
alt sa bith prìomh thobraichean no tobr-
aichean nàdurra ar n-oilein, agus, a reir
mo beachda, tha an éifeachd ealamh gu
bhi air a meas mò 's a' chòir, eadhon anns
na mèuraibh eòlais sin anns an saoilteadh
nach biodh e comasach dèanamh as an
éugmhais. Cha bhuih daibh cumhachdan
cruthachaidh ann an seadh sa bith; cha 'n
'eil anna ach cuideachaidhean, innealan,
buill-acfhuinn; agus eadhon mar bhuill-
acfhuin cha 'n 'eil anna ach buill
dhèanta, air an cur riuthasan a bhuilich
roimh-òrduchadh glic a' Chruithfhir oirnn;
tha iad mar na gloineachan-fad-sheallach
agus na gloineachan mèudachaidh a tha
chum mór chuideachaidh ann an càrsa ar
rannsachaidh le bhi a' foillseachadh iong-
antasan do-bhreathnaichte, ach nach bu
chòir air chor sa bith ar mealladh gu bhi
a' cur ar sùilean fein ann an neo-shuim no
a' dearmad a bhi 'g an cleachdainn. Cha
'n iad leabhraichean prìomh thobraichean
no tobraichean àraidh ar n-eòlais, ach
beatha, cleachdamh, beachdachadh, fair-
eachdainn, agus gnìomh. An uair a
ghabhas duine a mach leotha sin faodaidh
leabhraichean iomadh bealach a lìonadh
suas, mòran a tha gann a chur am farsaing-
eachd; ach as eugmhais cleachdainn beò
mar bhàr-oibre cha 'n 'eil leabhraichean
ach mar dheàrsadh gréine agus mar fhrasan
uisge a' tuiteam air talamh cruaidh, glas,
anns nach deachaidh crann.*

* Chaidh na briathran so 'eadar-theang-
achadh a Leabhar beag Beurla a chaidh a
chur a mach o chionn ghoirid leis an uasal
shar-fhoghlumte, Professor Blackie, agus
ghabhamaid an cothrom so air an leabhar a
mholadh do gach aon is urrainn ruigsinn
air. Is e ainm an leabhair anns a' Bheurla
“Self-culture.”

AN GARNEALAIR GALLDA DO'N MHAIGHDINN GHÀIDHEALAICH.

Rinneadh an t-òran so mu fhear Gallda a
thuit an gaol air Ban-Ghàidheal : cha robh
Beurla aice, 's cha robh Gàilig aigesan.

Mo ghaol a' mhaighdeann
'Dh' fhàs cridheil aoibheil,
Air an do bhruadair mi
'N raoir a'm' shuain ;
'Nuair rinn mi dùsgadh,
B'e fàth mo thùrsa
Thu bhì 'n Ceann-Tùra
Cho fada bhuam.

Is anns an Eilean
A' buain nan dearcan
A ghabh mi ceist dhìct
Is mòran gràidh ;
Do chòmhradh falaich
A rinn mo mhealladh
'S tha mise cheana
Leis air mo chràdh.

D' aghaidh shìobhalta
Bhòidheach, mhàlda,
Mar ròs an gàradh
Do dhà ghruaidh ;
Do chùl donn sìomhain
Mar sheudan fiodh'lach
'S e ann an stòm air
A chumail suas.

Tha do phògan
Mar na h-ùbhlan ;
D' anail chùbhraidh
Mar shugh-craobh ;
Do chneas mar eala,
Do chrìos mar chanach,—
Da shùil ghorm mhealach
Fo mhala chaoil.

An uair a ruigeas mi
Tigh-a'-bhealaich,
'S a chè mi Anna
'S i nuas o'n àich ;
Their mo chridhe rium
Tha i tighinn,
'S i sud an nighean
Da'n d' thug mi gràdh.

'S truagh nach robh mi
Is mo leannan
An gleannan falaich,
'S sinn fad o chàch ;
No'n Gleann-a'-Leòra,
Is badan cèd ann
'S gu'n deanainn còmhradh riut
Anna an fhraoch.

Ma tha fear eile,
Am bun do sgèithe
A tha ga d' theumadh
'S ga d' mhealladh bhuam ;
'S ma thug thu gaol da
Gu mise thaobhsinn
Gur h-e am faochadh
A gheibh mi'n uaigh.

DONNACHADR MAC UILCRIN.

—o—

BEACHD NAN HINDUACH AIR DIA, AIR A' CHRUTHACH- ADH AGUS AIR A' CHRUINN- E-CHE.

ANNS a' chunntas bheag a leanas
tha iomradh. a réir aon bhuidheann
am measg nan Hinduach, air na
firinnibh freumhail air am bheil an
creideamh aca air a bhonntachadh.
Cha'n 'eil fhios nach robh beachdan
am measg nan seann Ghaidheal nach
robh mòran ni b' fheàrr.

Tharruing Bràm a mach às féin
triùir dhée eile—Bràmà—Bhishnu
—agus Shìbha. 'S iad so Trianaid
aidmheil nan Innean : 'N a dhéigh
sud thug Bràm a mach ugh mór !
Do bhroinn an uighe ud chuir e sìol
gach ni cruthaichte—bha na saogh-
ail 's an ugh ann am pòr—agus
maille riutha chaidh Bràmà—ceud
phearsa na Trianaid.

Dh' fhan Bràmà 'san ugh fad
ceithir mìle agus trì cheud muillion
de bhliadhnachaibh.

B' obair dha ré na h-ùine ud, a
bhì 'cur beatha agus cinneis anns
gach gné phòir a bh' anns an ugh,
gus an d' thàinig gach ni gu fhìor
chumadh.

Fad nam muillionan bliadhn' ud
bha an t-ugh a' snámh mar bhuilgean
air aghaidh nan uisgeachan sìorruidh
—a' sìor fhàs ann am meud—agus
a' dearg-lasadh le lannireachd mìle
cuairt ni's dealraiche na ghrian ann
a làn neart !!!

Fadheòidh sgealb an t-ugh, agus
thàinig Bràmà a mach á' phrìosan air

uigheamachadh le mìle ceann, mìle suil, agus mìle làmh!

Cha b' iongantach idir e bhì laidir, geur-sheallach agus glie.

As an ugh thàinig a mach mar an ceòl na mìongantach—dealbhnuadh, nach facas riamh, roimhe. Ciod so? An cruinne-cé-glòrmhor agus iongantach—an cruinne-cè ullamh agus nùdhimichte mar a nis, le a shaoghail, a ghrèin, a ghealach, agus a reultan.

Their luchd mìneachaidh na beachd so gur e Bràm féin an cruinne-cé: Bràm, cha'n e Bràmà.

'S iad na luibhean, agus craobha na fithhe, maille ri neòil nan speur, folt a chinn; 's iad na dealanaich fuilteine fheusaig; 's e an t-àile an-ailsan—agus 's e a ghuth na tàirn-eanaich.

'S iad a' ghrian agus a' ghealach a shùilean—na h-àimhnichean a chuislean—na creagan ionganna—agus cnàmhan a chuirp na beannta mòra?

Thàinig ceithir saoghail dheug a mach às an ugh; bha seachd dhiubh maith agus sè uile olc; ach anns an aon eile bha olc agus maith measgachichte—'s e so am fear 's am beil againne ar còmhnuidh. Tha sèa dhiubh os ar ceann, agus seachd fodhainn. Anns an t-seachd iochdrach tha chòmhnuidh aig gach creutair olc agus graineil: agus anns an t-sé a 's àirde na sinne tha ionada-còmhnuidh nan dée.

ROSACH.



CARN-NA-CUIMHNE.

CARN-NA-CUIMHNE AND LONACH—DEE-SIDE AND DON-SIDE HIGHLANDERS, VIZ., THE FARQUHARSONS AND THE FORBESSES.

“THE following old song, with translation,* was lately discovered by an enthusiast in

* The translation will be found in our English department.

such matters among a collection of old Gaelic manuscripts, in the possession of a gentleman of the clan Gregor, resident at Aberfeldy, in the Highlands of Perthshire. The manuscripts are mostly all in the hand-writing of the late Rev. Mr. Macgregor, sometime minister at Glengairn, in the district of Mar, and afterwards at Kilmuir, Isle of Skye. In its original state the song must be considered much older in date than the time of Macgregor, but we are not sure that the composition may not have gained considerably in merit at the hands of the clever and enthusiastic parson whose writings betray great poetical taste and talent. Then the translation is marked as having been done by the accomplished Ewan Maclauchlan, rector of the Grammar School, Old Aberdeen, in honour of whose talents a monument was in after years erected in his native Lochaber. There are critical notes appended to the translation by both the author and Mr. Macgregor. Let it not be supposed that we awaken this ancient lyre for the purpose of casting a slur upon the character of the hardy Highlanders of the Don, past or present. Far from it; and we are certain that they themselves will be only highly amused at contrasting the sentiments expressed in the song with the friendly and fraternal intercourse which now so regularly subsist between them and the Highlanders of Braemar. It may be mentioned that ‘Lonag’ or ‘Lonach,’ is the slogan or war-cry of the Highlanders of Strathdon, and ‘Carn-na-Cuimhne,’ that of the men of Strathdee or Braemar.”—*Inverness Courier*.

'S iad fir Bhraigh-Mhar fir mo chridhe
Choisneadh beaidh air faich' 's air slighe
Cumaidh Carn-na-Cuimhn' a dhlighe

Olc air mhath le Lonag
Seraidh uam o chlar mo chridhe
Chum nan seoid a dheanadh sithionn
Cha bhuin daibh fir na fuarcig' uidhir

'G a h-iththeadh 'n àit na feola

O 's iad mo rùn na treun ghaisgich,
Le 'n cuilbheiribh nach diultadh lasadh;
'N am dusgadh dhoibh nan lanan glasa
Bhiodh fuil air bratuich Lonaig
A' bhuidheann ghasa, chuachach, thlachd-
mhor,

'N am tarraun suas doibh air an fhaiche,
Bhiodh an ruaig air luchd nan casag
Sios an taic ri Lonaig.

'S marig a shamlaicheadh ri chéile,
Muinntir Dheun a's uisge Dhé so;
Chuireadh Crann-taire corr 's cuig ceud
dhiubh,

'N ceann a chéile 'n ordugh

'S mor thug Chabbers riamh de speis doibh,
An cathan Thearlaich agus Sheumais ;
Tha fir mo chridhe reir a chéile,
'S cha treig morfhear òg iad.

Tha daoine uaisle anns an tìr so
Nach leig coir dhiubh càrn no dìreach,
Cuiridhean ro gharga, dhleas,
'S cha dèir cliu ri 'm beò iad ;
Ged tha Fuirbeisich gun athadh
'S beag an caimean iad 'san rathad,
Sguraidh fir Mhar iad mar an eabhadh,
Sios thair fraidhibh Lonaig.

'Nan arm 's 'nan eiddh 'n tùs an latha,
Bhiodh sunnd a's sìrd orr' chum a' chatha
Réubadh a's mhilleadh iad am plathadh
Uile mbaithean Lonaig !

Fuirbeisich, ged tha iad bruidhneach,
Bhiodh fir Mhar air thùs na buidhne,
'S cha bhì clach an Carn-na-Cuimhne
'N là a bhuidhneas Lonag.

Tha Carn-na-Cuimhne daingean, làidir,
Mar cloich-mbullaich druim na sràide,
'Sa chaidh cha ghluaisear e as 'aite,
Dh'aindeoin ardain Lonaig.
'N uair ghabhadh seachad fir a' chruadail,
Chuireadh clach 's a' charn 'san uair sin,
Leis gach aon gun sinag gun ghruaman,
'Nuair chuireadh suas 'n a thorr e.

Ged nach gluais e bho oir Dhe uainn,
Ruigidh 'fheartan gar nach téid e
Dhion e riamh gach neach dh' éigh e
Anns gach feill a's co 'ail ;
Ach nan tngadh 'n Triath Rìgh Seumas
'S Iarla Mhar nan aite fein dhuinn
Le urram ur bhiodh an carn ag eirigh
'S cha bhiodh speis do Lonaig.

'S an oidhch' fir Lonaig thain' gu leir oirnn,
Bha sneachd ga chur, a's gaoth a' séideadh,
Cheangail an reodha iad ri chéile
'S chuir aiteamh treun an toir orr',
Fior shoraidh nam gu allt na Lairic,
Dh-ionnsuidh an lascair uasail, làidir,
A dh'eireadh mar bu dual le chaidhith
'S nach cuireadh blar le Lonaig

Cha'n eisd am Mar o cheann gu ceann dheth
Ceann-Fine idir ach Mac Fhionlaidh
'Se fein 'sa chlaun aig' riamh nach d' ionn-
suich

Cul a thionndadh 'n coraig
'S mar chraobh mhullach dhuilleach, bhilath-
ail

Dh' fhas gu h-urair, dosrach, làidir
Dh' fhas gu geugach, meurach, cràchdach
Cha b' ann an garadh Lonaig.

Dh' fhas e'n lios nan craobhan riomhach,
Mar dharraig ard nan gallan dìreach,

'S tha chlaun mar chioll gu'n mheang gu'n
chrionach

Nach lub le siontaibh Lonaig
Cha choimeas riuth' na fir gun Ghailig
'S nach d'ith riamh mir dh' fhir na craice
Bithidh druis air gnuis an fhir a's fearr
dhiubh
'Dìreadh airde Lonaig.

'S fad chaidh an dream ud uile tuaitheal
Le 'm boilich mhùsach a's le'n uabhar
'S iognadh cia mar dh' fhas iad uasal
'S nach robh buaidh air 'bed dhiubh
Ciamar dh' iarradh iad bhi streapadh
Ri luchd nan claidhean a's nan breacan
'S gur gann chaidh duin' dhiubh idir fhaicinn
Ann am feachd nam mor chath.

A h' s licnmhor flath gu sgairteil sgiamhach,
Chaidh mach o'n Charn gu'n ghaoid gun
ghiomh ann,

'N aghaidh ghaisgeach 's eacha srianach,
'S chuir cruaidh gu dian 'nam feoil doibh,
Sonas air na h-armuinn euchdach ;
Buaidh leo anns gach ait' d'an d' theid iad ;
Cluì dhoibh measg nam fineach treuna,
'S mo dheagh thoil fein ri'm beò dhoibh !

—o—

SEANACHAS NAN SEACHD CADALAICHEAN.

THACHAIR anns a' bhliadhna 249,
ann an làithean *Philip*, an t-Iompaire
Ròmanach, gu 'n d' éirich ceannaire
'n a aghaidh am measg luchd-àiteach-
aidh *Mhèisia* ; agus a chum an sluagh
a thoirt gu rèite, thug e fanear gu
'n cuireadh e d' an ionnsuidh ceann-
ard calma, gléusda, d' am b' ainm
Decius, le feachd shaighdearan. Dh'
fhalbh an ceann-feadhna air a thuras,
ach an àite dìchioll a dheanamh air
àithn a mhaighistir achur an gnìomh,
's ann a chuir e impidh air na saigh-
dearan dol maille ris fhéin air taobh
nan naimhdean a chogadh an agh-
aidh an Iompaire ; agus shoirbhich
leis cho fada 'n a rùn 's gu'n d' fhuair,
e an ceann ùine gheàrr, *Philip* a
mharbhadh anns a' chath, agus e
fhéin 'éubhach agus a sgeadachadh
'n a Iompaire.

Cha luaithe a fhuair *Decius* ard-
riaghladh na h-iompaireachd 'n a

laimh, na 'thòisich e air suidheach-adh laghannan us òrduighean ùra a dh' oibreicheadh a chum cumail suas a mhòralachd ghreadhnach fhéin; agus maille ris gach seòrs' aehd us reachd a chuir e a mach, ghabh e 'n a cheann iomhaigh shuaidhte a chur suas ann am baile-mòr *Ephesus*,—an baile sin anns an robh Teampull *Dhiana*, a bha air a chuuntadh 'n a aon de sheachd iongantasan an domhain—agus dh' àithn e gu 'n sléuchdadh luchd-àiteachaidh a' bhaile sìos, agus gu 'n deanadh iad aoradh do 'n iomhaigh.

Ach an measg nan iochdaran aig *Decius* bha seachdnar òganach nach tugadh géill do 'n àithn so, 's a dhiùlt, a muigh 's a mach, aoradh a dheanamh do 'n iomhaigh. Thainig air an t-seachdnar teiche le 'm beatha às a' bhaile, agus rinn iad iad fhéin fhalach ann an aon de na h-uamhannan a bha 'm Beinn *Chelion*.

Air cluinntinn do 'n Iompaire mar a thug na Criosduidhean òga dùbhlán d' a reachd, agus mar a theich iad às a bhaile, dh' àithn e gu 'n rachadh gach aon uamha 's toll a bha anns a' bheinn a lionadh, 's a dhùnadh suas, air chor 's nach biodh aig na h-òganaich rian no rathad air dol às bhò 'n bhàs. Chaidh an t-òrdugh an-ìochdmhor so a chur an gnìomh; agus tuilleadh iomraidh cha chualas air an t-seachdnar òganach ré dhà chiad agus deich bliadhna fichead.

An ceann na h-ùine sin, mu 'n cuairt air bliadhna roimh n àm an d' thainig a' chrith-thalmhainn, a mhair da-fhichead latha, air *Constantinopol*, thachair gu 'n robh clachair ag cladhach làraich tìghe a bha e 'dol a thogail, agus ann a bhi ag cladhach, ciod a rinn e—ma 's fìor an seanachas—ach briseadh a steach troimh mhullach uamhaidh, anns an d' fhuair e seachdnar òganach, a' dùsgadh às an suain leis an ùprait

a rinn e! Bha fìor ghreann a' chadail air na h-òganaich, 's cha bu nì soirbh dhaibh iad fhéin a chumail 'n an dùisg. Air dhaibh, m' a dheireadh, tromsanaich a chadail a chrathadh dhiùbh, thòisich iad air gearan an acrais; agus ghabh fear dhiùbh às laimh dol do bhaile *Ephesus* gu biadh a cheannach air an son.

Dh' fhalbh e do 'n bhaile, thug e bùtha an fhuineadair air, 's chaidh an t-aran a cheangal suas dha, ach bha an cùineadh airgeid a bha aige cho anabarrach aosda, 's nach gabhadh am fuineadair uaithe e ann am pàidheadh an arain; ach, aig an àm chéudna, bha an cùineadh cho fìor annasach, agus aghaidh an òganaich ag amharc cho neo-chiontach, 's gu 'n do thoilich fear-na-butha a leigeadh air falbh leis an aran gun tuilleadh iarraidh air. Ach air dha feòrach dheth cionnus a thachair e fhéin 's an seann chùineadh r' a chéile, dh' innis an t-òganach dha, facal air an fhacal, mar a dh' éirich dha fhéin 's d' a chompanaich.

Bha an sgéul so mu n t-seachdnar òganach cho anabarrach iongantach 's nach b' urrainn reach creideas a thoirt dhi; ach an deigh móran fios-rachaidh agus rannsachaidh a dheanamh mu thiomchioll na cùise, fhuaradh a mach, air réir aithris na sgialachd, caochladh de nithe a bha a dearbhadh nach robh facal mearachd ann an sgéul nan òganach.

Chaidh a chumail a mach mar sin, cha 'n e a mhàin gu 'n do chaidil na òganaich anns an uamhaidh ré dhà chiad us deich bliadhna fichead, ach gur e 'bha anns a' chùis fìor mhior-bhuil, a rinnadh le làimh an Fhreasdail.

Bha daoine urramach anns na linntean a chaidh seachad a deanamh dheth gur e a fhuaradh anns an uamhaidh cnàmhan nan daoine òga, agus gu 'n deach an giùlan ann

an ciste-chloiche gu eaglais *Bhictor* a'm baile-mór *Mharseilles* anns an Fhraing, far an do thòisich móran air dol air turas-cràbhaidh; ach tha cuid eile ann a tha riamh fhathast ag cumail a mach gur e 'n fhìrinn a tha anns an sgéul; agus mar dhearbhadh air an creideamh innte, agus mar chuimhneachan air a mhiorbhuil, tha iad ag cumail féille uair 's a' bhliadhna air co-ainm an latha air an d' thainig na h-òganaich às an uamhaidh.

'S e so an seanachas a bu bhun-sgeòil do 'n fhacal a's minig a chluinntear, 'n uair a bhios neach a' toirt iomraidh air fuaim uamhasach sam bith, 's a their e "fuaim a dhùisgeadh na Seachd Cadalaichean."

HEARACH.

ORAN D' AN CHATH-BHUIDHINN
RIOGHAIL GHAIÐHEALACH.

RINNEADH an t-òran so leis an Urramach Seumas Maclagain, an déigh Cath na h-Eiphite 's a bhliadhna 1801. Bha an t-ùghdar féin, 'n a mhinistir-feachd do 'n Fhreiceadan Dhubh, agus air a chùinntadh 'n a dheadh sgoilear Gàidhlig. Tha an t-òran air a chur sìos an so mar a sgrìobh e fhéin e, agus gheibh sinn ann samhladh air a' mhodh air an robh e am beachd gu 'm bu chòir ar seann chànan a litreachadh.

'SAN Ocht-ceud-deug is blià'na,
'S am beuc na siontan àrd,
Tha gaath-an-Ear, air sciathuibh,
Toirt seeoil an Iar gun chaird;
Fàraon tha cluìteach 's cianail,
"Gun thuit mor thriath 'san àr.
"D' ar sloigh gun thuit na ciadan
"Fa leith, laòich fhial na'n Gàidh'l."

Ma thuit, cha b'ann gun dia'-chluith
A dh'eug an laochraidh gharg;

Gu'n d'aithnich rogh nan *Saor-fhear* *
Gur garbh an gleus 'nam fearg;
Dhìo-la'raich iad gu leir-scrios,
Doi-cheannsuich † threun 'san t-sealg,
Is chuir am Bratach bheudach,
'Mar chuimhn' an eacht d'an *Alb*.

Is cha b'e cothrom *Fèinne*
A fhuair na tréin 's a Bhlàr.
'O'n cùl 's fùì dhuibhribh o'che,
Doi-cheannsuich thain na'n dàil;
'S cath-bhùine eil' r'an éudain
Bu leor r'an claidh 's an àr;
Ach thiontaidh 's chuir fùì mhaidhm
 snd,
'S am fuil aig taom' gu lar.

Mar shaoil *Menou* gun d'aom iad,
Chuir marc-shluagh treun nan còir,
Eich Arabach luath léimneach
A dhianadh eacht air thoir;
Dh'aith-bheodhaich Gàidhil ghlèusta,
Is chuir 'nan stéud sud fòs;
Bha Breat'naich uile tréubhach,
Ach sibhse treun thair glòir.

O'r feodain ghlas aig smùidrich,
Bha froa druìteach géur;
Bhur Gun-bhiodaga rùisgte,
Mach air an druim 'nan stéud;
Bhur Claidhean scàiteach lùth'or
Ag snoigheadh smùis is fhèidh
Sin dhearbhadh nach sibh na lùb-fhàir
Bha 'faoineis riù mu'n *Rèn*.

Ni 'm bheil e 'n comas dhaoine
An tréine dol ni's àird'
Na chaidh na Gàidhil Bhéumnach
'An tìr na h-Eiphit' an tràs:
An cluith a bha co daor dhuibh
Mo dhoigh a chaoidh nach càill;
Braidh neart is cluith n'am fraoch
 bheann,
Sior chuir r'ur daoìn' 's r'ur càil.

Leam 's duilich na fir chròdha
A bhì fùì 'n fhòd gun ded,
Rho fhad o'n dìlsibh brònach,
Nach cluinn an glòir ni 's mò.

* Frangaich. † Invincibles.

Ach 's aoibhinn do na beddhaibh
Gu'n robh iad mòr 'nan là
Nach dean iad tuille gòraich
'S nach éug an glòir no 'n sògh.

Ge duilich linn na dh'eug dhibh
Tha 'n luaidheachd céutach cinnt';
O thuit iad an deagh àbhar
'S gu'n d'fhàg luchd éa-coir sinnt.
An gealtach bàs cha chaomhuinn,
Gu dian ged' shraon o rainn,
'S braidh druinn an eagail reubtadh
Ge fad a léim 'na h-aoillt.

Cha 'n iongnadh linn 'ur dio-bhail,
O ionnsuidh dhian 'ur uamh,
A shaoil, tre sgrìos no Fiannachd,
Gu'm fagta fiamhach càch;
Ach uheall sibh tur am mio-run,
Am moisgain thug gu'n call,
Is scath sibh Catha lionmhor,
'Nan doigh bha àint' d' ur bàs.

O thug na Francaich buaidh air
An fhuigheal through bha 'n Gàl,
An déis do *Cheasar* uaibhreach
Am marbhadh 'n ruag' 's an cròdh',
Shaoil iad gu'm b'ionnan cruas do
Shaor-Ghaidhil uasal Alb,
Bha ionnsuicht', aonuicht', cruadh-
aicht',
'S d'an dù scor-bhuaidh 'nan Colg.

'S sibh iarmad *Iapheit* 's *Ghòmeir*
A ghluais o'n *Tòr* d'an Eorp';
Sliocht *Choillteach*, *Ghaidheal* Mòir-
thir,
Is *Ghaidheal-dànach** cròdh
Nach geilleadh da shluagh *Ròimhe*:—
'S *Teutonaich* thain' n'ur còir,
A-chuid-a-chuid le seòltachd,
'S cha b'ann le tredir co mòr.

Na *Lochlannuich* thug ionnsuidh
Ar cionnsachadh gu tùr;
Le Fogh-mharachd 's droch thionn-
senadh,
Faraon air tràigh 's air mùir;

Ach uaigh thug *Gaidhil* dhoibh sud
Leo gus am b'annsadh sgùr;
'S bheir sibhse dearbh' gach àm air
Gur sinne 'n clann chruaidh mhear.

Ar gaisg do dhùisg dhuinn mio-run
Na'n *Gotach* fiata searbh;
Seadh iarmad Ghaidh'l tha lionmhor,
A shàth 'nar bian an calg,
Nis ni bheil Goth a scriobhas,
Nach bheil le mioseam garg;
Do nach *sop-reic* ar riabadh,
Thoit' fiach d'a fharruisg borb.

Ach choisin giùlan laoch-mhor
Dhuibh meas ceud dhaoin' thug fuath
D'ur tìr, gun fhios cia 'n t-abtrar,
Mur h-e bhi daonan cruaidh:
Is aithne d'ur *deagh rìgh* sibh
'S d'a Theaghlach rìmheach shuaire';
Dhuibh chaoidh cha 'n easbhuidh
inbhe
'S sibh 'n tòir co dian air buaidh.

Cha ghan dhuibh luchd aith-
lianuidh,
'S ur cluith co cian 's co binn;
Bidh òig-fhir ghleusta dhiane
'G'ur n iarruidh as gach beinn;
Tairngidh fuaim 'ur pioba
Na miltin as na gleinn;
Bidh Breacain 's cloidhean liomha,
Ag dùsgadh mìonn gach linn.

O *ABERCROMAI* chliùitich
Gur mòr ar tìrs' ad' dhiaidh!
Gur mòr a chaill do dhùthoich,
'Nad chleachd 'nad ùil 's 'nad thréin!
Do Bhantrach is t-og-fhiùrain,
Tha frosadh dlàth 'nan deùr;
Ach 's mòr am meas is dù dhoibh
Air scath an fhiuidh dh'ég!

Ach *Alastair* aigh *Stewart*,
Is eibhinn leamsa t-eacht,
A stiùir na Gaidhil shunntach
An còmhrug cliùiteach Eiphit:
Ged thug aois 's droch dhùthaich
Dhiom slàinte, lùs, is gléus,

* Gael of the hills.

Chaoidh leanaidh mo dheadh-rùn sibh'
'S is beath' bhur cliùth do'm chré.

Nois saoghal fad is soirbheas
Do ghaisgich gharg nan *Gaidh'*.
A dhionadh còir na h-Albainn.
'S a chosgadh buirb' na'n nàmh ;
A bhuanach' sìth is sealbh dhuinn,
Air chuantuibh garbh 's air tràigh ;
Gu mair ar Reachd 's Coi-dhealbhadh*
Fui Rìgh maith soirbh 's gach àl.

Bu dian ag ruith air aimhleas e
A thionntaidheadh an Tìr
Bhur cinnea dileas lamh-laidir,
Tre gheanach saibhris chrì. .
Is co a choimheadh dhoibh-sin sud
Gun chàirdean daimh, an sciath ?
Tha BONAPARTE aoibhneach dhe
Mar léimios iad Muir.shiar.

An diaidh saother is dórainn
Is aoibhneach sògh is saimh ;
Deagh chliùth o dhaoine còire
Is fàilte mhòr o dhàimh ;
Ach cait am faighar glòir dhomh
A dh'aithris sògh 'nan òigh
Thug meas is gaol o 'n òig dhuibh
'S nis tha gun deò le h-àgh!—

- Ged tha sibh an tìr chéun uam
Mo shoruidd sior n'an còir
Biodh tearmunn an Aird-Thriath libh
G' ur dian' o lochd 's o leòn :
Is aoibhinn leon deadh-scial oirbh,
Ged tha mi crionuidh breoit'.—
Ach mis', ma 's Oisein liath mi
Mo dhoigh “ Biodh m' Fhianu sior-
bhed.

SEAN-FHOCAIL.

'S tróm gach torrach.
'S eutrom gach saoghalach sona.
'S glas feur na faiche, 's cinnidh e.
Aisling caillich mar a dùrachd.
Feitheamh fadari eòrna na gainneamhaich.

* Constitution.

Cho fada 's a' cheann agus a bha Fionn
's na casan .

Dian fhàs fuil, 's crion fhàs cuirp.

'S ann air a mhath féin a ni an cat
creòlain.

Greis mu seach an t-each air muin a'
mharcaiche.

'S moch 's is anmooch gu baile-Tharbhaich
an gobha.

Eadar an long nodha 's an seann rudha,
'S mò e na cnoc lochd duine mu'm
motaich e féin e.

Ruigidh each mall muilean, ach cha ruig
fear a bhristeas a chnàmhan.

Mar a dh' éirich do'n ghadaiche dbubh,
Is ann oidheche shamhna a chnagadh tu
cnuth.

Fàilte a' chruidh.

An uair is mò an éiginn dearbhar an
caraide dileas.

Biodh e reamhar no caol, is mairg nach
beathaicheadh laogh dha fhéin.

Am fear a bhios a mhanadh amach,
suidhidh e air fail chorruih.

Am fear a bhios fearg air a ghnà is
coltach a ghné ris an dris.

—o—

SOP AS GACH SEID.

CHA mho a dh' fhòghluimear fìor chreid-
eamh á leabhraichibh, na dh' fhoghluimear
seoladaireachd, no suighdearachd, no
innleachdaireachd, no dealbhadaireachd, no
ceaird, no calaidh sam bith eile as da.

Thubhairt teallsanach àraidh roimh so
“ gu'm bi ùine oighreachd-san.” Is oighr-
eachd i gun teagamh a ta luachmhor, ach
cha toir i toradh sam bi a mach gun ath-
leasachadh. Is oighreachd i gun teagamh
a dh' ath-dhiolas gu pailt saothair an
dichiollaich, mur fìgar earrann di fàs trid
mi-churaim, agus mar cuirear a mach i nis
mo air son seallaidh, na air son feuma.

Feuch nach toir thu do bharail mu ni
sam bith air am bheil thu aineolach, gu
sonraichte 'n an lathair-san aig am bheil
deagh eòlas air. Mur bi e an comhuidh
'n a d' chomas labhairt gu ceart mu'n chùis,
tha e gu cinnteach 'n ad chomas fantuinn
'n ad thosd. Ged tha cuimhne aig na
miltibh air an Ionais agus air an sgeilmear-
achd fein, is tearc iad aig an robh aobhar
aithreachais air son fantuinn nan tosd.

Cha mhaith an suaimhneas sin a dhruid-eas an fhìrinn a mach air an doras. Mur teid suaimhneas agus fìrinn laimh air laimh, is eòir an fhìrinn a roghuachadh, agus greim a dheanamh oirre mar bhan-chompanaich an àite suaimhneis.

Tha'n duine sin a làbhras do ghnàth an fhìrinn ghlan, 'n a dhlùthach a ta mòran ni's tapaidh na ghabhar e.

Cha'n fhaighear eòlas luachmhor ach le mòr-dhlùthach agus strith. Feumaidh gach neach na raointean agus na machraichean a shiubhal leis fein, agus do air aghaidh le mìnich air feadh nam beann agus nan garbhlaich. Cha'n fhaigh ùganach eòlas a nasgaidh; feumaidh e a chosnadh le strith agus foighidinn. Dh' aindeoin co ainealach 's gu'm feud e a bhi, ma tha deigh aige air eòlas, ma tha e an toir air mar air airgid, m'a tha e 'ga rannsachadh a mach mar ionnhas folluichte, cha bhì a shaothair gu dìomhain. Is e eòlas duais an dichill, agus cha chaill an dichillach air chor sam bith a dhuais fein. S.

Suidhich d'inntinn fein gu stoldta air na chaidh seachad, ma's miannach leat na nithe a ta chum teachd a thoirt gu ceart faineare.

Tha 'n duine sin saibhear aig am bheil deagh nàdar, a tha do ghnàth càirdeil, foighidinn-each, aoibhneach, dòchasach. agus a ta 'g a ghìlan fein gu suilbhear a thaobh nan uile.

Annas gach truaighe far am bheil athleasachadh comusach, biodh mi-foighidinn air a seachnadh, do bhrìgh gu'm bheil i a' call agus a' caitheadh na h-ùine sin ann an gearainibh a bheireadh le buileachadh ceart an t-athleasachadh sin mu'n cuairt.

Cha'n iad na nithe a ta sinn a' seallbhadh, no na nithe nach 'eil sinn a' seallbhadh a mhéudaicheas, no a lughdaicheas ar sonas fein. Is e a bli 'g iarraidh barrachd na tha againn, agus a bhì 'gabhail farmaid rìusan aig am bheil barrachd, a ta milleadh sìth ar n-inntinn, agus a' farruing truaigh oirnn mu dheireadh. S.

Tha'n sgrìobhadh maiseach a leanas air lice-lighe àraidh ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba, ach cha'n 'eil fios agam aig a' cheart a' bhàis, a bha maiseach agus subhailceach 'n a beatha. Tha a cùimhne 'g am lìonadh

le bròn. Och! tha teangadh a' chiùil 'n a tosd, agus tha làmh an eireachdais a nis aig fois. Cha ghuidh am bocl'd ni's mò a bheannachd ort, agus cha chomhdaichear an lómnochd ni's mo le rùsgadh do threuda. Cha tiormaich thu tuilleadh na deòir o shuilibh nan daoine doruinneach agus truagha. Sibhse a ta diblidh agus fann, c'ait a nis am bheil bhur cuideachadh gnàth-aichte? O! thusa a b' ionmhuinn am measg bhan, cha chòmhlaidh sinn thu tuilleadh ni's mò ann an talla na féile, agus cha shuidh sinn sìos gu bràth aig bòrd do chuirme aobhnic! Air falbh am feasd tha fuaim an t-sùgraidh agus a' ghairdeachais! Ochan! cha mhaireann ni's mò an t-suairce, an caomhail, agus am macanta! Cò d'an urrainn ar n-àmhghar a chur an ceill? Silibh, silibh, silibh, gu bras, a dhéuran a' bhroin! S.

—o—

LUNNEAG ANNA NIC EALAIR.

Is ann am bothan bochd a' bhròin
A chuir mi eòlas ort an toiseach;
Is thug mi thu gu tigh mo mhàth'r
'S an d' rinn mi t' àrach car tamuill.

'Se do ghaolsa, a ghaoil,—
'Se do ghaolsa rinn mo tharring;
'Se do ghràdhsa, a rùn,
Rinn mo dhùsgadh 's a' mhadainn.

Tha thu mar dhubhar carraig mhòir
Am fearann sgìth is mi làn airseil;
'N uair a thionndaidh riut mo shùil
'S ann bha thu an rùn mo ghlacadh.

'S ann a thug thu dhomh do ghaol
Fò dhubhar craobh an aiteil;
Is co-chomunn do rùn
Ann an gàradh nan abhall.

Is millse leam do ghaol na'm fìon,—
Seadh am fìon às a' channa;
'S 'n uair a thug thu dhomh do ghràdh
'S ann a dh' fhàilnich mo phearsa.

'S ann a thug thu dhomh do d' ghràdh
Gus an d'fhàilnich mo phearsa;
'S gus am b' éigin domh a ràdh
"Cum air do làmh a charaid."

'S ann a dh' éirich thu le buaidh
As an uaigh suas le cabhaig
Amhluidh dhùisgeas do shluagh
Suas le buaidh anns a' mhadainn.

'S chaidh thu suas air ionad àrd
Dh' ullach' àite do m' anam;
'S tha thu 'g ràdh gu 'n tig thu ris
A choimh-lonadh do gheallaidh.

A N C A T H.

LE IAIN MOIRISON, A BHA ANNS NA HEARADH.

GLEUS B las.

. D | d ., m₁ : s₁ ., l₁ | s₁.m₁ : m ., R | d .m₁:l₁., r | d : .L₁ |

d . s₁ : l₁., m₁ | s₁., m : m ., R | d . m : s ., l | d : .D |

r ., m : s ., l | s ., m : d . T₁ | l ., s : r ., m | s : .M |

l ., l : m ., r | d . l₁ : s₁., D | m . f : l₁., r | d : - ||

Is iomadh còmhrag, stréup, us strìth
Do 'n chreidmheach fhìor 'tha 'n dual,
Tha naimhdeas ifrionnail le spìd
'G a ruith gach mìr dheth 'chuart;
Us buairidhean bho 'n t-slochd a 's isl'
A' lot a chrìdh' gu cruaidh;
Ach bheir e buaidh 's an ruaig gu crìch,
Fodh bhraatach chaoimh an Uain.

Is lionmhor cath, us gleachd, us duaidh,
Us buille bhualadh dhòrn,
Us àmhghar, trioblaid, teinn us truaigh',
'Tha dhaibh an dual 's an fheòil;
Ach armachd Dhé bheir dhaibh a' bhuaidh,
'S thig iad an uachdar beò;
'S trid neart an Tì 'rinn sìth dhaibh suas,
Bidh gaisge chruaidh 'n an trèidir.

Tha buairidhean a' teachd bho 'n nàmh
Air iomadh fath mu 'n cuairt,
Mar dhìachainn theinnteach 'bhios 'g an cràdh,
'S a' toirt dhaibh tàire cruaidh';
Cha nochd e caoimhneas dhaibh no blàigh.
'S gun iochd 'n a ghnàths, no truas;
Ach 'chum an dearbhadh anns gach càs,
Bheir iad tre ghràs làn bhuaidh.

'N uair 'thig an leòmhann béuceach, garg,
Le 'shaighdean, 's fhearg 'n a léum.
Bidh 'n còmhrag tróm, bidh 'n ionnsaidh garbh,
Bidh gleachd ro shearbh 's gach céum;
Ach saighdearan 'bhios ullaicht', calm',
Us deas fodh armachd Dhé,
Bheir dùbhlán dhaibh fodh 'n éideadh dearbht'
Gu teich' air falbh le béum.

'N uair 'thig feachd Mhìdian do 'n tìr,
'S a bhios an crìdh' 'g a chràdh,
Theid Gideon fodh airm nach clì,

Us bheir e 'n cinn gu làr.
Air cuirp nam marbh cha tuislich aon,
Ge d' thuiteadh daoine 's a' bhlar;
'S theid buaidh a' gleachd le feachd nan naomh,
'S lóm-sgriosar sgaoth an nàmh.

'N uair ' dh'éireas Belsebub gu garg,
Fodh lasan dearg, 's le rias,
Bidh fearas-chlaidheamh ann gu dearbh,
Le iomairt arm gun tàmh;
Thig Crìosd 's an eadraigeann gu calm,
'S ann dha nach cearbach làmh;
'S e 'ghràs 'ni féum 's an éiginn shearbh,
Gu toirt nan dealg á sàs.

Bidh ' làmh a ghnàth am measg nan séud
A thagh e féin bho 'n tòd;
'S iad ' àilleagain dh' an tug e spéis,
'S a dh' ullaich è chum glòir,
'S ' bheir e á àmhainn àmhghair ghéir
A mach gun bhéud mar òr;
Gu 'n naomhachadh bho chéum gu céum
An iomhaigh Dhé gach lò.

'N uair ' bhios an còmhrag teann le spàirn,
'S a bhios an nàmh fodh 'n chaoch.
Bheir Crìosd an sin a ghnàis le faillt',
'S mìn-bhrisear làmh na daors';
'S ni 'n oighreachd aoibhneas ann a shlàint',
Tre 'n Spriorad ghràs-mhor, naomh,
'S tre chreideamh beò, le dòchas làn,
'S le gràdh gu bràth nach traogh.

Is lionmhor cruth, us caochladh dealbh
'S an tig an cealgair' inór,
Le 'n cuir e cuid 'n an dùsal balbh,
Gun lann no arm 'n an dòrn;
Us labhraidh e le briathran dalm'—
"Nis tha sibh marbh fodh m' spòig;
Cha dàn dhuibh teich', oir thugadh seallbh
'N 'ur cuirp 's 'n 'ur n-anamaibh dhòmhs'."

Ach thig an Còmhfhurtair 'n an còir,
Thoirt dhiùbh nan còrdan bàis,
Us labhraidh e le briathran fòil,
Gu 'm bheil mi 's leòr 'n a ghràs;
Us séididh orr' an anail bhed,
'S thig mic na h-òige 'n àird,
Us bidh an neart 's an taic fadheòidh
Fodh bhrataich 's treòir a ghràidh.

Ach thig an nàmh mar aingeal soills',
Us gath na foill fodh ' chleòc',
Us clann na saors' fodh neòil na h-oidhch',
'S tha 'n cunnart roinn ni 's mò
Gu 'm buail e 'n cogaisean le sgoim,
Gu dteadh dhaibh 'n còir';
'S bidh féum air solus glan na coimhl',
Gu 'n toirt gu foills' an ròid.

Is iomadh coslas, cruth, us snuadh,
'S an tig e ' bhuaireadh dhaoin',
Ga 'n cur an dùil ' bhi 'n gràdh do 'n Uan,
'S an saoghal fuaight' 'n an gaol,
'S gu bhi ri gàirdeachas air uair,
Mu 'n aobhar uail a 's caoil',
Le aoibhneas feòlmhor a 's beag luach,
'S nach mair ach cuairt ro fhaoin.

'Thaobh gur iad oighreachan na slàint',
Dh'an tug e gràdh bho chéin,
Bidhaingle Dhému'n cuairt dhiùbh 'ghnàth,
'S gach àm cruaidh-chàis no stréup;
'S bidh lámh-an-uachdar ac' gu bràth,
Tre fheartan gràidh an Léigh;
A dh' fhuadaicheas air falbh gach plàigh,
Le neart nach fàilnich béum.

'S e 'n tàbhachd e an àm na féum',
Nach fannaich céum 'n a threòir;
'N uair 'thàrlas dhaibh 'bhi anns an t-stréup,
'S e 'bheir bho 'n éug iad bed;
Tha lèthaireachd a ghnèis cho seimh,
'S a ghàirdean tréun gu fòir;
Us airm neo-fhailinneach 'bheir béum
Do 'n bhéist 'n an déigh ' tha 'n tòir.

Ge lionmhor aire, us teinn, us daors',
D' a phobull caomh 'tha 'n dàn,
Us caoile, 's acras, 's tart faraon,
An Criosd cha traogh an sàth;
'S 'n uair 'thogar suas an altair naomh,
'S a thig an saors' 'o 'n àird,
'N sin 'bobraidh iad an cridh' 's am maoin,
'S theid casg air caoch na plàigh.

'Nuair 'bhios tiugh dhorchadas, 's dubh nèul
Ri folach eudain uath',
Bidh 'n aghaidh ris an ùir gu léir,
'S an inneal théud gun fhuain,
Thig Griana na fireantachd bho nèamh,
Le slàint' fodh 's gèith gu luath,
'S ni 'n Spiorad Naomh an aonadh réidh,
Ri nàdur Dhé nan sluagh.

Cha 'n aithreach dhaibh-s' an sin iad féin
'Bhi 'n aire 's an éis gu truagh;
Bidh 'n aiteas àrd air son gu 'n d' éisd
E 'n glaoth 'n an éiginn chruaidh;

'S an eridhe liont' le aoibhneas réidh
'S a' Ghaisgeach thréun 'thug buaidh;
'S le gràdh trid fireantachd làn éud;
'S do 'm peacadh féin lùn fuath.

Tha aoibhneas ac' nach léir do dhaoin'
'Tha 'n cuid 's an t-saoghal chré,
Tha 'n sòlas mór air shéid nach saoil
'S nach tuig am baoth gun chéill.
'S cha fhàilnich lòn, tha 'n stòr làn maoin
Am feasd nach fhaod dol éug;
Tha 'n tobar làn gu bràth nach traogh,
'S na feadain saor ri 'm béul.

Ged bhiodh na òcustan 'n an sgaoth
Air feadh gach raoin, us pàire,
Le 'n crùn mar òr, le eòlas stoin,
'S le còmhradh caoin gun ghràs,
Cha deanar dochann leo air aon
De thréud an Aodhair àird,
Oir bheir e féin dhaibh léirsinn saor
A chì 'n droch ghaoid fodh 'n èarr.

Tha iad 'n an riochd mar eachaibh arm,
'S gnèis dhaoin' a' falbh fodh chleòc,
'N an coslas naomh, le sglé 'ni 'chealg,
'S le blasdachd labhraidh beòil,
Le falt nam ban, 's le déudach garbh,
'S fiamh ciùin, ach marbhteach fòp',
'S an earbuill nimheil, géur, le calg
Nan gath 'tha searbh gu leòd.

Ni iad le 'n sgiathan turbhraich gharbh,
Mar chaismeachd charbad réis;
Tha 'n eòlas cinn, 's an gliocas foirm
A cumail seirm 'n am béul;
Le bòsd á cainnt bhoinntinn mhairbh,
Mar ghaoith á balg gun fhéum,
Cho seòlt' ri Nimrod gu bhi 'sealg,
'S a' goid air falbh 'n droch éisg.

'N uchd-éididhean mar iarunn tréun,
Le facal Dhé 'n an ceann;
An cainnt an Sgrìobtuir iad cho gléusd',
'S mu bhrìgh an Sgéil ro dhall;
A' deanamh dìdeann dheth 'n deagh-bhéus,
'S e togt' air stéidheadh meallt';
'S cùis-thruais na doill a bheir dhaibh géill
Nach tuig ro mhèud am fabht.

Tha 'n aidnheil maiseach le deagh sgèimh,
'S an cridh' gu léir làn lùb;
Gun ghràs, gun anail annt' bho nèamh,
Ach lohhte, 's brèun, 'n an grunnid;
Tha 'n nimh 'n an earbuill, 's iomadh béud
Nach faic an léirsinn sùl;
Tha 'm puinsean falaicht' orra féin,
'S nach faic iad è bho 'n eùl.

Ach 'dh' aindeoin seòltachd, innleachd, 's
cealg,
Nan lámh a dhealbh a' bhéist,
Le miodal mh, no ionnsaidh ghairbh,
Cha dean an armachd bèud
Do phobull saoirt' an Uain 'bha marbh,
'S tha bed gu calma, tréun;
Tha 'm chumhant siorruith dhaibh chodearbh
'S gu 'n d' fhuair iad sealbh 'n a shéul.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

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THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE HIGHLANDS.

WE propose to discuss this subject in the following pages calmly, and independently,—laying before our readers facts, whose truth cannot be controverted, believing that to be the most certain way of winning the sympathy of all who wish well to the Highland people. We are not of those who go to annual dinners, suppers, conversaciones, and balls, in order to patronise our fellow countrymen, while magnifying ourselves as the champions of men, women, and children who have attained to perfection in all the virtues; neither are we of those who speak in great swelling terms of *Our Highlanders*, but we love them none the less, because we do not go about declaring them to be immaculate, while those on whose estates they reside are tyrants and oppressors of the deepest dye. We are nevertheless prepared to assert the cause of the poor and to speak candidly, without fear or favour, of the conduct of those on whom they depend. It may be that we shall have to show up more or less of some people who seek to advance their own ends in a lurking, shirky way at the expense of landed proprietors, who do their duty in a friendly manner to their tenants. It has often happened that the really guilty have not only escaped punishment, but that they have been in receipt of ill merited praise. To lay bare to some extent, who is who and what is what, in con-

nection with the present condition of the Highlands, is the task we have undertaken, and we enter upon it without prejudice.

1. There can be no doubt that there is very great poverty, and abundant suffering arising therefrom in various districts of the Highlands. Much of this poverty and suffering is due to absenteeism among the landlords and the consequent delegation of the duties of property on their part to subordinates who study its rights more than its duties.

2. A clamant evil is the undue extension of large sheep farms, deer forests, &c., and the consequent crowding together into petty poverty-stricken villages of the population turned adrift to make room for such.

3. Much suffering may be traced to a species of the truck system, by which those who engage in fishing are kept in a chronic state of indebtedness to a certain class of men, such as fish-curers, merchants, contractors, &c.

4. The sub-division of crofts through the marriage of sons and daughters of crofters—the increase of consumers while the product stands still—leads to overcrowding where there is a kind laird and lenient factor.

5. The fact that young Highlanders seldom learn a trade, but are dependent on the uncertain earnings at the herring or deep sea fishing, and occasional voyages, in which they act as seamen.

6. A good deal of the poverty which we deplore no doubt arises from the want of a good education on the part of our countrymen.

In proceeding to suggest remedies we shall take the points seriatim as indicated above :—

1. In the first place we attribute to absenteeism among the lords of the soil, and the delegation of their duties to third parties, a very great deal of the misery experienced by the Highland people. Prior to 1843 the Church of Scotland was the Church of the Highlands, and to it rich and poor went in common. The Disruption, however, caused a split—the people going in for the Free Church, while many of the lairds becoming disgusted with empty buildings on the one hand, and what they called dissent on the other, went over to Episcopacy, and thus snapped one of the earliest bonds of sympathy which could exist between landlords and their people. The reverence and affection of the latter for the former could not stand the shock of the combined difference of creed and the handing of them over to underlings, who considered nothing so much as increasing the rental of the estates they (mis)managed. The laird oftentimes took no personal interest in his people,—he left all that to his man of business, whose fiat sealed the fate of the *tenant-at-will*. Complaints might be made by the crofters when they happened to get the chance (which was seldom), but as we have said the mere word of the factor was sufficient to satisfy his master, present or absent, that what was being done was the very best thing for the people,—certainly the best for the laird it would be proved. Now many of the factors

are men who have risen from nothing—all honour to them for it when they have honourably achieved distinction, but it is notorious that the poorer the man has been himself often the more he grinds those over whom he is placed. He may prosper apace while the small tenants keep going from bad to worse, and are reduced to such utter poverty, that as a matter of fact they often begin to seek the favour of the prosperous man by running to him with tales not very creditable to their neighbours. This “clashing” is often the cause of incalculable injury to the poor people themselves. He who is factor, banker, farmer, J.P., and so forth, has very little sympathy to spare for those whom he considers in his way—cumberers of the ground. They may be then evicted, and their holdings turned into one considerable farm, which not improbably is leased to the gentleman himself. How often are we met with assertions so boldly advanced that we are so staggered that we who knew the people can hardly compose ourselves sufficiently to contradict them. Drunkenness for instance is one of the most common charges laid at the door of poor men who seldom have sufficient money to buy meal, much less whisky. We are convinced that no greater injustice can be done to the Highlanders than to speak of them as drunkards. We have known them—lived among them under different skies, and under the varied circumstances of prosperity and adversity—and we can assoilzie them from such charge. While we know here and there a black sheep, we proudly submit that the Highlanders are really the most sober as well as the most peaceable men we have met with wherever our journeyings took us. Some people have a habit

of writing in a strain which would induce us to believe that no lawyer could be honest. We do not say that all lawyers are so, but we do say that most of the best factors we have met with in the North are lawyers. They have no doubt received the education of gentlemen, and their factorship brings in but a small portion of their income, so they are not so often compelled to screw down the people to gain the favour of their clients to promote their own personal interests. On the other hand, we know those of the other sort who appear to grudge the smallest liberty to their tenants. One of them seeing a poor woman in the ebb, goes to her and shows his authority by plucking the pitcher she has in her hand from her, and emptying its contents (whelks) into the sea! Another seems to feel in his element when pulling down the houses of the poor people, and so on. Factors may be, and no doubt are, a good deal belied, but there can be no doubt they have much to answer for without any exaggeration of their conduct.

2. We come, in the second place, to consider the great evil of the undue extension of deer forests. We admit, of course, within certain limits, a proprietor's right to do what he chooses with his own property, but we have a belief, notwithstanding, that justice demands that in doing his pleasure with that which belongs to him, he shall not intrude upon the unwritten rights of his subjects. The tenant-at-will (*at the will of the proprietor*), from his very helplessness, engages our sympathy, and we therefore do not grieve when we think of the ancient relations between the laird and the crofters at finding that, in reality, these people have an inalienable right to a share of the soil which

their forefathers won for their descendants. We maintain also that the sale of the property should not entirely do away with this right. But what do we find? We travel whole districts of the country, which used to be teeming with a happy, prosperous population, but which now are utterly tenantless, unless we call the gamekeepers, whom we may meet with gun on shoulder at intervals of ten to fifteen miles, by the name of population. We may see deer in herds feeding on the green spots which mark the holdings and sheilings of men who are now not there. Deer *versus* men, and deer for choice! But where are the men, women, and children disinherited by the deer, tame animals we see occupying their place? The answer is not far to seek. The happiest, best, and most independent of them and their descendants have their homes now where men and women are more highly valued than beasts of the chase—in the Dominion of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. These magnificent colonies, which form such an inviting contrast to the coldness of the old country, as they open their arms in cordial welcome to the turned-out-of-house-and-home Highlanders of Scotland. But, unhappily, there is a remnant of the inhabitants of those picturesque and romantic straths and glens who have not had the means or courage to leave home, and they are found now huddled together in the miserable poverty-stricken villages of Lewis, Uist, Harris, Skye, and the mainland, whose squalor and wretchedness are well known. Rapidly are these landless people running on to pauperism, which means a dole of from sixpence to one shilling a week, and mayhap a suit of clothes at long intervals. Surely it is paying too much for it to have sport at this price.

3. In the third place, we come to a class of men whose connection with and share in the misery of the Highland people are not so well known. Most of our readers know something regarding the truck system, and its adaptability to keeping men down who once get involved in its baleful meshes. In Newfoundland the system has worked so ruinously, that a large proportion of the fishermen there are in a state of absolute helpless pauperism, which is proved by the fact, that in 1865 two-thirds (if we remember right) of the whole revenue of the island went to feed the paupers! How the merchants stand against such a state of things may be left to the fertile imagination of our readers to account for. Be it remembered that in that fine island alone, of all British North America, did we ever meet with a beggar. Yet it is known to possess vast deposits of coal, copper, marble, slate, &c., and its timber is various and inexhaustible, as well as of good quality. It has land of the very finest quality, game in abundance; but, notwithstanding the almost entire devotion of the inhabitants to fishing, and the system of advances made to the fishermen, have resulted in the colony being full of paupers, while it might have been very wealthy and prosperous, if its riches were properly developed, instead of being neglected in favour of the fisheries. The people of Lewis are a fine, brave, hardy body of men, like the Newfoundlanders, and, like them, are chiefly engaged in using nets and hooks. Than the proprietor of The Lewis, there is not a more benevolent, generous, landed proprietor in Scotland or elsewhere; yet it is a fact, that he who has spent his hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling in attempting to ameliorate the condition of his extensive ten-

antry, and improving his great property, has been set upon and stigmatised as cruelly tyrannical at the instigation of those who really have been the means of keeping the people in a state of debt and impecuniosity. It would be very interesting to ascertain who receive the bulk of the earnings of the Lewis men, and it would also be a matter worth knowing who shows the most tenderness towards them, the landlord or the merchants of Stornoway, of one of whom it is said to have been remarked by the Sheriff that he should have a court of his own, owing to the frequency and multiplicity of his prosecutions. We believe that a fairly honest, truthful answer to these queries would turn the tables on some men who make a fuss in the background of their love for the poor fishermen. It would not surprise us much to find that a good deal of the poverty of Lewis is to be traced to the mercantile community of Stornoway, and their mode of carrying on their business. We shall return to the credit side of this article, when we have fully discussed the causes of the beggary at which Highlanders have arrived in so many districts of the Highlands and Islands.

4. We will now consider the cause of very great evil,—*The Subdivision of Crofts*. On many estates, especially where the lairds are kind and benevolent, as, for example, Gairloch and Lewis, we find a great deal of discomfort created by the division and subdivision of crofts, on the marriage of the sons and daughters of the crofters. We have recently heard of a case which, although we admit it to be an extreme one, we give, as it will illustrate the case we wish to prove; and be it remembered that instances on a smaller scale of this subdivision are of constant oc-

currence. A crofter in a certain place had six sons. The first, when he grew up, married, and went to live with his father-in-law, but the other five entered into the holy estate of matrimony in their turn, and one after the other took his bride home to his father's house, knocking up an addition to the parental dwelling, into which the parents had to turn. These five additions were made or tacked on to the original abode (we believe the fifth was stopped by the ground officer before it was finished). Of this case one gentleman remarked that if there had been many more sons to marry, the parents would soon find themselves tumbling over the cliffs of the rocks, as they were constantly the parties removed on each new occasion to the strength of the ere-while not very promising establishment. The farm or croft referred to only consisted of about five or six acres, with the usual pasture or grazing privileges, and did very well for the original one family, but here were six separate families settled on and dividing it between them, depending on the produce of this one croft and the fishing for their living. Surely no one will be surprised, under such circumstances, to hear that even the excellent proprietors of Lewis and Gairloch have determined, by the best means in their power, to put a stop to such proceedings, which beget so much misery and hardship.

(To be continued.)

—o—

CARN-NA-CUIMHNE.

(TRANSLATION).*

BRAEMAR'S illustrious clan, as life beloved,
In all the toils of glorious valour proved,

* For the original, see the Gaelic Department.

Should Lonach gnash with rage or blush
with shame,
Carn-na-Cuimhne shall stand—a pile of
deathless fame;
With friendship's wish for you my bosom
thrills,
For you that love the sport by woods and
hills,
Remote from you in friendship, sense, and
soul,
Are the mean gorgers of the pastry bowl.

Loved is the tribe whose deeds my song
inspire,
Whose long blue culvers bear destructive
fire;
When your drawn swords emblaze the ex-
tended heath,
The flag of Lonach sinks in blood and death,
Victorious troops, in martial beauty gay,
Soon as your ranks their fearful front dis-
play,
Lonach's surly churls are driven along,
And rout on rout confounds the dastard
throng.

With Deva's men the men of Don compare,
The men of Don are weak as passive air;
When glory calls, our tribe from near and
far
Roll thick in hundreds round the cross of
war.
In Claver's eyes their worth distinguished
shone
When Stuarts fought to gain their ancient
throne:
Like him, our youthful Lord the brave
admires,
For manly bosoms feel congenial fires.

Firmly tenacious of their native sway,
No tyrant's frown our prime in rank dismay;
Like lions, in the embattled host they rage,
Their fame shall live through many a dis-
tant age;
Though Lonach threatens with self-impor-
tance blind,
His pride is mad, his threats are empty
wind;
Braemar would force his scattered hordes
to fly
Like snows that drift along the northern
sky.

Garbed in their plaids, and 'cased in daz-
zling arms,
At early morn they smile with dreadful
charms;
Their wrath would blast the flower of Lon-
ach race,
Quick as the flash pervades the ethereal
space.

With words of pompous sound let Lonach
boast,
The men of Mar shall lead the warlike
host,
Nor till Carn-na-Cuimhne in wreaths of
smoke decay,
Shall Lonach once from Mar men wrest the
sway.

The Cairn majestic stands on Deva's side,
Abroad defending Mar men's valour tried;
In it, vociferated on foreign ground,
Unsheltered worth a sure protection found.
A rock of strength Carn-na-Cuimhne ex-
alted stands,
Like the proud peak that streets and
towers commands;
The lasting emblem of heroic fame,
No force of Lonach e'er shall shake its
frame.

Fenced by the Monaltrian Chief, it braves
The storm that in its fiercest fury raves;
Displays what deeds his gallant sires adorn,
And sends their praise to ages yet unborn.
Should Heaven once more restore the ex-
iled line,
And noble Mar with pristine splendour
shine,
Our Cairn would rise improved in strength
and grace,
And lasting shame o'erwhelm the Lonach
race.

Veiled in the gloom of night, the fiend-like
brood
Through snows and whirlwinds marched to
spill our blood;
A deluge poured from Mar's too watchful
band,
Dissolved their frost-cemented wall of sand.
Bear my heart's wish, where Larick purls
along,
To the great champion, noble, brave, and
strong,
Who loves the cause of friends, but never
drew
A sword to fight for Lonach's paltry crew.

Braemar, through all its range of hills and
vales,
No parent chief but brave Mackinlay hails;
Like him, his sons as flames in combat
glow,
Their backs were never seen by mortal foe.
Mackinlay's lofty tree the grove commands,
And wide its sphere of leafy boughs expands;
Its umbrage guards, enlivens, soothes, and
warms;
No plant has Lonach reared to match its
charms.

Nursed in the orchard, monarch of the
woods,
Tall as the regal oak that mates the clouds,
Its offspring bloom beneath the shade,
And shall not bend though Lonach's blasts
invade.
The low-lifed Lonach, pithless, worthless
through,
Nor taste the deer, nor know the mountain
tongue;
Their hardiest boor that climbs the towering
hill
Has his cheek bathed with many a trickling
rill.

Securely swerved to the luckless side,
They rave with shameless noise and sense-
less pride;
To splendid rank can those produce a claim?
Or when was their's the deed approved by
fame?
Could Lonach dare to stretch contention's
cord
With those who wear the plaid and wield
the sword?
Could they the sword like mountain war-
riors wield
Who never faced a foe nor spied a field?

But many a chief, majestic, brave, and
bold,
Have graced the Cairn in glory's lists en-
rolled,
That oft encountered foes on foot or steed,
And bade the war with many an inroad
bleed.
Blest be the race inspired by valour's
charms,
Where'er they turn may conquest bless
their arms;
Among our clans be theirs a fair renown,
And my heart's warmest wish their merits
crown.



THE CELTIC CHAIR FUND.

AT the recent Meeting of the
Edinburgh University Council, Pro-
fessor Kelland in the chair, a
minute of the last meeting of the
Celtic Chair Committee was read,
in which it was stated that the
amount of funds now subscribed
was £8065, 17s. 6d., and the amount
already paid £6457, of which £2800
was invested in heritable security.

Professor Blackie, in speaking to

this minute, said. As convener of the Celtic Chair Committee, I have the utmost pleasure in reporting the continued growth and visible increase of the fund. At the last meeting of the council in October last, the subscribed sums stood at the figure of £6823, 11s.; since that period the additional subscriptions amount to £1242, 6s. 6d.,—making a total of £8065, 17s. 6d. The steady progress of this fund is to be attributed, no doubt, partly to the warm interest and persevering energy of the parties principally concerned, but partly also in no small measure to the dissipation of those dense clouds of ignorance, and the breaking down of those bristling walls of prejudice among the Lowland population, with which the proposal of the University Council was originally met. So far as the Celts are concerned their activity both at home and abroad during the last six months has been unremitting, and has produced the most encouraging results. (Applause.) I direct attention with special gratitude to the sum of £135 contributed by the men of Cowal, and of £64 by the Highlanders of Islay. Among colonial contributions the first place is due to the Honourable John Maclean of Redcastle, Otago, who has transmitted the munificent sum of £200 to the fund, over and above his contributions to the general subscription of the district to which he belongs. In returning thanks to the colonies generally, I have to remark that the amount of their contributions, except in a few individual cases, has not as yet reached me officially, and therefore cannot appear in the list herewith published; but I feel myself perfectly justified in saying, from private communications made to me, and from notices in the newspapers, that in Australia,

Ceylon, and New Zealand, in the United States, and (notwithstanding the serious depression of trade) in Canada, the most vigorous exertions are being now made to plant the Scot Abroad in that position which belongs to him, in a scheme so widely patriotic and so essentially national as the Celtic Chair. As the fruits of these efforts, I have no hesitation in stating that the real amount of the subscribed fund, including what has not been officially announced to me, but of whose existence I am morally certain, cannot be much less than £9000—(applause)—and I shall not be at all surprised, if before next October we had £10,000 complete, and by this time next year the whole £12,000, which is the point beneath which, in my opinion, the committee should not consider themselves entitled to remit their patriotic exertions. When friends are so numerous and so enthusiastic as the men of genuine Celtic blood and Scottish nerve who support this movement in the far ends of the earth, it is extremely difficult to signalise individual names without doing injustice to others; but considering the disadvantage at which I am placed, living at a distance from the various scenes of colonial action in this matter, I may be pardoned, besides the noble name already mentioned, for giving special prominence among our friends to John Mackay, Esq., Chicago; W. Murray, Esq., and C. H. Sutherland, Esq., Hamilton, Ontario; Rev. W. Matthew, Duncan McKellar, Esq., J.P., and John Rutherford, Esq., Victoria; Daniel Cameron, Esq., Riverton, Otago; J. R. Gillies, Esq., N. Fleming, Esq., and T. H. Mackenzie, Esq., Otago; W. A. Tolmie, Esq., M.P.C., Dunedin; — Mackay, Esq., Ceylon. So much for the subscribed fund; and for its realisation

in hard cash, I have the satisfaction to announce that the sum of £6457, 16s. has already been paid up, of which £2800 is invested on heritable security at $4\frac{1}{2}$ and $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and the rest is lodged in the Commercial Bank, looking out for the first favourable investment. The Council will therefore distinctly perceive that in a very short time the fund will show an annual income of £300 a-year, which will be a sum amply sufficient to cover any deduction that may fall to be made from the subscribed total in name of necessary expenses, disappointed expectations, miscalculations, and such accidents as, under the name of bad debts, even the best conducted scheme of subscriptions cannot absolutely steer free from. In conclusion, I hope I may be pardoned for again alluding specially to the ignorant imaginations, silly prejudices, and narrow intellectual bigotries which still possess the minds of some men with regard to this matter of the Celtic Chair. (Laughter.) In the first place, some will still persistently believe that Celtic means Gaelic, and nothing more, which is just as logical as to say that a dog means a Skye terrier. (Laughter.) Others are possessed by the idea that the University is getting up an artificial and useless machinery for the purpose of keeping a language alive with regard to which they have only the feelings once expressed in a fretful moment by the Rev. Donald Smith, of Campbelton, the publisher of the "*Seann Dain*," that "he wished it had been dead and buried before he was born." Now, I for one, with regard to this matter, certainly will say, that as a philologist I prefer much to study the Gaelic language, being alive, to dissecting it after it is dead; and I am well assured that

if the Highland Society of London, in prosecution of the first article of its charter, or the Highland Society of Scotland, in following forth those intellectual aspirations which led them to make the celebrated inquiry into the Ossianic poetry of the Highlands at the beginning of this century, and in the year 1828 to put forth their well-known *Scoto-Celtic Dictionary*—if these bodies, I say, composed of men of the most noble Celtic descent, and placed in the most influential positions, had set themselves seriously at the time of their institution to do what we are doing now, and given to the ancient languages of Great Britain and Ireland that academical consideration which is pre-eminently their due, in such case we should already have gathered, from the labours of the Celtic Professor among the living people of the Highlands, no inconsiderable amount of valuable philological material, now, I am afraid, lost, or daily being dissipated for ever. And if these are the views with regard to the living speech of the Highlands, which as a teacher of the history and growth of language in a Scottish University I am proud to hold, not the less emphatically, as a man and a citizen, do I say that I can see no benefit whatever likely to accrue to Scottish humanity from that systematic proscription and violent stamping out of the language of the Highlands, which some persons hold forth as the cheap and easy remedy for all the ills that Celtic flesh is heir to. (Laughter and applause.) On the contrary, I hold that the Pauline precept of "rejoicing with those that rejoice, and weeping with those that weep," imperatively calls upon us rather in the most kindly way to cherish, than in the most unbrotherly way to disown the language which

the most generous and chivalrous and adventurous part of our mixed population—men who fought our most brilliant battles most bravely—sucked in with their mother's milk; and as an educationist, I offer myself to prove that the best possible education for a young Highlander is a conjoint training in English and Gaelic, performing in their case exactly the same disciplinarian function that the conjoint study of Latin and English does for the Lowlander; and I say to every School Board of a Highland district that if, along with a just prominence given to the inculcation of English, they are not taking means to give special encouragement to a comparative study of Gaelic and English, they are acting on principles contrary to the fundamental axioms alike of educational science and of social polity. But if they choose so to do, and voluntarily to commit an act of moral and intellectual suicide, whether from the lack of a just self-esteem or from the humiliating position into which Scotland has put itself by accepting English pay and English superintendence in points of educational detail for Scotland, which Englishmen have neither the capacity nor the will to comprehend—in either case, it is not the business of the University to invent a machinery to save them from that extinction into which they so ignobly precipitate themselves. If the Gaelic, Welsh, and Irish languages were all dead to-morrow, the University, though possessed of fewer materials for a comprehensive Celtic philology, has even a higher duty imposed upon it—to preserve and to interpret for future ages the historic remains of the common British fatherhood of our race; and

unless the Universities of Scotland are doomed to exist as mere knowledge-shops for the practice of money-making professions, or, as Sir John M'Neil once expressed it, as kail-yards and kitchen gardens contrasted with the splendid hothouses and luxuriant Botanic Gardens of our Academic neighbours on the banks of the Cam and the Isis—(laughter)—if Oxford and Cambridge are still to remain what they have in great measure been hitherto, magnificent houses of refuge for those branches of higher learning and profounder research, which, by a beggarly economy and a low utilitarianism, have been systematically starved out of Scotland—unless we are content to remain in inglorious self-satisfaction on this lowest platform of academical existence—we shall have no difficulty in recognising that, of all people in Europe, there is the most emphatic call on us here in Scotland to place a Chair of Celtic language, history, literature, and antiquities on a position of the most honourable equality with the most favoured chairs in that great corporation of letters which we call a university. And I have only to express a hope, in conclusion, that the wise and far-sighted scheme which by this University has been so bravely started may with equal promptitude march to a speedy completion, and that none of us may live to see the shame of a Celtic Professor holding public lectures in Saxon Oxford, while we in Celtic Scotland, go about, hat in hand, begging for its possibility (Applause).

On the motion of Mr Taylor Innes, it was unanimously resolved to reappoint the committee, and to thank Professor Blackie for his labour.

IONA CROSS.—There is to be seen in the yard of Messrs. Davidson, sculptors, Academy Street, Inverness, a finely ornamented Runic cross of Burghead freestone. The design is by Mr. Rhind. As might be expected from the Messrs. Davidson, it is an original and well executed work of art. The whole is eleven feet high, and rests on a sloping pedestal of the same stone. The cross is adorned with raised ornamental balls, and elaborately carved with Runic ornaments of different patterns. The shaft is indented into three variously shaped panels, separated by Runic bands containing the inscription in Gaelic, Latin, and English. The subjoined is the inscription in the Gaelic panel:—

GUIDHIBH
AIRSON ANAM
EOBHAIN CAMERON,
ALBANACH DE
MHUINNIR INBHIR-
RUAIDH, AN LOCH-
ABAIR, A DH'EUG AIR
AN T-SEACHDAMH
LATHA DE CHIAD
MHIOS AN FHEGHAIR
'S A BHLIADHNA 1874
'S E TRI FICHEAD BLI-
ADHNA 'S CEITHIR-
DIAG A DH' AOIS
R. I. P.

The monument was ordered for a Highland family in Geelong, Australia.

WE take the following from Professor Blackie's recent valedictory address at the Edinburgh Educational Institute:—

And for the Celtic Chair—sure, man was
never
So strangely tricked into so rare a job,
Nor more surprised to find himself so-
clever
To storm each purse and rifle every fob.
Look to your laurels, deacons of the Free,
There's one can charm the cash as well
as you
Forth from close buttoned pockets. Do
you see
Eight thousand pounds in hand and four
in view?
Call me eccentric, but admire the blether
Whose wheedling craft brought all this gold
together.

And more than gold! what's gold? may
stand for all,
Worthy or worthless, as the case may
be;
Nought in itself, but meaning what you
call
The thing with special virtue lent from
thee.
My gold means love—love of all Highland
hearts
That I have loved as brother loveth
brother.
And strove to pour some balm into their
smarts
From the warm bosom of their Celtic
mother,
And plant them high in academic home
With grace of Greece and state of mighty
Rome.

And at my call from heart to heart there
leapt
The swift response through every winding
glen:
And clan to clan replied, and bravely
swept
A breath of power from mighty Ben to
Ben;
And prince and peasant caught the patriot
theme,
And fanned the flame of Caledonian fire,
From frost of cold oblivion to redeem
The stout MacDonald and the Mac-
Intyre;
And our liege lady from great London
town
To weep warm tears o'er Ossian's grave
came down.

From sea to sea the fervid message ran
Of glorious resurrection to the Gael,
And every member of the scattered clan
To note of triumph changed his doleful
wail.
In Indian homes and far Australian
islands,
And westward far beyond the Atlantic
tide
The bravest blood that flowed from Celtic
Highlands
With one concentuous pulse of pride
replied—
Macleans, Mackays, Macgregors, raise the
cry
Shoulder to shoulder, sworn to do or die!

A N

G A I D H E A L.

“*Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.*”—OISEAN.

V. LEABH.] CEUD MHIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1876. [53 AIR.

TUS AGUS NADUR DIBHE LAIDIR.

THA anns an t-saoghal còrr a's leth-cheud prìomh-dhuil, de 'm bheil gach ni air a dheanamh suas, agus buaidhean air leth aig gach aon diu. Tha neart de na nithe a chi sinn air an deanamh suas de dha no trì de na duilibh so air an coimheasgadh. Tha cuid diu nach gabh faicinn idir. Dhiu so tha 'n da stuth de 'm bheil an t-aile air a dheanamh suas. Tha 'n cuigeamh cuid deth de 'n phrìomh-dhuil ris an abrar *oxygen*, agus a chuid eile de *nitrogen*. Nise cha b' urrainn neach air bith a bhi beo ach uine ghoirid ann an aon de na dùilibh sin air leth. Tha uisge, a rithisd, air a dheanamh suas de *hydrogen* agus *oxygen*; da stuth a loisgeas mar ghual nuair nach 'eil iad measgta feadh a cheile. Mar so tha an stailin soilleir cruaidh a fas 'na luathre ruadh, agus gach seorsa feòla nan ni breun, nuair tha 'n t-aile a drughadh orra. Faodaidh tu nise a thuigsinn ciamar tha ni cho milis ri siucar air a thoirt á eorna agus a buntata grod, agus ni cho garg loisgeach ri uisge-beatha, á siucar.

Tha siucar air a dheanamh suas de dha stuth ris an abrar 'sa Bheurla *carbonic acid* agus *alcohol*. Ma chuir ear beirm ri siucar air a leaghadh ann am burn, agus gun d' theid fhagail air dhoigh a's gun ruig an t-aile air, tha sgaradh air a chuir eadar an dà stuth ud: tha blas milis

an t-siucair a falbh agus 'na aite tha blas garg an *alcohol*, air a choimheasgadh le blas geur an *acid*. Ged a tha am burn agus iad so fhathasd an ceann a cheile, gidheadh tha iad a nise 'nam boinneagan air leth feadh an uisge. Roi' so bha an t-*alcohol* agus an t-*acid* air an coimheasgadh air dhoigh 's gun robh gnè gach aon diu air a chall, mar anns an t-siucar thioram. Tha an stuth a nise 'na *leann*. Gabhaidh stuth coltach ri so deanamh de gach deoch anns am bheil siucar, mar a tha sùgh nan ubhlan agus nam fion-dhearcan. Oibrichidh sùgh mheasan mar iad so, gun bheirm idir, ma dh' fhagar iad sgaoilte 's an aile: ach ma dhuinear suas iad ann an soitheach, cha'n oibrich. Ach far am bheil a mhain siucar agus uisge glan, no stuth mar bhrais, cha'n oibrich e gun bheirm a chuir ris. 'S e na tha de mhùthadh eadar fion agus leann, gur e fuigheall nam fion-dhearc a th' anns an darà h-aon, agus fuigheall eorna no slait-shiucair a th' anns an stuth eile, maille ri uisge, *carbonic acid*, agus *alcohol*. Ma leigear leatha seasamh anns a ghaoith car uine bheag, falbhaidh an t-*acid* feadh an athair agus caillidh iad am blas geur; ach tha iad cho garg agus cho laidir 's a bha iad roimhe; oir is e an t-*alcohol* a mhain a tha a' losgadh agus a' togail misg. Ach ma bhlaithichear iad, tha 'n t-*alcohol* agus beagan de'n uisge ag eiridh combhla ris an *acid*; agus mar is treise an teine, 's ann is mugha a dh' eireas

de'n uisge. Nise ma ghlacar an toit ann am feadan fada fuar, coltach ri enuimheag na poite duibhe, tha an *t-alcohol* agus an t-uisge ag éiridh nam boireachan an ceann a cheile, ach tha an t-acid a sgaoileadh feadh an aile. Tha, mar an ceudna beagan de stuithean sleamhain eile, a bh' anns an leann no 's an fhion, a leantuinn riutha; agus 'se so a mhain is aobhar air na tha de mhùth eadar *brannid*, *rum*, agus uisge-beatha, ach gum bheil beagan tuill' uisge ann an cuid diu na th' anns a chuid eile. Tha gach aon diu soilleir mar uisge-beatha gus am bheil dath 'g a chuir orra, an deigh a bh' air an tarraunn. 'S ann as an t-siucar a mhain a tha an *t-alcohol* a tighinn; agus cha'n 'eil an t-atharrach is lutha eadar an *t-alcohol* a th' ann an uisge-beatha agus an *t-alcohol* a th' ann an leann, no ann am fion, no an dibhe air bith eile.

Tha doigh aig daoine foghlumte air an *t-alcohol* a sgaradh gu tur bho gach nì eile: agus mar so fhuaras a mach gum bheil tuille as leth an uisge-bheatha 'na *alcohol*, agus gur uisge glan, gu inbhe bhig, a chuid eile. Is *alcohol* an ceathramh cuid de 'n fhion a thatar ag òl anns na rioghachdaibh so: agus mar sin tha e soilleir gum bheil dà ghloine fhion faisg air a bh' cho druigtheadh ri aona ghloin uisge-bheatha. Mar is treise an stuth, 's ann is mugha an diughail. Nuair a tha uisge an ceann *alcohol*, cha 'n 'eil an t-aon tomhas deth baileach cho garg 's a nuair a tha e gun mheasgadh agus uime sin feumar beagan tuille dheth òl mu 'n druigh e air neach cho searbh 's a nuair nach 'eil sion 'n a cheann. Ach 'se so na tha de mhùth eadar a bh' 'g òl, *alcohol* ghlan agus a bh' 'g òl leann, fion, uisge-beatha no deoch air bith de 'n t-seors. Tha mi creidsinn gum bheil fios agad fhèin, a leughadair, gum feud duine

a' bh' air mhisg le leann no le fion cho math 's le uisge-beatha: agus tha 'n tuille dhiu sin cho diubh-alach air gach doigh ri tomhas n' a's lutha de 'n uisge-bheatha.

Feudar a thuigsinn, on bhlas a th' air alcohol, agus mar a sgaoileas e 'm beul, nach biadh no deoch e. Thug ar Cruitheir dhuinn ar blas agus ar faireachdainn a chomharachadh an ni a tha feumail bho 'n ni a tha cronail do 'r pearsa. Nise nan tugamaid uisge-beatha do neach nach cualadh ni riamh mu dheibhinn, 's ann a chuireadh e mach e agus braoisg air, mar is minig a chithear air daoine an deighe balgum dibhe a shlugadh; cha dean duine paiteach mar sin an deigh uisge òl; ni mo a tha iotadh a fantainn an deighe dha gu leoir òl. Ach tha *alcohol* garg, loisgeach; agus an aite e chasgadh pathaidh, mar is mugha a dh' olthar dhe, 's ann is mugha ar patha, agus 's ann is mugha ar deidh air tuille, a mheud 's 'g an òl sinn. Tha clann an toiseach 'g a shlugadh gu sgairteil, ged a bheir e deoir bho 'n suilibh, on a tha iad a' smuaineachadh gum bheil e cluicheadh dhaibh gun smuairin a ghabhail a ni a tha 'g an goirteachadh; agus mar so tha iad ag ionnsachadh òl gu toil-each.

Nuair a tha *alcohol* a ruigheadh a ghoile, tha e 'g a sgaldadh; agus ma tha neach a leantainn fada air a bh' 'g a òl tric, tha e a losgadh air falbh a chochail a tha a' comhdachadh taobh a stigh a ghoile gu leir.* Nise tha so baileach cronail: oir nuair a loisgear an comhdach so, tha an sùgh a tha a' sruthadh troimhe a' call a chuid mhòr d' a neart; agus 'se 'n sùgh so is meadhon

* Fhuaras so a mach le dearg-lichichibh a dh' fhosgail cuirp dhaoine a bha tròm air an deoch: agus 's ann mar so a fhuaras a mach gu coimhionta an doigh anns am bheil deoch laidir ag oibreachadh air pearsa an duine.

air a bhìadh a chnamh. Tha *alcohol* a cuir bacadh air cnamh a bhìdh, cuideachd, a cheann gun cùm e nì air bith a chuirear ann gun chaochladh. Nuair is math le leigh ball-cuirp a chumail gun ghrodadh, cuiridh e an *alcohol* e. Loisgidh so an taobh a mach dheth; ach cha tig muthadh tuille air, ged chumtadh an sin mìle bliadhn' e.

An deighe a bhì uine bheag anns a ghoile, tha an t-*alcohol* a dol am measg na fala, agus a' sgaoileadh air feadh an eanachainn, agus gach ball de 'n chorp. Tha e nise a' cuir teas feadh na colluinne gu leir; agus tha daoine a faineachadh a bhì nì 's beothaile, nì 's misneachaile, agus nì 's neo-omhailiche mu gach nì; agus tha an smointean troi' a cheile, air dhoigh 's nach urrainn iad cuis dhomhainn a rannsachadh mar air vairibh eile. Mar so tha an lasanan agus an anamiannan air an neartachadh, agus an tuigse aig a cheart am air a cuir fo mhi-riaghailt. Tha daoine an sin deas air nithe a labhairt nach bu choir dhaibh, air a bhì cuir bòsd asda fhein, agus a deanamh tair air daoin eile, agus air geilleadh do gach droch run a dh' eireas 'n an inntinn. "Amhaircidh do shuilean," arsa Solamh, "air mnaibh coimheach, agus cuiridh do chridhe an céill nithe claona; agus bithidh tu mar an tì a luidheas sìos ann an meadhon na fairge, no mar esan a luidheas air barr croinn siuil" Gnath-fhocal, caib. xxiii. v. 33, 34, Mar so tha daoine fo chumhachd deoch laidir air an taruinn gu braid agus neoghloine, gu connasachadh, trodadh, agus math a dl' fheudte gu mort. Tha Breitheachan agus Maoir a Chruin ag radh gur h-e 'n t-ol is aobhar corr a's da thrian de na ciontaibh a th' air an cuir an gnìomh air feadh Bhreatann.

Bheir bodach de dh' alcohol glan bas duine an uine ghearr agus fogh-

naidh leth-bhodach do neach òg. 'S e 'm fàth nach 'eil daoine a tha 'g òl tuill' a's so a' basachadh nach 'eil iad ag òl moran deth comhladh; oir an deigh dha sgaoileadh feadh na fala, tha moran deth gu h-ealamh a' tighinn amach troi a chraicinn agus 's an anail. Ged a tha e a' dol am measg na fala, cha 'n eil boinne dheth a' fas 'n a fhuil, mar a tha gach seorsa bidh. Tha so a feuchainn nach 'eil toradh air bith ann; oir tha dearbh fhios aig daoine foghlnimte gur ann as an fhuil a tha an corp gu leir air a bheathachadh. Cha 'n eil an *alcohol* ach gual a's uisge; agus chan 'eil e a toirt neart do dhaoine nì 's mughna na tha a chuipe a toirt neart do 'n each. Tha e cuir teas agus buaireas feadh na fala; agus uime sin tha moran a' smaoineachadh gum bheil e 'g an neartachadh. Ach beachdaicheadh iad ciod a tha tighinn 'n a dheighe; agus chi iad gur ann a tha e ' fàgail dhaoine fann agus anfhulanach. 'S e *fois* a's *biadh* amhain a shuidhich Freasdal chum neart ath-bheothachadh, agus foghnaidh iad so; a's cha 'n 'eil feum an nì eile. Ged a tha e cuir teas feadh a chuirp an toiseach tha e a fosgladh pòran a chraicinn, agus tha an duine a rithist nì 's buailtiche do fhuachd agus nì 's fhuaire na bha e mus an d' òl e boinne dheth. Mar so chualthar mu iomad neach a mheilich le fuachd an taobh tuath America, a cheann gun d' òl iad mòran branndi ri latha reota geamhraidh.

Labhair na baird moran mu 'n chridhealas a tha 'g eiridh bho dheoch laidir; ach b' e sin cridhealas na boilich agus na connspoid, a dh' fhagadh daoine tiamhaidh, crosda, an lath'-arnamhaireach. Cridhealas gu dearbh! Ciod an cridhealas a th' aig bean agus cloinn a mhisgeir nuair a tha iad 'n an

cribban gu hùdeagach, acrach mu theallach fuar, lom, agus esa ag ol 's an tigh-leanna an ni bu choir biadh agus aodach a cheannach dhaibh, agus a chuireas fuaim a cheumnan a tighinn dachaidh sgàth orra, agus cha 'n e aoibhneas, mar bu chubhaidh! Be sin cridhealas na bochdainn agus na truainighe! Ciod an cridhealas a th' aig a chairdibh nuair a tha e 'g an ruigheachd cho goirt 's gum bheil iad cuid de dh' uairibh a rinachadh gun tigeadh crìoch air a laithibh? Ma 's math le daoine stuth dinbhail òl a ni cridheil iad car seal, faidheadh iad luach sgillinn no dha de 'n aile ris an abrar 'sa Bheurla *laughing gas*. Bheir so orra garaachdaich gun allsach, agus leum le h-aoibhneas; agus ged a tha e cronail, cha 'n 'eil e cho cronail ri *alcohol*, agus tha e mòran ni 's saoire: no ma 's math leo ni a bheir mor-shubhachas dhaibh, oileadh iad beagan *opium*. Bheir sin orra bli cho sona ciuin 's ged a bhithheadh iad am fàitheas. Tha 'n stuth so gun teagamh ro chronail, laidir, oir 'se a tha moran a gabhail nuair a tha iad a cur as daibh fhein; ach cha chuir e daoine air chaathach mar a ni *alcohol*. Tha so cuideachd cleart cho laidir, cronach; oir tha e toirt bàs moran feadh nan rioghachdan so gach latha; agus ma dh' òlas duine dheth uimhir 'sa dh' oladh neach paiteach de dh' uisge, bheir é bàs obann air. Tha na nithe sin a feuchainn gu'm faod iomad ni cronail gean a chuir air daoine, agus faochadh a thoirt daibh car tiota. Be bli cur as teine le bli cuir connaidh air, bli 'g òl *alcohol* chum pathadh a chasgadh: oir 's ann a chuireadh e tart air daoine air nach 'eil pathadh.

Tha deoch laidir a fagail dhaoine ni 's buailtich do gach seorsa galair; agus ni 's taise an deigh a gabhail: agus a bharr air a so, tha i togail

mòran ghalaran do dhaoine gun aobhar air bith eile. "Cha 'n aithne dhomh aon ni eile," ars an Leigh Trotter, "a tha togail tuille eucail na deoch laidir." "S e ar barail" arsa tri air fhichead de na Leighibh a 's ainmeile an Lunnuinn," nach 'eil ni a b' fhearr clum anshocair a laodachadh, agus slainte a chumail ris gach neach, na sgar gu h-ìomlan de bli 'g òl deoch laidir." "Air gach ball de 'n chorp air an druigh i," ars an t-ollamh Allen, "tha i 'g oibreachadh mar phuisein."*

Tha na daoine ris an abrar *Quakers* comharaichte air son a bli seachnach air deoch laidir; agus uime sin tha am beathasa, a reir a cheile, ceithir bliadhna deug ni 's fhaide na beatha a chuid eile de 'n t-sluagh. Tha cuid de ghalaraidh sgrathail do 'm bheil misgeirean amhain buailteach. Cha 'n fhaod daoine a bhi smuaineachadh nach 'eil deoch laidir a' deanamh coire dhaibh ach nuair a tha i 'g an goirt-eachadh; oir tha leighean ag inns-eadh gum bheil i deanamh coire an cònaidh, air cho beag 's 'g an gabhtar dhi, agus gum bheil neach cuid de dh' uairibh gun ghoirteas air bith, nuair a tha taobh a stigh a ghoile air iongrachadh le dibhe. Mar so tha moran 'g am mealladh fhein mar a bha 'm fear a thubhairt gun robh esa 'na ioma shlainte ged a bha e 'g òl moran leanna car fhichead bliadhna, agus bhasaich e leis an t-ath latha.

Cha 'n 'eil beathachadh idir an uisgebeatha, no deoch laidir air bith a th' air a tarruinn mar sin; agus cha 'n 'eil beathachadh an leann ach na th' anns an leann-loisgte, a bheir-their do na mucaibh. Cha 'n fhearr fion no portair.

* Chitear na teistneasan sin, maille ro moran eile, an da leabhar a chuireadh a mach, le Maighistir *Beardsall* agus Maighistir *Parsons*, da Mhinisteir Sasunnach.

Tha cor moran sheoladairean agus dhaoine eile a leig dhiu deoch laidir gu tur, a dearbhadh gur ro inhearachd barail nan daoine a tha smuaineachadh gum bheil *alcohol* a neartachadh neach; oir tha iad uile ag radh gum bheil iad ni 's treise 's ni 's cruadalaiche, agus ni 's murraich air mòran obair a chur troi laimh na bha iad an uair a bha iad ag òl a bheag no mhòr dhi.

Tha mìle mhilleann pund Saghsonnach leth-cheud uair thairis air a chosadh gach bliadhne 's na rioghachdaibh so air deoch laidir, suim, a chumadh suas na bheil de shluagh an Albainn car trì bliadhna. Chuir eadh na thatar a' cur a h-aithne dh' eorna an Breiteann comhdach, slat air dhoimhnead, air rathad mòr, coig slat air leud agus da cheud agus sea mìle deug air fad.

Tha deoch laidir a toirt moran tuille call air an rioghachd na tha an stuth a' cosadh; oir tha i toirt moran dhaoine gu bochdainn a's laigse, a tha 'n sin a tighinn beò air daoine eile, agus tha na mìltean a tha i toirt gu cionta nan eallaich air an duthaich, air dhoigh no doigh. 'S i is aobhar air moran de na losgachaibh cailteach a tha tachairt tric air feadh na rioghachd, agus air iomad long bhriseadh, far am bheil moran bathair air a chall an conaidh, agus iomad uair beatha dhaoine. A bharr air a so, tha i tarraunn air daoine moran ghalaran agus chuisean lagha, a tha cosd ro mhòran airgid.

Math a dh' fheudte gun abair thu gum bheil leighean gu tric a comhairleachadh do dhaoine deoch laidir a ghabhail, airson feum an slainnte. Ach tha mise ag radh riutsa gum bheil leighean mar so a toirt iomad neach gu dubh mhìsg. Cha bu choir dhaibh so a chomhairleachadh uair air bith oir cluinn ciod thubhairt *Johnson*, leigh ainmeil an Lunnainn. "Tha mise ag radh gum

bheil iad" (s e sin deochan laidir) anns gach cuis cronail mar dheoch, agus nach 'eil feum orra mar leigheas, a cheann gum bheil stuithean eile againn a ni an gnothach a cheart cho math, mur dean ni 's fhearr." Ach tha leighean 'g 'a toirt do shluagh euslan iomad uair, cheann gum bheil iad furasd am faotuin, agus taitneach do 'n ghoile a thug iad fo 'n leigh.

Thachair do mhòran de leighibh mu *alcohol* mar a thachair dhaibh bho cheann fada mu lotaibh. Bha e chleachda aca ola goileach a thaomadh orra agus theireadh iad nach gabhadh lot leigheas ceart gun so. Thachair do Fhrangach do 'm b' ainm *Paré* aon uair nach b' urrain da ola fhaotainn; agus mar sin fhuair e doigh air lotan a leigheas ni b' fhearr gun ola idir. 'S e thabhairt leigh Gallda ri brathairceird da an Dun-eidin: "cha bu choir dhuit a bhi cho dian an aghaidh dibhe, oir 's ann oirre a tha sinn a deanamh moran de 'r coisneadh." Tha so leigeadh ris aon aobhar airson cuid de leighibh a bhi air taobh an òil. Tha cuid de na leighibh a's fhearr an Dun-eidin 's an Lunnainn air leigeadh dhiu bhi 'g orduchadh dibhe an cuis air bith. Ma bha daoine faotainn a chuid a b' fhearr de na h-eugailibh airson an robh na Gaidheil a toirt uisgebeatha dhaibh, 's ann a dhaindeoin air an leigheas mar bu trice, 's cha b' ann le chòradh, mar a chi neach air bith a smuainicheas air buaidhibh *alcohol*.

Cha 'n ain air pearsa agus air sporan duine amhain a tha deoch laidir a drughadh: tha i milleadh a chinn agus a chridhe cuideachd. Tha mheamhair a failneachadh, agus tha an tuigse air a h-anfhanachadh 's air a dalladh; agus tha an cridhe a fas fuar gun fhaireachdainn. Tha gach aon duine a bha riamh trom air an deoch 'na dhearbhadh air a so.

Tha iad a fas clannail, gun seagh, gun fhirinn, agus gun onoir; agus ma gheobh iadsa pailteas dibhe, 's coma leo ged rachadh an saoghal a dhith. Nach uamhasach an sealladh duine tapaidh, gasda, teobl-chridheach fhaicinn air a thoirt chum na staid so!

Ach math a dh' fheudte gun abair thu—"O, 'sann bho anameasarrachd tha so nìle a tighinn; nam fanadh daoine air cuimse, cha bhitheadh ni am mearachd." 'S ann an so a tha chealgairachd air am bheil Solamh a' labhairt. Mur blaiseadh daoine boinn' idir, tha e soilleir ri fhaicinn gun rachadh a mhisg agus gach diubhail a tha 'n a lorg air chul a dh' aona bheum. Ach ged a bha an langan so, *fanaibh air cuimse*, an clusaibh dhaoine bho cheann còr a's da mhìle bliadhna bha a mhisg a sior neartachadh gus 'n do theann sluagh ri leigeil dhiu a bhi 'g a bhlas. Bha gach neach lan dearbhte nach d' tigeadh an latha 's am bitheadh esa na mhisgeir: ach a dh-aindheoin gach comhairle agus earail a ghabhadh toirt daibh, thainig an latha 's an robh milltean diu nan dubh mhisgeirean. Tha e furas fhaicinn carson a bha na comhairlean ud gun fheum. "*Fanaibh air cuimse*," ars iadsa; ach cha d' innis iad daibh cìod e cuimse, oir cha b' urrainn daibh, cha robh dhaibh tomhas sonraichte ainmeachadh; oir cuiridh tomhas nach aithnich fear aige misg air fear eile; agus cha 'n e an tomhas a chuireadh misg air neach an uiridh a chuireas misg air am bliadhna. Cha mhugha a b' urrainn daibh a radh, mar a dh' fhaodadh iad a radh a thaobh biadh a's deoch, iad a ghabhail gus nach bitheadh deigh aca air tuille; oir mar is mugha a dh' òlas neach 's ann is mugha a dheigh air tuille. Cha robh math dhaibh a radh iad a dh' òl gus am faireadh iad an cinn a fàs eatom; oir air

cheann sin bhitheadh daorach bheag orra.

Ach 's ni faoin a bhi a' bruidhinn air *cuimse* an leithid so de chuis. Se cuimse, gu leoir *de ni feumail*. Cha 'n urrainn cuimse a bhi an nithe cronail. B' amaideach do neach a radh nach robh eucoir cronail nam fanadh daoine air cuimse; agus tha e cheart cho amaideach a bhi 'g radh nach 'eil cron an deoch laidir ma dh' fhanas daoine air cuimse, nuair a tha i deanamh cron air cho beag 's gan olthar dhi.

'S ann o bhi 'g òl *beagan* an drasd' 's a rithisd a thainig gach misgeir a bha riamh air thalamh gu fas deidheil air an deoch, agus gu bhi 'g òl *moran*. Cha chualas iomradh air neach riamh a thainig gu bhi na mhisgeir a dh' aona bheum.

On a tha nadur an duine agus buaidhean na dibhe dìreach mar a bha iad, an ni a bha 's e a bhitheas. Fhad 's a bhitheas daoine 'g a blasad, thig moran diu gu bhi 'n am misgeiribh. Tha gach neach deas air a bhi 'n duil gun teid esa as, on a chaidh daoine eil as: ach beachdaicheadh e air a chuis gu geur, gun chlaon-bhreith, agus chi e nach 'eil dearbhadh air bith aige nach bi e air aon de 'n dream air an toir an dibhe buaidh. 'S e thug air moran fas trom air an òl gun robh iad am barail nach tigeadh an latha a thigeadh iadsa gu bhi mar so. Tha duine cinnteach nach ionnsaich e 'n t-òl fhad 's nach blais e boinne, ach ma tha e 'g a bhlasadh cha 'n urrainn da bhi cinnteach.

Cha ruig mise leas ni a radh mu 'n doigh anns am bheil daoine carach mealladh dhaoine eile troi mheadhon deoch laidir, agus a faotainn uapa brath air iomad ni nach bu choir dhaibh innseadh; oir cha 'n 'eil moran 's a Ghaidhealtachd aig nach 'eil fhios air a so a cheana.

Nam bitheadh daoine a smuaineach-

adh nach dean dibhe coire dhaibh mur òil iad uair air bith gus am bi an dall daoirich orra : oir tha daoine foghlumte ag innseadh gu sonraichte gum bheil a bhi 'g a bhlas tric ni 's miosa na bhi 'g ol moran corruiar, agus gur luaithe bheir e bas duine a tha 'g ol beagan gach latha na bas fir a dh'olas aon uair 's a mhios gus am bheil e call a bheachd agus lùs nan cas. Chunnacas daoine do 'n do thog a bhlaisemeineachd so an galar ris an abair leighean *delirium tremens*, no am boire critheanach eucail sgàthach, nach fhacas riamh air neach a bha seachnach air deoch.

Dh'innis mi dhuit gun oibrich sugh mheasan nuair a dh'fhagthar iad sgaoilte fo'n aile. 'S ann mar so, a reir coltaich, a fhuaras amach deoch laidir an toiseach. Nuair a thug Noah* an sùgh as na fion-dhearcaibh, chaidh leigeil leis seasamh an saothach fosgailte; agus mar sin dh'oibrich e. Nuair a dh'òl se dheith, thug e 'n aire gun d' fhas e beothail 'na dheighe: agus mar sin *mheallthar* e, mar a mheallthar cho lion mìle d' a shliochd 'na dheighe. Shaoil daoine nach deanadh e coire air bith mur òileadh iad gus am bitheadh iad air mhisg; oir nuair nach òladh iad ach beagan cha robh an t-òl cho mòr na cho soilleir; agus tha daoine deas air a bhi leigeil as am beachd nan duibhailcean a tha tighinn an lorg ni a tha toirt toileachadh dhaibh aig an àm; agus mar sin lean daoine air a bhi 'g ol alcohol gus an latha an diugh.

Cha robh eolas aig daoine air stuithibh, tarruingte mar uisge-beatha gu naoi ceud bliadhna an deighe teachd ar Slanuighear. Mu'n am sin bha daoine am barail gun gabhadh stuth factainn a theann-dadh gach ni gu h-òr; agus uime sin smuainich ollamh Arabach gum fe-

chadh e ri fion a tharruinn, gun fhios nach fodhnadh an stuth a thigeadh as; oir bha iad eolach air tarruin roimhe so; agus bha fios aca gun robh an stuth tarruingte moran ni bu treise na 'n stuth às an d' thainig e. Rinn e sud, agus 's ann mar sin a fhuaras a mach brandi no uisgebeatha an toiseach. Cha deanadh e òr na airgiod de ni a chuirthear ann; ach bha e moran ni bu treise gu daoine a bheothachadh car seal na fion. 'S ann airson so a thugthar uisge *beatha* mar ainm air— ach 's e uisge *bàis* ainm bu fhreagarraiche gu mor. Chaidh buaidhean an stutha a mholadh thair tomhas; cha mhor nach tugadh e beo na mairbh, a reir na h-aithris. Bha daoine 'san àm sin ro aineolach, agus deas gu bhi creidsinn gach ni a dh'innsear dhaibh, a bha idir dealbhach, gun a bhi 'g iarraidh dearbhan pongail gun robh e fìor; agus mar sin chreid iad gum bu leigheas ro fheumail *alcohol*. Ach 's ann mar leigheas amhain a ghnathachthear é car sheachd ceud bliadhna, agns cha robh e ri fhaotainn ach am buthaibh nan leigheas-reiceadairean. Ach chomharraich cuid de na h-Arabaich mar a chuireadh brandi daoine air bhoile, car seal; agus uime sin thug iad *alcohol* no *al goril* mar ainm air, 's e sin, air eadar-theangachadh, an *droch spiorad*, agus lean an t-ainm sin gus an latha 'n diugh.

Fhuaras amach a rithisd gum faidhtear stuth co-ionnan a leann no ni air bith mar sin; agus their na Gaidheil anise uisge-beatha ris an stuth a gheobhar a leann bracha. Bho cheann còrr us da cheud bliadhna thoisich cuid ri smuaineachadh gur cinnteach gun robh e feumail do dhaoine slainnteach, cho math 's do dhaoine tinn, ged a tha dearbh fhios aig gach leigh gum bheil gach leigheas cròuil do dhaoine slainn-

* Faic Genesis, cab. ix. 20, 21.

teach; agus mar sin, midh air 'n
uidhe, thainig daoine gu bli 'g a òl
air gach tachartas.

P. MACGRIOGAIR.

—o—

C E O L U R.

AN T-URLAR.

Chaidh mi steach a 'n àr—
Féin a' fòghnadh leam;
Phronnadh mi gu làr
Gu neach chòmhnaidh leam;
Lùgh na feòl a' tàr
Air an Neart is Fearr;
Is Tl mòr nam blàr
Treis' nior dheònaich dhomh.
Ann an sud an truaigh!
Aig às-creideamh cruaidh;
Thug air m' anam buaidh—
Dh' fhàg fo leònachd mi;
Mheath an t-òran luaidh,
Sàil an fhradhairc nuaidh;
Thàinig dreach na h-uaigh';
'S a' sìor bhrònadh mi.

AN-T-URLAR.

Och! gur mis' tha 'm boinn
Nach 'eil sòlasach!
Peacadh cur á loinn
Gu ceum dòlasach;
Lag mar naodh á broinn,
Math is òle 'g am roinn,
Mi gun rath, gun sgoinn,
Dall, neo-eòlasach!
Tha mo strì gun stà;
Mo chur sil gu bràth
Cha toir bladh no blàth
A freumh feòlmhoireachd;
Nàimh ag ith' an sàith
Air mo raon gach tràth,
Tharam le "Aha!"
'N an droch cheòlmhoireachd.

AN SIUBHAL.

Ach thùrling an Spiorad;
Is thug e dhomh deòthas;
Is nochd e dhomh uiread
'S a thug mi gu beòthas:
An guirme an athar
Bha samhhladh na cathair
Gu loisgeach o 'n sgathar
Bhàrr chruinne gach fòtus!
Do sgaoil e dhomh rola,
Is chuir e leis òrdugh:—
Feuch! "Ith!" an sgrìobh fola!
E ghortach' no chòrdadh.
Ghabh, 's dh' ith mi gu h-ealamh;

A' m' bheul e mar mbeala;
Ach searbh a' m' bhrù talaimh
Bha chuànlh ann am ròdaibh.

AN SIUBHAL.

Ruith, ruith mi a' siubhal
A' caiseamachd drain!
A' sponadh an fhuigheil
A bha 'na fhreumh dòruinn!
An croch' ris a' ghealladh;
A' dearc' air an t-sealladh
'S am faiccar am mealladh
'S an t-sligh' air nach sòrainn.
Mo cheum troimh chruas lainne
A' gearradh gach dòlais;
Ag òl an fhìor bhainne
A Tobar an Eòlais;
An fhéin an staid fainne;
Lòn na feòla an gainne;
Am manna an aithne;
Is m' anam làn sòlais.

AN CRUNLUATH.

Ach dh' éirich suas gné fhineadail
Nach d' aithnich luach na léige,
Le sliochd às-creidmheach, cineadail
A' dol am boinn na bréige;
Bu daor an t-saors' a cheannachadh,—
Gun bheag do bhuaidh no bheannachadh,
'S an dìthreabh air mo theannachadh
Le feartaibh dall an éige!
Ach lughdaich duibhr' nam meallaidh-
ean,
A' foillseach' gréin 'na sgèimhe,
A sheòl le gathan gheallaidhean
Troimh ghlinn nan neul gu sèamha;
Dh' fhalbh fàsach cian na fealtaireachd,
Le bhàir, le chreuchd, 's le spealtair-
eachd;
'S tha mi fa-dheòidh gun ghealtaireachd
A' coimhead raoin nan nèamha.
B. N. F.

—o—

LITREACHAS.

LEIS an fhacal Litreachas tha
sinn a' tuigsinn na sgrìobhaidhean
anns am faighear smuaintean is fair-
eachduinean na cuid do'n chinne-
dhaonna air an do bhuilicheadh
tomhas do thuigse. Ann am briath-
ran eile is e Litreachas anns an t-
seadh is àirde modh labhairt troimh
sgrìobhadh eadar fear agus fear 'nan
nàdur agus 'nam faireachduin mar
dhaoine. Gheibh sinn Litreachas
mar so 'ga roinn féin a mach ann

am mèir do smuain agus do eòlas aig am bheil am freumh ann an inntinn an duine. Tha meur na h-Eachdraidh ann; meur na Feallsanachd; meur na h-Ur-labhrachd no na h-Ealantachd; agus meur na Bàrdachd.

Ged is ann an sgrìobhadh a gheibhear gach gné Litreachais, gidheadh cha'n 'eil a' h-uile sgrìobhadh airidh air a bhì air a ghabhail a steach fo'n ainm Litreachas. Tha mar so dà sheòrsa Litreachais ri 'm faotainn. Tha seòrsa ann a tha *siùbhlach*, ag atharrachadh leis an là is leis an linn; agus tha seòrsa ann a tha *buan* a sheasas maireann cho fada agus a bhios cridheachan agus inntinnean dhaoine do'n ghné de 'm bheil iad a nis. Anns an Litreachas a tha siùbhlach no caochlach gheibhear na sgrìobhaidhean a tha do ghné shuaraich no shàlaich, agus a' chuid a tha tioram gun suspainn nach ruig no nach drùigh air anam coitcheann a' chinne-dhaonna. Sgeul rùisgte nach 'eil air a shuidheachadh ann an corp do chainnt sgeineil shnasmhoir; prionnsapalan leth-tromach nach 'eil ag éiridh a mach a' fìor nàdur an duine; òraidean no searmoinean anns nach 'eil blas no brìgh; agus ranntachd nach 'eil binn no buadhach,—na leabhraichean no na sgrìobhaidhean anns nach faighear ach a' ghné dhiombuan so do litreachas cha bhui do 'n t-seòrsa a tha buan no maireannach.

I.—EACHDRAIDH.

Cha chanar eachdraidh anns an t-seadh cheart ri leabhraichean ghinealach anns nach faighear ach stiall fhada do ainmean, Mac Dhòmhnuill, Mhic Iain, Mhic Choinnich, &c. 'S e eachdraidh anns an t-seadh is àirde sgeul fìor mu ghnuimh, mu euclid, is mu fhàs suas a' chinne-dhaonna, mar tha an

cinne-daonna 'na aon no ann an cinnich fa leth. Mar bhuill do 'n chinne-dhaonna tha sinn a' gabhail tlachd coitcheann ann an eachdraidh mar chuspair meadhrachaidh. Oir tha sinn a' faotainn iomraidh ann an eachdraidh air modh oibreachaidh cumhachdan agus feartan gineadail nàdur an duine. Chì sinn an sud reuson a' tionnsgnadh agus ag giùlan a mach a chrìochan ion-chuidh féin; agus mar an ceudna an toil, dian lasanta, do-lùbaidh is rag, no fulangach. A ris tha e cho tlachdmhor leinn a bhì sealltuinn air féin-ghloir is féin-iarrtuis 'nan ròidibh ciontach agus a tha e bhì ag amharc air strì ionmholta an fhir aig am bheil gràdh agus math a dhùthcha a' lasadh le chèile 'nan rùn teinnteach 'na chridhe. Oir ann an sud tha againn sruthadh a mach air dà thaobh nàdur an duine; agus tha déigh againn air a bhì faicinn dhaoine 'nuair is miosa agus an uair is fearr a tha iad. Cha 'n 'eil a bheag do eachdraidh is fiach againn anns a' Ghàilig an taobh a mach do ranna ginealach is sgeulachdan nan seanachaidhean nach maireann. Cha deachaidh na cuàimh eachdraidheil a chruinnich iadsan ri chèile a chòmhdach fathast le falluinn feòla ùr-dheiseach na h-eachdraidh. Thug Mac-Calum is Mac-Aoidh ionnsaidhean math air eachdraidh na h-Eaglais—mìr beag dhi co-dhiù—a thoirt duinn; agus thug Clan-Choinnich cùntas nach dona air eachdraidh choitcheann ar dùthcha. Ach cha 'n 'eil an sud ach oidhearpan beaga làimh ris na sgrìobh *Herodotus* is *Thucydides* 's a' Ghréig, *Livy* is *Tacitus* 's a' Ròimh, *Guizot*, 's a' Fhraing, agus *Gibbon*, *Hume*, is Mac-Aulai, &c., ann an Sasunn. Tha eachdraidh a' Ghàidheil 'na thuineachadh is 'na fhàs is 'na thighinn a mach ann am Breatunn agus ann an Eirinn fathast gun sgrìobhadh.

II.—FEALLSANACHD.

Is e feallsanachd no gràdh gliocais no eòlais aithne bhli againn air cliù cumhachdan ar n-eòlais, ar faireachduinean, ar n-iarrtuis, agus ar toilean. Cha 'n 'eil mòran am measg nan Gàidheal 'nan seann sgrìobhaidhean air na cuspairean so ; ach tha beagan do litreachas ri fhaotainn mu chuid do na h-ealainibh a tha toirt eòlais duinn air feartaibh na talamhain is air laghan a' chruinne-ché. Canar feallsanachd ris an so mar an ceudna ; ach cha bhuin e anns an t-seadh is àirde do litreachas. Tha eòlas nan ealan so cho caochlaideach, cho diombuan, an diugh ann is am màireach ás, no cho-dhiu air atharrachadh, gus nach gabhar e a steach fo'n ainm litreachas. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach robh fios aig na seann Draoidhean air mòran mu chuspairean nàdurra do'n t-seòrsa so ; ach chaidh a' chuid is motha d'an eòlas am mughadh maille riu féin.

III.—EALANTACHD.

'SE còirichean agus leas a' chinne-daonna na cuspairean air am bheil ealantachd no ùr-labhrachd 'ga cleachdadh féin. Feudaidh ùr-labhrachd a bhli ann an òraidean a chaidh a labhairt no ann am feadhainn nach robh ach air an sgrìobhadh. A bhàrr air ealantachd shearmoinean gheibh sinn ùr-labhrachd air a cleachdadh a dhìon còirichean an t-sluaigh—an saorsa, an glòir no an onoir chin-eadail, an neo-eiseamalachd, agus gach nì aig am bheil feum coitcheann ; mar an ceudna a chur ás do olc, a sheasamh an neochiontaich, agus a ghiùlan a mach gach òrduigh modh-annail.

IV.—BARDACHD.

Is e bàrdachd co-chòrdadh, eug-
naidh ann an cainnt bhinn bhlasda

eadar an saoghal faicsinneach am muigh agus an saoghal neo-fhaicsinneach a stigh—eadar dathan, cruthan is coslais a' chè nàdurra agus faireachduinean, staidhean, agus iarrtuis anam duine,—is e bàrdachd còrdadh aonachd is tuigse a thoirt a mach mar so á coltais agus á prionnsapalan saoghal nan spiorad agus an t-saoghail neo-reusonta.



SAMHLAIDHEAN.

Cho fliuch ri iasg—cho tioram ri seich,
Cho bèd ri eun—cho marbh ri 'cloich ;
Cho brisg ri glaine—cho righinn ri teud,
Cho mall ri seilcheag—cho luath ri steud ;
Cho làidir ri each—cho lag ri caot,
Cho milis ri sìdear—cho neo-bhlasd ri sgaot
Cho geal ri lili—cho dubh ri sùith,
Cho mear ri piseig—cho tinn ri cù ;
Cho dòmhaill ri *peatraid*—cho sùmhail ri
sgadan,
Cho reamhar ri muic—cho bochd ri radan ;
Cho dìreach ri saighead—cho cam ri bògha
Cho bàn ri léine—cho dubh ri gobha ;
Cho carrach ri creig—cho lom ri bòrd.
Cho geur ri sgian—cho maol ri òrd ;
Cho cruaidh ri spor—cho bog ri Ìm,
Cho luaineach ri sìd—cho cinnteach ri tìna ;
Cho fìor ris an t-Soisgeul—cho fealls' ris an
duine,
Cho caochlach ri bean—cho deimhin ri
gunna ;
Cho teth ri àmhuinn—cho fuar ri sneachd,
Cho lag ri cuileig—cho laidir ri seachd ;
Cho aotram ri it—cho trom ri luaidh'
Cho glas ri feur—cho ruadh ri luaith ;
Cho mall ri as—cho bras ri tuil,
Cho geal ri latha—cho dearg ri fuil ;
Cho garbh ri ròcas—cho binn ri bàird,
Le mìl' samhl' eile riu so ann an càird.



DAN LEIS A' CHEANN-FHEADHNA BLACKIE.

(O'N BHEURLA.)

'NUAIR a thriall mi sìos Gleann Spiathain
Thar a' bhruthaich uaine fheuraich,
Le ceum eutrom thàrr mi suas
Ri àille chasthruim dheuraich.

Bha ultach aice air a druim
Is pasgan ann a làimh,
Is bha i aindeonach a' falbh
Mar eilthireach làn cràidh.

“Aille luraich!” arsa mis'—
'Sa duail òrfhuilt sìos o cùl,
Le sùilibh donn, is ballaibh fionn,
Bha cho grinn do shealladh shùl—

“Aille luraich, air là geal samhraidh
Dé fàth do choltais thruaigh,
Bhi falbh gu tiamhaidh casruisgte
Air slighe chloiche chruaidh ?

“Tha mis' ùr laidir le deadh chaiseart
Is tha thus' fo uallach trom ;
Gluais ni's cridheil', is leig dhomhsa
Na h-ultaich a ghiùlan leam.”

“Cha leig, cha leig !” ars' is' “cha'n fheud mi ;
Giùlainidh mi-féin na fhuair ;
Do mhath no olc na 's toil le Dia
Mo chuibhrionn biodh leam gach uair.”

“Ach tha dhà leatsa, 's mise falamh,
Tabhair dhomhs' aon 's thu sgìth ;
An t-eallach a tha air do dhruim
'S a thruime 'na bhristeadh-cri.”

“Cha'n e, cha'n e !” ars' is', “ma's àill leat,
Am *fear so*, làmh eil' an còir
An *fhir ud* cha téid a thoirt o'n Ghleann
A nunn thar' na mara mòir' !”

“Ma ta, ma ta ; ach innis dhomh
Gu dé tha 'n luib do sgòid
Tha thu toirt leat le aire chaoimh,
'S thu 'gad chlaoidh le stùr an ròid ?

“ Is cosmhuil e ri tiodhlac ghrinn
 O charaid an àn bhì dealach' ;
 Dh' fhaoidt', mar 's e àbhuist nìghneag ghleusd,
 Do thochradh tha leat 's an eallach.”

Chrath i a làmh gu tiamhaidh
 'S i 'g aomadh a sìùl gu làr :
 “ Na bi ri feala-dhà—'s e th' ann
 Sgrathag o uaigh mo mhàth'r !”

Cha dubh'irt mi facal : air taobh an ròid
 Shuidh sinn a' sìleadh dheur ;
 'S cha 'n facas driùchd bu ghloine 'n là ud
 A' laidhe 'na bhraon air feur.

FACAL MU UGHDAR AN DAIN.

Bha iomradh anns “ A' GHÀIDHEAL ” roimh 'n fhear mu dheireadh air an oilear ainmeil Blackie ; bha na bh'ann gléshnasmhor agus cliùiteach ; ach shaoil mise gu 'm biodh barrachd ann mu 'n Cheann-fheadhna ùr a fhuair na Gàidheil anns a' cheatharnach so air an do thuit falluinn Osein gu bhì còmhach' le briathraibh binn ealanta spiorad Fhinn a tha chòmhnuidh a steach. Shaoil-innse, mar b' e gnàth na Féinne 'n uair shuidheadh iad aig fleagh an déigh na buaidh, agus mìle bàrd a' togail an dàn, gur h-ann a bhiodh mìle bàrd an dràs a' togail cliù a' Chinn-fheadhna ùr ann an dàn dian lasanta no ann an rosg ruithteach anmadail d' am biodh mac-talla maireannach a' freagairt á com cridhe aosda nan Gàidheal o 'n Charbh is o 'n Ord Ghallach gu Cinn-tìre, is gus an Roinn Ilich.

Cha'n ann do “ 'N GHÀIDHEAL ” no do Ghàidheil feadh an domhan a ruigear a leas toiseachadh air inns-eadh cò e Blackie, Ceann-fheadhna nan Gàidheal. Cò an Ceann-fheadhna a bha riamh cosmhuil ris ? Mur faighear a lethbhreac am measg suinn na Féinne, cha'n aithne dhomhsa a leithid am measg nan ginealach a fiara nach maireann a

bh' againn 's na làithibh deireannach so. Sud agad gné Bhlackie, Fionn an sonn, nach d' fhàilnich riamh 's an strìth. A nàdur allail, àrd, dochosnaicht', ginidh e a mhisneachd do-mheata féin ann an anam a leanmhuinn. Gu robh buaidh leis féin agus le sheòid ! Suas le Blackie is le uabhraich na Gàilig ! gus an téid ainm a sìos troimh na h-àil a thig 'n ar déighfo chliù neo-bhàsmhor Chuinn, “BLACKIE NAN CEUD CATH !” Cha robh raointean chatha Fhinn no Chninn féin ni bu lìonmhoire, no ni b' fharsuinne na an àrfhaich air an do chasgair Blackie feachdan nan lethbhrethan claona fiara puinnseanta ceud-cheannach a bha troimh linntibh a' caitheamh an saighdean nimh-thumte ann an cainnt aosmhoir nan Gàidheal ! Tha laoch mheanbh eile againn a chuir às do mhòran. Togaidh na bàird, mar is dual, marbhrainn bhinn os ceann an cùirn. Ach mar a bhios òighean na Gàilig a' seinn le cridhe laiste mu 'n bhuidh cluinnean an séis a' toirt sgail às na glinn liath aosda, “Mharbh càch na mìltean, ach mharbh Blackie na deich mìltean !” Cha 'n fhada bhios anam do na Philistich beò ! Cha mhòr dhiubh nach 'eil air sgànradh cheana do na h-uamhachan agus do sgoltaich nan creag. Am beagan a tha am beul-

fo-fhraoch a' feitheamh a' chothruim loisgidh Blackie ás, a' cur teine riutha féin agus ris an fhraoch mu 'n cluasaibh leis an teangaidh theinntich ud nach urrainn na bheil do uisge ann an tìr nan Gall a chosg. Agus mu na làraich ud far an robh na Philistich a' deanamh an uail mu'n do chaitheadh ás an tìr iad, bidh na Gàidheil mheamnach a thig 'n ar déigh, a' togail séis mhaireannaich—

“Thig a nunn gu oilthigh Bhlackie,
Théid mi nunn gu oilthigh Bhlackie,
Tigh mòr nan seòmraichean fòghluim,
Far am faigh na Gàidheil Blackie.

“Thuir an seanachaidh ri Dòmhnall,
'Cuir do shàil air sròn nan Gallaibh,
Gus an tog sinn carragh Gàilig
Anns an àite so do Bhlackie.’”

Ceud fàilte a chinn-fheadhna òir-dheirc! Seadh, agus feadh an domh-an fharsuinn.

“Gheibh thu fàilte 'n crìochaibh Ghàidheal,
'S e do bheatha 'n Innse-Gall;
Ni gach triath riutsa comunn,
Gheibh thu moladh 'n Eirinn thall.”

Clùmhòr agus a ta thu mar oiler eugnaidh glic troimh fhar-suinneachd chainntean na h-Eòrpa agus na seann Ghréige gidheadh 's e do charragh Gàilig is buaine a mhaireas ann an còmhstri chaithtich nan sian.

'N uair a bhios t' fhòghlum Ger-mailteach, d' eadar-theangachadh binn blasda air teallsanachd dhruidheil Iain Fost, a' triall á cuimhne nan linn,—'n uair a bhios d' òraidean milis air *Maise* a' call an sgèimh ann an liathcheo nan aimsir,—'n uair a bhios do theagasgan fùghail air Beus

is Mòraltachd, Ghreugach, Gheint-leach, is Chrìosdaidh air dol á sealladh ann an glanadh, fàsghadh is ath-ghineamhuinn seann Adhaimh ar nàduir,—'n uair a bhios eadhon t' eòlas mòr Greugach maille ri d' cho-chomunn dìomhair ri ban-déethan pàganach Helicoin air an adblacadh fo chlàir neo-sgeineil nam burraidh leth bhòrb ud a thig a' bùrach a' d' dhéigh,—'n uair a bhios iad so uile air an sad a thaoibh ann an cùiltibh lùchairt seann eachdraidh a thàladh dhamban-allaidh 's a dh' àrach leòmunn bidh aitreamh òidhearc na Gàilig a chuir thu air buinn 's air loinn a' deàrsadh 'na glòir Ghàidhealaich; agus d' ainmsa, mar Bhesaleel anns an do chuireadh tìr nèamhaidh a thogail ar n-ùr àrois, air a tharruing ann an litrichibh ailbhinn, gun bheàrn, gun bhriseadh gun chaitheamh, a' deanamh sgéil do ghinealaich nach d' thàinig fathast gu stàirsnich an t-saoghail air euchdaibh agus air gnìomhaibh eugnaidh do làimh: Seadh agus do chliù is do choslas bidh air an altrum 'nar cridhe, 'nar beul-aithris, agus 'nar ceum, mar tha cliù agus manaidd chaoimh ar sinnsre; is bidh bàird is glinn is beannta is locha na Gàilig a' togail am basa ann an aiteas os do cheann ag guidhe, “*Thu bhì cruaidh mar am fraoch is buan mar an darach,*” agus a' taomadh beannachd an cridhe air do dhreach ionmhuinn fearail uasal, a chuir beatha nuadh 's a' Ghailig,—

“Air sàr Mac Dhubhaig àgh, is cuimhn', is buaidh,
A rinn gu h-ùr a dùsgadh ás an uaigh!”

SEANN RAMH.

MORT GHILINNE-COMHANN.

O chlàrsair dhomhsa, cuir an céill
 C'ia fàth do chaidh 's do chumha géur ;
 Am fàs Ghlinn-Comhann shìos leat féin
 A bheag cha 'n éisd ri d' cheòl-bhinneas :
 Do 'n cheò a shiùbh'leas bheil thu séinn,
 Do 'n chiar-dhamh luath mar ghath na gréin',
 Do 'n iolair shuas an àird nan spéur
 Tha sgrèuchail séisd ri d' òrainibh ?

Cha 'n eil, gheibh iadsan tàmh dhoibh féin ;
 Bidh 'n coron ceò air bhàrr na beinn',
 Bidh 'm fiadh 'n a chos, 's 'n a nead bidh 'n t-éun
 Gun eagal beud bho shealgairean :
 Ach dhaibhsan, och ! mu 'm bheil mo dhàn,
 Na beanntan glas, no coilltean fàs,
 No 'n t-slochd so fein nach faic an là
 Cha dheanadh sgàil bho mhealltaireachd.

Bha 'm bratach fillt', bha 'n drumma balbh,
 Na madraidh féin bha iad 'n an tàmh,
 Ri neach a thig mar charaid gràidh
 Cha b'e an àbhaist tathunnaich :
 Le ceileir ait bha phìob ri ceòl ;
 Bu riomhach ribean-gruaig na h-òigh ;
 'S a cuigeal dh' fhàg a màthair fòs
 A dheanadh còir bhean-tigheachd.

An làimh a mheasg leò anns an tràth,
 An claidheamh ghìlac aig uair na tàimh,
 A dhioladh duais do chridhe blàth
 An fhir thug tàrmunn 's aoibhealachd :
 Bho 'n teinntean theoidh gu càirdeil i
 Aig meadhon oidhch' am bioran spion
 A rinn an gleann so thoirt gu dith
 Le lasraibh millteach boisgeacheil.

Bha sgreadail bhan ri chluinn gun stà ;
 Bior-chaoineadh leanaba ris a' bhàs
 Na osnaich throm na'm fir ga'n cràdh
 Cha cheann'cheadh dàil bho 'n chasgaireachd :
 An luath ghaoth gheamhraidh dh' fhead'laich geur,
 An sneachd bha 'n oidhch' ud air an fheur,
 Ged b' fhiadhaich fuar bha iadsan féin
 Ni b' iochdmhor gné nan Sachunnàch.

Bho chian a fonn mo chlàrsach chaill,
Tha' teudan teare, tha 'fuaim ro fhann,
'S cha chluich i chaoidh 's na coiltibh fàs

Ach truaigh a maighstir chiar-fhaltaich:
Ged robh gach riobag liath 'n 'a teud
'S e mallachd thilgeadh iad gu léir
Ach gus an glaoidheadh Alb' gu geur,
"Gu'n diolar ceilg is fiar-bheartean."

Eadar. le DOMHNULL MACCALLUM.

EACHDRAIDH IAIN FOST.

Annas am bheil a dhroch bheatha agus a bhàs oillteil air am faicinn; agus cionnus a reic se e-féin ris an Diabhull air son cumhachd a bhi aige fad ceithir bliadhna fichead gach ni a dh' iarradh e a dheanamh; mar an ceudna nithe iongantach a rinn e le cuideachadh MHEPHISTOPHELES. Le cunntas air mar thàinig an Diabhull aig ceann nan ceithir bliadhna fichead agus a phronn e Fost 'na mhirean.

CAIB I.

Breith is fòghlum an OLLA FOST: maille r'a thuiteam o na Sgrìobtuiribh.

Rugadh an t-OLLA IAIN FOST anns a' Ghermailt. Cha robh 'na athair ach fear-obair bochd nach b' urrainn ionnsachadh ceart a thoirt d'a mhac Iain; ach bha bràthair aige 's an dùthaich ud féin a bha ro bheairteach agus aig nach robh clann e-féin idir. Ghabh am bràthair so tlachd ann an Iain, agus chuir e roimhe sgoileir a dheanamh dheth. Chuir e do n' sgoil e far an d' ionnsaich e gu h-anabarrach, gu sònruichte Laidionn. 'Na dhéigh so chaidh a chur do n' Oilthigh a thogail fòghlum na diadhachd. Ach cha do chòrd teagasgan a' Bhiobuill ri Fost òg. Uime sin thug se e-féin suas do nithibh eile anns am bu mhotha bha a thlachd:

Druidheachd is Fiosachd; agus ann an ùine ghoirid cha robh iad ach teare a rachadh air thoiseach air anns na h-ealainibh diomhair so. Dh' ionnsuich e buinn-theagasg a' chreidimh chriosuidh mar an ceudna; agus air son an fhòghlum so rinneadh e 'na Olla. Ach goirid an déigh so thuit e 'na leithid do mhac-meamna agus do bhreithneachadh iongantach agus gu'n do chuir e roimhe na sgrìobtuirean a thilgeadh uaithe air fad, agus e-féin a thòirt seachad gu h-iomlan do theagasg druidheachd, grìosaid, gheasan, ubagan, fiosachd, agus buidseachd do gach seòrsa.

CAIB II.

Mar a ghrios Fost a nìos an Diabhull, a' toirt air tighinn a fhaicinn aig a thigh féin.

Lean Fost air fòghlum fiosachd a dh' oidhche agus a latha. Ghabh e aon latha sgiathan iolair agus dh' fheuch e ri iteagach feadh an t-saoghail air fad, a dh' fhaotainn a mach rùintean diomhair nèimh agus an talaimh. Ann an ùine ghoirid bha e comasach air toirt air an diabhull tighinn a nìos 'na làthair mar a thogradh e. Bha Fost agus caraid aon latha a' coiseachd còmhla ann an coille làimh ri *Wurtemberg's* a' Ghermailt. Bha an caraid air son fiosachd an Olla Fost fheuch-

ainn; agus dh' iarr e air Fost feuchainn an b' urrainn e Mephistophiles a ghriòsadh a nìos anns a' cheart àin agus àite ud. Thoilich Fost so a dheanamh. Air ball aig a' cheud ghlaoidh rinn an diabhull a leithid do thoirm anns a' choille 's gu'n saoilteadh gu n tigeadh nèamh agus talamh 'nam prannalach còmhla. Rinn an diabhull an sin a leithid do rànaich agus gu'n saoilteadh tu gu 'n robh a' choille làn do bheathachibh fiadhaich. Tharruing Fost an sin cearcal air son an diabhull; agus thoisich an diabhull air ruith nu 'n cuairt air a' chearcal so, a' deanamh fuaim cho mhòr agus ged bhiodh deich mìle carbad a' stararach air ùrlar-cloiche. 'Na dhèigh so bha tàirneanaich is dealanach ann, mar gu 'm biodh an saoghal uile air theine. Bha ioghnadh air Fost agus air a charaid do 'n toirm a bha so, agus gu'n robh an diabhull a' cur dàil ann an tighinn, agus thug iad làmh air an riomball fhàgail. Ach 'nuair a mhothaich e so thòisich e ri ceòl cho binn 's nach cuala iad a leithid riamh.

Chòrd so ri Fost cho mhath 's gu 'n do thòisich e air Mephistophiles a ghriòsadh a nìos a rithist ann an ainm prionnsa nan diabhull; agus e a thighinn 'na choslas féin. Air ball bha dràgon mòr an crochadh os ceann a chinn. Ghlaoidh Fost a rithist air an dòigh a rinn e roimhe, agus bha ràn anns a' choille mar gu'm biodh ifrinn air fosgladh, maille ris gach anam a tha ann an sud an dòruinn. Ré na h-ùine so chuir Fost mòran cheist air an diabhull, agus thug e air mòran do charan ifrinneil a leigeil fhaicinn.

CAIB III.

Mar a thàinig Mephistophiles do thigh Fost agus na thachair eatorra.

Thug Fost àithne do'n spiorad a

choinneachadh aig a thigh 's a' mhaidinn an là 'r na mhàireach aig deich nairean. Aig an ànshuidhichte thàinig e stigh do 'n t-seòmar a' feòraich do Fhost gu dé a bha dhìth air. Thuirt Fost ris gur h-e bha a dhìth air gu'm biodh esan umhal dha, a' tighinu air iarrtus, anns na puinnean a leanas:

I. Gu'm frithealadh an spiorad air anns gach nì a dh' iarradh e, o 'n àm sin gu àm a bhàis.

II. Gu'n tugadh e d'a ionnsuidh nì 'sam bith a bhiodh a dhìth air.

III. Gu'n innseadh e dha nì 'sam bith a bu mhaith leis.

Fhreagair an spiorad e, agus thubhairt e nach robh cumhachd aige féin, ach gu'm faigheadh e a mach o'n phrionnsa bha os a cheann: "Tha luchd-riaghlaidh os ar ceann-ne," thuirt esan, "a tha 'gar cur a mach agus 'g ar n-òrdachadh dhachaidh mar a thogras iad; agus cha'n urrain dhuinn dol nì's faide na an cumhachd a thugadh dhuinn. Tha an cumhachd so air a thoirt dhuinn le Lucifer a chuireadh a mach a, nèamh mar a chual thu air son a ràiteachais. Ach cha'n iunis mi tuilleadh dhuit gus an toir thu thuféin seachad dhuinn." 'Nuair a chual e so thuirt Fost, "Gheibh mi m' iarrtus? ach bidh mi air mo dhamnadh còmhla ruibhse." An sin thuirt an spiorad, "Cha'n fhaigh thu t'iartras, is tha thu agamsa, agus cha'n urrainn an saoghal do shaoradh a, m' làimhsa." An sin thuirt Fost, "Thoir ort! agus tha mi 'gad ghriòsadh thu thighinn a nìos am' ionnsuidhsa 'san oidhche." Chaidh an spiorad an sin a, sealladh." 'Na dhèigh sud thòisich Fost air smaointeachadh cionnus a gheibheadh e iarrtus, agus anam a ghlaidheadh o'n diabhull.

Ag obair air na mic-meamna bhrònach ud bha Fost a' feitheamh gus an d' thàinig an oidhche. Dh'

fhoillsich an droch spiorad e-féin a ris do Fhost. Dh'innis e gu 'n d' fhuair e òrdugh o'n phrionnsa bhì umhal dha air cumha e-féin a thoirt dhasan 's gach ni a dh' iarradh Fost e a dheanamh. "Gu dé tha dhith ort?" thuirt esan. Fhreagair Fost gu 'm b' e a mhiann a bhì air a dheanamh 'na spiorad; gu'm biodh Mephistophiles daonnan aig a làmh; gu'm biodh e neo-fhaicsinneach do fheadhainn eile; agus gu'm b' urrainn e-féin gach cruth a thogradh e a ghabhail. Thubhairt an spiorad gu'm faigheadh e iarrtuis, ma'n cuireadh e a làmh ris na cumhachan a dh' iarradh esan. Chaidh Fost a nis a thaoibh agus chuir e sàthadh an caol a dhiùrn às an do shruth fuil ann am mèis a bh' aige. Ach dh' fhuaraich an fhuil an tiota a' toirt rabhaidh dha mu'n ghnìomh ifrinneil a bha e dol a dheanamh. Chuir e mhias os ceann nan èibhleag a theasach' na fola agus leatha sgrìobh e mar a leanas:

AN CUMHNANT RI LUCIFER.

"Tha mise, Iain Fost, a ghabhadh a steach a'm' Olla 'san diadhachd, le mo làimh féin ag aideachadh agus a' toirt fianuis gu 'n d' thug mi mi-féin seachad a'm' sheirbhiseach do Lucifer, Prionnsa na h-Airde-Tuath is na h-Airde-'n-Ear; agus gu'm bheil mi a' toirt dhasan gu saor agus gu toileach araon m' anam agus mo chorp ré ceithir bliadhna fichead air chumha gu 'm fritheil esan ormsa anns gach ni a dh' iarras mi: aig ceann na h-ùine so tha mi toirt dha comas deanamh rium a réir a thoil, m' anam no mo chorp a ghiulan no a shrachdadh mar thogras e: Le so tha mi toirt dùlan do Déia agus do Chrìosd agus do fheadh nan aingeal agus do gach spiorad math air am bheil a chruth no ìomhaighsan ri'm faicinn: Agus a dheanamh a' chùmhainte so ui's

làidire sgrìobh mi e le m' fhuil, a' cur m' ainm ris, agus a' gairm uile chumhachdan na h-ifrinn a thoirt fianuis air mo rùn 's a' chòrdadh so.

"IAIN FOST."

CAIB IV.

Na thachair ri Fost an déigh dha a làmh a chur ris a' sgrìobhadh.

'Nuair a bha an sgrìobhadh deas thug Fost e do Mephistophiles. Rinn Fost mòran nithe iongantach air ball. Chuir e às do leòghann, thug e air tarbh dannsadh, agus air ceudan do spioraid tòiseachd ri ceòl agus ri dannsadh 'na làthair. 'Nuair a bha 'n ceòl seachad chunnaic Fost deich bagaidhean airgid làimh ris. Thòisich e air an reic, ach cha b' urrainn e; oir bha iad cho teth 's nach b' urrainn duine làmh a chur orra ach e-féin. Chòrd gnothuichean ri Fost cho math 's gu'n do ghabh e-féin agus an spiorad còmhnuidh còmhla gu toilichte. Bha an diabhall féin leo 'na uairean 'nan gleidheas-tighe; 's bha bhlàth ri fhaicinn. Roimhe so gheibheadh na bochdan rud; ach tha chùis air atharrachadh a nis.

CAIB V.

Mar a rinn Fost air Diùc Bhabharia.

'N uair a chuala a chàirdean agus a choimhearsnaich gu'n do reic Fost anam ris an Diabhall cha tigeadh iad a chòir; oir bha e air sgaoil-eadh a mach nach robh aige do thlachd ach spiorad a bha leis a ghnàth a' deanamh gach gné lùthchleas a bu mhiann leis. Bha Diùc Bhabharia a' fantuinn làimh ri tigh Foist. Fagus do'n Diùc bha mar an ceudna Diùc Shacsoni, agus Easbuig Shalisburgh. Bhiodh Mephistophiles a' dol do thighean nam feadhainn so agus a' toirt leis às an seomraiche

dìbhe gach nì a b' fheàrr a gheibh-eadh e. Thug Diùc Bhabharia aon là cuireadh do naislibh na dùthcha gu dinneir. Agus air an son dh'ullaich e pailteas do gach seòrsa bìdh. 'Nnair a thàinig na h-uaislean agus a bha iad deas gu suidhe sìos, dh'iadh Mephistophiles mu'n cuairt agus sgrìob e gach nì a bh' ann leis. Bha na daoine làn do ioghnadh. Ach cha robh comas air a' chùis. Sud mar a rinn Fost air an Diùc. 'N uair a bu mhath le Fost eunlaith fhaotainn an itheadh, bheireadh Mephistophiles sgaothan do eòin a steach air an uineig. Theagaisg an spiorad dha mar an ceudna dòigh air nach b' urrainnear le glais no iuchair an eunlaith a chumail a mach. Bha comas aig Fost féin mu dheireadh air itealaich far am b' àill leis, a bhàrr air mòran do nithibh neònach eile air nach 'eil againn ùine an dràsda bhi ag ìnnseadh.

CAIB. VI.

Mar a bhruadair Fost 'na chadal air ifrinn agus na chunnaic e an sud.

Bha Fost agus an spiorad aon là a' conaltradh treis mhòr mu thuiteam Lucifeir agus mu staid nan aingean a thuit leis. Chunnaic Fost ann an aising ifrinn agus na diabhlan agus na h-anaman a tha 'g am pianadh an sud. Bha ifrinn air a roinn 'na chùirtean no na thuill bheaga dhomhain. Aig gach toll dhiubh so bha diabhull air a shuidh-eachadh a pheanasachadh na bha air an cur fo a riaghladh. Dh'fheòraich Fost do 'n spiorad gu dé an fheadhainn a bha anns a' cheud toll. Thuirt an spiorad gu'n robh an fheadhainn a bha leigeil orra gu'n robh iad 'nan lighichean, agus a phuinnseanaich gu bàs mòran mhiltean troimh fhoill 's troimh aineolas. Tha iad a nis ag òl nan cungaidhean ud iad féin ach cha

bhàsaich iad a chaoidh. Bha sgilp os an ceann air an robh poitean làn do phuinnsean agus do mheasgachadh marbhtach. Thàinig iad an sin gu fosgladh caol fada dorcha anns an robh mòran shnàgairean. Dh'innis an spiorad do Fhost gu'm b'e mearlich is luchd-spiolaidh phocaidhean a bha an sud. An déigh dol seachad air ioma seòrsa eile thàinig iad gu dorus mòr cùirt às an robh sgairich óillteil a' tighinn. Dh'innis an spiorad dha gu 'm b'e buidsichean a bha a stigh an sud, agus mar an ceudna an fheadhainn a bha a' cur mar fhiacham gu'n robh iad 'nan naomh anns an t-sàoghal eile; agus is ann aca a bha an ùpraid agus an spìonadh air a chéile! Rud beag sìos uathasan bha luchd siùrsachd is adhaltrannais, agus iad ri sgàrnaich ghràineil; chuir iad Fost air chrith. A' dol sìos ceum no dhà eile chunnaic iad sluagh mòr leth fholaichte ann an ceò 's an smùid. Dh'innis an spiorad dha gu'm b'e muilleirean agus fuineadairean a bha an sud; agus 's ann aca féin a bha an toirm! Na muilleirean a' rànaich ris na fuineadairean agus na fuineadairean ris na muilleirean air son cuideachaidh, ach cha robh cobhair ri faotainn. A' dol beagan nì b' fhaide chunnaic iad mìltean do mharsantan, cuid diubh a dh' aithnich Fost. Bha iadsan air an peanasachadh air son na foill a rinn iad air luchd ceannaich. 'Na dhéigh so thug an spiorad leis Fost air a' ghualainn, agus dh' fhàg e 'na thigh féin e. 'N uair a dhùisg e agus ioghnadh mòr air mu'n bhrudar thòisich e air feòraich do'n spiorad gu dé an t-àite bh' ann an Ifrinn. Fhreagair an spiorad, "Nach 'eil fhios agadsa nach robh ifrinn idir ann roimh thuiteam Lucifeir, ach 'n uair a thuit esan dh' òrduicheadh ifrinn. Cha'n aithne

eadhon do dhiabhlaibh mar a tha mise gu dé an stuth dheth 'm bheil ifrinn air a dheanamh; ach 's e fearg Dhé a thoill sinne a tha 'ga dheanamh cho uamhasach. Cho fhad agus is aithne dhuinne gheibh thu féin a mach 'n uair a thig thu leinn ciod e ifrinn agus cionnus a tha e air a riaghladh."

CAIB VII.

Cleasan a rinn Fost.

Bha an t-Impire aon uair miannach air Fost fhaicinn agus cuid d' a chleasan fhaicinn mar an ceudna. 'N uair thugadh e air beulaobh an Impire dh' iarr an t-Impire air rud-eigin cridheil a dheanamh. Dh' amhaire Fost mu'n cuairt air agus chunnaic e morair mòr a' sealltuinn a mach air uineig. Ghlaoidh Fost air an spiorad; agus air ball bha dà adhaire 'n an seasamh air ceann a' mhoraire, agus cha b' urrainn dha a cheann a thoirt a stigh gus an d' thug Fost dheth na h-adhaircean a rithis. Bha fearg mhòr aig a' mhor-air so ri Fost; agus a dheanamh dìoghlaidh air chaidh e mìle mach ás a' bhaile 'g a fhalach féin taobh an rathaid a bhiodh Fost a' dol dhachaidh. 'N uair a bha Fost a' dol seachad ruith am morair 's e air each gabhaidh a mabh ás a' choille air muin Fost, ach le cuideachadh an spioraid thug Fost am morair 's an t-each air beulaobh caisteal an Impire, agus shuidhich e dà adhaire cho mhòr ri feadhainn daimh air ceann a' mhoraire, agus cha d' fhuair am morair dheth iad gu là a bhàis.

CAIB VIII.

Mar a dh' ith Fost an lòd feòir.

Bha feallsanaich is fir fhòghluim mhòir le Fost aon là a mach ann an achadh anns an robh lòd feòir. "Gu dé a dh' iarras tu," thuir Fost ri

sgonnbhalach a bh' ag obair ris an fheur, "air son làn mo bhroinn do 'n fheur?" Shaoil am balach gu 'n robh Fost air a chuthach; ach thuir e ris gheibh thu làn do chuirp air son sgilinn. Rinneadh còrdadh aig a so. Thòisich Fost air itheadh agus ann an tiotadh bha leth an lòd fheòir air itheadh! Bha na fir eile a' srachdadh ag gàireachdaich air a' bhalach, 's draoin ioghnaidh air gu 'n robh e brath an feur a chall. Ghuidh e air Fost sgar; rinn Fost so a' gabhail truais do 'n bhalachan bhochd. Mu 'n do ràinig am balach an tigh leis a' chairt 's ann a fhuair e gu 'n robh am feur a dh' ith Fost air a chur air ais iunte.

CAIB IX.

Mar a dhall Fost na h-oileanaich.

Choinnich trì oileanaich dheug ri seachd eile aon là aig tigh Fost; thòisich an dà bhuidheann ri connspaid 's mu dheireadh ri buillean. 'N uair a chunnaic Fost gu 'n robh an trì deug ro-làidir air son an t-seachd eile 's nach robh cothrom na Féinne ri fhaotainn ghrìos e doille air na h-oileanaich air fad. Bha iad an sin a' smùideadh air a chéile air dòigh cho iongantach 's gu 'n robh luchd na sràid ri gàire fanoid. Chaidh an toirt d' an seomraichean agus fhuair iad am fradharc 's a' mhionaid.

Thàinig Fost là eile do thigh-òsda agus càirdean leis. Ach cha 'n fhaigheadh iad fois 's am bith; oir bha buidheann bhalach a stigh ri rànaich 's ri rabhaicidh uamhasaich, 's iad air r-hisg. Ghrìos esan gu 'n biodh am beòil air an ragadh 's iad fosgailte; mar so thachair, 's cha b' urrainn iad am beòil a dhùnadh. Dh' amhaire iad air a chéile 's cha b' urrainn iad labhairt, agus an dùil gu 'n deachaidh buidseachas a dheanadh orra shèab iad a mach ás an

tigh-òsda, 's cha 'n fhacas ann iad riamh tuille.

CAIB X.

Mar thug Fost air Bean-usal tuiteam ann an gaol.

Bha duin'-usal òg ann an *Wirtemberg* ann an staid chianail, 's e an gaol air té nach éisdeadh r'a shuiridh. Dh' innis e do Fhost an éigin anns an robh e, gu 'm bàsaicheadh e mur faigheadh e i. Thuirt Fost ris gu'n eagal a bhì air gu 'm faigheadh e i. Dh' atharraich Fost iuntinn na rìbhinn usail gus nach b' urrainn i smuaineachadh air ni 's am bith ach am fear a bha 'ga h-iarraidh. Thuirt Fost ris fàine a thug e dha a shèapadh air a meur. Rinn e so, agus an sin thòisich a cridhe air losgadh an taobh a stigh dhi. An àite bhì gruamach 's ann a bha i nis làn fàite ris. Cha robh fois aice gus an dubhairt i ris am pòsadh e i. Fhreagair esan le uile chridhe gur h-e sud a bha dhìth air. Phòsadh iad an là 'na dhéigh sud.

CAIB XI.

Mar a thug Fost air na mnathan dannsadh 's iad rùisgte.

Bha Fost aon là air sràid a' mhargaidh, is chunnaic e seachd mnathan 'uan sreath a' reic uibhean im, &c. Cheannaich e rudeigin o gach té is dh' fhalbh e. Cha bu luaithe bha e air falbh na a chunnaic iad gu 'n robh na bh' aca 'g a reic air falbh tur às na basgaidean. Thuirteadh riu mu dheireadh gur h-e Fost a ghriosadh air falbh na bh' aca. Ruith iad gu tigh Foist; agus dh' iarr iad riarachadh mu 'n chùis. Chuir esau roimhe gu'n tugadh e feala-dhà do shluagh a' bhaile air na caillean. Chuir e air falbh iad rùisgte mar thàinig iad á broinn am màthar, agus an déigh toirt orra dannasadh rùisgte air sràid a' mharg-

aidh car tacuin leig e iad às na geasan, agus fhuair iad gu'n robh an cuid a thugadh air falbh air a ghriosadh air ais do na basgaidean a rithis.

CAIB XII.

Mar a rinn Fost air na Mucan.

Thachair Fost aon là air fear a bha faotainn dragh uamhasach ri ceud muc a bha e ag iomain a stigh do bhaile *Wirtemberg*. Ruitheadh té an sud 's té an so; 's bha an duine bochd 'na éigin gu h-ana-barrach. Ghrios Fost air na mucan is thug e air gach té dhiubh dannsadh air a casan deiridh, agus fìdheal an greim aon do na casan toisich agus an té eile a' cluich oirre; mar so dhanns-is chluich iad gus an d' thàinig iad a steach do *Wirtemberg*. Bha fear na h-iomain a' falbh rompa agus e féin a' dannsadh. 'Nuair chaidh iad a steach do'n bhaile ghrios Fost air falbh na fìdhealchann. Reic an duine 's a' mhionaid a thairg e iad na mucan, is ghléidh e an t-airgiod. Ach mu'n deachaidh e às a' bhaile ghrios Fost air falbh na mucan às an àite mhar-gaidh. 'Nuair a chunnaic am fear a cheannaich iad gu'n robh iad air falbh stad e an duine a reic iad is thug e uaithe an t-airgiod. Bha am fear-dùthcha bochd 'n a éigin, a' dol dhachaidh gun òr gun mhuic. 'Nuair a ràinig e bha na mucan uile 'nam failean àbhuisteach!

CAIB XIII.

Fost a' smuaineachadh air a chrich.

Mios no dhà mu 'n do ruith na ceithir bliadhna fichead a mach thòisich Fost air breithneachadh cionnus a charadh e an diabhull. Ach cha robh innleachd ri faotainn. Thòisicheadh e an sin air rànaich ris féin, "Och is duine truagh mi!

Reic mi mi féin ris an diabhull air son sòlais beagan bhliadhnachan, agus a nis feumaidh mi pàigheadh gu h-ìomlan! Fhuair mi mo mhian; shàsuich mi m' anamianna salach, is feumaidh mi a nis fulang gu sìorruidh!"

Bha nàbaidh diadhaidh aige a ghabh truas deth; 's a thòisich air guidhe air leis na deòir 'na shùilibh e dheanamh aithreachais is greim a dheanamh air gealladh gràis is tròcair Dhé do pheacaich a ni aithreachas. Labhair an nàbaidh cho dùrachdach, 's gu 'n do gheall Fost feuchainn ri aithreachas. Cha bu luaithe a dh' fhalbh an duine diadhaidh so na thàinig Mephistophiles far an robh Fost, a chronachadh air son mar a bhris e a cùmhnant risan agus r'a thighearn Lucifer. Thug e an sin sgeòchdadh air amhaich gus nach mòr nach do bhris e i, 's e toirt air Fost dolan gu tianhaidh. Aig a' cheart àm mhaoidh e air mur deanadh e cùmhnant is bòid às ùr gu 'n tugadh e às a chéile 'na mhìrean e. Rinn Fost cùmhnant eile, bha leithid a dh' eagal air, 'ga thiomnadh féin do Lucifer.

CAIB XIV.

A' chrìoch a thàinig air Fost.

Thàinig na ceithir bliadhna fichead gu ceann. Aig an àm ud dh' fhoillsich an spiorad e féin do Fhost, a' nochdadh dha a sgrìobhaidh féin, agus ag innseadh dha gu 'n tugadh an diabhull air falbh e an athoidhch.' Bha cridhe Fost goirt agus fo gheilt. A chur air falbh òchianalais chuir e fios air na h-uileimh òga agus air a chàirdean fòghluimte. 'N uair a bha iad tacan leis chumaic iad a ghnùis ag atharrachadh. Dh' fheòraich iad ciod a b' aobhar? Fhreagair Fost, "'S aithne dhuibh mi nis na h-uiread do bhliadhnachan agus mar a ghnàthaich mi gach gné uile.

Rinn mi mòran druidheachd a fhuair mi o'n diabhull. Reic mi mi féin ris ré ceithir bliadhna fichead air chumba gu 'n tugadh e dhomh gach ni a dh' iarrainn. Bidh an ùine so aig a crìch a nochd. Ghairn mi sibhse chum 's gu 'm faiceadh sibh mo chrìoch eagalach. Biodh mo bhàs-se 'na rabhadh dhuibh. Fanaibh air falbh o dhruidheachd na h-ifrinn. Ma thòisicheas sibh air geasachd is air buidseachas cha 'n urrainn dhuibh stad diubh gus an téid sibh leis an diabhull mar a tha mise dol a nochd co-dhiù is àill leam no nach àill."

Thòisich iadsan air airson nach d' innis e an gnothuch dhoibh ni bu tràithe. Dh' aidich e gu 'n robh toil aige sud a dheanamh; ach gu 'n dubhairt an diabhull ris ma 'n inns-eadh e a' chùis gu 'n tugadh esan air falbh e air ball. 'N uair a smuaineachadh e air e féin aonadh ri muinntir dhiadhaidh, thigeadh an diabhull is phianadh e gu teann e. "Ach is dìomhain labhairt a nis," thuirt Fost, "is leisan m' anam is mo chorp gu sìorruidh."

Mu 'n robh am facal mu dheireadh á beul Foist thàinig tàirneanaich is dealanaich a bha oillteil. Chaidh Fost a steach do thalla mòr a bha 'n sin agus chaidh a chompanach do sheomar a bha làimh ris a chluinntinn agus a dh' fhaicinn crìoch Foist. Mu dhà uair dheug thàinig crith eagalach air an tigh; bhris na h-uineagan; agus ri braidhe tàirneanaich le sreun-chòrr gaoithe thilgeadh na dorsan. Chaidh fuaim gaoith chumhachdaich a steach le séideil nathraichean, gaoir is rà. Chualas esan a' glaidhich gu tiamhaidh "Mort!" Bha do bhurralaich is do ulfhartaich anns an talla agus ged a bhith-eadh na bheil do dhiabhlán a tha an ifrinn a stigh!

'N uair a thàinig an latha bha do

dhànadas aig na h-uifeimh òga gu'n deachaidh iad a steach do 'n talla. Fhuair iad ann an sud canchainn Foist air a bualadh a mach 's i 'na sadraich air a' bhala. Bha an làr dearg le fuil. Chaidh iad a mach is fhuair iad a chorp reubte, srachte air fhàgail 'na mhìrean air an òtraich!

A' CIRIOCH.

—o—

MALAIRT ANN AN GAILIG.

THIG an so Ian òig, C'arson nach 'eil thusa ag ionnsachadh Gàilig a leughadh?

Is nàrach gu'm bitheadh mac t' athar neo-chomasach air Gàilig a leughadh—

Athair, ciod am feum a tha'n Gàilig? cha deanar malairt sam bith ann an Gàilig; cha dean sibh cunn-tas, na Leabhraichean malairt a ghleidheadh; agus cia mar a sgrìobhar litir a dh' iarraidh bathair, agus cia mar a bheir sibh seachad *Bill agus receipt*. Nach e a tha thu a' ciallachadh Bann Geallaidh na Ordugh air Banc agus Bann aidmheil paigheidh? Ro mhath ma ta, leigidh mise sin fhaicinn duitse gu soilleir, agus éisd thusa rium gu faighidneach furachail.

Annas a' cheud àite, thoir fainear gu bheil na deich samhluidhean a leanas co-ionnan anns gach àite deth an t-saoghal, agus gu'n tuig a' h-uile cinneach iad. Mar so cha Bheurla no Laidionn iad—'se sin 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0. Tha cur ri chéile (Addition), agus toirt uaithe (Subtraction), air a dheanadh ann an Gàilig mar a tha e ann am Beurla.

A nis an "Clar Filleachaidh" no an "Clàr Meudachaidh" (Multiplication), abair mar so, trifillte a trì, naoidh, $3 \times 3 = 9$; $4 \times 4 = 16$; $5 \times 5 = 25$, agus mar sin a sìos.

Nis a thaobh Litir a chur a dh' iarraidh Bathair, abair mar so.

Bail' an Obain, Ceud mhìos a Gheamhraidh,

An seachdamh là fichead, 1875.

Mr. Iain Mac-Dhònuill.

Bi co math agus gu'n cuir thu a m' ionnsuidh leis a' cheud *eithear stoth* a thig do 'n Oban mar a leanas,—100 punnd tì aig trì tasdain.

' 200 punnd siùcair aig trì sgilin.

100 Bolla mine aig 18/.

112 punnd ime aig 1/.

Agus bi cinnteach gu'm bi iad air an deanadh sàbhailte o dhosgain aig Comunn an t-sàbhalaidh, gu math saibhir thar am fìach, agus cuir ri cùnntas a' Bhathair e; cuir air aghaidh Ordugh air "Banc Caithir Ghlasachaidh" anns an Oban, ri fhàigheadh aig ceann dà mhìos. Is mise do sheirbheiseach.

IAIN MAC-NA-CEARDADH.

Nis so an Cùnntas:

Baile Ghlasachu,

Aireamh dà fhichead Sràid Earraghaidheil.

An 5mh là deug,

Ceud mhìos a' Gheamhraidh, 1875.

Cheannaich Iain Mac-na-ccèardadh anns an Oban.

O Iain Mac-Dhònuill—

100 punnd Tì aig 3/ . £15 0 0

200 do. siùcair aig 3 sgilin 2 10 0

100 Bolla mine aig 18/ . 90 0 0

112 punnd ime aig Tastan 5 12 0

Riadh an t-sàbhalaidh . 1 2 7

£114 4 7

Agus a réir t' iarrtuais air an deanadh dìonach o chall airson punnd-sasunnach air a cheud punnd-sasunnach agus chuir mi e ris a chunntas se sin, £1 : 2 : 7 sgilin—aig a cheart àm chuir mi air aghaidh leis a' phosta an Cùnntas agus Ordugh air "Banc Caithir Ghlasachu" ann

an £114 : 4 : 7 sgn., paighte aig ceann dà mhios.

Le mòran taing.

Is mi do Sheirbheiseach,
IAIN MAC-DHONUILL.

Gu Iain Mac-na-ceàrdadh,
Marsanda,
Anns an Oban.

Nis an t-òrdugh :
Baile Ghlasachaidh, Ceud mhios a'
Gheamhraidh.

10mh la fichead 1875.

£114 : 4 : 7 sgilin.

Aig ceann dà mhios o'n là diugh pàigh dhomhsa no do m' òrdugh, cùig fichead agus ceithir puinnnd deug Shasunnach, ceithir tasdain agus seachd sgilin, fiach na fhuair thu.

IAIN MAC-DHONUILL,
IAIN MAC-NA-CEARDADH.

Ian Mac-na-ceàrdadh,
Marsanda,

Sràid Dheòrsa anns an Oban.

Bann Aidmheil Pàighidh.
Baile Ghlasachaidh.

Ceud Mhios an Earraich
10mh là 1875.

Fhuair mi o Ian Mac-na-ceàrdadh Cùig fichead agus ceithir puinnnd deug Shasunnach agus aon sgilin a réir suim a' Chùinntais.

£114 : 0 : 1. IAIN MAC-DHONUILL.

Tha mi an dòchas gu'm bheil thu tuigsinn so uile ; thug mi dhuit na samhluidhean cùinntais, an Clàr meudachaidh, Litir òrduigh air son Bathair, Cùntas a' Bhathair, Òrdugh air a' Bhanc, agus Bann Aidmheil pàighidh.

ARGATHALIAN.

—0—

COMHARRAN.

THA e 'na dheadh chomharra duine fhaicinn a' deanamh gnìomh seirc ; tha e 'na dhroch comharra a chluinntinn a' deanamh uaill às.

Tha e 'na dheadh chomharra duine ionraic fhaicinn a' caitheamh a sheann eudach : tha e 'na dhroch comharra am faicinn a lìonadh tholl 'san uineig.

Tha e 'na dheadh chomharra duine fhaicinn a' siabadh an fhalais bhàrr a mhala : tha e 'na dhroch comharra duine fhaicinn a' siabadh dheth a' phuill air dha tuiteam fo mhisg.

Tha e 'na dheadh chomharra bean fhaicinn 'ga h-éideadh féin gu glan grunn : tha e 'na dhroch comharra a fear fhaicinn aig na maoir air son ainmheach a rìomhaidh.

Tha e 'na dheadh chomharra duine fhaicinn a' cur a chloinne do 'n sgoil : tha e 'na dhroch comharra am faicinn air an togail ann an sgoil dubh na sràid.

—0—

SOP AS GACH SEID.

NA toir breth a réir coltais. Feudaidh cridhe math bhi fo chota coiste.

Cha bu chòir leanabh a 'bhi aig a' bhean mhnaoi nach aithne chumail ; agus tha so cho fìor mu 'n teanga agus a tha e mu leanabh.

Tha Seanchaidh a' roinn a' chinne-dhaonna 'nan trì buidhnean,—a' mhuinntir a tha smuainteachadh gu'm bheil a' chùis mar so, a' mhuinntir a tha smuainteachadh nach 'eil a' chùis mar so, agus an fheadh-sinn a tha coma co-dhiù a tha a' chùis mar so no nach 'eil.

—0—

FACAL DO AR LUCHD-LEUGHÀIDH.

THA sinn duilich, ged dh'fheith sinn cho fada rìthe, nach 'eil dealbh an Ollaimh Mhic Lachlainn deas aig fear-tarruinn nan dealbh, air son a cur anns an Aireamh so mar a rùnaich sinn.

IORRAM NA II-IMRICH CHUAIN.*

GLEUS F.

: D | d : r : m | m : - : S | r : d : r | m : - : D |
 l₁ : d : l₁ | s₁ : - : d | m : r : - | d : ||
 : S | l : d¹ : l | s : - : M | r : d : l | s : - : D |
 l₁ : d : l₁ | s₁ ; - : s | m : r : - | d : ||

CHÀIDH NA RAIBN dhrùidhteach so a chur r' a chéile, bho chionn timchioll air dà bhliadhna dheug, leis an Urramach D. MacRath, an sgìreachd Nis, ann an Leòdhas, air do àireamh mhór de 'n choimhthional aige—agus 'n am measg a' chuid a b' urram-aiche de na seanairean, d' an robh mór spéis aige—'bhi air dol air imrich do Chanada.

Chaidh sinne gu tràigh,
 A choimheadachd chaich:
 Cha till iad gu bràth,
 An taobh so!
 Long iarunn fo 'm bonn,—
 A' sadradh nan tonn:
 Tha feadhainn am fonn,
 'S cuid tursach.

Clann bheaga ri gàir';
 A' mhathair fo phramh;
 Fir mhor' ann an sas
 'S iad ciurrta,
 'Fras-shileadh nan deur
 Gu tosdach, ach geur;
 A' sealltainn 'n an déigh,
 Le curam.

Iad fein ' dol an iar,
 'S an talamh ' dol siar:
 Cha 'n fhaicear leo sìon
 Ach Mùirneag.†
 Seall! Mùirneag ' dol uap'
 'Dol fodha 's a' chuan;
 Fir a's mnathaibh gun tuar,
 'G a h-ionndrainn.

Ionndrainn eil' ac' ma ta,
 'Toirt eridh' goirt agus eanmh,
 Luchd an gaoil a's an dàimh,
 'Toirt cul doibh.
 Dh' fhag sud iad 'n an déigh,
 Nì nach fagar 's nach treig,
 Comunn blath latha Dhé
 'S a' chùbaid.

Mu 'n tric 'chruinnich an sluagh,
 A Shàbaid 's a Luain,
 Le mor aire 's cluas,
 Do 'n sgeula.
 Leigean seachad an dan;
 'S deanam urnuigh a ghnath,
 Gu'n ruig iad cala a's fearr,
 Na *Quebec!*

Beir an t-soraidh so uam,
 Gu *America* Tuath,
 Thun caoirich a's sluagh
 Mo churam.
 'N deadh Bhuachail' e fein,
 Biodh rompa 's 'n an déigh,
 Gu 'n dìon o gach beud :—
 Sin m' urnuigh.

* A translation will be found in our English Department. The Song, with an English translation, and pianoforte accompaniment, is published by Messrs. Paterson & Sons, 27 George Street, Edinburgh.

† A' bheinn a 's àirde an Leòdhas.

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THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE HIGHLANDS.

Continued from p. 123.

5. WE now, in the fifth place, speak of the unfortunate circumstance that so very few young Highlanders learn a trade. This is a matter very much to be regretted, as it renders our young countrymen comparatively helpless in youth and early manhood, while in old age they are utterly unprovided for,—a state of things which would not happen to provident tradesmen.

6. In the sixth and last place, we may trace a good deal of the poverty from which our poor countrymen suffer to the want of education. Moderate as the school fees have been for generations in the North, many of the people could not afford to pay them; and, moreover, thousands of boys and girls were not within reach of schools, even did they possess the funds to meet the expense of attending them. But here it is worth while parenthetically to pay a tribute of respect and admiration to the estimable hard working, ill-requited schoolmasters of the Highlands, who, in receipt of pay and emoluments barely sufficient to keep their own souls and bodies together in the most humble way, often kept boys at school (ay, and girls too) for years, whose parents could or would not pay a farthing for their education. Full many a prosperous man is now indebted to those noble, disinterested, and often much abused men, the Highland

teachers. It may be said that educational advantages were not appreciated as they should have been of old in the North, and, to some extent, such is no doubt true, but then it cannot be expected that people who are uneducated themselves (wherever they may live), are so likely to value educational privileges for their children as those people who have themselves been fairly educated. Nowhere, however, can absolute poverty be so honestly advanced as the sole cause for want of education, as in the Highlands and Islands. The fact that there is no stated fairly paid industry being carried on in the North and West, and the circumstance of the very uncertain fisheries being the main resource for income of the adult population, necessitates the going out as herds, messengers, &c., of the boys of each family. What these earn generally goes to the common stock of the household, and is often (small though it is) drawn upon for the winter quarter's schooling of the youngsters themselves. Any one who knows anything of the Highlands, knows the exodus that takes place from the schools when the spring quarter commences, and that only the children of those who are comparatively well to do remain during the year. The most regular in their attendance have to absent themselves when there is a big ebb, or to assist in planting the potatoes. The *Caschrom* is a very slow cultivator, and the youth of both sexes have to aid their parents, so that the fathers

and grown-up brothers may be ready to go to the Lewis or Barra, Wick or Helmsdale, Fraserburgh or Peterhead herring fishing,—the only stand by of the poor people. The wonder is not that our Highlanders are so uneducated, but that they have as much book learning as is frequently found among them. We have known boys in what our southern brethren would call half-starving condition (and, in reality, not far from it), going on with Virgil, doing their propositions in mathematics, ready with their algebra, smart with their arithmetic, good with the pointer in geography, good in their knowledge of English grammar, and all pretty much to the credit of the loving kindness of their excellent teachers, and their own unfaltering perseverance.

Having indicated this much of the actual condition of the Highlands and Islands in a conscientious, frank, and honest manner, we may now proceed to discuss what, in our opinion of the case, should be the remedial measures to restore the people of the North to the happy position, the comfort which they were in prior to the Disruption in 1843, in at least a good many districts. Of course, we know that unhappiness arising from various causes was very prevalent before we were born, that Waterloo was not a forgotten word when some landed proprietors, with more or less honest intention, entered upon a crusade of eviction which can scarcely be justified, even under the aspect of the prosperity attained by many of the exiles in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. We cannot justify, and we do not seek to revive the old story,—the bitterness of those days when, in many cases, to be a Highlander meant to be one laid open to harshness deserved only by

felons; and we know that Highlanders were then,—they are now,—the most moral living people in the world.

It is unfortunate that even the true friends of the Highlanders do not always act in a way to conciliate those who have it in their power to amend matters, if they were so inclined. The fact is, however, that on many estates which we might name, harshness of conduct towards the small tenants has been carried to such an extreme, that, no matter with what calmness writers approach the subject, they cannot but get irritated as they write of a state of things which is intolerable. Any man possessing heart and conscience cannot but find his feelings revolt, as he notes the squalor and misery of the many poverty-stricken, overcrowded villages now to be met with in the Highlands and Islands. In some of these cases, however, it is fair to say that what land there is in the hands of the people, and that the absence of labour is the chief cause of the poverty, and the distance and scarcity of fuel often the cause of their greatest discomfort. Sheep are preferable to deer, from a national and economical point of view; but, so far as the population are concerned, there is little to choose between the two evils which robbed them of the land which, in their possession, would make them comparatively comfortable. As the matter stands, it is not even "Hobson's choice" with them. Much of the best parts of the islands of Islay, and Skye, and Glenelg, Loch Carron, Applecross, Lochalsh, &c., on the mainland, are devoted to deer or sheep. We could name several places where there are people, and point out several families without a cow or other useful animal. We do not envy those gentlemen who are

responsible for a system which is repugnant to our best feelings. They detest those who hold them up to public opinion, because they are justly ashamed of their own conduct. Those landed proprietors who harden their hearts like Pharaoh of old, are shut up to either giving land to small crofters at a reasonable rent, or else help them (the landless ones) to emigrate to countries in which they will be received with open arms. We have no expectation,—at all events very little,—that public opinion will, in our day, force lairds to act with such fairness as would be implied in their allotting the soil to men instead of sheep. The deterioration of land rapidly going on will be the first thing to do that. We, however, as we have said, do not expect to see much improvement on the existing state of matters in our day; and, meantime, thousands of men, women, and children, are enduring little better than semi-starvation. Yet we have landlords who grudge help to send the people to Canada, New Zealand, or Australia. Nay, some of these paternal gentlemen affect to disapprove of emigration altogether; yet emigration is the only remedy open to us as the speediest, the easiest, the wisest escape for our poverty-stricken population in the Highlands from their untoward and unhappy condition. We have sympathy with those who write bombastically about the rights of the people,—flattering them with hopes that public opinion, evoked by mere provincial organs, will set them right, and make the landlords do their duty. We deprecate most sincerely the holding of our most famous and flourishing colonies to odium as “primeval wastes,” and terrible regions of backwoods, by men who know nothing personally

on the subject. We would treat with deserved contempt those men here and there who think it not beneath them, when they have got possession of the grumbling complaint of some lazy, unsteady fellow, to go about among the people, and prejudice their minds against a country, the going to which is their only salvation. We have some such selfish fellows now in view, and know full well that they care not a pin point what happens to the poor, so long as they have them with them to grind still further. No; we say decidedly, and we are ready to argue the point with all comers, the fairest chance for landlord and people at this moment is presented in the cry for an influx of the latter into our colonies. Let the lairds, post-prandial orators, and magniloquent writers of antique articles, all unite in assisting those who are willing to go, and who are of good character, of course, to sail for Canada, Australia, or New Zealand,—the sooner the better. It is not only execrable landed proprietors,—some of whom we might name, and whose myrmidons we have oftener than once seen pulling down the houses of helpless crofters, to whom we would recommend to aid and encourage emigration; but some of the best proprietors in the Highlands (some of whom we have already named), whose people have been increasing and multiplying to such an extent as to cause them to be now overcrowded in the different rural hamlets in which they used to be so happy and comfortable, because they were themselves not so numerous, and the land was sufficient to help them to maintain themselves.

What we want is something practical and practicable. Emigration on a large scale is quite practicable, if

gone about rightly. We know, we expect, of course, that we will be met with the scarcity and high price of labour in Glasgow, Dundee, and other great towns, and we answer from personal knowledge of the matter, that our Highlanders are not adapted to the kind of work those centres can offer. We know that hundreds of young men die yearly from diseases contracted under such circumstances. We know, and we make the statement with all due deference, that the moral atmosphere of our cities is not good for our northern people; and we know, also, that there is not constant work,—*constant* work in the South for the Highlanders; and even if there were, we would still say with the elder Dr. Norman Macleod (than whom Highlanders never had a better or more sincere friend), the only way to insure their ultimate independence is to allow them to go where they can work for it, and on their own lands. Therefore we say we conscientiously advocate emigration.



PROFESSOR BLACKIE ON OSSIAN.

THE following is extracted from a paper recently read by Professor Blackie, before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, on the question whether or not the Gaelic Ossian is a translation from the English.

Professor Blackie said that the recent revival by a distinguished Celtic scholar of the theory of Laing, that Macpherson's Gaelic Ossian is a translation from the English, afforded an opportunity of examining that question in a more strictly philological fashion than it had hitherto had the fortune to enjoy. Parts of the question were no doubt touched by

Mackenzie in the Report of the Highland Society, published in 1805, by Graham in his dissertation on the authenticity of Ossian, by Dr. Clerk of Kilmalie, the distinguished author of the new version of Ossian in the late splendid edition published at the expense of the Marquis of Bute. But systematically grappled with the question had never been. Having recently gone through the whole of the originals, he had made careful notes of whatever might tend to settle this question, and he had come to the conclusion, in the face of the statement of Mr. Campbell—whose authority, no doubt, is one of the highest on the subject, that the Gaelic is unquestionably the original. The tests by which a translator's hand seemed clearly discoverable were the following five:—(1.) In the English version, awkward, forced, and unidiomatic expressions frequently occur, which can be clearly traced to the influence of a Gaelic original. (2.) In all poems of any antiquity handed down in manuscripts, difficulties will occur, arising from obsolete words, errors in transcription, confused connection, and other causes. In such cases it is a common practice with translators to skip the difficulty, gloss over the matter with some decent common-place, and sometimes to make positive blunders, which it is not difficult for a philologist to expose. All these signs of a translator's hand are frequent in Macpherson's English and would be more so had he not indulged in such a habit of skipping generally, that it is difficult to say in certain cases decidedly that the skip was made because the writer of the English wished to shirk a difficulty. (3.) It is a common practice with translators, when they find a passage a little obscure, to remove the obscurity by some

manifest alteration of the phrase, or even by interpolating a line or interlarding a commentary. This also occurs in Macpherson. (4.) It is not always that a translator writes under the same vivid vision, or the same fervid inspiration as the original poet; and the consequence is that he will occasionally degrade poetry into prose, and specially fail to bring out that individuality of character in his word-painting which Ruskin has so triumphantly insisted on in the case of the sister art. The instances of failure to seize the most striking features of the original, and the substitution of generic for specific epithets, are frequent in Macpherson. (5.) Most translators yield—sometimes, no doubt, wisely—to the temptation of improving on their originals; and Macpherson, from what we know of him, was the last man in the world to think of resisting such a temptation. How much of the Gaelic, as we now have it—that is, his clean copy of his own originals—was subjected to this process of beautification, as we may call it, no one can now tell; but he (the Professor) seemed to have traced in several instances departures from the simplicity of the original Gaelic, which can be explained most naturally on the supposition that they proceed from a translator who had yielded, without any just cause, to this flattering seduction. After illustrating each of these tests by example from Macpherson's work, the learned gentleman concluded by stating that when the results thus obtained by a purely philological induction were combined with the amount of external evidence to be found in the Highland Society's Report to the effect that Macpherson actually did translate from Gaelic originals, and was seen by various parties for weeks and months em-

ployed in the work of translation, a cumulative proof was produced that he was most anxious to see by what arguments Mr. Campbell could rebut. If that gentleman, to whom Celtic literature owes so much (and who in fact is the wolf of the Ossianic question), or any Galician who thinks with him, shall succeed in leading a counterproof, he (Professor Blackie) could not conclude that, considering the scrappy and fragmentary nature of some of the materials in Macpherson's hands, it might possibly have been the case that the translator filled up some of the gaps in his tale in English, with the intention that they might be done into Gaelic before publication by Strathmaine, Captain Morrison, or some other of his Highland coadjutors; but that the English, as a whole, is a translation from the Gaelic, and not a translation of the best quality in many respects, may be accepted as one of the best ascertained facts in the whole range of philological investigation.

After the reading of Professor Blackie's paper, Professor Sellar put several questions generally of the authorship, history, and internal characteristics of the Gaelic and Mr. Macpherson's English versions of Ossian, tending to the result that Professor Blackie's labours, notwithstanding the theory of forgery, was not completely displaced. The Rev. Dr. Cazenove followed in the same direction. On the other hand, Principal Shairp, of St. Andrews, expressed a distinct and decided opinion that Professor Blackie, by his application of the philological test in the consideration of this question, had struck upon a vein of criticism which they hoped the occupant of his future Celtic chair would follow up to a successful result. He thought also that Pro-

fessor Blackie had hit upon the true solution of this controversy.

—o—
LEWSIANA.*

THOSE of the public who take an interest in the affairs of the truly moral, excellent people who live in the island of Lews cannot do better than read Mr. Anderson Smith's work. Lewsiana is, in truth, a very interesting book. It is calculated to open the eyes even of people who seem to think that they know the inhabitants of the North of Scotland pretty well. The volume enters into the most minute details of every-day life, and gives them in a manner so graphic as to sustain the interest of the reader to the end. It matters not whether it is a Highlander, an Islander, or a Lowlander who cons its pages, if he care for the episodes of most humble, homely life, Lewsiana will not disappoint him. If the reader hails from west of Inverness, he may probably think that the author is, by a good deal, too graphic in his sketches. In fact, the extreme primitiveness of the Lews people is pictured forth in a manner which makes us almost doubt that we are reading about the lives of men and women who are our contemporaries in the year of grace 1876. Still we are assured that Mr. Smith is sufficiently accurate in his delineations of life and manners in the Outer Hebrides, and we cannot repress a longing to behold in their native island people whose relatives we have met at home and abroad performing very important functions. It is gratifying to know that, intimate as are the relations which exist between

the sexes in the Hebrides, there is probably no part of Scotland in which immorality is less prevalent. And as to crime of a heinous nature, that is unknown in the Lews. We know no better field for the exertions of the emigration agent, for we are persuaded that, benevolent although the proprietor certainly is, there is nothing could possibly be of so much advantage to the inhabitants of the island as proceeding to the colonies. In them there is ample scope for the industry of all who choose to settle in them; and there is nothing required to ensure success but sobriety and steadiness, strong hands and arms, with courageous hearts; a willingness to work for a competence. But what do we find at home, unless overcrowding in hamlets, through the constant marrying of the young people, as described by our author, —several families being compelled to share a small croft, which was originally little enough for one. We happen to know of one instance in which addition was added to addition of the family residence, as one son after the other got married, until at last the house nearly landed end on to the beach!

We regret that, owing to our space being so very limited, we can give but little by way of quotation, and, in doing this, we are met with the difficulty of selection,—selecting the most striking parts that is. Probably the following will amuse as much as anything in the book:—

“What are you laughing at? Lift the creel in quickly, and take your oar; don't you see we are almost on the spray-girt rocks? In comes the creel, and a strong effort shoots the heavy boat out of immediate danger, and gives us liberty to examine the inhabitants, crouched one in each corner, with others

* Lewsiana; or, Life in the Outer Hebrides. By J. Anderson Smith. London: Daldy, Isbister, & Co.

clinging absurdly to the netting—huge crabs every one of them, disgusted with life and with one another, looking intolerably stupid and ashamed of themselves for being so “taken in.” Not one of the lot is small enough to force itself *at any angle* through the hole it had entered at. Cork after cork comes slowly in as the last creel approaches the top of the water. What an eager plunge! “I have him,” shouts Anish, as he raises his delighted face and displays a mighty lobster, his great nippers hanging like the heavy fists of a ploughboy on his way to Church.” (?)

We commend Lewsiana to the public, and beg to say that if it does not tell all that might be told about the island, it certainly is a fair instalment. It shows how bravely and cheerfully, how contentedly and honestly the people wear out their lives without a thought of moving to countries in which they would exchange a state of perpetual indebtedness and dependency to one of freedom from pecuniary liabilities and prosperity. We say nothing of the chapters devoted to the antiquities of the Jews except that they are very interesting.

—o—

THE EMIGRATION LAMENT,*

(TRANSLATED BY I. G.).

We've gone to the shore,
With those who no more
Shall see their own Isle,
For ever.
Th' iron ship's now their home,
Through white curling foam
They speed some in joy,
Some weeping,
See childhood's glad eye;
But list, woman's sigh!
Ev'n manhood's stout heart
Is breaking!

* For the Original, see the Gaelic Department.

Hot streaming tears flow,
Now silent, in woe,
They're looking behind
In sorrow.

Still sailing on west,
From the land they love best,
They gaze upon nought
But Muirneag!*
See Muirneag depart!
Dear hill of their heart,
Now lost to their view,
For ever!

'Tis sunk in the sea,
Each cheek becomes pale;
Oh! list yon wild wail
For Muirneag.
Dear friends, loved so well,
Are left far behind,
Fond bleeding hearts swell
With anguish.

When, far, far away,
They'll think of God's day,
His house, and the saints' sweet
Communion.
There each Sabbath-day,
Besides oft to pray,
They gathered to hear
The glad tidings.

Now hushed be my song,
For those forced to roam,
Thus driv'n from their home
And kindred.
When time shall have passed,
May all meet at last,
Safe at yon fair haven,
In glory!

Winds, waft my farewell,
To Canada's shore;
I'll never see more
My people!
That Jesus may shield
My flock from all harm,
With His loving arm,
Is my prayer.

—o—

THE STONE, BRONZE, AND IRON AGES.

DR. ARTHUR MITCHELL recently delivered a lecture on the above subject in connection with the Society of Antiquaries, in the Freemason's Hall, Edinburgh.

He set out by explaining that the present lecture would relate chiefly to some objects found in actual use in Scotland which were still occasionally made of stone, though generally of some other material, and which,

*Muirneag is the highest mountain in the Island of Lewis.

though quite modern, might find a place on the shelves of collections of antiquities, being in no radical respect different from similar objects which do find a place there, which were quite properly enough believed to be of great age. Classifying antiquities under the familiar heads of the stone, bronze, and iron ages, he proceeded to show the value and nature of such a classification of antiquities, the respects in which this classification was practically useful, and the respects in which it led to error when its true nature was imperfectly understood. Antiquities of the stone age were regarded as the relics of men who were ignorant of the use of metals, and who depended on stone, bone, wood, and other readily accessible natural products for their implements and their weapons of the chase or war. Those of the bronze period again were held to be relics of men who had acquired a knowledge of copper, or copper alloyed with tin, and who used that knowledge to make cutting implements of a more serviceable character than those which could be made of stone. Those of the third age were relics of men who had discovered the way to make and use iron and steel, and were thus acquainted with a material which superseded both bronze and stone as regarded the character and value of the tools or weapons which could be made of it. This, he remarked, was an ingenious classification, and it was one which had, no doubt, proved itself to possess practical utility. Yet it might and did lead to error in various directions, whenever we treated it as applicable to the whole human family and lost sight of its inherent imperfections and weaknesses, and of the limitations and uncertainties in its applicability to all regions of the world. The relics of the stone age, wherever they were found, in the present state of our knowledge, we certainly must regard as revealing the existence of man in a primitive and uncultured condition at some time or other in that place; but it by no means followed that the next stage of his culture would invariably have for its chief characteristic a knowledge of the usefulness of bronze, and of the way to obtain it. It was quite conceivable that he should pass from the stone into the iron age without knowing anything about bronze. With reference still further to the errors which might arise from regarding this classification as indicating necessarily successive stages of civilisation, it was desirable that it should be understood that though it might be correctly said of a people that they were in an iron age, this would not at all imply that they were in an advanced

stage of civilisation. That might be true of them, while it was also true that they were barbarians and savages. We ourselves were already in our iron age, and had been so for we could not tell how long, when the Romans paid us the first of those visits which exercised such a happy influence over the destinies of our land. At this day the people of Central Africa were in their iron age, yet they were scarcely men in the opinion of some, and if men, they were so low in the grade of civilisation that from them the slaves of the world were drawn. They were, nevertheless, in their iron age. Yet there was no evidence of their having ever been in a stone age, and no evidence had been obtained at all, so far as we knew, of their having passed through a bronze age. He would like to go even further still in showing the defects of this classification, and he would ask why a man who used bronze weapons should be inferior to a man who uses iron weapons? There was a very considerable leap from stone to bronze, but the leap from bronze to iron was comparatively simple, and certainly it was a step which need not of necessity be taken at all, since among some people the appearance of bronze, for whatever purpose used, must follow instead of preceding iron. From his argument the lecturer inferred four things—(1) that the classification of antiquities into those belonging to the stone, bronze, or iron ages has no absolute or definite chronological significance; (2) that it equally fails to indicate stages of civilisation in the sense of being invariable gradations of progress towards existing civilisation, necessarily consecutive and universally applicable to all the varieties of the human race; (3) that the three periods, even though they may successively present themselves in two countries lying close to each other, still need not synchronise—that is, the one country may still be in its stone age, while the other has passed into the bronze age; and (4) that the antiquities of each country must be separately studied with reference to the fitness to it of such a classification. The lecturer next touched upon several other points affecting the value of the classification he had criticised, and went on to describe and exhibit a number of stone objects which he had found in the north-west of Scotland, and which were used as implements at the present time. These objects, which had naturally been classed with the relics of the stone period, were of recent manufacture. Many of them might be spoken of as survivals of the stone period, and they would all be regarded as of great age if they presented themselves without a history.

AN GAIDHEAL.

“*Mar ghath soluis do m' aann fein
Tha sgeula na h-ainsir a dh' fhalbh.*”—OISEAN.

V. LEABH.]

DARA MIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH.

[55 AIR.

TURUS MARA.

Bha a' ghaoth ag ealadh bog blath o'n deas ; agus tlas greine a' plathadh gu thsail air gach taobh. Chith-teadh a ghaoir-theas a' ruith 'na deann chrisheannach thar guinne nam blar is thar uachdar glas nan loch air bearnaibh ceathach faire nam beann. Bha loch a' Bhogha Mhoir le a bhroilleach seanh boidheach 'na shineadh gu faoil farsuinn fa'r comhair. Tha a' chruth agus a shnuadh ag eiridh an drasl mu choinneamh sgathan mo mhac-meamna. Tha mi faicinn a chinn aosda le chearal ban mu chrua a' foiseachadh gu tosdach ri buinne fhiorghlan Bheul-an-Ath cuirnichte gu diombair fasgach le tiugh mheanglan nam craobh. Agus nach luraich a sheallas riomball geal Thraigh-Langa mar sgrìob oir air a tarruing sios cul a chinn! Agus Bealach Dearg 'na eideadh scarlaid rioghail a' fiadhachadh an fhir-thùris gu crìochaibh boidheach Chille-Chumáin. Tha thusa a loch thaine chaomh fhasgaich gun chaochladh ad mhaise ; sgiamhach agus taitneach do shuil a' mbaraiche mar a bha thu ann an laithibh cian na Feinne. Mar tha *Dan an Deiry* ag innseadh :—

“Cìod am fath bhi 'g udal euain,
Is Eilean fuar nan geotha crom,
A' sgaoilcadh a sgiath 'nar coinneamh,
Gu'r dìon o dhoineam na h-oidheche?
Tha e crom mar bhogh' air ghleus,
Tha e seamh mar uchd mo ghaoil,
Caitheamaid an oidheche 'na sgeith,
Ionad eibhinn nan aising caoin.”

No mar a sheinneadh ann am Beurla

le aon do naistnich bhardail an eilein fein :—

“The Loch seemed anxious to extend
Its hoary head to fair Bridgend,
To kiss the fairy home of Islay,
Where the green woodlands brightly smile
aye ;

And thus we viewed the sweet array
Of barks that on its bosom lay,
The welkin distance of its shore,
And heard its music evermore.”

Mu dheireadh chunnaic sinn gob biorach na Birlinn a' tighinn am fradharc fo ghualainn ghlais Chnocna-faire ; agus cha b' fhada gus an robh a sròn an taice na lanraig bhig shìos fo'n Fhardaich Fhroinich. An tìotadh bha sinn shìos ; agus bu cheutach an surd a bha air a' Phapannach Cholach agus air Ishmael Ileach, mu'n robh an seanfhocal gun teaganh fìor—“Nach tòir cuir no monadh an cuid o dhaoine sona.”

Eadar ramh is seol cha b'fhada gus an robh sinn fein agus a' Bhirlin a mach air druim ghruin an Loch ; Ardlarach, Gartbreac, Crothach, is Cul an Lagain ann an ordugh boidheach an deigh a cheile air taobh sèar an Loch, agus Bruthach-a'-Chladaich geal, ur, aitreabhach mu'r coimeamh air an taobh siar. Ag ealadh mar so a sios gu seamh socair air broilleach fuarglan an uisge fhuair Ishmael cothrom speileantachd a theanga a bhi 'ga chur an cleachdadh. Mar naistnich Heach bha earbs' aig Ishmael asainn nach brathteadh e mu na sgeoil thaitneach lan do fhein-ghloir a bha e a' taomadh a mach. Cairdean is eolaich co chluinneadh uainn e? Agus cha'n'eil an so ach cagar beul-fo-

fhraoch air a' chuis nach ruig cluas cuirt no Goill. 'Sann aig Ishmael fein a bha 'n t-innseadh blasda air treubhantas nan diunach a bh' ann deth fein agus do'n Cholach: Na bric shurdagach agus na gealagan mear boidheach a thug iad a linntean donn diomhair na h-amhunn; agus na bradain tharagheal airgidach a thug iad 's a' mhochthrath a oirean seamh an Loch. Cha robh Fear an Tigh Bhain a' faotainn idir a leithid do rusgadh 's a bha na Goill, o'n is e an Gaidheal a bh'ann. Nach e na daoine mora fein le'n laghan a leon cridhe uaibhreach nan Gaidheil! Dh' fhalbh an abhaisd thlachdmhor a bh' ann o shean, 'nuair a dh' fheadadh fear dol a mach 's tighinn dachaidh le a choinean, no ghearr, no fhiadh. Tha iasg a' chuain siar fein a nis fo chis! nach ann air an t-saoghal a thainig an da latha! Nach e na cismhaoir fein a thug an dile ruidh a ris air a' Ghaidhealtachd? eoin nan speur, is eisg na mara, is maghaich an t-sleibh tha iad a cur fo ghlais nihi-madurra o lamb an duine bhochd! Ach tha duil aig Ishmael is aig a' Cholach ri la an aigh anns an teid a' ghlais mhinnaomh ud a chur 'na smal. Agus anns na laithibh dorcha anshocrach a th' ann tha iad a' briseadh agus a' bioranachd ris a' ghlais gun taing do chuirt, 's do shiorram. Nach 'eil e cho nadurra do dhuine teothadh ris na bradain cheutach luachmhor 'nuair a chi e na uasail ghilana 'gam falcadh fein ann an ionalaidh an loch far am bi iad ri cleasachd ghasda anns an tachdar do fhioruisge a thainig o bhun na h-amhunn. Tha am buaireadh ro laidir air son fuil is feoil choitcheann;—co a b' urrainn fuireach bhuna? Tha na leabagan bochda gle laghach le am bodaich bhog ruadha is leis na langanna seang glasa; ach co a choimeasadh iad ris a' bhradan nasal. Nach e

an Cruithfhear a chuir 'sa mhuir e agus cha 'n iad daoine? 'Nuair a bha Ishmael a' reusonachadh mar so tacun le fileantachd eomharrachbte, bha suilean a' Cholaich a' beothachadh. Bha iargain turus creich na h-oidhche raoir a' falbh; is ebuireadh e aonta a nis agus a rithis ri reusonachadh teanga theallsanaich Ishmaeil.

Bha sinn a nis sios seachad slios glaschregach an Ochda-Fada. Bha am bata laghach a' gluasad gu gasda a sios air uachdar trom nan luin a bha 'gan caradh fein a steach a doimhneachd bolg na h-Atlantic. 'Scha robh sinn fada gus an robh sinn a steach ann am Port Mor Aoileastaidh.

Chaith sinn an latha san Roinn—cearn ainmeil Mhic-Aoidh. Roimh chiaradh an fheasgair dh' fbag sinn am port a thilleadh do 'n chala dh' fbag sinn. Cha robh deo gaoith ann agus cha robh ach na raimh shlisneach a shineadh a mach. Ceannruisgte casruisgte b'e Ishmael is am Balach Ban Colach na suinn threun nach sgithicheadh ramh. Cha b' fhada gus an robh gualaiun Gob na Ranna gle fhada 'nar deigh; agus Maol na h-Oighe ghuirm 'g a falach fein ann an dubhradh an fheasgair. Bha Ishmael le theanga fhonnoir a' cur surd oirnn air fad; 'nuair a gblaodhadh e nis agus a rithis, "Sgriob leat i, a Bhalach Bhain!" shaoileadh tu gu'n robh ann bata fein a' gabhail misnich, bheireadh i a leithid do shurdagan beo aisde a steach liune dhuirche an Loch. Thugadh an sinn treis a' cagnadh nan coimheach a tha gabhail seilbh air fearann torach Ile. Bha mi toilicht' thuigsinn nach robh dad do dh'eud salach anns a' Bhalach Bhan no ann an Ishmael mu'n chuis so. Cha robh dhith orrasan, na balaich bhochda, ach saorsa fhaotainn dol an deigh gearrfhiadh, gealaig, no bradain mar a bu mbath leotha, agus

gloine do mhac-na-bracha a nis 's a rithis a chuamh an t-siothainn; faigheadh iadsan so agus cha robh an corr adhith orra; chialaicheadh iar an laubhan ri uir no ri fearann; dh'fhagadh iad e aig Gall no Gaidheal 'sam bith a bheireadh barr d'a nachdar. Bha ioghnadh orra mar a bha mise ag innseadh dhoibh gu'n robh fior fhuil nan Gaidheal ann an cuid do na Gaill a bha 'san eilean. Gu'n robh bantighearna oirdheare Bhruthach-a'-Chladaich do chlan ainmeil nam Mathonach, do'n teaghlach airidh ud dheth 'm bheil Sir Senmas Mathonach, uacharan Leodhais. Agus gu dearbh fein cha 'u 'eil cliu no buadh, no fialachd a bhuineadh do na bantighearnan Gaidhealach o shean nach 'eil air an riochdachadh inntese. Gu ma fada sona bhios i fein agus a fear agus a teaghlach agus a cuid :—

“Bana-Ghaidheal, oirdheare, statail,
Fialaidh, cairdeil an run san cri;
So dhuit failte am measg nan Gaidheal,
Gu'n robh thu aghmhor ad thigh 's ad ni.”

Ach tha sinn a nis a' tarruing gu port; is ged is iomadh mile a dh'fhag sinn 'nar deigh tha na h-ìomraichean cho ealamh iasgaidh air cul nan ranh agus a bhios na h-eoin bheaga cho mear a dhol a sheinn aig eiridh na greine. Anns an dealachadh tha mi dol a dh'fhagail an dheigh airduilleagaibh neo-bhasmhor *A' Ghaidheil* brigh cridhe naistneach bardail a fhuair mi ann an caint charrach nan Gall :—

“Isle, once famed in song and story,
Joyed I tread thy earth once more!
Proud I view thy shreds of glory,
Shading stream and loch and shore.
“Still to me thy broken splendour
Is not all that makes thee dear:
There are chords of love more tender
Sealed by holy friendship's tear.
“Islay dear! I love thee ever!
All thy scenes and deep-blue skies;
All thy kindly hearts that never
Virtue, Love, and Truth despise!”

LITIR.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—That the Bards who sang aforesaid, and who are now dead and gone, should be held in honour and be frequently quoted, and were quoted, but with pride and respect, is all very right and proper. But does it not strike you, as it has frequently struck me, that we are rather apt to be indifferent to, and regardless of the works of our living contemporary Gaelic song writers? We have it on classical authority that there were brave men before Agamemnon ever wielded mace in single combat or in the mad *bruilgie* of a general engagement. We would say, if we dared to meddle with the dictum of a classic, that not only were there brave men before Agamemnon, but equally brave, or braver men after him, after he had long slept with his fathers, and being resolved to dust and ashes. We, too, have had our Bards, aye, and we have our Bards still, and it is neither wise nor well for us to neglect and ignore our contemporaries, as is too often done. As a single step in the right direction, I beg to send you for insertion in the “Gael,” a song composed on the marriage of Lochiel, in December last. The author is Duncan MacIntyre, North Ballachulish, in my immediate neighbourhood. I think you will confess that in every respect it has great merit. The historical allusion in the ninth stanza is to the origin and name of the great house of Buccleugh, for it is needless to inform you really that Lochiel's wife is no less a person than Lady Margaret Scott of Buccleugh.

With every good wish for the continued success of so admirable a monthly as the “Gael,” I am, &c.,

NETHER LOCHABER.

ORAN AIR POSADH LOCHIAL,
 CHAN-CINNIDH NAN CAMHSRONACH,
 MAC-DHOMHNUILL DUIBH!

I.

Seiuinidh mise dhuibh briathran
 Tha ro-chiatach as taitneach,
 Mu dheighinn Lochial
 A bh' againn riamh na chuil taice;
 Cha'n'eil duine anns an rioghachd
 Nach cual' gach ni mur a thachair,
 Neo tha buidhre nan cluasan
 'S bothar-fhuaim 'stigh nan claigninn!

II.

Chualas sgeula air a ghaigeach
 Tha ro-thaitneach ri innse:
 Geug da'n darrach gun mheang
 A bh' againn ann bho chionn linntean,
 Tha e 'm bliadhna 'n deigh posadh
 Ri ban-diuc og ard na rioghachd
 Le daingeantas laidir
 Agus cairdeas gun chrìoch air.

III.

Sid an oidhche bha soillse
 'S gum b' ro-aoihinn Lochaber;
 Eadar Caolas-Ic-Phadruic
 Agus braidhe Loch-Arcaig;
 Teine mor air na beanntan
 Air gach meall agus bacach;
 Lasair dhearg 'dol 'sna speuran,
 'S 'cann bu leir dhuinn an-t'athar!

IV.

'S ioma maighdean bha truagh dheth
 'S an taobh tuath so, fo smallan,
 An duil gun deanadh i' bhuanachd
 Le suaire 'sle cul-taice:
 Agus ban-tighearna usal
 'Bha 'n duil gur brудар a bh' aca;
 'S tha nise 'n deigh dusgadh
 Bho thursa lan airsnenl.

V.

Sid an dream a bha usal
 'On a ghluais iad fo'n ascaid;
 Sheas an rioghachd, 'sbu dual dhoibh
 Le faobhar tuaithe agus claidheamh:
 Craobh dhearg do'n darrach le rusg,
 'Si gun lub a's gun ghaiseadh,
 An duilleag ghorm 'si cho curaidh
 Leis an driuchd 'si lan mealla.

VI.

Bha iad baigheil a's truacant,
 Ri a cuid tuath air an fhearann
 'S gach linn dh'eirich uapa
 Gun bu dual dhoibh a leannachd,
 Cridhe fialaidh a's pairteil
 Agus baigheil mar charaid:
 'S gheibh iad urram gu brath
 Mar a shabhail iad Glaschu!

VII.

'Stha sinn toilichte am bliadhna
 Deagh Lochial bhi tighin dachaidh,
 Le bean og a chul dualaich
 An leadainn chuachaich, chuil-chleach-
 daich,
 Tha a sios mar an fhaolan
 'S a gruaidh mar chaoran air mheangan
 Da shuil mbeallach, ghorm, bhoidheach,
 Is mhealla chomhnard na annir.

VIII.

'S O cha'n ioghna mar tha thu
 'S thu thighin an aird o' na Scotsaich,
 Bha iad foghuinteach, dileas,
 Fo an sinnsireachd an toiseach;
 Bha iad measail an Albain
 Am measg gach ainm a's gach cogadh,
 'S' dhaindeoin Shasuinn 'si stri ris
 Ghleidh e chrìochan ge b'oil leo.

IX.

Sid na doinne tha ainmeil
 Bho a linn aig Rìgh Seumas
 'Nuair a chaidh iad do'n mhunadh
 A dh'iaraidh sithinn le eibhneas,
 Chuir Rìgh Seumas an t'saighead
 Anns a bhoc 's cha do gheil e
 Rinn an Scotach a chasgairt',
 An curaidh gasda 's an treun-fhear!

X.

Tha sinn a rise lan solais
 A bhan-duic og 'bhi tigh'n dachaidh,
 Mar ri oighre Mhic-Dhomhnuill
 Far 'm beil gach seorsa dhi pailt ann.
 Marbhar fiadh a's a mhunadh,
 A uineig mullaich a Chaisteil,
 'S air bradan lannach, geal, ciatach
 A seomar iochdar an tìge.

XI.

'S gu'n robh sonas a's buaidh
 Leis a charaid usal so 'thachair,
 'S gun bin t' Ard-Rìgh mun cuairt doibh'.
 Gach taobh an gluais iad 's an gabh iad;
 Tha sinn a nis air lan dochas
 Mu 's e 'n t-ordugh e thachairt
 Gun tig oirnne oighre og
 A ghleidheas corachan athar.

Let us not then, Mr. Editor, be forgetful of our Bards, a little kindly recognition of their occasional effusions, may incite them to a richer, freer, nobler burst of song than they should ever think of even attempting unless under sense of the strength of heart and buoyancy of spirit imparted by a friendly pat on the shoulder.

TAIBHSE A' MHANSE.

Mu cheud bliadhna seachad, bha moran sgeulachdan uamhasach, air an 'n innseadh do chloinn. Thainig leabhar mach ma 'n tim sin, da b'ainm. "Saobhal do-fhaicsinneach a 'n aibhisdear air a fhoillseachadh." Leabhar lan do sgeulachdan, air tansagan, mortaireachd, buidseachin, draoidhean agus sithichean. Bha an leabhar so, air' a leugh le cloinn, agus air 'n leanachd, le sgeulachdan eaglach eile, gus 'n robh oigridh, cho eaglach agus nach sealladh, iad air 'n culaobh, air eagal 'a 'n sean-ghille bhi ann; bha iad creidsin cho mor, agus nach rachadh sean daoine, do sheomar dorch an deigh dorchoiche.

Bha *taibhse mhanse*, air a roghainneach gu tric, o 'n bha e oillteil, uamhasach, saobh-chrabhach, fiadhaich rolaisteach, mar bha 'a 'm beul-aithris ga chuir 'a 'n ceill, gu 'n robh fear gabhail 'a 'n rathaid, air a spuinn, agus gu an-iochdmhor, air 'a mhortadh, agus a chorp air fhalach sa choille aig Rochallie, a mi-shealbh na tubaist, 'a bhith air spuinn agus mhurtadh, 'a fhaodadh striochdadh leis, ach e bhi air 'a sgarachduinn, bho adhlacadh criosduidh, ni robh an comas, taibhse cubhaidh teo-chridheach 's an bi 'a ghiulain; mar sin air fuireach, do 'n taibhse gus an robh fhoighdinn air ruith a mach; chaidh e gu foirfich diadhaidh, ro-naomh 'a bhuineadh do 'n eaglais, agus dh-innis e dha mar a thachair, agus dh-aslaich e 'm foirfich, gu dol agus na cnamhan, thogail, agus an cuir ann 'n cladh

coisrigte. Bha an t-eildeir gabhail eagail, gu biodh iad sgeig as fanaid air, ni chum car tiom e bho innseadh, na feart 'a thoirt do 'n ordugh fhuair e. Ach air gach oidhche, bha a 'm fear-ceilidh neo-shaoghalta, tachairt ris, gus 'n robh e air chomh-eignach, gus an sgeul chuir air beulaobh an t-seisean, agus e 'a 'g athchuingich an comhairle.

Nuair chomh-choird iad, gu geill 'a thoirt do 'n iarrtas tamhaidh, ach nuair bha iad coimh-lionadh, na riaghailt-chrabhaidh, dhearmaid iad an claigionn, gus 'n robh an t-iomlan de 'n riaghailte, chrabhaidh, ri oibreachadh thairis rithist, mas b-urrainn an taibshe mi-shona, fois fhaotium san uaigh. Bha an sgeulachd so, re moran bhliadhnachan, ag cuir moran oillt agus uamhas, air an oigridh, bha comhnuidh ma 'n aite sin. San dh' eirich an sgeul gu 'ro shimplidh, mar tha 'n sgeul 'a leanas toirt cunntas dearbhaidh, mar bha air innseadh, le litir naigheachd siorrachd Pheirt, air 'n treas latha de cheud mhios 'n earrich, sa bhliadhna 1831.

An 'n uaire bha mise og, bha mi 'm bhuachail bho, ann an coille Rochallie, agus bu tric chriothnaich mi, a 'n uaire a bhiodh agam ri dol seachad, air an aite iomraideach, far na thog iad na cnaimhan, mar dh-aithne an taibhse do 'n eildeir, bha mi air 'm chomh-eignich, gu dol seach an aite air oidhche dhorch, air mo rathad dhachaidh, agus fhuair mi eagal dolasach, bha 'u oidhche ro dhorcha, is nach robh ni ri fhaicin, mar robh cuidhe sneachd,

an so 's 'n sud, nach d'thug geill do dh-aiteamh 'a mhairt.

Bha ghaoth ro ard, agus bha coille Rochallie, ri cumhadh caoidh ris an anradh, is comh-obrach gus 'a chuis-eagail 'a mheudaichea, thuir mi rium fein, is deistinneach tiamhaidh an t-aite so, agus oh! is oillteil an oidhe so, ma thig an taibhse an choir, is cinnteach ga 'm basaichinn air an ionad. Nuair labhair mi na facail sin, ga 'n cualas starbhainach, 'a measg na crionach, air ma chulthaibh, thug orm mo cheann, a tharruing eadar mo ghualainn, agus dh-eirich 'm fhalt, na sheasamh air mo cheann, an uair dhuraig mi sealltuinn air an aite. Oh! uamhasach; uamh-bheist cosmhal ri cu, agus e deas gu leum air mo dhruim, thug orm gu 'n ran mi, le sgreuch mor ard-fhuaimneach. Trocair! Trocair! leum mi le cabhag ach na leum 's ma ruith mi, lean 'm uamhas gu dluth, ri mo shail gus 'n thainig, mi gu tigh 'm Athair; agus gu 'n choinnich mo phiuthar mi, le gobaireachd neo-chiontach agus ghlaodh i. Oh! Sheorsa caite an 'd fhuair thu collie, bha e air falbh re fad 'n latha, air eigin a theasrig mi, bho dhol ann 'a paisean. An nuair leth dhearbhadh e dhomh, an ni chur na h-urad, eagal orm, nach robh ann ach, 'n sean chu aige 'm athair; chaidh do 'n choille an latha sin, deigh maigheach. 'C-aite 'a bheil 'm athair; dh'fheorich mi le cabhag, ionluasgach, "fhreagar iad gu 'n robh e sa 'n t-seomar, maile ri duine coigrich, 'n uair chaidh mi da 'n

ionnsuidh, agus chunaic 'm athair mi, cho luasganach, fheorich e ciod a 'b aobhar, agus mar Albanach eile, a fhreagar e fein 'a cheist. O ho, bha thu gabhail eagall, tighinu troimh na choille. "Ciod chuir eagall ort mo ghille," arsa an coigreach. "Cha do chuir dad," arsa mise, le gnuisnaire. "O, bha e gabhail eagal, as an taibhse," arsa 'm athair. "Ciod an taibhse?" arsa an coigreach. "Oho, taibhse mhans, tha mi cuimhneachadh nis, is romhaith chaidh, a' chleas-abhachdach sin chluich, an bheil faoin sgeul air 'a chreidsin fathast fìor." "Fìor," arsa 'm athair, "riomh cho fìor is tha mi creidsin, gur t-usa, Tearlach Mac-an-tosich, agus gu 'm bheil mise, gabhail bheag eagal as mi fein; tha mi creidsin gu bheil e fìor." "Ceart dìreach na thaibhse cho mor is tha mise thuir Tearlach; is e toirt dearbhadh, nach bu spiorad e; le gloine de dhruichd na 'm beann a shlugadh, an deigh togail de 'n bhord, far 'n robh e cuir urram, air tuinnseir fiodh, lan da dh-aran is case, innsidh mise an sgeul fìor dhuibh." Lean e an uair leag e sìos 'a ghloine:— "Bha sean Tighearn 'a Rochallie, ro mhireagach, agus na chleas-aiche, suigeartach, mar tha deadh-fhios agad, bha aon de na banoglaich aig, rug paist dha, agus bha e ro-bheadarach, is deothasach as an leanabh, agus bha e mar an ceudnà, fodh iomaguin, ga 'm biodh e air 'a bhaisteadh, ged bha 'm paiste diolan, bha e cho mion-eolach, agus na chompanach cho mor, aig 'a mhinisteir (M. L.), as minig gloine dhol iad

comhla, agus gun robh e saoilinn nach robh, ach beag cunnart ann an gnothuchan a riaghailteach, mar thuir e fein ris; ach dheirich eas-ordugh, agus mealladh, mearachdach, tubaisteach, le Uilleam Griasaich, na (Willcam Soutar) duine a bha na bhall foghainteach do 'n eaglais, a sheas na n aghaidh, agus mhionnaich as bhoidich e, gu 'n aithriseadh, e chuis da 'n comhailchleireach, na rachaidh an naoidhean a bhaist; dh-oibrich so air 'a mhinisteir, agus na eildeiran eile, is chaidh innseadh da 'n duine-uasal, mar tabhair-eodh e lan diol da 'n t-seisean, nach robh e comasach am paid bhaist; agus 'n uair chaidh a ministeir, le guth an t-seisean da ionnsuidh, dh innis e dha sa 'n am cheudna, gur e an t-eildeir Soutar, thug m buille sa cheann da 'n chuisse; chuir e corruich air an duin-uasal, an fiosrachadh so; (chion goirid roimhe sin, thainig e eadar am foirfich Griasaich agus leirsgrios, le ghabhail air laimh, 'n uair bha e gu bhiodh air a ruag mach le fiachan,) bho 'n am so bha a run, suidhichte gu campar chuir air, bha fear ro charach, chuibheartach, aig an tighearn; agui chaidh an sgeul innseadh dha, agus thairg e, gu 'n cuireadh e eagal air Soutar an ath uair bha Uilleam Greusaich, ann an Blar-ghoblurie, aig an t-seisean, chaidh 'm fearmuintear, agus rinn e feall-fholach, aig aite diomhair, os ceann Drochaid Lortie, air dha e fein uidheamach, le dha na tri, deth chraiceanan chaorach chuir uime, agus chaidh e air 'a mhaganan, leth-

char coslach ri cu, agus le bli tabhannaich, donnalaich agus 'a 'g ulfhartaich, chaidh aig air eagal oilteal, chuir air an eildeir bhochd, chuir go robh bheag bho chiall e; an ath-latha bha 'n sgeul, air sgaioleadh 's gach aite, san duthaich, gu 'n thachair tannasg, air Uilleam Griasaich, air cumachd cu agus gu 'n thabhunn, agus labhair e ris, agus mhaoidh e, tachairt air a rithist, chaidh coinneamh urnuigh, chuir suas ann an tigh Uilleam, agus na h-uile 'a meadhan 'a b-urrainn iad smuaineach chuir 'n cleachd, chuir stad air an tannasg, ach bha gille na car, gun stad toirt ceilidh dha; gus an robh e air fas sgith, de 'n turus-oidhche cho tric, agus thubhairt e ri mhais-tear, gu 'm bitheadh e feumal, an obair, thoirt gu criche; agus air dha chuimhneach, air aite anns 'n robh laogh marbh air adhlacadh, moran bhliadhnachan roimhe sin, an deigh an ceann a thoirt dbeth, chuir e eagal air sean chailleach leis, rin e tionnsgainn gu 'n toir e chreidsinn air Soutar, gu 'm b e cnaimhan duine, bha air a mhortadh bh' ann, agus gu 'n toir e air an togail, agus an adhlac, ann an cladh; bha 'n duine uasal toilichte, leis an tionnsgain; agus an ath choinneamh, thug an tannasg da 'n eildeir, "dhinnis e dha gu 'm 'b esan taibhse, duine 'a mhortadh le duine eile; agus ga 'm feunadh esan tighinn, maille ris, agus gu 'm feuchadh e dha, an t-aite ann 's 'n 'd fhalaich e an corp, agus dh' aslaich e air, na cnamhan thogail, agus an adhlac, ann an talamh coisrigte, an deigh sin coimhion, uach cuireadh e dragh, tuilleadh air; dhiult Soutar an toiseach, ach an deigh do 'n tannasg, iomadh coinneamh thoirt

dha, agus maoidh dioghaltas; dh' aontaich e mu dheireadh, gu e bli air 'a threorachadh, aig marbh uair meadhon oidhche, gu uaigh an laoi; agus an nair thug an taibhse, an ath-ordugh dha, na cnamhan thogail; thug e raoidh dheistimeach; agus leum e le surdag, ann am preas calltuinn, agus fhuair Soutar bochd, a'fhi, rathad smeurachadh, mur 'b fhearr 'b urraian dha, as an aite oillteil, air an ath-latha, chaidh am ministear, na eildeiran uile, agus chuid br' m'or do sluagh na duthcha, agus an duine nasal, 's a ghille maille ri each, agus chual iad na chaidh labhairt, bha na cnamhan uille air caidh, ach na lurginean, no na cnamhain-smeur, le iad a bhli adhlacite deich bliadhna fichead; thubhairt, am ministear, "bha e na dhuine laidir," ach am barrachd, "faodaidh duine is treis, bhli air a cheamsach," is iongantach, "arsa fear deth na eildeiran, nach eile an claigninn ri fhaicsinn, is cleachd leis a chlaigeann a bhli lathair, ged nach biodh cuamh eile ri fhaicsinn; "is cinnteach chaidh an ceann, chuir as an rathad." "Ni h-eadh," ars' Uilleam, dh-innis an taibhse, gu'n robh e air 'a thoirt sios, le comhmadh cu, is an t-sin air 'a mburta le maide; bha monmhor meag an t-sluaigh, air son 'a chlaigion; ni chuir luasgan, ann an iuntinnean luchd na prat, air eagal gu 'm biodh am fealltairachd, air fhaotain a mach; chuir stad air sin, sholarach iad as a chladh 'a b' fhuais claignean, agus thild iad sios e, fagus do 'n aite, as an deach cnamhan an laoi thogail. Thug an taibhse coinneamh, da 'n eildeir an oidhche sin, agus dh-innis e da, gun t-fhag e cnaimh, agus gun imireadh, e dol air ais agus fhaotinn, air neo nach faigh e fois; da reir sin, air an ath-latha, chaidh an claigninn fhaotinn, agus an deigh esan, is na cnamhan eile, a chuir

cruinn; agus feill choisrigte, chumail air son fois doibh (ni chaidh dhean-eamh leis gach rogh-fheil). "Bha iad air an giulain, gu cladh Bhlarna-gobhrice, far an robh gu beag, sluagh na sgireachd, gu leir cruinnichte, a thoirt fianuis agus urram, air adhlacadh an laoi." "

"A nuair chroichanaich Tearlach," arsa 'm athair, "an deigh sin, ma tha e fior, fhuair ionadh neach, eagal gun abhar." "Cha 'n eagal nach eil e fior," arsa Tearlach "air son dh-innis Alasdair Ruairidh, gille an duine uasail, da bhrathair 'm athair e, agus dh-innis brathar 'm athar dhomhs e, mu 's an deach mi do 'n Ghernailt, maile ris an da fhichead 's dha, agus c'aite 'm 'b fhearr an cluinnteadh e, na bho an Taibhse fein," is e sin an cunntas thug Tearlach Mac-an-toisich air 'a chuisse. Air dha bhli ga inniseadh, dhomhs rithiste, dh-innis e domh, gu'n d-innis brathar athar, dha mar an ceudna, gu 'n robh drobhair briste, ma 'n am sin, rinn cruinneachadh air na dh-fhaodadh e, da mhaoin, agus rinn e falbh, gun fhios c'aite, agus cha d-fhuair iad iomradh, gu brath air, agus bha e air 'a fhuaimneachadh, gu 'n robh e air 'a mhurtadh, agus gu 'm b' e na cnamhan aig, chaidh fhaotinn, biodh sin mar a' d fhaodaidh e; faodaidh mi dearbh fhianuis, thoirt air fireantachd Thearlich, na bheir an duthaich uile teistean, gu 'n robh e na dhuine malda beusach, agus na sheann-Saighdear-saor-dhuais, agus fear 'a chumaidh ris an fhirinn. *Air thoirt bho bheul-aithris Pheirt, agus eadar-theangachadh*

Le W. D.

[We give the above much as written by the author, to represent the dialect of the district.]

BEINN AN EOLAIS.

Annas an aimsir sin de 'n bhliadhna nuair a ni soilleireachd agus ciuineachd nan speur, na measan eagsamhuil a tha cuirneachadh an lair, duilleach eas-dathach nan craobh, agus gach adh milis, ach seargach, a ta air an fhogharadh shunndach, an inntinn fhosgladh gu deagh run, agus a chuireas iad i ann an suidheachadh air son meomhrachaidh bha mi a' farsanaich ann an duthaich bhoidhich, ard bheannaich, gus an do thoisich m' annos air geilleadh roimh sgios, agus shuidh mi sios air sgor creige a bha air a comhdachadh le coinich, far an d' rinn fuaim nan duilleag a' tuiteam, tormanaich nan eas, agus borbhanaich nam bailtean fas as m' inntinn a thaladh gu samhchair iomlan, agus dh' ealuigh an codal gun mhothachadh a steach orm, an feadh a bha mi leigeil ruith leis gach faoin bheachd taitneach a rinn na cuspairean m'un cuairt orm a dhusgdh a' m' inntinn gu nadurra.

Fhuair mi mi fein air ball ann an conard reidh, farsuinn, sinateach, aig an robh beinn mhor ag eirigh suas as a mheadhon na b' airde na bha beachd agam roimhe air i bhi. Bha sluagh mor air a' bheinn, gu h-araid origridh; bha moran diubh a' dianruith air an adhart agus an gnuis a' taisbeanadh comharan ro bheothail air deineas an inntinn, ged a bha an t-slighe ann an iomad aite cas, dochrach, agus ro gharbh. Thug mi fainear gu'n robh an dream, nach d' rinn ach toiseachadh ris a' bheinn a streap, an duil nach robh iad air an aghaidh bha beanntan ura ag eirigh daonna 'nan sealladh; agus cha robh ann am fireach na te a b'airde a bheachdaicheadh iad roimhe ach bonn te eile, gus an robh a' bheinn fadheidh cosmhuil ri i fein a chall anns na neoil. Am feadh a bha mi a' geur-amharc air na nithibh so le

h-ioghnadh chunneas fear-teagaisg cairdeil laimh rium gu h-obann agus labhair e mar so. "A' bheinn sin a ta far do chomhair," ars' esan, "is i beinn an Eolais. Air a mullach tha teampull na Firinn, aig am bheil a ceann os cionn nan neul, agus tha brat de sholus fìor-ghlan a' falach a gnuis. Beachdaich air triall a luchd-leannmhuin; bi thusa tosdach, agus furachail."

An deigh dhomh nithean eagsamhuil a thoirt fainear thionndaidh mi mo shuil ris a' mhòr-shluagh a bha dìreadh a' bhruthaich chais; agus bheachdaich mi 'nam measg oganach aig an robh sealladh beothail suil bhiorach, agus a bha rud-eigin teineil, agus mi-riaghailteach 'na uile ghluasadaibh. Se a b'ainm dha ciallmhor (*genius*). Thug e saighdeadh as mar iolair anaird a' bheinn agus dh' fhag e a chompanaich ag genr-amharc 'na dheigh le farmad agus le h-ioghnadh; ach bha a thriall mi-chomhnard, agus bhacadh a shiubhal le mìle breathal. Nuair a sheinneadh Saimh a ceileir binn anns a' ghleann rachadh esan am measg a cuideachd. Nuair a smeid-eadh uabhar ris teachd a dh-ionnsuidh bile na creige ghabhadh e misneach dol ann, ged a bha am bile a' crith fo a chasaibh; bha e a' gabhail mor thoileachais ann an ceumannaibh taoibh as an t-slighe nach d' fheuchadh riabh roimhe; agus rinn e cho luingha lenn bharr an rathaid as gur tric a dh' fhag a chompanaich a b' anfhainne e air dheireadh. Chunnaic mi gu'u robh a' cheolraidh (*the Muses*) ag amharc air le leth-bhreth, ach dh' amhairc an Fhinn air gu minic le muig, agus thionndaidh i a gnuis a leth-taobh.

Am feadh 's a bha Ciallmhor mar so a' caitheamh a spionnaidh le leumannaibh taoibh o'n fhìor ghnòthach, chunnaic mi neach eile

air an robh coltas calg-dhireach an aghaidh so, d' am b'ainm Dur-aire (*Application*). Shnaig esan air adhart le ceun mall gun stad, 's a shuil suidhichte air mullach na beinne, se gu foighidneach a' carachadh gach cloiche a chuir grabadh air a cheum, gus an d' fhag e as a dheigh moran diubh-san a rinn air tus tair air a thrial mall saothaireil. Gu firinneach bu tearc iad a dhirich a' bheinn le seasmhachd chonaird agus neo-bhristich; oir a bharr air dorradas na slighe, bhia iad daonna air an taladh gu tionndadh a thoabh le buidhinu lionmhoir de Chiocras-aibh (*Appetite*) de Aignidhibh (*Passions*) agus de Shamhlean (*Pleasures*), a bhia cho liosda 's nan aontaicheadh iad aon uair leatha bhiodh an comas a' fas na bu lugh 's na bu lugha gu cur 'nan aghaidh; agus ged is minic a dh' ath-phill iad a chum na slighe, bhia gairbhead an rathaid air fhaireachdainn leo na bu ghairbhe; na measan a bhia roimhe fallain agus urail, dh' fhas iad searbh agus droch-bhlasda, dh' fhas an sealladh dorcha; agus thuislicheadh an casan aig gach grabadh bu lugha.

Chunnaic mi le mor-ioghnadh gun robh a' Cheolraidh, d' am bu ghnathach misneach agus sunnd a chur air an dream a bhia 'gan saruchadh a' direadh a' bhruthaich, gu tric a' seinn ann an doireachan badanach na sainn, agus a' toirt coimheadachd dhoibh-san a bhia air an taladh air falbh leis na h-Aignidhibh; gidheadh cha d' thug iad coimheadachd dhoibh ach uighe ghoirid; agus threig siad iad daonna nuair a chailleadh iad sealladh air a' bheinn. Dhublaicheadh na h-aintighearnan an sin an slabhruidhean air na ciomaich mhi-shona; agus threoiricheadh siad air falbh iad gun bhacadh gu cuiltibh an Ain-eolais agus gu ionadaibh-comhnuidh na Truaighe.

An measg an Luchd-meallaidh do-aireamh a bhia ag oidhirpeachadh ri luchd-leannhuinn na Firinn a tharuinn air falbh o cheum na Eolais bhia aon a bhia cho neo-eagallach 'na coltas, agus cho foil us faun na h-ionnsuidh-ibh as gur gann a bheirinn an aire dhi, mar bhith an aireamh mhor a rinn i a luchdachadh le a slabhraidhean gun mhothachadh aca air sin. Se an Leisg a b'ainm dhi, agus bhia i fada bho cirigh air cogadh riutha as an aodun; cha d' thug i ionnsuidh air an cosan a thionndadh as an t-slighe; ach thoilich si i fein le bli cur maile air an triall; agus an run sin nach b' urraim di a thort orra a threigsinn, chuir e impidh orra dail a chur ann. Bhia cumhachd aig a buille cosmhuil ri cumhachd a' Chraimb-eisg (*Torpedo*) nuair a bheanas se ri neach sam bith, oir bhair e an lus as na h-uile neach ris an bean e. Bhia a braighdean mi-shona fathast a' tionndadh an aghaidhean ris an teampull, agus daonna an dochas gu'n ruigeadh iad sin, ach bhia an talamh mar gu'm b' ann a' sleamhnachadh fo'n cosaibh, agus fhaair siad iad fein aig an iochdar mu'n d' thug iad fainear gun do charaich iad as an laraich. A' chinneachd sheimh sin a bhia air tus ri fhaicinn 'nan gnuis chaochail i uigh air n-uigh gu airsueal grua-mach agus marbhantas duibhear, air an robh dreach an dubh-bhroin a' sior dhol nas truime a reir 's mar a bhia iad a' sleamhnachadh gu samhach sios air sruth na Mispedarachd, uisge dubh mall nach eil air a phreasadh le aon oiteig, noair a bhlothachadh le aon torman, gus an bheil e a' tuiteam a stigh ann an Muir-mharbh far am bheil an luchd-turuis a' clisgeadh 's a' mosgladh leis a' chrathadh a gheibh iad, agus air an ath mhionaid theid iad fodha ann an Doimhne na Dio-chuimhne (*Gulf of Oblivion*).

Am measg nan daoine mi-shona a threig ceumnanan an Eolais cha robh neach sam bith aig an robh na bu lugha de chomas gu pilltinn air ais na luchd-leanmhuinn na Leisge. Ghlacadh braighdean nan Ciocras agus nan Aignidhean an cotàrom, nuair a bhiodh na h-aintighearnan so 'nan cadal no fo airsneal, gu dol as bho 'n geasaibh; ach bha tighearnas na Leisge seasmhach agus buan-mhaireannach agus is ainmic a chuireadh iad 'na aghaidh gus an bu diomhain teannadh ris.

An deigh dlomh bhi beachdachadh air na nithibh so thionndaidh mi ro shuilean ri mullach na beinne far an robh an t-athar daonnan fìor-ghlan agus lan snilbhireachd, agus na rathaidean air an dubrachadh le luidhbrealaibh agus preasan eile a bha urar do ghnath, agus an drill-eanachd a bha boillsgeadh 'na gathannaibh o ghnuis an Eolais mar gunn b' ann a' dortadh a mach gloire mu'n enairt air a luchd-leanmhuinn. "Is sona an dream," arsa mise, "a gheibh cead a' Bheinn a dhireadh." Ach am feadh a bha mi 'g eigheach so le deineachd neo-ghnathaichte, chunnaic mi 'na seasamh laimh rium neach aig an robh aogus neamhaidh agus dealradh grasmhor. "Tha iadsan nas Soua," arsa ise, "a tha air an treorachadh le subhaile a dh-ionnsuidh ionada-comhnuidh an toileachais-inutinn." "Cìod," arsa mise, "am bheil Subhaile ma ta a' gabhail comhnuidh anns a' ghleann?" "Gheibhear mi," arsa ise, "anns a' ghleann, agus tha mi a' soillseachadh na Beinne. Tha mi cur sunnd air a choitear, nuair a bhios e aig obair, agus tha mi deachdadh do 'n Fheallsaanach nuair a bhios e a beachd-snuaineachadh. Tha mi dol am measg mor-shluagh nam bailtean mora, agus a' beachdachadh a mban-aich 'na chuil naignich. Tha teampull agam anns gach cridhe a

dh'aidicheas mo chumhachd; agus dha-san a ghuidheas air mo shon tha mi cheana lathair. Faodaidh Eolas do thogail gu Ard-inbhe agus mor chliu, ach is mise a mhain a threoraicheas thu gu sonas agus agh-mhoireachd." Am feadh a bha Subhaile a' labhairt mar so, shin mi mach mo laubhan d' a h-ionnsuidh le deineas a rinn mo dhusgadh as mo chadal. Bha an driuchd fuar a tuiteam mu m' thimchioll, agus bha dubhar an fleasgair a' sineadh air aghaidh an fhuinn. Dheifich mi dhachaidh; agus chaith mi an oidiche gu tosdach ann an beachd-snuaineachadh. D. B. B.

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CO MHEUD CARAID A BU CHOIR A BHI AIG DUINE.

An dean sinn, ma ta, uiread agus is urrainn dhuinn 'nan cairdean duinn, no, mar a chaidh a radh gu h-ìomchuidh a thaobh fialachd:—

"Na biodh agad moran aoidhean,
Is ni mo bhios thu gun ghin."

Mar so tha an riaghailt a thaobh cairdeis; nach biodh aon chuid gun chairdean, no moran againn. Tha an radh so freagarrach uile air son nam feadhainn a tha 'nan cairdean do chach a cheile air son chriochan feumail; oir tha e draghail a bhi paidheadh air ais deadh-ghean do mhoran, agus cha'n'eil ar beatha fada gu leoir a dheanamh so. Uime siu tha barrachd air na bhios a dlith air duine 'n a cheum sonruichte beatha gun fheum, agus 'n a ghrabadh 'na thighinn beo gu math, agus uime siu cha'n'eil feum orra. Agus tha beagan chairdean air son solais gu leoir; dìreach mar a tha bhi a' deanamh ar bidh milis. Ach a thaobh dhaoine matha nach bu choir dhuinn uiread agus a' b'urraim dhuinn a bhi againn?

* * * Ach tha e soillear nach urrain aon duine a bhi 'na chompan-

ach agus 'na charaid do mhoran. A bharr air so, feumaidh am moran so a bhli 'nan cairdean do chach a cheile, ma chaitheas iad an uine le cheile; agus tha so duilich a thaobh aireantah mhoir. Tha e mar an ceudna duilich co-fhaireachduin altrunna ri moran 'nan solais agus 'nam piantan; oir feudaidh e tachairt gu'm bi e mar sin a' deanamh gairdeachais le aon charaid, agus a' bron le aon eile.

Theagamh, ma ta, nach 'eil e cho mbath dhuinn niread chairdean agus is urrainn dhuinn iarraidh, ach direach uiread agus a tha feumail air son cuideachd; oir tha e ag amharc eu-comasach a bhli ann an cairdeas laidir ri moran. Uime sin, tha e mar an ceudna eu-comasach a bhli ann an gaol air moran; oir cha'n 'eil ann an gaol ach ro lanachd cairdis; agus tha e air fhaireachdain a thaobh aon chuspair; agus cha'n urrainn ro lanachd dheth, uime sin, a bhli air fhaireachduin ach a thaobh beagain. Mar so tha a' chuis ri faicinn ann an fìor chleachdadh: oir ann an cairdeas eadar companaich cha'n 'eil moran a' fas 'nan cairdean; agus is ann eadar dithis a tha na ceangail chairdeis is ainmeile. Cha'n 'eil na feadhainn aig am bheil moran chairdean agus a tha caidreach ris a' h-buile aon, air am meas le aon 's am bith 'nan cairdean ach ann an seadh sìobhalta; agus theirear luchd-toil-eachaidh dhaoine rin. Anns an t-seadh roimh-radhte, ma ta, fendaidd duine bhli 'na charaid do mhoran, eadhon gun a bhli 'na fhear-toileachaidh dhaoine, ach mar dhuine math: ach air sgath subhaile agus nam muinntir iad fein tha e eu-comasach a bhli ann an cairdeas ri moran; feumaidh neach a bhli toilichte gu dearbh le beagan diubh fhaotainn.—*Aristotle.*

—o—

Am fear nach cleachd a chlaid-beamh fogaidh e air a thom e.

NAIGHEACIID FHIRINN-EACH.

Tha an sgeula a leanas na ni riongantach, ri bhli air a chraobh-sgaoileadh an measg Saobh-chreidmheach, a tha creidsiun gu'm bheil Sithichean, nìlebheistean agus riochdan mhi-ghnathaichte a' gabhail tuinnidh dluth air ar n-ionadaibh comhnuidh ann an ceanna tuath na Halba. Tha e fìor chinnteach ri linn cogadh Bhonapart 1822, gu'n robh loingeisibh cogaidh air am faicinn le suilibh corporra na muinntir a bha 'g eisdeachd an Urram aich Dr. Ross ann an Gruinard air latha Sabaid. Bha na bataichean fada eola r'am faicinn 'g an sadadh a' bharr buird na longaibh fa chomhair Rutha na cloich uaine, ni a chuir mor iognadh agus feagail air gach neach a chunnaic agus a chuala an sgeul cunnartach so. Bha a leitheid bhuaidh aig an t-sealladh namhasach so air inntinnibh an t-sluaigh, air chor's cho luath's fhuair iad na bataichean as ceann tiura na mara, gu'n tug gach neach gu cabhagach gu mullach gach cruic "agus 'm fear nach beireadh air a' bhogha, bheireadh e air a chlambeamb," cuid eile foluch an eudaich agus an cisteachan airgid an measg an arbhair, cuid ri foluch fead ach c'aite an gabhadh na saighdearain frangach. 'S e barail dhaoinne creideasach gur eigin do na seallausa tachairt agus gach ni a bhli air a choimhlionadh. Tha na a chaidh aithris car iongantach, ach eisd ris na leanas agus beachd smuainich air ni dochumanta a bha 's a tha ri fhaicinn ann's a choimhearsnachd so bho chionn iomadh bliadhna air Lochan an Uilltean fharsuinn ris an abhair "Loch na beise" a tha fuidhe an rathaid a tha treorachadh gu meal-bhan Udrigle. Bha biasd anabarrach mor air a faicinn caochladh uairean

air a cheud mhios do'n gheamhradh so air an Ioch, agus do bhrìgh nach eil i bitheanta teachd air uachdar an uisge, tha luchd aithichidh na tìre a co-dhùnadh gur m'chd Sheilcheig a tha ann. Tha i anabarrach fada agus domhail, mu thimchioll se troidhe deug thar fhichead agus a domhladas mar an ceudna co-chordte ri fad. Thog an sealladh moran fiamh am measg luchd gabhail an rathaid, air chor as an uair a chìaras am feasgar gu'm bi feagal air neach an t-slighe ghabhail na aonar. Bha iomadh ni mighnathaichte roimhe so, coinneachadh ri luchd gabhail an rathaid, a bha tabhairt mor an deuchain agus ciurraidh dhoibh. Air do na seanachasaibh so a bhi air an craobh-sgaoileadh agus air an aithris do Thriath na tìre, smuainich e gu'n tugadh e oidhearp air anloch a thraoghadh, agus air gach aon chor gun glacadh' e an Uile-bhiasd eagallach so, a bha ga cumail fein cho diomhair anns an uisge agus na leomhan anns an t-slighe air na lag chreidmhich. Bha moran cosguis air a chur a mach ann an cumail freiceadain, tarruing phumpaichean agus aoil gu marbhadh na beise, ach a reir gach coslais gu'n d'fhag i oighre na deigh.

Tha e nise tur fhirinneach, gu'm bheil a bhiasd a rithist air teachd beo, agus air a faicinn re an latha, bho chionn ghoirid le duine creideasach agus beagan laithean na dheigh sin, (mu dheich uairean ann's a mhaduinn,) bha i air a faicinn tri uairean le boirionnach calma fìrinneach, a dh'eigh ri Cuilcean cabhag dheanamh chum's gu'm faiceadh e bhiasd; ach gu mi-fhortanach bha i air a sioladh 's an uisge, mun d'raning an seann laoch. Cha 'n eil a bhiasd so, an am dhol fuidheal caruchadh an uisge, nis mo a cuir dragh air neach sam bith. Bha moran do shaobh chreideamh a righe-

achadh am measg seann daoinne na h'airde tuath, ann a bhi creidsinn agus a dearbhadh gu'm biodh iad a faicinn na cuic fosgailte, a cluinntinn na pioaireachd, agus a faicinn na sitichinn a' dannsa. Cuid eadhon, gus an latha an diugh ag radh, gur iad na h-aingle tuiteamach na dannsairean a bha ra'm faicinn, anu am fosgladh nan cnoc. Tha mi 'n dochas gu'm bheil cuid do luchd leughaidh a' Ghaidheil, a bhios comasach an solus a chuir air na loingeisibh agus innse cìod a ghme beise a dh'fheudadh a bhi chomhnuidh air an Loch agus mar an ceudna, ma tha e comasach do shuilibh corporra ainglibh tuiteamach fhaicinn.

CAMUS A' CHARRA.

—o—

NIGHEAN BHAN ACHADHLUACH-RACH.

FONN.—“*The Girl I Left Behind Me.*”

O gach taobh gan seid a' ghaoth,
'S ro chaomh leam fhìn o'n tuath i,
Oir sann tha fuireach reul mo ghraidh,
A dh'fag mo shaoghal luaineach.

Ged tha an diugh mo stòras gann,
Gun chrobh, gun chrann air cluaintibh,
Leubhain fhìn duit iomadh cainnt,
A's b'eol domh peann a ghluasad.

'Sann air coinneamh 'san tigh Mhaol,
A rinn do ghaol mo bhuaireadh,
Do dha shuil chorrach, mheallach, chaoin,
'S an aodan 's nach 'eil gruainein.

Bhuail mo chridhe uair nò dha,
Aig meud mo ghraidh do'n ghruaigich,
Oir 'si sud reul mo ghraidh,
Nighean aluinn Achadhluchrach.

Ged do bhitheans' air an fheil,
Am measg nan ceudan gruagach,
Nam faicinn ann mo Sheonaid bhan,
Cha chuirinn each ach suarach.

Ged a rachainse gun dail,
Gu 'Stralia thar chuaintibh
Cha leig mi as mo chri' gu brath,
Nighean Aluinn Achaluachrach.

OBAN, 1876.

A.

TEACHDAIREACHD BAIS DHAIBHIDH MHIC-ILLEIN.

O eun oir teachd bho duthaich chein,
 Aig eisdeachd riut tha mi fo'n chraobh ;
 Oir 's ealamh thilg thu ormsa seun
 Led' cheillear dhian tha 'g iadh gum' thaobh :
 'S mi sealltainn ortsa'n sin leat fhein,
 Gun chompanach bhi dluth do d' ghlaodh.

Ar lean an smuain gum faic mi thu
 A cheolaich ur is somhle' dealbh,
 Aig itealaich troimh neula dluth,
 Teachd oirnn bho dhuth'ch tha fad air falbh ;
 Gun toirm, gad choir, ach sgiathan luth'r.
 A briste ciuineas athar balbh.

Ach grad ged rinn thu triall fo'n speur,
 Nis luaith gu leir tha mis an smuain ;
 Oir nuair a sheall mi ort gu gear
 Mar dhealan leum mi thair a chuan
 Gu tir nan coigreach, tir na grein ;
 Far bheil fear duthcha treun air chuairt.

An faca tu e'n sud a strith
 Ra fhosgladh, dorus sith is saors :
 Gach ceum a bheireadh e bha chridh
 A bualadh buille-bais na daors :
 Nam facas let fo'n oidhche mhin,
 An curaidh sgith, se sint air raon.

O's diomhain mi' iarrtuis sin gu leir,
 Cha toir thu eisdeachd dhomh na suim ;
 Cha chluinn thu ach do cheillear fhein
 'S thu mach air barr na genga luim :
 Nam bheil thu seirm gun d' chuir an t-eug
 Seul air cridhe treun an t-suim.

Mo thruaigh gur fìor, tha faaim sa ghaoth,
 Mar shrann na h-aoidh nach gabhar cleth,
 Fos bho gach ghnuis tha gean air traogh,
 'S coinneamhain thall sa bhos fa leth,
 Dol thairis :—mar is tric ni'u t-aosd.
 Air doigh a bhais, is aite breth.

“Togaibh dhómh buth 's gu'm faigh mi bas :”
 Sud thuirt an gaisgeach ard 'se sgith :
 “Togaibh dhomh buth 's gum faigh mi bas :”
 Tha chombrag seachad is an strith ;
 Ach torradh t-oibre mòr bith'dh fas
 'S fad ioma linn cha teid a dhith.

Mo dhuthaich fhein, be sud do mhac ;
 B'fhear-saothreach e do'n chinne-daoin,
 Ge so do ghloir bhì cur am mach
 Na fuarain mhisneachail nach claon
 Troimh eagal namh ; ach ghabhas tlachd
 Bhì strìth chum mathas mor an t-saogh'l.

Tha e air teachd gun aite tamb,
 Am measg nan sar tha ionad snain ;
 Bha thus mar alltan faoin sa bhraigh,
 A chrìoch mar làu-shruth dol gu cuan :
 Bith'dh ainm cho buan ri cliu nan sair
 A dh'ainnich Oisian fhein na dhuain.

MAC-OIDHCHE.

—o—
 DOCHAS.

Mu'n chagailt lom' 'nuair shuidheas mi leam fein,
 Is smaointean searbh cuir m'anam truagh fo chradh,
 Gun aisling chaoin a thilgeas orm a seun,
 Is aonach f'huar na beatha dh'easbhuidh blath ;
 An sin o Dhochas neamhaidh turluing leam,
 'S mar sholus dealrach, aomsa dluth mu'm cheann.

(Keats) Ead. le MAC-OIDHCHE.

ENGLISH.

When by my solitary hearth I sit,
 And hateful thoughts enwrap my soul in gloom,
 When no fair dream before my mind's eye flit,
 And the bare heath of life presents no bloom ;
 Then Hope, ethereal Hope, around me shed
 And wave their silver pinions o'er my head.

SEUMAS DAUSON.

'Nuair a bha Prionns' Tearlach a' tilleadh air ais an deigh eagal a bhualadh leis na Gaidheil troimh chridhe mheamnach Shasuinn dh'fhag e air an rathad ann an *Carlisle*, trì cheud do'n Reiseamaid a thog-agh ann am *Manchester* gu bhì 'nan gearastan anns a' bhaile crìche ud. Am measg nam feadhainn so bha Seumas Dauson mac duine bheairtich. Bha e aig an am 'na oileanaich aig aon do Oilthighean Sbasinn. Ach ghabh e taobh a' Phrionnsa. An ceann da latha thainig Diuc Chamberland fa chomhair baile *Car-*

lisle le a armait. Dh' iarr e air a' ghearastan toirt suas ach dhiult iad. Mhair an t-seisd a chuireadh ris a' bhaile fad deich laithean ; ach fadheoidh thoisich ballachan grod a' bhaile air falbh, agus cha robh aig a' ghearastan ach toirt suas no bhì air an losgadh. Chuireadh bratach gheal a suas air an aonamh la deug a dh' innseadh gu'n robh iad a' toirt suas.

Chaidh Seumas Dauson agus seachd deug eile a thoirt 'nam prìosanaich do Lunnainn. Cha robh fios aig parantan Sheumais gus a nis gu'n d' eirich e leis a' Phrionnsa, ged a

chual iad gu'n do theich e o'n Oilthigh. Bha aon eile ann a bhia cho bronach r'a chairdean—Fanny Lester a bha fo ghealladh posaidh aige. Bha iad eolach air a cheile o'n a bhia iad 'nan leanaban; agus chaidh i nis i-fein a Lunnainn a ghuidhe air an righ mathanas a thoirt da. Fhuair i steach far an robh Seumas 'sa' phrìosan; agus bhia a chridhe-san lan gairdeachais gu'n d' thainig i a thoirt comhfhurtachd dha. Bha i faotainn far an robh e a' h-uile la; is bhiodh iad a' bruidhinn le cheile air mar gheibheadh e mu sgaoil 's a' misneachadh a cheile.

Bha muinntir a h-atharsa agus atharsan 'nan daoine aig an robh tomhas do ughdarras; agus bhia iad gach la an crochadh ri naislean mora na rioghachd a dh' fhaotainn mathanas do Sheumas; ach, ged bhia geallanna fabharrach air an toirt a nis agus a rithist, cha robh mathanas ri fhaotainn.

Chaidh se mìosan seachad agus an duil fadheoidh gu'n leigtheadh Seumas mu sgaoil chaidh a shuidh-eachadh gu'm posadh e fein is Fanny an la a leigtheadh a mach e. Ach 's ann a chaidh a thoirt gus a' chuir comhla ri each. Bha Fanny agus na parantan agus an cairdean a lathair; mu dheireadh chuala i am facal "cìontach" air a radh; 's thugadh na prìosanaich air falbh a dh' fheitheamh la a' chrochaidh. Bha leth dhochas fathast gu 'm feudadh an righ aig a' mbionaid mu dheireadh mathanas a thoirt seachad. Ach chaill Fanny a duil ris a so; stad i a bhì cainnt mu shaorsa no mu phosadh; is ann a bhia labhairt a nis mu 'n t-siorruidheachd agus mu iad a bhì comhla ann an sud a chaidh. Cha'n fbaictheadh a nis deur air a suil no gluasad air a h-ìomhaigh. Bha i seamh le a cridhe runaichte air na bha roimpe. Mu'n d' thugadh air falbh e a chroch-

adh fhuair i a fhaicinn. Ghlac e gu teann r'a chridhe i, agus thuirt e, "Slan leat, slan leat, O Ghaoil—beannachd beannachd shiorruidh leat?"

"Cha'n ann gu siorruidh," thuirt ise, "coinnichidh sinn a ris. Cha bhì an ach beannachd ghoirid—slan leat, a ghaoil. Coinnich am bas gu duineil. Bidh sinn le cheile gu goirid."

An latha bhia iad ris a' cheann a thoirt deth, bhia ise an lathair aig taobh a mach chaich. Bha i ann an *coidse* comhla ri da bhana-charaid. Chunnaic i aon an ceigh aoin a' tighinn gu bhì air a chrochadh; b' e Seumas am fear mu dheireadh. 'N nair a chunnaic i esan dh' fhas i dall—cha chuala i toirm an t-sluaigh mu'n cuairt—tharruing i a ceann air ais do 'n *choidse*—thuit e air gualainn a bana-chompanach, 's i ag radh, "A ghaoil! tha mi falbh leat! tha mi falbh leat!" a' cur a da lamh comhla,—“Iosa chaoimh, gabh ri ar n-anaman!” Thug iad lamh air a ceann a thogail, agus a cumail suas 'nan gairdeanan, ach thuit i air a h-ais gun chli gun bheatha; chompanaich a spiorad esan anns an robh a cridhe a sas; is thug i snas an deo a cridhe briste.

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Direach mar is e an teas a tha teachd o thaobh a stigh a' chuirp is mo comhfhurtachd, is ann o na bheil a steach a tha sinn air ar deanamh sona, is cha'n ann o'n taobh a mach.

Fasaidh daoine, mar a ni lusan, ban agus beag ma tha a' ghrian air a cumail natha. 'Si deadh shlainte solus-greine a' chuirp; 'si iantinn aoibhneach solus-greine an anama.

Cha d' rainig cladan sneachd riamh an talamh gun sal a thrusadh o'n aile troimh an do thuit e; mar so tha an nadur is gloine air a shalachadh 'na ghluasad anns an t-saoghal.

NA BANA-BHAIRD.

Cha'n eil rùn oirnn cuinntas farsuinn a thoirt air na Bana-Bhaird Ghaidhealach an drasd; is leòr leinn ainmean nam feadhainn a's mò a tha air an aitheachadh a chur sìos ann an ordugh an deigh a cheile. Is e ar n-iartas a leigeadh fhaicinn gu'm bheil mnathan am measg nan Gaidheal cho mhath ri fir air an do bhuilicheadh spiorad na bàrdachd,—ni a dh'fheudas a nochdadh dhuinn gu'n robh o cheann fhada air ais finealtas agus grinneas a' cliuthachadh sliochd nan Gaidheal.

Tha Oisean a' toirt f'ar comhair 'na bhàrdachd fein boirionnaich bhoidheach mar luchd-deanamh agus mar luchd-seinn, cinil is bàrdachd; ach cha 'n urrainn dhuinn gu h-achdaidh òighe 's an bith a chomharrachadh a mach a bha 'na bana-bhàrd anns na làithibh sgaileach ud. Tha mòran òran againn a ris, a tha iomadh linn a dh'aois, cuid diubh gu teagamh a chaidh a dheanamh agus a sheinn le mnathan; ach aon chuid air an ainm no air an tuineachadh cha'n fhaighear sgeul. Tha e air a ràdh gur h-annas an treas linn deng a dheanadh "*An Gille Dubh Ciar Dubh*," le bana-bhàrd air nach 'eil ainm againn. A réir coslais is ann le te a rinneadh "*Fear a' Bhata*" mar an ceudna; agus cha 'n e cainnt no guth fir a tha againn ann an "*Fhir a nleadain thlaith*." Is saoilidh mi gu teagamh gur h-i cainnt cridhe mna a tha anns an oran ghasda ud, "*An Nochd gur faoin mo chadal domh*." Tha moran eile a dh'fheudadh a bhi air an ainmeachadh—orain a chaill sgeul air am parantan ach a tha air an seinn agus air an altrum gu caidreach am measg clann nan Gaidheal.

Ainmicheam a nis na bana-bhaird air am bheil tomhas do eolas againn, agus aig am bheil an ainmean an oibrichean nam bard:

Ban-Iarla Earraghaidheil: 15mh linn deug. Gheibhear cuid d' a h-obair-sa anns an leabhar luachmhor ud a chuireadh a mach o cheann ceithir bliadhna' deng—*The Book of the Dean of Lismore*, far am faighear mar an ceudna moran do bhàrdachd eile. Bha bàrdachd is litreachas measail am measg nan Gaidheal anns an la anns an robh mic righ-rean cosmhuil ri Oisean, agus ban-iarlathan cosmhuil ri te Earraghaidheil a gabhail tlachd anna.

Mairi Nic Leoid: 16mh linn deug. Cha'n eil a' bheag nach cuala iomradh air Mairi Nighean Alastair Ruaidh agus air a bàrdachd. Rinn i aireamh oran, a' chuid is mo dhiubh mu Chlan-Leòid anns an Eilein Sgiathanach agus anns na Hearadh. Gheibhear na dh' iarrtadh d'a cuid bàrdachd anns an t- "*Sar-Obair*."

Diorbhuil Nic-a-Bhriuthainn: 17mh linn deug. Cha'n eil mòran do òran Ni-a-Bhriuthainn air an gleidheadh, ach "*Oran do dh' Alastair Mac Colla*." Rugadh i ann an Llunga, eilean Earraghaidhealach. 'Na gne bàrdachd agus 'na doigh seinn tha i fein agus Mairi Nic-Leoid gle chosmhuil r'a cheile.

Silis Nic Dhonuill: 17mh linn deug. Rugadh Silis Nighean Mhic Raonaill, mar theirtedh rithe gu cumanta, ann an Lochaber. Mur 'eil i air thoiseach cha 'n eil i air deireadh air na bana-bhaird a dh'ainmich sinn. Tha a roinn ni 's misle agus ni 's sleamhuinne na an feadhainnsan. Chuir i ri cheile aireamh mhath do dhan is oran. An deigh bas a fir chleachd i a talant a' deanamh laoidhean.

Caimbeul Bar: 18mh linn deug. B'e Donnacha Caimbeul a b'ainm do athair Mhirs. Caimbeul Bar; bha i riamh eadar a' Mhiorairne agus Craignish an Earraghaidheal. Bha ise cosmhuil ris na Caimbeulaich air fad air taobh righ Deorsa, mar a bha

Nic a Bhriuthainn is Nic Raomill air an laimh eile air taobh nan Seumasach. Rinn i oran foghaimteach aon nair an aghaidh a' *Phrionnsa*, dh'an do rinn Mac Mhaighstir Alastir freagairt, mar bu dugh dha ann an cainnt cho salach 's nach eualas diog bardail as a ceann air a' chuspair nd riamh tuilleadh. Cha'n 'eil i cail air deireadh air Mairi Seud no air Nighean Lachuinn ann an comas bardachd.

Ann an aon seadh cha'n 'eil coimeas idir eadar i fein agus iadsan; tha farsuinneachd breithneachaidh, do bhonn agus do thuigse mhodhannail innte nach 'eil idir r'am faicinn mu'm bardachdsan. Nam biodh na laoidhean a sgrìobh i air fuinn a bu thaitniche bhiodh barrachd deigh orra gu coitcheann am measg nan Gaidheal.

Cairistina Nic Phearguis; 18mh linn deug. Rugadh a' bhana-bard so ann an Continn, an Siorrachd Rois, far an robh a h-athair 'na ghobha. Cha'n 'eil aon do orain nam bana-bhard a dh' ainmich sin a tha cho ainmeil is cho taitneach ris an aon oran a rinn ise d' a fear a thuit latha Chuil-fhodair. 'Se doimhneachd a faircachduinn agus am meas ard-anamadail a bha aice air a fear a gheibhear 'na h-oran o thoiseach gu deireadh. Tha na facail a tha i ag aithris aig deireadh gach roinn—" *Mo run geal og*"—a' ginlan leotha moran brìgh, agus a' nochdadh nan cuspairean cliumhor air an robh inntinn agus cridhe briste na bana-bhaird a' foiseachadh. 'S e so an t-aon oran is aithne dhuinn a rinn i; ach gleidhidh am fear so fein cuimhne oirre mar bhean Uilleam Siseal, ùonarachd chianail a bantra-chais a' dngadh truais is comh-fhaireachduinn anns gach cridhe a thuigeas ciod e bron uasal mna air son fear a graidh a thug am bas uaipe.

Maireard Nic Illeathain; 18mh linn deug. Rugadh Nic Illeathain am Muile; agus theirtcadh gu coitchean rithe Maireard Ni'n Lachuinn. Tha Nighean Ailein air a radh rithe cuideachd; ach tha sinn a' smuainteachadh gur h-e a' cheud tiodal am fear ceart. Rinn i so moran do dh' orain agus do dhain, suas ri deich thar fhlichad. Ach a mach o "*Ghaoir nam Ban Muileach*" cha'n 'eil iad ro ainmeil. Bha na fuinn agus an tomhas ramtachd a ghabh i duilich a thogail noleantuinn. Anns an rathad so cha'n 'eil i fein agus Nic a Bhriuthainn agus Mairi Seud neo-chosmhail ri cheile. Math no dona agus mar dh' fheudadh am bardachd a bhi tha i cho duilich a sheinn, cho mi-shimplidh, agus gu'n robh i ullamh dol a' fasan leis a' ghinealach a thigeadh an deigh nam bana-bhard.

Catrine Nic Illeathain; 19mh linn deug. Rugadh a' bhana-bhard so ann an eilein Chola; agus is ann air son Tighearna Chola a rinn i na h-orain a chunnaic sinn d' a cuid. Tha a bardachd ni's taitniche air doigh na te na bana Mhuilich; ach cha'n 'eil sinn ag ràdh air a shon sin gu'n robh bardachd do spiorad na bardachd innte. Duisgidh a h-orain duilichinn ann an inntinn Ghaidhealaich 'sam bith a smuainticheas air na mi-fhortain a chuir Clann-Illeathain a Cola, agus a dh' fhàg iad gun ainm gun oighreachd aon chuid am Muile no an Cola. Cha'n 'eil ioghnadh ged a bhriseadh cridhe nan Gaidheal an diugh a mach ann am bardachd, agus seannf hearann na Feinne 'ga spionadh as an laimh.

Nic a Chleirich; 19mh linn deug. Fhuair Mrs. Clarc aite air nach 'eil i neo-airidh am measg baird dhiadhaidh an Taobh Tuath. Bha na lèugh sinn d'a cuid gle thaitneach; ni b' usa a sheinn na bardachd Mrs.

Caimbeul Bar. Tha iad le cheile soisgenlach 'nan laoidhean agus a' gabhail tlachd anns na h-aon fhirinnean; ach 'nuair a tha Mrs. Caimbeul Bar a' seinn mu'n fhirinn lom tha Mrs. Clare a' toirt dhuinn barachd do shluh an fhein fhiosrachaidh Chrìosduidh. Tha an dara te a' riochdachadh faireachdunn shoisgeulaich na Gaidhealtachd mu Thuath 'nuair a tha an te eile a' riochdachadh teagaisg lhim soisgenlach na Gaidhealtachd mu Dheas.

Mairi Nic Ealair: 19mh linn deug. Cha'n'eil sinn dol a dheanamh moran iomraidh air *Mrs. Mackellar* is i fein beo, agus gu ma fada air falbh an latha anns am bi iomradh oirre an deigh a bais! Tha sinn dìreach a toirt air aghaidh a h-ainm a ràdh mu deibhinn gu'm bheil i ann an eolas, ann an aiteach inntinn agus ann an cumhachd bardachd air thoiseach air na h-nìle do na bana-bhaird eile a dh' ainmich sinn.

Dh' ainmich sinn a nis ann an ordugh na bana-bhaird is aithne dhuinn a tha airidh air an ainm. Ma tha feadhainn 'sam bith ann air an d'rinn sinn dearmad, agus is aithne do mhuinntir eile bhithneam-aid ro thoilichte iad a bhi air an toirt far combhair.

Tha iomadh eile ann a dh' fheudadh sinn a thoirt fainear ach cha'n'eil àite againn dhaibh an drasd. 'S iomadh oran a tha againn *le te g'a leannan*. Tha oran againn mar an cendna ann an clo le *Piuthar Fear Scalpa*; le *Nighean Fhìr na Reilig*; le *Baintighearna Ille Chabun Rasa*; agus o cheann ghoirid le *Baintighearna D'Oyly*.

Saoilidh sinn gu bheil e ro chliumhor do "shliochd a' Ghaidheil ghlais," agus gu sonnichte do thuigse agus gu do chiall nam ban Gaidhealach, gu'n robh na h-uiread 'nan measg, a dheanadh bardachd cho glie agus a sheinneadh cèd cho'

grinu. Nam biodh na Gaidheil anns na linnibh a dh' fhalbh cho fad air deireadh agus a bu mhiann le cuid a chumail a mach cha b' urrainn oighean is innai ciallach, seadhail, fir-ghnethach togail is arach fhaotainn am measg nan gleann, nan beann agus nan eilean. Cha'n fhuighear cail do leithid so do aiteach inntinn am measg mhnathan chinneach bhorba nach d' thainig fo rian laghan cneasda riamh. Cha'n'eil sinn ag radh gu'm bheil bardachd dhomhain no fharsuinn ann an oran uo ann an dain nam mnathan a dh' ainmich sinn; ach their sinn gu'm bheil spiorad dian gleusda na bardachd air a thaisbeanadh leo ann an tomhas; agus gur h-ann a tha na rinn iad ro iongantach 'nuair a bheir sinn fainear ua suidheachaidhean mi-fhabharach anns an robh iad.

Cuiream sìos an so mu dheireadh rann no dha *Le te g'a Leannan* a leigeas fhaicinn dhuinn an doigh anns an seinneadh na maighdeannan Gaidhealach mu ghaol:

"Sann a thug mi mo ghealladh
Do dh' fhear a' chùil oir,
Stùil is miogaiche sealladh,
Gruaidh thana mar ros;
Do bheil briodalach meachair,
Deud mar chailce gun spors,
'Stu's modhaire sealladh,
'Sis blasd o'n tig pog.

"Pog is millse na'n siucar,
Aig an fhiuran ur og;
Naile chunnaic mi uair thu
'Sann leat nach b' fluathach bhi mehoir;
Aig a mheud 's thug mi ghaol duit
Cha'n fhaod mi bhi beò;
A nis o'n threig thu do ghealladh
Gur h-e'm fabhar dhomh foid."

—o—

An uine ghoirid brisidh am bron a dhunar a steach an cridhe, agus caithidh e an corp a 'n uaigh.

Tha gach bas a' filleadh ann ochd latla fichead tinnis; 'se sin, air son gach duine a tha basachadh tha ochd air fichead tinn aon latla.

CUMHA.

LEIS AN LIGHICHE MAC-LACHAINN NACH MAIREANN

GLEUS B FLAT.
Gu tiamhaidh.

: T̄i ., t̄i | l̄i : f̄i : s̄i | t̄i ., l̄i : l̄i : S̄i . s̄i | r̄i : m̄i : s̄i | f̄i ., m̄i : r̄i : S̄i ., m̄i



r̄i : r̄i : s̄i | t̄i ., : l̄i : t̄i : R̄. r̄i | m̄i ., r̄i : t̄i : l̄i | s̄i : — ||

Thaing sgeula mo chruadail,
Gu n' do chuir iad 's an uiagh thu ;
'S goirt mo chridhe o 'n chuala,
Ged nach d' fhuasgail mo dhoir.

Tha do leaba lom, fuaraidh ;
'S trom do chadal, 's ro bhuan e ;
Chaidh cha n' eisd thu ri m' luaidh-sa,
'S cha ghluais thu ri m' cheol.

Bha do ghluasad gun eucoir,
Gun uireasbhuidh ceille ;
Leam bu taitneach bhi 'g eisdeachd
Ri seise do bheoil !

Tha do bheul a nis duinte ;
Cha 'n 'eil leirsinn ad shuilean ;
'S fuar an cridhe 'bha muirneach—
Annas an uir, 's e gun deo.

Bho 'n bhuannaich am bas thu
Seach na dillsean 'tha lathair,
Cinnidh feanntag 's a' gharadh,
'N uair 'thig failinn 's an ros.

Sud an ros a bha cubhraidh,
Air geug nan dos urail ;
B' og 's a' mhadainn e 'bruchdadh—
Sheac a's shuigh e trath-noin !

Chuir thu mise gu smaointean
Nach innis mi 'dhaoine ;
'S maing chuir uigh annas an t-saoghal,
'S iomadh caochladh 'teachd oirinn.

Ged tha cairdean gu deurach
'S faoin an cumha leam fhein e ;
Theid gu cuirm a's cuirt eibhnis,
Giulan eideadh a bhroin.

Ged tha m' eideadh gun mhuthadh,
'S mi gun deur air mo shuilean,
Gus an cuir iad 's an uir mi,
Bidh mi 'd iunndrainn ri m' bleo.

Chionn bu toigh leam an nigh'nag ;
Bu ro thoigh leam an nigh'nag ;
Mo sgeul dubhach 'g a innseadh,
Thu bhi 'd shineadh fo'n fhoird !

Tha aisling 'nar n-anam, is briathra 'nar beul
Mu la 's fearr is ni 's bòich' 'nar còir ;
'S tha ar làithean a' caitheamh 's a' ruith le chèil'
Gus an àm ud ceann-uighe an òir.

A nis sean tha an saogh'l, a nis òg tha e rís,
Ach dùil ris an "Am Mhath" tha 'g èiridh gun sgis.

—Schiller.

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CARRIC-THURA: A DRAMATIC POEM. (*From Gaelic.*)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FINN, or FINGAL, the King of Morven.
 CUHAL, the father of FINN.
 CATHUL or CAHUL, the King of Carriethura.
 SARNO, the father of CAHUL.
 FROHAL, the King of Sora.
 ANNIR, the father of FROHAL.
 TUBAR, chief warrior of FROHAL.
 ULLIN, a Bard.
 CAOVALO, daughter of SARNO, and sister to
 CAHUL.

UHA, daughter of HERMIONE, one of FRO-
 HAL'S chiefs She followed FROHAL in
 disguise to battle. Both are spared by
 FINGAL when he discovers their love.
 BINVELA, CRIMORA, SIFRIC, and CONNAL
 are feigned names, occurring in the songs
 with which CRONAN and ULLIN favoured
 the warriors at the Royal Feast of Shells.

SUNSET.

Hast left the azure distance of the skies,
 O thou unsullied son of yellowest tress?
 To hail thee open lie the doors of night,
 And thy grand tent of slumber in the
 west;

The hesitating billows nigh approach,
 Thy shining brows of beauty to behold;
 Awe-struck they raise their heads as they
 admire

Thee lying lovely in thy sleep, and pale
 They shrink back from thy side. Sleep
 in thy cave,

O Sun, and from thy rest return with joy!

MORVEN'S HALL—THE KING'S RETURN.

"Now let a thousand lights be raised
 on high [harps;
 At the sweet sounds that flow from tender
 Wake pleasure in the many towered hall;
 The King of Vict'ries has regained his
 land.

The strife of Carron, far from us away,
 Is like a sound that shall be heard no
 more; [songs,

Now let the bards of music raise their
 The Prince of Vict'ries has returned with
 fame." [when

Such were the words of gentle Ullin,
 The King returned from the heroic field,
 With weighty locks in folds of fairest
 tress. [head,

The blue-hued helm was round the hero's
 Like a light cloud round the sun's coun-
 tenance

When he advances in his garments brown,
 Presenting but a radiant half in heaven.
 His stalwart heroes moved behind the
 King;

The feast of hospitable shells was spread;

And Finn turned to the race of melody,
 And sought a measure from the chief of
 bards.

THE BARD'S ADDRESS.

"O voices of resounding Cona! bards
 That hymn her age, to whom rise on our
 souls [chiefs;
 The mighty hosts of the blue-bladed
 Pleasant to me is the delight of grief;
 'Tis like the pattering shower of gentle
 spring, [high,

Under which bends the branch of oak on
 And the young foliage is becoming green;
 Raise ye, my bard, the song. A sail
 shall leave

To-morrow; my dark path shall be among
 The greenish glens of waves toward the
 shore [walls
 Of heroes and of men,—the grey-tinged
 Of generous Sarno, where thy dwelling
 stands,

O Caovala of many tresses, where
 Cathul spreads forth with princely pride
 the feast

Of shells upon the hill; and numerous
 The dusky boars that roam his forests
 through. [hunt.

Hoar woods may hear the clamour of the
 "Cronan, son of the gentle breathing airs!
 Minona, light and graceful at the harp!
 Renew the tale of Silric brave, to please
 The King of Lofty Bens and desert vales.
 Binvela, thou most beautiful! come forth,
 Like rainbow in the shower, as from the
 glen [sun

It rears its arch on high, and the bright
 Descends behind the hills. O King of
 Blades! [voice."

She comes, in sadness and with tender

BINVELA.

"My love is of the fathers of the hills:
He the best hunter of the dusky heights.
His greyhounds follow panting at his side,
His slender bow-string sounding in the
gale.

Restest thou by the fountain of the cairns,
Or by the swelling stream high on the
steep? [breeze,

The rushes yield beneath the blinking
While o'er the hill the vapours slow
awake.

I will approach my love in mist unseen,
And will behold the hero from the height.
When gazed I on the youths at th' aged
oak

Of torrent-sounding Branno, and I saw
Thee when wert tall returning from the
hill,

The fairest of thy people all thou wert."

SILRIC.

"Whose is the voice so tender to my
ear,—

That voice as tender as the summer air?
I sit not by the rushes on the height,
Nor by the cool-aired fountain of the
cairns.

Far, O Binvela, far away with Finn
I go to war. My dogs attend my side
No more, nor roams my step the heathy
glen.

No more I see her, fair, of loveliest tress,
As she descends the mountain brows, and
bends [bow

Along with her the streams, bright as a
Spanning the sky, or like the moon above
The western billow."

BINVELA.

"Silric gone! art gone?

And I am solitary on the hill! [height,
The deer shall be observed upon the
And no man from his grazing hunting
him.

Now in the breezes there is dread no
more,

Nor breaks the woodland carol on his ear.
The hunter is removed far from the wood,
And now he slumbers in the field of
graves. [spare ye

Ye strangers, offspring of the waves,
The warrior in battle!"

SILRIC.

"If I fall, O Binvela, in the field,
Then raise thou faithfully on high my
tomb: [mark thy love,

Grey stones and heaped-up earth shall
Binvela. When the hunter shall sit by
My mound, his food held idly in his hand,
'A warrior,' he will say, 'lies in the
heath,—

A man of fame, who was not slack in war.'
Remember him, Binvela, thy brave love,

Who slumbers in the narrow house of
death!"

BINVELA.

"Remembered thou, in sooth, shalt
ever be;

My hero, Silric, in the strife shall fall.
Where in the Ben shall I be found, O
love, [death?

Since thou must not eschew the stroke of
My course shall be among the glens and
heights,

When far on high the sun descendeth low;
My steps be distant from the people's
path,

In secret shades and paleness on the hill.
And I shall see the place of thy repose
When I return from following the chase.
Silric, in sooth, shall in the battle fall,
But I shall not forget the noble one."

"Full well do I remember still the
chief," [hills.

Then said the King of lofty woods and
"The combat in his fury he devoured;
He follows not the hunt beneath my eye.
Once was he seen engaging in the strife,
Clouded and hueless was the hero's face;
Dark was his brow; the heaving of his
chest [heights.

Was rapid, and his step was to the
Now he will not be seen among the chiefs,
When on the shield awakes the clashing
sound.

Slumbers he in the narrow dusky house,
The noble mountain chief of darkest
frown?" [said,

"Cronon," the bard, the aged Ullin
"For Silric do thou raise a worthy song.
When he returned in triumph from the
field,

After his love, Binvela, was laid low,
He leant against the grey stone of his
love;

Binvela was, in his rapt thoughts, alive.
He saw the maiden through transparently
In the lone glen, and lovely was her form;
But like the mist, her semblance vanished,
And from the plain the sunshine disap-
peared.

Her airy form shall reappear no more."

SILRIC.

"I rest me by the cold, pellucid spring,
High on the crested heights, in the cool
gale; [blast,

One tree makes music in the blinking
And waves of shadow roll across the
Tumult arises yonder on the lake; [heath.
The deer descend from mountain to the
plain;

The hunter's wary step may not be seen;
And there is silence in the idle glen.

Sad is the sigh, and sadder still the
thought.

Were I to see my love among the hills,
Meandering along the heathy range,
Her waving tresses floating in the wind,
Her blue eye dim and tearful for her
friends,

Deep hidden in the vapours of the cairns;
O love! I would embrace thee in my arms,
And bear thee to the dwelling of thy sire.

“O, is it she that I behold afar,
Like brightness on the cairn among the
heath; [is full;
Like harvest moonshine when the moon
Like sunshine smiling through a summer-
storm? [come

O maid of loveliest tresses, wilt thou
Over the rocks and mountains to my side?
Faint is thy voice, O daughter fair of
chiefs,
Like desert grass when breezes bend its
head.”

BINVELA.

“Hast back returned, my brave one,
from the fight? [my love?

Where hast thou parted from thy friends,
Thy death I heard of on the mountain
tops,—

I heard it, and my soul was sorrowful.”

SILRIC.

“I have returned, maid of the eyelids
meek,—

I, of the chiefs, alone am back returned;
Hence they shall not be seen upon the
hill. [field.

By me their tomb was raised high on the
Why art thou solitary on the heights,
Wandering alone the edges of the hills?”

BINVELA.

“Solitary I am, O! Silric, love,
Alone, and lonely in the winter house.
With sorrow for my love, I fading, fell—
O! Silric, fading, fell into the grave!”

She passed then like a shadow in the
wind,

Like vapours passing darkly o'er the
heath.

SILRIC.

“Binvela! wilt thou not remain, tho'
dim?

Stay and behold my tears while desolate!
Beautiful in the vapours shines thy form,
When living thou, Binvela wert full fair!

“I'll not sit by the cold, pellucid spring,
Far on the crown'd summit in the wind.
At noon of day, when noise is none
around, [love!

O speak thou to me on the heath, my
Come thou, Binvela, on the light-winged
breeze— [cairns!

Come on a breath nigh through the copsy
Let me list to thy voice while thou art
near,

At noon of day as silence holds around.”

THE VOYAGE TO INNISTORE.

Amid high transports in the hall of
men, [the east
Thus Cronan raised the song. Morn from
Awoke in brightness, blue the billows
rolled. [rise,

The King bade to the masts his sails to
A wind came over from the mountain-top;
And Carric-Thura, landmark of the waves.
An evil omen was observed on high,
A rayless fire nigh hid in wreaths of smoke.
At which on sudden smote the king his
breast;

He drew his spear enormous from his back
At once; he felt the wind of vigour void;
His tresses were in conflict on his back;—
Vain was not the dark silence of the king.

The night then fell on Rotha of the
waves; [ship.

The mountain-circled bay received the
There was a rock nigh to the ocean's edge,
A wood bent hanging o'er the sounding
waves.

Cru-Lodin's circle on its summit stood,
And the gigantic stones of many powers;
Beneath lay there a modest, narrow plain,
Covered with grass and trees by ocean's
side,—

Trees which the wrathful blast when high
had reaped [plain.

Down from the mountain ledges to the
Beyond was the blue gliding of the
streams; [came.

And a slow breeze faint from the ocean
A beam proceeded from a hoary oak;

And on the heath the feast of chiefs was
spread; [shields

Grief touched the spirit of the king of
For the dark Carrick of the heroes' Chief.

Slowly the moon arose in feebleness;
While plenteous sleep fell round the
warriors' head; [the light;

Their helmets gleaming shewn against the
The fire was losing brightness on the hill;

No slumber closed the eyelids of the king;
He rose amid the clangour of his steel;

His vision bent on Carrick of the waves.

LODIN'S GHOST.

A fire descended in the dark beyond;
The moon was red and languid in the east;

A blast came down in sadness from the
plain; man;—

And on its wings the semblance of a
Cru-Lodin standing pale upon the plain—

He nigh approached unto his own abode,
Holding his dark spear useless in his hand;

His red eye like the blazing of the skies;
His speaking like the thunder on the hill

In shadowy darkness distant far away;
Finn lifted up his spear amid the night;

And on the meadow was his shouting
heard.

FINN.

"Son of the Night, begone thou from my side.

Betake thee to thy wind and be away!
Why comest thou to my presence, shadowy one?

Thy semblance is unreal as thine arms.
Can thy brown form be terrible to me,
Thou Phantom of the Circles Lodin owns?
Frail is thy shield, and weak thy vapoury cloud;

Thy bare sword like a flame across the surge;

Which shall be cleft asunder by the blast,
And scatter'd thou thyself without delay,
Begone, thou Dismal Offspring of the skies!

Recall thy blast to take thee and begone!"

THE GHOST.

"Wouldst thou from my own circle me coerce?"

Spoke the deep voice of hollowest refrain.
"It is to me that hosts of heroes yield;
I glance but on the people from the height,
They are dispersed like ashes 'neath my gaze.

[death.
Out of my breath proceeds the blast of
I journey loftily upon the wind; [high
And tempests hurry forth themselves on
Around my brow, cold, melancholy, pale;
But calm is my abode beyond the clouds,
And pleasant the broad fields of my repose."

FINN.

"Go, and abide then on thy pleasant plains,"

Replied the mighty king with hand on bilt,
"Else, Cuhal's Son, forget not in the field,
Weak is thy spectre—and my strength is great.

Did I direct my footsteps from the hill
Toward thy hall, high on the peaceful plain?

Or did my pow'ful spear e'er clash amid
The garments of the skies against the voice
Of the black Ghost Cru-Lodin's circle keeps?

Why hast thou lifted with a scowl thy brow?

Or wherefore shakest thou aloft thy spear?
Little I dread thy words, thou Shadowy One!

I fled not from an army in the field,
Why flee before the Offspring of the Winds?
The Valiant Brave, the King of Lofty Bens,
[has not
He shall not flee! He knows, though he
Been there, the frailty of thine arm in war."

THE GHOST.

"Begone! flee to thy land," replied the Form,

"Flee on the dismal tempest, flee, begone!
The blast is in the hollow of my hand;
Mine are the conflict and the speed of storms;
The King of Sora is a son of mine; [form;
He kneels down in the mountain to my
At Rock of Hundreds he upholds the strife,
And scatheless he shall gain the victory.
Begone to thine own land, thou Cuhal's son,
Or to thy grief experience my wrath."

THE COMBAT.

He lifted up his threatening spear on high,
And fiercely forward bent his lofty head.
Then Finn advanced, opposing him in wrath,
[hand, —
Wielding his blue transparent sword in
The sword—the Son of Luinn of duskiest cheek, — [through.
The steely lustre pierced the Phantom
The Evil Wraith of death assumed a frown;
He fell devoid of shape, far, far beyond,
Riding the winds of the dark cairns, like smoke

A sapling raises with a stick in hand,
About a hearth of discord and of gloom.

The Wraith of Lodin's Form shrieked on the Ben,

Collecting his essentials in the wind;
The Innis of the boars the tumult heard;
The trembling waves stopped action in their course.

The heroes of great Cuhal's son arose.
And in each hand a spear was held aloft;
"Where is he?"—and their fury gathering gloom, [chief.

And every mail loud clanking round its
The morn came orient forth in heaven;
The Leader of the brave returned;
Joy kindled in the bosom of his youth;
Their souls grew calm like billows after storm; [song.

And Ullin raised with cheerfulness the
His music in the isle of cairns was heard;
The flame arising from the oak burned full; [told.

When tales about the sons of chiefs were
Frohal of Sora rested, in his wrath,
Beside a tree trunk on the forest's slope;
His army round the carrick of the deer,
His gaze he cast around was purposeless,
His fierce mind broods on Cuhal and his blood,

Who overthrew him in the heroes' strife,
To Annir who of Sora was the Prince,
Father of Frohal of the dusky waves,
At sea woke tempests of the elements,
Frohal arrived the lofty ocean isle.
Three days endured the copious feast
In house of frownless Sarno of the blades,

While there he saw the Branch of Eyelids
meek,

The peerless Caovala of lovely tress;
His love for her was as the love of youth,
Like heat of fire it travelled towards her;
'Tween Frohal and this White-Hand of
the brave,

Cahul arose, a mighty prince was he;
Contention kindled all the crowd among;
The matchless Frohal was made fast in
thong.

Three days he had been solitary all
Fastened in fetter hard beneath a cloud.
But in the fourth sent Sarno of the ships,
The leader of the brave back to his land.
There jealousy made dark the hero's soul;
'Gainst Cahul flamed the fury of his wrath,
When Annir's gravestone of renown was
raised, [might;
Frohal arrived, dark frowning, in his
They fought around the smoke-involved
rock,

The wall of Sarno, where the army yields.
The morning brightened on the isle of
waves, [shield;

Frohal with blade of steel struck hard his
Heroes advanced at breaking of the
sound,

Their vision travelled rapidly before
Towards the hoary sea of many waves;
Before them Fingal in his might they saw;
Then spoke thus Tubar of the hosts the
chief:—

TUBAR.

"Who yonder comes, like red deer on
the steeps, [near?
With all his antlered herd behind him
Frohal it is, a foe devoid of fear, [edge:
His spear before him on the mountain
It is the hero, King of Lofty Bens,
The Son of Cuhal of the blades and chiefs.
In Lochliff many are his hardy deeds;
Far to the East, in ocean's lofty hall,
The brisk blood of the mighty ones he
shed. [brave?]

Shall I ask peace from leader of the
His sword gleams like the lightning of
the skies."

FROHAL.

"Thou offspring of disgrace, of feeblest
hand,"
Loud answered Frohal of the Blades in
wrath,
"Shall my youth enter 'neath a gloomy
cloud?"

Shall I yield on the field before my time?
Shall I yield ere I have the tribute got,
Thou chief from Tora without pith or
nerve [claim—
Why should the throng in Sora thus ex-
'Frohal advanced like lightning in the
skies,

But darkness fell full swiftly on his fire;
No song shall hear of him in after-time.'
Tubar, I shall not yield me while I live!
Renown, like dazzling light, shall me
surround. [shade.
I shall not yield till fall I 'neath the
Thou Prince of Tora, of the rivers cold!"

THE BATTLE.

The hero with his host of power ad-
vanced,
But they experienced a rock before;
Firmly stood Finn, King of the victories;
Broken they fled back from the hero's
steel, [hand,
And they escaped not scatheless from his
His spear pursuing them full speedily.
The field was covered by the fall of chiefs,
The hill of clements received the rest.

DEFEAT OF FROHAL.

Frohal beheld in silence the defeat;
His soul swelled high beneath the scowl
of wrath:

He bent his energetic eyes in gloom.
Tubar he called, who was not vain in need.
"Tubar, my hosts have in the battle fled;
I am bereft of power and of fame;
O let me in the conflict strike the King:
My soul is kindled with a vigour bright.
Send thou a bard to call him forth to
combat;

And utter not against my high resolve.
"My soul rests on a maiden without
pride,

O Tubar—full on her—the tender branch.
Her dwelling stands by Tana of the
streams; [form;
Daughter of Hermin,—she of whitest
The lovely Uha of the eyelids meek.
She feared the love of Caovala now cold;
Melancholy her sigh in secret rose,
When raised I to the masts my sails aloft.
Relate to Uha of the tender harp
How of her smooth white form my soul
was full."

FROHAL AND UHA.

—Such were the hero's words
As he was fitting to his side his shield.
The sigh of Uha mild was on the hill;
She had pursued the hero from afar,
Disguised in helm and armour of a youth.
Her eye was on the brave one secretly.
In sadness, looking 'neath her helm of
steel,
She saw the bard advancing on his way.
Her spear fell in the mountain from her
hand,
Her tresses waving in the stormy wind;
Her snow-white bosom rose up with a sigh,
She, gazing upwards to the King of ships,
Began, and ceased three times. [bard;
Finn heard the voice in challenge of the
Fast came he to the combat in his mail,

With spear that rests not harmless when
in peril; [around.
And lightning of his sword flashed bright
From Finn there fell a stroke of energy;
Frohal, the hero, lost his dusky shield.
When, without mail, his side had been
made bare,

Death stole across the musing of the chief.
Melancholy surrounded all at once
The soul of Uha of the eyelids meek;
The tears moved rain-like o'er her placid
cheek.

She sprang up to the hero with her shield;
An oak tree caught her footsteps as she
went, [arm;

She tumbled down upon her snow-white
Her helm leaped on the hill, her white
breast rose, [she!
Her many curls on earth—and wretched

SPARED BY FINGAL.

Sad softness moved the bosom of the
King

For the mild maiden of the snowy hand;
And in the conflict he restrained his
sword; [blades.

The nightless tears fell from the King of
"O Chief of Sora of the sounding stream,"
(As he raised up his voice with energy.)
"My steel's no cause of fear to thee to-
day; [blood

My blade has never been besmeared with
After the foe would in the combat yield.
Let raptures move the bosoms of thy
people [land;

By the o'erflowing streams of thine own
Let raptures move thee, maiden, peerless,
fair! strife,

Why should the youth fall on the [hill of
O King of Sora of the swelling floods?"

Frohal the speaking of the hero heard,
Beheld the maid of gentlest mien arise;
They in their beauty on the heather
stood,

In deep expressive silence, side by side,
Like two young trees when they are
under bloom,

Green on the margin of the forest wild,
The vernal dew down-dropping from the
boughs, height.
And when the breezes slumber on the

FROHAL.

"Daughter of Hermin, from the land
of waves,

The stalwart Frohal spoke without delay,
"Why in thy beauty camest thou o'er
the sea, mail?

To see me on the ground without my
'Tis by a hero I am stripped of arms,
Maid blameless, of the eyelids meek and
slow; [branch!

It was not weakness that prevailed, O
O'er Annir's son of the heroic arm.

Full terrible and great art thou, O King,
When in the conflict and the strife of
spears,

But mild art thou, O warrior, in peace,
Like sun upon the meadow's tender dew,
When the fresh daisy raises up its head,
And when the downy gales their pinions
shake.

O it were well that thou thyself wouldst be
In Sora of the harps and of the feasts,
That the brave ones of Sora might behold,
Like me, thine arms when joy woke in
the field; [fathers' fame,
Sons would feel transports for their
Who saw in strife the King of Lofty
Bens."

FINN.

[King,

"Thou son of Annir," then replied the
"Time's caverns shall re-echo hence our
fame, [brave;

When in the conflict steadfast stand the
Joyous the energy of song shall wake.

If they direct against the weak their steel,
The blood of wretches sullying their
blades, [raised,

For them no song shall by the bards be
Nor shall their gravestones nor their
cairns be seen: [tower,

The stranger shall come there to build a
And shall remove the raised-up earth
aside.

A rusty sword shall be disclosed in dust;
And some one, bending over it, shall say,
'These arms belonged to warriors that
are cold, [heard.'

But in the songs their praise has not been
Come thou, O Frohal, o'er the moun-
tain to

The feast of heroes in the Isle of Waves;
Come thou, O maiden of the dark-brown
locks,

Love of the northern hero of the shield;
O come ye to the feast of warriors,
And pleasure will make bright our coun-
tenance."

FEAST IN TURA.

Holding his spear in hand, with mighty
step
King Finn betook him to the mountain
height,— [doors

The Carrick of a hundred guests; its
Opened; the feast of generous shells was
spread.

The tender voice of melodies arose,
And raptures lit the hall of warriors.
The voice of Ullin of the songs was heard,
And Selma's harp, at which the sea would
bend.

Uha, the loveable, sat by his side,
And sought of him the mournful song of
grief. [meek,

The tears were starting 'neath her eyelids

When spoke Crimora of the pleasant
strains, [blades,
Daughter of Rinvel, of the sharp-edged
Who dwelt by Lotha's stream. The lay,
tho' long,
Was sweet; blithe was the fair branch of
the north.

CRIMORA.

"Who comes in silence from the moun-
tain height,
Like a cloud bending in the western sky,
With side tinged by the sun? Whose
the sweet voice,
Loudly melodious as the mountain wind,
And exquisite as Carril's slender harp?
O! 'tis my hero that in brightness comes;
The noble warrior of the spears in grief;
Dark is the aspect of thy lofty brow.
Has Finn, the King, been of his breath
deprived?
Wherefore, Connal, thy melancholy
grief?"

CONNAL.

"The Prince lives. After having led
the hunt, [light;
The wrathful brave returned like burning
Beams on the boss of his unrusty shield,
He on the hill himself like lustre great,
Lond are the voices of his youth around.
The conflict of the blades slow travels on.
To-morrow Dargo is to come across
To wage the strife with children of the
chiefs— [steel—
The children of the King of brightest
The stormy race of wounds and victories."

CRIMORA.

"—O Connal, I beheld his sails,
Extending broad as hoary foam of waves;
Their course was sluggish, bending to the
beach.
Numerous are Dargo's warriors and ships."

CONNAL.

"—Fit to my side thy father's shield—
The hard and bossy shield that Rinvel
had—
The shield like the unwaning full-orbed
moon
Advancing grandly through the sky in
storm,
While dark and dusky in her countenance."

CRIMORA.

"Sure I shall fit the shield full speedily,
Though it saved not the chief of victories.
He fell by spear of Cormac on the hill;
Perchance, O Connal! thou mayst also
fall."

CONNAL.

"Perchance I may; but raise thou high
my tomb.
Graceful Crimora. Let a hoary cairn,
A mound of earth fast by the wavy shore,
Be seen to send my name and fame through
time. [tears,
Bend thou thy crimson eyelids, wet with
Over my dust, while standing by my
mound; [tiful,
Grieved, strike thy bosom purely bean-
And after me preserve alive my fame.
Though thou more beautiful than light
itself, [breeze,
Thy voice as gentle as the mountain
I will not stay beside thee in the Ben;—
Crimora, raise thou after me my praise!"

CRIMORA.

"Let there be arms of light placed in
my hand, [steel;
A blue sharp-edged blade, and spear of
And let me meet with Dargo then without
A succour in the battle to my love.
Farewell ye summits of the lofty bens,
Ye red ones of the antlers, cairn-girt
streams;
We shall not from the battle home return;
Our tomb shall far beyond arise."

* * * * *

*"Did they return no more?" said Uha,
sad,
Ulin beheld the virgin's tear and took the
harp:—*

*"She followed her warrior to the strife;
Crimora in the conflict drew her string
On Dargo, but she erring pierced her Connal!
He bled! He died! She sobbed, and died in
grief!"
Earth hides the hapless lovers on the field.*

* * * * *

VOYAGE TO MORVEN.

Three days endured the feast of warriors;
The fourth beheld the sails of both out-
spread, [mightily.
While from the north the wind blew
Fingal arrived at his uncloudy land,
The wood of Morven of the lofty towers.
Clond-seated, the dark Ghost of Lodin's
Form [waves,
Served Frohal in the mansion of the
Bending to him the breeze o'er the huge
seas [face.
To the white sails spread on the ocean's
The Phantom's thoughts were brooding
on his wounds, [King.
And on the hand of the fear-smiting

* The rest of the melancholy episode of Crimora and Connal is now found nowhere in the Gaelic: in the seven lines in italics, I have given the drift of it from M Therson's Translation.

A true rendering of Ossian must probably be in rhyming octosyllabic verse; but this hurried translation of *Carrie-thura*, first written the year before Clerk's excellent work appeared, may show how Ossian would read in blank verse.

TRANSLATION—EXTRACTS
FROM AN UNPUBLISHED
LECTURE.

As much of the appreciation which Gaelic letters meet with in the case of those to whom the Gaelic is unknown depends on the renderings in which the originals are conveyed, it may not be undesirable to touch on some of the general principles of translation.

A good deal of Gaelic Literature has been transferred into English already: while the poems of Ossian have been translated into Latin and into most European languages. There are not a few who have translated Gaelic productions into English. To show Celtic activity in this direction, I give a list of the names of translators who have done anything worth recording, with dates of their publications. The list is longer than some unacquainted with Celtic letters may anticipate:—

Jerome Stone, ...	1756.
James Macpherson, ...	1760.
Rev. J. Woodrow, ...	1771.
Ewen Cameron, ...	1777.
John Clark, ...	1778.
Rev. Dr. Smith, ...	1780.
Rev. Dr. Ross,	—
The MacCallums, ...	1816.
Mrs. Grant,	—
Patrick Macgregor, ...	1840.
Robert Munro, ...	1843.
Rev. Dr. Maclauchlan,	1862.
J. F. Campbell, Esq.,	”
Rev. Thomas Pattison,	1866.
Rev. Dr. Clerk, ...	1870.
C. S. Jerram, Esq., ...	1873.

A few of these have not translated much; but many of them have produced in translation as much as would make considerable volumes. Macpherson, so well known, Smith, Maclauchlan, Campbell, Pattison, and Clerk are those whose works as translations have received much recognition. Macpherson and Smith translate in a free paraphrastic manner, something in the style of Pope's

Homer. Maclauchlan, Campbell, and Clerk have adopted a rigid literalness of rendering which the Ossianic controversy, among other reasons compelled them to follow. In the works of these writers,—*The Book of the Dean of Lismore*, by Maclauchlan, *The Tales and Ballads*, by Campbell, and *Ossian* by Clerk,—the original Gaelic is given along with the English. In the *Gaelic Bards* of Pattison the original is not given; for the work, unlike the former, was intended for more general and popular use. Pattison has adopted a literal, but at the same time metrical and rhyming style of translating from the Gaelic. Mr. Jerram's translation of *Dan an Deiry* is a very meritorious performance much in the style of Clerk. It is interesting as coming from an English Oxford graduate.

There is some truth in James Macpherson's suspected declaration that a translator who cannot equal the original cannot express its beauties. Translation is very difficult; and is perhaps as true a test of talent as can be applied. Practically, however, a great many common-place men think that though they are incapable of producing original works, still they may be very successful translators. And in the case of simple prose translations this may hold true. But in the matter of works which are of a classical or literary character culture and talent of the highest kind are necessary possessions in a translator.

The most successful translations have been generally very far from the original. The best translation may be not unfitly compared to a transplanted flower, which, while presenting the original stem and branch, has lost in the transference much of the bloom and aroma of the original.

“The true result to be aimed at,

where we propose anything beyond the communication of bare fact, is to produce upon the mind of the English reader, so far as possible, the same impression which the original author produced upon the minds of those for whom he wrote." "It is the characteristic of a perfect translation that it, for the time, transforms the *reader* into the likeness of those for whom the story, the ballad, or the ode, was first said or sung." There is another principle which is held to be of great practical value in transferring the productions of "creative genius from their native to a foreign soil, in such a way that they shall yield the same fruit as in their original clime. It is this: we should choose for our translation the dialect of the period when our language was in a stage of development as nearly as possible corresponding to that of the tongue from which we translate." This rule cannot be absolutely carried out; but such an approximation should be attempted as would be consistent with perfect general intelligibility in the translator's own time.

Besides these two rules already laid down there are other elements or principles to which the successful translator must carefully attend. These I call the moral, the aesthetic, and the historical.

1. *The Moral Element in Translation.* We ought to know intimately the manners and associations of thought peculiar to the period of the original which we translate. It is undoubted that words change much in their signification in the course of ages; and it is equally true that words in one language have a moral significance which their equivalents or those taken to be equivalent in another language do not bear. It is necessary to attend to this in translation otherwise a distorted impression is conveyed to the reader.

2. *The Aesthetic Element in Translation.* While there are permanent principles on which all true theories of the beautiful are based, whether they treat of beauty in its spiritual, moral, intellectual, or physical manifestations, still men's conceptions of what constitutes taste are very variable. What is considered standard in one age may be considered subordinate and accidental in another. At the same time the Science of Aesthetics which is not much cultivated yet must be based on permanent fundamental principles. In the case of a work which is based on this permanent element of taste—built on an eternal unchanging aesthetic basis—the aesthetic difficulties of a translation are few or none. But as no human work can illustrate such a perfection of taste we expect aesthetic difficulties, in dealing with which a translator must act on some right recognised principle. He must attend to the variable elements of taste. Of course if all men were possessed of perfect moral and intellectual culture there would be, we believe, no such changing element in taste which would be the same in a perfect state of society in all climes. With regard to the translation of some works we would say that productions of a decidedly immoral tendency should not be translated at all. Byron says of Burns that he was a mixture of dirt and deity; and of Byron himself it may be said that he was a strange medley of heaven and earth—a medley in which the dirt of earth was at times most visible. Alexander Macdonald was a similar mixture. I question whether any one will venture to translate his *Mi-mholadh of Morag* which contains pretty much the same species of moral mud as the reader of *Don Juan* has to wade through. It should be a question with a trans-

lator whether, notwithstanding the wit and genius they manifest, he should expose himself and others to the lurid flames which indicate the existence of burning lava in the mysterious world to whose confines the *Don Juan* of Byron and *Decameron* of Boccaccio introduce them. Such works can never receive the moral homage of all men in any age. But there are other productions which are marred, in the estimation of one age, by certain passages which when written were morally harmless; because their spirit was in harmony with the prevailing taste of the period. Such passages we come across in the Latin poets, Horace and Ovid, for example, and even in Shakspeare; and on aesthetic principles we are bound, to make a correct translation, to produce or rather reproduce these in a style that would leave the same harmless impression on the reader as the original did in the case of those to whom it was first addressed.

3. *The Historical Element in Translation.* To arrive at success in translation which is to make the same impression by means of the translation as the original makes, we must study the history of the work which we translate. Without a knowledge of the circumstances which exercised a formative and shaping influence on the work we are not so likely to understand accurately not only the translation but even the original itself.

A translator ought to be qualified in these three respects; from a moral, aesthetic, and historical point of view. The translation of Gaelic poetry does not present much difficulty from a moral point of view. For, with the exception of Macdonald, the bards wrote no immoral poems. Rob Donn also, and a few others composed a few pieces—genc-

rally short—which are not calculated to elevate morals. But the Gaelic bards do not seem to have been sufficiently refined—at least in the culture which large centres of civilization develope—to compose on the subtler immoralities of which their more learned tuneful brethren elsewhere have sung with such deliciousness. Gaelic poetry, however, is frequently a little defective from an aesthetic point of view. We find the bards singing, with nauseating minuteness, of the ears, the teeth, the breasts, the waist, the thighs, and other delicate possessions of the unfortunate ladies who come in for their poetic praises. In this unaesthetic spirit and style did many of their brethren of the Lowlands also poetize of the maids they honoured with a song. The Greeks, whose whole souls and bodies seem to have been full of the light of beauty or æsthetics, never descended to such undesirable minuteness. They would not mar the impression which the whole left by any analysis.

I find that Mr. Pattison, in translating *Màiri Laghach*, has consciously or otherwise acted on this aesthetic principle. There are eight stanzas in the song; three of which are descriptive of *Màiri's* bodily parts. Mr. Pattison has translated the one which touches on the head and hair. The other two he left untranslated. They describe, with great beauty we confess, the *breast*, the *soft sides* of the body, the *neck*, the *jaw*, the *cheek*, the *eyelids*, the *brows*, etc. With a similar minuteness, we find Scottish Lowland poets speaking of the *waist* and other enormities. Such descriptions may be thought poetical; but we do not know that they are very æsthetic after all. Should a poet speak as if he knew the character and colour of the skin of all the bodily members?

I give here a rendering of *Màiri Laghach*, attempting to improve the translation of Pattison, which is not regularly the same measure as the original. No one has translated the choros so far as I am aware. I try a translation of it, rendering *Laghach* by the phrase *little*. *Laghach* has no absolute equivalent in English. It means at times *neat*, sometimes *sweet* in the sense in which *sweet* is used with the word *flower*, as a *sweet flower*. *Laghach* in the title of this song, however, is more correctly rendered by *little*. *Màiri* was a mere child on her mother's knees when this song was composed for her. *Laghach* was therefore more expressive in her case at the age than it would be in the case of a grown-up person. Indeed the phrase itself is suggestive of the idea of *littleness*. We never would apply it to an object of large proportions :—

O my little Mary,
O my pretty love,
Gentle soft-lipped Mary,
My own tender dove !
O my little Mary,
Darling of my soul,
Sweet and lovely Mary
Born in fair Glensmeòl !

Young wert with me, Mary,
In yon lone Glensmeòl,
When the imp of Venus
Pierced me to the soul.
With such living fervour
We together drew,
That none under heaven
Ever loved so true !
Oft we strayed, my Mary,
In the desert wild,
Where no thought of evil
E'er our hearts defiled ;
In our souls we cherished
Love sincere and true,
Bright as shone the sunbeams
The high branches through.
Though I had, my Mary,
Albin, with its gold,
How could I be happy
Should our love grow cold ?
I would rather kiss thèe
With love's right, by far,
Than possess the treasures
That in Europe are.

Sweet thy tresses, Mary,
Round thy small ears stray,
Golden curly wavelets,
Flowing in array ;
Round a neck that's whiter
Than the foaming sea ;
With thy sunny eyebrows
Frowns can ne'er agree.
Happier than princes'
Was that pride of ours,
Stretching 'neath the branches
On the grass and flowers.
With the scented blossoms
Our young hearts to feed,
Where the streams rolled past us,
Nourishing each seed.
Nought was e'er invented
'Neath the sun could play
Music with the sweetness
Of our love-born lay.
With the larks above us,
Thrushes on the spray,
And cuckoos with "goo-goo,"
In sweet morn of May.*

The fact of Mary being a mere child when the above was composed for her accounts perhaps for the presence of a sentiment or two which give a character of fragrant innocence to the song. The innocence of childhood may have suggested—"Where no thought of evil e'er our hearts defiled," and "Love—bright as shone the sunbeams."

In conclusion I give a new translation of Ossian's famous *Address to the Sun*, the original of which is very much admired. I have endeavoured to follow the original measure and stanza as much as the requirements of an English version will allow. A few expressions such as that of the last line are obscure or doubtful in the original. In these cases obscurity in the translation has been unavoidable:—

O Thou that glidest in the sky,
Round as the hero's full hard shield,
Thy frownless lustre, whence on high?
Sun, whence thy ceaseless light revealed?
Thou comest in thy lovely might ;
The stars conceal from us their motion ;
The moon pale hies from heaven's height,
And shrouds her in the western ocean.

* Since the above was first published, Professor Blackie's excellent translation has appeared,

Thou in thy distance art alone ;
 Who bold may dare approach thy might ;
 With age, cairn, cliff, are overthrown ;
 With age, the oak falls from the height.

The ocean shakes with ebb and flow ;
 The moon is lost in depth of night ;
 But, victor, thou alone dost glow
 In endless joy of thine own light.

When tempests darken round the earth
 With lightning and with hoarse-voiced
 thunder ;
 Fair through the storm thou look'st in
 mirth
 Upon the troubled heavens under.

But vain to me are thy bright rays,
 While I must see no more thy glance
 Gold-tressed that turns on eastern gaze
 Of heaven's cloudy countenance,
 When thou art trembling in the west,
 Through ocean's dusky doors to rest.

But like myself, thou art perchance,—
 Once robed with weakness, once with
 strength ;
 In circling sky our years advance
 Together to one end at length ;
 Rejoice, O Sun, while thou art young !
 Beglad, thou Prince, while thou art strong !

Old age is dark and void of mirth,
 Like moon faint ere her horn she fills ;
 While looking from the clouds on earth
 Where hoary mist skirts cairny hills ;
 The north blast on the meadow blows,
 The slow wayfarer plaided goes.

—o—

THE CHARACTER OF THE WESTERN GAEL AND HIS PRIDE OF PEOPLE.

Some of the modern representatives of the earliest inhabitants of Europe are still found in the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland. As far as language is concerned, the people there are yet, and have been from the remotest ages, Celtic ; but Teutonic blood to no small extent mingles with the Celtic in their veins. The Teutonic element has had no less influence on the character of the Gael than the Celtic has had on the character of the Anglo-Saxon. A Germanic element was very early and distinctly intro-

duced into the western isles, where it was not altogether unfelt previously. And all along it has been continually receiving fresh accessions. This Germanic element coming from the vigorous, brave, and bold countries of the North—Norway and Denmark—helped, no doubt, to give weight, freshness, and persevering vitality to the character of the West Highlander, and to calm down the irrepressible Celtic buoyancy of his nature, which was too easily developed and nourished by the grand scenes and romances of the country in which he found his home. This may have enabled the Hebridean Gael to exhibit less exuberance of unreliable patriotism than has at times characterised his brother Gael in Ireland.

It is a natural, though not, perhaps, a universal curiosity, that a man should know something of his ancestors. The consciousness of a long and no mean descent is highly elevating; and as the result of this, there can be no doubt that intellectual health and vigour, where the consciousness is cherished, are better preserved in the process of transmission from sire to son. People, however, are met with, especially in large cities, who know nothing of their ancestral line further back than their own immediate parents—some even ignorant of this itself; nor do such, indeed, appear concerned to look further back into the subject. This, of course, is not true of the offspring of distinguished men. History generally preserves the memory of a line of fame. Among the Gaels it has all along been a special feature of the social organisation of the tribes, to hand down faithfully the lineage of each family. This has developed the special feature of the Highland character known as pride of people.

A N G A I D H E A L.

“ *Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.* ”—OISEAN.

V. LEABH.] TREAS MIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1876. [55 AIR.

DEOCH LAIDIR.

MU DHLEAS DHAOINE A THAOBH
DIBHE LAIDIR, MAR A THA SIN
AIR A LEIGEIL RIS ANNS A
BHIJBULL.

Tha daoine deas air a bhi smuaineachadh gun robh gach ni ris an abrach *fion* 's a Bhiobull Ghaidhealach comhionann ris an fhion areicear am Breiteann. Ach tha facal no dha 's a Bhiobull Eabhrach, a tha air an eadartheangachadh *fion*; agus chan 'eil a h-aon diu a ciallachadh fion goirt, ambain. Tha am facal cumanta airson fion a ciallachadh fion milis, ionann ri fion goirt no oibrichte. Tha so soilleir bho *Iob*, Caib, xxx, r. 19, agus *Mata*, Caib, ix, r. 17: oir 's e 'm fion milis ambain a dh' atas; agus uime sin dh' fhonadh seann searragan airson fion goirt. Tha am facal *tiruis* 'a ciallach toradh na fionain gu h-iomlan; agus 's e so am facal a ghnathaichear far am bheil arbhar air ainmeachadh, mar an *Genesis* Caib. xxvii, r. 28, agus *Deuteronomi*, Caib. xxviii, r. 51, a's dearcana fiona pàirt mhòr do bhiadh an t-sluaigh, air feadh tir Chanaain.

Gabhaidh fion cumail milis air tri doighibh—le pronnase, le dhunadh suas bho 'n àile, agus le bhruicheadh gus am fàs e tiugh. Bha na h-Iudhaich eòlach air an dà dhoigh mu dheireadh. An àm na càisge, bha iad gu cùramach a glanadh as an taighibh gach ni goirtichte, a reir

aithe an lagha,* araon deoch a's aran: agus 's e fion milis a bha iad ag òl aig an fhéisd, mar a tha iad a deanamh gus an latha 'n diugh. Mur faidh iad fion milis air dhoigh eile, bogaidh iad fion dhearcana caoinichte an uisge.

Mar so chi sinn gur e fion milis a dh' òl ar Slànuighear agus abstoil aig an t-suipeir: oir cha robh fion goirt ri fhaighinn. Agus nuair a smuainicheas sinn air busidhibh an stuth so, agus air an truaighe a thug deoch laidir air milltibh gun aireamh, feumaidh sinn a dhunadh gun do chruthaich e aig Cana fion mar a chruthaich Freasdal 's an dearc, agus chan e an stuth cronail a thig a fion le bhi 'g a ghrodadh. Dhuin an Cruithfhear suas stuth na beirme an meadhon nam fion dheare; agus uime sin cha tig boinne alcohol asda mur brughar iad. Chaidh pòitear fiona a radh ris an t-Slanuighear gun teagamh: ach ghoirear “ duine geocach” dhe leis na ceart dhaoine; agus tha fios againn gum bu bhreug sin.

Tha am fion milis car coltach ri brailis, agus ro thaitneach ri òl. Cha robh am fion goirt bu treise a bh'aig na h-Iudhaich idir cho laidir ri *Port* no *Madeira*: oir tha branndi air a chur annta. Agus a bharr air a sin, b' e'n seann chleachd a fion

* Eesodus, Caib. xiii, 7. Tha daoine iunnsaichte, Iudhaich agus Criosdaidhean maraon, ag radh gur e 's ciall do 'n fhacal eadar-theangaichte *taois ghort*, ni air bith oil richte le beirm.

goirt a mheasgadh le h-uisge mus an òlar e. Bhatar a meas gum bu choir dà thrian de 'n dibhe a bhi 'n a h-uisge. A thaobh na dibhe ris an abrar “deoch laidir” 's a Bhiobull Ghaidhealach, chan 'eil ach aon fhaeal 's an Eabhra; agus tha daoine foghluinte ag innseadh gur e fion na crann-pailme is ciall da, deoch nach 'eil ni 's treise na fion na fionain.

Tha an aithne so, “Na dean cron sam bith ort féin,”* a toirmeasg gach ni a ni coire; agus gun teagamh 's ann diu sin alcohol. Tha ciall nàduir fhein ag innseadh dhuinn gum bheil an duine a tha gu fiosrachail a giorrachadh a shaoghail le dibhe, a cur laimhe 'n a anam. Agus tha 'm Biobull gu combarraichte a bacadh fion a phòiteir, “Na h-amhairc thusa air an fhion an uair a bhios e dearg, nuair a bheir e a dhath 's a chupan,”† “Is cealgach an ni fion; is buaireasach an ni deoch laidir; agus ge b' e neach a mhealltar leo, chan 'eil e glic.”‡ “Is an-aoibhin dhoibhsan a dh' eireas gu moch 's a mhaduinn, a dhol an déigh dibhe laidir, a bhuan-aicheas gu feasgar, ionnus gu 'n cuir am fionteas orra,” “Is truagh dhoibhsan a ta laidir a dh' òl fiona, agus 'nan daoineibh neartmhor a mheasgadh dibhe laidir.”§

Tha a chiad earrann diu sin a toirmeasg sealltuinn air dibhe a phòiteir, agus uime sin a teagasg dhuinn fantainn as a rathad. Agus nach 'eil an t-aite sin a toirmeasg a bhi blas dibhe, far am bheil e air a radh nach sealbhaich misgeir rioghachd Dhé?|| Nuair tha mhisg air a bacadh, tha gach ni air a thoirmeisg a bheir daoine gu bhi 'nam misgeiribh; agus chan 'eil ni a's cinntiche a ni so na bhi 'g òl dibhe. Tha earrainnean 's

a Bhiobull 's am bheil fion air a mholadh; ach 's e toradh fallain na fionain, agus chan e fion grod, air am bheil iad sin a luaidh.

Tha a Phaidir fhein a bacadh dibhe laidir, anns a ghuidhe so: “na leig sin ann am buaireadh.” Tha so a feuchainn gur coir buairidhean a sheachnadh; agus tha 'm fear a dh' òlas deoch laidir 'g a thilgeadh fhein 'n am meadhon.

Tha 'm Biobull a toirmeasg do dhuine dibhe òl, ged nach deanadh i coire dha fhein, agus ged a bhith-eadh e cinnteach nach tigeadh e ri latha gu bhi 'n a mhisgeir: “Is maith an ni gun fheoil itheadh, no fion òl, no ni air bith a dheanamh leis am faigh do bhrathair tuisleadh no oilbheum, no leis an deanar lag e.”* Nise tha e ro chinnteach gum bheil Moran d' ar braithribh a faighinn oilbheum agus tuislidh le dibhe laidir, agus gum faigh moran eile oilbheum leatha, fhad 's a leanas daoine air a bhi 'g a h-òl. 'S e ar dleasnas, uime sin, a seachnadh airson so ambain, a bharr air aobharaibh eile.

Tha am Biobull a feuchainn gum bheil deoch laidir a lagachadh sluaigh araon an corp 's an inntinn; oir bhacar i do mhathair Shansoin, a bha gu bhi 'n a dhuine laidir,* agus bha i air a toirmeasg do na sagartaibh, an am an dleasnais.† Os barr tha an Ti Mhath Uile-leirsinneach a feuchainn gur droch ni pòit; oir bheannaich e na Pechabaich, a cheann gun do sheachainn iad i gu tur, a reir aithne am prìomhathar.‡ Na saoil gun d' thainig am beannachadh ach airson deagh aithne a choilionadh; oir cha tigeadh beannachd Dhé air sgàth aithne aingidh no leibidich. P. MACGRIOGAIR.

* Gniomharan, Caib. xvi., v. 28.

† Gnath-fhocail, Caib. xxiii. v. 31.

‡ Gnath-fhocail, Caib. xx., v. 1.

§ Isaiah, Caib. v. 11, 22.

† 1 Corintianaich, Caib. vi., v. 9, 10

‡ Romanaich, Caib. xiv., v. 21.

§ Breitheamhna, Caib. xiii., v. 1 gu 5.

† Lebbiticus, Caib. x., v. 1 gu 11.

‡ Jeremiah, Caib. xxxv.

RAINN DO NEOINEIN.

THA thus' an sin a neoinein bhig a'n cùil leat féin,
 Us fiamh a' ghàir air d'aghaidh mhìn ri blaths na gréin ;
 A' deanamh gàirdeachais ri lòchran àrd nan spéur,
 'Tha 'g àrach suas do fhreumhan maoth' gu baigheil seimh.

Ach c'ait an robh thu 'n uair 'bha gruaim air uchd nan spéur,
 'S an geamhradh fuar le 'fhrasan garbh a' searg do ghnèth,
 'S a' lomadh sios gach duileig' guirm' 'bha 'fas air crann,
 'S gach luidhe maoth' le doiniunn searbh a' falbh 'n an deann ?

Thug reòtachd fhuar air falbh do ghruag, do shnuadh, 's do dhreach
 Us shùigh on talamh sios 'n a bhalg do dhealbh a steach ;
 Us cheil a' ghrian a sgiathan blàth a bàigh 's a feart,
 'Bha 'g ùrachadh do chruth gach là'gu fàilteach, ait.

Ach bha do bheath' a'n dìon bho'n fhuachd a'n cuach gun bheud,
 'S do chuislean faoin 'gan altrum suas gun fhios dhuit féin,
 Le diomhaireachd nach faca sùil, 's nach aithris béul,
 'Tha 'toirt a nàdair do gach ni areir an féum.

Ach tha thu nis air teachd as ùr bho'n ghrund air ais,
 Le d' churachd bileach, pleatach, dlùth, gu h-urair glas,
 'S cha'n aithnichear ort gu'n robh thu duint' a'n cùil fo ghlais,
 'N leabaidh thosdaich anns an fhonn re àm na h-airc.

Tha nis an driùchd le céuman ciùin re àm na h-oidheh',
 Ag uisgeachadh do bhilean maoth' le braonaibh soills',
 Mar shradan boilsgeach feadh do ghruaig' 'is uaisle dreach,
 'S do cheann a' lùbadh sios gu làr aig làin' do bhrat.

Ach togaidh 'ghrian gu moch a ceann air gual an t-sleibh',
 Us sinidh i a sgiathan blàth a nuas bho neamh,
 Us tiormaichidh i suas do ghnùis 's do dheòir ma seach,
 Us sgaoidh tu do chuailean fann gu greannmhor, ait.

Thig eòin nan géug' gu moch a sheinn dhuit iomadh fonn,
 Itealaich a null's a nall mu'n cuairt do'n tom,
 A' criomadh bharr gach feòrnein gorm 's ag òl dheth'n ceann,
 Gu sòlasach air bhàrr nan slat a' seinn dhuit rann.

Bha mis' uair a bhithinn féin gu tric a'd'chòir,
 A' dol mu'n cuairt am measg nam preas gun dragh gun ghò,
 A null 's a nall air feadh nam bruach 's a' buain nan ròs,
 Bhiodh tus' an sin 's an t-òrach bhan an sàs 'n a m' dhorn.

Ach thriall na làithean sin air falbh mar shruth le gleann,
 'S tha grian ar 'n òige 'cromadh sios air chùl nam beann ;

Tha aois us leòn, us bròn, a' ruith 'n an deann,
'S gach lath' us uair a' glaodh 'n ar cluais gu'n tig an t-àm.

Tha geamhradh gnùth le iomadh dùlachd a' tigh'nn òirnn,
'S a' cur gu taobh gach sòlas faoin 'bha againn òg ;
Ach ged 'theid thusa sìos do'n uaigh cha chrìon do bheò,
Ged shearg do ghruaidh bheir earrach nuadh air ais do ghloir.

Ach aon uair 's gu'n téid mise sìos gu' crìch mo lò,
Cha'n ùraich driùchd, cha bhlàthaich grian, cha mhaothaich deòir,
Cha chluinn mi ceòl air feadh na coill no guth an còin,
Ach diùnte 'n glasan teann a' bhàis an talla 'n fhòid!

'N uair 'théid mo chré-se 'leagadh sìos 's a' chadal throm,
'N sin éirich thus' us sgaoil do bhrat mu'n cuairt do m' throm,
Biodh driùchd us grian le sgiathan blàth an taic do chòm,
'S biodh eòin us clann mu d' thulach cùrr' a' togail fhonn.

N. MACLEOID.

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COMHRADH

EADAR MURACDADH BAN AGUS
COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

MUR.—“Ceud mìle failt air Fear a' Ghoirtein Fhraoich! Bha mi dir-each a' smuaineachadh ort, agus ag radh ri m' a' mhnaoi gu'n do thilg Coinneach Ciobair clach oirne.”

COIN.—“Ma thilg, a Mhurachaidh, bithidh a'chlach sin cosmhuil ri cronachadh an fhìreìn, oir cha bhris i do cheann.”

M.—“Tha mi 'creidsinn nach bris, agus cha bhiodh duil agam gu'm briseadh. Ach, a charaid, tilg dhìot an cota-mor sin, oir tha e mu's trom r'a ghiulan leis an aimsir bhlath so.”

C.—“Nach cual thu riamh, a ghraidh nam fear, an sean-fhacal a deir :—

Cha trùmeid a' chaor a falluing,
Cha trùmeid an t-each an t-srian,
Cha trùmeid an loch an lach,
'S cha trùmeid a' choluinn ciall ?”

M.—“Tha thu geur-chainnteach an diugh, a Choinnich, ach dean suidh, agus faigheamaid do naigheachd.”

C.—“Is maith an naigheachd a bhì gun naigheachd idir ; ach, cha'n ann a chur casg air do chainnt, cìod an leabhar boidheach a th' agad ann sin, a Mhurachaidh? Is maiseach a cheangladh e gu'n teagamh. Is geal gach nobha, gu ruig snothach an fhearna.”

M.—“Ma ta, a Choinnich, tha leabhar agam ann so a fhuair Seonaid bheag mar dhuais-foghlum 's an sgoil, eadhon bardachd Roibeirt Burns, agus cha dheanadh tusa sgillinn dheth, a thaobh canain nan Dubh-Ghall anns an bheil e air a chur a mach. Bha mi dìreach a leughadh an duain aig Burns mu Thomi a' Shanter, agus is miorbhuil-each a chuireadh r'a cheile i. Is gasda a chordas i riutsa, a Choinnich, do bhrìgh gu'm bheil i a' toirt iomraidh air do chairdibh na buid-sichean agus na sithichean.”

C.—“Nach toir thu dhomh 's a' Ghaelig e, a Mhurachaidh, oir bu cheart co maith dhuit a thoirt dhomh-sa 'sa Ghreugais, ri thoirt dhomh 'sa chainnt neonaich sin.”

M.—“Ni mise mo dhìchioll, ma ta, a Choinnich, agus cha mhor nach

biodh e co furasd teadhair a dhean-
amh as na sligibh-bairneach, ris an
duan sin eadar theangachadh, ach
bheir mise deuchainn dha, agus
cha'n iarrar air duine dona ach a
dhìchioll. Eisd, ma ta ris an duan
aig.

TOMI A' SHANTER.

“An uair a dhunar na buthan,
agus a dh'fhagas ballaich nan ceann-
aichean na sraidean; an uair a
chomhlaicheas coimhearsnaich pòit-
chioerach a' cheile; an uair a
chromas an t-anmoch air laithibh-
feille, agus a thoisicheas muinntir
air an t-slighe a ghabhail dachaidh;
an uair a ta sinn 'nar suidh ag ol ar
druthaig, agus a' fas blath agus
anabarrach soganach, cha'n 'eil aon
smuain 'n ar cridhe mu na mithibh
fada Albannach, no mu gach cathar
agus slochd, gach stuadh agus stae,
a ta eadar sinn agus ar dachaidh,
far am bheil ar cailleachan gu dur,
drannanach 'nan suidh ann am
feirg, agus a' teannachadh an
cnuaiachdean mar anradh a' fas ann
an gairge, ag altrum an corruich
chum a chumail dian.

Fhuair Tomi a' Shanter, an duine
coir, an fhirinn so a mach 'n am da
a bhi 'marcachd air oidheche araidh
à Ionar Air, (seann Air, baile air
nach d' thugadh barrachd riarail a
thaobh a chuid daoine ionraic, agus
a chuid oighean maiseach!)

O Thomi, gu'n robh thu co glic
agus combairle Ceite do bhean fein
a ghabhail! Leig i ris duit gu'n
mhearachd nach robh annad ach
trusdar salach gu'n du, —gleosgair
bruidhneach, goileamach, misgeach;
—nach robh thu fein aon la feille o
gheamhradh gu foghair measorra no
stolda! Cha do chuir am muillear
lamh air molltair, nach do shuidh
thu maille ris fhad 'sa bha sgillinn
ruadh na d' sporrann. Cha do chair-
eadh crudh air gearran gu'n daoraich

a bhi maraon air a' ghobha agus ort
fein. Air an t-Sabaid Naoimh, agus
am fochair na h-eaglaise, bu ghnath
leat a bhi 'g ol maille ri Sine a'
Chlachain gu moch Diluain! Uime
sin, chuir i air mhanadh gu'm biodh
tu air t-fhaotuinn air do bhathadh
luath no mall, ann an sruthaibh
domhain na h-aibhne Doon, no air
do ghlacadh anns an duibhre leis na
sithichibh am fagus do sheann eaglais
thathaichte Allobhaidh!

Och! a mhnathan suairce! bheir
e sileadh nan deur orm a bhi
smuaineachadh cia lion combairle
thaitneach, agus cia h-ìomadh rabh-
adh seasmhach a thugadh le mò
mhnaoi, ach air an d'rinneadh tair
leamsa a companach!

Ach chum ar sgeoil. — Air feasgair
araidh feille, bha Tomi gu stòlta
'na shuidh ri taobh na cagailte far
an robh gealbhan-teine a' bras-
lasadh, agus maille ris bha poitearan
druaiheach, a bha 'gol gu cothromach
gloin' air ghloine. Aig uilinn Thomi
bha Seocan-Greasuiche na shuidh
air caithir, mar an seann fhear-ruin
dileas, iotmhor aige fein. Ghradh-
aich Tomi e mar fhior bhrathair
caidreach, air doibh a bhi cuideachd
re ìomadh seachdain fo'n daoirich.
Bhras-shiubhail an oidheche le h-oran-
aibh agus gleadhraich gu'n choimeas,
—agus bha an leann a' sir dhol an
feabhas! Bha a' bhean-òsda agus
Tomi a' fas ro shuairce r'a cheile le
comanaibh uaigneach agus fìor-
thaitneach. Dh' aithris Seocan-
Griasaiche gach sgeul a b' iongant-
aiche na cheile, agus bha gaire mor
an fhir-òsda mar chomh-sheirm do'n
dluth-chomhradh! Seideadh an
doinionn o'n taobh a mach le buraidh
eagallaich, ach cha bu mho air Tomi
an doinionn 'as fead!

Iomaguinn! air di a bhi air bho,
le bhi 'faicinn neach co sona, chaidh
i agus bhath i i fein anns na tuiltibh
leanna! Mar a ghreasas na seillea-

nan dhachaidh le luchdaibh storais, mar sin theich na mionaidean mar air sgiathaibh le toilinntinn. Feudaidh rìghrean a bhi air am beannachadh, ach bha Tomi moralach, air da buaidh a thoirt air uile thruaighibh na beatha a ta lathair!

Ach tha toilinntinnean mar chrom-lusas air an sgaoileadh a mach. Ni thu greim air a ghucaig, ach tha am blath air a sgapadh! Air neo dìreach cosmhuil ri cloinneagaibh sneachda a' tuiteam air an uisge; tha iad geal re sealain, ach air ball leaghaidh iad as an t-sealladh, agus cha'n fhaicear iad tuilleadh ni's mo;—air neo cosmhuil ris na firchtis a ghrad-theicheas air falbh mu'n comharraich sibh a mach an t-ionad anns an robh iad;—air neo cosmhuil ri deàbh maiseach a' bhogha-fhrois a shiubhlas air falbh ann am meadhon an ànraidh. Cha bheo e a chuireas cuibhreach aon chuid air uine no air seol-mara. Ach tha'n uair air teachd anns an feum Tomi dol air mu'n eich,—an uair sin a ta mar chlach-ghlasaidh do dhruim-bhogha dhoilleir na h-oidhche,—anns a' cheart nair thiamhaidh sin leum e air druim a chapuill fein,—agus ann an leithid de dh'oidhche 's air an do ghabh e an t-slighe, cha deachaidh peacach bochd, truagh riamh a mach!

Sheid a' ghaoth mar nach seideadh i tuilleadh! Dh' eirich na frasa torghanach air sgiathaibh na sine! Shluig an tiugh-dhorchadas suas na grad-bhoisgean teine 'sna speuraibh; agus bha'n tairneanach a' buirich le langanaich aird, fhad, agus fhuaimneach! Dh' fheudadh leanabh a thuigsinn air an oidhche sin, gu'n robh gnothuch aig an Droch-Fhear os laimh!

Air do Thomi a bhi gu daingean na shuidh 'san diollaid air muin Maggai a' chapuill ghlas fein,—agus capull ni b' fhearr cha do thog riamh cas,—ghrad ghluais e

air adhairt roimh chlabar agus lathaich, gun suim sam bith do'n ghaoith, do'n uisge, na do'n teine,—an traths' a' deanamh grein air a dheagh bhonait ghuirm fein, agus a ris gu crònach a' seinn seann dhuan-aig Alba-naich. A ris, bhiodh a shuilean a' sgeannadh 'na cheann, a' sealtuinn gu curamach mu'n cuairt da, air eagal gu'n dianadh na bocain greim air Bha Eaglais Allobhaidh a' tarruing am fagus, far an robh taibhsean agus cailleachan-oidhche a' sgreadail's an dorchadas!

Fhuair e nis a null thar an àthan far an do mhàchadh an ceannaiche 'san t-sneachda. Chaidh e seachad air na craobhaibh beithe, agus air a' chloich mhoir far an do bhris Tearlach misgeach cnaimh na h-amhaich aige fein, agus chaidh e troimh 'n chonasg, agus seachad air a' charn far an d' fhuair na sealgairean an leanabh a mhortadh, agus am fagus do'n droighnich os ceann an tobair, far an do chroch mathair Mhungo i fein. Air thoiseach air tha Doon, a' taomadh a tuitean a mach,—tha'n doinionn bhuaireasach a' bencàich troimh na coilltean, agus tha na dealanaich a' clis-bhoisgeadh o dleas gu tuath! Ni's faigse agus ni's faigse tha na tairneanaich a' buirich; agus gu fann troimh na craobhan acainneach chithear Eaglais Allobhaidh gu lasarrach mar gu'm biodh i 'na teine! Bha na sailean aice a' gliosgadh troimh gach fosgladh, agus chualas 'san am gleadhraich sugraidh agus dannsa a' fuaimeadh gu mor!

Och! Iain-a'-Ghrainein-Eorna! thusa a dheachdas gu dan! Ciod na cunnartan a bheir thu oirnn, ach cunnartan a chuir sinn air dimeas! Cha'n 'eil eagal uile air bith oirnne le deoch an da sgillinn ach le “Mac na bracha” bheir sinn an aghaidh air an Droch-fhear fein! Bha na boinnean-dibhe a' cur a leithid de bhuaireas ann an eau-

chainn Thomi, air chor 's le ceartas fhaotuinn, nach biodh an curam ni's lugh' air roimh na deamhain fein! Ach sheas Maggai, air a bualadh le h-eagal, gus an do smachdaicheadh i le sàil a's laimh; dhuraig i an sin dol gu mall air a h-aghaidh chum an t-soluis. Agus O! Feuch! chunuaic Tomie sealladh miorbhaileach! Chunnaic e sithichean agus buidsichean a' dian-chur ris an dannsa! Cha b'è leumartaich chiuin, reidh, a nall as an Fhraing a bha'n sin, ach cascheuman ealamh,—grad-stapan gearra, —srath - speidhean, agus ruidhlean cridheil, leis an do chuireadh beothalas agus smioralachd 'nan sailtibh gu leir! Air an taobh-near bha dall-uinneag dhorch, far an roimh an t-Aibhistear mor fein 'na shuidh ann an riochd beathaich fiadhaich. Bha e 'na gharrach dudach, dubh, gruamach, agus mor. B'è a' ghnòthuch-san, aig an am, a 'shi' seinn ciuil dhoibh. Uime sin, iheann-ghleus e a' phìob, agus thug is gread aisde a chuir mullach agus tailthean an tighe air chrith!

Bha cisteachan-laide 'nan seasamh ceithir-thimchioll mar phris no corn-chlaran fosgailte, a bha nochdadh nam marbh 'nan éididhibh deireannach; agus le druidheachd no le cleas-labh deamhanach eigin, bha solus aiste ann an laimh fhuair gach aoin diubh, trid an d' thugadh comas do'n treun-fhear Tomi, beachd a ghabhail dhe'n bhord naomh, air an robh 'nan laidhe cnamhan mortair ann an iarunnibh na croiche,—lean-abana beaga gu'n bhaisteadh,—dareis air fad,—meirleach air ur-ghearradh o'n taod, leis na h-ospag-aibh deireannach aige fathast air an dealbhadh air spleuchd a' chraoise,—cuig tuaighean-catha le dearg-mheirg na fola thairis orra,—cuig crom-chlaidhean carrach le mortadh,—gluinean leis an do thachdadh naoidhean,—sgian a bheubanaich

sgornan athar a chuireadh gu bas le mhac fein, agus chithear na duala liatha aige fathast glaoidhte air cois na sgeime,—agus moran de nithibh oilteil agus eagalach eile, nach biodh e laghail fiu an ainmeachadh!

An uair a bha Tomi a' sgeannadh a shùilean, lan uabhainn agus iongantais, dh' fhas an aighear agus a' mhìre grad agus gleadrach. Sheid am piobair suas na bu labhra, agus na bu labhra, agus chaidh an luchd-dannsaidh 'nan deannaibh, gach mionaid na's luath' agus na's luath'. Ruidhil iad, shuidhich iad, chroisg iad, agus chaidh iad an sas 'na cheile, gus an robh sùid fallais air gach seann chaillich a bha lathair! Mu dheireadh, thilg iad dhiubh an luideagan, agus bhuan-sheas iad ri'n obair 'nan leintibh!

A nis, a Thomi, O Thomi! na'm b' oighean iad sud, agus gach aon diubh sultmhor agus maiseach 'nan oige, le'n leintibh air an deanamh, cha'n ann dhe'n phlaide shalaich bhain, ach dhe'n t-seachd ceud deug anart, geal mar an sneachd—cìod a theireadh tu riutha sin?

Faic a' bhriogais so, an t-aon phaidhir a ta agam, a bha aon uair na h-eudach giobagach a rinneadh dhe'n deagh roinne a's guirme,—thiiginn-sa i bharr mo leasraidh air ball air son aon sheallaidh de na creutairibh laoghach sin!

Ach an aite sin, bha bansgalan seargta, aosda, agus baoth, le lurgannaibh tana, cuagach, a chuireadh searrach air dhiol, a' leumartaich agus a' gearradh shurdag, air druim seana mhairt! Och! bu leoir e chum deistinn a chur orm, agus chum mo dheanamh tinn!

Ach bha deagh fhios aig Tomi air aon rud agus rud eile, agus bha aon chaile dhreachail, chiatach 'san ruidhtearachd air an oidhe sin, (aig an robh eolas fad an deigh sin air

tir Charrie, oir is lionmhor ainmliidh a bhual i gu bas, agus is iomadh deagh bhàt a chuir i a dhith, agus chrath i moran coire agus eorna anns gach ait, agus chum i taobh na duthcha air fad fo gheilt). Bha'n leine chutach aice de gharbh lion-anart Phaislidh, a bha i a' caitheadh an uair a bha i 'na caileig. Ann am fad bha'n leine ro ghann, ach is i a b' fhearr a bh' aice, agus bha i bos-dail! Ach, och! is beag bha fios aig do sheanmhathair chrabhaich, gu'm biodh an leine sin a sholair i air son a h-Annaige bige fein, le da phrìond Albannach (a saibhreas gu leir) a' cur urraim a' chaoidh air danusa nam ban-bhuitseach!

Ach a nis femmaidh mo cheolraidh an sgiathan fein a bhearradh, oir tha itealachadh dhe'n ghne so fad os ceann an cumhachd! Co a cheinneadh mar a bha Annag a' slisg 'sa leumadh, (oir bha i 'na baoibh thapaidh, a bha snbailt agus treun) agus mar a sheas Tomi mar neach airan d' rinneadh druidheachd, agus mar shaoil e gu'n robh a shuilean a' sealbhadh thiodhlacan araidh! Spleuchd eadhon Satan fein agus rinn e iomairt le lan-toil, a' cas-charrachadh, agus a' seideadh suas na piob leis gach cumhachd agus innleachd 'na chomas. Ach nu dheireadh le aon surdaig, agus a ris le surdaig eile, chaill Tomi a thoinisg gu buileach, ag eigheach a a mach, "Ro mhaith, Ro mhaith, a Leine Chutaich!"—agus ann am priobadh na sula bha gach ni dorch! Agus is gann a fhuair e Maggai air a ceartaehadh, an uair a bhruichd a' bhuidheann ifrinneach a mach le dian-chabhaig!

Ceart mar a bhriseas na seilleanan a mach 'nan sgaoth, a' srannail le feirge dhein, an nair a bhios buachaillean gadach a' toirt ionnsuidh air an sgeapaibh;—ceart mar a theicheas a' mhaigeach bho a naimhdean

sgriosach, an uair a chluinneas i Sgaile a' ghunna—seadh. Sgaile! Sgaile!—agus a chlis-leumas i roimh an sroin air falbh;—ceart mar a dhian-ruitheas an domhladas sluaigh air an aghaidh air la feille, an uair a ghlaodh a'm fad 'sain farsuing, "Glac an meirleach,"—ceart mar sin bheir "Maggai" a casan as, air do na buitsichean a bhi a'u toir oirre, le iomadh sgreach cianail agus eagallach!

Och! a Thomi! mo chreach, a Thomi! gheibh thusa do dhuais. Roistidh iad thu 'san Droch-aite mar sgadan! Is ann gu diombain tha do Cheit a' fantuinn rid' theachd! A nis, a Mhaggai, dean gu h-ealamh na's urrainn thu, agus ruig Clach-ghlasaidh na drochaid. Ann sin, feudaidh tu t-earball a chrathadh riu gu leir. Cha'n 'eil a' chridhe aca dol thoiris air sruth is e 'na ruith. Ach mu'n d'rinn i mach a' chlachiucharach, feuch! an truaigh earball a bh'aice gu 'chrathadh! Oir bha Annag fad air thoiseach air cach, agus rinn i suas gu dluth ri Maggai threin, agus thug i ionnsuidh air Tomi le cnimse fhiadhaich! Ach is beag a bha dh' fhios aice air smioralas Maggai, a theasairg a maighstir gu tearuinte le aon leum, ach, dh' fhag i 'na deigh a h-earball glas fein! Ghlac a' chailleach i air an rumpall, agus dh' fhag i aig Maggai air eigin am bun!

A nis, g'e b'e co a leughas an sgeul firinneach so, thugadh gach duine agus gach mac mathar an aire! Cuin air bi h is miann leat dol a dh' ol, no a ruitheas Leintean-Cutach 'nad inntinn, smuainich gu'm teud thu solasan a cheannachadh tuilleadh's daor, agns cuimhnich air capull Thomi a' shanter!"

COIN.— "Ubh! Ubh! a Mhurachaidh, cha chual mi a' leithid riamh. Ciamar a chaidh agad air,

oir tha a' Ghaelig sin co cruaidh,
cruinn, geur ris na sligibh bair-
neach fein, agus an deigh sin tha i
so-thuigsinn?"

MUR.—“Cruaidh no bog, feum-
aidh sinn geill a thoirt do ghairm
Bean-an-tighe, oir tha'n t-suipeir
deas o cheann fada, agus tha fios
agad gu'm feum gach beo a bheath-
achadh. Uime sin, thugamaid an
seomar oirnn, agus feudaidh e bhì
gu'n an deigh na suipeir, ged bu
bhardachd Oisein a thigeadh an
nachdar.

ALASDAIR RUADH.



BLAIR NA BEATHA.

RINN sinn àr le ar lainn !

'Nuair a chual' sinn a' ghairm
Aig Ramesis na *Torruinn*
A dhùisg sinn gu airn !
Bha spealgadh is lotadh
Is sgàineadh o chéil"
Measg steudairean gaillbheach
'Sa' chonfhadh a ghéill !

SEIS : O'n bha buaidh ann an gràs !

Agus Dia air ar taobh
A' toirt misnich do'n mheatfhear
'S a' casg nam fear saobh ;
A' cur lùis anns an lag
'S e 'gan stiàradh gu caomh
Troimh na gàbhaidhean dearg
Tha mu ajari nan naomh !

Rinn sinn àr le ar lainn !

Direach dian air a' cheum
Gus an d'ràinig sinn Succot
Nam Bùithean gun team ;
Bha na nàimh air gach taobh
Air an bruanadh gu làr ;
Sinne uaibhreach a' triall
Thar an cairbh anns an àr !

Rinn sinn àr le ar lainn !

Shaoil sinn Etam *Ar Neart* ;
Ach air ball 's ann a dh' còl sinn
Mar bha sinn gun fheart ;
Is thug smuain na h-an-earbsa
Air falbh uainn ar lùs ;
Ach cha d' iomasgaoil an greim
A bh'aig Dia oirnn air tùs.

Rinn sinn àr le ar lainn !
Eadar cuan agus beinn
Pharaoh fuilteach 'nar déigh
Is ar suinn ann an teinn !
Ach do ghlaodh sinn ri Dia
Mach á doimhneachd ar daors,
'S aig Pi-hahiroth dh' fhosgail
Duinn *Dorus na saors* !

Rinn sinn àr le ar lainn !
Is troimh uisge Chuain Deirg
Dh'éirich ceun "beò is nuadh" duinn
Roimh Pharaoh na feirg.
Thog sinn òran ar buaidh ;
Ach air ball b'éigin òl
Do *Shearbhtonna Mhara*,
Ach mbair trian a'n cheòl.

Rinn sinn àr le ar lainn !
Is aig Eilim nam *Pailm*
Fhuair sinn fìoruig' a dh'ùraich,
'S a dhùisg sinn gu sailm ;
Oir chuunaic sinn an Crann
'S e fo linnseachas deag ;
'S ann am blasad na mìls' ud
Bha 'n t-seirbhe a' searg.

Rinn sinn àr le ar lainn !
Is aig taobh na Mar' Ruaidh
Rinn sinn camp ris, bhì sealltuinn
Air ais air a' bhuaidh :
Fhuair sinn fois an Taidhibeh
Is *Taitneas* nach gann
Is bu *Mhaith* leinn bhì dearc'
Air an fhuil bh' air a' Chrann.

Rinn sinn àr le ar lainn !
Gus 'n a theirig an lòn
Thug sinn leinn ann ar crios
Mach á Eiphit ar bròin ;
Ach thug sinn aig Sin
Gu'n robh 'm biadh ud 'na *Smùr*
'Nuair fhras oirnn am Manna
Gach maduinn gu h-àr.

Rinn sinn àr le ar lainn !
Sinn a' sealbhachadh cli
O aran n-an aingeal
A chruadaich ar cri ;
Aig Dopheah do *Bhuail* sinn
An Dorus gu dàn
Is ar n-anam le tograidhean
Coisrigte làn.

Rinn sinn àr le ar lainn !
'Nuair bu déine ar ceum
'S ann bu dlùithe ar cunnart
'S a thug sinn ar feum :
Bha'n *Lèdjhann á Gharaidh*
Aig Alush ri beuc',
Ach an slaodair' ged chlaoidheadh
Le Amalec rinn euchd.

Rinn sinn àr le ar lainn !
 Is o'n Charraig do bhrùchd
 Am beò-usig' a mhair dhuinn
 Gach là ùr mar dhrùchd ;
 Aig Rephidim fhuair sinn
 Ait' Tàimh is sinn sgèith ;
 Is bhuaidhaich air Amalec,
 Uile dhualach ar crì !

Rinn sinn àr le ar lainn !
 Is aig mòrachd Shinài
 Thàinig iompach' às ùr,
 Baisteadh lagh agus gràidh ;
 Is dhealbh Crìosd am focal
 Air clàraibh ar crì,
 Is ghluais sinn 's an àithne
 Ag aoradh 'na chhl.

Rinn sinn àr le ar lainn !
 Bha sinn òrdail 's a' ghleachd
 Fo stiùradh an ìthlfhir
 'San soillse a reachd ;
 Aig Cibrot-hattàbhah,
 An *Uaigh-ana-miann*,
 Do thòlc sinn gach ailgheas
 A dhiùlt tigh'nn fo rian.

Rinn sinn àr le ar lainn !
 An déigh glanadh Shinài,
 'So'n a thòlc sinn an fheadil
 A bha mo-glaidh dhuinn cràidh,
 Lean sinn ceart air an t-sligh'
 Gus an d' imich sinn sèamh
 Steach do Haserot fionn,
 An *Roimh-dhorus* gu nèamh.

Rinn sinn àr le ar lainn !
 Ghabh sinn dìreach is teann
 Gu Cadesh na *Naomhachd*
 Air sgrìobachadh gu ceann ;
 Ach do chreid sinn a' bhreug,
 'Sar cùl-sleamhach' bidh bàn
 Gun euchdsgeul ged théid sinn
 A steach do Chanàan.

N. MAC-NEILL.

— 0 —

DOMHNUL MACTHORMAID AGUS LEANABH-SITHE CNOC- A'-CHUILINN.

BHA nis bho chionn iomadh linn
 air ais, duine còir ris an canadh iad
 Dòmhnul MacThormaid, agus Seò-
 naid ruadh a bhean, a' còmhnuidh
 ann an aon de ghlinn na Gàidhealt-
 achd. Bha an taigh aig Dòmhnul
 'am bràighe a' ghlinne, faisg air

creig mhóir ri uchd na beinne, far
 nach robh ni gu bristeadh a stigh
 air a shuaimhneas agus air a shlith,
 ach toirm na h-aibhne, a bha le
 céuman mall, agus le crònan tiamh-
 aidh a' gabhail seachad sios fo'n
 dorus aige, agus ceilearadh binn
 nan éun, a' seinn le sòlas, mu bhun
 nam preas, agus mu bhàrr nan dos,
 air na bruachan os cionn an taighe
 aige. Ach bu tric a bha e air a
 dhùsgadh an àm na dubhlachd, le
 nuallan na gaoithe a' séideadh le
 bùirein ri mullach nam beanu agus
 nan creag, a chun am bathais gun
 eagal gun fhiamh, ri aghaidh sion
 agus gaillionn nam miltean geamh-
 radh. Cha 'n 'eil ànranach a thig-
 eadh thar muir no monadh, nach b'e
 'bheatha aig Dòmhnul MacThormaid;
 bha daonnaan a' dhorus fosgailte,
 agus a bhòrd fialaidh do gach coig-
 reach agus fear-fuadain a thigeadh
 'n a rathad. Bha aige mar sin
 mòran de dheadh thoil dhaoine,
 maille ri riarachadh a choguis féin
 gu'n robh e 'deanamh ceart. Ach an
 déigh sin uile, mar a thachair do
 gach neach fo'n ghréin, cha robh
 Dòmhnul gun a "chamadh 's a'
 chrannchur;" aon ni gu h-àraidh a
 bha 'cur gruaim air inntinn, agus
 néul dorcha mu 'n teallach aige, agus
 's e sin, e' bli gun sliochd. Bhiodh
 e daonnaan a' caoidh 's a' gearan nach
 do chuir Freasdal duine cloinne air,
 a dh' aisigeadh ainm agus eachd-
 ruidh a shìnsir sios do 'n ghinealach
 a bha gu teachd 'n a dheigh. Bha
 creideamh làidir aig Dòmhnul anns
 na daoine-sithe, agus 'n an gnìomh-
 aran iongantach am measg chlann
 nan daoine. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh
 nach do chuidich uaigneas ' ionad-
 comhnuidh, maille ris gach dearb-
 adh a fhuair e bho 'shìnsir, agus
 bhò sheann daoine, ann a bhi 'daing-
 neachadh a chreideamh ann an
 feartan agus cleachdadh nan sìth-
 ichean.

Ach gu bhi ' tighinn nis faisg' air ceann ar sgeòil; ciod e ' th' agad air, ach gu'n d' fhàs Seònaid trom air duine cloinne; agus ma dh' fhàs Seònaid tròm, dh' fhàs Dòmhnall aotrom; cha robh smeòrach air géig, no uiseag air lòn, cho binu fead ri Dòmhnall, moch us anmoch, le dòchas làidir ri oighre òg. Agus cha robh a dhòchas air a mhealladh, oir oidhche dhe na h-oidheannan 'n nair ' thàinig e dhachaidh bho iasgach, agus a shuidh e ri taobh an teine, thàinig a bhean-ghlùine 'nall bho thaobh na leapa air an robh Seònaid 'n a laidhe, agus chàirich i leanabh gille ann an gàirdeanan Dhòmhnall, cho tlachdmhor 's air an do dhearc sùil bodaich riamh. Cha 'n 'eil teaganh nach robh cridhe Dhòmhnall air a thogail le so, agus bha ' bhuil; cha deachaidh mòran fois air an t-slige-chreachain car latha no dhà, agus bha iomadh bodach us cailleach 's a' ghleann, aig nach robh fios gu ro mhaith, co dhiùbh a 's e an ceann no 'n casan a bha gu h-àrd dhiubh, ag òl deoch-slàinte, agus ag guidhe saoghal fada agus sonas do Thormad beag. Bha nis gach cùis a' dol air aghaidh gu maith, cha robh néul dorcha air spéuran Dhòmhnall, air nach do chuir Tormad beag an ruaig. Ach mo thruaighe! bha latha faisg air laimh a thug buille-bhàis do gach bruadar faoin, agus dòchas diomhain a bha Dòmhnall ag altrum a thaobh Thormaid bhig. Air latha tioram fuar earrach, 's Dòmhnall agus Seònaid ag obair a mach 's an achadh, dh' fhàg iad caileag òg a' toirt an aire air a' phàisde. 'N uair a chuir i ' chadal 's a' chreithil e, chaidh i car greis' a mach 'g a cluiche féin. Agus 'n uair a thill i dhachaidh 's a sheall i 's a' chreithil, an àite an leinibh làidir. reamhair, thlachdmhor, a dh' fhàg i, 's e ' bh' aice tacharan beag, caol, glas, a

chuireadh eagal air an dearg mbeàir-leach. 'N uair a chunnaic a' chaileag mar a bha, dh' éigh i na creachan, 's bluail i na basan, thug i mach chun an raoin a dh' iarraidh athair agus màthair an leinibh. Ma thug, "chaidh an ceòl air feadh na fìdhle"—

"Siream sìos, siream suas,

Cha robh ball de Ruairidh agam!"

Cha robh fios an e 'n talamh a shluig, no 'n e 'n t-athar a thog Tormad beag,—ach aon ni ' bha cinn-tach, agus 's e sin, nach b' e a bh' anns a' chreithil. 'N uair a chaidh crìoch air iarraidh Thormaid bhig agus clos air an tigh, smuainich Dòmhnall gu'n tugadh e sùil air an fhleasgach neònach a thàinig air mar a thàinig a' bhuidseach air Eòbhain, "gun chuireadh gun chead." 'N uair a sheas Dòmhnall os a' chionn agus a sheall e ceart air, thog e ' dhà lainh ag ràdh, Freasdal a bhi 'g ar beannachadh, agus ag cur dìon eadar sinn agus tu, mur ' th' ann ' tha ' choltas agus a chruthachd a' cur crith air m' fheòil; 's cinnteach mise nach ann do'n t-saoghal-sa a bhuineas an creutair sin.

Ciod air bith saoghal do'm buin e, arsa Seònaid, cha 'n fhéud e bhi fo na cabair so, cha téid priobadh cadail air mo shùil fhad 's a bhios e 'n aon tigh rium. Ma 's ann mar sin a tha, arsa Dòmhnall, tha eagal ormsa gu'm bi thu gun phriobadh an dà latha so; cha 'n 'eil dad de choltas cabhaig air an diùlnach sin. Ciod e ' ghabhas deanamh ris! ma theid a thilgeadh a mach, ni an lagh greim oirnn, agus ma leigear bàs anns an tigh e, cha 'n e sin is fearr,—nach ann a dh' fhéumas sinn biadh fheuchainn ris. Agus 'n uair a chaidh sin a dheanamh, dh' ith-eadh us dh' òladh e gu sgoinneil.

Thàinig a nis Dòmhnall agus a chàirdean gus a chomhdhunadh gur

i 'bhean-shùthe ' ghoid Tormad beag agus a dh' fhàgaleanabh féin 'n a àite.

Agus thug iad de chomhairle air, na 'm fàgadh e fad oidhche 's a' chreig mhóir e, 'n uair a chluinneadh a' bhean-shùthe a' rànaich e, gu'n tigeadh i g' a iarraidh agus gu'm fàgadh i 'n leanabh ceart 'n a àite. 'S ann mar so a thachair; an ath-oidhche, phàisg Dòmhnall an leanabh-sithe 'n a bhreacan-glas, agus sgnog e ' bhonaid leathann ghorm m' a cheann, agus theannaich e ' chuaille daraich 'n a dhòrn, 's thog e ris a' chreig mhóir, 's an leanabh-sithe aige air a mhuin.

'N uair a thill e dhachaidh leig e glag dhe féin 's a' chathair, agus e aig an àm chéudna ag ràdh, "dh' fhàg mi 's a' chreig mhóir e, agus mur a gabh a bhàn-charaid, a bhean-shith, truas ris, ged a thogadh na h- iolair-eann e, 's mi nach biodh diombach." Ge moch a dh' éirich a' ghrian a sgaoileadh a sgiathan òir air gualainn an t-sléibhe, bu mhoiche na sin a bha Dòmhnall aig a' chreig mhóir. 'N uair a ràinig e, bha 'n leanabh-sithe gu cloch-shuileach ag amharc mu'n cuairt de air a' chreig. Cha d' thàinig a' bhean-shith a chur dragh sam bith air; agus cha mhò' thàinig iolaire no feannag g' a ghriobadh no g' a ghrobadh. Cha robh air ach a thoirt dhachaidh a rithist; agus ma thug, cha b' ann gu sìth, ràineadh us chaoineadh e, air àman, latha 's oidhche gun sgar, ach facl bruidhne cha d' thàinig riamh às a cheann. Agus coltach ri crodh caol na h-Ephit, mar is motha dh' itheadh e, 's ann bu chaoile ' bha e 'fàs.

Ach, arsa Seònaid ri Dòmhnall, oidhche dhe na h- oidhcheannan, ciod e 'n t- ainm a bheir sinn air an leanabh so, 'n saoil thu nach fhéum sinn fhaotainn air a bhaisteadh? Ma ta, arsa Dòmhnall, cha 'n ann a' toirt droch fhreagairt ort, ma thogras tu fhéin thoir "Mac-Crùisleig" mar

ainm air, ach cha bhi m' ainm-sa no mo shloinneadh air, no ainm no sloinneadh duine ' bhuineas dhomh; mar a b' e beagan dhomh, 's e 'n aon bhaisteadh a dheanainns' air—breith air dhà chaol coise air, agus aon tulgag ' thoirt da a mach air linne ' chreagain. Beagan ùine 'n déigh sin, thàinig duine cunnartach de thàillear crùbach a bha 's an àite, dh' obair do thigh Dhòmhnall. 'S e am an fhoghair a bh' ann, 'n uair a bha iad gu maith tripeil ris a' bhuaib. Agus an déigh am biadh maidne, thuir Seònaid ris an tàillear, e ' bhi cho math 's a shùil a chumail air an fhear a bh' anns a' chreithil, gus an tigeadh iad dhachaidh bhò 'n bhuaib; ach, ars' ise, ged a bhiodh e' rànaich 's a caoineadh, na gabh ort e, oir 's e sin a thoilinntinn.

Bha nis an tigh aig an tàillear chrùbach agus aig an fhear bheag dhaibh féin, a' h- uile greim a bheireadh an tàillear 's a' chòta, bheireadh e sùil air an fhear bheag, agus bheireadh am fear beag sùil a cheart cho guineach air an tàillear. M' a dheireadh chaidh e air uilinn 's a' chreithil agus sheall e gu colgarra air feadh an tìghe, agus 'n uair a chunnaic e nach robh ' stigh ach iad féin, thionndaidh e ris an tàillear, agus ars esan, le guth fearail, "am bheil duine ' stigh ach thu féin?" "ma ta," ars an tàillear, "tha mi ' faicinn nach 'eil, agus tha mi gle choma ged nach bithinn fhéin a stigh." "Na biodh eagal sam bith ort," ars'am fear beag, "cha chuir mise corrag ort." "Cha 'n e cudthrom do chorraig' tha, cur eagail orm," ars' an tàillear, ach co dhiùbh, bu cho math leama bhi trì mìleá so." "Na gabh ort e," ars'am fear beag; "ach ma gheallas tu dhomh nach innis thu orm e, bheir mi dhut an t-aon phort piob-aireachd ' is briaghe ' chual' thu riamh." "So ma ta", ars' an tàillear,

“suas e.” Thug am fear beag a mach feadan caol dubh a bha fo’ dhrum ’s a’ chreithil, agus thòisich e air cluiche. ’S ma thòisich—a leithid de cheòl cha chual’ an tàillear crùbach riamh. Stob e ’n t-snàthad ’s a’ chòta, agus chuir e ’ chasan bac air bhac; ’s a làmh fo’ lethcheann ag éisdeachd a’ chùil.

Ach cha robh e fada mar sin ’n uair a thàinig aon fhichead maighdeann òg a stigh, le ’n earradh fada uaine air gach té dhiubh. Thòisich an ceòl, ’s thòisich an dàmhsa, an tàillear, ’s a dhà shùil an iompais leum a mach às a cheann ag amharc orra. Ach ma dheireadh, thug an ceòl a leithid de bhuaidh air, agus gu’n do thilg e uaithe ’ an còta agus air a chois gu’m bitheadh e. Bha e mu dheireadh ’s fhallus ’g a dhalladh a’ dàmhsa leis a’ chois chrùbaich. Agus ’s ann a thòisich e air breith air na boirionnaich, ach ’n uair a shaoil leis té dhiubh ’bhi aige ’n a ghlachdan cha robh ann ach sgàile. Ach uair dhe na uairean, ann an tighinn-mu ’n-cuairt do’n tàillear chrùbach ’s an dàmhsa, thàinig té dhiubh, agus thug i sgàile ud do’n tàillear mu thaobh a pheirceill, a chuir deàrsach-theine às na sùilean aige. Thog e ’ dhà laimh ’g am fàsgadh, agus ’n uair a dh’ fhosgail iad, fhuair e e féin ’n a shuidhe air a’ chathair, agus a chasan bac air bhac, ’s an còta air a ghlùn, dìreach mar a bha e mu’n do thòisich an ceòl. Sheall e mu’n cuairt air, agus cha robh beò a stigh ach e féin ’s am fear beag, a bha gu socair air a dhrum ’s a’ chreithil, gun phìob gun fheadan.

Thàinig na buanaichean dhachaidh, agus bha ’n tàillear gle thaing-eil, agus gle thoilichte ’n uair a bha còta Dhòmhnùill réidh, agus nach tigeadh air a bhì latha eile ’stigh leis féin, an cuideachd an fhìr bhig.

Beagan an déigh sin, thòisich am

fear beag air cleachdadh a ghabhail a bhì ’g éiridh ’n uair a rachadh càch a chadal, agus suidhe leis féin aig an teine, a’ turraman agus a’ seinn iomadh crònan tiamhaidh nach cuala Dhòmhnùll riamh roimhe. Aon oidhche àraid ’n uair a dhùisg Dhòmhnùll eadar uair agus da uair ’s a’ mhaduinn, bha ’m fear beag ag cùr dheth a’ seinn—

“’S truagh nach robh mi ’n cnoc-a-chuilinn Far an d’ fhàg mi mo chuid ghillean, Fuaim an tìrd us glag an innein, Builg ’g an séideadh ’s airm ’g an cumadh.

’S truagh nach robh mi ’n cnoc-na-h-àiridh, Far ’n do dhealaich mi ri m’ chàirdean, Iadsan ait gu ceòl uher gàireach, ’S mis’ an so gu brònach cràiteach.”

“Am bheil thu ’n a do dhùisg?” arsa Dhòmhnùll ri Seònaid. “Tha,” arsa Seònaid. “Am bheil thus?” arsa Dhòmhnùll, ag éisdeachd a’ chrèutair ud, m’ an àm so dh’ oidhche, ’n uair ’ tha h-uile criosduidh ’s an dùlraich ’n an suain chadail? nach cianail an gnothach nach faigh daoine fois na h-oidhche leis a’ gharrach ghlas? ’S mòr tha mi smaoinachadh éiridh agus aon teas a thoirt ’n a pheirceall a chuireas bàs a shean-mhathar às a chuimhne, ma bha sean-mhathair aige.

O! arsa Seònaid, air son na chunn-aic thu riamh na cuir corrag air, cha ’n eil sìthiche ’s a’ chreig mhóir nach biodh air do mhuin fo latha ’toirt a mach a thòrachd.

Latha no dha an déigh sin, bha Dhòmhnùll a’ dol do ’n cheàrdaich le soc a’ chruinn, agus ’n uair a chunnaic am fear beag a’ falbh e, fiach ars’ esan, am faigh thu sgéul ur dhomh bho ’n ghobha. ’N uair a thill Dhòmhnùll, “Seadh, ars’ am fear beag, an d’ fhuair thu sgéul dhomh bho ’n ghobha? Ma ta, arsa Dhòmhnùll, dh’ iarr e orm innse dhut gu’n deachaidh ceàrdach cnoc-a-chuilinn ’n a teine eadar bhalg us inneanau. Och, mo chreach! arsa ’m fear beag,

ma tha sin fìor, tha mo chall sa deanta, tha dà theallach dhéug agamsa ag obair 's a' cheardaich sin. Thog e mach ris an aonach 's an ràn 'n a bhéul; ach an ceann tiota, thòisich e air cluich' an fheadain. Ma ta, arsa Dòmhnall, tha mi 'n dòchas gur e cumha Mhic-Crimmein

a tha e' cluiche, "Cha till mi tuilleadh;" gu dearbh, a Sheònaid, 's sinn a dh' fhaodadh a ràdh, mar a thuir Iain glan 'n uair a chuir e mach am mac-mallachd "is gloidid an tigh an cartadh ud."

(*I' a leantainn.*)

RANNAN DO DHEALBH MATHAR.

O, NACH robh cainnt 's na bilean tosdach balbh!
Mo bheatha 's àrach o'n la 'rinn thu falbh;
'S i d' aghaidh chaoin, 's do bhilean caomh a th' ann
Bu tric thug sòlas dhomh 's mi óg a 's fann.
Guth, na 'm biodh ann, gu 'n labhradh iad gu ciuin,
"Mo leanabh brònach, cuir do bhròn air chùl."
Na suilean blàth 'bha 'g innseadh meud do thuir,
Tha 'nis mar b' abhaist 'dearsadh orm as ùr.
(Beannachd a's buaidh do 'n ealain uasail ghrinn
A chumas aogas chairdean caomh 'n ar cuimhn').

O chuimhneachain air aon cho gràdhach dlùth,
Gun fhiuthair riut, 's maith leam gu'n d' thainig thu.
Tha thu ga m' bhrosnachadh gu dàn a dhealbh,
Le cridhe maoth, do m' mhathair chaomh a dh' fhalbh.
Is toileach 'ni mi sin, le aiteas lan,
Mar gu 'm b' i fein a dh' iarradh orm an dan.
'S ged bhios a ghnùis so 'g ùrachadh mo bhròn,
Gu 'n toir mac-meamn' an searbhas as mo leon.
'S bheir brudair taitneach aiteas dhomh 's an àm
'Toirt orm a chreidsinn gur i fein a th' ann.

A mhàthair! 'nuair a fhuair mi sgeul do bhàis,
Am faca tu mo dheoir, mo bhròn, 's mo chàs?
An d' rinn do spiorad itealaich mu 'n cuairt
Air do mhac brònach, 's e cho òg a's truagh?
Theagamh gu 'n d' thug thu dhomh, gun fhios domh pòg,
No, theagamh deur, ma ghuileas naoimh an glòir.
Saoileam gu 'n aontaich leam fiamh-ghair' do bheoil.

Air latha d' amhlaic', chualas leam clag-bheum
Chunnaic mi 'n carbad 'thug air falbh do chreubh;
O m' uinneig thionndaidh mi gu tursach truagh,
'S le h-eubh ro chràiteach dh' fhag mi beannachd bhuan.
'N i sin a bh' ann? O 's i—An rio'chd na glòir,
Cha chluinnear "Beannachd leibh" a chaoidh ni 's mò.
Ma choinnicheas sinn air cladach sith an àigh
Air dealach' uait cha toir mi luaidh gu bràth.

Do mhaighdeannan 's iad duilich air mo sgàth,
Bu tric a gheall gu'n tilleadh tu gun dàil,
An ni bu mhiann leam, chreid mi e gu luath,

'S o la gu la gu 'n d' mhealladh mi gu truagh,
 Le dòchas faoin o laithibh m' oige nuas,
 Bu tric as an la màireach rinn mi uail.
 O! 's iomadh màireach cianail a chaidh seach.
 Mu 'n d' fhalbh mo bhròn 's mu 'n d' fhas mi reidh ri m' staid.
 Ach ged a sguir mi bhi ga d' chaoidh mar bhà,
 Gidheadh cha di-chuimhnich mi thu gu bràth.
 'S an taigh a bh' againn, tha ar n-ainm gun luaidh,
 'S clann éile 'nis a' cluich 's a' ruith mu'n cuairt;
 A' s far am biodh Rob garadair gach la
 Ga m' thoirt do'n sgoil 's mi coiseachd leis air laimh,
 Mo charbad beag a' m' dheigh, 's o'n fhuachd ga m' dhion
 Mo chleòca dearg, 's mo bhoineid bheilbheid ghrinn;
 Cha mhor tha fiosrach gu'n robh againn sealbh
 Air taigh a mhinisteir 's an am a dh' fhalbh.
 Ar sealbh bu ghoirid, ach do chaoimhneas blath,
 A mheal mi 'n sud, tha ur a' m' chuimhn' a ghnath,
 Ged dhi-chuimhnich mi mile ni a's neach
 Nach deach' cho domhain riamh a' m' chridhe steach.
 Do m' sheomar, thigeadh tu gach oidhch' le baigh,
 A chur an aodaich timchioll orm gu blath,
 'S a' mhaduinn, an am falbh do 'n sgoil le càch,
 Bhiodh briosgaid no rud milis dhomh o' d' laimh,
 Air m' aodann chuireadh tu an t-uisge fuar,
 Ach gus an eireadh rugha glan a' m' ghruaidh.
 Ach 'se bu mhilse no iad sud gu leir
 Do ghaol gun fhailinn, cridheil cairdeil, seimh,
 Gun bhras-shruth feirge, saor o ghairg'! 's o ghruaim
 O nadur feineil s tric tha 'g eiridh suas.
 Sud uile, sgriobht' a' m' chuimhne sios gu reidh,
 'S mar sin gu buanachadh gu crich mo reis,
 Tha 'nis as ùr toirt dùrachd dhomh a's càil
 Thoirt dhuit gach urram 's urrainn mi le m' dhan,
 Cuimhneachan beag, ach treibh-dhireach gun gho,
 'S cha deanar dimeas air an rio'chd na gloir.
 Na 'n tionndadh curs' na h-aimsir a chaidh seach,
 'S gu m' pilleadh laithean m' oige air an ais,
 An t-àm 's am b' abhaist domh bhi cluich gu faoin
 Ri d' thrusgan ioma-dhathach air gach taobh,
 A' s thusa ni bu shona no mi fein,
 A' sliogadh m' fhuilt 's a bruidhinn rium gu seimh,
 (Na laithean àigh, bha 'n aireamh tearc gu fìor),
 An saoil mi 'n iarrainn iad a theachd a ris?
 Cha 'n earbainn as mo chridhe fein 's an am:
 Theagamh gu 'n iarrainn ni cho miannach leam.
 Ach O! cha 'n iarradh—tha ar cuairt cho gearr,
 'S ar beatha lan de thrioblaid—'s mor gur fearr
 Thu bhi mar tha thu, sona: b'òlc an ni
 Do spiorad saor a thoirt fo dhaors 'a ris.

Eadar. le A. SINCLAIR, nach maireann.

DONNACHADH MOR CHINNTAILE.

BHA Donnachadh Mor Chinntaile, mu'n d'thug mi sgial dhut bho chionn ghoirid, turus còmhla ri 'mhàthair ann an "Gearrstan" Ionarlòchaidh, 's iad a' reic an annlainn. Dh' iarr e airgid boineid oirre, oir cha robh ann an uair ud ach an glas-ghille, agus ma dh-fhaodte nach robh boineid riamh aige; cha d' thugadh a mhàthair 'iarradas dha; agus a' tilleadh dhachaidh thachair na rob-airean orra 's a' mhonadh, agus dh' iarr iad air Donnachadh na bh'aige a liubhairt.

Thuir Donnachadh nach robh bonn-a-sia aige; gur h-ann aig an té ud thall (a mhàthair) a bhà e uile, agus iad a dh' fhiachainn rithe 's nach cuireadh esan dragh orra.

Shuidh e air cloich fhad's a bha a mhàthair a' liubhairt an airgid, agus an uair a thug i seachad e thuir i riu gu'n robh a nis aca h-uile sgillinn a bh' aice de'n t-saoghal, ach gu'm biodh i 'n an comaine, 'an deaghaidh na rinn iad oirre, na 'm buaileadh fear dhiubh sròn a bhròige air a' ghille mhaol ud 'n a shuidhe air a' chloich. Rinn fear dhiubh sin agus 's e 'bh' ann gu'n d' éirich an gille maol, 's cuirear na robairean air muin a chéile, agus thugar bhuapa a h-uile ta-dan.

Anuair a bha iad gu' bhiaiga n tigh ruith Donnachadh air thoiseach air a mhàthair gus gu'n innseadh e fheia mar a thachair. Liubhair e an t-airgid dh'a athair agns dh' fhoighnich 'athair ciod a choisinn d'asan gur h-ann aige a bha an t-airgid. Dh' innis e a h-uile car, mar a dhiùlt a mhàthair a' bhoineid, agus mar a thachair leis na robhairean.

Thuir 'athair an sin, "Bheir mise boineid dhut;" agus chaidh iad a mach far an robh greigh de loithean

agus thug 'athair dhà a roghainn dhinbh.

Bha Donnachadh Mor uair eile a' dol do Ionarlòchaidh agus fear do'm b' ainm Mac-Amhlaidh còmhla ris. Chuir iad rompa bhi air an oidheche aig piuthar màthair Dhonnachaidh, 'us i ann am bothan-àiridh 'an Coire-an-t-sagairt 'an Gleanna-Gairidh. Bha piuthar a mhàthar agus nighean d'i a' fuireach anns a' bhòthan, agus an uair a ràinig na feara cha robh steach ach an t-seann te, agus a chionn nach d' aithnich i iad, bhuail i air an cur a mach—ag innse dhaibh nach robh àite ann an sid dhaibh. Ach a mach cha rachadh na ceatharnaich dh'i; agus 'an sin thuir i riu an uair a thigeadh an te a bha muigh a stigh gu'm feumadh iad dol a mach, ged nach gabhadh iad a comhairle-se.

An ceann tacain thigear an nighean mhor ruadh ud, 's na gobhair aice, 's dh'fhaighich i de màthair co iad na daoine a bh'aice 'n sid. "Tha," ars' ise, "daoine a dh'fhairtlich ormsa an cur a mach."

"Cuiridh mise mach iad," ars' an nighean ruadh 's i' toirt an spionaidh ud a mach air Mac-Amhlaidh an toiseach, bho'n is e 'bu teinne air an dorus. Rug Mac-Amhlaidh air urrain an dorus, agus leis an t-stràc a bha fodha, thug e leis a mach i.

An sin thuir Donnachadh ri Mac-Amhlaidh, 's e ag éirigh, "Dian thusa socair, leig eadar mise 's i;" agus sid an nighean ruadh 's Donnachadh Mor 'an uganan a cheile ag gleachd.

Air a' chiad char chuir i air a ghlùn e; ach ghabh e an sin miòthapadh gu'm biodh e 'n a laidhe aice, agus chruadhaich e efhein rithe, agus chuir e car dh'i, 's leag e i.

Thuir 'an sin, "Ma tà tha maighdeanas mo dhroma agad, agus bha mi 'n dùil nach robh e beò 's nach d'rugadh e aig am bitheadh e, ach mi a sheachnadh Dhonnachaidh

Mhoir mac piuthar mo mhàthar á Cinntàile.”

“Cìod a theireadh tu na ’m b’e a bhiodh agad?” arsa Donnachadh.

“Ma ’s è,” arsa ise, “cha deic ’fhad-’s is doichioll e,” agus mur d’fhuair esan deanamh dh’e ’an sin—efhein agus Mac-Amhlaidh !

BAN-SAILEACH.

—o—

MU BHRUADAIR.

THUS’ a tha eòlach air gach ni, innis domh, ma’s e do thoil e, cìod is ciall do bhrudair, no aisingean no h-oidheche ? Tha iad a’ cur iongantais mhòir orm, agus cha ’n ’eil mi iùir ga’n tuigsinn. Ma dh’fhaoite nach ’eil duine sa bitli a’ brudair mar tha mise. Cha ’n ’eil dùil agam gu’n d’ thainig cadal riamh air mo spiorad. ’N uair tha mo cholainn ag gabhail tàmh na h-oidheche, tha mo spiorad ag itealaidh gu saor fuasgailte amach air feadh an t-saoghaik. Cha ghabh esan tàmh, agus cha ’n ’eil e air a chlaoidh le saothair. Air leam nach ’eil ann an aising na h-oidheche ach fearas-chuideachd an anma, an déigh dha uallach na collainne a chur dheth. Saoilidh mi gu bheil a’ cholainn mar leanabh trom gun tùr, fo chùram agus aire an anma; agus an déigh do ’n leanabh so dol na ’chodal gu bheil a mhuime a’ dol a mach gu h-aighearach, inntinneach a dh’fhaicinn an t-saoghaik.

Is duine aosnhor mise, a tha chòmhnuidh fada bhò thìr m’ eòlais, ann am fròig bhoehd dhorch’ ann an aon de chaol-shràidibh a’ bhaile-mhòir. Is daor a tha mi cosn dh m’ arain, agus tha iarguin na h-aois a’ laidhe gu trom orm. B’ e miann mo chridhe bothan beag fhaotainn ann an deireadh mo làithean, ann an dùthaich nam beann, agus mo chorp, an déigh bàis, a bhì air a

chàramh fo lic mo shinnsir; ach ’s e so dòchas nach fhaod mi àrach, agus cha ’n ’eil feum a bhì ’gearan. Bha là nach do shaoil mi gur ann mar so a bhithheadh. Bu mheanmuach, àrd-thogarrach mi latha gan robh mi. B’e mo thlachd a bhì fiadhach nam beann, ’s a bhì leantuinn na faoghaid, agus ga rìreadh bu mhi nàmhuid a’ choilich-dhuibh agus na liath-chirce. Cha ’n iarrainn caithe-aimsir bu taitniche na bhì ’luinneir-eachd air a’ chaol. Ghabhainn mo dhuanaig agus dheanainn i; bha mi anabarrach déigheil air ceòl, bheir-eachd an fhigheal orm dannsa, ge b’ ann casruisgte ’s an dubh-chladach, agus cha b’ fhearr mi na amadan fo nuallan na pioba. Bha mi ann an gaol o’n is cuimhne leam, ge nach do phòs mi riamh. Bha gaol mòr agam air ainneir àillidh, a rugadh, agus a thogadh làmh rium; boinne fala co lurach ’s a chunnacas le sùil. Is minic a bha mi leatha ann an coille nan cnò, a’ buachailleachd nam meann, ’s a’ buain nan deare air an tòm. O, bu bhòidheach i; bu mhilis leam briagail a beòil, bu taitniche leam fiamh a gàire, agus blàithead a sùl, na aon ni eile a chunnaic, no chì mi gu bràth; ach chuir tuilleas nam briag eadarunn, agus cha chuala i riamh ciamar. Ach is coma cò dhiubh. Tha mis a nis am dhuine boehd; tha uallach trom air m’ inntinn, agus tha imcheist an t-saoghail so an impis mo chridhe a sgàineadh; mur b’e brudair, agus aising na h-oidheche cha ’n ’eil fhios cìod e a dheanainn. Is mòr am faochadh a ta iad so a’ toirt domh. Cha luaithe ’dhùineas mo shùil, na tha mo spiorad a’ falbh air a chuairt do thìr m’ òige. Ann an sin tha mi co òg, uallach, aighearach ’s a bha mi riamh; gun suim do’n aois mhosaich, no do’n t-saoghal bhuaireasach. Tha leth-cheud bliadhna de m’ làithean mar gum biodh iad air

an dubhadh a mach. Tha mi a ris ann an tigh m' athar, agus tha e mar bha e riamh. Tha mo bhràithrean agus mo pheathraichean mar a b' àbhuist doibh. Tha mi an dara cuid, ag camanachd air a' bhàr, a' sealgairachd air a' bheinn, no a' luinneireachd air a' chaol, a' deanamh falach-chnain air gach bàt a thig am charamh. Tha mi gu tric ann an aisling na h-oidhche ri manran milis le m' chaileig ghaolaich, a' siubhal ri taobh nam fuaran, ise co àillidh òg 's a bha i air an là air an dubhairt mi, Nach robh air an t-saoghal uile na chuirinn ann an coimeas rithe, agus mise co aotrom suuntach. Ann an aon fhocal, cha 'n 'eil mi a thug riamh sòlas do m' chridhe 's mi òg, air nach 'eil m' inntinn a' ruith ann am brudair na h-oidhche. Ach a thuilleadh air so, tha mi am chadal far nach robh mi riamh am fhaireachadh. Tha mi gu tric ann an saoghal ùr, le buaidh-ibh agus le cumhachdaibh ùr nach d' fhiosraich m' inntinn riamh 's mi m' dhùsgadh. Tha mi 'n cuideachda righrean agus fhlaithrean domhain. Bheir mi sgrìob do 'n Fhraing, agus gu grad thèid mi as sin do na h-Iansibh. Diridh mi, ann am prioba na sùl, do 'n ghealaich, agus téarnaidh mi co grad do uamhaibh dorcha an talmhuinn. Marcaichidh mi an ceirban air a' chuan, no an fiadh air a' bheinn. Bidh mi 'n dara uair ag gabhail dhuanaig leis a' mhaighdinn-mhara fo 'n fhairge ghuirm, no a' dannsa leis na sìthichean air an tulaichibh uaine. Saoilidh mi gu bheil comas agam air uairibh siubhal gun chas a ghluasad, ach ag iathadh gu h-aotrom uallach gun fhios agam ciamar, mar ian beadarrach, o chnoc gu cnoc, no a' snàmh gu h-aithiseach mar mhoch cheò an t-samhraidh. Mo bheannachd aig brudair na h-oidhche, is iomad aotromachadh thug iad riamh dhomh;

ach 'e éiginn domh aideachadh gu bheil, air uairibh, aislingean mì-thaitneach agam. Ma thuiteas dhomh bhi sealgairachd 's a' bheinn, tha mo ghuinn a' diùltadh agus an fiadh ag amharc orm 'an clàr an an aodainn. Ma 's ann a' luinneireachd a bhithas mi, tha 'n stiùir air m' fhàgail, tha 'n crann-toisich a mach air a' chliathaich, agus taoidh gu tobhtaichean. Ma thèid mi do 'n choille chnò tha leannan mo ghràidh a' sleamhnachadh bhuan leis an eas, agus chi mi a cuailleann donn, 's a làmh fhada gheal 's a' chuirteig dhorcha dhomhain a tha gu h-ìosal fotham. Ma thèid mi chreach nead na h-ìolaire, tha mi 'tuiteam o sgòrr na creige, 's an crochadh ri preas beag a tha 'n cunnart géilleadh leam. Air uairibh, 's mi m' chadal, saoilidh mi gu bheil mo cholainn air at gu tomalt anabarrach, a h-uile eas agam mar shac mine, 's a h-uile miar cho garbh ri buideal. Tha mi air uairibh a' brudair gu'n do thuit mi bharr an eich, 's gu bheil e an dara cuid na 'laidhe air mo mhuin, no ga m' shlaodadh as a dhéigh. Bha mi o cheann oidhche no dhà crochte le fuiltein mo chinn ris a' ghealaich, agus i 'falbh le luaths' mòr 's an iarmailt. Bha'n cuan mòr gu h-ìosal fotham, cha bu mhò Breatunn na eilein Mhuile, no an luingeas mòr na na fridean. Bha eagal mo chridh' orm gu 'm bristeadh an rònnein, 's gu'n tuitinn 's an àibheis oillteil a bha fotham. Ma dheireadh mhoth-aich sgiobair na gealaiche de rionn-aig-carballaich a' dlùthachadh air, na 'caoiribh dearga, agus ghlaodh e mach. "Gearraibh an rònnein, leigibh as e, tha e cur moille oirnn;" an uair a chunnaic mi chore a' dol air, thug mi sgrìach oillteil asam a dhùisg as mo shuain mi.

A nise nach iongantach an gnothach so uile, agus nach do-thuigsinn buaidhean inntinn mhic an duine.

Is tric a chuala mi mo mhuime Seònaid ni 'n Eoghainn ag innseadh mu chladh na dùthcha anns an d' rugadh mi, gu'm b' àbhuist do spiorad nam marbh éirigh air mheadhon oidhche a shiubhal an t-saoghail, agus aig gairm nan coileach, tilleadh a ris a dh-ionnsuidh an tighean caola còmhnuidh.

'S ann mar so, ann am bharrail-sa, a tha inntinn an duine, co luath 's a tha cholainn na 'suain tha 'n t-aoidhe so a' dol a mach a shiubhal an domhain, agus tillidh e a ris 'n uair a dhùisgeas i.

Thugaibh dhuinn fiosrachadh air a chùis so. Ge h-aineolach mise seach sibhse, tha mi tarruing a cho-dhùnaidh so uaithe, gu bheil an inntinn á eisimeil na colainne, gu bheil buaidhean aig an spiorad nach urrainn cadal a mhilleadh: tha mi tuigsinn o so gu bheil a' cholainn na 'nasgadh no na 'h-uallaich air an spiorad, agus an uair a chuireas an t-anam dheth an corp truailidh so gu'n éirich e gu àirde agus foirfeachd nach urrainn duinn a nis a thuigsinn. Caidlidh a' cholainn car seal 's an uaigh, ach bithidh an spiorad sìor-bheo; a nis tha e air a chumail fodha le uallach na feòla, agus do 'n uallach sin is tric a tha e sgith, ach an uair a shaoras cadal a' bhàis e o'n uallach so, éirigh e gu coi'liantachd nea-chriochnaich.

An Teachdaire.

—o—

DOIMHNEACHD A' CHUAIN.

'N uair a sheallas sinn air aghaidh a' Chuain tha sinn ullamh gu 'shaol-sinn gu'm bu bhriagh am fearann a

bhitheadh ann na 'n robh na h-uisgeachan as an rathad. Ach an aite leaba' 'Chuain a bhi na chonard, 's ann a tha 'n grunn na shluic 's na chnuic, na ghlinu dhomhain, 's na bheanntan nàrda mara chitear o'n bheagan a leanas. A measg moran aitean 's an deachaidh a thomhas 's e so cuid dhiu.

Tha doimhneachd a' Bhaltic mu 20 Aitheamh; an Caol eadar an Fhraing a's Sasunn 50 Aitheamh; cuid do'n Mhedeterranean 800 Aitheamh; *Baffin's Bay* 1000 Aitheamh; taobh an Iar a' Chip (*Cape of Good Hope*) 2,660 Aitheamh; taobh an Iar do Eilean *St. Helena* 4,500 Aitheamh—corr agus sia uibhir 's a tha dh'airde am Beinn Neamheis!

J. W.

Lag-na-h-amhunn 1876.

—o—

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Is e gliocas gach neach toiseachadh air tras na beatha le crionnachd iomchuidh, agus le fìor ghrundalas. Tha ero fhuasad a bhi anameasarra, struidheil, agus caith-teach oir cùimhnich gu'm fàs ana-caitheamh de gach gnè ceart cosmhuil ri peileir sneachda a' ruith le gleann.

Tha e mòran ni's fearr géilleadh ann an nithibh beaga, na connsuchadh a dhùsgadh suas. Tha e 'na chleachdadh aig cuid a bhi 'seasamh gu dian air son an dlighe fein dh'aindeoin a shuaraichead. Is minic tha 'n giulan so a' togail aimhreitean nach furasd an casgadh. Tha beatha an duine tuilleadh's goirid air son connsachaidh gu'n diu dhe'n t-seorsa so. Agus mar bi a' chùis mòr agus cudthromach 'se a's glìce gu'n teagamh, agus a's lugha trioblaid strìochdadh ann an neoni, na bhi coireach an comh-strìth sam bith a dheanamh. Tha fìor gliocas "air tùs glan, agus an déigh sin sìochail."

—o—

ORAN DO MHAIGHDINN COIS-A-BHILE.

GLEUS D.

: D . m | s : - . f : m . s | l : d¹ . m : M | m : r : - . d | d : - : D¹ |
 d¹ : - . r¹ : m¹ . r¹ | d¹ . l : s : - . S | l : - . l : - . s | s : - : F |
 m : r : m . s | d¹ : - . r¹ : - . D¹ | d¹ : l : l . s | s : - . l : - . D |
d . d . d : r : m | l : s : F | , m . r : d : t₁ | d : - ||

Rinneadh an t-òran so le Dòmhnall Macghriogair, do Chatriana Mhèinn, a'n Cois-a'-Bhile, laimh ri Abarpheallaidh. Phòs iad a'n ùine ghearr an déigh sin—ma 's fìor Alastair Macdhùghail, a'n Cùl-an-drumain, bho 'n d' thàinig an t-òran. D. R. M.

'S RO mhuladach, neo-àdhmhor,
 Mo chàradh 's an uair s',
 An déigh mo leannan fhàgail
 'S a' bhràighe so shuas ;
 Gur i mo chruinneag ghaolach,
 Tha ' gruaidhean mar na caoran,
 Mar ùbhlán air bhàrr chraobh dhèt
 Nach fhaodar am buain.

Ge duilich dhomh 's ge dìblidh
 'Bhi às do dhìth gach uair,
 Cha 'n aithnich neach gu 'm bì mi
 Fodh mhi-ghean no ghruaim ;
 'S ge cruaidh thu ' bhi 'g a m' fhàgail
 Cha chuir do ghaol gu bàs mi,
 'S cha ghiorraich e mo làithean
 Gu bràth urad 's uair.

Ma 's e fear ' thig ri d' chàirdean
 A 's dàch' do thoirt uam,
 Nach truagh cho fad' 's a bha mi
 'G a d' thàladh gun bhuaidh !

Ma 's e 's gu 'n d' rinn thu m' fhàgail,
 'S gur e fear eile 's àill leat,
 Nach b' fheàrr dhut innse tràth dhomh,
 Na fàs rium an gruaim.

Is bochd leam thu 'bhi 'n còmhnuidh
 A'n dòchas cho truagh,
 A'n dùil gu 'n d' rinn mi d' fhàgail,
 'S gu 'n d' fhàs mi riut fuar ;
 An gaol a thug mi tràth dhut,
 Am feasd cha dean mi àicheadh,
 Cho fad' 's a bhios am bàs gun
 Mo chàradh 's an uaigh.

Ach 's dona ' rinn thu 'ràidhtinn
 Gu 'n d' fhàs mi riut fuar,
 No gu 'n do rinn mo chàirdean
 Mo bhlàth ghaol 'thoirt uat ;
 Ged 'thiginn gu bhì 'g àicheadh
 Mo chinnidh 's dùthaich m' àraich,
 Cho cinnteach ris a' bhàs, bidh
 Mo ghràdh dhutsa buan.

Na 'm biodh do chridh' cho deònach
 Ri d' chòmhradh 'n a m' chluais,
 A dh' aindeòin na tha beò,
 Bhiodhmid pòsda ri luaths,
 Bho 's ann a d' phearsa bhòidheich
 A tha mo ghaol-sa ' còmhnuidh,
 'S do nàdur seirceil còmhnard,
 Mo leòn thu 'bhi uam !

Tha sgéul air feadh na dùthcha
 Gu 'm bheil gach cùis gu réidh,
 Ach 's beag am fios na lùban
 'Tha dùbhillt' 'n a d' chré ;
 Cha d' chuir i cas a'm bròig, us
 Cha 'n fhacas 'g imeachd feòir i

Mu 'n deanainn móran bróin,
'S i gun deò dhomh de spéis.

Ma 's e 's gu d' rinn thu m' fhàgail,
'S gur fheàrr leat fear ùr,
Gu 'n robh gach sonas àrd ag
Cur blàth air do chrùn ;
'S mo dhùrachd fear a 's feàrr dhut,
'Bhios fearail, toirteil, bàigheil,
'S a chumas tu bho ànrath,
Le càirdeas us mùirn.

Cha 'n urrainn iad a ràdh ach
Gur geàrr 'bha do rùn ;
Is iomadh fear a b' fheàrr na
Mi 'dh'fhàilnich 's a' chùis ;
Is iomadh fear a bhàrr orm
Nach d'fhuair a leannan làimh ris—
An ni nach 'eil a'n dàn,
Cìod an stàth 'bhi 'n a dhùil ?

Cha bhi mi nis ag innse
Co i 'tha mi 'luaidh :
Ach cluinnear e ri tìm,
'S i 's an tìr so mu 'n cuairt ;
Am Fairtrichill Didònaich,
Cha 'n fhaicear bean a bòichead,
'S na 'n teannadh i 'n am chòir,
Rachadh fògradh fodh m' ghruaim.

Ach c' àit' am bheil ri 'faotainn
Bean aogais mo luaidh ?
Cho fosgarr' ris an fhaoileig
Air aodann nan stuadh :
Gu coimhneil, cridheil, seòlta,
'S i 'shlìochd nan daoine còire—
Nis crìochnaichidh mi m' òran,
A'n dòchas a buain.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

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No. 55.

TO THE READERS OF "THE GAEL."

IT is now over five years since the prospectus of THE GAEL was first issued, and THE GAEL itself is well on into its fifth year, a much longer life than any Gaelic publication of the kind has ever yet enjoyed. But having received the appointment of Canadian Government Emigration Commissioner for Scotland, I have found great difficulty in regularly attending to THE GAEL and my other duties which necessitated my being occasionally absent for considerable periods of time. Yet, although at considerable sacrifice both as to time and money (for the object which I had so much at heart), I had been able to bring out THE GAEL pretty regularly until the last winter, when a heavy family bereavement, as well as official duties, required me to stay in Canada for several months, which brought THE GAEL so much behind that I have not been able to bring it up to the present time. Finding it thus difficult to conduct THE GAEL properly, and do justice to my other duties, I have just arranged with Messrs. MACLACHLAN & STEWART, the well-known Gaelic publishers, Edinburgh, to take the entire management, both editorial and otherwise, for a space of time, under certain conditions, which need not be detailed here.

I am glad to be able to state that, under these new arrangements, the readers of THE GAEL are guaranteed its regular issue on the first of each month for a number of years, and under the same plan as that followed from its commencement,—free from party or sectarian control or bias. In retiring from the active superintendence of it, I wish the readers to understand that I am as much as ever interested in the prosperity of THE GAEL, as in everything promotive of Gaelic interests.

I do not care to refer to the indifference and neglect, if not opposition, of parties, whose friendship and support in such an enterprise I was led to expect; but in thus giving up the active control and management, I cannot let the opportunity pass without publicly acknowledging the assistance received in the editorial department, from a number of talented and true-hearted Highlanders, without whose aid I could scarcely have been able to carry on the publication at all. Foremost among these I may mention Mr. John Whyte, of Glasgow, who is so nearly related to, and looks so much like, *Iain Mac Illebhain*, *Mac Mharcuis*, and *Siocran Cam*, that it is doubtful if the most expert physiognomist could distinguish the one from the other. Next comes Mr. Donald C. Macpherson, Edinburgh, and *Abarch*, who hold the same relationship to each other as the former party. Then comes Dr. D. Morrison (*D.R.M.*), Edinburgh, son of the late pious and talented John Morrison, of Harris, and next Messrs. N. MacNeill, Glasgow, and William Mackenzie, now the northern represen-

tative of the *Aberdeen Free Press*, at Inverness, both of whom were connected with THE GAEL editorially, shortly after its removal to Scotland; Mr. MacNeill having assisted in preparing the first two numbers here, besides coming to its aid on several occasions since then.

Among others who have been less intimately connected with THE GAEL, but who have rendered important service, may be named, first the genial, kind, and true Highlander, Rev. Alexander MacGregor, M.A., Inverness, of whom the readers of THE GAEL need not be told more than that he is very nearly related to the well-known *Sgiathanach* and *Alasdair Ruadh*; Mr. D. Mackinnon, M.A., Edinburgh; P. MacGregor, Esq., M.A., Barrister, Toronto, Canada, author of an able and complete translation of Ossian's poems, and other works; D. Macphail, Esq. (*Maileach*), Glasgow; Rev. Alexander Cameron, of Brodick, late of Renton; Rev. Dr. Maclachlan, Edinburgh; the late Dr. Mackintosh MacKay, and Col. Robertson, Edinburgh; Rev. Robert Blair, M.A., Glasgow; John MacKay, Esq., C.E., Shrewsbury; the Honourable John Fraser de Berry, M.L.C., Chief of the Frasers, British North America; the Bard MacColl; Revs. D. B. Blair, Dr. MacNish, and Prof. MacKay, Canada, and many others on both sides of the water.

But to the first five gentlemen named, more than any others, THE GAEL, perhaps, owes in a greater degree its lengthened life and present position. They are among the first Gaelic scholars and writers in Scotland; and as they are not among those who show their patriotism by parading in kilts, or otherwise by a prominent display of their abilities—a great part of their labour having been spent privately in correcting and preparing other writer's manuscripts for the press, and their own valuable and most interesting productions appearing principally anonymously or under assumed names—it therefore gives me the more pleasure now in bringing them to the surface. And let me mention again, in conclusion, that Messrs. John Whyte, D. C. Macpherson, Dr. D. Morrison, N. MacNeill, and William Mackenzie, have been found foremost among the true-hearted Highlanders that THE GAEL has fallen in with during its now nearly five years existence, and as they are all but young men, we may hope yet to see them occupying such positions as would turn their talents to proper account for the benefit of their country; and, in parting, I think I can perhaps do no better than present them as THE GAEL'S candidates for the new Celtic Chair, and merely suggesting that Professor Blackie and the other powers that be, might do worse than select one of them for that position.

It is understood that most of the gentlemen referred to above are to support THE GAEL for the future as in the past, and under the regular and vigorous management of Messrs. MACLACHLAN & STEWART, no doubt it will attain to greater success than ever.

With these words of explanation and acknowledgment, let me for the present bid an affectionate farewell to the readers of THE GAEL.

ANGUS NICHOLSON.

LORD MACAULAY.*

THREE months ago, we had before us the beautiful life of Norman Macleod written by his brother; and, a month afterwards, the life of Lord Macaulay appeared written by his nephew. Even though the biography of the peer had not followed so closely upon the heels of that of the clergyman, it would be impossible for a Highlander to read the life and character of the one without being irresistibly reminded of the life and career of the other. Both have many features in common. In many respects it would be difficult to find two distinguished men more unlike. In blood, the two are equally related to us and exactly in the same way. Both prided themselves upon inheriting an old Scandinavian name. The great grandfather of Macaulay left a tacksman's home in the Lews for the manse of Tìree; the grandfather of Norman Macleod came from Skye to the manse of Morven. The grandfather of Macaulay was minister of Inveraray and Cardross; Norman Macleod's father was one of the most distinguished, if not the most distinguished, Highland clergyman of his day. Macleod's mother was a border Maxwell; Macaulay's mother was an English quakeress. From their infancy both gave promise of a brilliant future; and their after life fulfilled the expectations of the most sanguine. As conversationalists both were perhaps without an equal in their day. Macaulay, in Parliament, "reminded one of the old days." In the pulpit, in the General Assembly, on the platform, Macleod was acknow-

ledged to be the foremost orator of his day in Scotland, perhaps in Britain. Macaulay's great reputation as a writer has somewhat obscured his reputation as an orator. Norman Macleod's writings are probably not destined to take a permanent place in our literature; but few authors had a larger circle of readers during the last twelve years of his life. Both men were distinguished for their honest and manly patriotism and for a certain outspokenness which at different times threatened to shake the public confidence in them. Both were connected, though in different ways, with India; and it is to be feared that their connection with our Eastern Empire shortened the lives of both. Both enjoyed without a grudge a large share of the admiration, esteem, and favour of their fellow men and of their sovereign. The lives of both conclusively show that they deserved even a larger share of the affection of the public than they received. Both passed away suddenly and unexpectedly—at the same age, in the zenith of their fame, admired by their country which they loved so well, and adored by their families to whom they were so devotedly attached.

On the other hand, the points of contrast are perhaps even more striking than the points of similarity between the two men. From the beginning to the end of his life Macaulay was a man of cities and books; Norman Macleod was, from first to last, a child of nature. We are told, indeed, that Norman loved to walk through Glasgow that he paid a weekly visit to the Broomielaw and the ships, and enjoyed the ringing of the bells which betokened the awakening of the great city to its daily toil at six o'clock of a winter's morning. But the country was his

* The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay. By his Nephew, George Otto Trevelyan, M.P. London: Longmans, Green, & Co., 1876.

delight. He read in his own desultory fashion very extensively; but to accurate scholarship he laid no claim. Macaulay loved the country in his way,—loved to walk, book in hand, through lanes and over commons, and stretch himself on a grassy bank. But hear him writing to a friend, when barely fifteen years old: "I know not whether 'peeping at the world through the loopholes of retreat' be the best way of forming us for engaging in its busy and active scenes. I am sure it is not a way to my taste. Poets may talk of the beauties of nature, the enjoyments of a country life, and rural innocence; but there is another kind of life which, though unsung by bards, is yet to me infinitely superior to the dull uniformity of country life. London is the place for me. Its smoky atmosphere and its muddy river charm me more than the pure air of Hertfordshire, and the crystal currents of the river Rib. Nothing is equal to the splendid varieties of London life, 'the fine flow of London talk,' and the dazzling brilliancy of London spectacles. Such are my sentiments, and, if ever I publish poetry, it shall not be pastoral. Nature is the last goddess to whom my devoirs shall be paid." Imagine Norman Macleod writing in that strain at the age of fifteen or at the age of fifty! And even Clapham Common, which Macaulay knew so thoroughly and so thoroughly enjoyed when a child, was enjoyed in a fashion quite his own. "He explored its recesses; he composed, and almost believed, its legends; he invented for its different features a nomenclature which has been faithfully preserved by two generations of children. A slight ridge intersected by deep ditches towards the west of the Common, the very existence of

which no one above eight years old would notice, was dignified with the title of the Alps; while the elevated island, covered with shrubs, that gives a name to the Mount pond, was regarded with infinite awe as being the nearest approach, within the circuit of his observation, to a conception of the majesty of Sinai." The most pleasing and, until his life was written, the least-known feature of Macaulay's character, is his love of children and their love of him. But we can hardly imagine that he ever was himself a child. He was the companion and friend and guide of children at five; he was so at fifty. But at three he is introduced to us as reading incessantly, "for the most part lying on the rug before the fire, with his book on the ground, and a piece of bread-and-butter in his hand." His manner and diction and judgment are those of a well-read, confident, young man. When only four years old, he meets Mrs. Hannah More at the door, tells her his parents are out, "but if she would be good enough to come in, he would bring her a glass of old spirits." A servant in Lady Waldegrave's spills some hot coffee over his legs. To the lady's anxious inquiry he replies, "Thank you, madam, the agony is abated." The servant-girl removes oyster-shells which marked his plot of ground in the back-garden. The child of four went "straight to the drawing-room, where his mother was entertaining some visitors, walked into the circle, and said very solemnly: 'Cursed be Sally; for it is written, Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's landmark.'" Before he was eight, he wrote a Compendium of Universal History; "a paper which Henry Daly was to translate into Malabar to persuade the people of Travancore to embrace the Christian religion;"

three cantos of an epic, entitled "Battle of Cheviot;" "commenced a heroic poem, to be called 'Olaus the Great, or the Conquest of Mona,' in which, after the manner of Virgil, he might introduce in prophetic song the future fortunes of the family;" and hymns innumerable. When we learn further from his biographer "that the voluminous writings of his childhood, dashed off at headlong speed in the odds and ends of leisure from school study and nursery routine, are not only perfectly correct in spelling and grammar, but display the same lucidity of meaning, and scrupulous accuracy in punctuation and the other minor details of the literary art, which characterise his mature works," we feel a certain incongruity in speaking of Macaulay as child or boy, save in years alone.

His biographer says truly, that "the most ardent admirers of Macaulay will admit that a minute study of his literary productions left them, as far as any but an intellectual knowledge of the writer himself was concerned, very much as it found them." We knew the public man—the essayist, the statesman, the historian, "the brilliant ornament of society;" but of the personal life and ways and habits of the man the world was not aware. In the two handsome volumes of Mr. Trevelyan, the great historian's private life is fully unfolded to us by copious extracts from his Diary and by scores of letters to his most intimate friends. It is a life of which his country as well as his family may well be proud. It is the record of a great mind devoted to lofty ends—of an intensely affectionate nature finding his greatest happiness in promoting the happiness and comfort of those dear to him. He had not indeed the "big-

heartedness" of Norman Macleod. His sympathies had a narrower range; and he was more reserved in giving expression to his personal feelings. No doubt the early training and the subsequent career of the great Whig statesman would in part account for this; but from his very boyhood we find intense affection for his own family, comparative indifference towards his school and college companions, with the exception of one or two. It continued so through life. Almost with the exception of his father and mother, his two sisters and latterly his nephews and nieces, and Mr. Ellis, his friendships were of a semi-public kind. He contracted a warm regard for Jeffrey. He wrote in the frankest terms to Macvey Napier. But the origin of the acquaintance was a literary one; and the continuance of it was mainly so. He seems to have kept up his acquaintance with his college friends, not so much for old acquaintance' sake as because they were of the same college. To be a fellow of "Trinity" was the best introduction to Macaulay. On the death of Wilberforce, his father's most intimate friend, he writes to his sister in a strain which most people would consider unpardonable levity: "There are not ten people in the world whose deaths would spoil my dinner; but" (he adds characteristically) "there are one or two whose deaths would break my heart." Macaulay could never in any country or in any age secure the personal regard which his countrymen so willingly yielded to Norman Macleod, whom they affectionately called *Norman Macleod*, and still oftener *Norman*—rarely *Macleod* or *Dr. Macleod*.

Macaulay's reputation as an orator, politician, and administrator, is fast fading from the public mind.

Both he and Norman Macleod were born Tories, and both became Liberal, with this difference, that Macaulay's liberality appeared to have kept pace with the accepted political dogmas of the Whig party, while Norman Macleod looked at all political questions, whether ecclesiastical or civil, from a large catholic point of view quite irrespective of party considerations. Macaulay was essentially a party man. A Whig he became at Cambridge, and a Whig he remained to the end. Whether if he had lived he could have managed to keep pace with the progressive views of that party during the last twelve years or not it would be difficult to say. Probably he could manage at all events not to break with them. He showed himself once superior to party ties. He differed from the government of which he was a member upon the terms upon which it was proposed to emancipate the slaves, and he placed his resignation in the hands of the Prime Minister. But filial affection rather than intellectual or moral conviction prompted this course. He could not, he said, go against the wishes of his father upon this question. His services to his party as speaker and writer were great, and they were duly appreciated. He rose, at an early age, with no influence but what his own talents and industry secured for him, to high office in the State. His promotion was well deserved. Macaulay was fully conscious of his own powers, and he was ambitious of political distinction. But among the statesmen of England never did man more resolutely preach and practise the duty of maintaining the political character free from reproach. He was a poor man and out of office he could not remain in Parliament.

He felt that in the judgment of less scrupulous men he would be regarded as a self-seeking politician, a mere place-hunter, and the very suspicion of being so regarded, even by men whom he despised, made him unhappy. He had a perfect horror of getting into debt. We find him when a prominent politician obliged to sell the medals he won at Cambridge. With only seven hundred pounds in the world and with his father and sisters to look after he resigns his office rather than offend his father. With the highest offices in the State within sight, he accepts of an appointment in India and coolly makes up his mind to an exile there, until he can save some thirty thousand pounds, and be independent for the rest of his life. His speeches, minutes, despatches, and reports, will be, for long, models for imitation to British orators and administrators; but we hope that long after his speeches and circulars shall have been superseded, his lofty public integrity will remain to stimulate, to guide, and to encourage young men who enter the House of Commons conscious of great powers and possessed of little money.

Macaulay enjoyed exceedingly the excitement of political life. He enjoyed and valued highly political power. But literature was his first and last love. His early articles in the *Edinburgh Review* brought him prominently before the world and secured for him a seat in Parliament. During the exciting days of Catholic Emancipation, Reform Bill, and Emancipation of Slaves, literature was partly forsaken but not by any means forgotten. In India the old passion returned in full force; and after his return from India his love of literature and literary distinction increased with increasing

years. He took to politics merely to strengthen his party and longed for an opportunity to give up political life altogether. By literature he won a reputation which might satisfy even his high aims, and rank and fortune which far exceeded his highest expectations in this regard. He tells us that in writing his history he had the year 2000 and even 3000 in view. Before the nearest to us of these epochs will have arrived, the history of the period which Lord Macaulay made his own will be re-written. Further research among the materials which he so diligently ransacked will probably modify many of his statements, and already many of his most favoured doctrines are being superseded; but even in the year 3000, Macaulay's History of England will be read with interest and admiration by many and especially by the young. Lord Macaulay had many of the highest qualifications of an historian. He read incessantly. He had a marvellous memory. He could live in the past. He bore an active part in the government of the Empire both in this country and in India. He took great pains to ensure accuracy in matters of fact. No man of his age, or perhaps of any age, could surpass him in lucidity, force, and grace of style. But other elements, not less necessary, were wanting. He would be the philosophic statesman and historian; but a philosopher he was not. He appeared to be wholly unable to shake himself utterly free from party ties and party prejudices. His sympathy was intense but narrow. The evil effects of this mental deficiency found but too ample scope in the portion of the History of England which he undertook to write. Within the sphere of general literature it found less

room to operate. And accordingly in many of his essays, and especially in his "Lays of Ancient Rome," the finer and nobler qualities of the man are not brought into unworthy contact with the prejudiced party politician. Besides, the very brilliancy of his style and the inordinate value he attaches to pointed and graceful sentences appear to us to detract from the value of his history, while these qualities enhance the reputation of the essayist. The history of Macaulay is a panorama of highly finished pictures. No man took greater pains to secure that each paragraph was faultless in matter, and especially in form; but the impression doubtless remains that the picture is too highly wrought and that the fidelity of the sketch is not seldom sacrificed to its literary beauty. Macaulay's devotion to the correct and beautiful and pointed in expression appears incessantly throughout his works, and often in the most curious ways. Fox, the founder of the Quakers, is censured not so much for his false doctrine as for his bad English. Queen Mary's letters are so well expressed that they deserved to be well spelt. The missionaries of India are roundly rebuked for a variety of faults, and not the least their "bad grammar." "The Protestant operatives of Dublin call for impeachments in exceedingly bad English." While his history is being published, and while he is agitated with hopes and fears as to the result, his diary shows the value he puts upon "good writing." Jeffrey's remark upon his first contribution to the *Edinburgh Review* was the only commendation on his literary talent which he was ever known to repeat: "The more I think, the less I can conceive where you picked up that style."

It would be impossible in a review

of Macaulay's life and works, however brief, which is meant to be read by Highlanders to overlook the judgment which he uniformly passed upon our people, our language, and our institutions. That judgment was unfavourable in the extreme. It is now shown to the world to have been grossly exaggerated. By our countrymen it was justly resented as an unmerited attack upon a brave people and various theories have been framed to account for the studied reproach which was cast upon the Celtic race by one who derived his name, half his blood, and, as we judge, more than half his nature from the Highlands of Scotland. Norman Macleod was a Highlander of the Highlanders. He believed that he owned an old Norwegian name; but he also believed that his name and his blood were enriched by the intermixture of the Scandinavian and the Celtic. A Scottish Highlander he was; and a Scottish Highlander he was proud to be called. Lord Macaulay would rather ignore his Highland connection. He would wish to connect the Macaulay born in England in the year 1800 with some Olaus of Norway born heaven knows where or when, and altogether overlook the intervening period when the Macaulays lived in the Lews. His biographer goes back to the great-grandfather of the historian who was minister of Tiree and afterwards of Harris, and mentions a tradition, evidently without believing it, that the son of the minister of Harris, afterwards the minister of Inveraray and Cardross and the peer's grandfather, gave information to the authorities which almost led to the capture of young Charles Stewart. Lord Macaulay must have been aware of this currently reported tradition. Whether

he believed it or not we do not know; whether it was true or not we do not care; and whether, had he believed it, the belief would have affected his judgment upon our countrymen, it would be vain to inquire and ungenerous without evidence to assume. That judgment was unjust and, in an historian, unpardonable. Lord Macaulay prided himself upon being an Englishman. So he was—born, bred, and educated. Norman Macleod prided himself upon being a Highlander; and so he was—born, bred, and in great part, as he himself with pride acknowledges, educated. Our readers will smile—Norman Macleod would laugh, and Macaulay would frown—when we assert that Macaulay was the more typical Celt of the two. We are convinced that it is to the Celtic feature of his character that we owe the unmeasured reproach which he constantly heaped upon our countrymen in Scotland and in Ireland. In personal appearance Macaulay resembled our people more than Norman Macleod. Short, thick-set, of upright carriage, of incessant activity, he resembled the typical Islesman far more nearly than the large and latterly unwieldy physique of the great-hearted Norman. His mind was certainly more fashioned after the Celtic type than Macleod's. More intense and narrow than sympathetic and catholic—of wonderful activity, requiring only example and guidance and stimulus to instil habits of perseverance and application—a passion for the beautiful and the pointed in expression which is apt to supersede, in spite of the severe training of an English university, strict fidelity to fact—a loyalty to party scruples and party ties which continually threatens to warp the clear judg-

ment of the man—a something approaching to vindictiveness when his personal feelings are strongly aroused against an opponent as in the case of Croker, or against an ally who does not use him well, as in the case of Brougham;—in all these traits, as well as in many minor traits, we recognise the Celtic character far more truly than in the large, loving, humorous, and sympathetic Norman Macleod.

That Lord Macaulay had almost a personal antipathy to the Celtic race his writings unfortunately but too clearly attest. In the famous description which he gives of the Highland army under Dundee, and of the state of the Highlands at the time, there is much that is only too true. But the picture as a whole is a gross caricature. He shows the complete ignorance that prevailed in England regarding the language and institutions and manners of the Highlanders of that day. He undertakes to write the history of the Highlanders and of the Irish. "He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description," says Thackeray, with pardonable exaggeration. He would undertake to learn any language in four months. And he sits down to censure ordinary Englishmen in the year 1689 for their ignorance of the Highlanders of their day and to instruct all future generations upon the state of the Highlands at that time. How does he proceed? He takes the very course he censures in others. He takes some of his facts from half-informed and prejudiced opponents. He draws upon his imagination for the rest. The language which his grandfather preached, the only language which his forefathers knew, he considers beneath contempt. In that language the poems of John

McDonald (Iain Lòm), who witnessed the battle of Inverlochy and who gave a graphic description of men and events of his day, were published ten years before he wrote and could be had for a few shillings; but Macaulay never heard of Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." The Duchess of Argyle befriended his great-grandfather in the first decade of the eighteenth century. During the last years of his life he lived next door to the Duke of Argyle, and was an intimate friend of the family. Throughout his history he must use, for literary effect, the Gaelic name of his Grace, and he borrows "Maccallummor" from Sir Walter Scott. The Duke does not point out the mistake. This is a small matter; but had Croker been guilty of a similar blunder, half the libraries of Europe would have been ransacked in order to heap contempt and ridicule upon the pretender to accurate scholarship.

It would be tedious, and it is unpleasant, to examine in detail the charges Lord Macaulay brings against the Celtic people. The picture is unfair, misleading, and one-sided, more than absolutely false. He delights in speaking of the dominant race and the inferior race. He quotes freely, where authority can be procured, unfavourable judgments by other men. Favourable judgments he does not give. He does not know, and perhaps does not want to know, that there are materials, valuable and reliable, scanty though they be, both in this country and especially in Ireland, written by men who were neither prejudiced nor ill-informed, without a careful study of which no one can write the history, much less paint the life of the Highlanders and the Irish. But even were he as well-

informed as he was ignorant of our people and their scanty literature, it is doubtful whether Macaulay could faithfully pourtray the Celtic character. His Celtic nature was against him. Born, bred, and educated in England, he was more English than the English. His literary and Parliamentary career identified him with Edinburgh; but he could hardly be said to know or appreciate the character of the Lowland Scotchman. He looked upon life and society on the continent of Europe so far as he knew them with the self-satisfied, contemptuous gaze of a half-educated Englishman. In judging of men and measures he could hardly divest himself of the trammels of party. So far as can be seen, it was impossible for him to extend his sympathies beyond the narrow limits of what he considered to be his own country. To an English Whig of the nineteenth century of this mental calibre the Highland character of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was a sealed book. The state of the Highlands in 1689 and the massacre of Glencoe are among the most brilliant, considered as literary portraiture, of Macaulay's many brilliant efforts. And it is interesting and curiously suggestive to note that the picture is valued by Macaulay himself for its artistic finish and not for its historical accuracy. We find in his diary (vol. ii. p. 278) "My account of the Highlands is getting into tolerable shape. To-

morrow I shall begin to transcribe again, and to polish. What trouble these few pages will have cost me. The great object is that after all this trouble, they may read as if they had been spoken off, and may seem to flow as easily as table talk. We shall see." Beyond the leading facts the historical value of these famous descriptions is next to zero.

This unfavourable phase of his nature apart, Lord Macaulay's character is a noble character; and his life is intensely interesting. The biographer has done his work well. Inheriting the literary gifts of his uncle, Mr. Trevelyan has produced an admirable biography. There was abundance of material ready to his hand, and he selected and arranged it with the skill of a master. In his letters which were carefully preserved by admiring friends, and in his diary, with some interruptions, faithfully kept, Macaulay's character is fully unfolded. And the life and character are one that need not fear the face of day. A life of hard, incessant work; and a character, a little vain perhaps and not free from prejudice, but frank, open, manly, kind, and noble. We Highlanders would wish that he knew us better and judged us fairer. We are proud of him nevertheless. Would that each generation would produce one of our name such as he to adorn the society, the literature, and the statesmanship of England, even though he would judge us unjustly as Lord Macaulay did.

THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

WE have to thank the publishers, Messrs. A. & W. Mackenzie, Inverness, for the eight back numbers of this promising young candidate for Celtic favour and patronage. The first numbers of this Magazine appeared when the editor of THE GAEL was absent in Canada, and hence the reason of its not having received the right hand of fellowship by an earlier notice. *The Celtic* seems to be pushing on bravely; and the editor, Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, deserves great credit for the array of talent he has managed to gather round him. *Ceud mìle fàilte ma ta, agus buaidh 'us piseach le MacCoinnich's an T-SEALTAIG.*

AN
GAIDHEAL.

“*Mar ghath soluis do m’ anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh’ fhalbh.*”—OISEAN.

V. LEABH.] CEUD MHIOS AN FHOghAIR, 1876.

[56 AIR.]

LITREACHAS NAN GAIDHEAL.

III. NA LAOIDHEAN.

Dughall Buchannan.

AM measg nam Bard Gaidhealach a sgrìobh Laoidhean cha ’n ’eil aon a fhuair agus, a reir mo bheachd fein, cha ’n ’eil aon a thoill, cliù cho ard ri Dughall Buchannan. Tha atharrach barail mu thimchioll co am Bard is urramaiche—seachad air Buchannan—am measg Ughdar nan Laoidhean Gaidhealach. Bheir aon bhreitheamh an t-urram do Mhac-Ealair, aon eile do Mhac-Griogair. ’S e Laoidhean Phadruig Ghraund is taitniche le moran d’ar luchd-duthcha anns an rioghachd so agus gu sonruichte, a reir gach fianuis a tha againn, ann an rioghachdan cèin. Agus cha ’n ’eil teagamh nach faigh-eas moran an dà chuid anns an rioghachd so agus taobh thall a’ chuain a gheibh barrachd toilinntinn agus buannachd spioradail le bhi leughadh agus a’ seinn Laoidhean a rinneadh le Ughdair eile. Ach tha mi meas gu’n aontaich an roinn mhor d’ar Sluagh anns gach cearn, agus gu h-araid a’ chuid is tuigsiche dhiu, ’n a radh nach ’eil agus nach robh Bard Spioradail d’ar cinneadh air a’ bheil iomradh againn a choimeas ri Dughall Buchannan.

Is minic, a reir mo bheachd-sa, a bhàbrethar Sluagh cli gu sonruichte mu thimchioll nam Bard a bha toillteanach air urram; agus cha ’n iongantach ged bhiodh a’ chuis mar

so. Cha ’n eil moran cunnairt gu’n teid aon aig a’ bheil inntinn fhallain agus cluas cheolmhor, co-dhiu tha no nach ’eil a bheag de fhoghlum aige, am mearachd ann a bhi ’taghadh an orain no na laoidh is taitniche. An fhad so, is e breth an t-sluaigh a sheasas. Ach is ni eile a bhi sonruchadh an aite air am measar ughdar na laoidh no an orain toillteanach am measg Baird a dhuthcha. A chum breth chothromach a thoirt air a’ chuis so, feumar gun teagamh inntinn fhallain agus cluas cheolmhor, ach cha ’n fhoghainn so. Feumar eolas air Baird do dhuthcha; agus feumar gu sonruichte comas inntinn a dl’fhaodas tighinn air duine gu nadurra, ach a nochdar mar is trice, tha mi meas, ’n am measg-san a ghiullaichd gu maith na buaidhean a bhuilicheadh orra—is e sin comas a bhi sealltainn cha ’n ann a mhain air aon laoidh no air aon oran ach air saothair a’ Bhaird thar cheann,—comas a bhi cur fa chomhair na sùl, mar gu’m b’ann, aigan aon àm toradh inntinn a’ Bhaird, a chum agus gu’m faic thu ann an aon sealladh na buaidhean a bhuineas dha mar tha iad air an nochdadh ’n a shaothair,—an neart agus an anmhuinneachd, an gloir agus an naire. Is ann a mhain an uair a tha thu comasach air so a dheanamh mu thimchioll gach Bard fa leth a’d dhuthaich a tha thu comasach air aon Bhard a choimeas ri Bard eile agus, le breth thuigsich, aite dlìgheach fein a shonruchadh do gach aon. Feudaidh do bharail a’

bhi mearachdach, oir co a' bharrail a tha 'n comhnuidh fìor; ach is ann a mhair an nair a tha i air a togail air a' bhunait so a tha i earbsach. Air a thomhas leis a' mheigh so, is e mo bheachd gu'n toill Dughall Buchannan aite-toisich, cha 'n ann a mhair an measg Ughdair nan Laoidh ach am measg Bhàrd na Gaidhealachd.

Bha breth ar Sluaigh, mar thuir mi, air uairean cli mu thimchioll nam Bard a bha toilteanach air urram; ach 'u an dilseachd do Dhughall Buchannan, co-dhiu a bhuineadh iad do'n Ear no do'n Iar, do'n Tuath no do'n Deas, co-dhiu bha iad sean no òg, foghlumte no aineolach, bha 'm breth gun amhurus cothromach agus ceart. Tha e air aithris, le Mr. Mac-na-Cear-dadh, anns an leabhar thaitneach a chuir e mach anns a' bhliadhna a dh'fhalbh mu bheatha agus mu shaothair Dhughail Buchannain, mar dhearbhadh air cumhachd an duine thairis air inntinnean an t-sluaigh a chuala a ghuth, gu'n robh Dughall a' searmonachadh air là araid do dhà chinneadh aig an robh a leithid de naimhdeas d'a cheile agus nach faodadh iad tighinn cuid-eachd gun aimhreit a bhi eatorra; gu'n do sheas Buchannan air cloich ann am meadhon aibhne le buidheann air gach taobh de'n abhainn; gu'n do labhair an searmonaiche le leithid de chumhachd agus, aig crìch na seirbhis, gu'n do ghlac na naimhdean lamhan a cheile agus gu'n do sgaoil iad 'n an cairdean. Lean cumhachd a' Bhaird thar inntinnean Ghaidheal gus an là 'n diugh. "Air dha bhi marbh, tha e fathasd a' labhairt." Le Laoidhean Dhughail Buchannain 'n an lamhan, tha gach comh-thionail Gaidhealach deas gus an eud, 's am farmad, 's an coimheachas a dhi-chuimhneachadh; agus mur crùn iad e 'n a Rìgh nam Bard, aidichidh iad gu leir gur e, gun teagamh, Bard nan Laoidh.

Rugadh Dughall Buchannan bho pharantan diadhaidh, mar tha e fein ag innseadh, ann an Sgìreachd Bhailechuidir, anns a' bhliadhna 1716. Bha athair ann an doigh chothromach gun bhi saibhir. Mu'n robh Dughall ach sè bliadhna dh'aois chaill e 'mthair. Fhuair e deagh sgoil, oir tha e air innseadh dhuinn gu'n deachaidh e mach a theagasg cloinne 'n a dhara-bliadhna-deug. Thug e dearbhadh air buaidhean àrd o oige. Tha e fein ag innseadh, le bròn ro mhor, gu'n robh a thlachd ann an òrain fhaoim; agus tha iomradh gu'n do rinn e òrain e fein, agus gu'n do chruinnich e roinn de sheana Bhàrdachd a dhuthcha. Ma tha so fìor, tha chuid so de shaothair gu brath air chall. A reir a chuinntais fein, bha e aingidh thar tomhais. Dh'iunnsaich e 'n t-saorsainneachd 'n a oige, agus chuir e seachad treis d'a shaoghal, ann an caochladh aitean, aig a cheird. An uair a bha e cuig-bliadhna-fichead a dh'aois fhuair e ann an tomhas saorsa o'u staid mhuladaich anns an robh e le ana-creidimh, le aingidheachd, agus le uamhas mu thimchioll cor amra. A so suas bha e cho comharraichte airson a naomhachd agus a bha e roimhe sin airson aingidheachd. Chuir e seachad moran d'a uine a' dol o àite gu àite a dh' eisdeachd mhinistirean ainmeil. Chaidh e gu *Cambuslang* a dh' eisdeachd *Mhr. Whitefield*. Phòs e anns a' bhliadhna 1749. Mu thri no ceithir de bhliadh-nachan 'n a dheigh so, fhuair e 'n a mhaighstir-sgoil ann an Raineach, agus dà bhliadhna 'n a dheigh sin 'n a cheisteir, le ughdarras o'n Eaglais a bhi teagasg an t-sluaigh. Bha e 'n a chleachduin aige a bhi toirt cuairt air feadh roinn mhor de'n Ghaidhealtachd 's an t-samh-radh a' searmonachadh an t-Soisgeil. Chaidh ainm mar fhear-teagaisg am fad 's am farsuingeachd. Bha e 'n

a dheagh Sgoileir Gaidhlig. Thug e cuideachadh luachmhor, tha e air aithris, do'n Ollamh Stiubhart, ministear Chillfhinn, ann an eadar-theangachadh an Tiomnaidh Nuaidh gu Gaidhlig. Bha e ann an Duneideann mu'n chuis so anns a' bhliadhna 1766. Shearmonaich e do Ghaidheil a bhaile mhoir sin an uair a bha e fuireach ann. Chruinnich e comh-thional, agus dh'fheuchadh ri fhaotainn mar mhinistear thairis orra. A chum ullachadh airson an dreuchd so, thug e bliadhna na dhà anns an Oil-thigh; ach cha do rinneadh ministear de Dhughall Buchannan. Chuir e mach na Laoidhean anns a' bhliadhna 1766, agus dà bhliadhna 'n a dheigh so, mu'n robh an duine urramach ach ann an treine a neirt agus ann am meadhon aois, ghearradh air falbh e, ann an Raineach, le fiabhras tròm.

Tha deich - agus - cuig - fichead bliadhna o'n a chuir Dughall Buchannan a mach na "Laoidhean." Chaidh an clo-bhualadh o'n àm sin uair-thar-fichead,—urram nach d'fhuair leabhar Gaidhlig eile a mach bhonaSgriobturean agus bho Leabhar Aithghearr nan Ceist. Dh'eadar-theangaicheadh do'n Bheurla na "Laoidhean" le triuir dhaoine foghlumte—Mr. MacGriogair nach maireann á Raineach; Mr. Forbes nach maireann, ministear Shleibhte; agus Mr. Mac-na-Ceardadh, ministear na h-Eaglais Shaoir anns a' Cheann-mhoir. A thuilleadh airso, chuireadh uair 'us uair na dhà de na Laoidhean ann an roinn 's a' Bheurla. Chunnac ar luchd leughaidh an "Claigeann" air a thiunnadh gu blasda do ram Bheurla le *Professor Blackie*. Thugadh seachad uair 'us uair cunntas air eachdraidh beatha Dhughail Buchannan. Gheibhear an cunntas is fearr agus is earbsaiche anns an leabhar luachmhor a chuir Mac-na-Ceardadh a mach an

uiridh. Chlo-bhualadh anns a' bhliadhna 1836 "Beatha agus Ion-pachadh Dhughail Buchannan, air a sgrìobhadh leis fein." Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach e Buchannan fein a sgrìobh an cunntas so, ged nach 'eil sgeul a nis mu'n doigh air an do ghleidheadh an sgrìobhadh gun chall. Tha eachdraidh, mar a sgrìobh e fein i, a' crìochnachadh anns a' bhliadhna 1750. Tha 'n eachdraidh, cho maith ris na Laoidhean, 'n a dearbhadh maireannach air airde 'bhuidhean agus air doimhneachd eolais air a' Ghaidhlig. Ach is e eachdraidh anma a mhaing a tha ann, agus cha 'n e eachdraidh a' chuirp no inntinn. Tha iomradh gu'n do chaill e 'mhathair 'n a shè bliadhna; gu'n robh e teagasg cloinne 'n a dhara-bliadhna-deug; gu'n d'iunnsaich e 'n t-saorsainneachd; gu'n robh e ann an caochladh aitean—an Srileadh, an Dun-breathann, agus an Duneideann, air cheann gnothuich; gu'n d'eirich moran d'a chairdean le Tearlach Stiubhart, agus gu'n do chuireadh cuid diu gu bàs; gu'n robh bean "ghraidh" agus "leanabh taitneach" aige; gu'n robh e 'n a òige toigheach air orain agus air ceol. Ach tha Buchannan a' toirt seachad an fhiosrachaidh so mu thimchioll fein a chionn gu'n robh buaidh shonruichte aig na nithean so thairis air staid a' chridhe agus anma anns an àm anns an do thachair iad. Annta fein, mheasadh e iad mar a mheasadh e gach ni talmhaidh eile " 'n an call airson ro-oirdheireis eolais Iosa Crìosd a Thighearna."

Chaidh an eachdraidh so a sgrìobhadh, a reir coltais, anns a' bhliadhna leis a' bheil i ag crìochnachadh. Tha, co-dhiu, an t-Ughdar de dh'aon inntinn an àm a sgrìobhaidh, o thois-each gu deireadh. Ma tha 'm beachd so fìor, chi sinn gu'n robh Dughall Buchannan a' cur earbsa mhor às a

mheodhair an nair a tha e toirt cumntas mion dhuinn mu fhaireachduinean fein fichead bliadhna air ais. A rìs, is ann le suil a' Chrìosduidh, ceun maith air aghaidh air slighe na naombachd, a tha e sealltainn air tograidhean agus air faireachduinean an oganaich. Bha a chuimhne laidir — tha dearbhadh gu leir air so; cha do sgrìobh e, tha mi lan-chreidsinn, focal nach robh e fein dearbhta às gu'n robh e fìor; ach cha 'n eil mi gun amhurus, na'm biodh eachdraidh Dhughail Buchannain againn bho aon d'a chomh-aisean d'am l'aithne gu maith e, nach biodh atharrachadh mor eadar i agus an eachdraidh a sgrìobh Dughall fein. Tha e air aithris gu'm bu duine blath, caoimheil, surdail e; ach cha 'n 'eil dearbhadh air so 'n a eachdraidh mar a sgrìobh e fein i. Feudaidh sinn co-dhiu a radh nach 'eil againn ach cuid d'a bheatha agus aon taobh d'a nadur anns an eachdraidh so. B'e so an aon taobh ann am beachd an Ughdair air am b'airidh iomradh a dheanamh. Tha mi meas gu'm bu mhearachd so ann an aidmheil Dhughail Buchannain; agus gu'n tug am mearachd a mach toradh trom 'n ar duthaich. Chuala sinn o fhear-teagaisg ard o chionn ghoirid: "Cha 'n 'eil buaidh 's am bith ole mur cuir thu gu buil ole i." B'fhearr le Buchannan a bhi creidsinn, leis na *Manicheans* o shean, gu'n robh *Matter*, mar theirear 's a' Bheurla, 'n a ghne fein, ole. Ach cha 'n e mo rùn no mo thoil a bhi toirt breth air fallaineachd no mifhallaineachd aidmheil no teagaisg Dhughail Buchannain.

Cha 'n eil mi meas gu'n leugh neach eachdraidh Dhughail Buchannain mar a sgrìobh e fein i gun fhaicinn gu soilleir gu'm bu duine e aig an robh nadur 'us buaidhean neo-chumanta, — duine a bhiodh comharraichte am measg sluaigh cia

air bith 'inbhe no 'dhreuchd no 'dhuthaich. Bho leanabaidheachd bha cor anma a' cur curam ro mhor air; bha fein-fhiosrachadh geur aige air miannan agus tograidhean laidir agus truailidh; an uair a bheireadh e srian d'a anamiannan bha fhaireachduinean craiteach thar tombais. Tha e toirt a' chunntais a leanas air staid inntinn an uair a bha e mu sheachd bliadhna dh'aois: "An sin thoisich an Tighearna air m'fhiosrachadh le seallaidhean uambasach; aislingean anns an oidheche a chuir eagal ro mhor orm. Bhruadair mi gu tric gu'n tainig latha Bhreathanais, agus gu'n robh Iosa air teachd anns na neoil a chum breth a thoirt air an t-saoghal, agus gu'n robh gach nìle shluagh air cruinneachadh fa chomhair a chathrach, agus gu'n do thearb se iad 'n an dà bhuidheann — a h-aon air a laimh dheis agus an t-aon eile air a laimh chlì; agus chunnaic mi mi fein maille ri buidheann eile air mo dhiteadh a chum losgadh siorraidh." Bha 'n sealladh so cho tric fa chomhair suil Dhughail Buchannain, 'n a chodal 's 'n a dhusgadh, agus gu'm feudar a radh gu'n robh "Latha a' Bhreitheanais" sgrìobhta air clàr inntinn o oige. Thug e e fein thairis do gach gnè peacaidh ach cha robh sith aige 'n a aingidheachd. Air uairean rachadh aige air a choguis bheo a mhuchadh; air uairean bha i mar gu'm b'ann 'n a codal; ach a nis 's a rìs dh'eigheadh i mach le guth ard, bagarrach; agus bhiodh cor an duine da rìreadh eagalach.

'S e mo bheachd gu bheil samhladh mòr, anns a chuid so d'a bheatha co-dhiu, eadar Dughall Buchannan agus dà dhuine ainmeil eile—Gall agus Sasunnach—*Burns* agus *Bunyan*. Rugadh an triuir ann an inbhe iosail — a dhà dhiu co-dhiu bho pharantan diadhuidh. Bha aig an triuir aignidhean laidir, duilich a cheannsach-

adh; agus bhaid gu leir 'n am Baird. Bha iad 'n an daoine fearail, cumhachdach, misneashail. Rugadh iad airson teagasg sluaigh. Bhuilicheadh tuigse nadurra agus buaidhean inn-tinn orra thairis air an tomhas a tha air a bhuileachadh air clann nan daoine. Tha iad gu tric air an leagadh cho iosal ris an làr le 'n anamiana do-shasuichte, agus 'n an amhghar tha iad a' deanamh boidean ath-leasachaidh airson an àm ri teachd. Tha dhà dhiu fa-dheoidh a' factainn buaidh ach cha 'n ann gun stri, gun iomadh tuisleachadh 'us tuiteam ghoirt. Tha seann aingidh ann an Dùn-breatunn a' cronachadh Dhughail Buchannain airson a theangaidh thoibheumaich. 'S e 'n tilleadh a bu mhò dhruigh air *Bunyan* a fhuair e riamh boirionnach mibheusach a' criothnachadh roinn mhionnan uamhasach. Ach tha dealachadh mor eadar ceard Bheford agus maighstir-sgoil Raineach. Is gann a fhuair *Bunyan* riamh làn-chumhachd thairis air a spiorad lasarach,—lean ni-eigin de'n t-saighdeir ris g'a chrìch. Ach tha Dughall Buchannan, g'a chradh fein a chionn gu'n do mhiannaich e dioghaltas a thoirt a mach air na daoine a chuir, le fianuis bhreige, a chairdean gu bàs airson an dilseachd do Thearlach Stiubhart.

Cha 'n eil mi meas gu'm biodh e freagarrach air aon chor a bhi coimeas Dhughail Buchannain, mar Bhard, ri Baird ainmeil dhutheannaibh eile. Chunnaic mi ann an aon leabhar *Milton* na Gaidhealtachd air a radh ri Buchannan. Sgrìobh Dughall iomadh sreath, agus rann no dhà, a bhiodh 'n an urram do *Milton* an uair a b'airde a ghleus; ach saoilidh mi gu robh Buchannan dlù air bhi cho fada air deireadh air *Milton* ann am buaidhean nadurra agus a bha e ann am foghlum agus ann am fiosrachadh. Ni mo a

choimeasar, mar Bhard, Buchannan ri *Burns*; ged bha an dithis dhaoine ann an doigh no dhà gle choltach ri cheile. Ann an clarsaich Dhughail bha teud no dhà as nach tug e fein ceol agus, a reir mo bheachd, is call mor so d'a dhuthaich gus an là diugh; ach saoilidh mi nach robh ann an clarsaich Bhuchannain a liugha teud agus a bha ann an clarsaich *Burns*, agus gur gann a bha anns na teudan a bha innte ceol cho binn. Chaill sinne mar shluagh uair 'us uair urram a bha dligheach dhuinn le cion a bhi ag agradh ar làn chòir fein; chaill sinn, ma dh' fhaodte, cliu a bhuinteadh dhuinn, ann am beachd choigreach, le bhi ag iarraidh tuillidh 's a chòir. Ma dh' iarras sinn aite-suidhe do Dhughall Buchannan le *Milton* no le *Burns*, iarraidh sinn, tha mi meas, urram air nach airidh e; agus is e 's dòcha gu faigh sinn aite is isle gu mor na bheireadh a thoillteanas dligheach a mach dha.

Ach ged nach 'eil e freagarrach a bhi 'coimeas ar Bard ri Baird dhutheannaibh eile, tha e fìor fhreagarrach a bhi 'g a choimeas ri Baird a dhutheach fein. A mach o Oisean, 's e Mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair agus Donnachadh Ban Mac-an-t-saoir, a reir barail a mhor chuid d'ar sluagh, prìomh Bhard na Gaidhealtachd. Bheir cuid an ceum-toisich do'n Domhnallach; bheir buidheann is lionnhoire, cho fad 's is aithne dhomh, an ceum-toisich do Mhac-an-t-saoir; ach ann am beachd an t-sluaigh thar cheann, 'siad so an dà Bhard Ghaidhealach is ainmeile a sheinn o linn Oisein. Tha mi meas gu'n abair roinn mhor de'n t-sluagh gur iad Rob Donn agus Dughall Buchannan an ath chaiseann. Rugadh an ceathrar Bhard so dlù air an aon àm. Bha Dughall Buchannan mu shebliadhna-deug na b'òige na Mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair, dà bhliadhna

na b'òige na Rob Donn, agus o chd bliadhna na bu shìne na Donnachadh Bàn. Mu'n bhliadhna 1750 bha'n ceathrar dhaoine so ann an treine an neirt, an corp agus an inntinn, a' seinn ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba; agus aidichear air gach lamh nach facas, o'n linn Oiseinich co-dhiu, dusgadh cho gloirmhor am measg na ceolraidh Ghaidhealaich agus a chiteadh an sin.

Ciod a b'aobhar do'n dusgadh so? Gheibhear am sonruichte ann an eachdraidh gach sluaigh a tha comharraichte o'n tìm a chaidh roimhe agus o'n tìm a thig 'na dheigh airson gluasad agus beothachadh do-ghnathaichte ann an inntinnean an t-sluaigh. 'N a leithid so de thim, tha 'n sluaigh ag eirigh, mar gu'm b'ann, os cionn an comais fein. Tha iad a' toirt dearbhadh air neart cuirp agus inntinn air nach robh fiosrachadh aca fein no aig na cinnich mu'n cuairt dhoibh roimhe sin. Tha toradh a' ghlua-aid so 'g a nochdadh fein air caochladh dhoighean. Air uairean chithear an sluaigh a' dol a mach a cheannsachadh fearainn ùra; air uairean ag eirigh airson chòraichean ùra 'n an duthaich fein; agus air uairean a faotainn a mach innleachdan ùra a chum saobhreis agus goireasan na beatha so a mheudachadh. Agus ann an lorg gach dusgadh de'n t-seorsa so gheibh sinn na Baird—fior theanganna an t-sluaigh—ag eirigh agus a' seinn le caithream agus le cumhachd nach bu ghnaths'.

Cha 'n 'eil eachdraidh rioghachd no cinneach air a' bheil eachdraidh againn anns an t-seann t-saoghal no anns an t-saoghal ùr, mar their-eir, nach toir dearbhadh soilleir air an fhirinn so. "Ma theid mise leatsa an diugh do'n bhàr, agus gu'n tuit mi, co sheinneas do chliu am maireach," arsa Iain Lòm ri Alastair Mac-Colla, latha Inbhir-lochaidh. Leth-sgeul, Iain, leth-sgeul! Cha robh, gun teagamh,

teangadh cho sgaiteach no cho binn ri d' theangaidh-sa, manntach 's mar a bha i, anns a' champ no anns a' Ghaidhealtachd an latha sin; ach cha do chuireadh blàr mor riamh nach d' fhuaradh Bard a ghleidh air chuimhne e. Cha b'ann le tuiteamas a bha Daibhidh 'n a Bhard. Cha robh atharrachadh mor a thachair anns a' Ghreig nach deach a sheinn le Baird a dh'èirich anns an ath ghinealach no anns a ghinealach sin fein. An ni ceudna anns an Roimh. Ghleidheadh na h-iunnsaidhean garg a thug na *Uelsich* air cuing nan Sasunnach a bhriseadh air chuimhne ann am Bardachd nach di-chuimhnichear. 'S ann bho na *Crusaders* a dh'èirich na *Troubadours*. Thainig na *Moors* do'n Spainnt. B'e toradh a' chogaidh fuil ùr, neart ùr, Bardachd nach cualas a leithid 's an rioghachd sin roimhe. Corr agus tri cheud bliadhna roimhe so chaidh canainean agus ealaidhean na Greige a theagasg ann an taobh-an-Iar na h-Eorpa. Tha fios againn gu leir air an toradh a thug am pòr so a mach—co-dhiu ann an tomhas. Dh'èirich rioghachdan na h-Eorpa aig an aon àm, mar gu'm b'ann as an codal. Thug cuid an aghaidh air fearainn ùra agus mar so fhuaradh a mach America. Dh'iarr agus fhuair cuid tuilleadh saorsa 'n an dachaidh fein. Thug cuid lamh air ath-leasachadh na h-Eaglais. Ann an Sasunn dh'èirich Baird nach cualas an leithidean roimhe no 'n a dheigh anns an rioghachd sin no, ma dh'fhaodte, ann an rioghachd cile. Agus mar a bha e anns an àm sin, tha e gus a nis. An diugh is e cogadh, am maireach is e creidimh, a tha dusgadh an t-sluaigh. Ach cia air bith an t-aobhar airson an cuir Alastair Mac-Colla dheth a chòta an diugh, bithidh Iain Lòm ann am maireach a sheinneas a chliu.

Ciod, ma ta, an dusgadh a thainig air Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba ann an

toiseach na linne a dh' fhalbh; agus
ciod e aite Dhughail Buchannain
am measg nan triuir Bhard a bu
chomh-aoisean dha? D. M^rK.



AN DEALACHADH GAIDH- EALACH.

LE PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

Eudar-theangaichte le MAIRI NIC EALAIR.

FOON.—“*Cuimhneachadh air d' fhurann.*”

'S glan dearrsadh na gréin',
'S geal cobhar na tuinne;
'S aotrom neòil a' snàmh
Os cionn àird' nan tulach.
'S caoin a shéideas gaoth,
Bho bhàrr fraoch a' bhruthaich;
Raineach 's itich géig',
Ri h-éibhneas gu subhach.
Tha gach ni fo'n ghréin,
Talamh 's spéur làn aighir,
'S mise 'u so leam fhéiu,
Gun mo chéile mar rium.

Bu shunntach sinn an raoir.
'S sinn aig taobh an teine;
Sùil-ri sùil làn bàigh,
'S comunn blàth 's gach cridhe.
Orain thruais 'us ghràidh,
'G an seinn àrd le binneas—
Do neach aotrom gair',
'S do 'n fhear chrionta gliocas.
Nis leam fhein ag caoidh,
'Falbh nan raon gun aighir;
Tha cho fada bhuan,
B'e mo luaidh 'bhi mar riut.

Ged sheinneas mi dàn,
Cha dean sid mo mhealladh;
'S ged a ni mi gair',
Tha mo chridh' fo smalan.
Mar ghiullan tha mi,
'Bhios gu dù ri feadail
'Dol seachad air cill,
'S e air chrith le h-eagal.
Ged 's aotromaid am fasac'
'Bhi 'seinn dhàna-mulaid,
Cha tig fùr fo bhlàth
Gun thu, 'ghràidh, na 'chuideachd.

'S bòidheach raineach uaine,
'S àillidh snuadh a' bhruthaich;
Chì mi 'n gormbhrat àrd
Troimh na neòil gu luras;
Shìos ud anns a' ghleann,
'S òrbhuidh dreach a' choirce;
An iarmailt uile làn

De reachd fais 'us toraidh.
'S ged bu pheacadh e
A bhì 'n so fo smalan.
Gura trom mo dheur,
'S gun mo chéile mar-rium.



BLAR NA CAGAILT.

UILLEAM NA BEAIRTE 'S A BHEAN.

CHA'N 'eil uair a theid mi gu m'
smaointean nach bi e 'cur iognaidh
nach beag orm a liuthad ànradh 'us
diachainn a tha daoine a' tarrainn
orra fhein le druim na simplidh-
eachd. Thug mise mi fhein ochd
bliadh'n diag cho mor fo mhaide-na-
poite, tha mi 'creidsinn, ri fear a
tharrainn spàl. Riabh bho sheachd-
ain-nam-pòg, faodaidh mi a ràdh
nach d' thug Meig 's mi fhein latha
slàn a' ruith leis an aon ghlaic.
Bho'n nach deachaidh an daol-
chridhe fhein innte—bha i cho
daobhaidh dùr. Chuir i buileach
ceann annam; ach, o, air a shon sin
is eudar dhomh 'aideach nach bu
droch bhean i na 'dòigh fhein; bha
grunndalas agus tlàths màthar innte,
's bha i na 'deagh cheann do na pàis-
dean, daonnan ag cumail iomfhuasg-
laidh riutha am biadh 's an aodach
cho fad 's a leigeadh ar cothrom
leatha. Ach, o, bha 'n fhàgail ud
fuairhte rithe—bha i fuathasach
dùr. Cha robh seol air a toileach-
adh a dh-aon dòigh no 'dhòigh eile;
agus cha robh uair a chluiminn clag
na h-eaglais a' bualadh nach cuir-
eadh e am chuimhne càran a teang-
a—a' ghlige-ghlaige, 'ghlige-ghlaige
'trod rium gun sgur. Dh' aon
fhacal deth, bhrìst i mo chridhe, 's
cha 'n ann aon uair a dh' òrdaich
mi mi fhein an uchd Abraham cian
bho iomguin an t-saoghail pheacaich
so.

Ach mar a bha mi ag ràdh, tha
feadhainn gu tric a' tarrainn chrois-
ean orra fhein le maòile. Cha ruig-
ear a leas 'innse dhòmhsa gur h-e

fear neochiontach socharach a's fhèarr a thig romh 'n t-saoghal; cha 'n è, 's drochnair, cha 'n è. Tha fios agam air sin air mo chost. Agus mar is fhaide beò mi is ann is fhèarr a tha mi 'tùrsainn mar a thuirte mo shean-ghoistidh rium, eadar fhealadhà 's a rìreamh, nach b' fhuilear do dhuine beagan de 'n donas a chumail an donais bhuaithe. Is e sin facal cho cho frinneach, ar leam, 's a chuala mi riabh. Is beag a shaoil leam 's an àm, gu'n laidheadh e cho math orm fhein, agus gu'm feumainn a chur an gnìomh; ach faighidinn bheag agus chitear mar bu dol domh fhein 's do Mheig.

Oidhche dhubh gheamhraidh a bha 'sid, is math is cuimhne leam i, togar mo cheist oirre gu bean-a'-cheannaiche dìreacha dh-aonghnothuch a throd rithe air son gràinnein de mhin-chruithneachd a cheannaich mi bhuaipe latha no 'dhà roimhe sin gu glaoth a dhianamh dhith, ach nach do thuit a mach tur cho math 's a bha dùil againn, a réir na phàidh mi oirre. Na 'n cuireadh i a comhairle rium theirinn rithe fuireach aig an tigh 's gun e 'chur eualaig oirre, nach robh ann ach luach thrì buinn-a-sia, 's nach b' fhiach e an t-saothair a bhi 'bruidhinn idir air. Ach cha b' ann diubh sin mo Mheig, cha robh cluas-éisd-eachd aice, agus, mar a thuirte mi, togar oirre, i fhein 's a cleoca sgàrlaid 's a boineid-shioda a cheannaich i ùr nobha as a' bhùth an latha sin fhein air a ceann. Ach innsidh mi an toiseach mar a bh' eadar i fhein 's mi fhein oidhche 'n àigh ud.

“Nis, a Mheig” osam fhein 's mi 'fiachainn ri aoigh a chur orm cho ciùin tlàth 's a b' urrainn domh, 's a' toirt guè thogail air mo churrae ruadh ionann's a' toirt modh dhi, “na ma fhiach leat e. Cha bu ghiamh leam air rud sa bith gu'n

gabhadh tu ort a leithid de rud cho ro fhadharsach—deannan am bialbuilg—luach dà bhonn-a-h-ochd.

Ach air m' fhalluinn, b' fhèarr dhomh gu'n robh mo theanga fo m' chrios, mu'n gann a bha am facal a mach as mo bhial, thug mo chaomh-ag togail air meadar cluasach làn de ghlaodh a bh' agam lamh rium los a chur ri eide de dhroch tharrainn a bh' agam 's a' bheairt, agus tilgear sid a bheò bhenm orm. Ach, mu'n d' thuirte an duine còir roimhe so, mu'n Fhreasdal, 's e na 'theinn 's 'a' bhaileachan bhiastail bhòstail—“Is ann na 'eisiomail a bhà sinn bho'n a thainig sinn do Chille-Chuimein,” is amhuil a thachair dhòmhsa, 'an àite m' eanchainn a spòltadh asam mar a b' ion domh dùil a bhi agam, 's ann a bhnuil am meadar thall an sgàthan 's rinn e còig ciad spealg dheth. Coma ged a theanc mo chnuac cha b' e sin do m' aodunn e, cha robh diar a bha 's a' mheadar nach do thaom orm 's an dol seachad, agus 'fhianuis air na ballaichean mur d' rinn e beuban diam. Am fear ud mir nach d' thug sid teum orm, agus mur b'e gu'm b'i mo bhean i, chuirinn car na 'h-amhuich air cho bheag athaidh 's ge bu cheare an sginnain i. Ach cha do chuir—bha mise fo mhaide-na-poite, 's bha a leithid de smachd aice orm 's nach robh de innleachd am eanchainn na chuireadh eirbheirt annam ceann a thoirt di. Chaidh mi gun mhatl sa bith, air chor's nach b' urrainn domh ni a dhianamh ach sphiachdadh mar dhallaig na 'h-aodann, 's ise 'cur dhith nan sgidealaichean sin rium cho neomhathasach 's ge bu chaileag shearbhanta mi. Uair no dhà dh' fhairich mi mo dhùirn 'g an teumadh gu pailleart a thoirt di, ach leis a' gheilt cha robh a chridhe aig 'cluais-air-còta' bid a ràdh. Marsin thog i oirre air cheann a turuis ga

m' fhàgail-sa 'm ghurach aig taobh a' ghealbhain 's mi 'dheanamh àth no mulinn de'n chùis.

"O, 'Annag," osam fhein ri m' nighinn 's i 'càramh léineige le Deòrsachan, "nach i 'bhaobh do mhathair?"

"Cha'n 'eil sinn a' léirsinn a bheag dhe 'baobhalachd," os an creut-air dona, "is geal a thoill sibh na fhuair sibh; na 'm biodh duine agamsa dhianainn an diol ciadna air, ach a chridhe 'bhi aige urad 's a chorrag a chamadh am aghaidh."

An uair a chuala mi so bho m' fhuil 'us m' fheadh fhein chaidh mi glan am bhreislich—am pàisdein sin a dh' altruim mi air mo ghlan, a b' àbhaist, an uair a bha i na 'rud crion, snidhe làmh rium aig a' bheairt, agus na h-iteachain a lionadh le ' làmhheig fhein—bha e na 'rud gle dhiachainneach. Thàinig tachdadh orm, agus fhuair mi am braon mór ud ag cur nan car dheth sìos mo leac—an ciad dhiar a a fhliuch i bho'n a bha mi 'm ghiullan casruisgte 'dol do'n sgoil. B' fhaoin cànrán a màthar seach so. Theid aig duine air cur suas le mòran bhò a mhnaoi; ach, o, cainnt ascaoin bho 'urra-chloinne ruigidh i cridhe duine mar ghàine saighde, 's cuiridh i gu fàsgadh cràiteach dhiar e. Cha do ghabh mi fearg ris a' chaileig, bha tuilleadh 's sin de dhuilgheadas orm; ach thug a' chùis mo shùilean domh, agus chunnaic mi nach robh na bhàmi 'fulang bho m' mhnaoi ach mar shnàithinn an coimeas ri ceirsle, làmh ris na bhàmi fulang 's an uair sin.

Dh' fhairtlich as glan orm cur suas ris gach car a bh'ann agus thugar air chéilidh orm air mo choimhearsnach Eobhan Mor. B' òlach ro thùrail, sìeir, Eobhan, agus b' fhear-céirde dhomh fhein e. Bha sgoil aige, agus is gann rud air nach robh fios aige, air chor's gu'n robhas

a' sealltainn air gu math os cionn chàich. Cha robh tuaireap a bhiodh 'an Teanga-gun-urrainn nach rachamaid na 'r ruith a chur ar comhairle ris; agus cha mhor nach bu cho math leinn a chomhairle ri comhairle Mhr. Fionnladh fhein. Bha e na bhrod chunntair, agus theireadh feadhainn gu'n robh e cho oileinte air a' chléit ris a' mhaighistir-sgoile. Ach coma, mar a bha mi 'g ràdh thugar ceum air chéilidh air Eobhan a chur mo chomhairle ris; ach, gonadh ormsa, ma chunnacas duine riabh cho feargach ris an uair a dh' innis mi mo dheireas dha.

"Uilleim na beirte," os esan 's e 'toirt éibh as—agus cha bu bheag e, "cha'n 'eil annad ach smear na pleothaisg — eirpleach truagh fo mhaide-na-poite. A staoin bhochd, tha thu d' chulaidh-mhagaidh 's an dùthaich, 's cha'n airidh thu air ainm duine. Fiac'h an cuala tu sin?"

"U, chuala gu math," osam fhein, 's gun mi idir ro thoilichte a leithid de dhroch fhreagairt fhaotainn ged a mhathainn rud da nach mathainn do 'n a h-uile fear, "chuala mi gach smid deth, agus gun teagamh, tha mi fad ad chomaine air son do chofhurtachd."

"Gun ghuth mór, gun droch fhacal, 'Uilleim," os esan air a mhìn shocair—chunnaic e gu'n do chuir a chainnt miothlachd orm, "na gabh gu h-òlc na thuirt mi riut, is ann a' fanaid a bhà mi. Ach, a dh-innse na firinne dhut, a charaide, tha thu 'cur suas ri aintighearnas nach bu chòir do dhuine cneasda sa bith. Nach e Breatann righeachd na saorsa? Nach 'eil mise, 's tusa, 's càch, a cheart cho saor ris an diùc ud shìos na 'chaisteal sòghail? Agus am beil còir aig duine sa bith, innis sin domh, 'Uilleim, air ainneart no aintighearnas a dhianamh air duine sa bith mar a tha do bhean a' dian-

amh ortsa? Cha chomhairlich mise dhut d' é 'nì thu, ach innsidh mi dhut mar a dhianainn fhein na 'm biodh mo bhean 's mo nighean ga m' ghiollachd air an dòigh: bhuailinn an dà chnuaic ri chéile 's chuirinn glùn orra. Am thigh fhein gu dilinn bu mhise fear-an-tighe."

B' i so comhairl' Eobhain. Shaoil mi glé réusonta i ged a dh-fhaodadh i 'bhi car duilich a chur 'an cleachdadh. "Ach co dhiù," osam fhein rium fhein, "theid mi gu m' smaointean mu'n chùis, agus co aige 'tha 'fhios na'n d' thugainn orm fhein diachainn a thoirt di, nach rachadh a' chùis leam gu tur. An uair a thill mi dhachaidh, 's e an ciad rud a rinn mi lamh a thoirt air a' bhotull, agus làn miarain a ghabhail deth a thoirt misnich dhomh 'an earalas nach biodh onagaid as ùr eadar mi fhein 's bean-an-tighe; agus cuideachd a shoilleireachadh m' inntinn—rinn a' bheairt sin domh—an nair a bheirinn greis mhor a' fighe dh' fhàsadh m' inntinn cho math ri m' cholainn car tromsanach, cadalach. 'S e 'bh ann, ma ta, gu'n do ghabh mi diaran 's gu'n d' rinn mi suidhe aig taobh an teine a' feitheamh ri Meig bho throd ris a' mhnaoi chòir eile bean-a'-cheannaiche mu'n deannan am bial builg.

Bhuail mo chaomhag a stigh le farum cabhaige. Bha 'h-aodunn cho dearg ris a' chorcan-choille, 's a h-anail na 'h-uchd, 's i buileach coltach ri te a bhiodh an deaghaidh deannal garg a thoirt le 'teangaidh. Ach cha b' ann idir smuairineach a bhà i. Is ann a bha i ' sealltuinn cho moiteil ri coileach-frangach. Le dèideg a ghoid mi eadar mi 's lias chunnaic mi gu'n do chlàd i bean-a'-cheannaiche—bean shibhealta gun ghò nach dianadh gille de Mheig air sglamhrunn. Thòisich i air spaidseireachd 's air spagluinn mu'n euchd a rinn i a' ghlas-ghuib a chur

air a' mhnaoi eile, agus bhà i cho làn as agus ged a chuireadh an rìgh iuchair a Chaisteil air a bac-stic. Bha 'chùis ag cur a leithid de thàm-aillt orm 's gu'n robh mi 'n impis a bhi air an dearg chaothach, agus thàinig teum fotham uair no dhà facal a chur a stigh, a bhuidheachas sin do'n diaran a dh' òl mi, ach mu 'n gann a bhiodh am facal thair mo bhràighe, thigeadh am meadar 's an glaadh am chuimbne, agus thilleadh iad sid agus stadadh e mar chnàmhl am amhuich. Tha mi 'deagh-chreidsinn mur b' e an creutair caileige, Annag, gu'm bithinn fhathast gun diog a ràdh, agus gu'm biodh comhairle mo ghoistidh gun bhonn-stàth dhomh. Bha ise air a lionadh cho mór le euchd a màthar agus nach fhoghnadh leatha ni no dad ach bun-sgeòil, is e sin a h-uile car mar a bh' eatarra 'chluinntinn.

"Agus," os a' chutag ri 'màthair, "an do thilg sibh oirre gu'n robh i reamhar?"

"Rinn mi sin agus iomad inisg eile," osa Meig. "Thuirt mi rithe gu'n robh i cho dèmhail ri còmhla sabhuil 's cho leathunn ri cliathaich tighe. 'S thuirt mi rithe, cha'n 'eil annad ach an trùilleach cailliche, an dallanach gun dol diat ort, thu fhein 's an sgonnaire duine sin a th' agad."

Ach cha d' fhoghainn so, cha luaithe a sguir i na chuir an stig ceist eile oirre: "Agus," os ise, "nach do thilg sibh oir gu'n robh a h-athair na spiocaire?" "Thilg mi sin fhein, a cheist," osa bean-an-tighe, "thuirt mi rithe gu'n robh a h-athair na spiocaire, leis an dubh-chrìne gu'm marcaicheadh e do Lunnainn air c' ainm-so-ì, gu'n dianadh e triubhas dheth a balgan agus armadh de 'n gheir aice."

Cha b' urrainn domh cur suas le so na b' fhaide. Dh' fhairich mi nàdur an duine na 'làn ìre ag oibr-eachadh 's an taobh-stigh dhiam, 's

thàinig ionann's teum de'n chaathach orm. Mo làmh-sa dhut gu'n robh mac-na-bracha — gun dearmad air combhairle mo ghoistidh—ri deagh-sheirbhis a nise. Ghabh mi mire-chath, 's dhùin mi mo dhùirn le neart aingealtais, 's thrus mi muileh-innean mo léine—thuit gu'n robh mo chòta dhiam 's àm, agus am prib-eadh nan sùl bha mi air mo chois bhàrr an trì-chasaich air an robh mi 'm shuidhe. Bha mi air bhall-chrith, ach cia dhiùbh 's ann le fiamh no le feirg no le buathadh na deithse, bhiodh e duilich a dhean-amh a mach. Bha confhadh namhasach orm, 's mi cho ascaoin ri famhair, 's gabhar ceithreamh no dhà de'n "Oran dhòchusach":

O, gabhaidh mi, gabhaidh mi, gabhaidh,
Gabhaidh mi 'n t-òran dòchusach.
O, gabhaidh mi, gabhaidh mi, gabhaidh,
Gabhaidh mi 'n t-òran dòchusach.

Thachair ormsa ole-an airidh,
'N latha 'chaidh mi phòsadh leat.
O, gabhaidh mi, &c.

Comhlach' ceann-ruisg' de dhubh-chaille,
'N latha chaidh mi phòsadh leat.
O, gabhaidh mi, &c.

'S cha do ghuidh i turas math dhomh,
'N latha 'chaidh mi phòsadh leat.
O, gabhaidh mi, &c.

Thuit mo bhoinneid 's a' stòp-cheatha,
'N latha chaidh mi phòsadh leat.
O, gabhaidh mi, &c.

Dhoirt a' cheanfhionn a cuid bainne,
'N latha chaidh mi phòsadh leat.
O, gabhaidh mi, &c.

Chaidh mo làir dhubh leis an abhuinn,
'N latha chaidh mi phòsadh leat.
O, gabhaidh mi, &c.

Loisg iad mo thigh-mòr 's mo shabhal,
'N latha chaidh mi phòsadh leat.
O, gabhaidh mi, &c.

'Chac na cearcan air mo chlaidheamh,
'N latha chaidh mi phòsadh leat.
O, gabhaidh mi, &c.

'S dh'fhaodainn s' fhaicinn nach bu rath e,
'N latha chaidh mi phòsadh leat.
O, gabhaidh mi, &c.

"Agus," osam fhein, "thilg thu inisgean mar sin air a' bhoirionnach chòir, cheanalta. O, 'Mheig, a Mheig, nach 'eil nàir ort romhad fhein?"

Dhianadh e feum do d' chridhe fhaicinn mar a spliac i 'm aodunn. Chaidh i car na 'breathal, agus sheall dh'fhiach am bu mhi fhein no mo riochd a bh' aice. Ach cha d' thàinig ach balbhadh air a droch-nàdur; bhrùchd e mach na 'bhuid-ealaich mar thein-aighir air latha-breth an oighre, agus chunnaic mi nach robh agam ach cruadhachadh ris no bli 'm chluid-chas gu bràch aice.

"An robh d' athair ag cromadh air a' bhotull?" os ise ri 'h-ighinn, "tha e mar gu'n biodh an daorach air."

"Dh' òl e làn na cuaiche tiota beag mu'n d' thàinig sibh a stigh," os an droch isein. Mu'n gann a bhruidh-inn i chas Meig rium cho neimheil ri cat-fiadhaich, 's thug i pailleart 's an leth-cheann domh, 's leag i air mo dhruim-dìreach mi air teis-meadhon an ùrlair. An uair a chunnaic mi an ìre gus an d' thàinig gnothuichean thug mi gu soilleir nach robh ann domh ach gabhail air m' aghart, gun dòchuimhn' dheanamh air combhairle Eobhain mhòir, no air mar a thuirr mo ghoistidh còir e nach b' fhuil-ear do dhuine sgealb de 'n donus, fhéin fhéin gus an teicheadh a chur air. Mar sin thrus mi na bh' agam fhein de mhisnich agus na thug a' chuach dhomh, agus gabhar na 'dàil, agus thugar dhi deannal nach d' fhaair bean eile, roimhe no na 'dheaghaidh, a leithid. A dh-aon fhaical deth, thachair a seise oirre, agus ghlaodh i air ghaol an iochd, "cobhair;" ach so cha dianainn gus an do gheall i, gu'n tugadh i, anns an ùine ri tighinn, meas duine dhomh, agus gu'm biodh i umhailte dhomh anns gach nì mar a thigeadh do mhnaoi-phòsta.

Mu'n gann a rinn sinn an réit — mi fhein agus Meig, co a bhnaid a stigh ach mo ghoistidh. An uair a chunnaic e Meig ag caoine agus Uilleam-na beairte cho frithearra, bhnaid e bhasan agus cha b' ioghnadh dha.

“Uilleim,” os esan, “an è gu'm bheil thu d' mhaighistir ad thigh fhein!”

“Cha'n 'eil teagamh air,” osam fhein ri m' ghoistidh, 's rinn e crathadh-làmh rium air son a bhì cho smearail, agus cho math 's a dh' éirich leam.

Bha gach gnothuch gu math fhathast. Phàidh mi le riadh na bha mi 'n ainfheach mo mhnatha, agus thug mi gu staid i; ach bha na pàisdean agam a nis ri thoirt gu'm faireachdainn, agus ri fhìachainn daibh gu'm bu mhi am maighistir cho math ri maighistir am am màthar. Na bròin, bha mo chridhe goirt air an son, cha d' fhuair iad taghadh an oilein, air chor 's gu'n robh iad a cheart cho suarach umam ri fear de na gillean a bh' agam ag ionnsachadh. Is e 'bh' air ma ta, gu'n d' thug mi tarrainn air sgiùrs de leathair tairbh 's a mheoir cruaidhichte 's an teine—gu leasan a thoirt daibh—agus ghabh mi do Annaig mu'n amhuich e gus an robh i 's a' sgrìachail agam. Chuir eadh e truas air duine a faicinn a' leum feadh an ùrlair, agus a' ruith g' a dion gu 'màthair. Ach tuille cha robh cobhair ri 'factainn 's a' chearnaidh sin; agus 's e bh' ann gu'm bu bhuidhe leatha dol air a dà ghlùn a dh-iarraidh mathanas orm ag gealltainn i fhein a ghlùlan 's an uine ri tighinn mar bu chuibhe do nighean a h-athar.

'S a' cheart 'am so co bhuaill a stigh ach Deorsachan 's e's a' ghal ag iarraidh buntàt-fhuair. Cha robh fios aige air nì de na thachair, agus gu teagamh bha duil aige amadan a dhianamh dhe 'athair mar a b'

àbhaist da riabh bho'n a dh'fhlag e a' chreathal. Chunnaic mi gu'm b' e nis an t-àm air an droch-nàdur a chartadh as; 's thug mi tarrainn air fear nan trì miar, 's thug mi ceum a null gu greim a dhianamh air, agus dìol chàich a thoirt as. Sheall e mar gu'm biodh gnè 'shanus aige air na bha 'tighinn agus ruithear a null gu 'mhàthair 's i na cruban thall an oisinn a' tiormachadh a sul le 'h-apan stiallach fhein. Leis an eagal ghramaich am balchan ri 'crios, ach cha do theann i ri làmh-chuideachaidh a thoirt dà, chuir mi a leithid de dh-fhianh oirre. Mar sin spìon mi bhuaipe e 's chuir mi air mo ghlùn e 's dhéis 'us dhéis mi e an làthair a mhàthar, a pheathar, agus mo ghoistidh.

Sin mar a fhuair mise, a thug ochd bliadhna-diag fomaide-na-poite, an làmh-an-uachdar, agus fear sa bith air am beil a bhean na 'maidemullaich mar a bha mo Mheig ormsa, b' i mo chomhairle dha diachainn a thoirt do'n chleas chiadna, 's cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam nach éirich leis. Bhiodh Eobhan Mór an còmhuidh ag ràdh gu'm bu còir do dhuine a bhriogais fhein a chaith-eamh; agus is urrainn domh a 'chòmhdach, bho'n is ann agam 'tha 'fhìos, nach 'eil facal na's fhìrinniche ann an Leabhar Mhìc-au-Tòisich. Cha 'n e air a shon sin nach do theann Meig uair 's uair ri 'seann-àbhaistean ath-nuadhachadh, ach sheas mi gu fearail làrach nam bonn gus mo dheireadh an do leig i 'n cabar air an t-slinnein, agus an diugh tha i na 'mnaoi cho umhailte 's a th' eadar so 's Glaschu. Thainig atharrachadh uamhasach air an dà phàisdé cuideachd; tha iad na 'n cloinn cho dleasnach 's is ion dùil a bhì ris's an t-saoghal a th' ann. Air an aobhar sin, leanadh daoine—biodh iad còir no simplidh, mo dhòigh-sa, agus, mu 'n d' thuirt mo ghoist-

idh e, cha chluinnear guth tuille air
a bhì “fo mhaide-na-poite.”

Eud. le GREANNAN.

—o—

SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE.

COMHRAG AJAX AGUS HECTOIR.

Bho'n Ghrèugais.

Le EOBHAN MACLACHAINN.

VII DUAN.

Labhair e, 's le cuimse chòrr
Shaighd e fad-shleagh mhòr m'a thuairms';
Mòr-sgiath Ajax bhuaill an gath,
Shàsaich a chalg-sgath gu cruaidh
'An seachdamh filleadh na sgéith,
Ball-dìon an tréunair neo-thais,
Sgiath nan seachd-breith cheise bò
B'e 'h-ochdamh filleadh còmhach pràis.
Ajax uasal thilg sleagh chòrr
Air targaid chònard an laoi ch thréin;
Shiubhail an gath cuilg le maoin,
'S thorchair grad ro' loinn na sgéith;
'N a ghrinn chneasa-leine ghabh sàs;
Mu'n t-seang à h-èarrlainn gu'n réub;
Dìreach mu'n loch-léin bha'n dàil;
Ach dh' aom an Sàr o'n du'-éig.
'N sin le sleaghan fad na'n dèrn
Dhlùth an dìthis mhòr gu gleachd,
Mar leòmhain ri feblach dian,
No tuire fhiadhaich a's garg neart.
Copan sgiath Ajax gu'n 'bhuaill
Mac Phrian gu cruaidh le sleagh;
Cha do dhìong i air a' phrais
Lùb a bàr air ais gun bhlagh.
Ach Ajax le sitheadh-léum,
Bhuaill béum air targaid an t-saoidh
A theab a dìong, a's a chuir casg
Air astar 's e 'teachd le maoin:
Thuit am buille tróm gu géur
Le béud air mullach à chnuaic',
Ghrad sput an fhuil na 'dui 'léum
O'n chréuchd anns na spéura suas!
Ach sid cha d' thug air an tréun
Snaoidheadh o théuchd a' chath;
Chéum e air 'ais air an fhonn
'S togar clach bharr òm an t-srath;
Clach chreimneach, mhòr, dhu-chair
Do ghlac an clìar 'nà laimh chruaidh;
Tilgear, is buailear an sgiath
Aig Ajax, mu chioch a cuairt,
(An sgiath mhòr a bh' iar a dhòn
Le seachd fillt' de leathar bhua.)
Sgaoil am buille feadh na faich
Trom-ghlìongar na prais le fuaim.
Ach togar Ajax clach ro-mhòr
Is caithear air-s' an dòirneag thàrom,
Buailear le srann-bhuille gharg,
Is bruanar à thargaid 'na pronn.

Chìurr i 'ghlùinean, 's shùneadh sìos
E, leantuinn r'a sgiath, air làr
Ach thog Apollo an sonn
Is chuir air à bhonn gun dàil.
'N sin, dèrn ri dèrn le luinn ghéur
Theannadh iad ri chéile leòn
Mur tigheadh eatorra na maoir
Teachdairean fòs dhaoine 's Iòbh,
Talthibius o shluagh na Gréig,
Luchd nan léintean pràisich trom,
'S o fineachd na 'Tròì Idaéus còir,
Dithis fhear bu sheòlta conn.
Shin gach fear dhiubh so à cholbh
A dh'eadraiginn colg nan sonn.
Idaéus thuir briathra 'n tùs,
(Èòlas nan cùirtear 'nà cheann)
“A chlann ghaoil, na h-imribh cath
No còmhrag nan gath 's an àm s';
Is ionmhunn, a laoi ch, sibh faraon
Do'n dia 'cho-aomas na neòil;
Fìor ghùineach ur càil 's an stréup,
Mar dhuinne gu léir is eòl:
'S i 'n oiche nis i; is nì
Math e a bhì strìochd do'n oich'.”
“Aithn do Hector sin a ràdh
Idaéus,” ors Ajax saoidh,
“Chionn 's esa 'ghairm chun na stri
Gach fear bu mhileanta de'r slògh;
Tionnsgnadh e, 's ma nì e strìochd
Strìochdamsa 's gach nì dhuibh fòs.”
Fhreagair an sin Hector mòr,
Teannaiche nan comhrag dian,
“Ajax, 'bhrìgh gu'n 'bhuilich Iòbh
Ortsa mòrachd, neart, is ciall,
'S tù a's fèarr a dh' iomaireas gath
Measg fathana na Gréig gu tur;
Gidheadh, de'n chath is de'n streup
Fosamaid le chéile 'n diugh.
'An déigh so, cathaidh sinn le spàirn
Gus an sgar an Dàn sinn uaith;
Gus an lann sin as à chéil'
No le fear gu'n éirich buaidh;
'Si 'n oiche nis i; is nì
Math e a bhì strìochd do'n oich':
Chum's gu'n aoibhnich thus' le d' làth'r
Na Gréugaich, 'an sgàth nan long,
'S air do chàirdean 's do luchd gaoil
Gu'n togadh tu faoil't is fonn:
Ach mise, feadh cathair mhòr
Rìgh Priam nan còrr-bheairt àidh
Gu'n aoibhneam na Tròidhich ùr,
'S ban-Tròidhich nan stiùir-phaill àill,
A theid, le 'n dùrachd, á m' leth,
Gu h' ùmhal do thigh nan dia,
A ghuidhe dhomh buaidh nam blàr,
'S ath-thilleadh sàbhailt gu 'm miann
Ach so, ar n-arna mòr-bhù
Tìodhlaic' mar air tùs d' à chéil',
Mar so gu'n abair fadheòigh
Fear de shìol Throì 's na Gréig:
Tre fharmad chòmhraig na sàir
'Nàn inntinn 'gàn canàm gu géur,

Ach dhealaich 'rist na suinn 'nan càird
 Iar deansmh an àird na réit.'"
 Mar so 'nuair labhair am fiath
 Thug e seach ù chlaidheamh cruaidh
 (Còaip airgid duallte m' à dhos)
 Is ma 'ris grunn-chrios is truaid:
 'Thug Ajax dhàsan crios loinn
 'Ghabh 'fhaoileas o dhath na Fèinn.
 Dh'alaich iad;— ghabh fear gu réith
 'Fur' robh slugh na Greige cruinn
 'M fear eile gu feachd na 'Tìdidh',
 'Fu mhòr sòlas agus sunnd
 'Nuair, chunnaic iad e beò gun bhéud
 O neart 's lùbhachd' Ajax lùth.
 Threbraich iad do'n bhaile 'n tréun
 Do'n d' thug iad géill e 'bhi slàn,
 Thug Gréugaich nan sàr chas-behrt
 Ajax leò as-teach gun dàil
 Gu Agamemnon an rìgh
 'S e aigneach do bhrìgh buaidh.
 Rì linn doibh a bhi 'na bhàth,
 Thug am Prìnn's ma'n-ear gu luath
 Iobairt a chur dhoibh air dòigh
 Do'n dia ro-thréun Crònos aosd': &c.

—o—

LITIR.

A GAIDHEAL RUNAICH.—A chion
 rud is fearr no is freagarraiche, an
 gabh thu ris an fhearas-bheoil a
 leanas? Is e do charaid Iain Mac-
 illebhain a chuir r' a cheile na
 briathran, agus eaidh an liubhairt
 do Chomunn Gaidhealach Ghlaschu
 aig an ciad choinnimh mar Chom-
 unn Fein-oileanachaidh, toiseach a'
 Gheamhraidh an uiridh. Thuir e
 fein, aig an àm nach robh e idir
 cho ullamh, le cion uine agus cion
 cothrom, gu a smuaintean a chur
 am briathran, agus a bhriathran a
 chur an ealpadh a cheile, 's a bu
 mhaith leis—agus tha mi a' làn
 chreidsinn sin—coma-co-dhiubh, fag-
 aidh mise an sgrìobhadh agad fein,
 agus caith no caomhain e. Ma
 chuireas tu an sgrìoball a' Ghaidheil
 e, agus gu 'm bi Macil'ebhain diom-
 bach riut, fag a' choire air do charaid
 dileas.

MAC-MEARCUI.

An Fheill-Eathain, 1876.

FEIN-OILEAN.

LE IAIN MACILLEBHAIN.

THA beachd agam air iomradh a
 chluinntinn mu mhinistear Gaidh-
 ealach a bha uair a' cuideachadh
 ministear eile aig comunnachadh.
 Air a shlighe dhachaidh as an sgrì-
 eachd anns an robh e gu a sgìreachd
 fein-bha aige ri dol thar aisig. An
 àm dol thairis anns a' bhàta, ars'
 esan ri fear an aisig, "Thusa a tha
 ag aiseag na h-urad de mhuinntir na
 sgìreachd, is cinnteach gu 'n cuala tu
 iad a' comhradh an am dol thairis
 mu na searmoinean a chuala iad re
 na seachdain a chaidh seachad. An
 do mhòthaich thu ciod a' bharail a
 bha aca air mo shearmoinean-sa?"
 "Ma ta, a mhinistear choir, a dh-
 innseadh na firinn duibh, cha robh
 ach barail gle mheadhonach—barail
 bhòchd." "Is iongantach leam sin,"
 ars' am ministear, "agus gu'n d'
 fhuir mi fein ùr, nobha, á Dun-
 eideann iad!" Is mor m' eagal
 nach bi ur barail-sa air an t-searmoin
 agamsa ach gle shuarach; cha d'
 fhuir mi á Duneideann i, agus cha
 mhò is urrainn domh a radh gu
 bheil i ùr no annasach. Na 'n cuir-
 eadh e a' bheag rithe ann an snas no
 ann an cumhachd a radh gu 'n robh
 i ùr anns an t-seadh so—gu'n deach-
 aidh a cur an ordugh an taobh a
 stigh de dha no trì laithean, theirinn
 e; ach is eagal leam gur ann a bhiodh
 aithris air a h-ùiread anns an rathad
 so a' cur an ceill duibh roimh laimh
 nach bu dùth dhi gu 'm b' fhiach i
 moran, ma chaidh a cur r' a cheile
 'n a leithid a chabhaig. Ach, an
 deigh a' h-uile rud a th' ann, is e so
 an t-aon seadh anns am faod mi a
 radh gu bheil i ùr. Cha 'n 'eil an
 steidh ùr, agus cha mhò tha an
 teagasg no na comhairlean ùr.
 Faodar a radh umpa mar thuir a'
 chailleach eile a mu 'n mhinistear

ùr, a' chiad latha 'chual i e, agus suil aice ri rud-eigin annasach uaith, "Fhalbh, fhalbh, cha robh aige ach seana chaibideal ann an leabhar Iob a chuala mi o chionn leth-chiad bliadhna!" Tha mi a' cur romham dìreach paidirein a dheanamh mar a b' abhaist duinn an uair a bha sinn og, a' ruith nu na bruthaichean; agus cha 'n 'eil mi ag iarraidh de dh-urram no de chliu anns a' chuis, ach gu 'n do thrus mi na flùrain aillidh, agus gu 'n do cheangail mi iad air sreing. Is le daoine eile na teagasgan agus na comhairlean—gheobhadh aon air bith le beagan rannsachaidh no smuaineachaidh a mach iad air a shon fein—cha do rinn mise ach an tional mar a b' fhearr a dh' fhaod mi anns an uine ghoirid a bha agam, agus an cur comhladh gun mhoran ceartachaidh no orduigh; cha leamsa ach "an gad air an robh an t-iasg."

Tha iad ag radh gu bheil e iomadh uair na 's duilgheadh do mbinistear amas air ceann-teagaisg a chordas ris fein na tha e dha an t-searmoin a chur r'a cheile an deigh dha amas air; ach bha an da chuid duilich dhomhsa. Cha robh fios ceart agam ciod mu 'm bruidhninn agus cha robh fios agam ciod a theirinn an deigh domh amas air ceann-teagaisg; cha 'n 'eil mi am fhear-labhairt deas-chainnteach aig àm sam bith.

Bha amadan aon uair a' dol a sgrìobhadh leabhair, na'm b' fhior e fein, agus thuirt e mar so, "An uair a chuireas mi sìos a' h-uile ni air a bheil fhios agam, agus a' h-uile ni air nach 'eil fhios agam, ni mi leabhar mor." Cha 'n 'eil mo mhiannsa an drast cho farsaing ri sin; ma theid agam air beagan de na 's aithne dhomh agus beagan de na dh' innis daoine eile dhomh a chur mu'r coinnein thà mi an dochas gu 'm bi sibh toilichte ged leigeas mi tamh do na nithean sin air nach 'eil fhios agam.

Smaointich mi nach biodh e as an rathad dhuinn, no air chor sam bith mi-fhreagarrach, na'n seallamaid car uine gaoidid air a' cheist, Ciod a chuir a' so sinn? ciod a tha sinn a' cur romhainn a dheanamh an so bho sheachdain gu seachdain? ciod a' bhuannachd ris a bheil suil againn le bhì a' cruinneachadh bho àm gu àm?

Ciod, ma ta, an rùn a tha againn 's an amharc ann an cruinneachadh an so mar chomunn? Ri linn ar n-oige, agus ann an tomhas mor gus an latha 'n diugh bha agus tha e 'n a chleachdamh ag ar luchd-duthcha anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, an deigh dhaibh obair an latha chur seachad, a bhì a' cruinneachadh an tighean a cheile—mar theireadh iad "air chéilidh"—gus na feasgair fhada Gheamhraidh a chur thairis ann an comhradh, aon an innseadh sgeulachdan, cur a mach thoinmhseachan, ag aithris bardachd, a' seinn oran binn, boidheach, agus ann am fearas-chuideachd neo-lochdach de gach seorsa. Thar leam nach 'eil sinne ach mar gu'm b' eadh a' cur a' cheart chleachdaidh sin air aghaidh air mhodh eadar-dhealaichte, no, mar gu 'n abramaid, ann an doigh Ghallda. Cha 'n 'eil na bailte-mora freagarrach air son ceilidh nan tigh-ean, tha sinn, uime sin, a' cur romhainn tighinn comhladh an so, a dh-aon aite air a bheil sinn uile eolach, aon uair 's an t-seachdain, chum comhradh taitneach agus tarbhach a bhì againn ri cheile; chum le gach aon a bhì 'toirt a lathair gach ni a mheasas e bhì chum math a choinh-earsnaich, agus, leis gach aon againn a bhì a' cur ar n-oidheirpean comhladh gu cach a cheile 'chuideachadh, gu 'n toir sinn misneach agus togail d' a cheile anns an nì sin a bu choir a bhì aig gach aon againn mar a run sonraichte—is e sin, a bhì a' cur an farsaingeachd ar cuid eolais, agus

'gar togail fein suas gu inbh is airde ann am foghlaim agus ann am freagarrachd air son ge b' e aite anns an t-ait ar crannchur 's an t-saoghal. Is e so ar dleasnas; is e so ar ghlòsas.

Tha doigh no dha anns am faod an leithide so de choinneamhan a bhì ro thaitneach agus ro bhuannachdar dhuinn; ainmichidh mi cuid dhubh.

An toiseach, ma ta, thar leam gu bheil aon mhathas air an leithide so de choinneamhan, agus is e sin, gu 'm faigh sinn eolas air a cheile. Cha nì beag so idir; is gann a tha eolas ann is feumaile do dhuine na eolas air a cho-dhaoine. Is ann le tighinn 'n am measg; le comhradh riutha; le suil gheur a chumail air gluasadan diomhair a chridhe fein agus air cleachdainnean dhaoine eile; le beachdachaidh agus co-choimeas a a dheanamh air na naduir fa-leth a thachras air, a gheobh duine an t-eolas sin a nì freagarrach e air son buntainn r'a cho-dhaoine anns an t-saoghal, aon chuid mar fhear-teagaisg, mar mhaighstir, mar cho-oibriche no mar sheirbhiseach. Tha eolas ann a gheobh duine le e fein a ghlasadh suas mar mhanach ann an seomair le 'leabhar; ach biodh solus an duine so cho farsaing 's a dh' fhaodas e air nithean coitcheinn, cha 'n 'eil ann duine is neo-fhreagarraiche gu daoine eile a stiuradh agus am faireachdainnean a thuigsinn na am fear sin a chubas suas e fein, agus aig nach 'eil cothrom air tighinn an caraibh dhaoine eile chum foghlum air an cor, an staid, an doilghiosan agus an aoibhneas fhaighinn uapa fein agus o bheachdachadh air an nadur agus an suidheachadh mar tha e ri dhioghlam bho choluadar cairdeil agus caidreach riutha fein.

Tha fathast seol eile anns am faod an t-eolas so air a cheile bhì ro-bhuannachdar do dhaoine oga, agus

gu sonraichte do mhuinntir og an deigh tighinn bhar na duthcha, Le bhì frithealadh air an leithide so de choinneamhan tha cairdeis iomadh uair air an deanamh suas a mhaireas gu àm bàis. Nach iomadh gille og, Gaidhealach a mheasadh e 'n a shochair mhoir na 'm biodh fhios aige c' aite an tachradh e air oganaich eile a bha aon uair mar tha e fein, 'n an coigrich anns a' bhaile-mhor gun fhios ciod an taobh a thionndadh iad. Bheireadh e nì air bith air son ionaid anns am faigheadh e cothrom air eolas a chur air oganaich mheasail, stuama, ghlic a mhuinntir a dhuthcha a sheoladh e agus a bheireadh cuideachadh dha gu a rathad a dheanamh am measg bhuair-easan ioma-fillte a' bhaile-mhoir—àite anns am faodadh e oidheche chur thairis air cheilidh le 'luchd-duthcha agus anns am faigheadh e cothrom agus cuideachadh ann a bhì 'cur am meud agus am farsaingeachd a chuid eolais air nithean an t-saoghail, agus gach gne fhoghlum a bhios feumail dha 'n a shlighe troimh 'n fhasaich.

Is e an darna nì a dh' ainmaichinn anns a bheil na comuinn so buannachdar, gu bheil iad 'n am meadhan chum ar treorachadh gu buil mhath a dheanamh d' ar n-uine. Is gnothach cinnteach e gu bheil ar n-uine 'ruith seachad gu bras, (agus tha e mar an ceudna fìor mu mhoran againne gu bheil gle bheag againn ri sheachnadh di an deigh ar n-obair latha) ach tha e cheart cho fìor gu'n ruith an uine seachad co dhiubh a bhuilicheas no a mhi-bhuilicheas sinn i—co dhiubh tha sinn ag obair, no a' cluich, no diomhanach. Tha e, uime sin, ro fheumail gu 'n deanamaid a' bhuil cheart d' ar n-uine, biodh i goirid no fada. Cia minig tha sinn a' caitheamh na h-uine sin ann am faoineis, no ann an diomhanas, no ann an ana-measarrachd agus ann an lundaireachd, a

bu choir a bhi air a caitheamh ann an meudachadh ar n-eolais no ann an ruigsinn air ni-eigin a bhiodh feumail dhuinn ann ar caithe-beatha anns an t-saoghal. Tha Donnachadh Ban ag radh—

“Sguir mi bhi ga m’ phianadh o ’n thug mi ’n aire
Gur e ’n duine diomhain is fhaide mhair-eas,”

agus ann an aon seadh tha sin fìor, ach ann an gnathachadh ar n-uine, cha ’n ann mar sin a thachras—is e an duine sin is fhaide mhair-eas, an ti a ni buil mhath d’ a uine, ge b’ e air bith cho og ’s a thig am bàs air.

Anns na coinneamhan so tha cuspairean freagarrach air an cur f’ar combhair a chum ’s gu ’n leag-amaid ar n-inntinnean riutha, agus tha sinn, uime sin, air ar cumail bho sheacharan gun fhios againn ciod air am beachdaicheamaid.

Is e an treas nì a dh’ ainmaichinn gu bheil na coinneamhan so a’ togail annainn deigh air leughadh. Mar dh’ eireas gnothaichean suas ann an cursa ar rannsachaidh mu ’m feum sinn barail a thoirt, tha sinn air ar co-eigneachadh gu dol a dh-ionnsaidh nan tobraichean sin anns am faigh sinn an t-eolas a tha feumail agus freagarrach.

Theirinn anns a’ cheathramh aite gu bheil iad feumail a chum ar comasan-inntinn a gheurachadh agus a chur am farsaingeachd. Tha cuspairean ùr bho àm gu àm air an cur ’n ar lathair—tha, mar gu ’m b’ eadh, saoghal ùr a’ fosgladh suas dhuinn—nithean air nach do bhreathnaich sinn riabh; agus tha, mar so, togradh air a dhusgadh suas gu ruigsinn air tuilleadh agus tuilleadh eolais, agus tha ar n-inntinnean a’ dol am farsaingeachd, agus o latha gu latha a’ fas na’s comasaiche air buintinn ris na nithean oirdhearc agus maiseach, tarbhach agus buann-

achdar a tha air an toirt f’ ar combhair ann an cursa ar leughaidh agus ar còmhraidh ann an co-cheangal ris na coinneamhan so.

A bharr air so uile, anns na comuinn so tha gach aon ’n a fhear teagaisg agus ’n a fhoghlumaiche uair mu seach—“Beathaich thusa mise ’n diugh, agus beathaichidh mise thusa am maireach.” Tha mar gn’ m b’ ann a’ h-uile fear a’ toirt latha treabhaidh d’ a choimhearsnach, agus a’ cur na h-oibre air a h-aghaidh gu h-aonsgeulach, grinn.

A rithist, leis gu bheil aig gach neach ri ’sgeul fhein innseadh agus ri a bharrail a thoirt air sgeul a choimhearsnaich agus sin anns a’ chainnt is freagarraiche agus is snas-mhoire is urrainn da, tha ar comas-labhaist air a leasachadh gu mor; tha sinn a’ fàs ann am misneich—cha ’n ’eil sgath oirnn ar guth a leigeil a mach. Ged a tha an comas so iomadh uair nadurra ann an cuid a dhaoine, cha ’n ’eil e ann an coitcheonnas ri ruigheachd air ach le sior chleachdainn.

Anns an deasboireachd a tha suil againn a bhios a’ dol air a h-aghaidh an so bho àm gu àm, anns an gabh aon fhear an darna taobh agus fear eile an taobh eile de cheist sa bith mu ’m faod dà bharrail a bhi aig muinntir, tha sinn a faotainn oilein fìor fheumail ann an comas air com-annada agus riaghailt a chumail air braisead ar naduir. Agus, mar Ghaidheal aidichidh mi e, cha ’n ’eil nì ann is feumaile do m’ luchd-duthecha no is mò anns a bheil iad a’ teachd gearr na anns a’ cheart nì so. Co dhiubh is e gu bheil an fhuil aca na ’s teotha na an fhuil aig daoine eile, no ciod air bith is aobhar dha, cha ’n ’eil daoine ann is fuathaiche air, agus is miosa ghabhas e, an uair a theid cur ’n an aghaidh ann am briathar no ann an gnìomh, na na Gaidheil. Cuireadh neach ann an

ag barail a' chuid is mò de Ghaidheil, agus ann an tiota lasaidh iad suas ann an corruich, agus measaidh iad seanchus an neach sin mar thamailt dhaibh fein. Tha moran feum againn air foighidinn. Tha sinn gle ealamh gu a radh, "Tha da thaobh air Maol-Chinntire," ach cha 'n 'eil a bheag againn cho deas gu aideachadh gu bheil iomadh doigh ann gu amharc air cuisean, agus gu 'm faod aon duine ni 'fhaicinn ann air solus gu tur eadar-dhealaichte bhò 'n chruth anns am faic duine eile e. Bidh a' bhraisead so, ma ta, air a cur air sréin agus air a cumail fo smachd anns an ionad so. Am fear a chailleas comanda agus ceannsal air a nadur, caillidh e an latha. Bidh "cothram na Feinne" aig gach neach, agus cha 'n fhaod guth mor no droch fhacal a bhì air a chluinntinn 'n ar measg. Cuiridh a h-uile fear an ceill a bharrail gu pongail, gun umhail gu 'm faod iomadh aon a bhì a lathair aig a bheil, ma dh' fhaodteadh, beachdan calg-dhireach an aghaidh a bheachdan-san. An aite bhì 'cur *churaidhean* an aghaidh a cheile mar a b' abhaist d' ar sinsre, cuiridh sinne ar *beachdan fu-leth* an aghaidh a cheile, agus chi sinn co beachd is airidh air gabhail ris—biodh ar barailean a' cur as d' a cheile am feadh a bhios ar gaisgich a' glacadh lamhan a cheile gu cairdeil mar nach biodh ach aon bheachd 'n ar measg gu leir. An aite a' h-uile fear a bhì a' strith agus a' guidhe air son buaidh *dha fhein*, agus a' seinn gu caithreamach agus gu h-uailleil an uair a bhios an cath thairis—

"Hi rim bo rò, hò ro leatha,
Chaidh an latha le Clann-Domhnuill,"

biodhmaid a' guidhe gu 'n teid an latha leis an *fhèrrinn*, agus biodh Clann-Domhnuill far an togair iad.

Bha na Gaidheil riabh ainmeil air

son an gaisge agus cha do thill iad riabh as an strith gun urram. Bha iad duineil a sheasamh an còirichean; a thoirt a mach tòrachd air son an tamailtean, no a chogadh as leth an uachdran agus as leth a' cheartais. Choisinn iad onair anns gach teugbhoil, agus is coir dluinne an ceum-annan a leantainn ann an àrfaich na beatha. Ged nach tarraing sinn claidheamh tha cath againn r'a chur cho math riuthasan; agus ged nach buidhinn sinn caisteal-daingnich no nach toir sinn leirsgrìos air baile, tha e mar fhiachaibh oirnn an cogadh sìochail, neo-fhuilteach anns a bheil sinn a' gabhail cuid a ghiulan air aghaidh le suil ri buaidh, a' cuimhneachadh briathran an duine ghlic — "Is fearr an ti tha mall chum feirge na gaisgeach; agus an ti a riaghlas a spiorad fein na esau a ghlacas ard-bhaile."



SOP AS GACH SEID.

Iarr ni's lugha na tha agad agus bithidh barrachd agad an combnuidh na dh' iarras tu.

Tha gach cumhachd a' sruthadh o réusan, agus tha e cinnteach gu'n cail e a neart anns a' cheart tomhas anns an claon e air falbh o'n bhun as an d' thàinig e.

Feudaidh tu foghar tàrbhach eòlais a thion-aladh trid leabraichean a leughadh, ach cùmhnich gur e a bhì 'sinuaineacha dh' a' ghuit-fhasganaidh.

Is amaideach giulan an duine sin a thuiteas gu grad ann am feirg.

Cha'n 'eil duine sam bith curamach agus faiceallach mu'n ùine aige, nach 'eil faiceallach agus cùramach mu'n chonaltradh a tha e' cumail.

Dean suas do bharrail mu thimchioll duine o na buaidhean inntinn aige, agus cha'n ann o'n earradh leis am bheil e air a sgeudachadh.

Is searbh an obair a bhì diomhain. Cha'n 'eil ni sam bith ann a dh' fhàgas duine ann staid' nis' truaighe na bhì diomhain. Cha'n 'eil aobhar truais ann a ta nis' mò na daoine aig am bheil ùine 'nan laimh fein, agus gu'n a bhì 'faicinn car aca r'a dheanamb.

AULD LANG SYNE

Air eadar-theangachadh.

I.

NA LAITHEAN CIAN.

'N coir seann luchd eoluis dol air chùil
'S gu'n tigh'n gu bràth gu cuimhn' ?
'N coir seann luchd-eolais dol air chùil,
'S na laithean' bh' ann 'o chian ?

*Luinneag—**

Air sgàth nan laithean cian ghraidh,
Air sgàth nan laithean cian ;
Gu'n gabh sinn cupan cairdeil,
Air sgàth nan laithean cian.

Bh' i trusadh neoinean feadh nam bruach
B'e sud aon uair ar miann,
Ach's iomadh a' seinn ar cuimhn' sinn,
O laithean bh' ann o chian.

Bha sinn araon a' chluic' 's na h-uillt,
Gu oidhch o 'n chi a' ghrian,
Ach bheuchd na cuaintean eadarainn,
O I ithean 'bh'ann o chian.

Sin dhut mo lamh-sa a charaid chaoimh
'S thoir d'omhs' do lamh gu ghiamh
'S gu'n gabh sinn tarraim fhialuidh,
Air sgàth nan laithean cion.

'S co cinnteach 's a bhios tusa stòp,
Bidh m' fhear-sa air bord le m' mhiann,
Is gheibh sinn cupan cairdeil,
Air sgàth na laithean cian.

D. STEUARD.

II.

AN TIM A BH'ANN O SHEAN.

An t-eolas sin a fhuair sinn òg,
An coir a chuir air dì-chuimhne ?
'N n leig sinn dhinn ar comunn graidh ?
'S na laithean 'bh' ann o chianaibh.
Air son na tim a bh'ann, o shean
Air son na tim o chian ;
Gu'n òl sinn cuach de mhaic-na-brach,
Air son na tim o chian.

Gur tric a ruith sinn feadh nam bruach,
A' buain nan neoinein sgiamhach ;
Ach 's ioma ceum a ghluais sinn sgith
O 'n tim a bh'ann a chianaibh.

Bu tric a lubairt sinn 's an allt,
'N uair bhiodh an Samhradh grianach,
Ach sgar an cuan 'o cheil sinn
O 'n tim a bh'ann o chianaibh.

So dhuit mo lamh, 's thoir d'omh do lamhs'
A charaid bhaigheil, fhiachail,
'S gu'n òl sinn cuach air cinneas graidh
Nan laithean bh' ann 'o chianaibh.

Gur cinnteach gu 'm bi thusa stòp,
'S gheibh thu mo stòp-s' gu fhialuidh,
'S gu toileach caisgidh sinn ar n-lot,
Air son na tim o chianaibh.

E. MACLEAN.

III.

NA LAITHEIN 'DH'FHALBH.

Air furan fòil an iadh na neoil,
'S ni 's mò nach canar luaidh ?
Air furan fòil an iadh na neoil,
'San latha 'bha 's a dh'fhalbh !

An latha a bha 's dh'fhalbh a ghaoil
An latha a bha 's a dh'fhalbh ;
Leinn gabhar cupan cairdeil caoin,
Air sgàth an la a dh' fhalbh.

Ruith sinn le aighear feadh an raoin,
A tional ròs nam buadh ;
Ach 's iomadh a' seinn rinn ar claidh
O 'n latha 'bha 's a dh'fhalbh.

Gu sugrach chluic' sinn anns an allt,
'Us mac nan speur làn àigh,
Ach sgaradh sinn le cuan tha garbh
O n' latha 'bha 's a dh'fhalbh.

'Nis glac mo lamh, mo charaid caomh
'Us sin do lamh a nall,
Us lionaidh sinn le sunnt a' chuach
Air sgàth nan latha a dh'fhalbh.

Nis dearbh do ghràdh gu hurach fial
'Us so dhuit failt' 'us bàigh ;
Leinn òl cupan cairdeil caoin,
Air sgàth an latha a dh'fhalbh.

CONA.

IV.

NA LAITHEAN BH' ANN O CHIAN.

'N teid daimh na h-oig' air dhi-chuimhn'
leinn
'S a dhearmad air gach rian ?
'N teid daimh na h-oig' air dhi-chuimhn'
leinn

'S na laithean bh' ann o chian,
Air sgàth na tim o chian, a ghraidh,
Air sgàth na tim o chian,
Gu'n òl sinn copan caoinheil fhath'st
Air sgàth na tim o chian.

Bu tric a ruith sinn feadh nam bruach,
A' buain nan neoinean' grinn,
Ach 's iomadh ceum bho'n tim a bh' ann
O chian a shiubhail sinn

Bu tric a luidir sinn le cheil'
Gu h-oidhch' bho eirigh grian ;
Ach cuaintean eadarainne bheuc
Bho 'n tim a bh'ann o chian.

So dhut mo lamh, 's cia dhomh do lamhs'
Le crathadh cairdeil dian,
'S gu'n òl sinn deoch de shugh a' ghrain
Air sgàth na tim o chian.

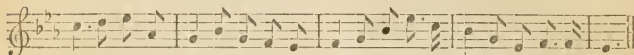
'S gur cinnteach gu'm bi sinn an drasd
Ar pinnt an neach de 'n fhion,
'S gu'n òl sinn copan caoinheil fhath'st
Air sgàth na tim o chian.

MACASCULL

*An "Luinneag" gu bh' air a seinn as deigh gach rann.

MO RUN GEAL, DILEAS.

GLEUS E7.

. D : m . s | d¹ : r¹ . d¹ : t . l | s : m . D : m . s | d¹ : r¹ . d¹ : t . s |l : - . T : d¹ . f | m : s . m : r . d | r : m . S : d¹ . l | s : m . d : r . , r | d : - .

NOTE.—I surmise the first stanza, commencing “Mo run geal, dileas,” from which the song takes its name, is the refrain of an older, or, at least, a different, song; I do not think it is of a piece with the remaining verses. I find that the third stanza, “Is truagh nach robh mi ’s mo rogha céile,” also finds place in another song which appears on page 37 of Sinclair’s “Oranaiche”; but which song has the better claim to it I do not presume to decide. Perhaps some of the readers of the *Gael* can throw light upon the subject.

J. W.

Mo rùn geal, dileas, dileas, dileas,

Mo rùn geal, dileas, nach till thu nall?

Cha till mi fhein, a ghaoil, cha ’n fhaod mi,

Oir tha mo ghaol-sa ’n a laidhe tinn.

Is truagh nach robh mi an riochd na faoilinn

A shnamhadh aotrom air bharr nan tonn;

A’s bheirinn sgrìobag do ’n eilean Ìleach,

Far bheil an ribhinn dh’ fhaig m’ inntinn
trom.

Is truagh nach robh mi ’s mo rogha céile,

Air mullach shleibhte nam beanntan mor,

’S gun bhi ga ’r n-eisdeachd ach eoin an t-
sleibhe,

’S gu’n tugainn fhein ùi na ceudan pog!

Thug mi corr agus naoi mìosan,

Anns na h-innsean a b’ fhaide thall;

’S bean bòidh’chead d’ aodainn cha robh ri
fhaotainn—’Sged gheobhainn saor iad cha’n fhanainn
ann.

Tha d’ anail chubhraidh mar fhaile ubhlan,

A’s tha do shùilean gu meallach, goim;

Is tu bean-uasal is grinne dh’ fhuairgeas;

’S ann ris a fhuair thu do thogail og.

Thug mi mìos ann am fiabhrus claidhte,

Gun duil rium oidheche gu’m bithinn beo;

B’e fath mo smaointean a la’s a dh-oidheche,

Gu ’m faighinn faochadh a’s tu bhi ’m
choir.Cha bhi mi ’strith ris a’ chraoibh nach lub
leam,Ged chinneadh ubhlan air bharr gach
geig;

Mo shoraidh slan leat ma rinn thu m’ fhagail,

Cha d’ thainig traigh gun mhuir-làn ’n a
deigh.

Mo mhionnan bheir mi air clar a’ Bhlòbuill

Gur h-i an fhirinn a th’ ann am bheul—

Nach teid mi sìos ann an leabhar sgìreachd,

Le te gu sìorruidh ach thu fein.

Is coma leam ged a shìl ’an latha;

Is coma leam ged a laidh a’ gbrian;

’S ceart coma leam ged a robh mo’ leaba

Gu fada, fada ’s an airde ’n iar!

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

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No. 56.

THE "GAIDHEAL."

MACLACHLAN & STEWART have the pleasure of announcing that they have become proprietors of the "Gaidheal," of which they have for some time been the publishers. This Magazine is now in its fifth year, a longer life than has been enjoyed by any of its Gaelic predecessors, not even by those which had the advantage of being inspired and upheld by the best and most delightful of all Gaelic writers, Dr. Norman Macleod. This fact is one of numerous indications, that interest in the Gaelic language and literature has of late years greatly increased, instead of diminishing, and that there is now a discerning public to appeal to in support of a periodical like this, such as the "Teachdaire Gaidhealach," and "Cuaritear nan Gleann," looked for in vain.

The claims of this Magazine on all who care for Gaelic are very obvious. It is the only periodical of which contributions in that venerable language are the staple, and its large roll of subscribers at home and abroad sufficiently testify how they are appreciated. A knowledge of the great difficulties under which the "Gaidheal" has hitherto been carried on has rather encouraged than deterred the publishers from taking it in hand. Suffice it to mention, that the spirited gentleman, Mr Angus Nicolson, who originally started it in Toronto, and has until recently retained the property and editorship in his own hands, found it absolutely impossible, owing to his more important duties as a Canadian Emigration Agent, to devote that personal superintendence to the publication, which is so essential to the success of such an enterprise. Notwithstanding

the drawbacks arising from such circumstances, the "Gaidheal" has not only maintained the character with which it started, but has steadily advanced. It is hardly necessary to remind its readers of the many excellent and interesting contributions in prose and verse which have from time to time been communicated by some of the ablest Gaelic writers and scholars in our country. The staff of contributors will now be considerably strengthened, the editorial charge committed to eminently competent hands, and nothing left undone on the part of the publishers to make the "Gaidheal" worthy of the place to which it aspires, as the organ of Gaelic literature.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE "GAIDHEAL."

Professor BLACKIE.

Rev. A. MACGREGOR, Inverness.

Rev. Dr. M'LAUHLAN, Edinburgh.

Rev. ANGUS M'INTYRE, Kinlochspelve.

Rev. A. STEWART, Nether Lochaber.

Rev. A. CAMERON, Brodick.

Rev. Professor MACGREGOR, Edinburgh.

Rev. Dr. MASSON, Edinburgh.

Rev. R. BLAIR, Glasgow.

Mrs. MARY MACKELLAR, Edinburgh.

Sheriff NICOLSON, Kirkcudbright.

DONALD MACKINNON, M.A., Edinburgh.

JOHN WHYTE, Glasgow.

D. C. MACPHERSON, Advocates' Library.

RORY VIC SAVARI.

ALL persons who have looked into that most delightful and most salubrious of all books that have been written about the Highlands,—the *Reminiscences of a Highland Parish*, by the late Dr. Norman Macleod (a man who had only one fault, that he knew little Gaelic),—must bear vividly in mind the description of the minister's boatman, Rory, in one of the opening chapters. The whole of this portraiture, along with the description of how he rode the billows triumphantly in stormy weather, is one of the finest things in any language. There is nothing, to my knowledge, either in Virgil, or Homer, or Walter Scott that is superior to it. In a note to his portraiture of this rare old Skye polor, the writer gives the Gaelic words of a song, composed in honour of Rory, by the minister of the parish, the well-known father of the writer, who was, like the son, a most genial and joyful soul, and superior to the son in one point, that he wrote the most beautiful idiomatic Gaelic both in prose and verse. A Highlander, indeed,—so lyrical is the Celtic race,—who never wrote a song,—must either be a very utilitarian person, or must have Lowland blood in his veins; so it is only natural to find that all the Macleods, who are genuine Highlanders, for three generations have been song-composers. - For my own pleasure, and also from the respect I bear to that noble kinship, I dashed off one morning a translation of the song to Rory, which, I hope, may give some innocent pleasure to certain of your readers. I understand, from the Rev. Donald Macleod, Glasgow, that there is still a Rory to perform the delicate function of boatman in that quarter; and it is my firm intention, at present, to shoot across the sound some

day before winter, and make his acquaintance. In the meantime, here goes the song:—

Long life to the boatman
Whose eye twinkles brightly,
So trig with his breeches,
And coat fitted tightly!
His clan and his country
Shine forth in his face,
The mist-mantled isle,
And Sir Norman's proud race.
O Angus vic Rory,
Look down from the sky,
With joy to have fathered
So gallant a boy!
In Morvern no mother
Can boast such another
As Rory vic Savari ho i ho ro!
No clerk in the country
Can foot it so fleetly,
When he shoots like an arrow
Beyond you so neatly!
No clerk in the Synod
Like Rory can guide
The boat through the swell
Of the foam-crested tide;
When the tempest swoops down
With rude bluster and blore,
And the drift and the mist
Hide the rim of the shore,
What matter? we never
Catch harm with so clever
A Pilot as Rory beag ho i ho ro!
When he strikes up the iorram,
And fires with new spirit,
The mettlesome lads
Who rejoice in his merit,
O then I'd be near him,
The first in the band,
With breath in my breast,
And a flask in my hand.
No boatman in Morvern
So sweetly can pour
His "Mórag" while deftly
He feathers the oar;
Mây luck never leave thee,
Mây harm never grieve thee,
Rory vic Savari ho i ho ro!

JOHN S. BLACKIE,

OBAN, 27th June.

CELTIC SCOTLAND.*

UNDER the above title, which has been so happily chosen, Mr. Skene proposes to write the History of Scotland from the earliest times until the death of Alexander III. This date is chosen for the close of the history not because the Celts ceased to exist or to make their power felt at that remote date, but because with Alexander, or rather with his grand-daughter, the Maid of Norway, "terminated the last native dynasty of Scottish monarchs of Celtic descent, in the male line, and Scotland, with her united provinces, her feudal institutions, and her mixed population, now became a prize to be contested for between the English monarch, who asserted his right, as her lord paramount, and the various Norman barons, who claimed her as their inheritance through descent, in the female line, from her native monarchs." The work will be completed in three volumes, and "each volume may be regarded as complete in itself, so far as the object of the volume is concerned, and will be issued separately." The first volume, recently published, treats of the Ethnology and Civil History of the different races which occupied Scotland; the second will deal with the early Celtic Church of Scotland, and its influence on the language and culture of the people; while "the subject of the third and last book will be the land and people of Scotland. It will treat of the early land tenures and social condition of its Celtic inhabitants."

The early history of all countries

is wrapped in obscurity and fable. The early history of Scotland is no exception to the rule. The peculiarity of its history is that the obscurity is more impenetrable and the fable more intricate than that of most countries. It is our proud boast that we are an ancient nation which never was conquered; but this very circumstance has contributed to the uncertainty of our early history. If we were never permanently subdued, we were often temporarily or at least partially so. The original inhabitants of Scotland, whether in consequence of their religious belief or from whatever cause, were not in the habit of committing to writing a narrative of events as they occurred. The invaders of the country never obtained a permanent footing in any considerable portion of it; and, accordingly, their accounts of the country and its inhabitants are less full and accurate than would have been the case had Scotland been less mountainous and Scotchmen less resolute than they were and are. The History of England can be written from the invasion of Julius Cæsar, with tolerable fulness and accuracy; and this chiefly because first the Romans, and afterwards the Saxons, and finally the Normans, not only successively invaded but conquered the country, and occupied it sufficiently long to regard it their business not only to make but to write its history. But the Romans occupied only a small portion of Scotland, and even that portion upon a very precarious tenure. When the Irish colony occupied Argyll and were followed by the mission of St. Columba to Iona, the materials for a reliable history of Scotland were in a fair way of being gathered in that remote isle. But the Norsemen overran the Hebrides, sacked Iona,

* Celtic Scotland: a History of Ancient Alban. By William F. Skene, Author of "The Four Ancient Books of Wales." Vol. I. History and Ethnology. Edinburgh: Edmonstone & Douglas, Princes Street, 1876.

and destroyed for ever the principal records of that famous monastery. The Saxons and Danes, on the east coast, slowly but surely effected a settlement and enlarged their territories. These and the original inhabitants were barely consolidated into one nationality when that long and desperate struggle with England commenced, which ended so gloriously for our national fame, but so disastrously for a detailed and reliable record of it. The material for the early history of Scotland is not therefore to be found in Scotland, but among those nations who came successively in contact with us. Romans, Irish, Welsh, Saxons, and Danes all contribute their quota. There are, in addition to this, the traditions and legends of the inhabitants which undoubtedly contained a germ of history; but, unfortunately for us, these have been so elaborated by our early Scottish historians, as to be rendered absolutely worthless except when supported by more reliable testimony—*i. e.*, except when they are comparatively useless.

The first and foremost qualification of the Historian of this period of Scottish History, therefore is that he will make himself acquainted with all the existing material bearing upon the subject; that he will be able to distinguish between what is genuine and what is spurious of this material; and that he will, out of what after a rigid examination is found to contain what may be reasonably regarded as historic fact, without passion or prejudice or preconceived theory, endeavour to draw reasonable inference from ascertained fact; and thus reconstruct, so far as this can now be done, the history of that dark time. There are other requisites, the presence or absence of which in our Scottish historian as in other his-

torians will render his work all the more valuable or the reverse; but the one qualification, without which other qualifications are not only useless but absolutely mischievous, is thorough mastery of the scattered and fragmentary material and a jealous caution in the use of it. We do not use the language of exaggeration when we say that Mr. Skene possesses this qualification in greater measure than any living man. Forty years ago he wrote an Essay on the Highlanders of Scotland which showed great research, and which made use for the first time of the Norse Sagas to illustrate the history of Scotland. He has long since outgrown many of the opinions advanced in that juvenile production; but in the forty intervening years he is understood to have read and read hard in the subject. Probably many men could be named who know the Greek and Latin authors who describe early Britain as accurately as Mr. Skene knows them; others may know the Irish manuscripts as well; others the Welsh literature; others the Norse Sagas; others the early Scotch; others perhaps may have examined the features, antiquities, and topography of Scotland as minutely; but, so far as our knowledge goes, no living man knows Greek and Latin, Irish, Welsh, Norse, and Scotch literature in their bearing upon the early history of Scotland, combined with Scottish antiquities and topography, with a title of the fulness and accuracy which Mr. Skene showed in his former published works, and shows in the present volume perhaps in greater degree than in any other. The publication of "The Four Ancient Books of Wales," "The Introduction to the Dean of Lismore's Book," and others, stamped Mr. Skene as beyond comparison the

foremost Celtic scholar (to use the phrase in its widest sense) in Scotland. The present work, we venture to say, will do even more than confirm his title to that proud eminence.

The almost marvellous knowledge of the author is only equalled by the painstaking conscientiousness with which every fact is weighed, and the judicial calmness with which every statement is advanced. The living generation is perhaps not more conspicuous for the progress which we have made in the application of scientific conceptions to the advancement of the material prosperity of mankind, than it is for the rigid demands we make upon our historians to adhere strictly to fact. To the future historian the present age will present the almost irreconcilable features of reckless daring in our legislation and in our commercial undertakings, and at the same time of the application of rules of criticism to test disputed doctrines of science and facts of history unequalled in severity at any previous time. But hitherto it would almost appear as if the Celtic domain had been, as it were by pre-arrangement, excluded from the field within which the rigid tests of modern criticism had to be applied. The early Scottish historians followed the very convenient method of writing history by imagining it. But even those of later date, who had a perfectly clear conception of what history ought to be, and who were deeply imbued with the historic spirit, appear somehow or other to have freed themselves from the trammels of fact when they approached the domain of Celtic history. It painfully struck us, when reading the highly-finished and, so far as word-painting goes, brilliant picture which Macaulay gives of the

Highlanders, that the footnotes which indicated the authorities were few in number and very suspicious in character; and we confess that we were not much reassured when reading the life of that distinguished man to find from his Diary that the historian valued the picture for its literary excellence more than for its historical accuracy. "The great object is that, after all this trouble, they (viz., the pages containing the description) may read as if they had been spoken off, and may seem to flow as easily as table-talk." (Lord Macaulay's *Life and Letters*, vol. ii. p. 278). Mr. Skene's idea of history is very different from this. He considers that it is as necessary to adhere to fact and to eschew fine writing when describing the character of Highlanders, as when describing the character of other people. In his Introduction, Mr. Skene passes judgment upon the works of his predecessors in the same field. The essay of Innes, published in 1729, is "admirable;" but its value is mainly negative. "He assailed the fabulous history first put into shape by John of Fordun, and afterwards elaborated by Hector Boece, and effectually demolished its authority; but he attempted little in the way of reconstruction." "Scotland under her Early Kings," by E. W. Robertson, is "a work of great merit, and exhibits much accurate research and sound judgment;" while Reeves' "admirable edition of Adamnan's *Life of St. Columba* has laid the foundation for a more rational treatment of the history of the early Church in Scotland." But Lord Hailes commences his history "with the accession of Malcolm Canmore, because the history of Scotland, previous to that period, is involved in obscurity and fable;" and Tytler

abandons the early history as "hopelessly obscure." The most elaborate attempts by predecessors are vitiated by preconceived theories. Pinkerton's essay is described as "an essay of great originality and acuteness . . . (but) the value of the work is greatly impaired by the adoption, to an excessive extent, of a theory of early Teutonic settlements in the country, and of the Teutonic origin of the early population, and by an unreasoning prejudice against everything Celtic, which colours and biasses his argument throughout." Chalmers' "Caledonia" is equally unreliable, and from the same cause operating in the opposite direction; for "where John Pinkerton could find nothing but Gothic and the Goths, George Chalmers was equally unable to see anything but Welsh and the Cymry." The last on the list, Mr. Burton's "History of Scotland from the Invasion of Agricola till the extinction of the last Jacobite Insurrection," is the most pretentious of them all. The author claims for it "the two fundamental qualities of a serviceable history—completeness and accuracy," to which Mr. Skene rejoins that he "cannot recognise it as possessing either character, so far as the early part of the history is concerned." He is therefore entitled to hold "that the ground which the present work is intended to occupy remains still unappropriated."

All previous writers are more or less chargeable with a defective knowledge of all the material bearing upon the subject and by consequence with the uncritical use of such authorities as they were partially acquainted with: while some of them exhibit, on one side or the other, such unreasoning prejudice as to make it matter of doubt whether any amount of knowledge on their

part would secure to us a reliable narrative from them. The work before us cannot be charged with the one fault or the other. The perfect acquaintance with everything written upon the subject in whatever language—the critical acumen which is the outcome of a richly-furnished and acute mind—the painstaking conscientiousness which grudges no labour, even in the minutest detail, in order to arrive at the truth of the matter—and the cautious judgment which shrinks from drawing a wider conclusion than the ascertained facts fairly support—are patent upon every page. The book is no doubt stiff reading. It is pre-eminently a book for scholars. It is, moreover, a book which no Celtic scholar can do without. The present volume extends to some 500 pages octavo, beautifully illustrated with valuable maps. It is much in want of an index. The table of contents is pretty full; but no book so crammed full of fact as this is can be made available as a book of reference without a full and carefully-prepared index. It is written in a plain, almost bald, style. A judicial calmness—almost a judicial coldness—pervades the whole; but the narrative is clearly written, and the argument is lucid throughout. The thorough mastery of his subject, as compared with previous Scottish historians, has given a calm, dignified tone to the author which shows itself in a peculiar manner when criticising the deliverances of others. Naturally, Mr. Burton, being the latest as well as, in recent years, the most confident author in this field, comes in for the greatest share of comment. His inaccuracies, inconsistencies, and blunders are pointed out frequently in the footnotes. In reading these notes one cannot resist comparing the

relationship of the two historians to that of master and pupil. The clever boy of the school presents an exercise to the master. The conscientious master feels it his duty to point out the errors, and to hint at the causes of them; but, at the same time, to perform this disagreeable task—which could not be endured from any but a master—in a paternal and kindly way so as not to damp the spirit of the boy. “It is but I, your master, who tell you of these errors, so do not be discouraged. By further study and reflection you will yourself come to see that these alleged facts are not facts, and that these rash judgments are but the offspring of ignorance and inexperience, which time and reading will teach you to retract or modify.” For example, Mr. Burton more than questions the historical accuracy of Tacitus, in whom Mr. Skene is a firm believer: “The view he (Mr. Burton) appears to hold, that it (the life of Agricola) was written more as a political manifesto than as a plain historical relation of facts, has been hastily adopted from a school of German critics, whose views have not, however, met with acceptance from the sounder class of them” (p. 27). Again (p. 22), Mr. Burton makes the statement, that “a practice arose among British writers of calling the Scots Attacotti, which has been explained to mean the hither Scots or Scots of this side.” Mr. Skene adds: “This statement is apparently taken from Pinkerton, who identified the Attacotti with an early settlement of Scots in Argyll, solely on the authority of Richard of Cirencester (whose work Mr. Burton denounces as a forgery). The opinion is quite untenable, and the etymology preposterous.” Again (p. 196), “Mr. Burton has discussed this question (whether the Picts

were Teutons or Celts), in the first volume of his History of Scotland, p. 183, but in a very unsatisfactory way. He has dealt with it as if the whole materials for deciding the question were contained in the discussion between Pinkerton and Chalmers, and writers of that period, and as if nothing remained for him to do but to estimate the value of their respective arguments. He contributes nothing additional to the solution of the question.” Further, (p. 204), “Mr. Burton makes the assertion that the Gaelic of Scotland ‘was ever called by the Teutonic Scots, Irish, Ersch, or Erse.’ In this he is mistaken. It was not so called before the fifteenth century, but invariably ‘Lingua Scotica,’ or Scotch.” Finally, (p. 248), take the following, “Mr. Burton has strangely misrepresented the Dalriadic history, arising probably from a too superficial examination of the Irish annals, and a want of acquaintance with Irish names and words, which he rarely gives correctly. In vol. vii., p. 289, he states of Aidan, that by his descent from Riadha, he belonged to the race of the Hy Neill, but this is a mistake. The Dalriad belonged to an entirely different branch of the Scots from the Hy Neill. He says that Aidan justified St. Columba’s prophetic fears, by emancipating his territory from dependence on the monarchs of Ireland, but it was St. Columba himself who effected this emancipation at the council of Drumceat. He says that Domnall Brecc contemplated the subjugation of Ireland, and implies that the Dalriadic kings put forward some pretensions to the Irish throne, of which there is not the least trace. The only successor of Domnall Brecc, whom Mr. Burton notices is Eocha, or Auchy, as he calls him, son of Aodhfin, in 796, a fictitious king

who never existed." This is perfectly of a piece with the statements that an English Quaker invented the kilt; that James MacPherson taught Highlanders to appreciate their own scenery, forgetting that Highlanders did not read MacPherson, but read MacDonald, MacIntyre, and Buchanan, of whom Mr. Burton never heard: that the English Ossian is a work of genius, the Gaelic may be meagre prose (for all Burton knows or cares), although the Gaelic text is sold throughout Scotland for four shillings, and every person who knows anything of both versions, declares the latter the superior of the two. Thomas Moore wrote the History of Ireland in 1835, and heard of Irish manuscripts for the first time in 1839. He was candid enough to say, after being told what the manuscripts were, that he had no right to have undertaken the History of Ireland. Our Scottish Historiographer Royal is neither so ignorant nor so candid as the Irish poet.

Mr Skene's first volume is divided into nine chapters with an able introduction of twenty-eight pages. Eight of these chapters relate, in a calm, clear, and critical manner, the facts of the civil history of that early age. One, the fourth, and by far the most interesting of the whole, treats of the ethnology of Britain. The question of the various races who occupied Britain is handled in the same clear and masterly fashion as the disputed questions of sites of battles and rights of rival claimants. More has been written upon this question than upon any other; and the writings of predecessors are, for obvious reasons, less reliable when dealing with ethnology than when dealing with history. Here legend and language are the chief guides. But legend requires to be sifted, and

language requires to be known. To dig out the fact imbedded in both, careful handling and severe training are indispensable. The temptation to hasty generalisation, crude theory, and wild speculation is peculiarly great. Mr. Skene's conclusions are briefly as follows: Before the historic era, a race of men, now extinct, peopled the British Isles. They were of the Iberian or Basque or long-skulled race. They inhabited caves and buried their dead in caves and chambered tombs, where their skulls are dug up at the present day. They were smaller and darker than any of the existing races. They may be identified with the Silures and the tin workers of the early Greek and Latin writers. Legend appears to connect them with the "Firbolg" of Ireland, and Dunfhirbolg is found in St. Kilda. Their language has disappeared; but "the Basque word for water is Ur, and analogy would lead us to recognise it in the rivers called Oure, Urr, Ure, Urie, Orrin, and Ore. The syllable Il, too, enters largely into the topography of the Basque countries; and the old name for the island of Isla, which was (*and is, in Gaelic*) Ile, and which legend tells us was occupied by the Firbolg, is probably the same word, as are the rivers of that name in Banff and Forfar, and the Ulie in Sutherland (the river of Helensdale), known to Ptolemy as the 'Ila.'"

Within the historic era there have been four peoples, Britons, Picts, Scots, and Saxons. Three of these present no difficulty to the ethnologist. The Saxons were the last to arrive. We have them and their language—now the ruling race and language of the land. The Britons and Scots are both two branches of the great Celtic family. They and their language still survive—the former

in Wales and, until lately, in Cornwall; the latter in Ireland, the Highlands of Scotland, and the Isle of Man. But the Picts, as a distinct race, with a different language, if they ever were a distinct race, and if they ever spoke a different language, have disappeared; and the question remains, Who were the Picts? The question was, and is, keenly debated in this country—none more so. Were they Teutons or Celts? and if they were Celts, to what branch of the existing Celts—the Welsh or the Gaelic—did they belong? As we all know, Pinkerton violently contended that the Picts were of Teutonic origin; Chalmers, almost with equal vehemence, insisted that they were Celts of the Welsh branch. Skene maintains and, as we think, proves that they were Celts of the Gaelic branch. The argument is three-fold. Legend, history, and language are the three strands of the firmly-plaited cord. As to legend, which Skene carefully analyses, there were two families of the same race in Ireland. One of these, the Cruithne, is identified with the Picts. Historically, the statement of Tacitus, that the Caledonians were of German origin, is based not upon their language but upon their physical appearance; “but it is now quite established that there was no essential diversity in this respect between the German and the Celtic races viewed as a whole.” On the other hand, “throughout the whole of the Welsh documents, the Picts are usually denominated as Gwyddyl Ffichti, while the Irish are simply termed Gwyddyl.” As might be expected the philological argument is the most important of the three. The Pictish language is extinct; but during the whole time the two peoples, Picts and Scots, lived side by side in this country and in Ire-

land the Irish annals do not contain a hint that they spoke a different language. On two occasions St. Columba had to employ an interpreter among the Picts; but a diversity of dialect would account for this, and as Mr. Skene points out “on both occasions it is connected with his preaching the word of life.” On both occasions, also, it is to be observed, an interpreter was at hand. The saint conversed freely with King Brude, “with Broichan, his Magus or Druid, and with the king’s messengers, without the intervention of an interpreter.” The Picts survived longest in Galloway. A detachment of them was present at the battle of the standard. Buchanan says they spoke their “ancient language” in his day.* Dunbar, the poet, calls this language “Ersch,” the name by which Scotch Gaelic was then known. A list of the Pictish kings, historical and legendary, is subjected to minute analysis by Mr. Skene. “The result of this analysis is, that the earliest part of the list is purely Irish or Gaelic in its forms, and that this Gaelic part belongs to the Northern Picts; that another part of the list shows Gaelic forms, but more removed from the

* From the following extract from a letter which appeared in the *Edinburgh Daily Review* newspaper after the above pages were written and signed “David Landsborough, Kilmarnock,” it would appear that Gaelic was spoken in this district at a much more recent date:—“Having heard some years ago, an important statement on this subject by the Rev. James Porteous, Free Church Minister, Ballantrae, I have communicated with him for its repetition. It is ‘Mr. M’Kissock, farmer in Bridgend, Ballantrae, who died twenty-five years ago, at the age of ninety-three, was a member of my congregation, and was specially distinguished for piety and intelligence. He informed me that in the time of his grandfather (probably about the beginning of last century), Gaelic was still to some extent spoken in Glenapp.’”

Irish, with a considerable British element; that this part of the list is more connected with the Southern Picts; that the British element is not Welsh but Cornish, and belongs to that part of the territories of the Southern Picts which lay between the Tay and the Forth."

The topography of the country, when examined in the light of history, and tested by the rules of sound philology, tells the same tale. The topographical words popularly taken as test words to distinguish the country of the Picts and Scots are pretty summarily disposed of. "If we draw a line," says Mr. Taylor, "across the map from a point a little south of Inveraray to one a little north of Aberdeen, we shall find that (with very few exceptions) the Invers lie to the north of the line, and the Abers to the south of it. This line nearly coincides with the present southern limit of the Gaelic tongue, and probably also with the ancient division between the Picts and Scots." But what are the facts? "South of Mr. Taylor's line, there are in Aberdeen thirteen Abers and twenty-six Invers; in Forfar, eight Abers and eight Invers; in Perth, nine Abers and eight Invers; in Fife, four Abers and nine Invers." North of the line, in Argyll, no Abers; in Inverness, Invers and Abers three to one; in Ross, two to one. South of the Forth and Clyde, no Abers in Selkirk, Peebles, Ayr, Renfrew, Lanark; four Abers in Dumfries; six in Lothian; none in Galloway; nothing but Abers in Wales; none in Cornwall. But these are not proper test words. They are common to both branches of the language. The southern Picts used both words, "Inver being generally at the mouth of a river, Aber at the ford, usually some distance from its mouth." The present

usage of Inver accords with this view. In Gaelic, it expresses the delta or shingly beach at a river mouth. The proper test words are those in which the initial letters characteristic of both languages appear—P and C; Gw and F. To apply this test, "there is not a single Pen north of the Friths of Forth and Clyde, and the districts occupied by the Picts abound with Bens and Cenns or Kins." It appears to us that it would be difficult to present a stronger argument than that produced by Mr. Skene to show that the Picts and the Scots are one in language and lineage.

The appearance of the succeeding volumes will be looked forward to with considerable impatience by a very select, if not a very numerous, class of readers. The subject of them is, if possible, of greater interest than that of the volume before us. The history of the early Celtic Church and of early Celtic Literature in Scotland, written by Mr. Skene, will be a work of permanent value. What his verdict upon the debated ecclesiastical questions of that early age may be, it would be useless to speculate upon. That his conclusion will be supported by an array of fact and authority severely examined, and by solid argument clearly put, we may affirm. Upon literary questions, and especially upon the *quaestio vexata* of Celtic literature—the authenticity of the Ossianic poems—we are not left so much in doubt as to what Mr. Skene's verdict will be. The present volume is ominously silent upon the matter; but the introduction to the book of the Dean of Lismore, and later utterances, leave no room to doubt that Mr. Skene's matured judgment is that there is no historical evidence of the ancient authorship of these poems, while the

absence of such evidence is strong presumptive proof of their modern authorship. But whatever the verdict, we may expect a learned, calm, and exhaustive treatment of the whole question, such as we have not hitherto had.

We Celts are not only a pugnacious race ourselves, but we are the cause of the pugnacity in others as well. For a long time we were formidable foes and for as long a time troublesome subjects. Our intellectual and moral qualities are widely different from those of our southern neighbours, and are little understood, and less appreciated, by a considerable portion of them. Accordingly, when our tumultuous history came to be told it was merely a repetition of the process by which the history was made. The weapons of war alone were changed. Instead of swords, pens; instead of blood, gall. As might be expected, we fared worse in the war of words than in the conflict of swords. Not that we did not shout loud enough and use language sufficiently energetic to express our opinion of our neighbours; but there were fewer tongues to swell the cry, and there was the additional annoyance that our choicest epithets were unintelligible to those for whose benefit they were uttered. The cut of a sabre is recognised and duly appreciated all the world over; but the most pointed Gaelic epigram falls harmless upon English ears. Accordingly, to the average English mind, the brutal insults of Pinkerton, the polished sarcasms of Macaulay, and the coarse sneers of Burton, came to be regarded authentic Celtic

history and correct descriptions of the Celtic character. The labours of Philo-Celts, on the other hand, were not calculated to shake the public confidence in the judgment of the writers we have named. The Saxon portion of them wrote almost as intemperately as the most ruthless Miso-Celt in the land. Those of our own people wrote under a two-fold disadvantage. They had not the learning of their opponents. They were smarting under the taunts of the "stranger,"—taunts all the more galling, inasmuch as the stranger had become the master—too keenly to examine with patience, or to answer with temper, the charges brought against their people. Adjectives and interjections were employed instead of facts and arguments.

Against such a method of writing history the work of Mr. Skene is a noble protest. To us Highlanders it is a work of incalculable value. It serves as an encouragement to those among us who are doing their best to present the history and character of the Celt in a truer light before the world than has hitherto been done; but it serves also as a warning. While it shows that to the intelligent Southron truth upon this question, as upon other questions, is acceptable, it shows also that truth, and truth alone, will pass current for any length of time among men. It invites us to be students; it warns us against being declaimers. When the great work of Mr. Skene is completed the task of the first occupant of the Celtic chair will be considerably lightened.

AN GAIDHEAL.

“*Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.*”—OISEAN.

V. LEABH.]

DARA MIOS AN FHOghAIR, 1876.

[57 AIR.

COMHRADH

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS
COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

MUR.—An tu a th'ann, a Choinnich, is tu a rinn a' mhoch-eirigh, is cinnteach nach robh thu fein agus *Morpheus* réidh an raoir, an uair a dhealaich sibh co tràth; ach thig air d' aghaidh dh'ionnsuidh an teine, air do'n mhaduinn a bhi fuar.

COIN.—Mi fein agus *Morpheus* réidh an raoir! Cha'n fhaca mise créutair beò o'n dhealaich sinn air feasgair an dé gu bhi aon chuid réidh no aimhreiteach rium; cha'n fhaca gu firinneach. Ach, a Mhurchaidh, co e *Morpheus*, oir cha chuala mi guth air fear 'ainme riamh?

M.—Tha mi ga d' chreidsinn, a charaide chòir, ach comadh sin is co dhiùbh, greas a steach dh'ionnsuidh a' ghealbhoin, agus dean do gharadh, gus an éirich bean-an-tighe, oir dh'fhàg mise i ga 'deasachadh fein.

C.—Gle mhaith, gle mhaith, a Mhurchaidh, ach co e *Morpheus* air an d' thug thu iomradh? An e sin an gaidsear ùr a thàinig air an t-seachdain so chaidh do Bhaile-Chlachain?

M.—Cha robh mise ach ri faladhà, a Choinnich; ach ged nach tig e dhuinn a bhi 'labhairt air nithibh faoine mar sin air maduinn là an Tighearna, feudaidh mi innseadh dhuit gur e *Morpheus* dia a' chadail

agus nam brúadar, oir biodh fios agad gu'n robh diuthan aig na cinnich o chéin air son, ach beag, nan uile nithe, agus mar a thubhairt mi, b'e *Morpheus* an dia sin aig an robh cumhachd fois na h-oidheche a thoirt seachad no a dhiùltadh; agus an uair a thug mi an aghaidh ort, gu'm b'i mo bharrail nach robh thu fein agus *Morpheus* réidh an raoir, bha mi 'ciallachadh le sin nach d' fhuair thu, a reir coslais, deagh chadal air duit an leabhadh fhàgail co moch.

C.—Tha mi ga d' thuigsinn a nis, a Mhurchaidh, ach feumaidh tu an déigh so cleachdanna saobh-chràbhach sin nan cinneach a mhineachadh dhomh, oir a réir mo bheachd-sa, tha iad ro chianail. Tha fios againn uile nach 'eil ann ach an t-aon Dia beò agus fìor, agus aige-san tha cumhachd thairis air là agus oidheche, agus air gach atharrachadh agus eus a thig gu crìch.

M.—Ro fhìor, a Choinnich, ach ma chaomhnar sinn, feudar uair-eigin an déigh so, iomradh a thoirt air cleachdannaibh éugsamhla nan cinneach Gréugach agus Ròimheach o shean, a thaobh lionmhoiread nan dia d'an robh iad a' toirt géill. Is e ar dleas'nas, gidheadh, an diugh, sinn fein ùmhlachadh ann an làthair an Ti Uile-bheannuichte sin, o'm bheil ar beatha, ar bitl, agus comas ar gluasaid againn; agus aig an àm iomchuidh, bheir sinn uile an eaglais oirnn a dh' éisdeachd sheann Mhaighstir Dòmhnall, an duine còir, o'm faigh sinn deagh shearmoin.

C.—Tha sin uile ceart agus freagarrach, a Mhurachaidh, agus is mòr an beannachd dhuit fein, agus do d' theaghlach gu'm bheil tigh an Tighearna co goirid o làimh, agus gu'm bheil comus agaibh éisdeachd ris an t-soisgen air a shearmonachadh, a thaobh astair, gach sàbaid 's a' bhliadhna. Tha monadh mòr eadar an Goirtean-Fraoich agus an eaglais, a tha sè mìle air falbh; agus ri droch là, an uair a bhios a' ghaoth agus na siantan a' séideadh, cha'n urrainn duinn ar sron a chur a mach air doras, agus is mòr an call e.

M.—Is mòr gu'n teagamh. ach cha ruig neach sam bi a leas dùil a bhi aige gach uile shochair agus bheannachd a shealbhachadh 's an t-saoghal so. Ge b'e ciod an aidmheil d' am buin sluagh, agus ge b'e ciod an eaglais anns am bheil iad a' sleuchdadh do'n Ti a chruthaich iad, is mòr am beannachd dhoibh na tighean-aoraidh aca a bhi goirid o làimh. Tha'n eaglais gun teagamh 'am fagus duinne an so, agus tha sinn taingeil, ach tha'n tigh-sgoile fad as uainn a nis. Thàinig riaghailtean ùra,—tighean-sgoile ùra mar chaistean,—agus Maighstirean-sgoile ùra,—òganaich ghobach, ghallda, oeh mo chreach! Thilg iad gu làr an deagh thigh-sgoile ud a bha rè chéudan bliadhna anns a' chlachan ud shuas, agus shuidhich iad e air Cnoc-a'-chatha, a tha cuig mìle Albannach air falbh. Ach tha'n là a' dol seachad, a Choinnich, féumaidh sinn ar dleas-nas-maidne a dheanamh, an uair a chruinnicheas bean-an-tighe a' chlann agus na seirbhisich a steach.

C.—Tha sin ro fhreagarrach, oir is fearrd gach là deagh thoiseach, a Mhurachaidh, agus le sin, bithidh dùil nach miosa a théid a' chuid eile dhe'n là leinn.

M.—Bha thu riamh déigheil air a' Ghaelig, a Choinnich, agus

ealanta air a léughadh, uime sin, aithris an céud salm, agus cuidichidh sinn uile leat chum a sheinn.

C.—Cha'n 'eil deagh chàil no deagh ghuth agam, a charaid ionmhuinn, ach ni mi mo dhichioll.

I. SALM.

'S beannuicht' an duine sin gu sior,
Nach gluais an comhairle dhroch dhaoin;
Is fòs nach seas an slighe fhiar,
Nam peacach dalma agus faoin:
'S an caithir luchd na fanoid déin'
Nach suidh; ach aig am bheil do ghnà,
A thlachd 'an lagh Iehòbbaih thréin
A' smuaineach' air, gach oidhch' is là.

Bidh e mar chraoibh tha 'fas a suas,
Aig sruthaibh uisg', gu brioghmhor glas;
A bhios le meas a' làbadh nuas,
'N a h-am; 's cha shearg a duilleach as;
'S air uile dheanadas thig rath;
Cha bhi mar sin na h-aingidh through;
Ach mar am moll a sgapas plath
De'n ghaoith, a null 'sa nàll gu luath.

Cha sheas na h-aingidh, uime sin,
Am breitheanas an latha mhòir;
No de na peacaich bhaotha, gin,
'N coimh-thional ait nam firean còir;
Oir slighe dhìreach, ghlan, nan saoi,
Do Dhia tha aithnichte air fad;
Ach slighe chàrn nan daoine daoi,
Lom-sgriosar i fa dhcòidh gu grad.

M.—Is gleusda a rinn thu, a Ghràidh nam fear, leugh a nis an caibideal òirdheirc sin, an t-ochdamh de litir an Abstoil chum nan Ròimheach, agus co'-dhùnaidh mi fein le facal no dhà ùrnuigh.

C.—Tha mi'n dòchas gu'm faigh d' aslachadh éisdeachd, fhir mo ghraidh, agus gu'n sealbhaich sinn uile na beannachdan aimsireil agus spioradail sin a tha an Ti a's Airde deas agus deònach, a bhuileachadh orra-san uile a tha umhal da.

M.—Mar sin bìtheadh e, a Choinnich, ach a nis féumaidh sinn a bhi ga'r deasachadh fein air son na h-eaglaise, oir tha'n uair a dluthachadh ruinn.

C.—Siubhlamaid, ma ta, agus gabhamaid céum socaireach, stòltda. Tha mi 'faiciun gu'm bheil an sluagh

ag cruinneachadh, agus tha mi ag cluinntinn a' chluig.

M.—Lean-sa mise, a Choinnich, agus gheibh thu suidheachan freagarrach. Sin agad am ministear còir fein a 'dol a steach.

An déigh na searmoin ràinig iad dachaidh, làn riarachta leis na chual iad, agus an déigh beagan uine, thubhairt

C.—Nach gleusda Maighstir Dòmhnall fhathasd, a Mhurachaidh, tha a ghuth co glan, fonnmhor, làidir 's a bha e riamh, agus gun teagamh, cha'n 'eil e òg.

M.—Tha e dìreach trì fichead agus ceithir deug an earraich so chaidh, agus tha e fathasd gu calma, tréun. Gun teagamh, feudar a radh m'athimchioll gu'm bheil a' "chraobh-Almoin fo bhlàth," ach cha'n 'eil an "leumnach-nàine na 'eallaich" dha fathasd. Gu ma fada a chaomhuar ann an neart e os ar ceann, oir cha'n fhurast a leithid fhaotuinn an là a shiubhlas e.

C.—Tha mi ga d' chreidsinn, a Mhurachaidh, oir chòrd e gu taghte rium fein an diugh, agus is e a dh' fheadadh.

M.—Faiceam a nis, fhir mo chridhe, cò dhe 'n dithis againn a's mò aig am bheil a nis air chuimhne dhe 'n deagh shearmoin a chuala sinn an diugh.

C.—Is fhurast a' cheist sin fhuasgladh, a Mhurachaidh, ged tha deagh bheachd agamsa air gach ni a chuala mi. Cha d' éisd mi riamh roimh ri searmoin o'n steidh-theagaisg chéudna, Rom. xiii. 7, "Air an aobhar sin, thugaibh do na h-uile an dlighe fein."

M.—Gle cheart, a Choinnich, agus is soilleir a mhinich an duine còir an aithne chudthromach sin aig an Abstol, na'n tugamaid gu cùramach dhachaidh dhuinn fein e.

C.—Feuch a nis, a Mhurachaidh, am bheil cuimhu' agad air cinn na

searmoin, no'n seòl air an do roinn e a theagasg.

M.—Tha deagh bheachd agam air an t-searmoin o thùs gu déis. Dh' fhéuch e an toiseach, an seòl air an robh an t-Abstol ag cur an céill gach ùmhachd agus dleas'nais a's còir duinn a chur an gnìomh do na h-uachdaranaibh, agus do na cumhachdaibh a ta 'riaghladh os ar ceann. Mhinich e a ris, mar tha e mar fhiachaibh oirne a bhi ùmhal do luchd-riaghlaidh na tire, o'n Bhanrighinn air an rìgh-chaitir, sios chum an neach a's ilse d'ar riaghlairibh, oir is ann le Dia a dh' òrduicheadh iad uile. "Air an aobhar sin," deir Pol, "thugaibh do na h-uile an dlighe fein." An déigh do'n mhinistear labhairt gu soilleir mu thimchioll ùmhachd do uachdaranaibh saoghalta, thubhairt e gu'm féudar na briathran a ghabhail, agus a mhinicheadh ann an seadh ni's farsuinge, agus a thoirt fanear gu'm bheil iad, mar an céudna, a' sparradh oirnn, an toiseach, a dhlìghe fein a thoirt do Dhia, aig am bheil a fhreasdal os ceann 'òibre gu léir. Is e Dia ar n-Ard-Uachdaran siorruidh agus Uile-Chumhachdach, uime sin, faigheadh esan a dhlìghe fein. Dhasan tha eagal dhlìgheach. Biodh eagal Dé air na h-uile. Tha esan 'na aobhar eagar do'n aingidh. Tha eagal dhlìgheach do Dhia, oir is Uachdaran Uile-chumhachdach e. Tha eagal dhlìgheach do Dhia air sgath a chearta, a ghliocais, agus a ghraidh. Tha taingeileachd, creideamh, agus ùmhachd dhlìgheach do Dhia air son gach cothroim, sochair, maitheis, trocair, agus toiliuntinn a ta sinne gu mi-airidh a' sealbhadh uaithsan. Nochd an searmonaiche a ris, gu'm bheil gach ùmhachd, urram, agus aoradh dhlìgheach do'n Tigh-earna Dia, do bhrìgh gu'm bheil e Uileghlic, Uile-làthaireach, Uile-fhiosr-

ach, Uile-chumhachdach, Uile-throcaireach, agus Uile-cheart.

“O doimhne saibhreis, araon gliocais agus eòlais Dé! Cia dorannachaidh a bhreitheanais, agus do-lòrgachaidh a shlighean.”

Ach thug am ministear fa'near, 's an dara àite, gu'm bheil e mar fhiachaibh oirnn an dlighe fein a thoirt do dhaoibh, araon ann an nithibh aimsireil agus spioradail. Thugaibh an dlighe fein do mhinistearibh soisgeil Chrìosd. Eisdibh r'an teagasg agus bithibh glic, agus na diùltaibh e. Na bithibh a' labhairt gu h-olc mu'n timchioll, oir is seirbhisich Dhé iad. An àite sin glaodhaibh a mach, “Cia sgiamhach cosa na muinntir a ta 'searmonachadh soisgeil na sìthe, a' toirt sgeil aoibhneich air nithibh maìthe.”

Nochd am ministear, 'san treas àite, gu'm féum sinu an dlighe fein a thoirt da'r n-ìochdaranaibh, 's e sin, dhoibhsan a ta ann an inbh ni's ìsle anns an t-saoghal, na tha sinn fein. Na deanaibh tàir air na bochdaibh, ach bithibh ìriosal agus càird-eil riutha. Na biodh uail agus gloir dhiomhain 'n ur cridhe, a chionn gu'm bheil sibh ann an staid ni's àirde na iadsan a ta bochd. 'N aon fhocal tha e dligheach dhuibh gràdh a thoirt do na h-uile, biodh iad àrd no ìosal, beartach no bochd, cairdeil no nàimhdeil, cràbhach no ciontach. Dh'iarr Crìosd sin a dheanamh, oirthubhairt e, — “Aithne nuadh tha mi 'toirt dhuibh, gu'n gràdhaich sibh a' cheile, mar a ghràdhaich mise sibhse, gu'n gràdhaich sibh fein a' cheile mar an céudna.

Cho' - dhùin an searmonaiche urramach, le bhi 'sparradh air an t-sluagh éisdeachd ri Dia, agus cha'n ann ri duine. Leanaibh, ars' esan, eiseimpleir Chrìosd, agus cha'n e eiseimpleir dhaoine peacach. Thug Mac Dhia an dlighe fein do na

h-uile, deanaibh-se an ni ceudna. Guidlibh air son gràis chum gu'n dean sibh ar dleas'nas do Dhia, d'ar co-bhràthairibh, agus dhuibh fein. Gabhaibh combairle Chrìosd, creidibh ann, “agus thugaibh do na h-uile an dlighe fein.”

C.—Ochan! a Mhurachaidh, bu tu fein an duine! Cha mhòr nach d' aithris thu an deagh shearmoin a chual thu an diugh focal air an fhocal. Ged bu leam fein air ball an Goirtean-Fraoich, bheirinn seachad e air son a leithid de chumhne agus de thuigse a bhi agam 's a ta air an suidheachadh 's a' cheann ghreannach sin agad fein, a Mhurachaidh. Ochan! bheireadh gun teagamh. Ach feumaidh mi a' chuid as fearr a dheanamh dhe na feartan faoin' a bhuilicheadh orm, agus a bhi taingeil.

M.—Seadh, seadh, a Choinnich, is deagh chomharradh air duine a bhi ga 'ìrioslachadh fein, agus tha deagh fhios agamsa air gach cumhachd cuirp agus inntinn a blùineas duit, agus cha shuarach iad. Cuirsa gu deagh bhuil iad, agus éiridh tu suas ann an eolas agus an tuigse chum inbhe a ni measail thu am measg do luchd-eolais air gach taobh. Ach a nis, a charaid, tha e ' fàs anmoch, uime sin, bheir sinn Dàsan a tha ga 'r cumail suas, ar n-iobairt-fheasgair le taingealachd. Gabh an leabhar mar a rinn thu 's a' mhaduinn. Léugh agus seinn an ceathramh Salm thar an fhlichead.

C.—Cha mhaith air an obair sin mi, a Mhurachaidh, ach mar a thubhairt mi 's a' mhaduinn, ni mi mo dhichioll.

XXIV SALM.

'S le Dia an talamh 'us a làn,
An domhan 's na bheil ann,
Oir 'n-aghaidh bhrieadh stigh nan cuan,
Shuidhich e e gu teann,

Is shocraich 'n-aghaidh theachd nan sruth.
Co'm fear gu tulaich Dhé

Théid suas ? Is cò a sheasas fòs
Na 'ionad naomh gu réidh ?

'N ti 'gam bheil lamhan neo-chiontach
'Us cridhe glan na 'chliabh ;
'Anam nior thog ri diomhanas,
'S nior thug mionn cealgach riamh.

G'heibh esan beannachadh gu saor,
O'n Tighearna do ghnàth ;
'Us fireantachd faraoon o'n Dia
A ta na 'shlàinte dhà.

Is I so ginealach na droing'
Air iarraidh ta an tòir ;
Ta 'g iarraidh d' aghaidh dhealraich fein,
'Dhé Iacob mar is còir.

Togaibh a gheatachan ur cinn,
'Us éiribh suas gu h-àrd,
O dhorsa siorruidh 'us a steach
Thig Rìgh na glòir' d'a àit.

Cò è so Rìgh na glòir, co è ?
An Tighearn làidir tréun,
Iehòbbah neartmhor, cruaidh 'an cath,
Bheir buaidh a mach dha fein.

M.—Bheirinn-sa duais nach bu
bheag do'n ti a theagaisgeadh mi, a
Choinnich, chum seann "*Bhangor*"
a shéinn co milis, binn, agus firinn-
each 's a rinn thusa e. Tha deagh
ghuth agad, agus tha do chàil-chiùil
reidh agus ro thaitneach. Ach a nis,
fhir mo chridhe, tha'n t-àm againn
ar leapannan a thoirt oirnn, oir
tha e' dlùthachadh air meadhon-
oidhche. Deagh thàmh dhuit, a
ghràidh nam fear, agus tha dòchas
agam nach cuir "*Morpheus*" buaireas
no bruillean sam bith ort an nochd.
Uime sin, oidhche mhaith dhuit.
Beannachd leat.

ALASDAIR RUADH.



AN GAIDHEAL AIR LEABA-BHAIS.

Fad' air falbh bho thìr nan ard-bheann,
Tha mi 'm fhograch an tìr chein;
Am measg choigreach 's fad bho chaird-
ean,
Tha mi 'm laidhe so leam fein.
Tha mo chridhe, briste, brùite,—
Saighead-bhàis a nis am chom;
An uine ghearr mo shuil bidh dùinte,
'S aig a' bhàis mi 'm chadal trom.

'S tric ag éirigh suas am chuimhne,
Albainn aillidh, tìr nam beann;
Chi mi sud an leanag uaine,—
A's am bothan anns a' ghleann.
Tha gach ni fo bhlàth gu h-ùraidh,
Aig an allt 'tha cronan fann,
Air a' ghaoith tha faile cubhraidh,
Tighinn bho fhùrain nach 'eil gann.

'S ann a sud a fhuair mi m' àrach,
'S mi neo-lochdach mar na h-uain;
Ach 's lom a dh' fhagadh nis an larach,
Bho na sheol mi thar a chuain.
Thar leam gu'n cluinn mi guth nan smeor-
ach,
'Seinn gu ceolar feadh nan crann;
'S oran binn nan uiseag' boidheach,
Ard 's na speuran os mo cheann.

Chi mi chill aig bun a' bhruthaich.
Taobh an uillt 'tha ruith gu lùgh'r,
'S tric a bha mi sud gu dublach,
Caoidh nan cairdean tha fo'n àir.
Mo mhathair 's m' athair tha 'n an sin-
eadh,
'N cadal siorruidh anns an uaigh;
'S chaidh mo chopan searbh a lionadh
'N uair a d' fhag mi 'n sin mo luaidh.

'Nis cha léir dhomh tìr nan ard-bheann,
Air mo shuil tha ceo air fas;
Am measg choigreach 's fad' o m' chaird-
ean,
Tha mi feitheamh air a' bhàs.
Thusa, spioraid bhochd, tha 'n daorsa,
Ach cha 'n fhada bhios tu ann;
Thig, a Bhàis, a's thoir dhomh saorsa,
Beannachd leat, a thìr nam beann!

Glaschu, 1876.

H. W.



SIR FALBH-O-CORN.

SGEULACHD BHO'N SGIATHANACH
ATHOLACH.

UAIR 's gu'n robh bha là an barr-
ach fiadhaich anns a' Ghaidhealtachd,
ann an àite nach ainmichear, 's a h-
uile gin a bha 'tighinn a stigh air
chéilidh do thigh 's an robh cailleach
mhór aig oir an teine, ag ràdh gu 'm
b' e so an latha fiadhaich, 'us their-
eadh i ris a h-uile aon a thigeadh a
stigh, "Is beag sin aig an fhear
bhuidhe aig ceann Drochaid-nan-teud
a nochd," 'us mu dheireadh thainig
Sir Falbh-o-Còrn a stigh agus thuirt
e gu 'na b' i so oidhche 'n fhamhair.

Thuir a' chailleach ris mar a b' àbhuist, "Is beag sin aig an fhear bhuidhe aig ceann Drochaid-nan-teud." An sin thuir Sir Falbh-o-Còrn, "Tha mise 'cur mar chroisean 's mar gheasan orm fhein mar naoi mnathan-sith siubhal sith seachranaich, nach ith 's nach òl mi ni gus am faic mi am fear buidhe aig ceann Drochaid-nan-teud."

An sin thuir a' chailleach ris, "Tog dhiat do gheasan," 'us thuir Sir Falbh-o-Còrn nach togadh.

An sin chaidh Sir Falbh-o-Còrn na 'chulaidh-chath 's na 'chruaidh-chòmhraig. 'S e bu chulaidh-chatha 's bu chruaidh-chòmhraig dhà, sgiath bhucaideach, bhacaideach mhin-dhearg air a thaobh clì, air am bu lionmhor dealbh leomhain, agus dealbh liopaird. Ghearradh i naoi naoinear a null, 'us naoi naoinear a nall 's ghlacadh e fhein 's an làimh chiadua i rithist. An sin ràinig an gaisgeach an t-uan, 'us chuir e a làmh dheas ann an toiseach na birlinn, 'us tharrainn e mach air an fhairge i. An sin thog e na siuil bhreac bhaidealach ri aghaidh nan crann fada, fiodhanta, feargach; cha robh crann ga 'lùbadh, seòl ga 'reubadh, ag caitheamh na fairge fulcanaich, falcanaich, leothar dhearga, leothar ghuirme Lochlannaich; trì troidhean 's a' ghrund, trì troidhean eadar-dha-lionn, trì troidhean dh' iasg na tuinne, a tomhas os cionn a beòil, a' bhiasd bu mhutha ag itheadh na béisde bu lugha, 's a' bhiasd bu lugha 'dianamh mar a dh' fhaodadh i. An sin bha righeachd na doimhne mòire 'dol as an t-sealladh, na h-Eirionn a' tighinn a's t-sealladh. Mu dheireadh ràinig an gaisgeach tìr, 'us chuir e a làmh dheas an toiseach na birlinn 'us tharrainn e a seachd fad fhein air talamh tioram i. An sin chaidh an gaisgeach a rithist na 'chulaidh-chatha 's na 'chruaidh-chòmhraig, 's

dh' fhalbh e leis na ceumaman moiteil, toirteil, làidir, 's cha bu lugha am meal teine a chuireadh e bho bhun gach lùdaig, no bhàrr gach òrdaig na maol-chnoc sléibh, 's gu 'm b' fhear do nàmhaid a sheachnadh na tachairt ris 's a' cheart àm. A' triall da mar sin faicear a' tighinn ag gearradh shùrdag am fùdarlach sleomhain buidhe ud agus 's an tachairt chuir na laoiach fàilt air a' cheile gu fitheach, fothach, feargach gu fuilteach, uimheil borbach.

Tri dhitheachan chuireadh iad diubh dheth 'm fionnadh, dheth 'm falt, 's dheth 'm feòil an t-àrd athar 's an iarmailt. An sin dhianadh iad a bhogain, a bhogain, a chreagain, a chreagain, a thobraichean fìor-uisge an aodunn gach creagain. An uair a b' fhaide rachadh iad fotha, ruigeadh iad na sùilean, 's an uair bu lugha, ruigeadh iad na glùinean.

An sin chuimhnich Sir Falbh-o-Còrn gu 'n robh e fada bho 'chàirdean 's an uèhd a naimhdean, 's thug e togail shunntach shuigeartach do 'n bhodach 's bhrìst e a ghàirdein fotha 'us aisne os a chionn, 's an sin thuir e, "Do bhàs air do mhuin, a bhodaich, ciod è d' éiric?" "Is mor sin 's cha b'leag e" os am bodach—"Ciste òir 's ciste airgid am falach fo 'n ursainn." "Is leam fhein sin," osa Sir Falbh-o-Còrn, 's e 'sgudadh a chinn de 'n bhodach. Thug iad dòmhsa deoch á copan tioram 's mìr de 'n aran nach robh ann, 'us dh'fhàg mi an sid iad.



DITEADH MHIC-AN-TOISICH.

LEIS A' BHARD MAC-GILL-EATHAIN.

ANNS a' bhliadhna 1841, chuir an t-Easbuig Friseil nach maireann air chois Comunn Stua-machd ann an Antigonish, Nova Scotia. Is gann a bha duine anns na sgìreachdan fo

a churam nach do cheangail e fein ris a' Chomunn. B' e an gealladh a bha iad a' gabhail orra fein, nach oladh iad deoch laidir fad thri bliadhna. Tha aon no dha a lathair gus an latha 'n diugh nach do chuir ri 'm beul i bho 'n àm sin. Tha e coltach gu 'n do ghleidheadh coinn-eamh air Latha na Bliadhn'-uire aig an robh an sluagh ri 'n ainmeannan a chur ris a' ghealladh. Tha an t-oran air a dheanamh an ainm Dhomhnuill Mhic-Ille-Bhràth, no mar theirteadh gu coitcheonn ris, "Domhnull Mhamai." B' ann aig Uilleam Og a bha an tigh-osda a bu mhò an Antigonish. Bha tigh-osda eile aig Ealasaid ann an Arasaig mu thuairam da mhìle dheug o bhaile Antigonish. Is coltach gu 'n robh Domhnull Mhamai; Tomas Hill, fear-lagha; Padraig Burns; Somhairle Symonds; Raonull Cùb-air, pìobaire; agus Dr. Curry 'n an deadh chairdean do "Mhac-an-Tòisich," an ciomach a bhatar a' diteadh; agus cha robh am bàrd fein 'n a dhian namhaid idir dha. Is e an t-Easbuig am "breitheamh" air a bheil an t-oran a' labhairt.

Tha mi sgàth o'n tìm so 'n dé;
Cha 'n 'eil m' inntinn leam air ghleus;
'S beag an t-ìoghnadh sin domh fein,
'S gu 'n d' fhuair mi sgeul tha mulad-
ach.

Leis an sgeul a fhuair mi 'n dràst,
'S mithich dhomh teannadh ri dan,
Air Mac-an-Tòisich, fear mo ghraidh,
Am fleasgach aluinn, urramach.

Ged a fhuair iad e fo chis,
Cha robh 'leithid anns an tìr;
Bu chòmpanach e do 'n rìgh,
Do dh-uaislean grinn, 's do chumantan.

Gur-a diombach mi do 'n chleir,
Chuir an tòrachd as a dheigh;
Gu 'm bu dìleas e dhaibh fein,
Ged thug iad beum na dunach dha.

A' chiad latha d'an bhliadhn' ùir,
'S ann a shuidhich iad a' chuir;
'S iad ag iarraidh fear mo ruin,
A chur 's a' chuil, 's a chumail innt'.

Chaidh mi fhein a stigh am dheann;
Bha mo bhoineid ann am laimh;
Bha mi sìobhalt ann am chainnt,
'S cha tugainn taing do dhuinn' aca.

Thuirt a naimhdean 's fearg 'n an gnùis,
Gu'n robh e gun mheas, gun chliu;
Gu'n goideadh e an cuid 's a' chuil,
Ged bhiodh an suil air furachail.

Thuirt mi fhein, gur cruaidh an càs,
Mac-an-Tòisich chur gu bas,
'S gun choir' aca dh' fhear mo ghraidh,
Ach e bhì fàilteach, furanach.

Dh' iarr mi orra 'chur mar sgaol,
'S a leigeadh mach air an raon—
Cha ghlacteadh e a ris le maoir;
Chra bhiodh e faoin a chuireadh rìs!

Gu 'n robh fianaisean gu leòir,
Gus a shaoradh aig a' mhòd;
Fear na misnich, Uilleam Og,
Bha deònach dol an urras air.

Tomas, air a' chuoc' ud shuas,
Thainig oirnn le 'lagh a nuas,
Dh' fheuch an dìonadh e 'n fear ruadh
'S e ruith cho luath 's a b' urrainn da.

Thainig Padraig as a dheigh,
Ged bha bacaidhe 'n a cheum,
Gu 'n robh bat' aige fo 'sgéith
'S mur biodh iad reidh bhiodh fuil aige.

Dh' eirich Somhairle 's a' chuirt—
Labhair e le sgairt mu 'n chuis—
Thuirt e, "Chogainn ris a' Chrùn
M' an cuirinn diomb a' churaidh rium."

Chreid am breitheamh 'naimhdean cruaidh;
Sgrìobh e sìos a' bhinn gu luath;
Dh' eirich e 's thuirt e, "Gu luath,
Gu bàs, gun truas ris, cuirear e."

'N uair a fhuaradh e fo shreing,
Chaidh a naimhdean nunn 'n an deann;
Bha crìth orra 's an lamh ri peann,
'Cùr 'n ainm ri bann bha cùnnartach.

'S fhad o' n chual' mi daoine 'g radh,
Gu'n teid "neart thar ceart" an aird;
'S ann mar sin tha chuis an drast—
'S i binn rò chearr a thiugadh air.

Bha Lagh Chill-ma-Cheallaig cam,
A chroch an gearran suas ri crann;
Ach is càime 'n lagh 's an am s',
'Chuir slabhraidh air 'n fhear churanta.

Och, 's ann againn tha 'm muir-traigh;
Cha tig reothairt oirnn gu brath;
B' fhearr gu'n eireadh am muir-lan,
'S e dhòl cho ard 's a chunna mi.

Dheanainn iasgach leis an tìbh,
Air a' charraig mar ri each ;
'S ged nach biodh mo loplan lan,
Bhiodh cuid an trath, no tuilleadh ann.

Gur-a tric a thug mi sgrìob
Gu ruig Arasaig ud shìos,
'S an tigh Ealasaid gu 'm bith'nn,
'N uair bhiodh na lìn an cur agam.

Mhic-an-Toisich, bha thu riabh
Fearail, fiughantach a's fial ;
Cha bhiodh tlachd ach far an iarrt'
Thu, dh-aindeoin briag a chuireadh ort.

Raonull Cubair tha fo leon,
Bho 'n a chual e mar chaidh mod ;
'S tu 'n a mheoir a chuireadh 'n ceol,
A dh'fhogradh bron gu buileach uainn.

Mala 'phìob' th' air crupadh suas,
Ga 'bhogachadh le uisge fuar,
Bho 'n theirig iocshlainte nam buadh
A bheireadh fuasgladh muineil dha.

B' i sin an iocshlaint' 's an robh feum
Gu fogradh aiceidean cleibh' ;
'S b' ainmeil i air leigheas chreuchd ;
Gu 'm b' fhearr na 'n leigh bha 'm
Muile i.

Thuir Mac-Mhuirich rium Dimairt,
Gu'n d' fheuch e cuislean do lamh,
'S gu 'n eireadh tu fhathast slan—
Do chur gu bas nach b' urrainn daibh.

B' fhearr gu 'm biodh an sgeul sin fìor ;
'S iomadh aon d' am biodh e binn ;
Ged bhiodh branndaidh *gini* phinnt,
Gu 'n cosdainn trì le sulas riut !

Ged a bhithinn 's an tigh-bhan,
Gun duil ri tigh'nn as gu brath,
Na 'm faicinn thu air an t-sraid,
Gu'n leumainn ard troimh uinneagan.

Cha bhiodh banais, 's cha bhiodh bàl,
Cha bhiodh Nollaig, 's cha bhiodh Caisg,
Nach biodh tus' aig ceann a' chlair,
'S do chairdean a' cur furain ort.

'S ann ad chomunn nach biodh sgràing
'N uair a theannadh daoine ri caint ;
Cha bhiodh òr ad phèca gann,
'S gu'n tugteadh *dram* do'n h-uile fear.

Greis air iomairt, 's greis air ol,
Greis air aighear, 's greis air ceol,
Greis eil' air bualadh nan dorn,
'S gun chomhdach air am mullaichean.

Chuireadh tu 'n daorach 'n an ceann ;
Thuiteadh iad a bhos a's thall ;
'N uair ghlacadh iad thu air laimh,
Cha cheannsaicheadh Cuchuilinn iad.

Dh'fhagadh tu fear glic gun chiall ;
Dheanadh tu 'n spìocaire fial ;
Dh' fhuaisgleadh tu sporan nan iall,
'S cha bhiodh an gnìomh sin furasda.

D' fhear-dàimh cha chunntadh 'n a chall
Bhi 'sgapadh airgid 'n ad gheall,
Ged bhiodh e 'n ath latha fann,
A làmh m' a cheann, 's e 'turanan.

'S misd' na mnathan thu ga 'n dìth ;
B' fheaird iad ac' thu 'g ol na tea ;
Dh' fhiosraicheadh tu dhaibh le cinnt
A' bhrìgh a bhiodh 's na duilleagan.

'S mor am beud thu bhi air chall ;
Bu tu ceann-cinnidh gach dream ;
Chìosnaicheadh tu feachd na 'Fraing'
Gun deann a chur á gunn'orra.

Dheanadh tu cogadh a's sìth ;
'S e do spionnadh nach robh clì ;
Cha 'n fhacas riabh thu air do dhruim,
'S bu tric an strìth nam buillean thu.

'S lionmhor mais' ort, fhir mo ghraidh,
Nach urrainn domh a luaidh am dhan ;
Ma dh' fhograr thu nunn thar sail',
Bidh sinn ri 'r la bochd, uireasach.

Ach ma thig thu slan 'n ar ceann,
Le d' shuaicheantas ard ri crann,
Gur curaideach a bhios do chlann
A' dannsadh Ruidhle-Thulaichean.

Bidh sinn eibhinn thu bli beo ;
Cha bhi duine sean no og
Nach tionndaidh fo d' bhrataich shroil,
'S gu mod cha toirear tuille thu !

Sud ort fein, a charaid ghràidh !
'S mi nach treigeadh tu gu bràth !
Cha teid m' ainm ri paiper bàn,
Am measg na gràisg nach buineadh
dhuit !

— 0 —

AN DILLEACHDAN BOCHD.

AN uair a bha mi 'am ghiullan
beag, a' ruith 's a' leumadh mu'n
cuairt, ris gach mireadh agus cluich,
agus saor o gach cùram, is iomadh
deagh chomhairle a thugadh dhomh
le mo sheanair fein, a bha 'n a dhuine
ionraic agus glic, air an robh eagal
an Tighearna. Cha do chaill e aon
chothrom gun a bhi 'sparradh air m'
inntinn oirdheirceis oibre Dhé, agus
mìorbhuileachd an fhreasdail sin a

ta 'riaghladh os ar ceann. Bha e 'deanamh gach strith 'n a chomas chum beachd ceart agus freagarrach a thoirt domh air caoimheas agus cùram an 'Ti bheannaichte sin a ta 'stiùireadh na cruithachd le cumhachd agus le gliocas neo-chrìochnaichte; agus thug e dhomh iomadh samhladh agus eiseimpleir am measg chùisean an t-saoghail, chum m' inntinn fein a lionadh le h-ùmhachd d'a thaobh-san a tha 'buileachadh shochairean gun aireamh air na huile. An sin, dh' aithris e dhomh gu sonraichte aon sgéul beag nach dichuimhnich mi gu bràth. Bha'n sgéul sin mu dhilleachdan òg a bha comharraichte a thaobh na h-aoise aige, air son an eòlais a fhuair e air ceòl. Bha tuathanach àraidh 's a' choimhearsnachd aig an robh dithis mhac, air an do bhuilich e deagh fhòghlum, le bhi 'g an cumail gu riaghailteach 's an sgoil. An déigh aireimh bhliadhnaichean a dhol seachad chaochail an athair, agus shuidhicheadh am mac a b' òige 's an tuathanachas an àite athar fein, agus thug am mac bu shine na h-Innsean air a dh' iarraidh an fhortain. Air fearrann an tuathanaich so bha duine bochd a chòmhnuidh ann am bothan beag, suarach, maille r'a mhnaoi, d'an robh mòr-spéis aige, agus aon bhallaichan mic, a bha mar dheò-greine aig a pharantaibh fein. Cha robh e cuig bliadhna a dh' aois an uair a sguabadh air falbh 'athair agus a mhathair ann an aon là, le droch fhiabhras a bha 's an àite. Uime sin dh' fhàgadam brogachan bochd 'n a dhilleachdan truagh, aonaranach, gun charaid agus gun chuideachadh 's an t-saoghal! Air da, mar so, a bhi gu tur gun chàirdean agus gun luchd-dàimh anns an t-saoghal, gheall an-tuathanach duais shonraichte do sheann mhnaoi 's a' choimhearsnachd, air chùmhnannt gu'n gabhadh i cùram dheth le thoirt

gu bhi maille rithe fein. Ann am beagan bhliadhnaichean an deigh sin, chaidh an seann bhoirionnach so, air an robh an giullan ag amhar mar mhàthair, air slighe nan uile bheò, agus thilgeadh a ris air an t-saoghal e 'n a òganch a bha meuranta agus dìblidh 'n a phearsa. An sin, ghabh tuathanach 's a' choimhearsnachd truas ris, agus ghabh e a stigh d'a theaghlach e, chum cuid-eachadh a dheanamh ris 's a' bhuaichailleachd. Nochd an t-òganach gu'n robh spéis gun choimeas aige do'n cheòl, agus is minic a sheas iadsan a bha 'gabhadh na slighe a dh' éisdeachd, ris a' cluicheadh air fìdhill gle mhi-shnasmhòr a rinneadh leis fein. Bu tearc iad ri'm faotuin a bheireadh barrachd air ann an cluicheadh a' chiùil sin a chleachdadh 's an dùthaich. Air là àraidh thàinig an tuathanach sin an rathad, aig an robh a' ghabhadh-fhearainn air an d' fhuair pàrantan an òganaich am bàs, agus bha iongantais mòr air an uair a chual e feabhas a' chluich aige. Stad e re tamuill ag éisdeachd ris, agus bha toilinntinn nach bu bheag air 'n àm dha bhi 'g éisdeachd ris. Thug e an sin cuireadh càirdeil dha dol dh' ionnsuidh a thighe, agus gheall e gu'n d' thugadh e dha fìdheall, a bhiodh ni b' fheàrr na'n té gharbh sin a rinn e leis an sgithinn aige fein. Cha b'e ruith ach leùm leis an òganach, gus an d' ràinig e tigh an tuathanaich. An sin chaidh an tuathanach gun dàil dh' ionnsuidh àraidh ann an cùil dhuirch 's an fhàrdaich aige, far an robh treallaich agus geadhachail dhe gach gnè air an druideadh suas air feadh a' chéile, agus rinn e gréim air seann chobhan anns an robh fìdheall air a comhdachadh le dus agus smùir a thionail i rè nam bhliadhnaichean a laidh i gun charachadh 's a' chobhan sin. Thug e mach an fìdheall, ach bha i gun droch-

aid, gun téid, gu'n inchar, agus a' tuiteam as a' chéile a dh-easbhuidh ghlaoidh. Bhuineadh i an toiseach do bhràthair an tuathanaich a chaidh do na h-Innsibh. Bha saor anns a' bhaile a cheangal an fhidheall le deagh ghlaodh. An sin, fhuaireadh tendan, drochaid, cnagan, agus gach ni eile a bha 'dhith air an fhidhill. An uair a rinneadh mar so deas i thugadh i do'n dilleadhan aobhneach, agus ghrad-thug e an t-slighe dhachaidh air le mòr ghairdeachas. Ceithir no cuig de bhliadhnaichean an deigh sin, dh' éirich aimhreit eadar bràthair an tuathanaich agus a mhàighstirean anns na h-Innsibh; agus thàinig e nall thar chuan gu dùthaich a' bhrèith. Bha e 'n a dhuine aig an robh droch giùlan, agus droch cridhe. Cha'n e mhàin gu'n robh e misgeach agus anameasarra 'n a chaithe-beatha, ach bha e mar an céudna, ro àrdanach, uaibhreach, agus struigheil 'n a nàdar, agus chaill e deagh-ghean a bhràthar, agus gach neach eile 'san àite, a bhiodh ealamh air càrdeas a nochdadh dha, mar urram da athair fein, d'au robh mòr-spéis aig a luchd-éolais uile 's an àite. Bha e stéidhichte air réiteachadh a dheanamh a thaobh codach athar fein, agus thug e a bhràthair air aghaidh gu cùntas a thoirt seachad air gach ni a dh' fhàgadh le athair, a' deanamh mach do bhrìgh gu'm b' esan fein am bràthair bu shine gu'm buineadh gach eairneis, agus gach ni eile dha fein. Bhuin e r'a bhràthair co mi-nadurra, cruaidh-ghridheach, agus ain-ìochdmhor, 's gu'n d' éirich a luchd-eolais mar aon duine 'n a aghaidh. Ann an ùine ghèarr dh' ullaich e tigh dha fein, agus phòs e òinseach mhisgeach bhoirionnaich cosmhuil ris fein. Chuir e a bhràthair gu lagh air son airgid, àirneis, agus nithe gun àireamh eile, air an robh

e 'tagradh còir mar oighre dligh-each 'athar fein. Am measg gach treallaich eile dh' ainmich e an t-seann fhidheall, agus dh' iarr e a faotuin. Thubhairt a bhràthair ris, air do'n fhidhill a bhi 'n a cungaidh gun fhéum 's an tigh, gu'n d' thug e seachad i do dhilleachdan bochd chum gu'n ionnsuicheadh e a cluicheadh. Las e ann an dian chorruich an aghaidh a bhràthar, ghrad-chuir e fios air an dilleadhan, agus labhair e ris anns a' chainnt bu mhiosa a b'urrainn a theaghadh a chur an céill, a cheann gu'n do ghabh e an fhidheall o 'bhràthair. Air do'n dilleadhan thruagh a bhi air chrith leis an eagal, labhair e ris gu sìobhalta, ciuin, modhail, agus thubhairt e, "A dhuin-uasail, tha mi 'g iarraidh maitheanas, ach cha'n 'eil e 'nam chomus ath-dhioladh 's am bith a dheanamh ach an fhidheall a thoirt air a h-ais a ris na d' ionnsuidh." "An fhidheall a thoirt air a h-ais a ris! an e a thubhairt thu?" fhreagair am fiadh-dhuine le corruich a' lasadh na 'ghnùis,— "a thoirt air a h-ais a ris!" A' chroch-aire bhig, am bheil dùil agad gu'n truaillim-sa mo mheòir le inneal a laimhseachadh a bha co fàda a' suathadh rid' luideagaibh salach, brean-sa? Cha truaill ri m' bheò. Gleidh an fhidheall, a bhulgain shuaraich, ach ioc dhòmhsa cuig puinn Shasunnach an taobh a stigh de thri làithean mar luach na fidhle, agus mur dean thu sin, bheir mi òrdugh seachad do thilgeadh 's a' phriosain." Chuir an dilleadhan bochd an céill le sùilibh deurach nach robh cuig sgillinn Shasunnach dhe 'n t-saoghal aige, agus uime sin, nach robh e na 'chomus sin a dheanamh. Ach bha 'n duine cruaidh-chridheach do-lùbaidh na 'bhagradh, agus sgiurs e le feirg am ballachan air falbh, ag éigheach na 'dhéigh mar aontaicheadh e ris a' chùmhant

a thug e seachad, gu'm biodh na maoir gun dàil na 'lorg. Dh' fhalbh an t-òganach gu tùirseach, brònach, agus a gal gu-fracach air an t-slighe. An uair a bha e 'dlùthachadh r'a dhachaidh, chomhlaich e bean-uasal a dh' fheòraich dheth gu caoimhneil, ciod a bha 'cur air? Cha b' fhad gus an do chuir e an céill a sgéul cianail fein o thùs gu déis. Dh' éisd a bhantighearna cheanalta ris, le cridhe làn truais agus deagh-ghean, agus thubhairt i ris; "Glac misneach, a bhallachain bhochd, glac misneach, agus taoghail ormsa am màireach, aig meadhon-là, agus bheir mi luach na fìdhle dhuit. An sin, bithidh i leat fein, mar do chuid dhligheach fein tuilleadh an déigh so." Ghrad-thionndaidheadh dubh-bhròn an òganaich gu ceòl agus aoibhneas,—chaidh e mar a dh' iarradh air,—fhuair e na cuig puinnnd Shasunnach,—chaidh e na 'dheannruith dh'ionnsuidh an duine fhiadh-aich sin a shàruich co searbh e, agus thilg e an t-airgiod air a bhéulaobh. "A nis, 'òganaich gun nàire gun mhodh, teagaisgidh sin do dhleasnas dhuit an déigh so. Is leamsa, a nis, an t-airgiod, is leatsa an fhidheall, as thoir do chasan as gu luath, as mo shealladh." Bha 'n dilleachdan a ris na 'bhrogach sona. Chuala gach àrd agus iosal 's an dùthaich mar a bhuineadh ris, agus dhùisg a chàramh co-fhulangas nan uile d'a thaobh. Ghabh aon duin'-uasal 'araidh tlachd co mòr dheth, 's gu'n do chuir e dh'ionnsuidh fir-chiùil ainmeil 's a' bhaile-mhòr chum gu'm faigheadh e fòghlum naith anns a' cheòl. Thainig e air aghart co bras ann an eòlas a' chiùil, 's gu'n do chuir e iongantais airsan a bha ga 'theagasg. Ach an déigh beagan ùine, chunncas freagarrach an fhidheall dhaor aige a ghlanadh, agus a chur ceart, agus chum na crìche sin, thugadh a' chomhairle air an òganach

dol leatha dh' ionnsuidh fir-ealaidh a bha ainmeil air son inneala-chiùil a cheartachadh agus ath-leasachadh. Bha am fear-ealaidh sin a chòmhnuidh ann am baile a bha beagan mhiltean air falbh, gidheadh chaidh an dilleachdan agus an fhidheall gun dàil d'a ionnsuidh. Air do'n fhear-ealaidh an fhidheall a thoirt as a' chéile, sheall e air an òganach, agus dh' fheòraich e dheth, an robh dùil aige ris an fhidheall sin a reiceadh air son deagh luach? Air do'n oganach a bhli an dùil gu'n robh i anabarrach daor air fein, cha dubhairt e diog. Bha duin'-uasal a làth-air aig an àm a thog claran na fìdhle 'na làimh, a sheall gu géur orra fa leth, agus a thubhairt gu'n robh an t-inneal sin da rìreadh luachmhor. "Thà gu'n teagamh," deir am fear-ealaidh; "is fhiach an fhidheall sin eadar ceithir agus cuig fichead puinnnd Sasunnach. Is i so te de na fìdhlean a's fearr a rinneadh ann an Cremóna, àireamh chéudan bliadhna air ais." Cheartaicheadh gu curamach i, agus chunncas nach robh a leithid ach ainneamh r'a fhaotuinne a' thaobh gléusaidh agus fuinn. Rùnaich an dilleachdan an fhidheall a ghleidheadh air gach uile chor, agus bha a luchd-eòlais làn toilintinn a' thaobh na dòigh air an d' fhuair e gréim oirre. Cha b' fhad gus an do ruig na naigheachd mu luach na fìdhle cluasan an duine ghràineil sin aig an robh i an toiseach. Bha e làn feirge agus farrainn air son mar a dh' eirich dha, ach cha robh comus aige a bheul fhosgladh, a cheann gu'n do reic e i gu riaghailteach, ach air bheag chà dha fein. Mar bha bliadhnaichean a' ruith thairis, bha'n dilleachdan ag ath-leasachadh a' chuid 's a' chuid na 'dhréuchd. Mu dheireadh, ceart mar a bha'n fhidheall aige gun choimeas air son feabhais, ceart mar sin bha e fein, féudar a ràdh, gun choimeas 's an dùthaich

air son feabhais mar fear-ciùil. Bha e cliuiteach, measail, agus macanta. Dh' fhàs e gle shaihbhear, ach bha e truacanta, teo-chridheach, agus fialaidh le chuid do'n fhéumach. Cha b' fhad gus an d' fhàs an droch-dhuine sin a shàruich e na 'dige agus na 'bhochduinn, na 'chuspair truagh an 'u-dòchais. Bha e gun mheas aig a luchd-duthcha, agus na 'chùis-ghraime do gach inbh agus aois. Thuit a theaghlach sìos gu bochduinn agus truaighe,—agus is minic a dh' iarr, agus a fhuair a shliochd luid-eagach deirce aig doras falaidh an dilleadhan mu'n d' aithriseadh an sgéul so do uile luchd-léughaidh a "*Ghaidheil*" leis an t-seann.

SGIATHANACH.

ATHCHUINGE AIRSON LUCHD-MARA.

"IADSAN a theid sìos do 'n fhainge air longaibh, a ni obair air uisgeachaibh mòra; chi iadsan gnìomharan an Tighearna agus a bhearta iongantach san doimhne."—Salm cvii. 23, 24.

1.

'Athair nam feart o chian nan cian
Do ghàirdean chaisg na tuinn fo shian,
'Tha toirt do 'n mhòr-chuan àithn' gach uair,
Gu gluasad anns na crìochaibh 'fhuair.

A' ghuidhe eisd 'tha 'g eiridh uainn
Mu 'n t-sluagh 'tha 'muigh an cunnart cuain,

2.

O Chrìosd do ghuth gu 'n cual' na tuinn,
A's d' fhocal chaisg an buaireas dhuinn,
'S tu 'cheum an doimhne chòbh' rach gharbh,
'S bu sheimh do shuain 'na buaireas searbh.

A' ghuidhe eisd 'tha 'g eiridh uainn
Mu 'n t-sluagh 'tha 'muigh an cunnart cuain.

3.

O Spioraid Naoimh, air tùs, a dh' fhalbh
Air talamh falamh, dorch' gun dealbh,
'S le d' àithne 'chaisg a bhuaireas dian,
'Cur sìthe 's tainmh 'measg ainmreit' shian.

A' ghuidhe eisd 'tha 'g eiridh uainn,
Mu 'n t-sluagh 'tha 'muigh an cunnart cuain.

4.

'Thrìonaid nam feart làn neirt a's gràidh,
'Nan aire do 'r braithribh dìon an àigh,
O sgeir, o shian, o theine 's nàmh
Dean taic dhoibh 's dìon 'nan triall 's 'nan tàmh.

Mar sin 'n ar laoidhibh binn gu buan
Dhuit cliù bheir sinn air tìr 's air cuan.
EAD. LE A. M.

GACH NI NA 'THRATH.

NA abair gu bràth gu'n dean thu
ann an uine ghoirid an nì sin bu
chòir duit a dheauamh eadhon a nis.
Cha d' rinn duine riamh gu glic,
agus gu maith air a shon fein, a
chuir dàil 'na ghnòthuichibh fein.
Tha dàil cunnartach. Seall air
Nàdar, agus cha dean i dàil. Seall
air Uine, agus cha dean i dàil. Cha
chuir cumhachd talmhaidh sam bith
stad air. Cha'n 'eil oibre Nàdair
mu'n cuairt duit a' deanamh dàil.
An uair a thig an t-àm do na blàth-
aibh briseadh a mach, brisidh iad a
mach; agus do'n duilleach tuiteam,
agus tuitidh e. Seall suas air na
speuraibh agus bi air do theagasg
leis na reultaibh. Cha chuir na
cruinn-mheallan soillseach dàil 'nan
laidhe no 'nan éiridh. Tha gach
réult, agus dùbhradh-gréine agus
gealaich gu h-eagnuidh seasmhach
ris a' cheart mhionaid, agus cha
diobair a h-aon diubh 'na asdar
siùbhlach. Cha'n 'eil moille idir
ann an gluasadaibh a' chruinne-chè, a
shonruicheadh le gliocas agus cumh-
achd neochrìochnuich an Tì Uile-
bheannuichte a dhealbh e. Na'n
deanadh na rionnagan dàil 'nan
cuairtibh bheireadh iad sgrios gu
h-obunn air a' chruitheachd, agus
thuitedh gach nì ann an àimhreite.
Na'n cuireadh Nàdar dàil 'na h-oibrìbh
air an talamh, thigeadh gortaidh,
agus plàighean, agus truaighean a
chuireadh as do gach duine, agus
ainmhidh, agus crèutair beo air uach-

dar an t-saoghail. Nach fìor agus fallain an teagasg so do'n chinne-daoine na'n gabhadh iad gu cridhe e? Thugadh comas do'n duine, ma's i a thoil fein e, dàil a chur 'na dhleasnasuibh, agus tha e 'deanamh sin gu minic, ach gu minic tha e 'ga dheanamh chum a chaldach fein. Tha'n Tighearna 'na fhocal agus 'na oibribh fein, a' teagasg do'n duine, gur e "anis" an t-àm freagarrach, agus an t-àm a shònraicheadh le 'fhreasdal fein chum leas aimsireil

agus spioradail an duine sin a chur air aghaidh. Uime sin, na abair gu'n dean thu ath-leasachadh ann an ùine ghoirid, oir air an ùine sin cha'n 'eil gealltanus idir agad. Cùmhnich, ma ta, an fhìrinn so ata air a sparradh ort le eachdraidh an t-saoghail, le righribh agus le'n iochdaranaibh, agus leis na h-uile nithibh, agus na cuir seachad gus an là màireach, an dleas'nas a's còir duit a dheanamh air an là 'n diugh.

SGIATHANACH.



CUMHA FLORI NICHDHOMHNUILL.

'h-nile Gaidheal a tha, cho deas-chainnteach ri "Gleann-mor," co sa bith e—is co-dheas leis Beurla no Gaidhlig; oir tho beagan de bhardachd Ghaidhlig anns an leabhar. Gun fhios a bheil moran de luchd-leughaidh a' GHÀIDHEIL eolach air "Gleann-mor" no air a leabhran lurach, feuchaidh mi ri brìgh an sgeoil a tha e 'toirt air Para Ruadh Mac-Griogair a chur sìos ann an Gaidhlig.

Tha baird agus luchd-eachdraidh na Gaidhealtachd o chionn iomadh linn, a' deanamh iomraidh air Siol-Ailpein no Clann-Ghriogair, agus tha facal-suaicheantais na fine fein—"Is rìoghail mo dhream"—a' toirt iomraidh air an stoc uasal bho 'n do chinn iad.

"Sliochd nan rìghrean duthchasach
Bha shìos ann an Dùn-stathinnis,
Aig an robh crùn na h-Alb' o thùs.
'S aig a bheil dùthchas fhathast ris."

Ri linn Sheumais IV. bha iad 'n an cinneach ro chumhachdach, agus cha bu bheag an sgrìob de Ghaidhealtachd na h-Alba a bha fo 'n seilbh. Ach mu 'n àm so thoisich fineachan eile na duthcha air an cinn a thogail ann an luchuirt an

Macdonald's Lament.

e air guallain a' mhonaidh,
tha ruith air a chùl,
a dubhach an comhnuidh,
's na deura 'n a sùil;
'tha uaipe a' seòladh,
a' gluasad gu sàmhach
m bàt' dol á 'sealladh,—
a faic mi gu bràth,
agus seòlta,
a faic mi gu bràth!

e stùcan Beinn-Comhnuill,
sgar air leaba bhios blàth,
an creagan Chlann-Raonuill
heche gun chùram, gun sgàth.
'n sùlair gu seasgair,
ch aig laidhe na gréin',
aig dùnadh an fheasgair
an rioghachd 's leis féin;
ha crìoch air an deasbair,
hghar an Albainn nan tréun.

ho ghàirdean na gaisge,
air maladh an àill',
radh 's tha bhratach nis paisgte
an tha làmhan nan tràill.
, tha 'm breacan ga 'shracadh,
bha cliuiteach a'm blàr,
a doinionn ga'm bacadh,
altairt le ainneart gu làr
, tha d' arm air a sgapadh
thu a'n Albainn nan sàr.

Eadar. le H. W.

SGEUL MATH MU INNSEAN-ACH.

BHA aon do choithionalan ann an *Georgia*, far am bheil na daoine leth dlùbh, a' dol a dh' ath-thogail an eaglais; agus bha coinneamh aca a bheachdachadh air cionnus a gheibheadh iad airgid a phàidheadh an costus. 'S e an toradh a bh' air so an déigh treis reusonachaidh gu'n do leag iad sìos na riaghailtean a leanas:

1. BHEIR SINN UILE RUDEIGIN.

2. BHEIR SINN UILE A REIR AR COMAIS.

3. BHEIR SINN UILE GU TOILEACH.

Chaidh na riaghailtean so a chur an cleachdadh, gach aon do bhuill na coinneimh ag éiridh suas far an robh fear-na-cathrach, agus a' toirt seachad a thiodhlaic. Mu dheireadh dh' éirich am fear a bu bheairtiche 'nam measg le a chuidsán.

Ghabh am ministear a bha 's a' chathair a thiodhlaic, 's dh' amhairc e air. 'N uair a chunnaic e nach robh uiread ann agus a thug feadhainn a bu bhochdainne seachad; thubhairt e:

“Seall, *brudder Jones*, cha dean so an gnothuch. Tha e réir na ceud riaghailt, ach cha 'n 'eil a réir na dara riaghailt.”

Shuidh brathair Iones, air a ghonadh, 's e 'na bhall gàire aig càch; ach thàinig e air ais air ball le meall cile airgid agus thilg e sud le feirg air beulaobh a' mhinisteir, ag ràdh, “Gabh sin, ma ta!”

“Cha dean sin an gnothuch fhathast,” thuirt am ministear. “Rinn thu nis a réir na ceud agus na dara riaghailt; ach cha 'n 'eil thu toirt seachad gu toileach.” Shuidh *brudder Iones* an dara uair gu h-angarach a chionn gu 'n do dhiùltadh a chuid.

Shuidh e treis gu sàmhach; ach 'n uair a chunnaic e aon an déigh aoin do na bràithrean a bu bhochdainne a' tilgeil am buinn airgid anns an ionmhas gu suilbheir, dh' fhàs eudan ni bu shìobhalta, agus dh' éirich e suas an treas uair far an robh am ministear, ag ràdh le fàite-gàire, “Ma 's toil leibh, gabh aibh so, air son aobhar an Tigh-earna.”

Ghabh am ministear an nis an tiodhlaic, ag ràdh, “Taing dhuibh, a bhrathair Iones, tha sin ceart, oir tha sin a réir nan trì riaghailtean.”



Tha dàil cunnartach. Seall air Nàdar, agus cha dean i dàil. Seall air Uine, agus cha dean i dàil. Cha chuir cumhachd talmhaidh sam bith stad air. Cha'n 'eil oibre Nàdair mu'n cuairt duit a' deanamh dàil. An uair a thig an t-àm do na blàth-aibh briseadh a mach, brisidh iad a mach; agus do'n duilleach tuiteam, agus tuitidh e. Seall suas air na speuraibh agus bi air do theagasg leis na reultaibh. Cha chuir na cruinn-mheallan soilseach dàil 'nan laidhe no 'nan éiridh. Tha gach réult, agus dùbhradh-gréine agus gealaich gu h-eagnuidh seasmhach ris a' cheart mhionaid, agus cha diobair a h-aon diubh 'na asdar sìubhlach. Cha'n 'eil moille idir ann an gluasadaibh a' chruinne-chè, a shonruicheadh le gliocas agus cumhachd neochrìochnuic an Ti Uillebheannuichte a dhealbh e. Na'n deanadh na rionnagan dàil 'nan cuairtibh bheireadh iad sgrios gu h-obunn air a' chruitheachd, agus thuiteadh gach ni ann an àimhreite. Na'n cuireadh Nàdar dàil 'na h-oibrìbh air an talamh, thigeadh gortaidh, agus plàighean, agus truaighean a chuireadh as do gach duine, agus ainmhidh, agus créutair beo air uach-

PARA RUADH MAC- GRIOGAIR.

THACHAIR dhomh o chionn ghoirid greim fhaighinn air leabhran beag Beurla ris an abrar "Highland Legends," no "Ur-sgeulan Gaidhealach." Tha an t-ughdar— agus is e nach ruigeadh a leas—cho malda 's nach d'innis e co e-fein, ach ghabh e mar fhar-ainm *Glenmore*. Bheirinn rud cuimseach air ghaol 's gu'm biodh fhios agam co e, no bheil e beo, a chum 's gu'n tairginn mo dhlighe taing dha air son a sgeulachdan. Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam cuin a leugh mi leabhar a thaitinn rium coltach ris. Moire, cha'n e 'h-uile Gaidheal a tha cho deas-chainnteach ri "Gleann-mor," co sa bith e—is co-dheas leis Beurla no Gaidhlig; oir tho beagan de bhardsachd Ghaidhlig anns an leabhar. Gun fhios a bheil moran de luchd-leughaidh a' GHaidheil eolach air "Gleann-mor" no air a leabhran lurach, feuchaidh mi ri brìgh an sgeoil a tha e 'toirt air Para Ruadh Mac-Griogair a chur sìos ann an Gaidhlig.

Tha baird agus luchd-eachdraidh na Gaidhealtachd o chionn iomadh linn, a' deanamh iomraidh air Siol-Ailpein no Clann-Ghriogair, agus tha facal-suaicheantais na fine fein—"Is rìoghail mo dhream"—a' toirt iomraidh air an stoc uasal bho 'n do chinn iad.

"Sliochd nan rìghrean duthchasach
Bha shìos ann an Dùn-stathinnis,
Aig an robh crùn na h-Alb' o thùs,
'S aig a bheil dèthchas fhathast ris."

Ri linn Sheumais IV. bha iad 'n an cinneach ro chumhachdach, agus cha bu bheag an sgrìob de Ghaidhealtachd na h-Alba a bha fo 'n seilbh. Ach mu 'n àm so thoisich fineachan eile na duthcha air an cinn a thogail ann an luchuirt an

rìgh, agus is coltach, cìod sa bith a bu choireach, mar bha each ag eirigh gu'n robh Clann-Ghriogair a' call an cas uidh air 'n uidh, gus mu dheireadh, ri linn Sheumais V., Ban-rìgh Mairi, agus Sheumais VI., an deachaidh binn chruaidh a thoirt a mach an aghaidh Ceann-cinnidh Chloinn-Ghriogair, agus an aghaidh na fine gu h-iomlan, an fearainn a bhuintinn uapa gu eucorrach, an ainm a bhacadh, agus an ruagadh leis na coin-luirg mar mhadraibh-alluidh nam beann. Is beag an t-ioghnadh, an deigh a bhi mar so air an spuinneadh agus air an creachadh d'an còirichean agus an sochairean mar iochdrain laghail, is beag an t-ioghnadh ged bha an fhine mhi-shealbhach so air an co-éigneachadh gu bhi a' cleachdinn na seann riaghailt, gu'n "glacadh an ti do'n urrainn, agus gu'n gleidheadh an ti aig a bheil an comas."

Is iomadh sgeulachd agus oran Gaidhlig a tha air an aithris agus air an seinn gus an latha 'n diugh feadh na Gaidhealtachd mu euchdan agus mu dheuchainnean iomadh curaidh d'an treubh chlaoidhte, bho chd so, agus 'n am measg tha an sgeul air a bheil sinn a' tighinn, mu Phara Ruadh no mar theireadh cuid ris "Para donn an t-sùgraidh."

Bu mhaic brathair athar Para Ruadh do dhiùlnach eile nach b' fhaoin d'an cheart dream, agus b' e sin Iain Dubh Gearr, gaisgeach cho cruadalach agus cho teoma 's a tharraing riabh claidheamh. Ge b'e cìod an aimhreit anns an do thachair daibh a bhi mu 'n aon àm bha iad le cheile fad iomadh latha ga'm falach fein feadh mhonaidhnean agus fhrithean Shraith-spé agus Bhanbh. An drast agus a rithist thigeadh iad a nuas le bannal d'an luchd-leanmhainn calma as an ion-ada-tèarmainn a thogail creiche o luchd-aiteachaidh nan cearnaidhean

sin, agus is iomadh buaile mhor, làn a dh' fhad iad gun chrodhan.

A thaobh gu'n robh Baile Ché 'n a aite fìor ghoireasach aig iomall nan garbh-chrioch, is minig a rinn iad taghal ann air an turais-chreachaidh, agus a chuir iad thairis an oidhche gus an eireadh a' ghealach, no gus am measadh iad gu'n robh an rathad reidh rompa gu tighinn gun fhios air tighèan agus air spreidh nan tuathanach mora agus nan uaislean a bhia a chomhnuidh anns a' choimhearsnachd. Ged nach àicheadhmaid gu 'n do rinn iad iomadh uair gnìomh glan, fialaidh, feumar aideachadh gur minig a bhia a' chuis an car eile, agus uime sin, cha 'n iongantach ged dh' eireadh fearg agus gamhlas an t-sluaigh 'n an aghaidh. Chuir cuid diubh rompa ma ta na 'm bu chomasach e, gu 'n glacadh iad an t-ard-chreachadair e fein agus gu'n sineadh iad thairis e do cheartas.

Oidhche de na h-oidhcheannan thainig Para Ruadh agus a chuid daoine do Bhaile Ché agus ghabh iad sealbh na h-oidhche air tigh-osda far an do laidh iad air ol agus air lan-aighear nach bu bheag. Cha luaithe rainig iad am baile na chuireadh sanas a mach an ear's an iar. Chaidh ordugh a thoirt do 'n chaileig a bhia a' freasdal do na seoid i a dh' eisd-eachd gu mion ris gach smid a bhiodh aca, a los gu'n tuigeadh iad ciod an àird' a bhia na fèara dol a thoirt orra air an la-ar-na-mhaireach. Am measg iomadh rud a chual i bhia so, gu'm paigheadh iad ol agus biadh-tachd na h-oidhche le fear-an-tighe a chrochadh moch air madainn. Rinn muinntir a' bhaille ullachadh mor feadh na h-oidhche agus chaidh a shuidheachadh gu'n cuairtichadh iad an tigh-osda aig bristeadh na faire, agus gu'n glacadh iad Para Ruadh soirbh no doirbh. Fad na h-uine so bhia comunn Pharaig agus e fhein gun smuair-

cin a' sineadh air òl agus air ruit-cireachd air a leithid de dhoigh's gu'n robh iad m'an d' thainig a' mhadainn ann an droch cor gu iad fein a sheas-amh no a dhion anns a' chomh-strith a bhia gu toiseachadh a chlisge. Gus an gnothach a dheanamh na bu mhiosa do Pharaig agus d'a dhaoine, ciod a rinn a' bhanasgal mhealltach a bhia 'frithealadh orra ach gu 'n do lion i an guannachan lan de chabh-ruich, air alt's nach gabhadh urchair cur asda 'n uair thigeadh teinn air na laoiach. Aig an àm a chaidh a shocrachadh chaidh clag na h-eaglais a bhualadh. Cha luaithe chuala Mac-Griogair agus a dhaoine so na ghrad leum iad air an casan, ghlac iad an armachd, agus thug iad aghaidh air bhi mach, ach bhia an tigh air a dhion aig gach oisinn agus air a chuirteachadh le sluagh fo lan uidheam chogaidh. Sheas na Gaidheil gu dalma, duineil, agus thug iad ionnsaidh air bealach a dheanamh troimh 'n t-sluaigh, ach bhia an cuid ghunnachan gun mhath dhaibh agus cha robh aca air ach geilleachdainn gun suil gun duil gu'm faigheadh iad fìu cothrom teichidh. Mar so chuireadh an sas an curaidh gun choimeas gaisgeil, Para Ruadh Mac-Griogair. Chaidh a ghleidheadh gu teann fo shuil freiceadain agus fo ghlais, agus goirid a dheigh sin thugadh a Dhuneideann e fo churam gearrd laidir shaighdearan, a chum 's gu 'm faigheadh e binn agus peanas air son a lochdan agus a dhroch-bheartan do-aireamh.

Chriochnaich an creachadair iomraiteach so a bheatha fa laimh a' chrochadair, agus tha iad ag radh gu 'n do rinn e an t-oran a leanas eadar àm a ghlacaidh agus a chrochaidh. Ann an toiseach an orain tha e a' caoidh agus a' cur sios air an òl agus air an ruiteireachd a bu choireach gu'n deachaidh esan a ghlacadh cho furasda. Tha e an sin ag iomradh

air cho beag eifeachd 's a tha anns a' ghunna an coimeas ris a' chlaidh-eamh-mhór agus a' caoidh dith a chlaidhein threín nach do dhiobair riabh e—an dith dhiubhalach sin a thug an tàmailt airsan aig an àm ud, gu'n deachaidh a ghlacadh gun urad agus aon duine d'a naimhdean a thoirt gu làr. Tha e rithist ag inns-eadh na'n robh fhios aig muinntir a dhuthcha an càramh cruaidh anns an robh e gu'm b' iomadh aon a chuireadh iad fein gu dragh as a leth, agus nach bu tearc aireamh nam maighdeannan a thairngadh an cuid sporan a cheannach saorsa dha; gu sonraichte aon te a bha a comhnaidh ann an Srath-Spé a chuireadh gu togarrach agus gu h-ealamh "ciad crùn"—rud nach b' fhaoin 's an àm sin—g'a fhuasgladh. Aig deireadh an orain tha e a' tagar gu laidir r'a fhear-cinnidh agus ga charaid, Iain Dubh Gearr, agus ga 'bhrosnachadh gus gach seol agus doigh ga chur an cleachdamh a mheasadh e eifeachdach no coltach air son a' chiomaich bhoehd a chur mar sgaoil.

ORAN PHARA RUAIDH MHC-GRIGOIR.

Mìle mallachd do 'n òl,
'S maireg a dheanadh dheth pòit,
'S e mo mhealladh gu mor a fhuair mi.

Mo mhallachd do 'n dram
Chuir an daorach am cheann,
'N uair ghlac iad 's an Airde-tuath mi.

Mu 'n d' fhuair mi bhi mach,
'S a bhi 'm armachd gu ceart,
Bha rag mheirlich nan cearc m'an cuairt domh.

Bha trì fichead a's triuir,
Ga mo ruith a dh-aon lùb,
Gus'n a bhuain iad mo lùth 's mo luaths bhuam.

Bidh mo mhallachd gu bràth
Air a' ghuinn' air son airm
An deigh a' mheallaidh 's na tàir' a fhuair mi.

Ged gheobhainn domh fein
Lan buaile de spreidh
B' annsa claidheamh fo m' sgeith
's an uair ud.

Naile, 's mis' tha fo nàir'
Gu'n do ghlac iad mi slàn
A's nach d' thug mi fear bàn no ruadh dhiubh!

Na'n robh fios mi bhi 'n sàs.
Gun duil fuasglaidh gu brath,
'S lionmhor ghabhadh mo phàirt
's an uair so.

'S iomadh maighdean ghlan, ùr,
Chluinnteadh farum a gòin,
Chuireadh a crùn ga m' fhuasgladh.

Gu bheil te dhiubh 'n Srath-Spé,
'S na 'n robh fhios aice fein,
Ghrad chuireadh i ceud gu luath dhiubh.

Ach, Iain Duibh, tog a mach
'S thoir na dh' fhaodas tu leat,
Agus cuimhnich a' bheairt bu dual dhuith.

Na 'm biodh tusa fo ghlais,
Agus mise bhi as,
Naile, chumainn mo chas gle luaineach!

Sin agad, ma ta, sgeulachd Phara Ruaidh Mhic Griogair mar fhuair mi aig "Gleann-mor" i. Co aige tha fios, bho 'n fhuair sinn blas air Clann-Ghriogair, nach bi cothrom againn air rud-eigin a radh orra fhathast m' an tig an Fheill-Brighde. Is i mo bharrail fhein na 'n tugadh tu air falbh Clann-Ghriogair nach biodh ann an cuid mhór de dh-eachdraidh na Gaidhealtachd ach "marag gun gheir."

MAC-MHARCUIS.

AN CEANNAICHE EAD-AILTEACH.

LE CHARLES LAMB.

BHA Iudhach d' am b' ainm Shylock a chomhnuidh ann am baile-mor Venice, anns an Eadailt; bha e 'n a dhuine ro shanntach, agus le bhi a' cur a chuid airgid a mach air riadh ard am measg nan ceannaichean Criosdail chuir e beairteas mor cruinn. Bha Shylock 'n a dhuine cruaidh-chridheach agus fuathasach

teann ann an tagar air ais 'airgid-iasaid; bha, uime sin, fuath nach bu bheag aig a' h-uile duine ceart, cothromach dha, agus gu sonraichte aig Antonio, ceannaiche og a bha anns a' bhaile; agus bha neo-artaing urad fhuath aig Shylock dhasan, oir bha e 'n a chleachdadh aige airgid a thoirt do dhaoine air choincheall agus cha 'n iarradh 's cha ghabhadh e riadh bho dhuine; bha, leis a so, gamhlas nach robh faoin eadar an t-Iudhach sanntach so agus an ceannaiche iochdmhor Antonio. Cha robh uair a thachradh Antonio air an Iudhach aig a' mhargadh nach biodh e 'g a thamaillteachadh le bhi 'tilgeil air a chuid réidh agus a chleachdainnean spiocach, cruaidh; rud ris an eisdeadh an t-Iudhach gu ciuin, macanta, na'm b' fhior, am feadh 's a bha e aig a' cheart am a' cur roimhe gu 'm biodh dioghaltas aige.

Cha robh air an t-saoghal duine a bu chaoimhneile agus a bu ghloine na Antonio, no fear a bu chuirteile 'n a ghluasad; a dh-aon fhacal, cha robh 's an Eadailt gu leir duine anns an faicteadh tuilleadh de mhoralachd nan seann Romanach. Bha e fo mhor ghradh aig muinntir a' bhaile; ach b' e Bassanio, flath og Eadailteach, caraid a bu dluithe d' a chridhe. Bha aig Bassanio oighreachd bheag, ach mar is minig a thachras do dhaoine oga aig a bheil inbh ard 's gun ach sporan beag, chaidh e roimh 'chuid maoin le caithe-beatha cosdail os cionn a chomais. An uair a bhiodh Bassanio gann de dh-airgid, chuidicheadh Antonio e; bha iad mar nach biodh ach aon chridhe agus aon sporan eatorra.

Thainig Bassanio aon latha gu Antonio agus dh'innis e dha gu 'n robh a rùn air a chor a leasachadh le mnaoi-uasail air an robh e an gaol a phosadh; gu 'n robh a h-athair marbh, agus gu 'n d'fhag e oighr-

eachd mhor aice; gu 'm b' abhaist da am feadh 's a bha a h-athair beo a bhi a' taghal a tighe, agus gu 'n d' thug e an aire gu 'n robh i ag amharc air le suilean gaoil a bha mar gu 'm b' eadh le teachdaireachd bhalbh ag radh ris gu 'm b' e 'bheatha tighinn; ach air dha bhi gun airgid g'a chur fhein ann an uidheim fhreagarraich do dh-fhear a bha an geall air mnaoi-uasail cho beairteach, ghuidh e air Antonio cur ris gach fabhor a bhuilich e air roimhe so le trì mìle bonn oir a thoirt da air choincheall. Cha robh an t-airgid tioram deas aig Antonio a bheireadh e dha aig an am, ach bha suil aige ri luingeis lan bathair a bhi dhachaidh gun dail, agus thuirt e gun ruigeadh e Shylock an ceannaiche Iudhach, agus gu 'm faigheadh e iasad an airgid uaith air creideas nan long a bha a' tighinn gu caladh.

Chaidh Antonio agus Bassanio comhladh a dh-ionnsaidh Shylock, agus dh' iarr Antonio iasad trì mìle bonn òir air an Iudhach, aig riadh 's a bith a thoilicheadh e, ri bhi air a phaigheadh á luach a' bhathair a bha 'n a chuid luingeis air a' chuan. Air a chluinntinn so do 'n Iudhach thuirt e ris fhein: "Ma gheobh mise cothrom air aon uair mar sàsaich mise an gamhlas a tha agam dha! Tha fuath aige d'ar cinneach Iudhach; tha e a' toirt airgid-iasaid a nasgaidh; agu sam measg nan ceannaichean anns a' mhargadh cha 'n eil de thlachd aige ach a bhi ga m' smàdadh a chionn bli a' tagar reidh air son mo chuid iasad. Mallaichte gu 'n robh mo chinneadh mur crean e air!" An uair a mhothaich Antonio gu 'n robh e mar so a' meorachadh ris fhein gun fhacal freagairt a' tighinn uaith, agus esan an cabhaig air son an airgid, thuirt e, "Shylock, an cluinn thu mi? an toir thu dhomh an t-

airgid a dh' ainmich mi?" Fhreagair an t-Iudhach, "Antonio uasail, air a' mhargadh is tric agus cha b' ainneamh a rinn thu tàir orm air son mo chuid airgid, agus mo riadh dlìgheach, agus chuir mi suas leis gu foighidneach, oir is e fulangas suaicheantas ar cinnidh gu leir; agus theireadh tu nach robh annam ach ana-creideach, madadh graineil, agus thilgeadh tu smugaid thaireil air mo thrusgan Iudhach, agus bhreabadh tu uait mi mar nach biodh agad annam ach cù. Ach a nis, a reir coltais, tha thu am feum mo chuideachaidh; agus thigidh tu am ionnsaidh agus their thu, *Shylock, thoir dhomh airgid*. Am bi airgid aig cu? An urrainn do mhadadh iasad trì mìle bonn oir a thoirt do dhuine? An sleuchd mise, nis, gu h-umhal agus an abair mi, A dhuine mhaith, thilg thu smugaid orm Diciadain so chaidh, aig am eile thuirt thu madadh rium, agus an eirig do mhodh agus do chaoimhneis tha mi 'dol a thoirt airgid duit." Fhreagair Antonio, "Tha e gle choltach gu 'n goir mi an t-ainm ceudna riut a rithist, gu 'n tilg mi smugaid ort, agus gu'n breab mi uam a rithist thu. Ma ni thu de chomhstath an t-airgid a thoirt domh, na toir seachad e dhomhsa mar do d' charaid, ach mar gu'n tugadh tu air iasad dhomh e mar do d' namhaid, a los, ma bhristeas mise, gur urrainn duit le aghaidh is fhearr a thagar air ais le costas agus le ùnlagh." "Faic a nis." arsa Shylock, "mar tha thu ga d' chur fhein an corruich. Bhithinnsa cairdeil riut agus bu mhiann leam thu bhi cairdeil rium. Leigidh mi air dhìoch-uimhne gach tair a rinn thu orm. Ni mi cobhair air d' uireasbhaidh, agus cha 'n iarr mi peighinn de riadh air son mo chuid airgid." Ghabh Antonio iognadh mor ris an tairgse fhialaidh so; agus thuirt Shylock,

agus e fathast a' gabhail air a bhi toileach caoimhneas a nochdadh agus gu 'n robh e ga 'dheanamh gu leir air son gaol Antonio a chosnadh, gu 'n tugadh e dha an trì mìle bonn oir agus nach iarradh e peighinn réidh; ach a mhain so, gu'n rachadh Antonio leis a dh-ionnsaidh fir-lagha, agus air son àbhachd gu 'n cuireadh e ainm ri gealladh, mur paigheadh e air ais an t-airgid air a leithid so a latha gu 'n dioladh e punnd d' a fheoil, ri bhi air a ghearradh a aite sa bith d' a chorp a thoilicheadh an t-Iudhach.

"Tha mi toileach," arsa Antonio; "cuiridh mi m' ainm ris a' ghealladh, agus aidichidh mi gu bheil baighealachd anns an Iudhach an deigh a' h-uile rud a th' ann." Thuirt Bassanio nach leigeadh e le Antonio ainm a chur ri leithid sin de ghealladh air a shon-san; ach coma, chuir Antonio roimhe gu 'n deanadh e e, oir bha e lan chinnteach m' an tige-eadh latha paigheadh a gheallaidh gu 'm biodh a luingeis air an ais luchdaichte le luach an airgid thairis a's thairis.

A' cluinntinn a' chonnsachaidh a bha eadar an dithis, ghlaodh an t-Iudhach, "O Abraham, m' athair, nach amharusach na daoine na Criosdaidhean sin fhein! tha iad cho cleachdte ri buntainn gu cruaidh 's gu bheil iad am beachd gu bheil muinntir eile cho dona riutha fein. Guidheam ort, a Bhassanio, innis so dhomh; mur seasadh e a latha, ciod a' bhuanachd a bhiodh anns a' gheall domhsa? Punnd de fheoil duine air a ghearradh bharr a chol-uinn, cha 'n 'eil e cho luachmhor no cho buannachdor ri muilt-fheoil no ri mairt-fheoil. A chosnadh a dheadh-ghean tha mi a' tairgseadh a' chairdeis so: ma ghabhas e e is math; mur gabh, slan leat."

Mu dheireadh, an aghaidh comhairle Bhassanio, a bha amharusach

mu 'n Iudhach, a dh-aindeoin na thuirt e mu 'dheadh-run anns a chùis, agus nach robh idir toileach gu'n cuireadh a charaid e fein fo chunnart a lethid de pheanas graineil as a leth-san, chuir Antonio 'ainm ris a'ghealladh, a' smuaineachadh nach robh e, mar thuirt an t-Iudhach, ach air son àbhachd.

Bha a' bhan-oighre bheairteach a bha Bassanio a' cur roimhe a phosadh a chomhnuidh dluth do bhaile-mor Venice, aig aite d'an goirear Belmont: b'e a h-ainm Portia, agus ann an buaidhean agus maisealachd inntinn agus pearsa cha robh a coimeas ri fhaotainn. An uair a fhuair Bassanio an t-airgiod air son an do chuir a charaid Antonio e fein fo lethid de chuing, thog e air á Belmont le mor ghreadhnachas, a' toirt leis mar ghille-cuim lasgaire og d' am b' ainm Gratiano. Shoirbhich gu math le Bassanio anns an t-suiridh, agus gheall Portia ann an uine ghoirid a ghabhail mar a fear-posda.

Dh' aidich Bassanio do Phortia nach robh saibhreas aige agus nach robh aige gu uail a dheanamh as ach fuil uasal agus sinnsireachd chluiteach; b' iad a bhuidhean fiughantach a ghluais a gaol-se, agus bha beairteas gu leir aice mar bha gun suil ri saibhreas le a fear-posda, uime sin fhreagair i le maldachd ghrinn, mar bu mhath a bh' aithne dhi, gu'm b' fhearr leatha gu'n robh i mile uair na bu mhaisiche na bha i, chum 's gu'm biodh i airidh air; agus an sin thoisich Portia eireachdail air cur sìos oirre fhein, ag radh nach robh innte ach caileag gun fhoghlum gun sgoil, gun sgil, ach nach robh i fhathast cho sean 's nach b'urrainn di ionnsachadh, agus gu'n cuireadh i i-fein fo 'churam-san gu bhi air a seoladh agus air a riaghladh leis anns gach ni; agus ars' ise, "Mi fhein agus na bhuneas domh is leatsa. An dé, a Bhassanio, bha

mi am bhaintighearna air an luch- uirt aillidh so, am uachdran orm fhein, agus am bhana-mhaigistir air na seirbheisich sin; ach a nis mo thighearna, is leatsa an tigh so na seirbheisich sin, agus mi fhein; tha mi ga 'm buileachadh ort leis an fhainne so;" agus shin i am fainne do Bhassanio. Bha Bassanio air a lionadh le taingeachadh agus le ioghnadh ri faicinn cho grinn 's a ghabh Portia uasal, bheairteach ri duine mar bha esan nach robh an seilbh air saibhreas no inbh; cha b' urrainn e a thoil-inntinn, agus a ghradh do'n mhnaoi-uasail a chuir a lethid a dh-urram air a chur an ceill ach ann am briathran bristeach gaoil agus buidheachais; a' cur an fhainne air a mheur gheall e nach dealaicheadh e ris gu latha a bhàis.

Bha Gratiano agus Nerissa, bean-choimhdeachd Phortia a' feitheamh air an triath og agus air a' mhnaoi-uasail an nair a thug Portia a gealladh cho suilbhear gu 'm biodh i'n a ceile ghaoil aig Bassanio; agus ghuidh Gratiano gach sonas agus àgh do 'n chàraid ghrinn, aig a' cheart àm ag iarraidh cead a bhi air a phosadh e fein air an aon latha riuthasan. "Le m' uile chridhe, a Ghratiano," arsa Bassanio "ma dh' amaiseas tu air leannan."

Thuirt Gratiano ris gu 'n robh e an gaol air Nerissa, bean-choimhdeachd na mnaoi-uaisle, Portia, agus gu 'n do gheall i gu 'm posadh ise esan na 'n gabhadh Portia Bassanio. Dh' fheoraich Portia de Nerissa an robh so fìor. Fhreagair Nerissa, "Ma 's e ur toil e, tha e fìor, cha 'n 'eil d' ar dith ach ur cead fein." Dh' aontaich Portia gu toileach, agus thuirt Bassanio gu cridheil, "A Ghratiano, cuiridh do bhanaid am barrachd urrainn air a' chuir-m-bhainnse againne; mo bhean-achd oirbh,"

Bha sonas nan càraidean grinne

air a bhristeadh gu dòlasach ann am meadhon na h-ìomairt so, le teachdaire a thainig orra a' giulan litreach bho Antonio a' cur an ceill naidheachd ro bhronach. An uair a leugh Bassanio litir Antonio mhùth e neul, air alt 's gu'n do shaoil Portia gu 'n d' fhuair e fios mu bhàs caraid ghaoil air chor-eigin; agus mar dh' fheoraich i ciod an sgeul a chuir a' leithid a mhulad air, fhreagair e, "a Phortia mo ghaoil, so agad briathran is mi-thaitniche a thainig riabh o bharr pinn. A bhean-uisa! mo ruin, an uair a dh' aidich mi mo ghaol duit an toiseach dh' innis mi gu saor gu 'n robh na bh' agam de bheairteas a' ruith ann am chuisle; ach bu choir dhomh 's an àm innseadh a thuilleadh air sin gu 'n robh mi na bu bhochda na ged nach biodh dad idir agam, gu 'n robh mi ann an ainfhach." Chuir Bassanio an sin an ceill do Phortia gach ni a tha air aithris an so, mar fhuair e airgid coinghill bho Antonio; mar fhuair Antonio bho Shylock an t-Iudhach e; mu 'n ghealladh ris an do chuir Antonio 'ainm, gu 'n tugadh e punnnd d' a fheoil fein do 'n Iudhach mur paigheadh e an t-airgid air an latha a chaidh a shocrachadh, agus an sin leugh Bassanio litir Antonio, mar a leanas: *A Bhassanio, a dhuine mo ghaoil, tha mo luingeis uile air an call, feumaidh mi an t-ùnlagh iocadh do 'n Iudhach; agus a thaobh gu 'r aocomasach e mi bhi beo an deigh sin a dheanamh, bu mhath leam d' fhaicinn an àm mo bhais. Ach dean an rud a chi thu freagarrach; mur toir do ghràdh dhomhsa ort tighinn, na tugadh mo litir ort."* "M' fheudail de na feara," arsa Portia, "cnir gach gnothach troimh do lamhan gun dàil agus tog ort; bheir mi dhuit de dh-òr na phaigheas an t-ùnlagh ged bhiodh e fhichead urad 's a tha e, m' am fuiling mi gu' n cailleadh

an caraid caomh so fuiltean d' a cheann air son mo Bhassanio; agus a chionn gu 'm bì mi air prìs cho mor a phaigheadh air do shon, bidh an tuilleadh gaoil agam ort." Thuir Portia an sin gu 'm posadh i Bassanio mu 'm falbhadh e, a los gu 'm biodh coir dhligheach aige air an airgid; agus an latha sin fein chaidh am posadh. Chaidh Gratiano aig a' cheart àm a phòsadh ri Nerissa; agus thog Bassanio agus Gratiano orra ann an cabhaig do bhaile Venice far an d' fhuair Bassanio Antonio bochd ann am prìosan. Bha an latha air an robh aige ris an airgid a phaigheadh air dol seathad, agus dhuil an t-Iudhach an-ìochdmhor an t-airgid an uair a thairg Bassanio dha e; cha ghabhadh e nì sa bith ach punnnd de fheoil Antonio. Chaidh latha a shuidheachadh air son na cuise a thoirt air a h-aghaidh aig mod an lathair Dhiùc Venice, agus bha Bassanio a' feitheamh latha na cùirte fo churam agus fo iomacheist mhóir.

Eadar. le I. MACILLEBHAIN.

(Ri leantainn.)

—o—

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Tha'n leisg a' siubhal gu mall, agus cha'n fhad gus an dean bochduinn gréim oirre.

Tha caraid amaideach moran nis trioblaidiche na namhaid a ta glic.

Seasaidh an fhirinn gu daingeann air aon chois, an uair nach seas a' bhréug ach gu cugalach air trì.

Gabh gu cridhe gu'm meudaich eolas am peacadh, mar bi an cridhe air a theagasg, co maith ris a' cheann.

Tha an duine sin a ta 'caitheadh a bheatha fein, mar is còir da a dheanamh, cinnteach gu'm faigh e bàs mar is còir da fhaotuinn, tbigeadh e luath no mall.

Is e ar cridhe fein, agus cha'n iad baraillean sluaigh eile, a bhuilicheas meas agus urram oirnn am measg ar co'-chreutairean fein.

Tha freantachd mar chloich-chinn na h-oisinn, ann an giùlan an duine. Gidheadh, mar bi i air a steidheachadh gu daingean ann an lithibh na h-oige, bitheadh gaoid a' chaoidh anns a' chaith-beatha.

“Tha duine a' toirt breith air fein leis gach focal a ta tuitcam o' bhilidh. Le thoil fein, no au aghaidh na toil aige fein, tha a dhealbh air a tharruing ann an sùilbith sluaigh eile leis gach briathar a bhhras e.”

Feumaidh an duine sin dìchioll a dheanamh le uile chridhe fein a ta steidhichte air deagh ainm fhaotuinn dha fein 'san t-saoghal,—e fein a thogail suas gu h-inbh' urramaich 'na là 's na linn-fein agus air deagh dhùrachd a choimhearsnaich a chosnadh dha fein.

Dean mar a leanas, agus togaidh tu cumhneachan dhuit fein a bhios buannhaireannach. Sgrìobh t-ainm fein le cairdeas, gradh, agus trocrair air cridheachaidh na muinntir sin a thachaireas ort bliadhn' an deigh bliadhna, agus cha dì-chuimhnichear thu gu brath.

Tha beatha an duine air a roinn 'na trì earrannaibh, agus is iad sin, an earrann a bha, an earrann a ta, agus an earrann a bhithas. Bu chòir duinn a bhì air ar teagasg leis an àm a chaidh seachad,—buannachd fhaotuinn o'n àm a ta làthair, agus gu bhì 'gar giùlan fein nì's fèarr air son an ama ri teachd.

Tha deagh eiseimpleir chum buannachd do-thuigsinn do'n chinne-daoine, agus tha cumhachd ana-barrach mòr aice thairis orrasan ris am bheil sinn a' còmhradh. Is riaghailt bhed so a theagaisgeas daoine gu'n dragh sam bith; agus a dh' fhéuchas doibh an cionta gun mhaoidh gun mhas-ladh sam bith.

Tha seann daoine ann nach urrainn cur suas le suilbhearachd agus beothalas na h-oige; ach dh' fhéudadh iad ceart co maith coire fhaotuinn do'n earrach do bhrìgh gur e an t-àm e air son teachd nam blàth agus nan dùilleach, agus cha'n e an t-àm am féud duil a bhì aca gu'm faigh iad measan agus toradh an fhoghair.

Tha daoine glic a' measgadh cridhealais neo-chiontaich maille ris na nitibh a' ta 'cur cùram orra mar dhòchas aon chuid gu'n dìchuimhnich iad na nithe sin, no gu'n toir iad buaidh orra. Ach tha iadsan a ta 'gan toirt fein thairis do'n mhìsg air son suaimhneis inntinn a' deanamh an dìchill chum bròn a leigheas le amaideachd agus cuthach.

Cha'n e saibhreas mòr, no fuil usal a nì duine sona. Tha 'n da chuid aig mòran de na daoineibh a's truaighe air an talamh. Is sona, sìochail, beannaichte, an ti sin aig am bheil cumhachd gu cur suas gu foighidinn-each le déuchannaibh, agus aig am bheil taingeileachd gu combhfurtachd a shealbhadh. Tha 'n ti sin a' tarruing sonais á chisibh éugsamhla na beatha, agus éirichidh gu maith dha a bhos agus thall. Smuainich air so, agus bi glic.

Tha cleachdadh dìchill 'na bhauannachd mhòir air a sgàth fein. Is e so fìor shaorsa an duine sin a ta iriosal. Tha e 'cur dealachaidh ro chomharrachta eadar e agus an neach sin eile a tha ciontach agus truaigh. Is e so fìor shuaicheantas an urrainn a ta aige 'san t-saoghal, agus is e so a bheir air gu'n abair e,—“Tha mi a' cumail m' àite fein a'm measg mo cho'-chreutairean, a chionn gu'n do choisinn mi e.” Tha e 'ga fhaicinn fein saor agus neo-eiseimeileach, agus anns gach comunn feudaidh e a cheann fein a thogail suas.

A thaobh ar teachd-an-tir tha moran deth 'ga mhilleadh le ana-caitheadh. Fàgar cuid dheth 'narsoithichibh,—théid cuid dheth 'san teine,—agus tilgear cuid dheth a mach. Tha e cinnteach gum' bheil comas againn airso a dheanamh, oir isleinn fein e. Cheannach no choisinn sinn e. Phaigh sinn am fuineadair, agus am feoladair, ach cha do phaigh sinn Esan a rinn ar teachd-an-tir, agus cha'n urrainn sinn ath-dhioladh a dheanamh Dha-san le h-airgiod no le h-or. Uaith-san tha sinn a' faotuinn nì's leòir air son ar feumalachd fein, ach cha'n 'eil sinn a' faotuinn còir. Uaith-san gu ana-caitheadh a dheanamh air a' chuid a's lugha de thoirbheartas a' fhreasdail fein d'ar taobh.

Seideadh na gaothan, agus eireadh tonna an amhghair, mu'n cuairt duit mar a dh' fheudas iad, ach na cuireadh iad bruillean ort. Rach air t-aghaidh air slighe na firinn agus a' cheartais, agus bithidh tu daingean mar chreig. Suidhich thu fein air treibhdhìreas, agus cuir gach anradh agus aimhleas gu'n dulan. Ma dh' eireas mu'n cuairt duit luchd-tuailleis le'n teangaidh nimhnic, agus ma nì iad an dìchioll chum smal a thoirt air do dheagh chliù, na toir feairt orra. Amhairc air gach aon diubh gu dian 'an clar an aodainn, agus na fosgail do bheil. Giùlain thu fein gu dìreach, biodh do ghiulan glic agus ionraic,—agus thugadh ciùneas do ghnuis, agus macantas do bheatha a' bhreug dhoibhsan maraon, leis am bu mhiann do chloaidh, do sharuchadh, agus do smàladh as.

HEMAN DUBH.

ORAN LUADHAIDH.

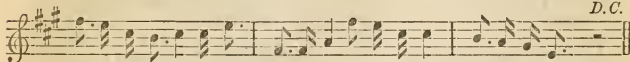
GLEUS A.

*Gu beothail.**Fine.*

*



| L₁:d.,m | r.,m:d,s₁.- | L₁:d.,r | m:m || M.,m:m,r.- | m:m,s.-

D.C.

| L.,s:m,r.- | m:m,s.- | L₁,l:d | l.s,m:m | R.,d:t₁,s₁.- | : ||

NOTE.—This peculiar favourite song is very old. It used to be, and I doubt not still is, sung with much spirit by Highland women when fulling cloth; it is a genuine “Oran luadhaidh.” This complete version which I send you was supplied by that indefatigable Celtic Tiresias, the Rev. Mr. Stewart, Nether-Lochaber, to the *Oban Times*. There are a few slight irregularities in the rhythm, but I hope your musical readers will, by a little manipulation in dividing the syllables of either text or music, be able to sing it. Each stanza after the first commences where the music is marked with an asterisk. In the first stanza, your readers will require to supply an additional short note (m) to the words “Na’n,” which I have bracketed, in order that the syllable “éisd” may fall upon the accented note following the bar beside the asterisk.

J. W.

Héman dubh, hì ri och-ro,
Héman dubh, hù ó.
(Na'n) éisdeadh sibh, héman dubh,
Rium, a mhnathan, héman dubh,
Dh' innsinn sgeul, hì ri ho ró,
Dhuibh air m' athais—
Héman dubh, hì ri och-ro,
Héman dubh, hù ó.

Dh' innsinn sgeul, héman dubh,
Dhuibh air m' athais, héman dubh,
Gu bheil mo leannan, hì ri ho ró,
Ard 's an fhaodhail.
Héman dubh, hì ri och-ro
Héman dubh, hù ó.

Gu bheil mo leannan, héman dubh,
Ard 's an fhaodhail, héman dubh,
Cha'n fhaod mo ghaol, hì ri ho ró,
Fein an taghal
Héman dubh, &c.

Cha'n fhaod, &c.
Oganach donn, hì ri ho ró,
Deas fo 'chlaidheanmh
Héman dubh, &c.

Oganach, &c.
'N oidhche bha mi, hì ri ho ró,
'N àiridh lochain.
Héman dubh, &c.

'N oidhche, &c.
Cha robh e ann, hì ri ho ró,
Fear do choltais.
Héman dubh, &c.

Cha robh, &c.
Bho nach maireann, hì ri ho ró,
Fionn no Oisean;
Héman dubh, &c.

Bho nach, &c.
No Diarmaid donn, hì ri ho ró,
Mac rìgh Lochlainn.
Héman dubh, &c.

No Diarmaid, &c.
Ged tha mise, hì ri ho ró,
'M uiseig riabhaich;
Heman dubh, &c.

Ged tha, &c.
Aigeannach, trom, hì ri ho ró,
Gun bhì sgiamhach,
Heman dubh, &c.

Aigeannach, &c.
Thaing teachdair, hì ri ho ró,
Nis ga m' iarraidh—
Heman dubh, &c.

Thainig, &c.

Dithis an uiridh, hi ri ho ró,
'S triuir am bliadhna.
Héman dubh, &c.

Dithis an, &c.

Gille 's litir, hi ri ho ró,
Each a's diollaid.
Héman dubh, &c.

Gille, &c.

Falaire dhonn, hi ri ho ró,
Spuir a's srian innt'.
Héman dubh, &c.

Falaire, &c.

Teachdaireachd, hi ri ho ró,
Bho mhac an Iarla.
Héman dubh, &c.

Teachdaireachd, &c.

Na'n robh mise, hi ri ho ró,
Am ghille-biatachd,
Héman dubh, &c.

Na'n robh, &c.

'N dorus sabhail, hi ri ho ró,
Bheirinn biadh dhi.
Héman dubh, &c.

'N dorus, &c.

Bheirinn fodar, hi ri ho ró,
Agus fiar dhi.
Héman dubh, &c.

Bheirinn, &c.

Bheirinn cruithneachd, hi ri ho ró,
'S bheirinn siol dhi.
Héman dubh, &c.

Bheirinn cruith., &c.

'S greis fhalaireachd, hi ri ho ró,
Air an t-sliabh dhi.
Héman dubh, &c.

Greis, &c.

'D é ged tha, hi ri ho ró,
Cha ghabh mi 'm bliadhna.
Héman dubh, &c.

'D é ged, &c.

B' annsa leam, hi ri ho ró,
Mac Anna riabhaich.
Héman dubh, &c.

B' annsa, &c.

'G am bi na h-eich, hi ri ho ró,
Mhor air shrianaibh,
Héman dubh, &c.

'G am bi, &c.

Na h-eich dhonna, hi ri ho ró,
Throma, dhioldach.
Héman dubh, &c.

Na h-eich, &c.

Ach na'm bithinn, hi ri ho ró,
'N riochd na h-eala,
Héman dubh, &c.

Ach na 'm, &c.

Shnamhainn an caol, hi ri ho ró,
'S rachainn thairis.
Héman dubh, &c.

Shnamhainn, &c.

Dh' fhios an aite, hi ri ho ró,
'M beil mo leannan,
Héman dubh, &c.

Dh' fhios, &c.

'S chuirinn fàradh, hi ri ho ró,
Ris a' chaisteal.
Héman dubh, &c.

'S chuirinn, &c.

'S bheirinn a mach, hi ri ho ró,
Mor nigh'n Lachainn.
Héman dubh, &c.

'S bheirinn, &c.

'S, a Mhic Dhò'uill Duibh, hi ri ho ró,
A Lochabar
Héman dubh, &c.

'S, a Mhic, &c.

'S truagh, a Rìgh, hi ri ho ró,
'S gun mi agad!
Héman dubh, &c.

'S truagh, &c.

Ge b' e aite, hi ri ho ró,
'M beil do leaba.
Héman dubh, &c.

Ge b' e, &c.

'M bun nan craobh, hi ri ho ró
'M barr nam baideal,
Héman dubh, &c.

'M bun, &c.

No air bord, hi ri ho ró,
Luinge faide.
Héman dubh,

No air, &c.

No air mor-chuan, hi ri ho ró,
Gorm an aigeil.
Héman dubh, &c.

No air, &c.

'N déis mo chur, hi ri ho ró,
'N déis mo chatha;
Héman dubh, &c.

'N déis, &c.

'N déis mo dheoch, hi ri ho ró,
Uisge bheatha!
Héman dubh, hi ri och-ro,
Héman dubh, hù ó.

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1. ELEMENTS OF GAELIC GRAMMAR, in Four Parts: By Alexander Stewart, minister of the Gospel at Dingwall. Third edition revised, with Preface by the Rev. Dr. M'Lauchlan. Edinburgh: Maclachlan & Stewart. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1876.
2. ELEMENTARY LESSONS IN GAELIC READING, GRAMMAR AND CONSTRUCTION, with a Key and Vocabulary. Inverness: the Highlander Office. Edinburgh: Maclachlan & Stewart. Glasgow: William Love, Argyle Street, and all Booksellers. 1876. Price One Shilling.

Our readers will not expect that Stewart's Gaelic GRAMMAR will be reviewed in this Magazine. We place it at the head of this paragraph, simply because, in the many commendatory notices taken of it in the press, some reviewers stated it as a drawback to the usefulness of the volume that exercises in Gaelic Grammar were not added to it by way of Appendix. As mentioned in the preface, it was at one time contemplated to give grammatical exercises, but the idea was, after mature consideration, abandoned. This desideratum has been opportunely and ably supplied by the "Elementary Lessons in Gaelic," printed from time to time in the *Highlander* newspaper, and afterwards collected and published in the little volume before us.

Mr. MacBean's "Gaelic Lessons" is the first attempt, so far as we are

aware, made to put in the hands of the Gaelic teacher and pupil a series of lessons in reading, grammar, and construction, graduated to suit the progress of the scholar from the easy to the more difficult. All first attempts are more or less chargeable with imperfection, nor do we say that Mr. MacBean's treatise is an exception to the universal law. We do not mean to dwell on the imperfections. In comparison with the real merits of the work, they are but few in number and of trivial importance. Mr. MacBean has no doubt found them out himself, and has been informed of them by others, long before now. The plan of the book is well conceived and successfully carried out. We cordially commend it as an excellent and safe guide to the daily increasing number of students who do not consider that a guide is unnecessary in learning to read and write the Gaelic language with ease and accuracy.



MY CIRCULAR NOTES.*

ANY production from the pen of Mr. Campbell will be read with interest by Scottish Highlanders wherever situated. No living man expended so much time, labour, and money in collecting and publishing the floating and rapidly-perishing

* My Circular Notes. Extracts from Journals, Letters sent Home, Geological and other Notes, written while travelling westwards round the world, from July 6, 1874, to July 6, 1875. By J. F. Campbell, author of "Frost and Fire." London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

literature of the Gael in this country as Mr. Campbell did. The "West Highland Tales" and "Leabhar na Feinne" will be to future generations the most permanent and reliable record of the kind of intellectual nutriment which our people, almost down to our own day, so eagerly devoured. Whether we accept or reject the conclusions at which Mr. Campbell has arrived regarding the debated questions of Gaelic literature, we must admit that he had before him a larger mass of material for forming a correct judgment than any predecessor in this field ever had; that he placed a great portion of this material before the world exactly as he got it; that he expressed his own views with the most perfect clearness and frankness; and that when, upon further consideration, he found cause to change his convictions, he made no scruple of publicly declaring the change.

The "Circular Notes" introduce us to other scenes and other lands. In many respects they are deeply interesting. They appear to us to possess all the excellencies and, we regret to say, more than all the defects of the volumes upon Gaelic literature. The title-page gives a fair idea of the contents of the book to every person who read Mr. Campbell's former works. Not a sentence, or line, or sketch but is stamped with the individuality—the personality—of the writer. A man turned fifty, who has seen many countries and many peoples; of marvellous activity, physical and mental; of keen eye, ready tongue, and swift pen; a man who thoroughly enjoys "roughing it" in heat and cold, on sea and land; a man who inherits from nature, and has perfected by habit, a disposition to be "hail fellow, well met" with all classes and conditions

of men—we might say even of animals,—of all countries and races;—such a man sets out on a tour round the world as a "globe-trotter" or "vagrant," as he likes to style himself; and we can beforehand predict in great measure of what character his letters and journals will be.

The book is made up of extracts from a journal which Mr. Campbell more or less regularly kept, and letters to friends at home—chiefly to his mother. The information conveyed to us is often valuable and interesting. Mr. Campbell is at home wherever you put him. He is a shrewd observer of men and manners. He is an authority in folk-lore, and has a turn for geology. In form the "Circular Notes" is less deserving of commendation. No one is expected to write his journal or his letters with very great care; and the circumstances in which the contents of this book were originally written made it impossible that much attention could be paid to literary canons. At the same time, when an author decides to publish his notes and his letters, it appears to us that some regard is due to the judgment of his readers, if not to his own literary reputation. Mr. Campbell can when he pleases write the English language better than many who plume themselves upon their literary attainments. We have to regret that, in too many instances, in these "Notes" he has not so pleased. Perhaps he would consider it an unpardonable fault to change a phrase or sentence from its original form. To change the language of his author is unpardonable in an editor; but to correct the syntax of a letter written by oneself before it is submitted to the public is as allowable as to correct the spelling of it; for it must be remembered that a writer, during

his own lifetime, has the absolute right to determine in what form productions of his shall be given to the world, and, indeed, whether any portion of them shall appear at all. In addition to its careless style, there is a slovenliness of arrangement manifested in the book which detracts considerably from the merit of it. We have letters to his mother containing an account of the author's travels through a certain portion of country; extracts from the journal repeating in part the information; and not infrequently a letter to a friend in which portions of the ground are traversed for the third time. The two volumes contain ample material for making an interesting and valuable volume, and few men could make the volume so valuable and interesting as Mr. Campbell, had he thought it necessary to bestow reasonable care upon its style and arrangement.



BURT'S LETTERS FROM THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.*

THESE interesting Letters were first published in London in 1754. A third edition appeared in 1760. To the fourth edition, published in 1822, Dr. Jamieson prefixed a lengthy introduction with the history of Donald the Hammerer, of which a Gaelic version appeared in the *Gael* for November 1875. The present is a reprint of the first edition, with facsimiles of all the

original engravings, and containing the introduction by Jamieson and the Hammerer's history from the fourth edition.

The letters were not signed by the writer; and the editor of the original edition, in a short preface, states that he purchased the manuscript from the family of the gentleman in whose possession the letters were—presumably the person to whom they were addressed—but that he does not know the author's name. The genuineness of the letters appears never to have been questioned; "and the author," says Dr. Jamieson, "is commonly understood to have been Captain Burt, an officer of engineers, who, about 1730, was sent into Scotland as a contractor." The letters are twenty-six in number. The first is headed "Inverness," but not dated. The last is headed "Concerning the New Roads, &c., 173—" and commences as follows: "It is now eight years since I sent you the Conclusion of my rambling Account of the Highlands." All the rest are without place or date. But in Letter XV. the author makes an extract from his diary, dated Oct. 2, 172-. Letter III, again, is written after the year 1726, and Letter XIII. after 1727. It would appear, therefore, that the letters were written between 1728 and 1731. As already stated none are signed.

These letters are valuable chiefly for two reasons. In the first place, they are the only detailed account we have of the every-day life of Highlanders written by an Englishman before the '45 and the breaking up of the clan-system consequent on the issue of that movement. There are, indeed, two other treatises or tracts referred to by Macaulay of even an older date (*Northern Memoirs, by R. Franck Philan-*

* Burt's Letters from the North of Scotland. With Facsimiles of the original Engravings. With an introduction by R. Jamieson, F.S.A. And the history of Donald the Hammerer, from an authentic Account of the family of Invernahyle; a M.S. communicated by Sir Walter Scott. Two Volumes. Edinburgh: William Paterson, 1876.

thropos, 1694; *Journey through Scotland*, by the author of the *Journey through England*, 1723); but the writers had penetrated into only small portions of the Highlands, and had limited opportunities of observation in comparison with Captain Burt. The journeys of Pennant and Dr. Johnson deal with the western seaboard and the Hebrides, and are about forty years later in date. Dean Munro and Martin, though earlier than Burt, were countrymen of our own. Again, the letters were written confidentially to a friend, and not meant for publication. Indeed the writer, in his first letter, conjures his friend to show them to only one person, a common friend of both. Considering the nature of the contents of the letters, the reasons assigned by Captain Burt for this "precaution" are perfectly intelligible. "First, the contrary might create inconveniences to me in my present Situation. It might furnish Matter for disobliging Comparisons, to which some of our Countrymen are too much addicted. This, again, might give Offence, especially to such who are so national as not to consider that a Man's Native Country is not of his own making, or his being born in it the effect of his Choice . . . And lastly, it would do me no great Honour to be known to have made a Collection of Incidents, mostly low, and sometimes disagreeable." Here, then, we have an educated Englishman, with his head-quarters at Inverness, whose duties give him frequent opportunities to make excursions to different parts of the country, with plenty of leisure time upon his hands, sitting down to describe the every-day life of Highlanders of all classes, with the unrestrained freedom which private correspon-

dence allows. A man of shrewd observation who can summon, when needful, his pencil to the aid of his pen—a man who is no philosopher, and who seldom indulges in general reflections or abstract speculation—an Englishman considerably beyond the average in education and experience, of strong sense, with all the inquisitiveness so characteristic of the modern English tourist, but which is usually ascribed to our people rather than to them—and with the barely suppressed tone of superiority which has become a second nature to a people who believe that England is the centre and stay of the solar system, and that one Englishman is equal to three Frenchmen, and to at least half-a-dozen of any other nationality or race.

What account does this author give of our country, our language, our people, and our institutions? Not a flattering account certainly. It may be, in part at least, true; it is certainly interesting and minute; and the reading of it may be profitable to us. In one respect the author, and the same may be said of almost all English travellers in the Highlands of the last century, differs widely from those who, in the present century, consider it their duty not only to visit our country but to tell the world what impressions the country and the people made upon them. For the last seventy years no writer, from the poet of the first rank down to the humblest penny-a-liner, who has made a Highland tour and described it but has fallen into raptures over the grandeur of Highland scenery. In the last century the case was different. MacPherson by the publication of Ossian's Poems in some measure drew the attention of Englishmen and Lowland Scotchmen to the impressive

scenery of the north of Scotland. Sir Walter Scott completed the conquest which Ossian had begun. Scott's influence not only made it fashionable to "do" the Highlands, but changed the character of the literature and art of Britain. Since his time, English literature in all its forms is as marked for its affection for nature, as it was, before Scott's time, conspicuous for its neglect of nature. Landscape painting in Britain, especially the reproduction on canvas of the stern and wild scenery of the north, may be said to have been unknown fifty years ago. We Highlanders are sometimes told by men who ought to have known better that we were taught to appreciate our own scenery by strangers. It is satisfactory to know that our best poetry was written before our would-be teachers were born, and that the distinguishing feature of that poetry is the ardent passionate admiration which the poets, one and all, felt and expressed for the scenery of their own land. Captain Burt looked at our mountains and our floods with a different eye. To him our mountains were "monstrous excrescences;" "the huge naked rocks, being just above the heath, produce the disagreeable appearance of a scabbed head. . . . Those ridges of the mountains that appear next to the Ether—by their rugged, irregular lines, the heath, and black rocks—are rendered extremely harsh to the eye, by appearing close to that diaphanous body, without any medium to soften the opposition; and the clearer the day, the more rude and offensive they are to the sight; yet, in some few places, where any white crags are a-top, that harshness is something softened. But of all the views, I think the most horrid is to look at the hills from east to west, or *vice*

versa, for then the eye penetrates far among them, and sees more particularly their stupendous bulk, frightful irregularity, and horrid gloom, made yet more *sombrous* by the shades and faint reflections they communicate one to another." But Burt is far surpassed, in energy of language, by his predecessor Philanthropos: "It is a part of the creation left undressed; rubbish thrown aside when the magnificent fabric of the world was created; as void of form as the natives are indigent of morals and good manners" (*Macaulay's History of England, chap. viii., footnote.*) When Burt was penning at Inverness the sentences above quoted, *Mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair* was composing in Ardnamurchan, songs which expressed the sentiments of his people and of his day, and which anticipated by three-quarters of a century the judgment of cultivated Englishmen and Scotchmen upon the matter of Highland scenery.

Of our language Captain Burt has but little to say. He is not a literary man and he does not appear to have met with literary men in the north. Gaelic, or Erst as he calls it, is a corruption of the Irish tongue. To him it is very harsh in sound "like the Welsh, and altogether as guttural, which last, you know, is a quality long since banished all the polite languages in Europe." He gives the old alphabet with the too true remark, that very few can write it. He complains that our clergy and lay gentlemen are unable to spell English, and gives an example which, if Captain Burt were a satirist, one might understand:—"for *Heirs* I find *Airs* repeated several times in the same letter."

The first thirteen letters are taken up chiefly with Inverness and immediate neighbourhood; the last twelve with more remote parts of

the Highlands. Our author seems to have been regarded as a sort of spy in the Northern capital; but he warmly and, we doubt not, honestly repudiates the imputation. Others, whose friendship he enjoyed, told him "it would have been but just that some native had had my appointment." He replied, "I should readily agree to it, and cheerfully resign; and would further take upon me to answer for all my Countrymen that they should do the same, provided no Scotsmen had any Government Employment be-south the Tweed; and then I doubted not that there would be ample Room at Home for us all." We have often heard of late years "Ireland for the Irish;" and we begin to hear occasionally, for the last year or two, "The Highlands for Highlanders." Captain Burt's reply to this kind of talk is conclusive. If a similar cry were raised and acted upon, "England for the English," and "Southern Scotland for the Lowland Scotch," no part of the British Isles would suffer much except the Highlands and Ireland. The real meaning of the cry exposes the absurdity of it: "The Highlands for Highlanders alone—but all the rest of the world for Highlanders combined with other people."

To judge from Captain Burt's description, a substantial burgess of Inverness in 1730 had, in many respects, considerable advantages over his successor in 1876. Relatively to the rest of Scotland, Inverness was, one hundred and fifty years ago, a far more important place than it is at the present day. The Northern capital has made rapid strides during the intervening years; but it has been outstripped by many towns in the South which were obscure villages at that time, and by some towns which had not

then come into existence. It could boast of a castle which was newly repaired. The Ness was spanned by "a Bridge about eighty yards over, a piece of good workmanship, consisting of seven arches built with stone; and maintained by a toll of a *Bodle*, or sixth part of a penny, for each foot-passenger loaded with goods; a penny for a loaded horse, &c." Seals pursued salmon to within eighty yards of the bridge. There were two churches, one for the English and one for the Irish tongue; though both were out of repair. Mutton and beef were about a penny a pound. Salmon was indeed twopence per pound in consequence of a late regulation of the magistrates, but this was considered an exorbitant price. A fowl could be had at market for twopence or twopence-halfpenny. The wages of a maid-servant was three half-crowns a year, with a peck of oatmeal for a week's diet, and a possible increase of the allowance by "the Skimming of a Pot to mix with her Oatmeal for better Commons, and a pair of Shoes or two for Sundays when they go to Kirk." The inhabitants spoke English, although the most of them talked "Irish" as well. They were very polite—excessively so, in the eyes of this matter-of-fact Englishman. "A peddling Shopkeeper, that sells a Pennyworth of Thread, is a *Merchant*; the person who is sent for that Thread has received a *Commission*; and bringing it to the Sender, is making *Report*. A bill to let you know there is a single Room to be let is called a *Placard*; the Doors are *Ports*; an enclosed Field of two acres is a *Park*; and the Wife of a Laird of fifteen pounds a Year is a *Lady*, and treated with—your *Ladyship*. . . . I am told once a week that the *Gentlewoman* that washes

my Linen is below; and frequently hear something or other of a *Gentleman* that keeps a *Change* not far from hence." The women were handsome. "There are hardly any crooked People (except by accidents), because," says Captain Burt, sententiously, "there has been no care taken to mend their shapes when they were young." And there are but four Fools.

But there is another side to this very attractive picture. The town-hall was a plain building of Rubble. The Magistrates transacted business in a room "which would be tolerably handsome, but the Walls are rough, not whitewashed, or so much as plastered, and no Furniture in it but a Table, some bad Chairs, and altogether immoderately dirty." The Coffee-house is kept by "a Gentleman who loves Company and Play for his Diversion." But a description of it, its furniture and utensils, would not be decent. "The Room appears as if it had never been cleaned since the building of the House, and, in Frost and Snow, you might cover the Peat-fire with your Hands." The Gaol was a weak, old building, and the town was not in a condition to keep it in repair. The town consisted chiefly of four streets. In these the best houses were low roofed, built of rubble, and *harled*. "The extreme parts of the Town are made up of most miserably low, dirty hovels, faced and covered with turf, with a bottomless Tub or Basket in the Roof for a chimney." The town was excessively dirty. The Magistrates would not order the streets to be cleaned. They depended on showers of rain for the removal of filth. The merchants were not scrupulously honest. The town was infested with rats. Poverty, filth, vermin, and itch abounded everywhere.

And if this was the state of matters in Inverness, a royal burgh, and the capital of the Highlands, what must have been the condition of life in the more secluded parts? The description of Captain Burt is almost incredible. Hunger, filth, rags, disease, and vermin. There is no phase of the social life of the country into which this prying Englishman does not enter, and of which he does not give a detailed account to his correspondent in London. The clan system was in full force. One chief in the neighbourhood of Inverness he describes. A poor, proud, selfish, cruel man, who will not encourage industry for fear of generating independence. The people in general are as circumstances make them. They have no school-education. The life-education they get is of the worst sort. There is no premium on industry and self-reliance. There is no career for energy and ambition. The clergy are landed. They receive respect and they deserve it. In their church courts they are inclined to be overbearing. Their preaching is one-sided, and their code of morals is what has since become known as the somewhat inconsistent but severe Scotch Ecclesiastical Code. But they lead blameless lives, and this amply atones for many shortcomings.

Through all the ramifications of Highland social life, as it existed in the year 1730 or thereabouts, Captain Burt, in his rambling, desultory way leads us. Our births, marriages, and deaths, with their attendant ceremonies; our civil ecclesiastical polity and beliefs; our virtues and vices; our sermons and our scandals; our food, clothes, and amusements; our filth and our disease; our poverty, ignorance, and laziness are all detailed without passion or prejudice, by this cool and im-

perturbable Englishman. To say that the letters are interesting reading is to say very little. That they are valuable as giving a vivid picture of the life and manners of our ancestors no one can doubt. Do they give a faithful picture? We are inclined to think that the answer to this question must be of a mixed character. Lord Macaulay says that Captain Burt "was evidently a man of a quick, an observant, and a cultivated mind, and would doubtless, had he lived in our age, have looked with mingled awe and delight on the mountains of Inverness-shire." We quite agree with the same high authority when he says that "a traveller must be freed from all apprehension of being murdered or starved before he can be charmed by the bold outlines and rich tints of the hills." Macadam and Hutcheson had to succeed Ossian and Scott, before the "clerks and milliners" were thrown into raptures at the sight of Highland scenery. But, scenery apart, we can scarcely allow that Captain Burt gives evidence in his letters of a very "cultivated mind," as we understand the phrase. We believe he was a truthful, honest witness; that he told nothing but what he saw or what he was told by others and believed to be true. But he left a great deal untold. Martin, an earlier traveller, gives a different picture of Hebridean life; and we cannot suppose that the Isles were much in advance of the mainland at that time. Besides Captain Burt wrote his account in private letters. We have therefore, it is true, many circumstances which would not have been related had he expected his letters to be published; but we have also many circumstances left untold

which would find place in an account meant for the world. Besides, admitting the veracity of the writer to the fullest extent, we doubt not that if he wrote his letters with the knowledge that all his statements would be subjected to severe criticism, he would have taken pains to secure that every statement accorded with strict fact. Lastly, he continually forgets or does not know the social condition of the peasantry of England at the time he wrote. He looks at the most remote Highland hamlet from the standpoint of a Londoner of his day. But Macaulay's description of certain portions of London, in 1685, is scarcely exceeded by Captain Burt's description of the Highland "change" about fifty years later. Burt finds at Kelso quarters which, from his own account, could scarcely be superior to any possible accommodation anywhere. In Edinburgh, at the time he wrote and later, the wayfarer after ten o'clock at night in the wynds and closes had to cry out "hand your haunde." Captain Burt witnessed the practice, but seems to forget it when he is sojourning in more northern parts.

Burt's account of life in the Highlands during the first half of the eighteenth century is one-sided, defective, and therefore misleading. He states the truth, exaggerated probably in some minor points; but not the whole truth. His letters and Martin's description ought to be read together. Macaulay read Burt and exaggerates even him. Martin, who wrote twenty years earlier, he does not quote. Mr. Paterson has done good service in publishing this rare and interesting book.

A N G A I D H E A L.

“*Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.*”—OISEAN.

V. LEABH.]

TREAS MIOS AN FHOghAIR, 1876.

[58 AIR.

EIRIONNAICH 'US ALBANN- AICH.

“NACH b'è an t-Eirionnach e!”
“Cha 'n 'eil ann ach dìreach smior
an Eirionnaich!” Is tric a chluinn-
ear a leithid so de chainnt ann am
beul nan Gàidheal Albannach, agus
ann an seadh co-ionann agus ged
theireadh iad: “Nach b'è an
Turcach e!” “Cha 'n 'eil ann ach
fìor shlaightear!” -

A nis, gun teagamh sam bith, cha
'n 'eil e aon chuid càirdeil no eareach-
dail do'n Ghàidheal Albannach a
bhi 'labhairt mar so nu thimchioll
a bhràthar Eirionnaich. Abair na
thogras tu, is e an t-Eirionnach do
dhearbh bhràthair. Tha e na h-uile
buille a cheart cho Gàidhealach—
'n a fhuil agus 'n a chainnt—agus a
tha mac do mhàthar. Agus cha 'n
ann gun eolas air a' chùis a tha mi
ag ràdh so; oir a rìs agus a rìs
shìubhail mi Gàidhealtachd na h-
Alba air fad agus air leud; agus
cha 'n 'eil mi idir 'n am choigreach
anns an Eilean àluinn uaine 's an
robh mòr thlachd aig Pàdrùic
Naomh nan Salm; agus ann an
America chuir mi eolas air Albann-
aich 'us Eirionnaich 'n am mìltean
aig an robh fìor chomharradh ar
fìne 'n an gnùis agus 'n an guth.
Agus tha 'n t-Eirionnach air iomadh
dòigh 'n a bhràthair as am faod sinn
uail a dheanamh. Airson blàths'
cridhe, airson ciùil 'us dannsa 'us
òraid, c'àite am faic thu a choimeas?
Gidheadh, cha 'n ann gu tur gun

leth-sgeul a sheallas sinn air an
Eirionnach gun ro mhòran tlachd.
“Is tiuighe fuil na bùrn;” ach, a
dh' aindeoin fuil 'us cainnt, tha dà
ni, air a chuid is lugha, anns a' bheil
an Gàidheal Albannach agus an
Gàidheal Eirionnach a' gabhail fad o
chéil, amhuil a tha an Airde-near agus
an airde-niar. A thaobh an *aidmheil*
cha bhuin e dhuinn bòsd a dhean-
amh, no beum a thoirt do fhear seach
a cheile. Ach a thaobh *dortadh fola*
agus *urram do bhòid* tha dealach-
adh farsuing mar an cuan eadar
beachdan 'us cleachduin an dà
shluaigh. Air fad agus leud Gàidh-
ealtachd na h-Alba tha am mortair
agus fear nam mionnan-eithich, cha'n
ann a mhàin 'n an cuspairean fuath
agus eagail, ach 'n an cuis-uamhais.
Cha 'n e mhàin gu bheil an lagh an
tòir orra, ach tha mòr-chridhe an t-
shluaigh gu tur agus gu h-uile—làn
shuidhichte 'n an aghaidh. Cha 'n
'eil duine aig a' bheil eolas sam bith
air na Gàidheil 'n ar dùthaich a
chuireas so 'an teagamh—gu h-àraid
ma 's urrainn da sealltainn air ais
car deich-bliadhna-fichead na da-
flichead-bliadhna. Air dà ni a
thachair ann an Eilean Dubhan taobh
Rosaich, an uair a bha mi ann am
bhalachan, agus a tha 'n an eisempleir
air so, cha dean mi di-chuimhne gu
bràth. Aon là chunnaic mi creut-
air truagh air bhoile cuthaich, a
theich gus na coilltean, agus nach
tìgeadh 'an gaoth do thigh ach airson
greim arain an uair a bha e air a
sgùrsadh le acras. Bha e cosmhuil

ri tamhasg; 'fhalt 'n a chiabha allta a' seasamh suas troimh chéile mar mhuing an *hyena*, 's a shùilean fuilteach 'us dearg lasarach mar shùilean cait 's an dorcha. Bha eagal, oillt, uamhunn air an dealbh na aogais, agus mar gu'm biodh iad a' beò-ghluasad 'n a eudann. Bha e 'clisgeadh le geilt roimh fhaileus fein, no roimh fhuaim a rinneadh le eun beag ag itealaich ri 'thaobh. 'S ann gu dearbh a bha e mar gu'm biodh, mar thà, aingeal an dioghaltais air a shàil. Agus an t-eagal a chuir às a chiall e fein, is beag nach d' fhàg e air gach sùil a chunnaic e. Tìrc agus tearn sinn uile o'n ghluasad uamhais sin 'n an cridhe leis an dubhairt na daoine ri chéile, mar bha e 'dol as an fradharc, gun an guth a leigeadh os cionn an analach: "SUD AM FEAR A THUG NA MIONNAN EITHICH."

Mu'n àm cheudna chaidh boirionnach a mhortadh ann an àite aonarach air mullach a' Mhaoil Bhuidhe, eadar Iubhir-Feòran agus Port-Cheasaic. A leithid de ghluasad agus a bha 'measg an t-sluaigh cha 'n urrainn dòmhsa chur an cainnt. Cùram bidh 'us dibhe, cùram spréidhe 'us tuathanais, maille ri fois na h-oidche —dh' fhàg iad an sluagh gu tur. Cha robh nì ach so 'n am beul agus 'n an smuain, "Co a rinn e?" "Cionnas a gheobhar greim air a mhortair?" Thàinig togail fo'n t-sluaigh mar gu'm biodh na Loch-lunnaich a rìs air tìr, agus cha robh duine ann an seachd sgìreachdan an Eilein-Duibh nach robh 'n a fhear-dìolaidh-na-fola.

A nis cuir ann an coimeas ri so na nithean a tha o là gu là a' tachairt an Eirinn. Duine a' dol a mach air àirde a' mheadhon là, a' luidhe sìos le 'ghunna air culthaobh pris, agus a' losgadh air an *factor* mar a thilgeadh tu sionnach, agus 'n a dhéigh sin a' falbh air a shocair agus

a' faighinn fàrdoich 'us fasgaidh bho na ficheadan de dhaoine a chunnaic an gnìomh. Agus cha 'n e sin a mhàin, ach mionnaichidh na h-uile duine dhiu nach do rinn e an gnìomh idir, ach gu' n robh e aig an àm air taobh eile na dùthcha.

Tha ann an so a' cheist ag éirigh: "Ciod a rinn an dealachadh mór so eadar muinntir a tha dh' aon fhuil agus a dh' aon chainnt?" Cha 'n 'eil a' cheist furasta fhuasgladh, agus theagamh nach e so an t-àite is freagarraiche air son oidhirp a thoirt air fuasgladh a thairgse. Ach tha ceist eile a dh' fhaodas sinn fheòraich dhinn fein. A' bheil na Gàidheil Albannach an *diugh* cho cliù-thoilteanach anns na nithe so agus a bha iad o chionn dà fhichead bliadhna? Tha eagal orm nach 'eil. Nach 'eil Eirionnaich ag éirigh 'n ar measg fein? Agus nach 'eil beachd-an fìor Eirionnach corr uair ri 'n cluinntinn anns a' bhaile ud agus anns a' bhaile ud thall?

An uair a thòisicheas daoine aig a' bheil greim air cluas nan Gàidheil air "cur na gaoithe," seall a mach airson "fogharadh na cuairt-ghaoith."

D.



Is fìrinneach an sean-fhocal a deir "Gu'n caombain am fear nach caith." Agus thubhairt an Tì sin a labhair mar nach do labhair neach riamh; "An ti a ta fìrinneach anns an nì a's lugha, tha e fìrinneach mar an céudna ann am mòran; agus an ti a ta écorach anns an nì as lugha tha e écorach ann am moran, mar an céudna." Far am bheil neach nach gabh cùram de chuid a mhaighstir, cha ghabh e cùram de chuid fein. Tha grunn-dalas agus mìlteachd 'nan nithe aig am bheil mòr chumhachd thairis oirm, araon 'nar gnothuichibh fein, agus ann an gnothuichibh muinntir eile. Ma nì thu ana-caitheadh air cuid duine eile, tha thu 'deanamb réubainn air. Tha thu 'ga chreachadh co-ionnan air an dà sheòl agus tha 'n càll dèasan an t-aon nì; ach ma tha cùram ort a thaobh codach do mhaighstir, gabhsidh tu an cùram céudna a thaobh do chodach fein agus théid thu air t-aghaidh air an t-slighe gu soirbheas.

THILL AN T-EARRACH.

Is àillidh ceum an earraich àigh,
 'S gach àit m' an cuairt an saogh'l.
 O, cuir do làmh am làmh-sa, 'ghràidh,
 'S as ùr gu 'm fas ar gaol.
 Am bi gach bóid a thugadh leinn,
 'S gach gealladh grunn, gun stàth,
 'N uair tha gach lus a' togail cinn,
 'S a thill an t-earrach tlàth?

An speur no 'n cuan cha léir dhomh buaidh;
 Cha dual domh tlachd an nì
 'S an talamh ghorm; 's e gaol mo luaidh
 'Chuir tart ro chrusaidh an chridh',
 Mar thart an fheadr 's nam fùr geal, grunn,
 Nach cinn gun fhrasan blàth,
 Nis 'n uair tha èdìn a' seinn gu binn,
 'S a thill an t-earrach tlàth.

Nis dhùisg an t-earrach èdìn nan craobh,
 Leag gaoir na fairge bréin';
 An sgap e 'àilleachd air gach taobh,
 'S gun ston do m' ghaol 's domh féin?
 Gràdh nach tig leis a thogas dhinn
 Gach mighean agus cròdh,
 'N uair tha gach lus a' fas gu grunn,
 'S a thill an t-earrach tlàth?

An t-àite, 'n cuimhne leat, a rùin,
 Fo sgàile dlùth nan crann,
 Am measg nam fùr—ar sàgradh cùin?
 Tha bhuainn as ùr dol ann.
 'S an àite 'n tric bu mhùirneach sinn,
 Ar gaol gu'n till mar bhà,
 Oir tha na h-èdìn a' seinn gu binn,
 A's thill an t-earrach tlàth.

Eadar. le MAC-MHARCUIS.

—o—

SEANA CHLEASAN GAIDH-
EALACH.

Fhir mo chridhe,—Tha naire
 orm sgrìobhadh thugad leis cho
 fada 's a bha mi gu 'n smid a
 chur ad ionnsaidh. 'Cha 'n 'eil mi
 math no toigheach air na leisgeulan
 agus air an aobhar sin cha 'n fheuch
 mi ri m' leisgeul a ghabhail. Is
 taitneach leam fhaicinn o àn gu àn
 an oidheip dhiongmholta a tha thu
 a' toirt air nithibh Gaidhealach a
 chumail suas mar bu choir dhoibh a
 bhi. Tha a' Ghaidhlig agus gach
 gnothach Gaidhealach a' faighinn
 meas an drast nach d' fhuair iad
 bho chionn moran bhliadhnaichean

agus tha mi am beachd gu 'm bi e
 'n a thoilinntinn do luchd-leughaidh
 a' GHaidheil cunntas fhaighinn air
 cuid de na seana chleasan a b'
 abhaist a bhi ga 'n cluich anns a'
 Ghaidhealtachd an uair a bhiodh
 daoine air chéilidh. Ged tha moran
 de na seana chleasan Gaidhealach a
 nis a' dol air dhi-chuimhinn agus an
 aite air a lionadh le cleasan Gallda,
 tha cuid dhiu ann an cleachdainn am
 measg nan Gaidheal fhathast.

Bheir mi le d' chead cunntas air
 cleas a b' abhaist a bhi againn ann
 am Bun-atha an uair bha mi am
 "Dhonnachadh og." Is e am "Mart
 Bradach" a theireamaid ris. Is ann
 mar so a bhiteadh ga 'chluich.

Bha a' chuideachd air a cur ann
 an ordugh agus croinn air an cur co
 a bhithidh 'n a *Rìgh* agus co 'n a
Bhuachaille. An uair a bha an Rìgh
 agus am Buachaille air an cur air
 leth, bha a' chathair-mhor air a
 deanamh 'n a Rìgh-Chathair, agus
 air a h-àrdachadh le dà fhoid mòna
 a chur fo gach cois, agus an sin bha
 an Rìgh air a chur 'n a shuidhe
 oirre, le slait 'n a laimh. Bha an
 sin cairtean paipear air an cur ann
 am boineid, cairt air son gach neach
 anns a' chuideachd ach an Rìgh agus
 am Buachaille. Air aon de na
 cairtean so bha dealbh Mairt. Bha
 a' bhoineid air a crathadh agus an
 sin fear a' dol mu'n cuairt a' chuidh-
 eachd leatha agus gach h-aon a'
 toirt cairt aisde. Bha gach aon ris
 a' chairt a chumail 'n a laimh air a'
 chul agus cha robh e fein no fear
 eile ri amharc oirre aig an àm so.
 An uair a bha na cairtean ga 'n
 roinn bha am fear a chaidh a chur
 air leth mar Bhuachaille a' dol taobh
 mach dorus a' chatha agus air dha
 sanas fhaotainn gu 'n robh gach li
 deas air a shon, bha e a' bualadh an
 doruis trì uairean gu fuaimel. Air
 do 'n Rìgh so a' chluinntinn bha e
 ag radh, "Tha mi 'cluinntinn cais-

meachd aig an dorus; fosglaidh e." Air do'n dorus bhi air 'fhosgladh bha am Buachaille a' deanadh beic ris an Rìgh agus ag radh, "An cead bruidhinn, a Rìgh?"

RÌGH.—Is cead.

BUACHAILLE.—An cead an céum so, Rìgh?

RÌGH.—Is cead.

BUACHAILLE.—A' h-uile céum gu ruig an Rìgh?

RÌGH.—Is cead.

Bha aig a' Bhuachaille ri 'bheic a dheanamh a' h-uile h-uair a bhruidhneadh e ris an Rìgh. Mur deanadh e so dh' fhaodadh an Rìgh éisdeachd a dhiultadh dha, ordugh a thoirt a sguirsadh agus fear eile a chur 'n a aite.

Bha am Buachaille a nis a' dol a suas gu cathair an Rìgh agus air dha a bheic a dheanamh ris an Rìgh, theireadh e, "An cead bruidhinn a Rìgh?"

RÌGH.—Is cead.

BUACHAILLE.—Tha mise 'n so, am Bhuachaille bochd, bho chnoc gu cnoc, ag iarraidh Mairt mhaoil, dhuibh; tha amharus agam gu'n deachaidh a goid, agus tha mi ag iarraidh bho'n Rìgh ughdarras a chuid daoine a rannsachadh.

RÌGH.—Biodh e mar is math leat; so dhuit ughdarras an Rìgh.

An uair a tha an Rìgh ag radh so tha e a' sineadh na slaithe Rìoghail dha mar ughdarras. Tha am Buachaille a nis a' dol troimh 'n chuidheachd a dh' feuchainn am faic e am fear air an do leag e amharus. Air dha fhaicinn, tha e ga 'thoirt a mach gu meadhon an urlair agus a cur na meairle as a leth. Tha am fear so ag àicheadh na meairle, agus mar dhearbhadh air a neo-chiontachd tha e 'leigeil fhaicinn na cairte a tha 'n a laimh. Mur 'eil dealbh a' Mhairt air a' chairt tha so na fhior dhearbhadh gubheil e neo-chiontach, agus air dha a bheic a dheanamh ris

an Rìgh, tha e ag radh, "An cead bruidhinn a' Rìgh?" An uair a gheobh e cead an Rìgh their e, "Co meud buille a tha an Rìgh ag ordachadh do'n Bhuachaille so air son na meairle mòire so a chur as mo leth agus mi neo-chiontach?"

Dh'ainmicheadh an Rìgh an sin an cunntas bhuillean a bha am Buachaille ri fhaotainn, agus bha am fear so a chaidh fhaighinn neo-chiontach ris na buillean a thoirt do'n Bhuachaille. An uair a bha so seachad bha am Buachaille a' dol a rithist air tòir a' Mhairt. An uair a dh' amaiseadh e oirre bha am fear a bha ciontach d'an mheairle air a thoirt air beulaobh an Rìgh, agus bha esan ag ordachadh a sgiùrsadh, ag ainmeachadh do 'n Bhuachaille a' chunntais bhuillean a bha e ri thoirt seachad. Na'm b'e 's gu'n tugadh am Buachaille buille a thuilleadh 's a' choir no h-aon tuilleadh 's beag, bha e fein ris a' cheart chunntas bhuillean fhaotainn. Is tric a bha an Rìgh ag ainneachadh cia mar a bu nìhath leis na buillean a bhi air an toirt seachad, agus cha robh e idir 'n a ghnòthach farasda do'n Bhuachaille cuimhne 'chumail air gach ni a dh'ordaicheadh an Rìgh, oir is tric a theireadh e an àm toirt na binne, "Tha mi ag orduchadh fichead buille—tri cruaidh agus h-aon bog;" agus dh'fheumadh am Buachaille bochd na builean a thoirt seachad a reir ordugh an Rìgh.

Ma's math mo chuimhne 's ann mar so a bha an cleas so air a chluich, ach tha cho fada bho nach do chluich mi e, 's nach faca mi air a' chluich 's e, nach nàire dhomh ged bhithinn air cuid dheth a leageil as mo chuimhne. Bidh fhios agad fein ma tha mi cearr.

Tha mi'n dochas gu'n cuir thu fein dreach air an litir leibidich so. Is mi do charaid dileas, FIONN.

ORAN NA SAMHNA.

Air Oidhche na samhna bidh ann, bidh ann,
 Buidsichean 's deamhna neo-ghann neo-ghann ;
 Bidh sìthchean le aighir a' marcachd 's an athar,
 'S a' toirt leo mnathan 'us clann 'us clann.

Luinneag.

Seinn iùra-bhinn oho, horò, horò,
 Nach cluinn sibh, a chaileagan, fanaibh aig baile,
 Mu'n bi sibh na'r fanaid 's na'r spòrs, na'r spòrs.
 Seinn iùra-bhinn oho, horò, horò.

Bidh moran de dhaoine fo sprochd, fo sprochd ;
 'S a' chlann bidh ag caoineadh gu goirt, gu goirt ;
 Bidh mnathan ag glaothaich, 's cha bli iad gun aobhar,
 'S na sìthchean ga'n slaodadh do'n chnoc, do'n chnoc.

Ged bhios logaidean 's bodaich air falbh, air falbh.
 Tha'n oidhche sin sona gu dearbh, gu dearbh,
 Gheabh fleasgaichean 's caileagan brath air an leannain,
 Le fàisneachd gun mhearachd, gun chearb, gun chearb.

O, tha m' eubh ribh, a Cheòlraidh, mo chàil, mo chàil,
 A ghleusadh gu ceòl 'us gu dàn, gu dàn ;
 Los gu'n seinneam mu'n ghòraich 'tha 'measg na cloinn' òige,
 'S an aois cha'n 'eil moran na's fheàrr, na's fheàrr.

Bidh fleasgaichean 's cailean, gun tàmh, gun tàmh,
 A' falbh feadh gach baile 'goid càil, 'goid càil ;
 Cha bhi gàradh no callaid nach leag iad gu talamh,
 'S iad 'teicheadh leis dhachaidh gun nàir', gun nàir'.

'N uair 'thig iad leis dhachaidh, air chrith, air chrith,
 Gu'n cuir iad e seachad, gun fhios, gun fhios,
 Bràigh dorus an tighe, mu'n teid iad a laidhe,
 'Us bidh e gu lath' ann a' sin, ann a' sin.

An ciad neach 'thig a steach, an t-ath là, an t-ath là,
 Bidh na 'chomhar gu beachd, air an gràdh, air an gràdh ;
 'Us dona no math air an stoc ma bhios blas,
 Bidh an urra sin ceart no gun stàth, no gun stàth.

Ma leanas ris tobhtag no pleoc, no pleoc.
 Aig an aon sin bidh tochradh, no toic, no toic ;
 Ach ma bhios an stoc geocach, crom, can, agus crotach,
 Bidh an duine sin coltach na 'chorp, na 'chort.

Cleachdadh eile tha aca, gu dearbh, gu dearbh,
 'Bhi mach feadh nam bailtean, air falbh, air falbh,
 Ag 'eisdeachd 's a' farcluais aig dorus gach aitrimh
 'S gur comhar 'chiad fhacal air 'ainm, air 'ainm.

A mach do'n chruaich arbhair, theid iad, theid iad,
 'S bidh a' spionadh 's a' tearbadh nan dias, nan dias :
 An siol-mullaich ma dh' fhalbhas, cha bhì ac' ach fann-earbsa
 Gu'n téid céile leo 'shearmoin gu sìorruidh, gu sìor.

'S theid feadhainn le faicill do'n àthaidh, do'n àth,
 'Us bheir iad leo ceirsle de shnàth, de shnàth ;
 Ga 'tilgeadh do'n lagan trì nairean 's ga tachras,
 Dh' fhiach 'n téid oirre grabadh le'n gràdh, le'n gràdh.

Cuid eile gheabh ubhal, gun fhios, gun fhios,
 'S théid iad gu sgàthan g' a ith, g' a ith ;
 'S chì iad coltas an leannain ga 'spioladh gu h-ealamh,
 'S ga 'thoirt as an lamhan gu clis, gu clis.

'Us tha e de chleachdadh aig cuid, aig cuid,
 Dol do'n t-sàbhul a dh-fhasgnadh le guit, le guit ;
 'S chì iad samhladh no tannasg 'dol seachad na 'dheannaibh
 'S a' dol as an t-sealladh na 'ruith, na 'ruith.

'S theid fleasgaich a dh-aitheamh nan cruach, nan cruach,
 'S g' an tomhas le'n lamhan mu'n cuairt, mu'n cuairt,
 Dh' fhaighinn samhlaidh na'n glacaibh air a' chéile 'bhios aca ;
 'Sin teichidh iad dhachaidh gu luath, gu luath.

Cuid a thumas an alldan an léin', an léin',
 Far an coinnich trì oighreachdan 'chéil', a chéil' ;
 'S ris an tein' fad na h-oidhech' theid a cur gus am foillsich
 Ga 'gèard tannasg, no taibhse, na dréug, no dréug.

'N sin theid aig an teallaich, air lic, air lic,
 Tri cuachagan geala de dh-fhiodh, de dh-fhiodh ;
 Ann an té bidh uisg' glan, 's an aon eil' uisg' salach
 'S an treas té bidh falamh, gun sil', gun sil'.

'S theid dallan air neach gu seòlt', gu seòlt',
 'S gu'n teann e na 'n caraibh le 'chròig, le 'chròig ;
 Air té thruaillt', glan, no falamh, ma dh' éireas da amas,
 'S e leith'd sin 'ni e theannadh na 'choir, na' choir.

An sin gheabh iad uachdar á stòp, á stòp,
 'S gu'n dian iad dheth fuarag 'bhios mòr, bhios mòr ;
 Theid a cur ann an cuaich, 's cuirear fainne gu luath innt',
 'S ge b'e gheabh e trì uairean gu 'm pòs, gu'm pòs.

Bonnach-salainn no sgadan 'bhios goirt, 'bhios goirt,
 Gu'n ith iad le cabhaig, 's le'n toil, 's le'n toil ;
 Los gu 'm faic iad an leannan ('n uair 'theid iad do'n leabaidh)
 'Tigh'nn g'an ionnsuidh fo mhadainn le deoch, le deoch.

Nis sguiream de m' òran 's de m' dhuann, 's de m' dhuann,
 'S a dh-innse mu ghòraich an t-sluaigh, an t-sluaigh ;
 Gheabh gach urra ri phòsadh an neach 'tha 's an òrdugh,
 'S cha chùm duine 's an Eorp' e bluap', e bluap'.

Seinn iùra-bhinn, &c.

TOMAS REUMAIR.

“ An uair thig Tomas le ' chuid each,
Bith là nan creach aig Cluaidh.”

CHA 'N 'eil ach fìor bheagan air sgial againn de eachdraidh chinntich sa bith mu Thomas Reumair. Is ann a mhuinntir Ercildoune (*Earls-town*), baileachan beag a mach air a' Ghalltachd a bhà e. Tacan a mach as a' bhaile chitear gus an là an diugh làrach a' chaisteil aige. Bha uair a bha e ainmeil 's a' Ghàidhealtachd, agus fhathast cha do leigeadh tur air diochuimhne e, ach, ar leam nach cuala mi co dhiubh a bha no nach robh Gàidhlig aige. Is e Learmont a bu daoine dha—is ann a chionn e bhì ri bàrdachd a theirt-eadh an Reumair ris. Bha e ann ri linn Alastair III., agus their feadhainn gu'n d' éirich e le Wallace; ach cha robh e 'am bithibh an t-saoghail so 's a' bhliadhna 1299, thathas am beachd. Cleas ioma duine fhoghlumt' a bh'ann ri 'linn, bhiteadh ag cur air Tomas gu'n robh a' sgoil-dubh aige. Tha innsegeòil againn cuideachd gu'm biodh e ri fiosachd no faisneachd; ach co dhiubh a fhuair e an t-eòlas sin bho mhaighdinn-chràbhaidh a bh'ann an Haddington, no bho leannan-sith, cha'n 'eileas tur chinnteach. Coma, is ann mar so a chuala mise a fhuair e bho'n leannan-shith e:—

Bha e latha na 'shlneadh, na 'dhùisg no 'n righeachd-na-suain', 'am bun craoibhe-caoruinn air uchdaich Beinn Eildoin, agus faicear a' dol seachad an aon ribhinn a b' àillidh snagh a chunnacas riabh. Bha i 'marcachd air falaire bhòidhich, ghuirm, 's a muing air chrathadh le cluigeinean airgid a bha togail fuinn fo ghaoith an fhirich. A diallaid de 'n ìbhrìdh fhìor ghloin fo dhealt-radh de dh-obair an òrchiùird. Na stiorapan, a deise, 's gach seud 'us

nì mu'n cuairt di, a' toirt bàrr air a chéile 'am maise 's 'an luach. Bha bogha de dhearg an iubhair air lugh na 'làmh, agus a dòrlach 'an croch-adh ri 'crios. Trì mìol-choin uaine aice air lomhainn, agus trì coin-luirge gun mheang ri 'sàil.

Thuit Tomas an trom ghaol oirre 's a' chiad phlathadh, 's chuir e fàilte oirre 's dh' iarr e a làmh. A làmh cha tugadh i seachad mur gabhadh e an toiseach aice na 'ghille. Thàlaidh a snuagh 's a cainnt e cho mór 's gu'n d' aontaich e sid a dhianamh; ach mu'n gann a chòrd iad, dh' fhàs ise na 'caillich a bu déisniche dhuaichnidh a chunnacas riabh no chhì. Na sùilean sin a bha bho chionn tiota stràcte le mùirn 'us gaol, thionndaidh iad gun lannair na 'ceann. Chrìon 'us dh'fhail a falt gu buileach, 's dh'fhàs a deise na baidrich bhàrlag, 's enaimhean na falaire fhein a' sginneadh romh 'n t-seiche. Cha robh dreug no druineach nach b' òigh làmh rithe; ach coma, an uair a dh' iarr i air soiridh bhuan a ghabhail leis a' ghréin 's leis a' ghealaich, 'us leis gach lus 'us craoibh, dh' ìmpich e 's dh' fhalbh e leatha do'n Tìr-fogheas. Ghabh iad a stigh do dh-uamha 's thug iad trì latha 's trì oidheche 'an goile 'n talmhainn, gun bhìadh gu'n deoch, ag coiseachd 'an dall-dorchadas, uair a chluinneadh iad nuallanaich a' chuain, 's uair a chroisgeadh iad aimhnichean fala, gus mu dheireadh thall an d' fhosgail an talamh dhaibh. A' sin fhuair iad iad-fhein 'an gáradh àluinn a bha 'sruthadh leis gach soighneas 'us àilleas, gach lus fo bhlàth 's gach craobh a' lùisreadh le measan, agus na h-eòin a' seinn ceileiridh nach cualas riabh 'àicheadh. Mu'n gann a bha iad a stigh 's an ionad-àigh so dh' ath-nuadhaich a bhan-chompau-ach—i-fhein 's a lòiseam, agus stùil dh' an d' thug e, bha i na b' àillidh

na bha i an uair a chuannaic e an tùs air a' bheinn i. An impis fannachadh leis an acras, shin Tomas a làmh a ruigsinn air meas. "Na dian," os ise, "sin agad na h-ùbhlansianta a thug bàs mhic-an-duine." An sin thòisich i air an dùthaich fhiachainn da.

"An t-slighe ud thall air do làmh dheis," os ise, "is ann oirre a thriallar do phàras. An t-slighe chònard, réidh, shìos ud fothad, is i rathad nan daoidh do righeachd-nam-pian. An treas slighe a tha 'gabhail romh 'n doire dhoilleir ud thall is ann oirre a dh' imichear do 'n ionad-mheadhon. Ach a' faic thu 'n rathad eile a tha 'g iathadh a null romh 'n raon dh'ionns' a' chaisteil a'gh ud bhuainn? sid agad an rathad a tha 'dol gus an Tir-fo-gheas—an rathad againne, agus is e an caisteal ar ceann-uidhe. Is ann 's a' chaisteal ud a tha 'n rìgh a' fuir-each agus is mis' a bhàn-rìghinn. An uair a theid thu stigh do 'n chaisteal feumaidh tu 'bhi d' bhalbhtosd, ciod sa bith a theirear riut: innsidh mi-fhein an ceann-fàth dhaibh, agus is e sin, gu'n d' thug mi do labhairt bhuat air an t-slighe dhuinn as an tir-ìsil.—A nise tog ort".

A' sin thog iad orra air cheann an turuis. An uair a ràinig iad an caisteal chaidh iad a stigh do 'n tigh-fhuine, 's bha 'sin cuirm ga 'gréidh-eadh, 's féisd ga 'cumail, a dh' fhoghnadh do rìgh an domhain fhein.

Bha deich feidh fhichead na 'n sìneadh air bòrd-mòr an tigh-fhuine, 's còcairean gun fhàillinn ga 'n àitheadh 's ga 'n deasachadh, 's na miol-choin thomalt, a rinn an t-sealg na 'n laidhe ag imlich 's ag òl na fala, air àird' an dòigh' ag amharc na sìthne. A' sin chaidh iad a stigh do thalla-mòr an rìgh, 's chuir esan gun eud, gun umhail, fàilte 's furan

air a cheile chaoimh. Bha ridirean 'us baintighearnan 's ridhleadh trìuir aca ga 'dhanna gu cuireideach air a' chlàraidh. Gach airteal, sgios, agus allaban, a dh' fhuilig Tomas air a thurus bho Bheinn Eildoin, chuir an rìmhheadh, 's an ceòl, 's an dannta, gu buileach fo cheal, agus sid e ag cur nan car dheth cho dlùth ri gille-mirein am meas chàich air a' chlàraidh. An ceann ùine 's aimsir, 's ar leis-san gu 'm bu ghoirid, thug a' bhàn-rìghinn guth e, 's dh' iarr i air e-fhein ullachadh gu tilleadh dhachaidh.

"Nise," os a' bhàn-rìghinn, "c' fhad a tha thu 'n dùil a tha bho'n a thàinig thu?"

"Ma tà, 'ùigh nam ban," osa Tomas, "shaoilinn gu'm beil mu sheachdain ann."

"Is tus' a th' air do mhealladh, a a Thomas," os a' bhàn-rìghinn, "tha seachd bliadluna bho'n a thàinig thu 'so, agus is mithich dhut a bhi 'falbh Bidh am Fear-mòr e-fhein a' so am màireach a thogail na cànach, agus duine cho eireachdail riutsa, cha dù dha dol as air. Cha bu ghiamh leam air an t-saoghal a dh' iathas mu'n ghréin, gu'm bithinn-sa am ìmpidh air do chur an làmh; uime sin ma ta tog ort agus biomaid a' trial."

Thug sgial an uamhais so air Tomas, olc air mhath, an Tir-fo-gheas fhagail; agus cha b' fhada gus an do chuir a' bhàn-rìghinn gu sàbhailt e, far an do thachair i 'n tùs air, am bun na craoibhe-caoruinn, 's na h-eòin a' seinn gu h-iullagach na 'geugan. An sin ghabh i soiridh-ghaoil leis, agus chuir i mar gheasan air—falbh leatha ge b'e uair a thigeadh i g'a iarraidh. Mar sin ag gabhail a cead deth, a los a chliu a bhi gun bheud, bhuilich i air an teanga *nach innseadh briag*. Chaidh esan gu 'dhùlan a dhiùlt na buadhach so, a dhianadh, ar leis, òimid gun mheas deth, air

feill 's an clachan, 'an cùirt an rìgh 's an cuideachda leannain. Ach bu diomhain da cur na 'h-aghaidh—cha d' thug i feart air; a chor 's nach robh cuideachda 's am bitheadh e, an uair thuiteadh do 'n chonaltradh a bhi mu 'n ùine ri tighinn, nach dianadh Tomas Reumair faisneachd dhaibh, agus cha b' urrainn da a' chaochla.

Thug Tomas fada beò na 'dhùn fhein an deaghaidh dha tilleadh as an Tir-fo-gheas agus e 'm miagh 's an urram mar fhàidhe aig mithibh 'us mathaibh gach dùthcha. Tha mòran fhathast air sgial dheth 'fhàisneachd agus cha bheag dhi a thàinig air chois. Ach is diomain gach dùil 'us creubh air thalamb, agus cha bu dual do Thomas a bhi mairiann gu bràch. Là mór a bha 'sid 's Iarla Mharch aige air chuireadh, chuir muinntir a' bhaile fios g' a ionnsuidh gu 'n robh damh-féidh 'us eilid ag gabhail romh 'n t-sràid a' dianamh dìreach air a chaisteal. An uair a chuala Tomas so, ghrad-éirich e bho 'n chuir, 's ag innse do na h-aoghean gu'n robh an uair aige air ruith, dh' fhalbh e leis an damh 's leis an eilid air an ais do 'n fhrith, agus ged a chithear e fhathast na 'uaireannan le còrr dhuine àraid a thiuraicheas e e-fhein 'fhiachainn daibh, cha d' rinn e bheag sa bith tuille de chomunn ri muinntir an t-saoghail so.

Tha Tomas fhathast fo gheasan, agus is e 's obair dha, ma 's fhior, a bhi cur suas armailte 'am feitheamh latha uamhasaich a tha gu tighinn air Albainn. Cò nach cuala mu'n dròbhair-each a bh'ann roimhe so, a reic an t-each dubh ri coltas fìor dhuin'-uasail de na daoine bho shean. Cha do phàidh e air 'uachdar e, ach thuir e ris na'n tachradh e air mu mheadhoin-oidhche air beinn àraid a dh' ainmich e, gu'n d' thugadh e 'n t-airgiod da. Is e bh' ann gu'n do

chòrd iad 's gu'n d' thug an dròbhair a' bheinn air 's an àm a shònraich iad. Ràinig e 's chaidh an t-each a ghrad-phàidheadh dha le buinn de sheann chùinneadh na righeachd, agus thug an duine-uasal cuireadh dha a dh' fhaicinn àrois-thaimhe. Dh' fhalbh iad cois air chois, agus ciod a bha 'sid ach stàbull mór làn ghearran air stall, agus saighdeir fo làn uidhim na 'shineadh balbh aig casan gach eich.

“Cha'n 'eil fear no each dhiubh sin,” os an duin'-uasal ris an dròbhair, “nach dùisg 's nach bi mach latha Sliabh-an-t-siorra.”

'An ceann shìos an stàbuill mhòir so bha claidheamh 'us dùdach an crochadh air ealchain, agus sheòl am fiosaiche do'n dròbhair iad, ag ràdh gur h-iad sid a dh' fhuasgladh a' gheas. Chaidh an dròbhair na 'bhreitheal leis na cuir a bh' ann, agus beirear air an dùdaich 's teannar ri 'séideadh. A chlisgeadh ghluais na h-eich agus thòisich iad air breabadh chas 's air crathadh shrian. Dh' éirich na daoine 's tharrainn gach fear dhiubh a chladheamh á truaill, agus leis an eagal thuit an dùdach á làimh an dròbhair, 's chual e guth mòr mar 'ghàir a' chuain ag radh:—

Mairg air a' chladhaire riabh ga 'bhreith, Nach do tharrainn a lann mu'n d' thug e sgal,

agus dh' éirich oiteag mhòr ghaoithe 's thugar an togail bheag mhòr ud air an dròbhair a mach as an uamha, 's dh' fhairtlich air riabh tuille a dorus fhaotainn.

Tha 'n sgialachd chiadna air a h-aithris le Raonull Scot, fear a chuir a mach leabhar mu bhuidseachd 's mu eòlasan ri linn Bànrighinn Ealasaid. Cha robh e-fhein a' toirt géille dhaibh, ach ionann 's a dhearbhadh beachd a th' aig feadhainn gu'm beil spioraid dhaoine-mòra ann a tha 'dion 's a' tathaich bhailtean 'us dhùthchannan a bu toigh leo an tìr nam beò, tha e 'g ràdh: B'

urrainn domh fear àraid ainmeachadh a chunnacas bho chionn ghoirid—e-fhèin no samhladh air choirigin a tha 'gabhail an ainme sin air. Tha ciad bliadhna bho'n a dh'eng e, 's bha gach duine a' sealltainn air mar fhàidhe no mar fhiosaiche. An uair a chunnacas e ma tà thug e eunnatas gàbhaidh mu ghorta 's mu phailteas, mu chogadh 's mu dhòrtadh fala, 's mu dheireadh an t-saoghail. Is ann mar so a chunnacas mu dheireadh e a réir innse-sgeòil an duine air an do thachair e: “Bha mi turus air feill 's a' bhaile ud thall a' reic eich,” os esan, “ach leis nach d' fhmair mi mo thoileachadh prise air, thill mi dhachaidh leis, agus tachrar an duine so orm air an rathad. Ghabh e naidheachd na féille 's dh' fhorfhaisich e mu chor na dùthcha. Chaidh sinn mar so an seachas a chéile agus innsear mi-fhein dha mu'n each. Thòisich e air an each a cheannach, agus 's e bh' ann gu'n do reic mi ris e. Thill e leam agus thuirt e na'n rachainn dhachaidh leis gu'm pàidheadh e an t-each dhomh. Chum sinn air—mise air muin m' eich fhein agus esan a' marcachd air each cho geal ris a' chanach. Dh'fharraid mi dheth càite 'n robh e fuireach, agus e' ainm a bh' air. Thuirt e gu'n robh e 'fuireach am *Farran* mu uidhe mìle dhuinn—àite nach cuala mi guth riabh mu dhéighinn ged a b' aithne dhomh gach cèarna de'n dùthaich. Dh'innis e dhomh cuid-eachd gu'm b' e fhein am fear ud de theaghlach Learmont a bha cho ainmeil 's an t-ir a thaobh 'fhàisneachd. Chuir so beagan eagail orm, agus cha do lughdaich e dhomh e a bhi ga m' fhaicinn fhein air rathad òn-rachdach air nach robh mi riabh roimhe. Ach chum sinn air le siubhal-sith gus an d' fhuair mi mi-fhein gun fhios ciamar 'an goile 'n talmhainn. Co bha romham a'

sin ach boirionnach briagha, 's fhàidh i an t-each dhomh gun smid a ràdh. Thug esan air m' ais mi romh chadha fada farsuinn far am faca mi cóig ciad saighdeir na'n laidhe fo chuing nan arm 's iad ionann 's na'n suain. Mu dheireadh le solus na gealaiche fhuair mi mi-fhein a mach 's a' cheart àite 's an do thachair e orm, agus rinn mi luim air a bhi aig an tigh mu ghairm-choileach. An uair a chunnt mi an t-airgiod bha an dùbladh agam 's a fhàidheadh dhomh air an each, agus fhathast tha beagan de na buinn agam—buinn naoidh-sgillinnean, trì sgillinnean, buinn-a-sia, agus eile.”

A réir coltais bha Tomas cho math air pàidheadh 's a bha e air fàisneachd, agus ma's fhìor an dròbhair, bha a chuid airgid móran na bu mhó tàth na an t-airgiod-sìth a tha sinne ag cleachdadh. Cha mhó a tha teagamh nach b' i am maighistir-sporan ud bànrighinn nan sìthichean a thug leatha Tomas do 'n Tìr-fogheas; ach ged nach d' thàinig e fhathast le 'chuid each, agus nach 'eil 'fhios co dhiùbh a tha am bruth 'am Farran 'an Dùn-buic no 'n Tom-na-h-iùraich, ma leanas an cosnadh 's a' Ghalltachd mar a thà e, a réir uile choltais, “bidh là nan creach aig Cluaidh.”

DIARMAD.



Cha'n 'eil ni ann a ta co iongantach ri Leabhar, ach duine beo a mbain. Is teachdaireachd dhuinn on bhas e. Is aithris e a chuireadh d'ar n-ionnsuidh le muinntir nach fhac sinn riamh. Is comhradh uathanas e a bha beo o chionn mìle bliadhna, agus a bha miltean de mhiltibh asdair air falbh. Tha so iongantach, giddheadh, tha iadsan a bha beo o chein, a' labhairt ruinn an diugh anns na duilleagaibh beaga sin. Tha iad 'gar dusgadh, 'gar brosnachadh, 'gar teagasg, a' toirt misnich agus comhfhurtachd dhuinn, agus a' fosgladh an cridheachan dhuinn mar bhrathairean agus mar luchd-daimh!

MARBHRANN

I O SHIR IOSEPH RADCLIFFE.

LE UILLEAM MAC-COINNICH.

DH'EUG an ridire so 's a' bhliadhna 1872. Is Ban-Gharannach, nighean do dh-Fhear-Lic, a bha pòsda aige. Bha taobh mór aige, mar a th' aig an ridir òg a dh'fhàg e na 'dheaghaidh, ris a' Ghàidhealtachd. Bha frìdh Ghàidhaig aige cunntas mòr bliadhnaichean, agus ré an ama sin b' e Uilleam Mac-Coinnich so, a rinn a' mharbhrain dha, an t-Ard-Ghòmanach. A mach bho a bhràthair fhéin, Aonghus Mór Mac-Coinnich (faic *An Gaidheal*, leabh. v. slios 44), b' ainneamh sealgair a thug bàrr air Uilleam; ach, neothar-thaing dha, "bha e bho 'n a ru adh e riabh 'an caidreamh fhiadh 'us earb." Faodar a ràdh gur h-ann air am feadh a dh' àraicheadh e—agus sin 's na ceart mhonaidhnean 's an robh tath-aich Dhònuill mhic Fhionnlaidh nan dàn—seann fhridh Loch-Tréig. Bha a shìnsir-ean bho chionn fhios cò an linn 'am Bràighe-Lochabar, 's tha càirdean 'us dlisean da fhathast ann, na 'n tuath cho-thromaich.

Tha 'bhàrdachd nàdurach do Uilleam Mac-Coinnich, 's rinn e de dh-òrain 's de dhuaganan snasmhor, na fionadh leabhar mòr; ach cha bhì sinn ri moladh-mairbh air; tha e beò, slàn, fhathast, 's gu'm bu fada mar sin da.

"Theid dùchas an aghaidh nan creag;" is nighean do dh-Uilleam a chuir an "Clò-dubh" mu'n òran a th' aig bonn an t-slios.

DIARMAD.

Gur mise 'tha fo airteal 's fo thùrs,
'S beag m' aighir ri sunnt an dràst,
Bho'n a chaill mi mo charaide-cùirt,
A sheasadh mo chùis 's gach càs.

A JACOBITE MARCHING SONG

FROM THE GAELIC OF

ALASDAIR MAC MHAIGHISTIR ALASDAIR.

*Oh, we love him, love him, love him,
Oh, we love him, love him, Charlie!
March we then, so lightly, proudly;
Close together,—thus we'll guard him.*

Ruin seize this ruthless king, then,
Who, in conquering, tined the glory;—
Blackened homesteads, butchered kindred,
Long shall live in song and story.

Oh, we love him, &c.

'S leir ri fhaicinn a bhath air mo ghnùis,
'S tric snidhe mo shùl gu làr,
Bho'n 'chuir iad thu 'd laidhe 's an uaigh,
Bidh mi 'm dhuine bochd truagh gu bràch.

Co ris a theid mi g'am ghearan a chaoidh,
Ged a bhithinn fo bhinn aig càch,
'S tu sheasadh gun athadh mo chùis,
'N uair bhithinn fo ghùn mò namh.

Ged a thionndaidheadh càch rium fuar,
Bha do chridhe 's do chluas dhomh blàth,
'S tha m' earbs' ann am Mac Rìgh nan Dul,
Gu bheil d' anam, a ruin, aig tàmh.

Thig Farrach, thig Samhradh, na 'dheigh,
Tiondaidh sìantan nan speur gu blàs,
Thig bruthainn 's an Fhoghar ri grein,
Chuireas toradh 's gach por tha fas.

Ach thig Geamhradh na gailinn na 'dheigh,
Crionaidh luighean 'us feur gu làr,
'S ann mar sin tha saighid an aoig,
A' taghadh nan laoch a's fearr.

'S ann agad bha 'n inntinn, fhir ghaoi,
Nach fhaicheadh na'n eiginn càch,
Gu h-uasal, macanta, ciuin,
'Us sealladh do shùl cho blàth.

Cha spiocaiceachd, ghortach, gun diubh,
Bu toigh leat, a ruin, bhì 'd phàirt,
'Us gu'm b' aigh'reach mise na d' chùirt,
Gus 'n do dhealaich ar cùrs am bàs.

'N uair chaidh mi an toiseach fo d' sgéith,
Cha robh sinn le chéil' ach òg;
Bha thus' anns an onair bu dual—
Mise am ghiullan bho Chruaich a' cheo.

'S ioma combhairle ghliocais le tùr,
Thug thu orm anns gach càs bu chàir,
Bithidh mi nis mar bha Oisein na Feinn,
Ri cumhadh ad dheigh ri m' bhed.

Ill befall the coat untidy!

Loathed of those who yet unborn are;
True-born Gael, well wot I, ever,
On his back displayed would scorn it.

Oh, we love him, &c.

Give to us our plaid of tartan,
Kilt, blue-bonnet, loved ferara,
Dirk keen-bladed, Islay-hilted,—
Sin an Gaidheil mar bu choir dha!

Oh, we love him, &c.

And though I'm here, just now, in *Sassun*,
Their ways and fashions I regard not;—
It's, Oh! to be 'mong Highland maidens,
Whose lip-music is the Gaelic!

Oh, we love him, &c.

MARY E. MACPHERSON.

'S tricdh' fhalbh sinn air thurus do'n bheinn,
 Bhiodh do ghunna air ghlèus, a sheòid,
 Bha mi carbach á d' laimh 'us á d' shùil,
 'N uair a lùbadh tu 'n glùn le deòin.

Bhiodh an làn-damh cabrach gun lùs,
 'Call fa' air an driuchd gu làr,
 Cha'n iarramaid cuileana seang—
 Bhiodh do pheileir mu cheann a bhais.

Thad 's a mhaireas mo mheodhail 's mo
 thùr
 Gu'm bi e nam' chuimhn' gach là,
 Na fhuair mi de sholas ad chùirt,
 An aighear 's am mùirn, 's a' spòrs.

Ann am monadh no'm frìdh nan damh seang,
 An coire, no'n gleann a' cheo,
 'S e thogadh mo chridhe, gu sunnd,
 Bhi 'g eisdeachd ri cainnt do bheòil.

Tha do bhaintighearnan òga fo thùrs,
 'S tric snìdhe an sùl gu làr,
 Mu'n athair, a thog iad ri ghluin,
 Choisinn urram 'us cliùth thar chàch.

Cha'n iognadh ged bhithinn-sa cùirt',
 Mu theaghlach mo rùn gach là,
 Bho'n chaill iad am barantas-cùil,
 'Bha 'g leidheadh an cùrs dhaibh òg.

'S ann a ghabh sinn 'cead deireannach buan
 Aig cladach a' chuain Dimairt,
 Cha'n fhaca mi tuilleadh do ghnuis,
 'N uair a dh' fhaigis thu nunn thar sàil'.

Bha deòir a' frasadh o 'm shuil,
 'N uair chuir mi mo chul ri tràigh,
 Tha mi nise mar bhàta gun stiùir—
 Gun sgiobair, gun siùil, gun ràmh.

Gur lionar m' osnaich fo thuinn,
 'S mo chridhe am chom fo phramh,
 Tha acain fo aisnean mo chléibh,
 Cha dean lighich' mo chreuchdan slàn.

Cha ghalair, no goirteas mo chinn,
 A dh' fhad mi cho tinn an dràst,
 Ach cumhadh mo mhaighstir ghaoil,
 'S mo bheannachd ad dheigh gu bràth.

Sgairidh mise ga d' chumhadh, fhir ghaoil,
 Bho'n nach dean e dhomh feum no stath,
 Chaidh toll ann am chridhe làn chreuchd,
 Bho'n 'chuala mi sgéul do bhàis.

Ach guidheam le còmhadh Mhic Dhé,
 Do Mhac-oighre bhi 'g eiridh 'd àit,
 Ann an onair, an gliocas, 's an suaire'
 Gu lionadh a suas na bearn.

AN CEANNAICHE EADAILT- EACH.

(*Air a leantainn.*)

AN àm do Phortia dealachadh r'a
 fear-posda labhair i gu misneachail
 ris, agus dh' iarr i air a charaid a
 thoirt leis an nair a thilleadh e;
 ach bha i fo amharus gu 'n cireadh
 gu h-òle do dh-Antonio, agus an uair
 a dh' fhagadh i leatha fhein, thoisich
 i air meorachadh an robh aon doigh
 no doigh eile anns am b' urrainn di
 ruigheachd air caraid a Bassanio
 gaòil a shaoradh; agus ged gheall i,
 air son an tuilleadh urrainn a
 chur air Bassanio, gu 'n geilleadh i
 gu malda macanta d' a ghliocas-san
 mar thigeadh e do mhnaoi dhileis,
 air a shon so uile, a nis an uair a
 bha an cunnart anns an do sheas
 caraid caomh a fir-phosda ga 'cur fo
 ghluasad, cha robh teagamh aice 'n
 a cumhachd fein, agus làn d' an
 bheachd so gun chead gun chomh-
 airle, chuir i roimhe gu 'n togadh i
 oirre do bhaile-mor Venice, agus gu
 'n tagradh i anns a' chùirt as leth
 Antonio. Bha aig Portia caraid a
 bha 'n a fhear-lagha (is e Bellario a
 b' ainm da); sgrìobh i a dh-ionnsaidh
 an duin'-nasail so, a' cur an ceill
 gach ni mar bha, agus ag iarraidh a
 chomhairle agus aig a' cheart
 àm gu 'm biodh e cho math 's gu 'n
 cuireadh e ga 'h-ionnsaidh an fhall-
 uinn a b' abhaist da a chaitheamh
 an uair a bhiodh e a' tagradh aig a'
 mhòd. Thill an teachdaire le lit-
 richean bho Bhellario ga 'seoladh
 mar dheanadh i, agus leis gach sion
 a dh' fheumadh i g'a h-uidheamach-
 adh air son na cùirt.

Sgeadaich Portia agus a bean-
 choimhreachd Nerissa iad fein ann
 an aodach-fhear, agus a' cur uimpe
 falluinn an fhir-lagha thug i leatha
 Nerissa mar chléireach; agus a' tog-
 ail orra gun dail rainig iad baile-mor

Venice, direach air latha na cuirt.

Bha chuis direach a' dol a bhi air a gairm an lathair an diuc agus comhairlich a' bhaile ann an tallamor a' mhòid, an uair a thainig Portia a stigh agus shin i suas litir bho Bhellario anns an d' thuir am fear-lagha ainmeil sin ris an diuc, gu 'n robh e fein a' cur roimhe tighinn air aghaidh a thagar as leth Antonio, ach gu 'n robh e air a bhacadh le tinneas, agus dh' iarr e gu 'n tugteadh cead agus cothrom do 'n sgrìobhadair og, uasal Balthasar (is e so an t-ainm a thug e do Phortia) tagar 'n a àite. Cheadaich an diuc so, agus ioghnadh air cho og 's a bha coltas a' choigrich, agus i gu seolta grinn air a ceiltinn fo fhalluinn an fhir-lagha agus gruag fhada, bhàn air a ceann.

Thug cudthromachd a' ghnothaich a ghabh Portia os laimh an tuilleadh misnich do'n mhnaoi-uasail àillidh sin agus an taice a dleasnais ghabh i gun athadh, gun sgàth. Theann i an toiseach ri Shylock, an t-Iudhach; agus ag aideachadh gu saor, a reir laghannan na h-Eadailt, gu 'n robh lan choir aige air an dioladh a bha air a chur sìos anns a' chuinnant, labhair i cho grinn mu iochd agus mu *throcair* 's gu 'n tugadh e maothachadh air cridhe sa bith ach cridhe cruaidh Shylock; chuir i an ceill gu 'n robh trocair a' braonadh mar fhrasan sèimh nan speur a nuas air an talamh; mar bha beannachd dùbailt a' leantainn trocair, a' beanachadh an tì a nochd agus an tì a fhuair trocair; mar thigeadh trocair do rìghrean na b' fhearr na an crùn, a chionn gu 'm b' aon de bhuidhean Dhe fhein trocair; gu 'n robh cumhachd an duine a tighinn dluth do chumhachd Dhe a reir 's mar bha e a' taiseachadh ceartais le trocair; agus ghairm i air Shylocke a chuimhnachadh mar ghuidheamaid uile air

son trocair, gu 'n tigeadh e dhuinn trocair a nochdadh. Cha 'n fhaigheadh i smid fhreagairt bho 'n Iudhach ach tagradh air son an ùnlagh a bha air 'ainmeachadh anns a chuinnant. "Nach 'eil e comasach an t-airgiod a phraigheadh?" arsa Portia. Thairg Bassanio an sin do'n Iudhach làn phraigheadh thairis a's thairis; cha b' e mhain trì mìle bonn òir, ach de dh-òr na thoilicheadh e; rud a dhiult Shylock ag radh nach gabhadh e ni ach punnd de fheoil Antonio. Dh' aslaich Bassanio air an sgrìobhadair og gu 'n claonadh e an lagh anns an tomhas a bu lugha agus gu 'n caomhnadh e beatha Antonio. Ach fhreagair Portia gu smalanach, aon uair 's gu'n rachadh lagh a shuidheachadh nach robh e comasach 'atharrachadh. An uair a chuala Shylock Portia ag radh nach gabhadh an lagh atharrachadh shaoil e gu'n robh i a' gabhail a thaoibh, agus ghlaodh e mach, "Tha Daniel fhein air tighinn a thoirt breith! O mo bhreitheamh og, glic, is tu is airidh air urram! Tha thu fada na 's sine na do choltas!"

Dh' iarr Portia an sin air Shylock an cumhnant a leigeil 'fhaicinn di; agus an uair a leugh i e thuirt i, "Tha an gealladh so briste, agus a reir mar tha mise ga 'leughadh tha coir aig an Iudhach air punnd de fheoil ri bhi air a ghearradh á uchd Antonio, lamh ris a' chridhe." Thuirt i agus i a' tionndadh ri Shylock, "Bi trocaireach; gabh an t-airgiod, agus cheadaich dhomh an gealladh so a shracadh." Ach cha chluinneadh Shylock an-ìochdmhor iomradh air trocair; agus fhreagair e "Tha mi a' toirt mo mhionnan air gach ard agus iosal nach 'eil cumhachd ann an teanga an duine a tha comasach air mo ghluasad bho 'n ni sin a tha mi a' cur romham." "Ma tha sin mar sin," arsa Portia ri Antonio, "feumaidh tusa do bhroill-

each a dheanamh deas air son na sgine;” agus am feadh a bha Shylock gu dian a’ geurachadh na cuire chum am pund feola a ghearradh, dh’ fheoraich Portia de dh-Antonio, “A bheil diog agad ri radh?” Fhreagair Antonio gu sìochail, ciuin, nach robh a’ bheag aige ri radh, a chionn gu’n robh inntinn cheana leagte ris a’ bàs. An sin thuir e ri Bassanio, “Fair dhomh do lamh, a Bhasanio! Slàn leat! na bi fo dhoilgheas air son gu’n d’ thainig am mi-fhortan so ormsa air do sgàth. Thoir mo bheannachdan do d’ mhnaoi oig àillidh, agus innis di cho mor ’s a bha mo ghradh dhuit!” Fhreagair Bassanio agus a chridhe bronach làn, “Antonio, tha mi pòsda air mnaoi, a tha cho anusaill agam ri m’ bheatha; ach bu bheag leam mo bheatha, mo bhean, agus an saoghal gu h-iomlan ann an coimeas ri d’ bheatha-sa. Chaillinn iad uile, dh’ òbrainn iad gu leir do’n abharsair so air ghaol thusa chaomhnadh.”

An uair a chuala Portia so, ged nach robh a’ bhean-usal chaomh idir diombach d’ a fear-posda air son mar chuir e an ceill ann am briathran cho làidir, a ghaol agus a chomain do charaid cho dileas ri Antonio, ars’ ise, “cha tugadh do bhean buidheachas duit, na ’n robh i a lathair agus do chluinntinn a’ tairgseadh e leithid sin.” Dh’ eirich an sin Gratiano, agus e toileach eiseimpleir a mhaighstir a leantainn, agus e a smaointeachadh gu’m bu choir guth a bhi aige-san anns a’ ghnòthach cho math ri cach; ars’ esan ann an eisdeachd Nerissa, a bha ’n a suidhe ann an riochd cleirich aig taobh Portia, “Tha agamsa bean agus, air m’ fhacal, tha gaol agam oirre; b’ fhearr leam gu’n robh i an ceart uair am flaitheanas na ’m b’ urrainn di iompaidh a chur air na cumhachdan gu h-ard inntinn an

Iudhaich aingidh so atharrachadh.” “Is math dhuit nach ’eil i ga d’ chluinntinn,” arsa Nerissa, “air neo cha chuirinn geall nach togadh e aimhreit ann ad thigh.” Ghlaodh Shylock a mach le boire, “Tha sinn a’ cur seachd uine; guidheam ort thoir a mach a’ bhinn.” Bha gach neach anns a’ chuir a nis fo fhiamh agus gach cridhe fo dhoilgheas air son Antonio.

Dh’ fheoraich Portia an robh meidh deas a thoimhseadh an fheoil; agus ars’ ise ris an Iudhach; “A Shylock feuch gu ’m bi lighiche dluth, air eagal gu ’m faigh e bàs le dith fala.” Cha robh a dhith air Shylock ach gu ’n sìleadh Antonio gu bàs, uime sin thuir e, “Cha ’n ’eil sin air ainmeachadh anns a’ ghealladh.” “Cha ’n ’eil,” arsa Portia, “ach ciod air a shon sin? Bu ’mhat gu’n deanadh tu an ùrad sin air son iochd.” Ach facal cha tigeadh bho ’n Iudhach ach, “Cha ’n amais mi air; cha ’n ’eil e anns a’ chumhnant.” “Is e do chòir, ma ta,” arsa Portia, “pund de fheoil Antonio. Tha an lagh ga ’cheadachadh, agus tha a’ chuir ga ’bhuilleachadh. Agus faodaidh tu an fheoil a ghearradh as a bhroilleach. Tha an lagh ga cheadachadh, agus tha a’ chuir gu ’bhuilleachadh.” Ghlaodh Shylock a mach a rithist, “O mo bhreitheamh glic agus firinneach! Tha Daniel fein air tighinn a thoirt breith!” An sin gheuraich e a rithist an sgian fhada a bha ’n a laimh, agus ag amharc gu dil air Antonio, ars’ esan “So, dean deas!”

“Socair bhòidheach, Iudhaich,” arsa Portia, “tha rud-eigin eile an so fhathast. Cha ’n ’eil an gealladh so a’ toirt aon bhraon fala dhuit; tha na briathran ag radh gu soilleir, pund feola, a nis, an uair a tha thu a’ gearradh na feola, ma dhoirteas tu aon bhraon de dh-fhuil a’ Chrìosdaidh so, buinear bhuit gach fearann

agus maoin a tha agad agus gabhar iad le uachdranachd Venice.” Bha e gu tur eu-comasach do 'n Iudhach am punnd feola a ghearradh á uchd Antonio gun deur fala a dhortadh, uime sin, shaor Portia leis an t-seol innleachdach so beatha Antonio; rud 'n uair a chunnaic na bha lathair bha iad air an lionadh le h-ioghnadh ri gliocas anabarrach a' chomhairlich oig a bhreithnich an doigh sheolta ghrinn, agus thog iad iolach ait bho gach oisinn d' an mhòd; agus ghlaodh Gratiano, agus e ag ailis air an Iudhach, “O mo bhreitheamh glic agus firinneach! Seall a nis, a bhodaich, Daniel fein air tighinn a thoirt breith!”

An uair a mhothaich Shylock gu 'n deachaidh a run fuilteach a thilg-eadh bun os cionn, chaill e gu tur a mhisneach agus thuirtegu'n gabhadh e an t-airgid; ghlaodh Bassanio, agus a thoil-inntinn a' cur thairis ri faicinn na saorsainn a thainig air Antonio, “So an t-airgid!” Ach chuir Portia stad air, ag radh, “Air d' fhaicill; cha 'n 'eil aobhar cabhaig ann; cha 'n fhaigh an t-Iudhach ach an t-ùnlagh; uime sin, a Shylock, dean deas air son na feoladaireach; ach feuch nach doirt thu deur fala; agus na gearr mòr no beag ach dir-each punnd; biodh e thairis air an tomhas no fodha, ged nach biodh ann ach cudthrom na faochaig, ged nach biodh ach na dh' aomadh a' mheidh leud na rónneig, theid do dhiteadh gu bàs le lagh na rioghachd, agus d' uile bheairteas a thoirt thairis do 'n uachdranachd.” “Thug-aibh dhomh m' airgid agus leigibh as mi,” arsa Shylock. “Tha e ull-amh ann a' so,” arsa Bassanio.

Bha Shylock 'dol a ghabhail an airgid an uair a bhac Portia a rithist e, ag radh, “Air d' athais, Iudhaich; tha greim eile agam ort fhathast. A reir laghannan Venice tha do mhaoin gu leir an geall do 'n

uachdranachd, a chionn gu 'n do thionnsgain thu lamh a chur ann am beatha aon de luchd-àiteachaidh a' bhaile agus tha do bheatha fo throcair an diùc; a sios air do ghluinean, ma tà, agus iarr maith-eanas.” Thuirt an diùc an sin ri Shylock, “A chum gu 'm faic thu iochdmhoireachd a' Chriosdaidh, tha mi a' toirt dhuit maitheanas m'am beil thu ga aslachadh; theid darna leth do mhaoin a thoirt do dh- Antonio agus an leth eile do 'n uachdranachd.” Fhreachair an t-uasal suairce Antonio, gu 'n tugadh esan suas earrann fein de mhaoin an Iudhaich, na 'n cuireadh an t-Iudhach 'ainm ri boid a tiomnadh a chodach aig àm a bhais d' a nighinn agus d' a fear-posda; oir bha fhios aig Antonio gu 'n robh aig Shylock aon-ghin nighinn a bha goirid roimhe sin air oganach Chriosdaidh a phosadh d' am b' ainm Lorenzo, caraid do dh- Antonio; gu 'n do rinn i so fada an aghaidh toil an Iudhaich, rud a chuir miotlachd mor air, agus gu 'n do bhuin e uaipe uime sin a coir-bhreith. Dh' aontaich an t-Iudhach so a dheanamh; agus a' faicinn mar bha e mar so air a ghlacadh 'n a chuilbheartan, agus air a chreachadh d' a chuid beairteis, thuirt e, “Tha mi gu tinn; leigibh dbachaidh mi; cuiribh an sgriobhadh as mo dheigh agus cuiridh mi m' ainm ris, a' sin-eadh thairis do m' nighinn darna leth mo chuid an t-saoghal.” “Tog ort, ma ta,” thuirt an diùc, “agus feuch gu 'n dean thu sin; agus ma nì thu aithreachas de d' dhroch-bheart, agus á so suas gu 'm bi thu ad Chriosdaidh, bheir an uachdranachd maitheanas duit anns an leth eile de d' bheairteas.”

Leig an diuc as Antonio agus sgaoil am mòd. Mhol e gu h-ard gliocas agus ealantachd a' chomhairlaich oig agus thug e cuireadh dha a dh-ionnsaidh a thighe a dh'

itheadh bidh leis. Leis gu 'n robh a run air Portia tilleadh do Belmont m' an ruigeadh a fear posda, fhreagair i, "Tha mi a' toirt mor thaing do ur morachd, ach feumaidh mi falbh gun dàil." Thuirt an diuc gu 'n robh e duilich nach ceadaicheadh a dheifir dha dol agus greim a ghabhail leis; agus a' tionndadh ri Antonio, ars' esan, "Thoir duais do 'n duin'-uasal so; oir is i mo bharail gu bheil thu fo mhor chomain da."

An uair a dh' fflag an diuc agus an luchd-lagha a' chuir thuirt Bassanio ri Portia, "M' uasal caomh, tha mise agus mo charaid Antonio an diugh troimh do ghliocas-sa air ar saoradh o unlagh trom, tha mi a' guidhe ort, ma ta, gu 'n gabh thu an tri mìle bonn oir a bha againn ri iocadh do 'n Iudhach." "Agus a bharr air sin," arsa Antonio, "bidh sinn fo fhiachan graidh agus umhlachd duit gu bràth."

Dhuilt Portia lamh a chur air bonn d' an òr; ach air do Bhassanio iompaidh a chur oirre duais air chor-eigin a ghabhail, ars' ise, "Thoir dhomh do lamhainnean; caithidh mi iad air do sgàth. Thug Bassanio dheth a lamhainnean agus chunnaic Portia am fainne a thug i fein da air a mheur. Is e so a bha dhith air an aluinn sheolta, oir bha toil aice 'fhaighinn uaith agus gu 'm biodh beagan àbhachd aice mu 'n chuis an uair a thachradh iad a rithist. Ars' ise, "gabhadh mi am fainne so mar chuimhneachan ort." Bha Bassanio air a chur thuige gu mor an uair a dh' iarr am fear-lagha an t-aon nì sin ris nach b' urrainn da dealachadh, agus fhreagair e gu buaireasach, nach fhaodadh e am fainne a thoirt da, a chionn gur ann bho 'mhnai a fhuair e agus gu 'n do gheall e nach dealaicheadh e ris; ach gu 'm foraisicheadh e mach an fainne a bu luachmhoire ann am baile-mor Venice agus gu 'n tugadh

e dhi e. Air cluinntinn so, ghabh Portia oirre a bhi air a fàmailteachadh agus dh' fhadh i a' chuir, ag radh, "Is ann a tha thu ga m' fhreagairt mar nach robh agad ann-am ach an déirceach." "A Bhassanio mo ghaoil," arsa Antonio, "thoir dha am fainne; agus cuir mo ghradh-sa agus an gnìomh do-labhairt a rinn an duin'-uasal as mo leth, an aghaidh corruich do mhnatha." Bha naire air Bassanio gu 'n saoilteadh gu 'n robh e neo-thaingeil; gheill e agus chuir e Gratiano as deigh Phortia leis an fhainne. An sin dh' iarr Nerissa bho 'n d' fhuair Gratiano fainne cuideachd an uair a phos iad, dh' iarr i am fainne air ais, agus (le toil a bhi cho fada mach r' a mhaighstir) thug Gratiano dhi am fainne. Is ann aig na mnathan-uasal a bha an àbhachd air an turas a' smaointeachadh mar thàirngtheadh iad as na fir an uair a thilleadh iad dachaidh air son mar dhealaich iad ris na fainneachan, agus mar dh' fbagadh iad orra gu 'n d' thug iad do leannain air chor-eigin iad.

An uair a thill Portia dhachaidh bha a h-inntinn anns an t-suidheachadh sholasach sin a tha a' sruthadh o dhearbhbheachd a bhi aig aon gu 'n do rinn e gnìomh ceart; bha a h-inntinn gu h-aoibhneach a' gabhail tlachd anns gach nì a chunnaic i; cha 'n fhlacas leatha riabh a' ghealach a' dearrsadh cho oirdhearc; agus an uair a cheil a' ghealach a gnuis fo neul, leum a h-inntinn le aiteas aig faicinn leus soluis 'n a h-ùinneig fein ann am Belmont, agus thuirt i ri Nerissa, "Tha an solus sin a' lasadh ann an talla mo theach; cho fada 's a tha a' choinneal bheag sin a' tilgeadh a gathan, is co fhada a dhealraicheas deadh gnìomh ann an saoghal uile; agus a' cluinntinn fuaim ciùil a' teachd bho 'n tigh ars' ise, "Thar leam gu bheil an ceol sin moran na 's binne na bhiodh e 's an

latha." Chaidh Portia agus Nerissa a stigh; chuir iad orra an aodaichean fein agus dh' fhuirich iad a' feitheamh am fir-phosda. Cha b' fhada gus an d' thainig iad agus Antonio 'n an cuideachd. Thug Bassanio a chàraid caomh an lathair na mna-uaisle àillidh, Portia, ach is gann a bha an fhailte agus am furan a chuir iad air a cheile thairis, an uair a thug iad an aire do Nerissa agus a fear-posda a' conspaid ann an oisinn d' an t-seomar. "Ciod e is ciall do so?" arsa Portia; "an e gu bheil sibh a' cur a mach air a cheile cheana? 'D é tha cearr?" Fhreagair Gratiano, "Tha, le ur cead, an iorghuill mu fhainne leibideach fheòdair a thug Nerissa dhomhsa, air an robh faicil bhàrdachd air chor-eigin mar chithear iomadh uair air na sgeanan, '*Gràdhach mi agus na tréig mi.*'" Cha 'n e luach an fhainne no a' bhàrdachd air a bheil mi a' tighiun," arsa Nerissa. "Gheall thu dhomhsa an uair a thug mi dhuit e, gu 'n gleidheadh tu e gu latha do bhàis; agus a nis tha thu ag radh gu 'n d' thug thu do chleireach fir-lagha e. Tha fhios gle mhath agamsa gu'n d' thug thu do bhoirionnach e." "Mo lamh dhuit," arsa Gratiano, "thug mi e do dh-òganach, leth bhalach, gasan greannach nach bu mhò na thu fein; bha e 'n a chleireach aig a' chomhairleach og a shaor le a thagrach glic beatha Antonio; ghuidh agus ghrios an giullan so air son duais eigin agus cha b' urrainn domh air mo bheatha a dhiultadh." "Rinn thu rud a bha cearr, a Ghratiano," arsa Portia, "dol a dhealachadh ris an fhainne a thug do cheile dhuit mar a ciad thiodhlac. Thug mise fainne do m' thighearna Bassanio, agus is mi tha cinnteach nach dealaicheadh esan ris air son na chunnaic e riabh." Thuirt Gratiano, agus toil aige a leisgeul fein a

ghabhail, "Thug mo thighearna Bassanio am fainne aige fein do 'n chomhairleach, agus an sin ghuidh am balachan cleirich, a rinn a dhleasnas gu tapaidh aig a' mhod, am fainne agamsa 'fhaighinn."

Ghabh Portia oirre a bhi fo chor-ruich mhoir an uair a chual i so; thoisich i air achmhasan a thoirt do Bhassanio mu'n fhainne; thuirt i gu'm bu cheart an t-amharus a bha aig Nerissa gu'n d' thug iad na fainneachan do leanuain air chor-eigin a thachair orra. Bha Bassanio ro dhuilich am miotlachd a thug e da cheile chaoimh, agus fhreagair e gu durachdach, "Cha d' thug, air m' fhacal, cha d' fhuair bean fo 'n ghrein e ach an fear-lagha. Dhiult e tri mìle bonn oir bhuam, agus dh' iarr e am fainne, rud 'n uair a dhiult mi dha, thog e air 's e lan diumb. Ciod a b' urrainn domh a dheanamh, a Phortia, a bhean mo ghaoil? Bha a leithid a naire orm air son gnothach cho mi-thaingeil a dheanamh 's gu 'n d' fheum mi am fainne a chur as a dheigh. Thoir maitheanas domh, a bhain-tighearna chaoim; na 'n robh thu fein ann, tha mi dearbhinnteach gur ann a bheireadh tu bhuam am fainne ga 'thoirt do'n fhear-lagha."

"Och, nach truagh an duine mise!" arsa Antonio, "is ann air mo sgathsa a thachair gach brionglaid a tha 'n so."

Dh' iarr Portia air Antonio gun e 'ghabhail doilgheis mu'n chuis, oir gu'm b' e a làn bheathasan thun a tìge; agus an sin thuirt Antonio, "chuir mise mo bheatha an geall aon uair air sgath Bhassanio, agus mur bhith am fear d' an d' thug d' fhear-posda am fainne bha mise an diugh fo'n ùir. Cuiridh mi mo cheann an geall a rithist nach meall do thighearna tuille thu." "Theid thusa an urras air, ma ta," thuirt Portia; "thoir da am fainne so agus

iarr air a ghleidheadh na 's fhearr na a ghleidh e am fear eile."

An uair a sheall Bassanio air an fhainne, ciod a b' iongantais leis na 'fhaicinn gu 'm b' e a' cheart fhainne a thug e seachad a bhla ann; agus an sin dh' innis Portia dha gach car mar thachair—gu'm b' ise an comhairleach og, agus gu'm b'i Nerissa an cleireach; agus thuig Bassanio, agus cha bu bheag a thoil-inntinn agus a thaitneas an uair a thuig e, gu'm b' ann troimh fhiùgh-antachd agus troimh ghliocas a mhnatha gaolaich a chaidh beatha Antonio a chaomhnadh.

Chuir Portia failte as ùr air Antonio, agus chuir i 'n a laimh litrichean a fhuair i air sheol air

chor-eigin, anns an robh fios gu'n robh na luingeis aig Antonio a shaoil daoine bli cailte an deigh tighinn sabhailte gu cala. Chaidh toiseach bronach an sgeoil mu'n cheannaiche shaibhir so gu tur air dhi-chuimhn' anns a' ghairdeachas a lion gach neach ris an teachdair-eachd aigh agus an solas a lean i. B' iomadh gaire a bhla aca mu dhriod-fhortan nam fainneachan agus mu na fir nach d' aithnich an mnathan fein. Thug Gratiano boidean—

Ri 'bheò nach b' eagal leis rud a bu mhiosa

Na gu'n cailteadh gu bràth leis am fainn' aig Nerissa.

Eadar. le I. MACILLEBHAIN.

—o—

CNUASACHD CAILLEACH DHUNNACHAIDH 'IC UILLEAM.

LE CAIPTEIN MAC-AN-T-SAOIR.

FONN.—“*Comhuchag bhochd na Sròine.*”

A' CHIAD EARANN.

Mi 'm shuidhe air Meall-an-fhuarain,
'Sealltainn mu 'n cuairt air Loch-Liobhann,
(Far an robh mi aotrom uallach,) 'S air na glinn 's na ghluais mo shinnsre,

Chi mi 'n t-Inbhear agus Comhann,
A' Chàrnach 's na Maola-dubha,
(Cha b' iad ach na Maola buidhe,) A dh' fhàs gu bainnear, braonach, cluthor,

Agus Coir'-fhioghain nam fuaran,
As an tric an d' fhuair mi deoch,
'S am minic an robh 'n damh cluas-dearg
'Dol na 'ghaile le luath's nan con;

'S Achadh-trìochadain nam beann,
A 's àrd ceann 'an iarmailt nan speur;
Is colgarr' greann ri slignich shneachd,—
Creaga glas mu 'n cinn am feur;

'Us aghaidh riabhach Sgùrr-na-cìche
'Sealltainn dìreach air a' Chaillich;
Ge riabhach brucach gur brìgheil,
Seamragach, millteachail, failleil.

'S ioma gaillionn agus gaoth
' Dh' fhuilig an dà aodunn ghlas,
Cha laidh orra smal na h-aos',
'S gu là bhràth cha chaochail as.

'S ioma òganach deas ùr
Bu shùbailt glùn 's bu lùthar cas
A shiubhail aghaidh an stùc,
'S a leig a chù seang, siùbhlach bras.

Chì mi Gairbeinn nan càrn glas,
'Us Feith-nan-lap' air a cùl,
Coire-chorcaig 's Gleann-a'-chaolais
'S an dian am boc le blaoman dusgadh.

Chì mi 'm Bodach stùcach, gruamach,
Coire-am-bà 's an dà Ghruagaich,
'S an dian damh na cràice nuallan,
'S tàrmachan nan àrd a ghruadal.

Tha mi 'sealltainn air mo dhéigh
Air sleibht' a 's tric a cheum mo chas
'S fann-ghrian an fheasgair a' déarrs
Air na slios an réithe cas.

Tha mo chridhe ann am chliabh
(Le buille dhéin) 'am fiabhras bras,
A' meomhrachadh finid mo chuairt'
'An tìr nan cruach, nan gleann 's nan clach.

AN DARA H-EARANN.

Ach ma nì mi triall air m' ais,
(Mo cheann glas 's mo chas neo-lùthor,)
Bidh mi 'fàilteachadh nan aonach
'N àit' nan daoine b' a'ist bhi dlùth dhomh.

Bidh mo chridhe dhiam a' foighneachd
Cà' bheil na maighdeannan àbhach
A chithinn, moch agus feasgar,
'Dol a leigeil cruidd do 'n fhàsach?

Càite bheil sgalag an àitich?
Càite bheil àireach na spréidhe,
Le 'm bu bhinn bhi 'n gleann na h-àiridh
'G éisdeachd toirm an àil ag geumraich?

Càite bheil sealgair nam fiadh?
Càite bheil iasgair na h-amhann?
Cà' bheile uile mo luchd-eòlais?—
Tha,—gun deò fo 'n fhòid na 'n laidhe!

Ach saoilidh mi gu'm faic mi 'n cruth,
A' tàmh, fo stuir, air uchd nan stall;
Saoilidh mi gu'n cluinn mi 'n guth
'An tormanach shruth nan alld!

'S cianail leam fianhachd nan tom,
'S an duathar trom a tha mu'n t-sliabh;
Cha doilleireachd air gnùis na gréin' e—
'S i mo léirsinn 'th' air dol dhiam.

'S tiamhaidh leam torman nan eas
A' taomadh feadh sgolb nan creag.—
A chraobh liath, tha miarach dosach,
'S cuimhne leam 'n uair bha thu 'd phreas.

'S cuimhne leam 'n uair bhà thu 'd phreasan,
'S a lùbadh a' chuthag ho ghuissein,
'N uair a bhiodh i, àm an fheasgair,
Ri gug-gùg an dlùth's nan dosan.

Duibhre na h-oidhche 'teachd fagus,
Smeòrach 's an ògan a b' fhaide,
'S neòineinean lòintean an driùchd
'Dùnadh an sùl—'dol a chadal.

Oigearan a' tigh'nn á fireach,
Buachaillean a' teachd bho 'n innis
Duanag aig gruagaich na buaile,
'S mac-talla 'cur suas a binnis.

Oigeir fhaoin d' an aois am fichead,
Treun á d' dhòrn 'us árd 'am misnich,
Bidh tu fhathast mar tha mise—
'Caoidh nan nithe a chaidh seachad :

Do làmh lag, do cheum mall,
Do chridhe trom, do shùil dall,
Do cheann crom, do chom fann,
Gu h-uaigh ag aomadh gu teann.

Tha beath' an duine a' triall
Mar fhaileas nan nial air fonn,
(Gaoth ga 'n ruagadh 's an speur,)
'S cò gheabh lorg an déigh am bonn!

Dhìrich mi aoibhinn an tulach,
Mi nise téarnadh fo mhulad,
Cuan na Siorrachd 'am làthair—
Air a thràigh co thàrras fuireach?

A Thà 'chuir solus anns a' ghréin,
Agus crìoch romh cheum nan tonn,
'An gleann dorcha sgàil a' bhàis,
Biodh do làmh 's do ghràsan leam.

BLAR CHAIRINNIS.

ANNS a' bhliadhna 1601 thug Clann Domhnuill Uibhist, agus Clann 'ie Leoid na h-Earadh, là fuilteach aig feithe na fala ann an Càirinnis, an Uibhist mu Thuath. Anns an àm, mar a tha eachdraidh ag innseadh dhuinn, cha robh na fineachan Gaidhealach a' toirt mòr urram do lagh na rìoghachd ach 's ann a bha na h-uile ceann-feadhna a' gabhail an lagha 'na laimh fhein agus a' dol a mach air cheann a dhaoine gu aicheamhal a thoirt dheth 'naimhdibh. Tha e coltach gur e spùilleadh 'us togail creiche an doigh chumanta 'bh' aca air a bh' deanamh dioghaltais air cach a chèile. A h-uile fear nach b' urrainn e fhein a dhìon cha robh aig' ach a bh' cho umhail 's a bhiodh an luch fo spògan a' chait; oir, mar tha 'n Seanfhacal ag ràdh,—“Bhiodh am fear bu treise 'n uachdar 's am fear bu luaith' air an toiseach,” “Bhiodh a' chuid bu mhiosa aig a' blus bu taisè.” Air son aobhair gle neonach dh' èireadh fine an aghaidh fine. Agus is tric a bha na càirdean air an dà thaobh a' cogadh gu cruaidh an aghaidh a cheile.

'S ann eadar Domhnullaich Shlèibhte agus Leodaich Dhunbheagain a thòisich an aimhreit a bha na mathair-aobhair air Blàr Chàirinis. Tha e air aithris gur ann mar so a thòisich an aimhreit:—Phòs Domhnull Gorm Shlèibhte nighean 'ie Leoid Dhunbheagain, agus ciod air bith a bh' aige na h-aghaidh tha e coltach nach robh e fhein 's i fhein gle réidh, agus 's e thainig as a' chùis gu 'n d' thug e litir-dhealachaidh dhi 's gu 'n chart e dhachaidh a thigh a h-athar i. Thug so tàmailt mhòr do Shir Ruairidh Mac Leoid agus dh'a chàirdibh gu léir, ach 's e dhoranaich buileach iad an dòigh anns an deach' a cur dhachaidh. Bha i fhein air leth shùil,

no, càrn mar a theirear, agus gus a' chùis a dheanamh cho tàmailteach 's a ghabhadh deanamh fhuair Domhnull Gorm seann' each bàrn, cam, gille cam, agus cù cam, 's chuir e 'n gill 's an cù 's an t-each a dh-aon sgrìob a Dhunbheagain leatha. Bha ' Bhaintighearna càrn air muin an eich chàim, gille càrn a' falbh na 'cheann, 's cù càrn a' falbh na'n déigh! An uair a ràinig a' chuideachd neonach so Dunbheagain 's a chaidh am beag sgeul thug a' mhoir sgeil cha robh Leodach ri tràigh 's an Eilean Sgiathanach no 's na h-Earadh nach robh ann an rùn nan tuadh do Dhomhnull Gorm 's d' a chàirdibh 's gach àite. Tha aobhar a bh' 'creidsinn gu 'n do dhìoghail iomadh neach fad iomadh bliadhna air a' ghnìomh mhaslach a bha 'n so ged nach 'eil cuuntas againn mu dhéidhinn.

B' e Domhnull Glas Mac Leoid ceann-feadhna nan Leodach 's na h-Earadh. Bha e aon uair na 'dhuine ro threun, ach aig an àm so bha e air fàs tróm, lapach, agus cha b' urrainn da dol a mach air cheann a chuid gaisgeach treun' a thogail creiche no 'thoirt blàir. Ach bha ' mhac 'na dhuin' òg, tapaidh, gaisgeil, ann an treun a neirt agus déidheil air glòir 'us urram fhaotainn dha fhéin 's dha chinneadh. Chuala e mu 'n tàmailt a thugadh d'a chàrd-aibh an Dunbheagain 's cha 'n fhac e dad a b' iomchuidhe na falbh a dh-Uibhist-mu-thuath air cheann da fhichead fear treun a thogail creiche chum aicheamhal a thoirt, air aon doigh no dòigh eile, dheth na Domhnullaich. “Mur pàidh thu fhein e pàidhidh do mhàileid e.” Thog na fir orra 's dh' fhalbh iad, cuid 's a' bhirlinn aig mac Dhomhnuill Ghlais 's cuid eile ann am bàtaichean aisig. 'N uair a ràinig iad Uibhist dh' acraich iad na bataichean an Loch nan Ceall, aig bun na faoghlach a tuath. Ghabh iad air aghaidh 's

thog iad a' chreach, gu furasda 'n Càirinnis, agus o nach robh ùine gu leor aca gu dol thun nam bàtaichean leis a' chrodh 's e rud a rinn iad chruinnich iad iad do theampull na Trionaid gus am biodh iad a' falbh an la'r-na-mhàireach. Ghabh iad fhéin seilbh air tigh-a'-chnuic o'n bha e 'n aite àrd, fradharcach, am braighe bhaile. Bha iad a' cur seachad na h-ùine leis gach fealadhà 's toileachas inntinn a b' urrainn daibh, a' làn chreidsinn gu soirbhicheadh gach cùis leo mar bu mhiann leo. Ach cha robh e 'n dàn gu faigheadh iad am miann s a' chùis so, oir mu'n deach' a' gbrian fodha air an ath là bha "caochladh cuir air clò Challuim."

Bha duine treun ann an Uibhist mu-dheas ris an cainte gu cumanta Domhnall mac Iain 'ic Sheumais. Bha 'n duine so ainmeil r'a linn airson a mhòr ghràidh a dh-fhàrinn, a dh-onair, 's a cheartas. Ma 's fhòr an sgeul, tha e air aithris gu robh e 'n còmhnuidh a strì ri bhì 'cur as do 'n chreachadh, do 'n spùilleadh 's do 'n lamhachas-làidir a bha 'na chleachdadh cho cumanta 's an àm. Nuair a thàinig na Leodaich air tìr an Uibhist mu-thuath thuig muinntir an àite gu maith 'd e bha fanear dhaibh, 'us 's e bh'ann chuir iad fios cabhagach gu mac Iain 'ic Sheumais mar a bha chùis air thnar a bhì. Bha esan mar a bha e riamh cho ealamh ris an fhacal, 's air falbh a bha e le dà fhear dheug de na ceatharnaich bu chalma 's bu cholgarra a bha r'am faotainn an Uibhist mu-dheas. Air tràigh oidheche chaidh iad thar faoghail nan làrnann 's thar faoghail 'ic-an-Aoidheir, 's beagan roimh bheul an latha ràinig iad Càirinnis. An uair a ghabh iad beachd air cur a' bhaile 's a thuig iad gu robh na creachadairean fhathast gun fhalbh dh' fhalaich iad iad fhéin ann am feithe 'n braighe bhaile. 'N uair a thòisich

an là air soileireachadh mhothaich iad gu robh barrachd cuideachd aig tigh-a'-chnuic 's bu chòir a bhì ann 's thuig iad cò bh' aca. Thilg mac Iain 'ic Sheumais saighead 's leon e fear dhiubh. Leis an ath shaighead leag a fear eile. Ghabh iad an t-eagal 's thubhairt fear dhiubh, "Tha mi gu mòr air nio mhealladh mur ann o laimh Dhomhnuill 'ic Iain 'ic Sheumais a thàinig na saighdean, 's ma's ann tha eagal mòr orm gu 'm bi là dubh againn dheth." Cha robh iad fhathast cinnteach cò 'n àird as an robh na saighdean a' tighinn, ach 's e rud a rinn iad thionndaidh iad an aghaidhnean gu ceithir àrdaibh an athair, 's 'n uair a thàinig an treas saighead thuig iad gur ann o 'n àird an ear-thuath a bha na saighdean a' tighinn. Cho luath 's a bh' aca bhrùchd iad sios an cnoc. An uair a chunnaic mac Iain 'ic Sheumais iad a' cromadh le bearradh a' chnuic thuirt e, "Nis 'illean, ma rinn sibh riamh e deanaibh an diugh e, oir tha mi 'm barail gu bheil triuir aig gach fear agaibh ri chur gu làr." "Ma tha," ars' iadsan, cha'n fhad a bhitheas." Bha e fhéin 's a ghillean cho ealanta air a' bhogha 's gu'n d' thug iad tanachadh maith air na Leodaich mu'n do tharr iad, ach gann, cromadh le bearradh a' chnuic. An uair a dhlùthaich iad r'a chéile 's ann an sin a bha 'n "cath, teth, teann."

"Thachair r'a chéile na suinn,
Mar bhruaillein thonn air druim a' chuain,
Bha beuman beucach dlù ri chéile;
Am bàs a' leum thar tréin 's an t-sliabh,
Mar neul de chlachaibh-meallain garbh,
'S gaoth mhòr na 'cirb ag éirigh."

Dh'e'n da fhlichead fear cha do tharr as ach an dithis. Thuit càch gu léir ach an ceannard—Mac Dhomhnuill Ghlais—'s a' chath. Theich esan le bheatha. Thug Mac Iain 'ic Sheumais teann-ordugh gun a mharbhadh air chor sam bith, ach, na'm bu chomasach e, a ghlacadh

beo. Chaidh e faisg air dà mhìle mu'n d' thàinig fear de shaighdear-an mhic Iain 'ic Sheumais suas ris air traigh faisg air a' Bhaile-shear. Ged a bha 'n dithis aca air an trom-lot roimhe sin thug iad deannal air iomairt-chlaidheamh. Cha gheilleadh Mac Dhomhnuill Ghlais 's e beo, ach bha e gabhail iomain-chùil gus nu d'heireadh an deachaidh e mach air a' mhuir thun na duilleig. Ged a bha toil aig an an fhear eile a ghlacadh beo a reir orduigha mhaighstir, 'n uair a thòisich an sàile ri dol 's na lotaibh dh' fhàs e goirid 's an fhoighidinn 's le aon sàthadh de 'n chaidheamh chuir e crìoch air 's a' bhad an robh e, 's dh' fhàg e marbh air an oitir e. Theirear Oitir 'ic Dhomhnuill Ghlais ris an oitir gus an là 'n duigh. Thiodhlaiceadh coluinnean nan Leodach far an do thuit iad—air Leathad-a' bhualte, mar a theirear ris an àite riamh o'n thugadh am blàr ann. Chuireadh an cinn ann an uinneagaibh an teàmpuill far am bheil cuid diubh, 's dòcha, fhathast ri 'm faicinn. Cha'n 'eil cunntas againn co lion a thuit de na Domhnullaich 's a' bhàr fhuileachdach so, ach, air a shon sin, faodaidh sinn a bhì cinnteach gu 'n do thuit an àireamh bu mhò dhiubh. Fhuair Domhnull Mac Iain 'ic Sheumais, e fhéin, iomadh lot ged a chaidh an là leis. Ach thàinig e gu maith dheth na dhéigh sin. Tha e air aithris, ged nach ruig sinn a leas a chreidsinn, gu robh 'n fheithe' ruith le fuil, agus uime sin, theirear feithe-na-fala rithe gus an là 'n duigh.

Theagamh gu 'n saoil cuid gu robh e eu-comasach do dha fhear dheug cur as do dhùth air dà fhichead fear, ach mar a bha 'n Sean fhacal ag ràdh, "Is fearr duine na daoine." A bharrachd air a sin 'n uair a bha na Domhnullaich 'g am falach fhein 's an fhéithe 's càch a' cromadh leis a' bhruthach bha 'n

cothram ac' orra, 's mu 'n do tharr iad sealltuinn h-uca no uatha bha àir-eamh mhaith dhiu air an leonadh. Mar so chaill cuid mhòr dhiu 'm misneach gu buileach. A thaobh nan Domhnullach tha e air aithris gu robh iad anabarrach ealanta air a' bhogha, agus, mar an ceudna, gu robh am boghachan cho làidir 's nach b' urrainn neach sam bith an lùbadh ach iad fhéin. Tha e furasda thuigsinn gu 'n tilgeadh iad saighdean astar gle fhada. Leis na nithibh so a bhì gu léir na'm fàbhar a bharrachd air iad a bhì nan daoine ro thrèun tha e soilleir nach bu nì doirbh dhaibh an la chur.

'N uair a chuala Domhnull Gorm mu bhàr Chàirinnis 's mu ghaisge a charaid bha e ro thoilichte, 's mar chomharradh air a thaingealachd airson a threubhantais thug e dha Gabhaltas na Cuidrich 's an Eilean Sgiathanach. Gu cinnteach bha e na 'làn airidh air agus corr. B' ann d'a shliochd Caibtean Ailein Domhnullach, *Khingsburgh*, a bha pòsda ri Fionnghail Dhomhnullaich a bha 'n cuideachd Phrionns Tearlach 'n uair a bha e fo 'n choille 's a' Ghàidhealtachd. An déigh blàr Chàirinnis rinn a mhuime, Nic Còiseam, óran do Dhomhnull mac Iain 'ic Sheumais anns an do leig i ris gu soilleir gu 'm bu ghaisgeach treun e a thug, uair 'us uair, buaidh air a naimhdibh. Tha 'n t-òran so nuair a bhios e air a sheinn gu ceart anabarrach tlachdmhor ri bhì 'ga eisdeachd. Ged a tha dlùth air trì cheud bliadhna o rinneadh e tha h-uile facal dheth, tha e coltach, air chuimhne fhathast. Cha do chlàbhuaileadh riamh e, ach bithidh e gun dail air a chlàbhualadh anns an *Oranaiche* aig Mac-na-Ceardadh, an Glasachu.

So, mata, cunntas mu bhàr Chairinnis mar a tha 'n sgeul air aithris gu coitchionn an Uibhist.

IAIN.

THA MO RUN AIR A' GHILLE.

GLEUS A.

Slowly, with feeling.

:D.,r | m:s.m | r,d.:D.,d | 1:l.s | s,l.:S₁,l₁

| d.,r:m.r | m.s,S:l | s.l:r | d. || :D.,r

| m.,m:s.m | r.,d:D,d.d | l.l:l.,s | s.,l:S₁,l₁

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

SEISD.—Tha mo run air a' ghille;
 'S e mo dhurachd gu'n tig thu;
 'S mi gu'n siubhladh leat am fireach,
 Fo shìle nam fuar-bheann.

Oidhche shamhraidh dhomh 's mi 'm ònar,
 Na'm b'urrainn domh gu'n deanainn òran—
 'S truagh, a rìgh, nach robh mi pòsd'
 Air òigeir a' chuil dualaich.

O gur e mo cheist an t-òigear!
 Fear 'chuil duinn 's an leadain bhòidhich;
 'S mi gu'n siubhladh leat thar m' eòlas,
 Ged tha 'n còta ruadh ort.

'S mor a thug mi ghaol do'n fhiùran,
 Tha mach á teaghlach Chill-Fhùndainn—
 Sealgair fhiadh thu 'm beinn a' bhùiridh,
 'S eilid lùth nan luath-chas.

Ged tha blàth na bric' ad aodann,
 Cha do lughdaich sud mo ghaol ort;
 'S mi gu'n siubhladh leat an saogh'l,
 Na'n saoilinn do bhuannachd.

Phosainn thu dh-aindeòin mo chàirdean,
 Gun toil m' athar no mo mhàthar—
 Iain-Saor a tha mi 'g àireamh,
 Bho'n 's e chnàmh a' ghruag dhiom.

Tha an Nollaig tigh'nn as ùr oirnn;
 Ged a tha gur beag mo' shùnnnd rith';
 'M fear nach fhagadh anns a' chùil mi,
 Air chùl nan tonn uaine!

'S beag a shaoilinn féin an uiridh,
 Gu'n treigeadh tu mi cho buileach—
 Mar gu'n tilgeadh craobh a duilleach,
 Dh' fhàs thu umam suarach.

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OUR GRAMMARIANS.

SINCE the publication of the "Celtic Gleanings"* in 1857, the study of our language and literature has made very rapid progress. The number of Celtic students has increased largely. The revived interest in the old language and its several dialects is fast maturing into an earnest intelligent and scientific acquaintance with its structure, distinctive character, and relationships. For this purpose the works of "Le Gonidec," "O'Donovan," "Rowland," "Stewart," "Zeuss," and others, are indispensable. Some notes of their personal history may therefore be justly regarded as acceptable to students, and not devoid of interest to all our readers.

I. LE GONIDEC.

J. F. M. Le Gonidec, was born at *Le Conquet*, a small seaport town at the westmost point of Brittany, on the 4th September 1775. His parents were of ancient extraction, though without fortune. At the age of three years, his mother died, and he was abandoned by his father. He was generously adopted into the family of Mr. and Mrs. De Ker-Sauzon, who were interested in the child, as they previously had been in his parents. Their tenderness and attention towards him were such, that up to his twelfth year, he was not aware of their real relation to him. When the circumstances were made known to him, he was so much

affected, that he took ill and nearly died of grief. His early education was obtained in the town of Saint-Brieuc. Through the influence of a namesake and relative, the *Abbé Le Gonidec*, he was led to study theology. His generous benefactors, the "Ker-Sauzons" were, through misfortune, reduced in worldly circumstances, and no longer able to devote themselves to their adopted son: the *Abbé* in these circumstances, became tutor to the son and nephew of his his former friends. No sooner had he entered on his labour of love, than, owing to the troubles of 1791, he had to give up his chosen work, and *Le Gonidec* was under the necessity of looking out for a more secure and permanent dwelling place. In 1793, ere he was yet eighteen years of age, he was doomed to the guillotine, and actually brought out for execution, when, by a *coup de main*, armed friends fell upon the soldiers, and rescued the prisoner. After passing through many difficulties, and narrow escapes for his life, he crossed the channel and landed at Penzance, in Cornwall. On landing, a stranger asked him if his name was not *Le Gonidec*, and upon his answering in the affirmative, he was invited to be guest with a lady in the neighbourhood. On arriving at the mansion-house, he discovered that he had been mistaken for another person of the same name, who was expected to arrive from America. His generous hostess, however, kept him as her guest for nearly twelve months. In 1794 he returned to Brittany,

* Maclachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh. 1857.

only to be again involved in the civil wars of the Mor-Bihan and the Côtes-Du-Nord, in which he was seriously wounded. He thereupon visited Britain a second time, but was in a short time recalled to engage in the conflict in his native country. The Amnesty of 1800 permitted him to lay down arms and settle at Brest. It was here his literary life began. His natural genius fitted him as little for the battlefield as it did for theology. Now it was that he began to make the acquaintance in a scientific manner of a language, which, without any study, he had spoken from his infancy. Henceforward his zeal in that study was intense, and his labours abundant. Although employed in an important post under the empire, he did not forget his duty to his countrymen and their language. In 1805 his name appears on the list of members of the "Celtic Academy." Le Gonidec soon found that although "the Academy" was specially designed for the pursuit of Celtic studies, yet the special object of its institution was sadly neglected, and that, when a Celtic subject was discussed, it was treated in the most superficial manner; at the same time the silly pretensions and wild imaginings of some of the members disgusted the majority. The antiquity claimed for the Breton language roused these men into opposition, and a state of matters existed not unlike what obtained in our own country in the old "Ossianic controversy." This caused Le Gonidec to turn his attention to the ancient Breton MSS., and led eventually to the composition of his "Celto-Bretonne Grammar," which was published in 1807. Three grammars preceded that of Le Gonidec, viz., the "Grammaire Bret-

onne-Galloise" of John Davies, London, 1621; the "Grammaire Bretonne" of P. Maunoir, about the middle of the same century; and the grammar of P. G. de Rostrenen, published at Brest in 1795.

The work of Le Gonidec was a manifest advance on its predecessors, and is an authority to the present day. New troubles met him at every stage of his course. His father died insolvent, and yet such was the disinterestedness of the son that he contracted debts himself, that he might wipe off this stain from the memory of the man who had abandoned him from his childhood. Again he occupied an important post under the empire, but the disaster which befell the French arms after the retreat from Moscow, once more involved Le Gonidec in ruin. The last man to leave his post he lost his furniture, books, and manuscripts. In vain did he appeal to the services rendered to his country. He was deprived of position, commission, and reward. It was when reduced to this state that he composed his "Breton-French" dictionary, which dates from 1821. In 1827 he published the New Testament which is said to be the finest translation in the Breton language. The whole edition is said to have been bought up in Wales. The Bible Society immediately asked for the Old Testament. The Latin-Welsh dictionary of Davies was so scarce that a copy could not be obtained in France, and yet the work was regarded as so important, and the services of Le Gonidec as so valuable, that the Rev. Mr. Price carried the precious volume to Brittany in his own hands. His translation is justly regarded as furnishing an inimitable text. Two years were devoted to the Grammar; eleven years were given to the Dictionaries; and ten years to the

Translation of the Scriptures. All this work he did when he was undergoing the daily toil in other duties necessary for the support of his family; and he did it all without fee or reward. The State, prodigal enough in other matters and spending hundreds of thousands on the classical tongues, could not afford to spend a cent on Celtic literature, and the language spoken by a large portion of its own people. The case in this respect offers a suitable parallel to what has befallen the the Gaelic of Scotland at the hands of the legislature. Discarded by the State in 1834, he had to seek in private establishments the work necessary to support his family. He had carefully finished the works to which we have so briefly referred when the pen fell from his nerveless grasp. After an illness of three months he died; to the grief of his countrymen and the great loss of Celtic literature.

W. R. B.

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THE GAEL IN THE FAR WEST.

BY THE REV. DONALD MASSON,
M.A., M.D., EDINBURGH.

IN a paper contributed some time ago to a Journal similar to the *Gael*, I noticed the names of some notable Scottish Highlanders who, owing little to birth and nothing to fortune, have, by their own worth and ability, risen in Canada to positions of wealth and great influence. Thus I noticed the fact that the Highland parish of Logierait gives to the Dominion her present Premier, the Honourable Alexander Mackenzie, as Dornoch had given his predecessor, Sir John A. Macdonald. And if space were at command, it were easy, and to me it were a

grateful task, to add to this honoured roll name after name of countrymen and kinsmen, who, from Cape Breton to Vancouver's Island, and in various spheres of life, are carrying high the banner of our race. How ample are the materials for such a roll-cry let the following facts exemplify. At the foot of Lake Ontario, in the pleasant city of Kingston, during the meeting of the Church of Scotland Synod, and round the hospitable board of Professor John Hugh Mackerras, I met with seven ministers of the Kirk who, like mine host and myself, were born in the valley of the Nairn; and in one Free Church Presbytery on Lake Huron, I found three ministers, all cousins of my own, who hailed from the parish of Croy. At the Synod of the Church in the Lower Provinces, which met at Charlottetown, in Prince Edward Island, elders and ministers were Highland, almost to a man; and I was told of one of their missionaries in the South Sea Islands, the Rev. Mr. Goodwill, who, though by blood a Yankee, was a powerful preacher in the vernacular of Ossian. He is now back again to "The Island," and ministers to "the largest congregation of Gaelic-speaking Highlanders in the world." And when the leader of the House at Charlottetown, the Honourable Mr. Sinclair, did me the honour of showing me over the "Lords" and "Commons" of Prince Edward Island, he was able, in choice, classic Gaelic, to explain to me the whole order of business, as well as the questions under discussion. And, at a public breakfast the day I left Charlottetown, when we filled the largest room in the city, we had Gaelic orations of great pathos and beauty, mingled with the strains of *MacCrimmon's Lament* and *Caber feidh* on

the bagpipes. But of Canadian Gaelic, and of right loyal Highland feeling on the part of Canada's foremost men, there is in truth no end. My eight months' experience of it could more than fill a volume of your Magazine.

Rather, however, than pursue this strain "promiscuously," let me here inscribe a name of which Highlanders may well be proud, as by men of every race in Canada it will long be remembered with gratitude. The Honourable OLIVER MOWAT, the Premier and Attorney-General of the province of Ontario, has done more to consolidate the public institutions of Canada, and purify the fountain of her national life, than any man of the present or the past generation. Even his predecessor in the Premiership of the premier province, the Honourable Alexander Mackenzie, now elevated to the Premiership of the Dominion, cannot be excepted. Both men, indeed, are equally honest; and if the former has the advantage of professional training, and even of judicial experience—for he left the Bench to resume political life,—the latter "towers aboon them a'" for innate ability and a truly indomitable force of character. But the entanglements of conflicting race and religion, especially as regards the French Catholics of Quebec, have sometimes been to Mackenzie and his ministry what Delilah was to Samson; while Mowat, in Ontario, has fortunately been more free to think for himself, and build up the monument of his statesmanship from his own ideal plan of what a free, God-fearing, and independent nation ought to be. And thus it comes to pass that, during the five years of the Mowat administration, the Parliament of Ontario has done a work which, while an unspeakable bless-

ing to that province itself, holds up a noble example to the sister provinces, and even to the Dominion itself—an example which cannot long be resisted in a country where public opinion, if in some places slow to form and not easily moved, is everywhere legally free, and nowhere unreceptive or unresponsive to such light as can reach it. In the administration of justice, in the department of public education, in the much-needed provisions for purity of election and the free and fearless representation in Parliament of the will of the people, in procuring a wise yet not fanatical revision of the licensing laws, in the codification of the public statutes, and in the adjustment of the conflicting claims of law and equity, the work done, and being done, by Mr. Mowat's Administration, moulded, of course, very largely by his own personal honesty and by his great legal experience at the bar and on the bench, is at once, in the words of the leading journal of the Dominion, "thoroughly safe and eminently progressive." Mr. Mowat, though born in Canada, is in blood and sentiment a worthy member of a Caithness family, long celebrated for native worth and intelligence. His father, Mr. John Mowat, a Peninsular veteran, who had seen much service under Wellington in Portugal and Spain, like many other retired soldiers of that day, came out to seek a home for himself in Canada at the close of Bonaparte's career at Waterloo. He must have inherited much of the pith and piety of his forefathers, for he soon became a leading man in business, in politics, and in the Church. Besides the Premier of Ontario, another son—the Professor of Church History in Queen's College, Kingston—still lives, most worthily to exemplify, in

his quieter sphere, that love of truth, virtue, and country, which so strongly marked the character of their stern old Loyalist father.

Before passing from this part of my paper, I would like to inscribe here the names of two rising divines, an honour to the Scottish Highlands, to whose courtesy I am indebted, not less for many acts of genuine kindness, than for much valuable advice and information. One of these is the Rev. Professor Mackerras of Queen's College, formerly clerk of the Church of Scotland Synod of Upper Canada, and now joint clerk of the Presbyterian Church in Canada and the other is the Rev. Neil Macnish, LL.D., of St. John's Church Cornwall. The former was born in Nairn; and his great-grandfather, who fought for the Prince at Culloden, found it convenient, after that "happy disaster," to change the family name of Ferguson into the Gaelic equivalent, which the Professor has made illustrious. The latter, when yet a child, emigrated to Canada with his father, who is still well remembered in Kintyre, where he was an extensive and successful grazier, as well as land-steward on the Macdonald-Lockhart estates. Dr. Macnish, besides attending the Toronto University, studied also in the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, where he took very high honours. He is the youngest LL.D. in the church. His widowed mother, with two sons who inherit much of their father's skill in stock-raising, still keeps up the old Highland ways, and delights to dispense the old Highland hospitality in her pleasant manor-house at Fingal near Lake Erie. A day or two spent under her hospitable roof will long be remembered by me with unmingled pleasure. And with the names of Professor Mackerras and Dr. Mac-

nish I would bracket that of the Rev. George Grant of Halifax, a shrewd and ready debater in Church Courts; an able administrator; a well-read, accomplished divine, who can match the latest transcendentalism from Tubingen with the *notachan* and pious traditionary *dicta* of his ancestors among the *men* of Sutherland. He is, moreover, a mighty hunter like Nimrod; and a hot, impetuous horseman like Jehu, and wields withal the pen of a ready graceful writer, as witness his stirring narrative, in "From Ocean to Ocean;" of his ride over the Rocky Mountains, in advance of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Thus far for those who from an humble origin have made for themselves in Canada a name of which their countrymen in the Scottish Highlands may well be proud. Let me now speak of men among the Canadian Yeomanry, who, by right of birth, bear, more or less creditably, names that are dear to all of us, and some of which indeed fill no mean place in Scottish history. Three of these in the neighbourhood of Inverness—the Chisholm, the McGillivray and Morar, have but recently been recalled from Canada to support the ancestral roof-tree in Scotland. The Chisholm, one of the most popular of our chiefs, is a native of Montreal; and Morar, the most handsome man in the Parliament house of Edinburgh, hails from the far west of Glengary. And last summer I had a visit from another Glengary Canadian who believed himself, and was believed by others, to be the veritable Morar. In Glengary, also, I met a claimant of the title and wide domains of Breadalbane—a gentleman, whatever the technical defects of his claim, who was believed by his friends to represent a branch much nearer the trunk of the old Breadalbane tree

than the family of Glenfalloch. And of late the cry is of yet another Breadalbane among the blue noses of New Brunswick! The name of Corriemony will long be dear to every intelligent Highlander. The honours of that name are worthily borne by a leading physician in the Dominion capital, who is the grandson of the patriotic and learned author of the "Gael." And Corriemony's cousin of Achtriachtan, a name closely associated with Prince Charlie, not long ago practised medicine also in the same province. A late number of *Blackwood's Magazine* gives us a narrative of the Prince's wanderings after Culloden, written in his lifetime by a brave, devoted Macdonald, who more than shared the perils and privations of that memorable flight. The descendants of that chivalrous Highland gentleman are highly esteemed citizens of Prince Edward Island. And their near neighbours are the Bruce Stewarts, whose veins carry the old blood royal of Scotland. One of the Bruce Stewarts, not long ago, claimed the honours and magnificent estates now worthily held by the young Marquis of Bute. I believe that my friend, Mr. Bruce Stewart, is "no connection" of a weak brother of the same name, near Dundee, who had lately been venting sentiments the most repugnant to the feelings of all true Highlanders. For among all Her Majesty's subjects the whole world over, there does not breathe a more loyal man than this grand old Prince Edward Islander; who, with his Greek Testament and his Horace, and surrounded by a highly cultured family of as handsome sons and as beautiful daughters as ever graced Baronial hall or bower, lives a life of pious patriarchal refinement and simplicity on his own fair *seigneurie* in the garden of British North America.

That brave Jacobite, Lord Mar, who fled from Scotland in 1745 to save his head, died in Canada in 1792, and his numerous descendants are now scattered over the American continent. His grandson set out for Scotland in 1840, to claim the ancestral estates; but unfortunately he died on the way, and with him certain documents, valuable, but not essential to the claims of the family, disappeared. Last autumn, however, several of his heirs consulted together, and placed their case in the hands of the highest legal authority in the colony;—the honourable Edward Blake, Minister of Justice of the Dominion, who is said by the *Toronto Globe* to have given it as his opinion, that the case can be clearly proved. And now the matter has gone so far, that a strong committee has been formed to mature and watch over the case, and already a sum of one thousand pounds sterling has been paid in to meet preliminary expenses. These names represent our great Highland families in the main line. The Canadian families founded by *cadets* of our Highland aristocracy, such as Squire Fraser of New Glasgow, representing the old family of Grothlick; and Mr. Grant Macdonald of Toronto, representing the yet older family of Glenmoriston, may furnish materials for a third paper.

What are the prospects of the old Gaelic tongue among our expatriated clansmen in the Far West? It is hard to say. For the present, indeed, the language and traditions of the Gael are everywhere held in high esteem. Not only in what I may call the large Gaelic parishes—I might even say Gaelic presbyteries, for the presbytery of Pictou is as truly a Gaelic presbytery, as that of Dornock, or of Tain, or of Abertariff

—but in the great cosmopolitan centres of New York, Montreal, Chicago, and Toronto, Highlanders, and men of Highland origin, not only are not ashamed to speak Gaelic, but they know that it is the proudest feather in their cap, at kirk or market, and at festive board, when they can make a speech or drink a health in the tongue of their forefathers. And my former paper told of the large Gaelic congregations I met with all through my tour of 6000 miles on the American continent. But still I am not confident that the next generation will in this respect be like the men that now are, or rather that are fast passing away. Less than twenty years ago, Gaelic was preached in more than twenty pulpits in N. Carolina. In that State, Gaelic is now for ever gone—dead; and the sons of the Carolina Highlanders, Flora Macdonald's own kith and kin, are being rapidly absorbed and Yankified. And everywhere in the States the same process is at work. A few patriotic, warm-hearted, native-born Highlanders, still redolent of the heather, like Crearer of New York, and Macpherson of Chicago, may bitterly mourn the degeneracy of the race, or in more hopeful mood may proudly protest and boast that the Highland blood in their children's children's veins shall never redden lips estranged from their dear mother tongue. But they are kicking against the pricks—protesting against the inevitable. For there are influences at work, against which I fear their enthusiasm and their utmost efforts are all in vain. Witness the degradation which in a generation or two has, in the States, blurred and disguised our noblest clan names. The proud M'ians have gone down by facile, damnable descent to M'Keans, M'Keands,

M'Kins, and Keans. The most tolerable form of Maclachlan is Maglaughlin. Yea, the very chaplain of a Celtic Society in the West, as his name stares me now on the title page of the Society's Report, is a Rev. Mr. M'Claffin; and a celebrated sister of the clan in New York, I have seen figuring appropriately, in a questionable print, as Miss Claffin! In contrast to this process of Celtic degradation, and to rehabilitate the *amour propre* of fellow Celts, let me say in conclusion, that ONE name I met with which shows a stern, inflexible, conservation of pristine purity, and, indeed, of veritable antediluvian simplicity. Descending from the cars at Hamilton, at the head of Lake Ontario, the first thing that caught my eye, was a huge signboard, with the words—

“M'NOAH'S Dominion Hotel!”

What will the Macleans say to that? Had M'Noah too an ark of his own, which found its Ararat on Mount Washington, or among the Rocky Mountains? This name fairly puzzled me, and many a hearty laugh I had with witty “brither Scots” in Toronto and Montreal, and Charlottetown over this most ancient of all our grand Highland pedigrees. Now in sober verity Mr. M'Noah is a native born Scotsman, and a “douce decent Presbyterian,” though he neither knows nor is known to the Gaelic. And since returning to Scotland, I have learned that he bears the name of an old honoured family, some members of which still survive to suggest memories of the day when their native Galloway was a Celtic province. How and when this most ancient family came to settle there, and how they lost their Gaelic, I

leave it to the learned querists and curious philologists of the Ard-Albanach to expiscate!

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AN T-ORANAICHE.*

THIS is the first instalment of a collection of Gaelic songs, edited and published by Mr. Archibald Sinclair of Glasgow. The work, we are told, "will be completed (at intervals) in five parts, and when finished will form a very handsome volume of song." The part before us contains upwards of sixty pieces, and extends to one hundred and four pages. It is very correctly written, and beautifully printed. It contains, as the full title-page informs us, many songs now published for the first time. If the succeeding parts will equal this first instalment in intrinsic excellence, and in typographical accuracy and finish, we have no hesitation in saying that the collection will far surpass any collection of popular Gaelic songs hitherto published. Mr. Sinclair is in many respects well qualified for the task which he has undertaken. His residence in Glasgow gives him peculiar opportunities of knowing the favourite Gaelic songs of our day; while his knowledge of the language, and his literary taste, are a sufficient guarantee that good sense and sound judgment will be displayed in the selection of songs within the somewhat ample limits which he has allowed himself

in his collection. We rather fear that these limits are too ample. A volume of five hundred pages, containing three hundred separate Gaelic pieces, will contain, we fear, many songs which cannot be called popular in any sense of the term. In former collections are always felt that, with the exception of a dozen songs or so, which appeared in every collection, the songs chosen were not those which were the favourites of Gaelic singers. The most valuable feature of this work is, that it gives us a large selection of genuine favourites. The least valuable feature is, that we have a considerable number, good perhaps in their way, which nobody ever heard, and nobody ever will hear sung except perhaps by their authors. The first requisite in a collection of popular songs is that the songs be popular. They must have already taken hold of the popular ear, or they must show, on the face of them, such qualities as require only to be known, in order to make them favourites, before they acquire the right to be admitted into such a collection as this. A few of the songs printed in this part, we humbly think, are not destined to be commonly sung, and we hope that the number of these, in succeeding parts, will be still fewer. Apart from this, the collection promises to be exceedingly interesting and valuable, and we hope that the sale of the first issue will be such as to enable Mr. Sinclair to finish with credit the work which he has so successfully begun. We need scarcely add, that we will be glad to give him all the assistance, as well as all the encouragement we can.

* An t-oranaiche. Comb-chruinneachadh de Orain Ghaidhealach. Le Gilleasbuig Mac-na-Ceardadh. Glasgow: Archibald Sinclair, 62 Argyle St. R. M'Gregor & Co., 45 Bridge St. 1876.

AN GAIDHEAL.

“*Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.*”—OISEAN.

V. LEABH.] CEUD MHIOS A' GHEAMHRAIDH, 1876. [59 AIR.

AOBHARAN AIRSON A BHI SEACHNADH AN OIL.

“Chan uisge-beatha ach uisge bàis,
An t-uisg' a' chràdh mo chrìdh' a' 'm chòm ;
An t-uisge dh' fhag mo cheannsa liath ;
An t-uisge dh' fhag na ciadan Ìom.”—

Seann Rann.

THA an t-òl a toirt iomad olc 'n a lorg ; agus tha iomad aobhar aig daoine airson a sheachnadh gu tur.

1. *Tha e cronail do 'n t-slainnte agus do 'n inntinn.* Cha chaisg deoch laidir patha, agus chan 'eil brìgh inntè mar bhiadh. An aite sin 's ann a tha i a losgadh a ghoile, agus a cur buaireas 's an eanachainn. Ma 's math leat a thuigsinn ciamar a loisgeas deoch laidir an goile, laidh air do dhruim, agus leig le aon bhoinne uisge-bheatha sileadh a' d' shìne, agus an sin tuigidh tu. Tha an deoch cho cronail do 'n ghoile 's a tha i do 'n t-suil. Chuir an Cruithear am fear faire aig an dorus, agus chan ann am meadhon an taighe, far nach deanadh e feum. Tha blas sgaitheach, loisgeach alcohol a feuchainn gu soilleir nach, biadh na deoch e : ach nuair a ruigeas e 'n goile, tha e staigh, 's cha ghabh e toirt-amach : agus uime sin tha an goile gun fhaireachduinn.

Bho cheann corr a's leth-chead bliana, chaidh gill' òg, d'am, b' ainm Alecsis Saint Martin, a lot' 's a bhroilleach, le urchair sgiorrail, aig Macina, am Michigan ; Leighis an lot ; ach dh' fhuirich fosgladh mu choinneamh a ghoile, air dhoigh 's gu'n gabhadh a thaobh a's taigh

faicinn. Uair air 'n uair, thug Saint Martin car air an òl ; agus 's e thainig a sin gun robh a ghoile air fheargnach a's air iongarach. Ach cha robh mothachadh aigese nach robh gach ni mar bu chòir.

An aite pathadh a chasgadh, 's ann a thogas alcohol tart : agus a thaobh beathachadh, cha dean e aon chuid feòil na cnaimh. Bheir e neart a mhain mar a bheir buaireas caothaich neart do dhuine gòrach, no mar a bheir a chuipe 's an spor spionnadh do 'n each. Nuair a dh' fhalbhas am buaireas, tha e a fagail duine fann, mar a ni buaireas teas-aich ; agus ma tha duine 'g a ghnàthachadh, tha e a togail galaran no éucailean air bith do 'm bheil duine buailteach. Tha e a sgalladh, agus uime sin ag anfhannachadh, gach ball do 'm bean e, am feadh 's a tha an fhuil 'g a' sgaoleadh air feadh a chuirp gu leir. Tha fiosrachadh shaighdeirean agus sheoladairean, anns gach tìr, a feuchainn gum bheil iad ni 's cruadalaiche agus ni 's treise, far nach 'eil iad a faighinn boinne dibhe, na far am bheil i air a dèaladh amach 's ant-seann doigh ; agus tha mothachadh a chinne-daoine air fad a dearbhadh gum bheil iadsa nach eil 'g a blas gu mòr ni 's fad-shaoghalaich na iadsa a tha 'g òl, mar a theirear, an cuimse.

Tha daoine aineolach ag òl ri fuachd g' am blàthachadh, agus ri teas g' am fionnarachadh, mar gun seideadh i teth a's fuar. Agus gu

dearbh tha i an toiseach a leasachadh, agus a ris a fuarachadh; ach 's e 'n truaighe gum bheil am beum teth a marbhadh ri teas, agus am beum fuar ri fuachd. Nuair a sgaioileas alcohol air feadh na fala, tha e a cur teas mionadurra air feodh a chuirp; agus ma thig teas sgaiteach bho 'n taobh amach, aig a cheart am cuiridh iad as do 'n duine. Bha mise am baile-mor New York air ciad mhìos an fhaoghair, 'sa bhliana 1853. Air latha Sabaid, mu mheadhou a mhìos, dh' eug ceud pearsa 's a tri le beum greine. Fhuaras amach gun robh gach aon diu sin ag òl, an deighe an tuarasdail fhaotuin Di-sathuirme. Bha an latha roimhe sin ni bu teotha na 'n t-Sabaid; ach cha do bhàsaich moran an sin leis an teas, on nach robh moran òil air uidh.

Air an laimh eile, tha teasach alcohol a fagail duine fann, air dhoigh 's gum bheil e deas air meileachadh le fuachd; agus tha so tric a tachairt an America mu Thuath, far am bheil geamhradh fuar a leantuinn samhradh teth. Bha Iain, mac do 'n Chuimeineach Mhòr, a dol suas an duthaich, a Kingston, an Canada, latha ro fhuar geamhraidh mar ri Frangach, gach fear 'n a shlad fhein. Bha am Frangach a gabhail gloine no dha de bhrandai aig gach tigh-osda air an rathad. Thug an Cuimeineach rabhadh dha gun robh sin cunnartach; ach cha do ghabh e freisd. Nuair a rainig iad ceann an uidhe, cha do ghluais am Frangach: bha e fuar marbh.

Tha an t-òl a milleadh fradharc nan sùl agus claisneachd nan cluas, cho math ri lùs nan lamh. Tha am poiteir prab-shuileach a's maol-chlusaich; agus tha a lamh fuar, bog, mar mhir de mhairtfeoil amh. Ach 's e mar a dhruidheas e air an eanachainn, caithir na beatha,

buaidh a's miosa air alcohol. Tha duin' air mhisg as a chiall, agus chan 'eil a thùr nadurra a pilltinn gus am falbh an deoch. Agus ma bha e trom airre, math a dh' fhaoidte nach pill sin ri latha. Tha iomad neach 's na taighibh caothaich leis an òl. Tha so a milleadh na meamhaire, agus a toirt air falbh toinisc duine, air dhoigh 's gum bheil e a fàs leanabail, no mar neach an am breisleach na h-aois.

Uimé sin a leughadair, ma's math leatsa t' fhuil a bhi fallain, do shuil a's do chluas geur, do lamh diongalta, agus do thuigse gun fhaillinn, seachainn an t-òl. Thoir aire, cuideachd, gum bheil an deoch a clonadh a chridhe. Tha i a deanamh duiné brùideil, fuar-chridheach. Ma gheòbh am poiteir pailteas dibhe, 's coma leis ciamar theid leis an t-saoghal gu leir. Chi sinn e gu tric a caitheadh a thuarasdail airson dibhe, agus e gun sgoinn d' a chloinn lom, acrach. Chunnag mise, uair a's uair, an Dun-eideann, sreathan de bhrogaibh cloinne, a chuir am maithrichean an geall airson uisge-beatha.

2. *Tha an neach nach oil boinne tearuinnite bhò'n mhisg.* Chan 'eil neach air bith titheach' air dibhe gus an cleachd e i: agus mur òil duine boinne, is cinnte nach tig e a chaidh gu bhi 'n a mhisgeir, no trom air òl. Ach tha moran an duil gum fan *iadsa* air cuimse, agus nach 'eil cunnart gum bi *iadsa* air an daoirich fad am beatha. Gidheadh tha gach aon diu sin an cunnart nach beag. Bha gach poiteir air thalamh, 's a cheart bharaill; agus 's e sin a thug sios e. Nam bitheadh e micarbsach, sheachnadh e an deoch; ach on a bha e cinnteach, dh' òil e; agus uime sin thuit e. Tha fein-speis iomad fear a cagradh 'n a chluais, "Bheir mise deagh aire nach tig *mise* a chaidh gu bhi 'm mhis-

geir." Ach co no ciod thusa, thair na milltibh gun aireamh a thug beagan air bheagan gu dubh phoiteir-eachd? Mur seachainn thu 'n t-òl, math a dh' fhaoidte gum bi thusa air fear de na mheallar leis an dibhe, bho laithibh Sholamh gus an diugh. Ciod air bith a tha e a creidsinn no a saolsinn, chan 'eil cinnteachd air bith aig an fhear a dh' òileas nach tig esa gu bhì 'n a phoiteir, mar a thainig cunntas gun aireamh roimhe. Agus uime sin, a reir an t-seanfhaicail, " 'S fhearr a bhì cinnteach na bhì caillte."

Os barr 's e an t-òl a sheachnadh gu h-iomlan is fhasa, mar is e an doigh is sabhailte. Mur òil duine boinn' idir, chan 'eil sireadh aigè air dibhe, na togradh rithe: ach ma dh' òileas e beagan, tha sin ro dheas air iotadh a thogail airson tuille. Tha a chiad ghloine mar sin a fosgladh an doruis airson pòit; agus ma sheachnar i sin, chan eil cunnart 's an dara gloine. "Ma gheobh mise aon ghloin," thuirt duin' uasal riumsa, bho cheann ghoirid, "tha mi 'n sin titheach air te eile." "Tha thusa, 's a chuis sin," fhreagair mise, "coltach ris a chuid mhòr de dhaoine." Agus chi thusa, a leugh-adair, gur e sin an fhirinn. Uime sin bi thusa ro fhaicilleach an aghaidh na ciad ghloine.

3. *Tha an neach nach òil a toirt deagh eisimpleir do chàch.* Is treise eisimpleir na earail; agus uime sin is beag brìgh do dhuine a bhì comhairleachadh d' a chloinn 's a choimhearsnaich an t-òl, a sheachnadh, fhad 's a tha e fhein ag òl. Bidh a ghnìomh ni 's druidhtiche airson na dibhe na bhios fhacail 'n a h-aghaidh. Os barr 's e eisimpleir an duine nach òl ach beagan is fhaide theid na doighean a mhisgeir, a tha na bhall-magaidh aig moran. Agus gu dearbh 's iad na daoine a dh' òileas am measarrachd a tha cumail

suas na pòit. Tha na misgeirean a triall do 'n t-siorruidheachd le ceumaibh luath; agus cha b' fhad an uine gus am bitheadh am fear mu dheire dhiu marbh, mur bitheadh an aireamh air a cumail suas bho fheachd nan daoine speisealta nach oil thair tomhas—'s a chiad dol amach. Tha moran diu sin a tighinn gu bhì 'n am poiteiribh iad fhein, agus tha an droch eisimpleir a deanamh misgeirean de mhoran eile, eadhon nuair nach 'eil iad fhein a ruigsinn na crìche sgrathail sin. Agus nach eagallach an smuain gum faod fear dhiu sin a radh, air latha mòr a bhreitheanais, "Rinn t' eisimpleirse misgear dhiomsa; agus mar sin thug thu mi gu sgrios siorruidh."

4. *Tha an t-òl 'n a aobhar air ciont gun aireamh.* Tha deoch laidir a cur buaireas fo anamianna dhaoine, am feadh 's a tha i a toirt an tuigse uapadh: agus uime sin tha iad ro dheas air geilleadh do dhroch run air bith a dh' eireas 's a chridhe, nuair a tha 'n deoch 's a cheann. Tha iad an sin buailteach do chainnt fheargach a thoirt do cheile; agus bho so tha iomad caonag agus sabaid fhuilteach a sruthadh. Chan ann ainmig a chluinnear mu dhaoine a mhort am mnathan, an clann, no 'm pàrantan—nuair a bhà iad for chumhachd dibhe, daoine air an cuireadh ni mar sin uamhann, mur bitheadh an deoch.

Tha clann mhisgeirean gu tric a dol air seachran bho 'n òige. An aite deagh oilein, tha iad a faighinn droch eisimpleir: agus on nach 'eil am misgear aon chuid dèanadach na grunn-dail, tha iadsa gu tric am bochdninn. Mar so tha iad a tighinn gu braid, agus bho sin gu spuinneadh, a's corr uair gu mort.

5. *Tha an t-òl 'n a aobhar air call moran beatha agus maoin.* 'S ionad long a chailleadh, cheann gun robh cuid de 'n luchd dreuchd air an

daoirich no 'm breisleach dibhe, an am a chuinnairt; agus 's iomad sgiòrradh sgrathail a thachair air na rathaidibh iarunn, bho 'n cheart aobhar.

Tha tuill' eòrna air a mhilleadh am Breiteann, a deanamh leanna no uisge-beatha na dh'fhoghnadh airson na tha de shluagh bochd air fad na tìre. Tha moran dhaoine aig nach 'eil ceaird air bith ach a deanamh no areichdeadh dibhe: agusthaiomad neach a call moran airgid leis na h-euslainntibh a tha 'n t-òl a togail dha. Tha na daoine do 'n d' rinn an deoch crochairean a cost' moran do 'n rioghachd, eadar an glacadh 's am peanasach, a bharr air na tha iad a goid, a creach agus a milleadh.

Tha an call sin an taobh amach de na tha daoine a costadh an ceannach dibhe; agus chan e sin am beag. Is aithne dhomhsa fear-ceaird a tha cur mu dha fhichead punnd Sasunnach 's a bhliana 's an òl. Chan 'eil e call latha bho obair, agus is ainmig a chithear air an daoirich e: ach tha a bhean 's a chlann 'n an eiginn air uairibh. Tha cunntasan luchd na cìse feuchainn gum bheil muinntir Bhreiteann a cost' corr a's ceud muillein punnd Sasunnach 's a bhliana air dibhe, suim nach paidheadh fearann na Gaidhealtachd air fad.

Thoir aire gum bheil sin uile 'g a sgapadh an deanamh croin: agus nuair a sheallas sinn air cor an t-saoghail, chi sinn gum bheil an t-anacaitheadh ro choireach. Tha moran acrach, lomnochd; agus tha ro-mhoran an duibhre aineolais mu 'n t-soisgeil a's slighe na frinn. Agus nach truagh an ni nach 'eil a Chrìostachd gu leir a paidheadh, chum iad sin a shoillseachadh, leth na suim a tha iad a cur 's an òl. Bi faicilleach, a leughadair, nach 'eil thusa coireach 's a chuis so.

P. M'GREGOR.

THA MO RUN MAR AN ROS.

Tha mo rùn mar an ròs
'S an Ogmhìos fo ùr bhlàth,
Tha mo ghaol-sa mar chaoìn cheòl
A 's bòidheche fonn air chlàr.

Cho maiseach thu, mo chailin grinn,
'S cho trom mo ghaol 's cho buan,
'S nach tréig gu bràth mi fhein mo ghràdh,
Ach gus an tràigh an cuan.

Ach gus an tràigh an cuan, a ghaoil,
'S an téid na 'n caoiribh dearg
Gach creag 'us sliabh mu 'n iadh a' ghrian,
Do ghaol am chliabh cha shearg.

Ach soiridh leat, mo chruinneag mhath,
Ceud soiridh leat 's an uair,
'Us thig mi 'ris ged robh an t-slig' h'
Deich mìle mhilte buan.

Eadar, leis A' BHARD LUIDEAGACH.

—o—

COMHRADH.

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

MUR.—Bheir am Freasdal mòr a ta riaghladh os ar ceann sòlas agus toilinntinn, an uair nach 'eil dùil sam bith riutha. Tha sin air a thaisbeanadh dhòmhsa an nochd, le cead gun dùil a bhi agam mo shùilean a thilgeadh aon uair eile, air fear mo chridhe Coinneach Ciobair. Fair do làmh, a charaid ionmhuinn. Dlùthaich ris a' ghealbhan, agus dean do gharadh: thig bean-an-tighe gun dàil.

COINN.—Na cuir trioblaid sam bith ort fein, a Mhurachaidh chòir; cha'n 'eil fuachd, no acras, no sgios sam bith orm, uime sin gabh gach ni gu socaireach, agus innis dhomh cor an teaghlach air fad.

M.—Tha iad gu leir gun deireas, agus uime sin, is dàn a bhi 'gearan, agus beannachd na slainte againn gu leir. Chaidh bean-an-tighe a dh' amharc air bean Alasdair Mhic Dhomhuill Mhic Sheumais ann an Coire-Mhuiltein, air di mac mòr eile a thoirt da companach 's a' mhad-

uinn an diugh—ach mo dhloch-uimhne, ciamar tha Seònaid, mo Bhan-ghoistidh chòir, agus na pàis-dean?

C.—Cha'n fhaca mi o cheann seachdain iad, ach dh'fhag mi gu gleusda iad air fad.

M.—Ciod a dh'èirich dhuit, no c'ait an robh thu rè na h-ùine sin? Air ghnothuch gun teagamh do Shir Seumas.

C.—Glé cheart, a Mhurachaidh, bha mi air ghnothuch dha gun teagamh, co fad air falbh ri Grian-aig, agus thug mi Glaschu orm, agus a' sin ghabh mi an rathad iarunn gu tuath, agus tha mi ann a' so a nis.

M.—Ach ciod fo'n ghréin a thug a Ghrianaig thu, a charaid, gu sònraichte auns na làithibh goirid so?

C.—Innsidh mi sin dhuit ann am beagan bhriathraibh, a ghràidh nam fear, agus tuigidh tu e. Bha òganach ro amaideach maille ri Sir Seumas o cheann dà mhios, mac bràthar dha fein, agus rè na h-ùine sin bha e ga 'ghiùlan fein co mì-riaghailteach, co anameasarra, agus mì-stuama, 's nach b' urrainn do Shir Seumas cur suas leis. Dh'fhàgadh an diùlnach òg, eu-céillidh so le oighreachd luachmhoir a b' fhiach cnig mìle 's a' bhliadhna, le athair fein, a chaochail o cheann shia bliadhna. Gus an d'ràinig an t-òganach mì-chiallach so bliadhna thar fhichead a dh-aois, bha'n oighreachd fo chileadairean, ach aon uair's gu'n d' fhuair e na 'làimh fein i, thòisich e air ruiteireachd, ana-caitheadh, agus struigheas gun chéill. Bha steud-eich aige na'm ficheadaibh, agus coin de gach gnè. Cha robh amaideachd no baoghaireachd fo'n ghréin anns nach robh co-roinn aige. Cha robh sùim aige d'a chuid fein, ach le millteireachd agus cluiche, bha e 'call nan ceudan gach là. Ma

dheireadh rinn Iùdhaich àraidh ann an Lunnainn, a thug airgid dha, greim air an oighreachd, agus dh'fhagadh an t-òganach gòrach gun sgillinn ruaidh 's an t-saoghal. Le truas, chuir Sir Suemas fios air dh'ionnsuidh a' chaisteil, ach air do'n Rìdire fein a bhi stuama agus glic, cha b'urrainn da fulang na b'fhaide le giùlan aingidh mhic a bhràthar. Cha'n fhanadh e as an-tigh-òsda, agus cha b'urrainn da bhi aon mhionaid gu'n a bhi 'deanamh gach uile na 'chomas. Ma dheireadh dh'ullaich Sir Seumas saor-thuras dha air luing a bha gu seòladh á Grian-aig gu Australia, agus chuir e mise chum cùran a ghabhail deth, gus am biodh e air bòrd na luinge. Ach, Ochan! cha robh làmh agam riamh ann an obair bu sheirbhe agus bu mhi-thaitnich na bhi ga 'ghleidheadh o gach aingidheachd o'n dh'fhag sinn an caisteal. Bu chianail a bhi 'ga fhaicinn, agus bu mhuladach an sealladh e air an tomhas truaighe agus dubhaile dh'ionnsuidh an tuit mac an duine, an uair a thilgeas e uath fein uile chuibhrichean an ionracais agus a' ghliocais. Bha am mac struidheil anns a' chosamhlachd na 'òganach glic an coimeas ris an truaghan ro amaideach so, a tha, a reir coltais, a' ruith gu leirsgrìos le 'shùilibh fosgailte. Is cumhlachdach an eiseimpleir e do gach òganach eile, chum a bhi 'g iarraidh gliocais agus stiùiridh o'n Ti a's Airde.

M.—Gun teagamh is cianail do naigheachd, a Choinnich, agus is muladach ri smuaineachadh ciod dh'ionnsuidh an tig mac an duine an uair a dh'fhàgar e dha fein. Tha e mìle uair nì's miosa na ainmhidhean na macharach, oir cha ghabh iadsan ach na riarachas iarrtas an nàdair fein, an uair a ghabhas an duine, air an do bhuilicheadh reusan agus tuigse, na nithe sin a thilgeas sios e

gu inbhe nis isle gu mòr na na brùidean a theid a'm mùgh. Cha'n fhad a chumas an créutair truagh ris an obair sin; ged a ruigeadh e an tìr chéin sin, dh'ionnsuidh am bheil e 'cur roimh dol, ciod a ni e an sin, no ciod a dh' éireas da, oir is fìor gun teagamh an sean-fhocal a deir, "Am fear a bhios carach 's a' bhaile so, bithidh e carach 's a' bhail' ud thall."

C.—Is fìor sin, a Mhurachaidh, ach mur dean cumhachd a' ghràis e, tuitidh e gu h-calamh na 'chreich da 'ana-miannaibh peacach agus graineil fein, agus ceilidh an uaigh e o shùilibh gach neach nach b'urrainn gun a bhì fo bhròn, le 'bhì 'faicinn aingidheachd a chaithe-bheatha fein anns an t-saoghal so.

M.—Gle cheart, a Choinnich, ach ciod a thug do bhaile Ghlaschu thu?

C.—Chaidh mi do'n bhaile ghleadhrach, mhùigeach, smùideach sin, a dh'fhaicinn dithis air an robh eòlas agam, agus b'iad sin Alasdair Bàn, mar a theireamaid ris, mac Mhaighstir Domhnall an ministear còir againn, agus Ealasaid Nic Dhùghail, a bha rè fhichead bliadhna a'gleidheadh a' chaisteil, agus a ta nise pòsda 's a' bhaile mhòr sin.

M.—Tha mi 'faicinn do ghnòth- uich a nis, a Choinnich, ach ciod tha am brogachan ro laoghach sin Alasdair beag bàn, mac a' mhinisteir a' deanamh ann an Glaschu?

C.—Chaidh e dh' ionnsuidh Oilthigh a' bhaile sin, agus cha robh am balachan bochd ach òg chum 'athair agus a mhathair fein fhàgail, agus dol gu àite far am feum e a bhì glic, cùramach, faiceallach, air da bhì buailteach do thuiteam ann an droch comunn, agus gu bhì air a thoirt gu taobh ann an àite far am bheil e na 'choigreach agus far am bheil e air a chuariteachadh le cunn- artaibh air gach taobh.

M.—Tha deagh chuimhn' agam

air Alasdair bàn mac a' mhinisteir fhaicinn a ris agus a ris maille ri do chloinn fein anns a' Ghoirtein- Fhraoich; ach cia mar a fhuair thu mach e 's a' bhaile mhòr sin, 'fhìr mo ghraidh?

C.—Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh, dh' fheudainn a' cheart co maith a bhì 'g iarraidh snàithide ann am muinnlein fodair, ri bhì 'g iarraidh Alasdair bhig a'm measg mhiltean a' bhaile sin mar b'e an ni a rinn mi.

M.—Agus ciod a rinn thu, a ghràidh nam fear? Bha thu riamh innleachdach agus gleusda 'n àm na h-aire agus na h-éiginn, ach cia mar a fhuair thu an t-òganach a mach?

C.—Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh, chaidh mi a steach do bhùth mòr, greadh- nach, a bha làn obair-àirgid agus òir, agus a bha 'deàrsadh le soill- eireachd a bha ga m' dhalladh, agus ghrad-ruith fear suas na m' choinn- eimh a rinn uiread a dh'umhlachd dhomh 's ged bu mhi Sir Séumas, a'n duil gu'n robh mi 'g iarraidh ni éigin a cheannachadh. Ach ghearr mi goirid e, leis a' cheist, am biodh e co maith is innseadh dhomh c'ait am bheil an *Collaist*?

M.—Agus ciod a thubhairt an t-òr-cheard riut, a Choinnich?

C.—Bha e ciuin, sìobhalta, agus le snodh-gaire, chuir e ballach beag, nach bu mhò na cat, a dh'fhéuch- ainn na slighe dhomh. Threòraich e mi troimh shràid an deigh sràide, gus an d'fhàg e mi nu dheireadh aig geata mòr, agus air an taobh a stigh dheth bha aitreabh àluinn làn dhorsan agus uinneag, agus bha badailean agus luidheirean gun àireamh gu h-àrd. Bha fear na 'sheasamh an sin le bréidibh dearga air amhaich a chòta, agus bata buidhe na 'làimh. Chuir mi mo làmh ri m' bhonait, agus dh'foigh- neachd mi dheth cia mar a chithinn òganach àraidh a bha 's a' *Chollaist* sin? Rinn e gaire rium, agus

thubhairt e nach robh sin na m' chomas mur faicinn e a' ruith a'm measg chàich. Air ball, bhuail clag mòr, agus ann am mionaid bhruchd na céudan a mach air gach doras mar sheilleinean á sgeap. Bha trusgana dearga orra sìos gu'n sàiltibh, agus bha mòran diubh air an réubadh na'n luideagaibh suas gu'n guaillean. Bha iad a' ruith 's a' léum, ag éigheach agus ag ullar-taich mar sgaoth chonn-speach an déigh an nead fhàgail. Mu dheireadh, bhrùchd iad a mach air a' gheata, agus thuit mo shùil gu h-iongantach air Alasdair bàn. Rug mi air amhaich air, sheall e,— spleuchd e suas orm, agus ghrad-aithnich e mi. Rinn e sòlas mòr ri m' fhaicinn.

M.—Chaidh do ghnòthuch gu maith leat, a Choinnich, ach ciod an t-ath char a chuir thu dhìot?

C.—Chaidh Alasdair bàn maille rium a dh'fhaicinn mo bhan-charaid Ealasaid Nic Dhùghail, a rinn gairdeachas rium nach bu bheag, agus a thug dhuinn gach goireas féumail, agus a' b'fheàrr na chéile. Ach, a charaid, ma's iad sud an tréud as am faigh sinn ar ministèir-ean, ar léighean, agus ar luchd-riaghlaidh, gun seallteadh ann an tròcair oirnn, oir is mi-rianail a' ghràisg iad.

M.—Na bi bras ann a bhì 'toirt breith, a Choinnich, na'm biodh tu fein air do dhruideadh suas là an deigh là ann an seòmraichibh dùinte, teth, agus t-eanchainn air a chuir 'na bhoile le leabhraichibh, leumadh tu mar am fiadh air duit am blar a mach a thoirt ort, agus, mo làmh-sa, nach b'fhurast do cheannsachadh gus am fàsadh tu sgìth.

C.—Tha aogas na firinn air do bhriathraibh, a Mhurachaidh, agus is dàn leam, uime sin, cur na d' aghaidh; ach an déigh sin, cha 'n 'eil idir teagamh nach 'eil na ballaich òga ud gu tric ri milleadh agus

droch-bheairt trid sugraidh agus mireadh-chleasachd; ach 's e sin an aois d'am bheil iad.

M.—Ach c'ait an deachaidh tu a ris, a' Choinnich, a chur an latha seachad?

C.—Chaidh Alasdair mac a' Mhinistèir maille rium a dh'fhaicinn gach nì iongantach mu'n bhaile, agus b'e sin an sealladh, a Mhurachaidh, ochan! an sealladh da rìreadh! nì's leòir chum duine a chur na 'bhreislich, agus 'eanchainn a' chur air feadh a' cheile. Ochan! cha b'e an Goirtean-Fraoich ged tha sinn a' gearan air. Cha'n fhanainn 's a' bhaile mhòr, ghleadhrach sin, ged a bheireadh tu mìle 's a' bhliadhna dhomh chum sin a dheanamh! Tha'n dùthaich, tha 'n dùthaich ro fhallain, a ghraidh nam fear.

M.—'S eadh, 's eadh, a Choinnich, tha thu 'toirt gu 'm chuimhne Sàmhla-bhriathar an t-Sionnaich agus na Dearcan-fiona.

C.—Ciod e an Sumhla-bhriathar sin, a Mhurachaidh? Innis domh e.

M.—Ni mise sin, a Choinnich, Uime sin, thoir deagh chluas da, gus an tuig thu ciod is ciall da. Tha e mar a leanas:—"Bha Sionnach ann roimhe so, a bha aig àm àraidh anabarrach acrach. Thach-air gu'n deachaidh e stigh do ghàradh far an robh dearcan-fiona làn-abuich, an crochadh gu h-àrd na'm bagaidibh ro bhòidheach. Thug iad an t-uisge m'a fhiaclaibh, agus rinn e sòlas nach bu bheag ri'm faicinn. Leum e, agus leum e a ris 's a ris le 'uile neart, ach air do na dearcan a bhì tuilleadh 's àrd, cha robh e na 'chomas ruigheachd orra. Mu dheireadh, thog e suas a shuilean, agus dh'ambair e orra le tàir. Ghlaodh e a mach, "Gabhadh na thogaireas iad, cha bhì gnothuch agamsa riutha. Tha iad co searbh ris na sealbhagaibh, agus cha'n 'eil anna ach nithe grannda, géur, glas,

an-abuich, a mhilleadh air ball an ti a bhiodh co amaideach 's gu'n ith-cadh e iad." A nis, a Choinnich, tha teagasg an t-Samhla-fhacail so ro fhreagarrach agus ro shoilleir. Tha thusa, a charaid, cosmhuil ris an t Sionnach a ta na 'shamhladh air mòran dhe'n chinne-daoine. Mur faigh iad an ni sin air am bheil iad a' suidheachadh an cridhe fein, tha iad, a' sin, a' deanamh tàire air, agus gu dian a' cur an céill nach biodh gnothuch aca ris, ged a gheibheadh iad e an nasgaidh. Direach mar sin, a Choinnich, tha thusa a thaobh baile Ghlaschu.

C.—Cha'n 'eil maith a bhi 'labhairt, a Mhurachaidh, oir gheibh thu a' chuid a's feàrr dhìom-sa anns gach cùis, ach aon chuid, cha bhris do bhuillean mo cheann.

M.—Cha bu mhaith eile; ach cha'n eagal do'n cheann no do'n cholvin; tha iad 's an àm slàn', fallain, agus gu ma fad a bhios iad mar sin. Ach a' ghràidh nam fear, tha e 'fàs anmoch, agus tha bean-an-tighe 'gar n-iarraidh, Gluaiseamaid do'n t-seòmar eile, dh'fheuchainn ciod a gheibh sinn.

ALASDAIR RUADH.



DONULL MAC FHIONNLAIDH

AGUS

ORAN NA COMHACHAIG.

Is e crannachur " Dhònuill mhic Fhionnlaidh " gu'm beil dùthaich no dhà ann a tha 'tagairt càirdis air. Tha feadhainn ann a their gur h-ann de mhuinntir Bhràigh-Mhàr a bhà e, feadhainn a their gu'm bu Chomhunnach e, agus feadhainn eile gu'm b' Abrach e; agus tha feadhainn ann a their nach 'eil fhios co an saoghal a bha e ann. Ach tha aon rud ann air am beileas uile air an aon seanchus mu 'dhéighinn, agus is e sin—gur h-e a rinn "Oran na

Comhachaig." Ach neach sa bith a tha eòlach air eachdraidh nam Fincachan, agus a ghabhas beachd air an dàn so, chi e gu soilleir gu bheil mu thrì chiad bliadhna bho'n a bha Dònull ann, agus gu'n robh e co-dhiùbh a' fuireach 'am Bràigh-Lochabar. Ach ged nach biodh Oran na Comhachaig idir air sgial, cha deachaidh Lochabar fàs tur fhathast, agus cha dù do dhùthaich sa bith a daoine ainmeil a leigeil air dìochuimhne gu tur. Is cuimhne leamsa,

" Mu 'n do chuir mi crios-féilidh
Os cionn léine no còta,"

seann daoine 'bhi 'bruidhinn mu Dhònull. A réir an innse-sgeòil-san ma ta is ann de mhuinntir Ghlinne-Comhunn a bha e, agus b' e Fionnlaidh, 'athair, fear-brataich Mhic-ic-Iain. Is Ban-Abrach a bu mhàthair dha. B' e 'sheanair, a thaobh a mhàthar, Bàrd agus Giomanach no Sealgair Mhic-ic-Raonuill, agus is ann an Creag-Guanach a bha e 'fuireach. Is ann aige a fhuair Dònull 'àrach as 'òige; air chor's gu'n d' fhuair e, ionann's bho thùs a làith-ean, a thogail ris an Dàn 's ris an t-Seilg, mar a tha e-fhein ag ràdh:

Bha mi bho'n a rugadh mi riabh,
Ann an caidreamh fhiadh 'us carb.

An uair a thàinig e gu inbheachd, agus a dh' eug 'athair, chaidh e dh' fhuireach do Ghleann-Comhunn. Cha'n eileas einnteach c'fhad a thug e 'sin; ach chitear 's an dàn gu'n do chuir e-fhein 's a thriath a mach air a chéile. Ciod sa bith a bu cheann-fàth do 'n aimhreit, dh' fhàg Dònull "Eoin á Tigh-na-Creige," 's bhòidich e nach tilleadh e 'chaidh, 's cha mhó na sin a thill. Thàinig e air a sheann-eòlas do Chreag-Guanach's fhuair e faoilte's furan. Thuit gu'n robh a sheanair air dol bho fheum 's an àm, agus 's e bh' ann gu'n d' rinn Mac-ic-Raonuill Bàrd 'us Giomanach dha fhein

deth. Thug e dà bhaile dha—Creag-Guanach agus an Fhearsaid-Riabach. Bhiodh e ré an t-samhraidh ionann's air àiridh an Creag-Guanach aig ceann shuas Loch-Tréig, agus aig ceann a bhos an loch bha an Fhearsaid aige mar bhaile-geamhraidh. Au uair a fhuair e e-fhein air a shocruchadh agus air a chothrom mar bu mhath leis, phòs e té de Chloinn-Dònuill a' Bhràghad, ach cha do mheal iad ach goirid a chéile. Dh'fhuirich esan tuille na 'bhantraich, agus an aon nighean a' bh' aca—Màiri, dh'fhan i gun phòsadh ag cumail an tìghe ris.

Bha Dònull na 'dhuine cuimte, gun a bhì ro àrd 'am pearsa. Bha e fuasgailteach, fallain, 's fhuair e saoghal fada. Cha robh mac-samhuilt dha ann air a' bhogha. Rì fear a bhios math air cuspaireachd their-ear gus an latha 'n diugh gu' m beil e cho cuimseach rì Dònull mac Fhionnlaidh. Bha ni gun chuibeas aige de dhàin 's de sgialachdan, 's rinn e fhein móran òran; ach cha 'n eileas ag ainmeachadh air ach “Oran na Comhachaig;” cha ghabh “Miann a' bhàird aosda” càradh air, mar a b' àill le feadhainn.

Tha ioma sgial air 'aithris nu 'chuspaireachd, mu 'sheachran-seilge, uime-fhein 's mu mhac-an-riochd, mar a thialadh e gu cluais an fhéidh, agus eile, ach fòghnaidh dhomh a h-aon no dithis ainmeachadh.

Rì linn Dhònuill, mar is minig a bh' ann bho sin, bha ùdlaiche ainmeil a' tathaich Gual'-an-liathghiuthais, agus là 'bha 'sin smaoinich e gu 'n tugadh e sgrìb a null a ghabhail fàth air. Togar air ma ta thair an Uisge-dhubh; ach mar a bha an rosad 'an dàn, co 'bha an latha sin 's a' bheinn-sheilg ach “Dunnachadh Dubh a' Churraic” agus a ghillean air an t-slighe chiadna, agus mu 'n d' fhairich Dònull thall no bhos e, bha e 'an 'sàs aca. Cha robh comas

air—b' éudar glacadh a ghabhail, agus falbh leotha do Fhionnlairig. Chaidh ainm Dhònuill fada's goirid, agus le farmad-cùirte bha na gillean air lunn cur as da, ach bu bhàrd an Ridire e fhéin, 's cha leigeadh e leotha làmh a chur ann. Mar a bha iad ag cumail air an aghart chunnaic iad eilid na 'laidhe air fuaran, agus os iadsan ris 's iad a' fanaid air, “Bheir sinn do chead dlut ma chuireas tu an t-saighead 'an sùil dheis na h-éilde ud.” Bu rud mi-choltach so leis mar a bha an eilid na 'laidhe, agus an rathad a bha a' ghaoth. Ach coma, chuir Dònull a bhogha air lugh, 'us ghéarr e gaòth 'us talamh air an eilid; ach cha dianadh e calg dhi. An uair a dh' fhairtlich air tialadh oirre, rinn e seòrsa miabhail de dh-fhead 's thog an eilid a ceann. Rinn e rithist i 'us thiondaidh i 's thàinig i na 'choinnimh. A' sin ghabh e 'n cothrom, 's chum e an t-saighead rì 'sùil, 's “cha ro òirleach gun bhàth-adh eadar corran a gàine 's a smeòirn.” An uair a chunnaic an Ridire cho ro mhath 's a rinn e thug e a chead da; cha 'n e mhàin sin, ach thug e cuireadh dha gu fuireach còmhla ris fhéin 'fhad 's bu bheò e. Thug Dònull taing dha, 's thuirt e ged a bheireadh e dha Fionnlairig as a' ghrund nach b' urrainn da na féidh 's Loch-Tréig fhàgail.

'S an àm ud bha móran de Loch-abar fo choilltich mhóir, agus gheabhtheadh madadh-alluidh ann na 'uaireannan. Bha Dònull latha 's a' ghlasanaich air sgrìb aig taobh an Dùbhlochain (loch an t'air cul na Fearsaide-Móire), agus faicear an gòsganach ud air feadh nan clach 's nan sailtheau a' tilleadh as a' mhuil-eann far an robh e air tòir cobhart-aich. Chum e ris agus leag e e; agus cha bu bheag ioghnadh a mhuatha mu 'n chiad chòmhlaidhe a thachair oirre an craoibh goirid

bho 'n dorus. Mharbh e fear eile dhiubh air Lub-a'-Choire-chreagaich.

Bha tigh Dhònuill air a' cheart làraich air am beil tigh-bàn na fearsaid—an diugh mo chreach aig bodach Gallda. An deaghaidh dha dol bho fhéum 's nach b' urrainn da dol ach eadar an leaba 's an teine, bha e uair 'an ciaradh nan tràth a' sealltainn a mach air an uinneig ris a' bheinn, agus thugar an aire do 'n udlaiche mhor ud ag ialadh thun a' ghàraidh air cul an tìghe. Bha Màiri na 'suidhe aig an teine, 's chual i spàirn a' tighinn air anail a h-athar. Ghrad-éirich i 's dh'fharraid i ciod a bh' air. "Uist," os esan, "fair mo bhogha." Shaoil leatha gur breisleach a' bhàis a thàinig air—bha am bogha air an fharadh bho chionn fhios co an uine, ach thug i nuas e. "Cuir air lugh e," os esan. "Mo chreach," osa Màiri, "cha 'n 'eil fear air fonn Lochabar an diugh a chuireadh air lugh e." "Fiach thusa ris," os esan, 's e fhéin a' seòladh dhi mar a dhianadh i, agus 's na cuir a bh'ann chaidh am bogha air lugh. "Càite am beil na saighdean?" os esan. Thug Màiri làmh air a' bhalg-shaighhead, 's chuir i air a ghlun e. Thagh Dònull saighhead 's thuit an fiadh! "A bhuidhe ri Dia," os esan, "cha robh dùil agam ri a leithid gu bràch tuille, ach 's sid an t-sealg mu dheireadh dhòmhsa." Dh'òrduich e a thìodhlaiceadh am bian an fhéidh sin, agus uaigh a dhianamh dhà aig dorus na h-eaglais agus 'aghaidh a chur ris a' Chroidheirg—beinn a tha am bràigh na Fearsaid. Cha ruigear a leas innse gu'n d' fhuair e 'iarradas. Chithear an uaigh aige gus an latha 'n diugh air a tarsainn air bile na bruaiche aig dorus eaglais Chille-Chaorrail, 's leac oirre a thug e-fhein air a mhuin as na 'Monaidhnean.' Chuala mi 'bhi 'g innse gur h-e a thuir,

'Fhir a chéumas thair mo lic,
Seall a rithist as do dhéigh;
'S cuimhnich ged tha mi 's an uaigh,
Gu 'n robh mi uair cho luath riut fhéin.

A' bhliadhna roimhe chuireadh gàradh-droma 's coille-chuir mu Chille-Chaorrail, agus na buama-tairean a bha ag obair air sin, chuir iad fear de na maolanaich-iarrainn romh theis-meadhoin na lice—ionann's ga chur an duileachd!

Cha d' thàinig facal riabh eadar Donull 'us Màiri a nighean agus cha d' iarr i ni riabh air nach d' thug e dhi, ach a h-aon. Ged nach robh mòrnaich de ni-dubh aige, bha beagan ghobhar aige air A' Gharbh-dhoire. Latha bha 'sin, eadar fhaladhà 's a rìribh, iarrar Màiri na gobhair air; ach dhiùlt e i, agus thuir e: "Beò no marbh dhomh fhein e cha dealaich mi ris na gobhair." Thug sin air fear aincheardach air choirgin, an deaghaidh sin, port a dhianamh air

GOBHAIR DHO'ILL MHC FHIONNLADH.

Eadarainn a-ho, o-hà,
Gobhair Dho'ill 'ie Fhionnlaidh.
Eadarainn a-ho, o-hà,
Gobhair Dho'ill 'ie Fhionnlaidh.
Eadarainn a-ho, o-hà,
Gobhair mo chridhe 's mo ghràidh,
Eadarainn a-ho, o-hà,
Gobhair Dho'ill 'ie Fhionnlaidh.

'S e gaol nan caorach 's nan gobhar,
Gaoil nan caorach 's nan gobhar,
Gobhair Dho'ill 'ie Fhionnlaidh.
'S e gaol nan caorach 's nan gobhar,
'Us mo làmh-sa 'bhi ga 'm bleoghann,
Gaoil nan caorach 's nan gobhar,
Gobhair Dho'ill 'ie Fhionnlaidh.
Eadarainn, &c.

Ach mu "Oran nan comhachaig." Ri ceann-tuath Loch-Tréig, far am beil an abhuinn ag éirigh, theirear an Déubhadh. Tacan fo 'n Déubhadh, tha Tréig ga 'sgaoileadh fhein na 'plod leogach, leathann, mar gu 'm biodh i ionann's a' leigeil a h-aualach mu'n tòisich i air ruith-leumraich a

sios gu Ionarlàire. Ris a' phlod so theirear an t-Eadarloch. An teismeadhoin an lochain chitear eilein beag—tigh-chrann, no crannog mar a their cuid a dh-fheadhainn ri 'leithid. Anns an eilein so tha làrach "Tigh-nam-fleadh," agus 's an àm ud is ann ann a bhiodh Mac-Mhic-Raonuill ag cumail coinnimh àraid sa bith a bhiodh aige fhein 's aig uaislean na dùthcha. Air taobh na Fearsaid-Riabhaich chithear làrach "Tigh-na-fuine;" agus ri tart chithear an staire bha 'dol thun an eilein. Bho 'n a b' e Dònull am Bàrd 's an Sealgair bha e air a' chiad fheadhainn a gheabhadh cuireadh. An deaghaidh dha dol bho fheum thuit do choinnimh-sheilge a bhi aig Raonull Gòrach, agus le dearmad no le failmse cha deachaidh 'fhoighneachd. Cha'n 'eil an Fhearsaid fada bho 'n Eadarloch, agus smaoinich a gu'n rachadh e 'n àirde—e-fhein, 's a bhata, 's an gadhar-bàn. Ràinig e Tigh-na-fuine, ach bha e fadalach—bha am fleadh sgaoilte, agus "luchd-a'-chruidh" thall cruinn aige. Cha robh aig Dònull air ach 'aghaidh a thoirt ris an Fhearsaid. Air a rathad dachaidh chual e thall 's an t-Sròin, a bha 's an àm fo choille dhlùith, "Ian maol a' mhothair chòir," agus thòisich e 's an uair sin fhein air deilbh "Oran na comhachag."

Bha na seann daoine 'am beachd gur h-i a' chomhachag ian a bu shine 's an ealtainn. Tha 'sin a' tighinn fosnear do Dhònull 'an àm fosgladh an dàin. Tha e ga 'coimeas ris fhein agus ag ràdh na bha i ann bho chian nach b' iongantach ged a bhiodh a h-aigne trom. Tha ise 'freagairt gu'n robh; 's tha esan a' sin a' farraid co bu chuimhne leatha fhaicinn an Lochabar, agus càite am biodh i ga 'falach ri àm fuathais. Tha i 'g innseadh; agus ri cluinntinn gu'm biodh i 'n Creag-Guanach,

tha e ionann's a' toirt "car beag bharr an rathaid" a mholadh an àite sin. Tha e 'cur suas air na féidh 's air an cuilidh. A' sin tha e 'cuimhneachadh air luchd-eolais dha nach maireann—an aoidheachd a fhuair e am feasgar sin—Tigh-na-creige 'tighinn a stigh air—agus cho diomain 's a tha an saoghal. Tha e rithist a' moladh nam fiadh 's nam beann 's ag gabhail a chead diubh; agus a' tionndadh gu tairis ris a' ghadhar-bhàn, tha e le cianalas ag aigairt na h-aoise agus ag codhùnadh.

DIARMAD.

A' CHOMHACHAG.

A chomhachag bho chd na Sròine,
'Nochd is brònach leam do leaba;
Ma bha thu ann ri linn Dhonnshuil,
Cha 'n iognadh ge trom leat d' aigne.

"'S comh-aoise mise do 'n daraig
Bha na 'faillein anns a' chòinnich;
'S ioma linn a chuir mi romham—
'S gur mi comhachag bho chd no Sròine."

Nise bho'n a tha thu aosda,
Dian-sa d' Fhaoisid ris an t-sagart:
Agus innis dha gun éuradh
Gach aon sgeula ga bheil agad.

"Cha d' rinn mise braid no breugan,
No cladh no tèampull a bhristeadh;
Air m' fhear fhein cha d' rinn mi ionnadh—
Gur cailleach-bho chd ionraic mise.

Chunnacas mac a' Bhrithimh chalma,
Agus Fearghus Mor an gaisgeach,
Agus Torradan liath na Sròine—
Sin na laoch bha dòmhail, taiceil."

Bho 'n a thòisich thu air seanchus,
'S eudar do leanmhainn na 's fhaide:
Gu'n robh 'n triùir sin air foghnadh,
Mu'n robh Donnshuil anns an Fhearsaid.

"Chunnaic mi Alastair Carrach,
An duise b' allaile bha 'n Albainn;
'S minig a bha mi ga 'eisdeachd,
'S e aig réiteach nan tom sealga.

Chunnaic mi Aonghus na 'dheaghaidh,
'S cha b' e sin roghainn bu tàire;
Is ann 's an Fhearsaid a bha thuinidh,
'S rinn e muileann air Alld-Làire."

Bu Ìonar cogadh 'as creachadh,
'Bha 'n Lochabar 's an uair sin;
Càite 'm biodh tusa ga d' fhalach,
Eoin bhig na mala gruamaich?

"'S ann a bha 'chuid mhór de m' shìnsir,
Eadar Innse 's an Fhearsaid ;
Bha cuid eile dhiubh mu'n Déubhadh,
'S bhiodh iad ag éigheach mu fheasgar.

An uair a chithinn-sa 'dol seachad
Na creachan agus am fuathas,
Bheirinn car beag bharr an rathaid,
'S bhithinn grathunn 'an Creag-Guanach."

Creag mo chridhe-sa Creag-Guanach,
Creag 'an d' fhuair mi greis de m' arach ;
Creag nan aighean 's nan damh sìubhlach,
A' chreag ùror, fhonnar, fhiarach.

A' chreag mu'n iathadh an fhaghaid,
Bu mhiaun leam a bhì ga taghal,
'N uair 'bu bhinn guth gallain gadhair
Ag cur greigh' gu gabhail chumhaing.

'S binn na h-ìolairean mu 'bruachan,
'S binn a cuachan, 's binn a h-eala ;
Is binne na sin am blaoghan
A ni 'n laoighean mean-bhreach, ballach.

Gur binn leam torman nan dos
Ri uilinn nan corra-bheann cas ;
'S an eilid bhiorach a 's caol cas,
'Ni fois fo dhuillach ri teas.

Gun de chéil' aic' ach an damh,
'S e 's muime dhi feur 'us creamh ;
Màthair an a laoigh mheanbh-bhric mhir—
Bean an fhir mhall-rosgaich ghloin.

'S sìubhlach a dh' fhalbhas e raon,
Cadal cha dian e 's a' smùir ;
B' fhèarr leis na plaide fo thaobh,
Barr an fhraoich bhadanaich ùir.

Gur h-àluinn sgèimh an daimh dhuinn,
A théarnas bho shireadh nam beann ;
Mac na h-éilde ainm an t-suinn
Nach do chrom le spìd a cheann.

Eilid bhinneach, mheargant', bhallach,
Odhar, eangach, uchd réidh, àrd ;
Damh togalach, cròic-cheannach, sgiamhach,
Crònanach, ceann-riabhach, dearg.

Gur gasda a ruitheadh tu suas
Ri leacuinn chruaidh 'us i cas ;
Moladh gach aon neach an cù,
Ach molam-s' an trùp tha 'dol as.

Creag mo chridhe-sa, 'Chreag-mhòr,
'S ionmhuinn an lòn tha fo 'ceann ;
'S annsa 'n lag a th' air a cùl
Na machair 'us mùr nan Gall.

M' annsachd beinn sheasgair nam fuaran,
An riasgach bho 'n dian an damh rìnan ;
Chuireadh gadhair a's glan nuallan,
Féidh na'n ruaig gu Ionar-Mheirein.}

B' annsa leam na dùrdan bodaich,
'S cionn lic ag earraradh sìl,
Bùirein an daimh an bi 'g bhuè dhuinne
Air leacuinn beinne 's e ri sin.

'N uair 'bhùireas damh Bheanna-beaga,
'S a bhéiceas damh Beiun-na-creige,
Freagraidh na daimh ud a chéile,
'S thig féidh á Coire-na-suaige.

Bha mi bho'n a rugadh mi riabh
Ann an caidreamh fhiadh 'us earb,
'S cha 'n fhaca mi dath air am bian,
Ach buidhe, riabhach, 'us dearg.

Cha mhi fhìn a sgaoil an comunn
A bha eadar mi 's Creag-Guanach,
Ach an aois ga 'r toirt bho chéile—
Gur grathunn an fhéil' a fhuaras.

'S i Creag mo chridhe-sa Creag-Guanach,
A' chreag dhuilleach, bhìolaireach, bhraon
ach,
Nan tulach àrd, àluinn, fiarach—
Gur cian a ghabh i bho'n mhaorach.

Cha mhinig a bha mi 'g éisdeachd
Ri séitric na muice-mara ;
Ach 's tric a chuala mi mòran
De chròdanaich an daimh allaidh.

Cha do chuir mi dùil 's an iasgach,
'Bhì ga 'iarraidh leis a' mhadhar ;
'S mor gu'm b' annsa leam am fiadhach,
'S a bhì 'falbh nan sliabh a 's t-fhoghar.

'S aobhainn an obair an t-sealg,
'S ait e cuairt an àrd gu beachd ;
Gur binne a h-aighir 's a fonn,
Na long 'us i 'dol fo bheairt.

'Fhad 's a bhithinn b' ò no maireann,
'S deò de 'n anail ann am chorp,
Dh' fhanainn am fochair an fhéidh—
Sin an spréidh a 'n robh mo thoirt.

Càite 'n cualas ceòl bu bhinne
Na mothar gadhair mhóir a' teachd ;
Daimh sheanga na 'n ruith le gleann,
Mìol-choin a' dol anna 's ast'.

An uair a bhà mi air an dà chois,
'S moch a shiùbhlainn bhos 'us thall ;
Ach a nis bho 'n fhuair mi 'n trì,
Cha ghluais mi ach gu mìn, mall.

Tha blaigh mo bhogha am uchd,
Le agh maol, odhar, a's ait ;
Ise geanail 's mise gruamach—
'S cruaidh an diugh nach buan an t-slat.

'S truagh an diugh uach beo an fheadhain
(Gun anu ach an ceò de'n bhuidhinn),
Leis 'm bu mhiannach glòir nan gadhar,
Gun mheaghail, gun òl, gun bhruidhinn.

Bratach Alastair nan gleann,
An sròl farumach ri crann,
Suaicheantas soilleir Shìol-Chuinn,
Nach d' chuir suim an clanna Ghall.

An Cinne-ghìùbhsaich na 'laidhe,
Tha nàmhaid na greighe deirge ;
Lamh dheas a mharbhadh a' bhradain,
Bu mhath e 'n sabaid na feirge.

Dh' fhàg mi 's an ruidhe so shìos
A' fear a b' olc dhomh a bhàs ;
Is tric a chuir e thagradh 'an cruas,
An cluais an daimh chabraich a' sàs.

Raonull mac Dhònuill Ghlais,
Fear a fhuair foghlum gu deas ;
Deagh Mhac-Dhònuill a' chùil chais,
Cha bhed neach a chòmhraig leis.

Alastair cridhe nan gleann,
(Gun e 'bhi ann, mòr a' chreach,) 'S
'S tric a leag thu air an tom,
Mac nan sonn leis a' chu-ghlas.

Alastair Mac Ailein mhòir,
'S tric a mharbh 's a' bheinn na féidh,
'S a leanadh fad air an tòir,
Mo dhòigh gur Donullach treun.

Is Dònullach thu gun mhearachd,
Gur tu boinne geal na cruadhach ;
'S càirdeach thu do Chlann-Chatain,
Gur dalta thu do Chreag-Guanach.

Ma dh' fhàgadh Dònull a mugh,
Na 'ònar aig Tigh-nam-fheadh,
'S gearr bhios gucag air bhuil—
Luchd-a'-chruidh, bidh iad a stigh.

Bu mhath mo bhuachaille cruidh,
B' e sid uasal nam fear,—
Bu deacair dhomh tàrmus air d' fhuil,
Cha bu dubh, ach aobharrach glan.

Bu mhath mo bharanta-cogaidh,
Ged a thogair mi tigh-n' bhuaithe—
Gur h-Loin à Tigh-na-creige—
Bho'n a bhagair e mo bhualadh.

'S bho 'n a bhagair e mi gu teann,
Cho fad 's a mhaireas crann, no clach,
Cha tog mi h-uige mo thriall,
Ni mó 'dh' iarraim dol na 'theach.

Mi 'm shuidh' air sith-bhruth nam beann,
Ag coimhead aig ceann Loch-Tréig,
Creag-Guanach am biodh an t-sealg,
Grianan àrd am biodh na féidh.

Chì mi 'n Dùbh-lochan bhuam,
Chì mi 'Chruach 'us Beinne-Bhric,
Chì mi Strath-Oiseann nam fiadh,
'S chì mi 'ghrian air Meall-nan-leac.

Chì mi Beinn-Nibheis gu h-àrd,
'S an Càrn-dearg aig a bun,
'Us coire beag eile ri taobh,
Chì mi fonn, 'us fraoch, 'us muir,

Gur rùmbeach an Coire-dearg,
Far 'm bu mhianach leinn bhi 'sealg ;
Coire nan tulchagan fraoich
Innis nan laogh 's nan damh garbh.

Chì mi bràigh Bhìdein nan dos,
An taobh so bhos de Sgurra-Lith,
Sgurra-Chóinnich nan damh seang,
'S ionmhuinn leam an diugh na chí.

Chì mi Srath farsuinn a' chruidh,
Far an labhar guth nan sonn ;
'S Coire-Creagach a' Mhaim-bhàin,
'Am minig an d' thug mo lamh toll.

Chì mi Gairbeinn nan damh donn,
Agus Lap-bheinn non tom sìth ;
Mar sin 'us an Leitir-dhubh
A's tric a rinn mi fuil na 'frith.

Soiridh gu Beinn-Eblair bhuam,
Bho 'n 's i 'fhuair urram nam beann ;
'S gu slios Loch-Eireachd an fhéidh—
Gu 'm b' ionmhuinn leam fhéin bhi ann.

Thoir soiridh bhuam thun an loch
Far am faicteadh bhos 'us thall ;
'S gu Uisge-Leanhnà nan lach
Muine nan laogh breac 's nam meann.

'S e loch mo chridhe-sa 'n loch,
An loch air am bitheadh an lach,
Agus iomad eala bhàn,
'S bhiodh iad a' snàmh mu seach.

Olaidh mi á Tréig mo theann-shath,
Na 'dhéigh cha bhì mi fo mhulad ;
Uisge glan nam fuaran fallain,
Bho 'n seang am fiadh a ni 'n langan.

Soiridh bhuam gu Coire-na-cloich',
An coire 'm bu toigh leam 'bhi 'tàmh ;
'S gu Uisge-Labhair nam faobh,
Cuilidh nan agh maol 's nam mang.

Soiridh eile gu Bac-nan-craobh,
Gu dà thaobh Bealach-nan-sgùrr ;
'S dh' ionns' an Eadar-bheallaich mhòir,
Far nach cluinnear glòir non Gall.

'S buan an comunn gun bhristeadh,
'Bha eadar mise 's an t-uisge,
Sùgh nam mòr bheann gun mhìsge,
Mise ga 'òl gun trasgadh.

'S ann a bhà an comunn bristeach
Eadar mise 's a' Chreag-heilich ;
Mise gu bràch cha dirich—
Ise gu dilinn cha teirinn.

Bho'n a labhair mi umaibh gu léir,
Gabhaidh mi fhéin dibh mo chead ;
Dearmad cha dean mi 's an àm,
Air fhadhach gbleann Bheanna-beag.

Cead a 's truaighe 'ghabh mi riabh,
Do 'n fhadhach 'bu mhòr mo thoil ;
Cha'n fhalbh mi le bogha fo m' sgéith,
'S gu làth-bhràth cha leig mi coin.

Mise 's tusa, 'ghadhair bhàin,
'S tùrsach ar turus do 'n eilein ;
Chaill sinn an tathunn 's an dàn,
Ged 'bhà sinn grathunn ri ceanal.

Thug a' choille dhiats' an earb',
Thug an t-àrd dhìamsa na féidh ;
Cha'n 'eil nàire dhuinn, a laoich,
Bho 'n laidh an aois oirn le chéil'.

'Aois,—cha 'n 'eil thu meachair,
Ge nach fheadar leinn do sheachnadh,
Cromaidh tu an duine dìreach
A dh' fhàs gu mìleanta, gasda.

Giorraichidh tu a shaoghal,
'Us caolaichidh tu a chasan ;
Fàgaidh tu a cheann gun déudaich
'Us nì thu éudann a chasadh.

A shine chas-aonach, pheallach,
A shream-shuileach, odhar, éitidh ;
Cuime 'leiginn leat, a lobhair,
Mo bhogha thoirt dhìom air éiginn.

Bho 'n 's mi-fhìn a b' fhèarr an airidh,
Air mo bhogha 's ra mhath iubhar,
Na thusa, 'aois bhodhar, sgallach,
'Bhios aig an teallaich ad shuidhe.

Labhair an aois rium a rithist :
"Is mò 's ruighinn 'tha thu 'leanailt
Ris a' bogha sin a ghiùlan—
'S mór gu 'm bu chuibhe dhut bata."

Gabh thusa bhuamsa am bata,
'Aois ghnàda, chairtidh na pléite ;
Cha leiginn mo bhogha leatsa,
Do d' mhathas no air éiginn.

"'S ioma laoch a bh' fhearr no thusa,
'Dh' fhàg mise gu tuisleach anfhann,
'N déigh fhaobhachadh as a sheasamh,
Bha roimhe na fhleasgach meanmnach."

— 0 —

'S beatha bheag gach là. Cha 'n eil na'r
beatha gu léir ach la air a chur ri là. Bha
Jacob a' cunntas a bheatha le làithibh,
agus bha Maois ag iarraidh gu 'm biodh e
air a theagasg mar bu chòir dh'a laithean,
cha 'n iad a bhliadhnaichean, aireamh gu
ceart.

SUIRIDHE A' MHADAIDH- RUAIDH,

NO

'S I 'N ONOIR A BHEIR BUAIDH.

SGEULACHD A REIR NOS NAN SEANN
SGEULHACHDAN GAIDHEALACH.

ROIMHE so o chionn fhada an
t-saoghail (ma's fìor an naigheachd)
bha deadh Ghàilig mhilis bhlasda
aig uile bheathaichean na tìre, agus
cha robh gamhlas, no mì-run, no
naimhdeas air bith eatorra, mar a
chì sinn a nis ; ach bha iad uile
caoimhneil cairdeil carannach r'a
chéile, mar a bu chòir do Ghàidheil
a bhi. Dh'òladh iad taobh ri taobh
as an aon sruth—chaidleadh iad
anns an aon phreas—agus chitheadh
iad a' mireag r'a chéile air an aon
réilean ; rachadh an dara h-aon gu
minic air chéilidh do thigh an aoin
eile, 's bha ceòl a's aoidheachd a's
aighear, bha fala-dhà agus sùgradh
a's cridhealas, bha suiridhe 's gaol
a's pòsadh a' dol air aghaidh 'nam
measg. Chitheadh am miol-chu 's a'
mhaigheach, an dòbhran-donn 's an
t-abhag riabhach, an t-uainein beag
geal 's an sionnach ruadh, guala ri
guala, gu mùirneach, caidreach,
cairdeil—ag còmhradh r'a chéile le
briodal blàth 's le manran milis.

San àm so ma ta (a réir ar sgeòil)
bha cat òg ann, aig an d'fhàg a
h-athair 's a màthair mòran stòrais,
agus cha robh cat san dùthaich uile
bha co maiseach. Bha a bian co
sliom mhìn ri sioda na gailbheinn,
's a sùilean co loinnreach àluinn ri
aon chloich dhearrsaich luachmhor
uaine bha riabh ann am fàinne na
ban-rìgh. Mar is furasda thuigsinn,
bha iomadach leannan aig an àilleig
òig ; cha robh cù no cat, sionnach
no feòcullan, dòbhran-donn no coin-
ean san tìr, nach robh air a tòir.
Ach do na suiridhichean uile, 'se cù

àraidh agus sionnach a b' iomraitiche, agus orra so innsidh sin sgeul.

Bha 'n cù 'na mhadadh còir tlachdmhor, ionraic, onorach; agus 'nuair chual' e gu 'n robh a liughad fear an tòir air nighean peathar a sheanmhar, (oir bha e cho càirdeach a's so dhì) chuir e roimhe gu'n tugadh e féin tairgse dhi. "Innsidh mi 'n fhìrinn" thuirt esan "mu m' stoc 's mu m' ghabhaltas, mu m' chuid 's mu m' chreideas, cha cheil mi an nì a's faoine—ma ghabhas i mi 's math, 's mur gabh, cha bhris mi mo chridhe air a son.

Thog am madadh còir air leis an rùn so; ach bha 'n sionnach 'na choimhearsnach dha, agus thuig e ciod a bha air 'aire. Chuir e roimhe na'm b' urrainn da, gu'n tugadh e an car as a' chù 's gum faigheadh e'n cat òg beairteach dha féin. Tha fios aig a h-uile duine gu bheil na sionnach carach, cuilbheartach, seòlta, sloighteil; agus bha 'm fear so cosmhuil r'a sheòrsa.

'Nuair chunnaic e an cù an déigh falbh cha robh fios aige 'u toiseach ciod a dheanadh e: oir bha eagal air nam bruidhneadh an cù mun ruigeadh esan nach biodh mórán tuit-eamais aige-san air airgid a' chait—ach cha d' fhuaras neas riabh 'na cadal, cha mhò fhuaras sionnach ruadh gun chleas. Ghabh e stigh do choille bha 'u sin—fhuair e athghoirid roimpe thug chum an rathaid-mhóir e air thoiseach air a' chù, agus aig taobh an rathaid chunnaic e beul-fo-fhraoch cumhann, domhain, agus aige so stad e, a' cur roimhe gum milleadh e suiridhe a' choinmhóir fhathasd. 'Nuair a mhoth-uich e'n cù a' tighin, leig e e féin 'na shineadh agus thòisich e ri tùirse 's ri caoineadh mar gum biodh e a' call an deò. Chunnaic an cù e, agus thubhairt e ris féin, "tha 'n sionnach an sàs—tha na cluipearan carach sin daonnan a' tachairt ri tubaist air

chor-eiginn, le tuille 's a' chòir do sheòltachd. Air mo shon féin cha d' fheuch mi ach firinn a's onoir riabh, 's cha d' thainig cruaidh-chas no aimlisg fhathasd orm; ach feumar cuideachadh leis an t-sionnach o'n tha e ann an éiginn. Ghreas an cù air ais agus dh' fheadraich e d'a choimhearsnach ciod a dh' éirich dhà. "Mo thruaighe! mo thruaighe!" ars'an sionnach, "thuit mo phiuthar bheag san t-slochd so 's cha 'n eil fios agam ciod a nì mi—tha eagal orm gum bi i tachdta a thiota. "Nach teid thu as a déigh 's nach toir thu 'nìos i? a bheathaich gun rath," arsa 'n cù. "O! 's mi bhiodh toileach," thuirt esan, "ach nach fhaic thu ann a' feuchainn ri ruigeachd oirre cheana gu 'n do shniomh mi mo dhruim, 's cha 'n eil gluasad agam—Och a's ochain! mo phiuthar bheag bhochd, 's e 'n diugh latha na dunach, an latha dubh dhomhsa!" "Ma tha a' chùis mar sin," ars 'an cù, "cha 'n fhàg mise thu an àm na h-éiginn, bheir mi nìos do phiuthar bheag ma ghabhas e deanamh." Gun tuilleadh a ràdhainn leum am mada 'còir caoimhneil sìos do 'n t-slochd. Bha 'n sionnach gu grad air a bhonn-aibh 's chuir e leac mhór chloiche air beul an tuill 's rinn e glag gàire. "Fan thusa 'n sin, a choin chòir," ars' esan, "theid mise 's bheir mi beannachd uat gu d' bhana-charaid an cat." "A shloightire! a bhiasd! a chluipear ruaidh! an ann mar so a rinn thu orm?" arsa 'n cù; ach cha d' éisd an sionnach ri smàdadh. Dh' fhalbh e gu siùbhlach sùndach do thigh na ban-oighre, lan-thoilichte le 'thapachd féin. 'Nuair bha e dlùth do'n tigh, chuir e roimhe gu 'n taghladh e aig a mhnaoi-eòlais, a' phioghaid, chum an sin gum faigheadh e gach naigheachd a bha 'falbh. Bha 'phioghaid, ro-chaoimhneil ris, "ach" ars' ise, "ciod thug sibh féin co fada bho 'n bhaile? mur mi-

mhodhail r'a fheòraich e." "Ma tà, le 'r cead," fhreagair esan, "bha aon aobhar mór agam, tighin a chòmhradh ri mnaoi-uasail cho glic, fiosrach, ribh féin; ach a thuilleadh air so, b' éiginn domh a' chùirt san robh mi fhàgail. Bha a' bhan-leòmhann, bean an rìgh, gu math muirneach umam; ach ghabh esan 'na cheann gu 'n robh i tuille 's gaolach mu m' dhéighinn. Thòisich esan, am burraidh mór, ri eudach rithe, agus smuaintich mise gum bu mhithich dhòmhsa bhì 'bogadh nan gad. Cha 'n fhala-dhà leòmhann a bhios le eudach." "Ach ciamar a leig e air falbh sibh?" arsa 'phioghaid, "nach h-iongatach nach do mharbh e sibh gun dàil?" "O! 's ann tha e ro-chaoimhneil rium," arsa esan, "cha robh a dhith air ach gum bithinn air falbh o'n bhan-rìgh; agus mar dhearbhadh air a chàirdeas do m' thaobh, thug e dhomh, an ni luachmhor so tha agam ann an so, ni nach fhaighinn a leithid eile eadar ceithir chearnaibh an domhain mhóir." "D é sin? 'd é sin?" arsa 'phioghaid. "Cha 'n fhaod sibh innseadh" arsa 'n sionnach. "Innseadh! air focal onorach na pioghaid cha chluinnear diog uamsa dheth gu bràth," deir ise. "'S e 'n rud a th'ann, ma tà, trì róinneagan a bha air a chuigeamh cois aig a' bheathach mhòr a bha 'n Loch-odha," thuirt an sionnach. "Ciod am beathach mór? —ciod na casan?—ciod na róinneagan? innis domh, innis domh" thuirt a' phioghaid 's a suilean a' lasadh 's a guth air chrith le h-ioghnadh. "Nach 'eil fios agaibh mu'n bheathach mhór a tha 'n Lochodha bho chionn trì cheud bliadhna, gu bheil cóig casan air; agus na trì róinneagan a tha aig bin na h-iongamóir aig té dhiubh gu 'n gléidh iad an t-aon aig am bì iad am maise 's an àilleachd na h-òige, gun liathadh, gun phreasadh, gun seargadh gun

seacadh, ged a bhiodh e beò co fada ris a' bheathach mhór féin. Fhuair mi iad so bho 'n rìgh 's tha iad agam air mo shiubhal." "O! nach leig sibh fhaicinn iad?" arsa ise "'s bidh mo bheannachd oirbh." "'S ro-dhuilich leam ur diultadh" arsa esan, "ach gheall mi do'n rìgh nach leiginn fhaicinn iad do thé gu bràth ach an té a phòsas mi—gabhaibh mo leisgeul." B' éiginn do 'n phioghaid cur suas leis an diultadh; agus o'n dh' innis an sionnach uiread do nithibh iongatach dhise, dh' innis ise dhàsan gach ni a bha 'dol air aghaidh mu 'n àite, agus moran naigheachdan mu 'n chat 's na suiridhichean. Bha sionnach tuille 's seòlta glic gus a h-uile rud a chual' e a chreidsinn; ach thuig e gu 'n robh an cat glé mhor aisde féin, agus gu'n taitneadh mìodal a's moladh a's brosgul gu math rithe. Dh' fhàg e beannachd aig a' phioghaid, ag earalachadh oirre gun diog a ràdhainn mu na chual' i. "'N e mise?" arsa a' phioghaid, "cha 'n ann de 'n t-seòrsa sin mi. Na biodh cùram oirbhse nime sin; 's iomadh carraig air an caochail sruth, ach cha chluinnear pioghaid a' tighinn thairis air na chluinneas i."

Dh' fhalbh an sionnach 's ghabh e mu thàmh ré na h-oidheche sin. 'S a' mhaduinn am màireach, gun fhios ciamar, chual' a' chuthag 's an fheannag, chuala 'n cat 's an coinean, chuala gach beathach a's duine a h-uile facall a bha eadar an sionnach 's a' phioghaid; 's bha gach maighdeann 's a' bhaile air bàineadh gu eòlas fhaotainn air aon co ainneil. Cha do chail esan mórán ùine gun dol an còmhradh a' chait, agus bha e co grinn sgiolta, bha e co beulach mìodalach 's gu 'n do ghabh an cat déigh mhor dheth a thiota, agus a réir coltais bha 'shoad gum faigheadh e gach ni mar bu inthath leis.

Ach faiceamaid a nis ciod a dl'

éirich do 'n chù. Bha 'n toll anns na thuit e tuille 's cumbann gu tionndadh ann, agus chuir ann leac a chàirich an sionnach air beul an t-sluic, as a chomas faotainn a mach le streapadh. “Mur teid sinn air ar n-ais” arsa 'n cù, “feuchaidh sinn dol air ar n-aghaidh,” agus le mor strìgh dh' oibrich e rathad air aghaidh tre 'n t-slochd gus an d' thainig e gu uaimh mhòr fharsuing reidh, far am fac' e na chuir iongatas gu leòir air.

Bha 'n so dh' òr 's do airgiod na dh' fhognadh do rìgh, agus do chlachan rìomhach loinnearach, na bha dealradh cosmhuil ris a' ghrein; ach am meadhon na h-uaimh bha uile-bheist mhòr uamhasach 'na suidhe, beithir sgiathach, agus cha b'è sealladh blàth a thug i air a' chù. “De thug an so thu?” thuirteise, “an ann a ghoìd mo stòrais a thainig thu? thig an so—là t' athar 's do sheanar dhuit a mhèirlich, bheir mis' ort nach toir thu an oidhirp cheudna 'rithist—thig an so!” “Cha 'n ann a ghoìd do chodach a thinig mise” thuirteise, “agus nam b' aithne dhuit mi cha tugadh tu a leithid do mì-mheas orm—'s nì e 'nach d' rinn beathach no duine orm riabh roimhe, agus nì nach 'eil gnothuch agadsa dheanamh na's mò.”

“S ann agad tha 'bhathais, a bheathaich pheallagaich, robaich, fhad-chluasaich,” arsa 'n uile-bheist 's i seideadh gu h-eagalach 's a suilean a' lasadh le feirg, nach 'eil fhios agad gur h-urrainn domh do phronnadh fo m' chasan ann am prioba na's sul?” “Faodaidh tu sin a dheanamh, gun teagamh,” arsa 'n cù, “ach cha bhiodh e ach gle nàr, allanta dhuit sin a dheanamh 's tu na's mò na mise—cha d' thug mi fein aghaidh air aon riabh bu lugha na mi fhein, agus 's ann a b' fhèarr dhuit an rathad a sheoladh dhomh gu uachdar an talamhainn—'s ann an

sin tha 'mhiann orm a bhì—tha fìor dheigh agam air tilleadh ann car tacain co dhiubh, gu aon deagh phabadh a thoirt do bheisd shionnaich a thug droch car asam an diugh fein;” agus an sin dh' innis e gu lom, soilleir, do 'n nathair-sgiathaich mar a dh' éirich dha.

“Am fan thu,” arsa 'n nathair sgiathach, “gu bhì a' d' fhear-muinntir agamsa?” “Cha 'n fhan mi féin” thuirteise. “Mur bhì thu a' d' fhear-muinntir agam” arsa 'n uile-bheist eagalach, “bidh tu a' d' lòn feasgair dhomb, gun dol a null no nall freagair mi, am fuirich thu 'n so a' d' òglach agamsa? freagair mi a thiota—cìod tha thu 'g ràdhainn?” arsa 'n colg eagalach 's i 'fosgladh a mach a sgiathan oilteil, 's teine-sionnachain a' sradadh as a suilean, 's a craos dearg fosguilte. “Labhair,” arsa 'n cù. “Mur 'eil dol as,” fhreagair an cù, “cha 'n eil comas air, fanaidh mi.” “Thoir dhomh crathadh do d' spòig air a' chùis, mata,” arsa 'n nathair sgiathach. “So dhuit i” arsa 'n cù, cha do gheall mi rud riabh ris nach do sheas mi, 's nach do choimhlon mi a réir mo chomais.”

An sin dh' innis an nathair sgiathach dha gu 'n robh mòran do bheathraichean-nimhe, nathraichean gnàda, bha ann an seòrsa do chàirdeas fad as d'a teaghlach-se, a bha 'sior fheuchainn ise mharbhadh, a chum 's gum faigheadh iad a beairteas, nach robh fois aice a là na dh' oidliche leò, 's gur h-e bhiodh mar obair aigesan faire dheanamh nuair a bhiodh ise, an nathair-sgiathach, 'na cadal, agus a dùsgadh nuair thigeadh na nathraichean-nimhe gnada mach as na sluic. Gheall an cù a dhianamh mar a b' fhèarr a dh' fhaodadh e. Phaisg an nathair a sgiathan, tharruing i a h-earball mu thimchioll a cinu. Bha 'n cù glé thùrsach tròm, 's an t-acras air

enideachd. Chunnaic e meall mór feòla agus mòran chnàmh ann an oisinn do 'n uaimh, agus thug iad uisge air 'fhiacian a bli 'g amhare orra ; ach o nach d' fhuair e cead an itheadh cha do bhean e dhoibh ; chuir e roimhe bhi ionraic, onorach, mar bha e riabh, agus rinn e faire ré na h-oidheche. Thainig na nathraichean-nimhe uair a's uair ach rinn an cu tathunn daonnan, dhùisg a' bheithir-sgiathach, agus co luath 's a chrath ise i féin, theich iadsan air falbh.

Sa' mhaduinn bha 'bheithir-sgiathach mòran na bu chaoimhneile ris a' chu, thug i dhà a shàth r'a itheadh, agus labhair i ris le bàigh. Chaidh latha 's là mar so seachad, an cu a' fuireach dileas, agus a' bheithir-sgiathach a' faighinn deagh chadail, gus mu dheireadh aon oidheche 'n d' thainig measan beag bòidheach, ballach, donn, a stigh do 'n uaimh, agus thòisich e ri mòran miodail a's beadruidh a dheanamh ris a' chu. " 'S duilich leam," arsa 'm measan, " fear do choltais fhaicinn 'na leithid so do shlochd, a'd thràill aig a' bhéisd ud ; falbh thusa leamsa 's bheir mi an ùine ghoirid gu uachdar an t-saoghail 's gu d' chàirdean féin thu." " 'S mi bhiodh deònach aighearach," arsa 'n cu, ach gheall mi do'n bheithir-sgiathaich fuireach a'm fhear-muinntir aice, thug mi dhith mo spòg air a' chuis, cha ghabhainn an saoghal agus m' fhacall a bhristeadh, éireadh dhomh mar thogras, bidh mi dileas." " An toir thu dhomh " arsa 'm measan, " cuid do na cnàmhan ud r'a ithe 's an t-acras 'gam tholladh ? " " Nam bu leam féin iad," arsa 'n cu, " b'e do bheatha mìle agus mìle uair, ach buinidh iad dhise do na gheall mi bhi dileas, agus cha chuir mise làmh air cuid duin' eile airson ni air bith " arsa 'n cu. Dh' fheuch am measan mòran briodail a's miodail, ach cha

ghéilleadh an cu a bheag no mhór gus mu dheireadh 's mu dhiu, ann am prioba na sul, an d' fhàs am measan beag, bòidheach, hallach, donn, 'na nathair mhóir stiallaich, làban- aich, shleamhuin ! a suilean mar an teine, gach fiacaill 'na craos mar sgoibh tighe, agus an caramh a' choin ghabh i. Thug an cu bochd sgal cruaidh as, agus gu fortanach dhàsan dhuisg a' bheithir-sgiathach, 's cha b' ann a chrathadh a chuasan, no g'a tachas féin a dh' fhuirich i, ach an tiota na boise bha i air a bonnaibh 's an sàsan nathair mhòir. B'e sin an cath, 's cha 'n fhacas a leithid. Bha sgreadail a's sgrìachail a's raoicich a's rànaich, srannraich agus séidil oillteil, ni's leòir chum na creagan a sgoltadh, agus a thoirt air bras-sbruthaibh an aonaich stad a dh' éisdeachd. Bu duilich a radh- ainn cò bu treasa, ach mu dheireadh fhuair an nathair-nimhe lubach làb- anach, air muin na beithir-sgiath- aich, agus bha i 'ga suaineadh féin 'na cuairt eagalaich mu 'timchioll, le fead agus séidil choimheich, 'nuair a leum an cu agus le 'uile neart shàth e 'fhiacian ann an earball na nathrach. Co luath 's a mhothuich ise dha so, ghrad thionndaidh i mu 'n cuairt gu' cur as da, ach mun d'ràinig i an cu bha a' bheithir- sgiathach air a cois agus ann an amhaich na nathrach-nimhe; ghléidh i greim air a sgòrnan gu teann tréun, gu dluth dìonach, gus nach robh sgrid innte.

Nuair a bha chombrag seachad, thug a' bheithir-sgiathach mìle agus mìle taing do 'n chu ; dh' innis i dha gum b'e sud rìgh nan nathraichean- nimhe, gu'n robh comas aige air a chruth atharrachadh mar a thogradh e, agus nan géilleadh an cu ann an aon ni no ni eile, gu'n grad sgrios- adh e iad le chéile ; " ach tha mi 'faicinn nach 'eil dìon ann cosmhuil ri dilseachd agus ri h-onoir." " A

nis," ars' ise, "cha 'n eil feum tuillidh agam air do sheirbhis, leigidh mi fhaicinn duit an rathad gu uachdar an t-shaoghail, agus o'n tha thu co dileas dòmhsa, bheir mi dhut seòladh no dha a ni thu comasach air bhi suas ris an t-sionnach chuireideach, carach, seòlta 's ge bheil e." "Gu robh math agaibhse" arsa 'n cu, "tha mi fada 'nur comain, ach 's cona leam cuir a's cleasan, cha d' fheuch mi riabh iad 's cha 'n fheuch, cha chreid mi nach fhaigh ionracas a' chuid a's fearr do na cuilbheartan a's mò aig a' cheann mu dheireadh." "Gabh do dhòigh féin air, ma ta," arsa 'bheithir sgiathach, "slàn leat! chuir thu comain mhòr orrasa 's cha dì-chuimhnich mi dhuit e ma thig do ghnothuch a'm charamh."

Fhuair an cu a chas air lòm aon uair eile; ghrad dh' fhalbh e gu tigh a' chait agus ge b' fhada bhuaithe cha b' fhada g'a ruigheachd. 'Nuair ràinig e thuig e gu'n d' rinn an sionnach a leithid de chàineadh air 's gu 'n robh gach beathach sa' bhaile ann am fuath air. Cha togadh an cat suil no mala ris, agus cha 'n iarradh i cuideachd air bith ach cuideachd an t-sionnach a bha gach mionaid r'a gualainn.

Bha tuille spioraid sa' chu na gu'n cuireadh e 'na comas a dhiultadh, ach 'nuair a chunnaic e 'n sionnach aig an uinneig a' toirt pòige dhi, ise le a spòig ghil, bhòidhich, a' cireadh earbill ruadh dosrach an trusdair, ghabh e fearg nach bu bheag, agus ghlaodh e ris a' bhalgaire charach, "A sloightire chuilbheartaich bhréugaich, ma tha a chridhe agad thig a mach an so 's bheir mise aon fhàsgadh air do chnàmhan a ghleidheas tu gun do chuireidean fheuchainn air cu eile 'n dà latha so! Bheil a chridh' agad tighin, a bhradaire chealgaich, mheirgich ruaidh?" Chuir an sionnach a thean-

ga 'na phluic, chuir e'n sin a spòg air a shròin, chaog e shuil, chuir e dréin air, agus an sin dh' fhàg e'n uinneag gun tuille feairt a thoirt air a' chu.

"Cha 'n eil fhios am faigh thu as mar sin fhathast ge cuireideach thu" arsa 'n cu. Dh' fhalbh e agus luidh e aig bun craòibhe bha dlu do'n tigh, a' cur roimhe nan cuireadh an sionnach a chas air blàr-lòm, gu 'n tugadh e aon deagh chrathadh dha.

Faiceamaid a nis ciod a rinn a' bheithir-sgiathach—cha do leig i air dì-chuimhn seirbhis mhath a' choin, agus smaointich i nach bu mhisd e cuideachadh an aghaidh caran an t-sionnach. Sgaoil i a sgiathan 's a thiota bha i aig a' bhaile san robh 'n t-suiridhe dol air a h-aghaidh, agus ghabh i còmhnuidh ann an uaimh a bha mu choinneamh tigh a' chait. 'S iad na beathraichean-sgiathach na beathaichean a's seòlta 's a's beartaiche sam bith, agus mar so tha mòr mheas aig na beathaichean eile orra, ged tha iad co grànnda.

Rinn tighin na beithir-sgiathaich ma ta, fuaim mhòr air feadh a' bhaile. 'S gann a bha i gu math air suidhe 'na tigh udlaidh dorcha 'nuair bha pioghaid luath na gleadhraich aig an dorus, a dh' fheuch-sinn ciod a chluinneadh i. "Ciod ar naigheachd tha agad dhomh?" arsa 'bheithir-sgiathach. "Cha 'n eil a bheag do naigheachd san àite so, le 'r cead" thuirt ise, "ach mu dhéighinn na ban-oighre rìomhaich so, an cat, a tha 'tionndadh ceann na h-uile fir, ach tha i dol a phòsadh an t-sionnach mun tig ceann seachdain." "Ise 'na ban-oighre!" thuirt a' bheithir, "nam biodh fios agad air na bheil de dh-òr aig mo nighin-sa, cha 'n abradh tu gu'n robh aon beairteach ach i féin." "Bheil teaghlach agaibh ma ta?" dh' fheòraich a' phioghaid. "Cha 'n eil

agam ach an aon nighean, agus tha de stòras air fhàgail aice le bràthair dhi a bha sna h-Innsean, gun tighin air na th' agam féin, nach 'eil fhios aice ciod a ni i ris, agus tha i 'gam shàruchadh le leannain agns suiridhichean a tha 'tighin g'a h-iarraidh."

"Ma phòsas i gun ur ceadsa, am faighian t-airgid?" thuirt a' phioghaid. "Gheibh na h-uile sgillinn," thuirt a' bheithir-sgiathach, "'s ann aice féin a dh' fhàgadh e, ach feuch nach bi thusa 'g innseadh so air feadh a' bhaile, oir cha 'n eil toil agam dragh a bhi 'ga chur orm." "Ne mise?" arsa 'phioghaid, "cha 'n ann diubh sin mi, cha chan mi facall gu bràth m'a dhéighinn. Moch air an làmàreach ràinig a' phioghaid tigh a' chait, agus dh' inuis i na h-uile diog mu 'n bheithir-sgiathaich 's a nighean bheairteach. Chuala 'n sionnach 's ged nach do ghabh e a bheag air, chuir e roimhe, nam faodadh e, gu'n deanadh e greim air an tochar mhòr a bha 'n so, 's gu'n leigeadh e leis a' chat a bhi sealltuinn airson leannain eile. 'Nuair thainig am feasgar chuir e roimhe dol a chur eòlais air nighean na beithir-sgiathaich; ach ciamar a gheibheadh e d' a h-ionnsuidh? Bha 'n cu air an rathad, agus bha fios aige noch b'e 'n sùgradh dol 'na dhàil. Dé th' agad air, cha robh sionnach riabh gun char, agus so an dòigh a ghabh e chum an cù chur as an rathad.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Na'n gabhadhmaid uiread a shaothair gu bhi mar bu chòir dhuinn a bhi 's a tha sinn a' gabhail gu bhi 'cur falaich air an ni a tha sinn, dh'fhaodamaid a bhi coltach ruinn fhéin gun bhi aig an dragh a bhi falach ni sam bith.

Tha e mòran ni's thusa a' cheud mhiann a chumail fodha na 'na miannan a leanas a riarachadh.

Cha robh duine riamh ann 's cha mhò bhithas a fhuair a h-uile ni a réir a mhiann gun dad a thighinn na aghaidh.

Tha 'n duine eas-onorach a' ceiltinn a lochdan uaithe fhéin cho maith 'us o chàch; is aithne do'n duin' onorach iad, agus a bharrad air sin aidichidh e iad.

Bha duin'-uasal araid aig bàl dannsa agus o nach robh e na dheadh dhannsa bha feadhainn thall 's a bhos a' magadh air. Cha robh so a' còrdadh ris, 's mu dheireadh thionndaidh e le feig 's thuirt e ri neach a bha laimh ris, "Ged nach 'eil mi gle mhaith air dannsa tha mi anabarrach maith air sabaid." "Ma ta," arsa' am fear eile 's e freagairt, "'s e mo chomhairle-sa dhut a bhi sabaid an còmhuidh 's gun a dhol gu bràth tuilleadh a dhannsa."

Bithidh daoine deanamh uail as an gnòmharaibh mòra; ach tha iad air an toirt gu buil na's trice le tuiteamas na le rùn.

'S e cothrom, saighdear a's fhearr na danadas.

Bha Frangach deaghfhaclach ann uair éigin aig an robh seann each a bha gu tuiteam as a sheasamh leis an laige, 's air dha bhi là àraid a' dol thar aon de dhrochadaibh na Séimhaimhne co thachradh ris ach oifigeach airm 's e marcadh eich a bha ro eireachdail agus meannach. "Cuiridh mi deich buinn òir air a' gheall riut," arsa 'm Frangach, "gu'n toir mi air an t-seann each, bhochd, lag so, rud a dheanadh nach dean an t-each bras meannach sin agadsa dh' aindeoin 's na tha mhoit ort mu dhéidhinn." "Mata," arsa' an t-oifigeach, "cuiridh mi riut e." Air so thainig am Frangach air làr 's chuir e ghualainn ris an each 's thilg e leis an amhainn e. "Mur toir thusa air d' each fhein a leithid sid a dheanamh," arsa' esan, "grad phàigh dhomhsa 'n geall." Phàigh an t-oifigeach an geall.

Bha oifigeach ann air an robh cas mhaide 'bha air a deanamh cho fìor mhaith 's nach aithnicheadh neach sam bith nach i cas cheart a bh' innte. La dha bhi 's a' bhàr thug peilleir gunna mhòr air falbh a chas-mhaide. Mhothaich saighdear dhia tuiteam 's ghlaodh e, "Ged air tòir an lighiche cho ealamh 's is urrainn dut 's an t-oifigeach air a leonadh." "Cha teid," arsa' an t-oifigeach, gu socrach, "an saor a tha dh'è orm."

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OUGHT GAELIC TO BE TAUGHT IN HIGHLAND SCHOOLS?

BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

THE answer to this question implies an inquiry into two very different questions of educational principle; *first*, an inquiry into the proper use of the mother-tongue as an adjunct or engine—as the adjunct of that foreign language, the English, which all Highlanders eagerly desire to learn, and which, it is admitted by all wise men, they ought primarily to be taught; *second*, an inquiry into the nature and character of the Gaelic language and literature, as, for their own sake, natural and necessary elements in a reasonable scheme of early training for Highland lads and lasses.

The question whether Gaelic ought to be taught along with English in the Gaelic-speaking districts of the Highlands, depends on another and a wider question—How far the mother-tongue ought or ought not to be used as a useful or necessary adjunct in the teaching of any foreign language? If, in the general case, it shall be found that the use of the mother-tongue is advisable in the acquisition of foreign languages, then in the case of Gaelic the burden of proof will lie with the parties who wish to make that language, as at present spoken and written in the Highlands of Scotland, an exceptional case. That this question is by no means an easy one, will readily be admitted by every one who considers how little the principles and practice of education have hitherto been submitted to any test of scientific validity, and how much the prejudices of the public and the ignorance, indifference, and laziness of teachers may often have combined in this matter to drive nature into the background, and plant pedantry, blind tradition, and unreasoned routine in the front.

The first step in the learning of languages, because at once the simplest and the most necessary, is the naming of OBJECTS. Merely by naming a certain number of the most common objects, accompanied, it may be, by a gesture or indication of the fingers, any man of common intelligence might find his way through any country, of whose language, as an organic whole, he was altogether ignorant. The wise teacher, therefore, of English, in a Gaelic school, will start from this clear indication of the method of Nature in the matter, and commence by naming in English every object in the room—and the more objects in the shape of pictures, busts, models, etc., that are in a schoolroom, always the better,—of course in a clear and distinct voice, and making the learners repeat the word after him while they point with their fingers to the object. Now, it is clear that in this first commencement, so long as the object is before the eye of the learner, there can be

no possible use of the mother-tongue—to drag in it, at this stage, between the ear and tongue of the scholar and the object will rather be a hindrance. And if this be the proper method with objects inside the room, objects outside the room—that is, whatever is in heaven above, or on earth beneath, an object of sensuous apprehension—must follow the same law. An immense vocabulary may thus be acquired, and a ready medium of communication without the slightest reference to the mother-tongue. By this method a direct and immediate connection is established between the learner and the new instrument of thought—just like that which exists between the fencer and his foil, or the boatman and his oar; and this is the method, no doubt, by which a sensible teacher will proceed, when he has the misfortune—being ignorant of Gaelic himself—to be appointed the instructor of children almost entirely destitute of English. It will be observed, however, that so far, at least, as my observation has gone, the wise indication of Nature in this matter has not been followed, or rather, has been systematically neglected by most teachers of Greek and Latin in our classical schools. Their practice has been, in all stages of the educational process, to interpose the mother-tongue between the learner and the object, and thus, for instance, instead of making him say direct *sòl*, while he points to the sun, he asks him rather what is the Latin for the sun. The origin of this unnatural and roundabout process was, no doubt, the habit of using books for all purposes, and fixing the eye of the pupils upon a written symbol in a gray page, rather on the living object with all its natural hues and features. This habit, with a large class of our classical scholars, has become so inveterate, that they prefer to learn the proper quantity and accent of words painfully from the witness of the eye or from memory, rather than in a natural and living way from the witness of the ear and the tongue; and they have, in fact, given up altogether the old habit of speaking the languages which they teach; or, when they do speak, they use a systematically false enunciation, satisfied if they have read in a book, and in their memory know, the rules according to which the word ought to be pronounced. Absurdities of this kind may easily go on in the teaching of dead languages, where no Demosthenes or Cicero can rise from their grave to laugh at the continuous stream of oddity and unintelligibility which flows from the mouth of the teacher; but those who teach living languages are happily free from the danger of practising any such gross violation of common sense as is implied in this procedure. It may fairly be expected from them, therefore, that they will appeal directly to the ear and the tongue of the learner, and not substitute a dead letter for a living sound in a field of exercise, where articulate audible breath is the reality, and printed letters only its weak shadow or feeble photograph. They will be in no danger of saying *men* when they ought to say *mane*, or the contrary, as when classical teachers, without any compunction, allow their scholars to say *òs*, a *bone*, for *òs*, a *mouth*, or the contrary. So far well. The next stage requires the help of the mother-tongue; and, unless for the good luck that the little Highland lad or lassie, who is to be taught English by a teacher altogether ignorant of Gaelic, knows generally at least some stray elements of English, the Saxon pedagogue in a remote Highland glen would find that he had no

easy job to force or wriggle his way through. Observe; the moment I go beyond the simple name of the object, say *sun*, and with the addition of a verb make a sentence, as *The sun shines*, I must tell my young Highlander—because I can tell him thus most readily—that *shines* is the English equivalent for the Gaelic *tha a dearsadh*, or *tha a boilegeadh*, and that the short English sentence, *The sun shines*, is the full equivalent of the longer Gaelic *tha a ghrian a dearsadh*.

This is the first stage at which the mother-tongue naturally comes in; and the teacher who cannot bring in Gaelic in this way is not the best teacher of an ignorant Celtic boy in a remote glen or island, wishing, as all Highlanders do, with all possible speed and correctness, to acquire the language of the Lowlander. But here note an important caution, which, as I have before remarked, classical teachers, so far as I have observed, generally neglect. Though the mother-tongue must be brought in at this early stage to explain things invisible—anything, in fact, that is not brought directly before the eyes,—it must not be allowed to plant itself in a middle position between the thought of the speaker and the sentence he is about to utter; for this would simply be to interpose a hindrance, and to apply a drag where a spur is rather necessary. The wise teacher, therefore, will immediately revert to the original direct method indicated above; and instead of asking the learner, What is the English for *tha a ghrian a dearsadh*? he will say, Look out at the window, and say after me, without thinking in Gaelic, *The sun shines*; and this process must be repeated till the learner gets into the habit of thinking a number of short, easy sentences in English without the slightest reference to the mother-tongue. That this is at once the most natural, the most easy, and the most expeditious procedure every one will confess who has learned to speak a foreign language in the country where it is spoken. In such case, the direct method of Nature readily asserts its natural supremacy; and the cumbrous process of translating from one language into another mentally very soon disappears. The practical conclusion, therefore, that we come to may be expressed simply thus: While a great deal may be done, in the very first stage, of inculcating a foreign language without the aid of the mother-tongue, and, though the teacher ought always to keep the principle steadily in view, that the object of his work is to produce and maintain in the organs of his pupil a dexterous habit of using the foreign tongue directly as an instrument of thought, yet the readiest and the most accurate way of achieving this result is constantly to have the mother-tongue at hand, for the purpose of comparison and contrast; in other words, in learning a foreign language the mother-tongue is to be used wisely as an ally, but kept at a respectable distance as a master. It may serve as pioneer, scout, or interpreter in a campaign, but should never be allowed to usurp the generalship.

The above remarks as to the second stage of linguistic indoctrination relate only to syntactical forms, or the formation of sentences as distinguished from the naming of objects. But the mother-tongue may be useful as a pioneer or ally in several ways, of which the grammar takes no cognisance. Writers on language have long ago called attention to the fact, with regard to synonyms, that however many may be

marshalled forth in a vocabulary, there are, in reality, no real synonyms in any language; there is always some slight shade of difference in the signification, or the application, or the association, which prevents a *parson*, say, and a *priest*, a *minister*, a *churchman*, and a *clergyman*, from being used indiscriminately. Several terms, in fact, however they seem to denote the same thing, may include a great variety of differentiating elements, which must be carefully and anxiously considered, before the word can be used with idiomatic propriety. Now, what takes place in this way between the apparent synonyms of one language must, in the nature of things, take place even more in the corresponding terms of any two languages, used to express the same or a similar idea. It follows from this that, in teaching any foreign language, the peculiar tone or hue that belongs to any of these general terms in the foreign tongue may often be best inculcated either by finding its exact counterpart in the mother-tongue, or by skillfully composing and contrasting the two apparent synonyms in the two languages. Thus, a student of Greek, for instance, may be profitably taught how the celebrated *εἰρωνεία* of Socrates differs from the English *irony*, and how far it seems to agree rather with the Scotch *sly, dry humour*. Teachers of Greek and Latin in classical schools in Scotland must be all aware how, in not a few cases, they have been able to make clear the force of a Greek or Latin word by calling in the aid of the expressive vulgar Scotch. And not only does this auxiliary, when wisely called in, give the learner a more exact idea of what the Greek or Latin word means, but it gives a life-blood and a vivid hue to the word, such as words in the mother-tongue, by native privilege, always possess. The value of the mother-tongue in this way operated, I have no doubt, along with other reasons, powerfully in the relinquishment of the once-universal habit, in classical schools, of teaching Greek through the medium of Latin. It was found, in hundreds of cases, that the English language afforded a more apt and significant expression of some Greek word than was to be found in the more limited and less familiar vocabulary of the Latin. The same advantage, of course, will flow from the native Gaelic, when the young Highlander aspires to an exact appreciation of the significance of many English general terms. It will, indeed, be impossible to convey to his mind the peculiar features of such words by any better method than by the comparison of similar terms in the mother-tongue. It follows, therefore, that an English teacher in the Highlands, who knows only English, must labour under one signal disadvantage in the explanation of general terms. But further, it may be that the foreign language which the pupil learns is, as an organ of significant expression, greatly inferior to the mother-tongue; and in this case the aid of the mother-tongue is necessary in seven cases out of ten, in order to give the pupil a more vivid and dramatic, or a more pregnant and suggestive, picture of the spoken symbol which he is called on to appropriate. The extreme example of this contrast between two languages is where a mixed language, such as English, is taught to a pupil whose native tongue has been developed naturally out of itself as a beautiful, consistent organism. Now, this is the case with the Highland laddie, when called on to appropriate the utterly inorganic and hap-hazard huddlement of words which compose an English

dictionary. If we exclude the single Saxon element, it is very rarely indeed that an English word shows its signature upon its face. A long process of etymological investigation is often necessary, tracing a word from Latin and Greek, down through Low Latin, medieval French, and Norman-French, before the distinguishing features of an English vocable can be recognised. Without some knowledge of Greek and Latin, indeed, the learning of English is a mere unintelligent parrot work—of practical use, no doubt, but of no educative virtue; for nothing surely can be of less value as an educational organon than the mere repetition of an array of irregular and arbitrary sounds incapable of reasonable analysis. It is, of course, in this case also, a practical consideration of great importance, that words whose sound to the learners is altogether arbitrary, are much more difficult for the memory to retain than when the anatomy of the word is exposed, and the cause of its signifying so and so made clear to the reasoning faculty. An example will make this clear. Suppose a Highland boy is reading the English Gospels, and comes upon the word *publican*. He may or may not have heard this term applied to the vendor of spirits, porter, and ales, and the keeper of a drinking-shop, but in any case, a learned explanation from Latin—a language which he does not know—will be necessary before he can understand that this word properly signifies a *tax-gatherer*. Give him his own Gaelic Bible, however, side by side with the English, and he has the idea bodily before him. A publican is a *cis-mhaor* which explains itself. A double consequence follows from this. First, the young Celt will remember the English word and its significance more easily, by associating with it the self-explaining Gaelic term; and again, the analytic exercise of mind called into play when using the Gaelic term, finds no room in the appropriation of the English word, so long as the learner is not thoroughly drilled in the organism of the Greek and Latin languages—an accomplishment not to be expected, nor indeed wisely to be demanded in one little Celtic ballachan out of a thousand. That this point has been so often overlooked by those whose ideal is to banish the Gaelic from English schools, is surely only too staring a sign of the entire absence of the first principles of educational science from the minds of the persons who think so superficially and judge so perversely. In order to make the immense superiority of Gaelic to English as an educative organ in this respect more strikingly obvious, I will here append a short list of Gaelic words which I have picked up in reading, with the English in a parallel column.

1. *Gnuis-fhiosachd*physiognomy.
2. *Gnuis-mheall*counterfeit.
3. *Coimh-thional*assembly.
4. *Cruthaich*create.
5. *Uachdaranach*authority.
6. *Tuiteam*epilepsy.
7. *Lamhachas*dexterity.
8. *Cis-mhaor*a publican.
9. *Meirle*theft, *i.e.*, fingering.
10. *Leth-sgeul*an apology.

11. *Coimh-cheangal*a covenant.
12. *Co-aontaich*to agree.
13. *Iomlan*perfect.
14. *Neo-sheasmhach*unstable.
15. *Anabarrach*superfluity, excess.
16. *Diadhaidh*religious.
17. *Ainfiach*debt.
18. *Deas-blriathrack*.....eloquent.
19. *Suobh-crabhach*superstitious.
20. *Do-lubaidh*inexorable.

Now, what I say with regard to all such words (and their number might be multiplied indefinitely), is that the Gaelic speaks intelligently to a pupil who understands Gaelic, while the English is merely a concatenation of arbitrary syllables, and that the teacher who does not know or care to take the aid of the native Gaelic in explaining the English, does not understand his business, and the school authorities, whoever they be, that appoint English teachers to Highland schools unskilled in the mother-tongue of the pupils, are acting on principles not less unreasonable than unkindly, impolitic, and unprofitable.

It will be observed that I have in the above remarks said nothing special about exercises in reading and writing, and that I have put forward the living voice as the grand instrument in the early acquisition of languages. This I believe to be an all-important point if the absolutely best method of inculcating the form of foreign speech is to be adopted. But as above observed, our modern teachers, especially the classical masters, bring books into play as an instrument of scholastic indoctrination on a large scale from the very first; and, though their method is certainly not according to nature, many things force us to humour them a little, and to use reading and writing, and such paper adjuncts of the natural method from the very first. Neither have I any very strong objection in the present state at least of our scholastic appliances, to doing so, provided always that reading and writing be not accepted as substitutes for, but only as helps or aids to, hearing and speaking. By all means, therefore, as soon as the young student of English, in a Highland school, has learned with a clear and distinct utterance to look the sun in the face and say SUN, let him read that word in a printed book, and prove how each visible symbol on the dead page corresponds to each audible symbol in the living ear. Let him also, as soon as he can read such short English sentences as, *I see the sun, the sun is bright*, and so forth, be called upon to say the same thing in his native Gaelic, and at next lesson to reverse the process, by turning his Gaelic back into English. This is Roger Ascham's famous method of double translation, which he used in teaching Queen Elizabeth, and to the utility of which in forming a good classical style, many elegant scholars in Oxford and Cambridge can bear ample testimony. And of course the teaching may go on in this way, according to a graduated scale, where there is time, till the scholar has acquired the dexterity to turn whole English themes into idiomatic Gaelic, and from Gaelic back into idiomatic English. In this double exercise the student will soon find that he has a double advantage, for

while by the first exercise he acquires both facility, elegance, and correctness in the use of his mother tongue, in the second he is learning to disengage his English from that colouring of Celtic idiom which is so apt to cleave to it. All this is very good; too good a great deal, I much fear, for the habits of scholastic inculcation, and the capacity of schoolmasters, as they have hitherto existed in the Highlands. But at the same time I wish formally here to go back to the key-note with which I started. The habitual interposition of the mother-tongue, between the mind and the foreign language in the actual use of speech is to be avoided, and Ascham's method of translation and re-translation is, with all its excellence, to be regarded only as a step in the process, and more necessary for finished exactness than for rich fluency and ready dexterity. The ideal unquestionably of the process, is to think and speak in the foreign language directly without using the mother-tongue as a cumbrous stepping-stone; an ideal by our methods of proceeding from which the classical student now, as classics are mostly taught, is more likely to remain a stranger than the poor kilted laddie in a lone Highland glen. This laddie, however, whatever his direct fluency in English may be, must necessarily, lose a great amount both of English accuracy and of linguistic drill, if he has been kept systematically apart from the significant comparisons and suggestive contrasts which his native tongue affords.

So much for Gaelic as an aid to English. I now proceed to discuss what to me appears a no less important matter, the place and power of Gaelic for its own sake in the educational training of a young Highlander. Those who are in the habit of depreciating and pooh-poohing the literature of a language which they have never taken the trouble to study, will, I hope, bear in mind that we are dealing here, not with the value of Celtic literature to Englishmen or Lowlanders, who may take the trouble to acquire it as a foreign language, for this, to them, is a question simply of whether it may repay the great labour which the acquisition of any new language necessarily implies; but the question here is, whether persons who naturally speak the Gaelic language, and hear sermons every Sunday in that language, should be systematically kept apart from that sort of reading which is at once most natural, most easy, most interesting, and in many respects most profitable for them. The only possible reason I can imagine for such an unnatural procedure, is the supposed difficulty of reading the language of the Celts. But this, when looked at in the face, is simply a bug-bear of ignorant Lowlanders. Gaelic is not like Irish written in a strange character, the very sight of which, like old English black letter, is sufficient to raise molehills into mountains of difficulty with feeble and faint-hearted scholars; but it is written in the common English character; and not only so, but the rules which regulate the reading of English in many cases, regulate likewise the reading of Gaelic, so that the passage from the one language to the other is assisted by the presence of familiar analogies. I allude particularly to the silent letters which in both languages play a notable part. If *sigh* and *might*, and *thigh* and *plough*, show printed symbols to the eye in an English primer, which to the ear are utterly void of all significance, so *athar*, *gabhar*, *gabhail*, *gaoth*, in Gaelic, and many others. Few things can be

imagined easier than for a Highland boy who has already mastered the oddities of English spelling, to turn to his Gaelic Bible, and recognise in their written form the sounds with which he is already quite familiar in daily speech. Observe, we do not say that it is always easy for a Highland boy to spell a Highland word any more than an English one.* I do not see, indeed, any necessity why he should be formally taught Gaelic spelling at all—this might take up too much time. I only say, that when once he can read English, nothing can be more easy than to make out the words in his Gaelic Bible, by the simple expedient of omitting the silent letters. And if he can once read his own language, it is impossible to imagine any reason why he should not be allowed to read the literature that belongs to it, which, if not equally excellent in some respects, is much better suited to the capacity of a Highland laddie than the stately march of Milton, or the elaborate simplicity of Tennyson. I am no great admirer of Ossian, and for my own private taste would not think of comparing him to Milton—no, not for a moment; but when I consider the natural associations of a Highland boy, and his position among bens and glens, and rushing rivers and floating mists, and when I take into account also the undoubted sublimity and pathos of not a few passages in the book of the blind old son of Fingal, together with the fine chivalrous sentiment that inspires its every page, then I can imagine nothing more fit for reading in Highland schools than some of the episodes in Ossian. If, again, we take any such collection of historical ballads and choice lyrical pieces as lie ready for use in Mackenzie's beauties of Gaelic poetry, he must be blind indeed who does not see that this is the very proper stuff on which the growing intellects of young Highlanders may most profitably feed. What Homer—or the materials rather of which Homer is made up were to the Greeks—that the rich pages of their luxuriant lyric poetry are to the Gaels. Whatever else may be omitted in the scanty intellectual equipment of the poor Highlander, these should be present not simply an account of the noble sentiment, pathetic narrative, and pictorial description which they contain, but also, and not less on account of the singularly beautiful and thrilling music with which they are accompanied. Then as to prose reading, we have in the first place the Gaelic Bible, which, in not a few places is admittedly superior to the English, and to a young Highlander is certainly more expressive and more significant. And again, we have the *Teachdair* of Dr. Norman Macleod, father of the late Norman—a book throughout, both in its comic and serious sections, stuffed with all that is best to interest the imagination of the young Highlander, to brace his nerves, to enlighten his intellect, and to elevate his character.

These last observations should seem enough, and more than enough, to have brought forward in proof of what ought to appear a self-evident proposition, that the mother tongue must always form an element, and not the least important element in any well-considered place of popular education. So evident is this indeed, in the general case, that special causes of weighty

* The saying of the late Professor Wilson's brother in reference to this matter, is well known. "*Gaelic is a language which few persons can read and nobody can spell.*" He might have said with equal truth in reference to John Bull's mother tongue, *English is a language which few persons can analyse and nobody can pronounce.*

influence must be sought for, in order to render intelligible the anomalous position of those who would exclude this so natural element from the early training of the young Highlander. These causes, so far as I have been able to hunt them out, seem to me to be the following:—

(1.) In some parts of the Highlands English holds such a firm position alongside of Gaelic, that the children there born may seem to have two mother-tongues. In this case, those who influence public opinion, that is generally the Saxon rather than Celtic stratum of the population, naturally prefer the culture of the language which is at once more useful in the race of life, and infinitely more rich in its literary resources, while the Gaelic is contemptuously thrown aside as an old rag not to be stored in the wardrobe of a person richly provided with stout broadcloth and purple robes.

(2.) In other parts of the Highlands, of which the above completely bilingual position cannot be predicated—where the children for the most part speak only Gaelic in the streets and at the fireside—the influential members of society who direct school boards, are either pure Lowlanders or Highlanders, so thoroughly Saxonised as to have no living appreciation of the value of a characteristically Highland training for Highlanders. These persons practically care not a straw if the variety of the British man called Highlander, were blotted out with a brush from the map of society; nay, go sometimes so far as to parade their imperious dictum that all the evils under which the Highlanders labour, or have laboured, are owing to “Gaelic and feudalism.” These men in fact would have the Highlanders treated in all respects exactly as the Poles are treated by the Russians. Their policy is violently to stamp out every thing peculiar, popular, and characteristic in the district which they control.

(3.) But not only have the great mass of the common people, by this social dominance of the Saxon element in the middle and upper classes, been cheated out of the intellectual nutriment best suited for them, but the lower classes themselves, subordinated, neglected, and ignored as they were in many cases, began to be incapable of any desire for or delight in genuine Highland culture. In fact, culture as the expression of that higher element in education which rises above the urgent necessity of the hour, was a thing of which they had ceased to dream. What they wanted was such a knowledge of the English language as along with the beggarly elements of “reading, writing, and arithmetic,” would enable them to earn their bread and push their fortunes outside the Highlands, since nobody seemed to care for them particularly inside. Sunk down to this lowest level of the basest educational necessities and the vulgarest utilitarianism, it is no wonder that they ceased to offer any resistance to the pet notion of their Saxon superiors, to stamp out the Gaelic; and thus a generation of Highland lads and lasses grew up, who, though they preferred to hear a Highland sermon when they could get one, had not the most remote idea of looking into their own Gaelic Bibles, or singing their own Highland songs. By a combination of unhappy influences, the Highlander had been enfeebled and emasculated, and grew up incapable of even a desire for the food which was best calculated to make him a man.

(4.) The habitual ignoring of the Gaelic tongue by the upper classes, had brought matters to such a pass, that very few teachers could be found who, possessing the other qualifications, were at the same time accomplished in the use of the mother-tongue. The consequence was, that purely English teachers were planted in Highland districts, who, if there is any truth in this paper, could not be expected to teach in the best possible way, but rather in the worst. To bring these evils to a culmination, came the New Education Act, the proclamation of Anglified codes, and the appointment of inspectors in Highland districts ignorant of the Highland tongue. Under this system, based on the ignorance and prejudice of the middle classes of the Lowlands and not on the intellectual wants of the Highlanders, the schoolmasters were actually bribed not to use the best engine of intellectual training in their hand, viz., the native language and literature of the people whom they educate; and in Gaelic schools, of a strictly Protestant country, it became the fashion and the law that Gaelic Bibles should not be read. How far there may yet be vitality enough in the people to assert their own best interests, and claim their own natural rights in this matter, it is not for me to say. One thing only I know, that it is always easier to go on in the groove of a bungling old routine in such matters, than to adopt the right course; and if the right course is to be adopted, it will require an amount of intelligence, decision, and unity of purpose in the Highlanders, of which it were an innocent delusion, I fear, to presume that they are everywhere or even generally possessed.

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GU MA SLAN A CHI MI.*

TRANSLATION.

FULL happy may I see thee
 My faithful auburn maid !
 Thou fair of flowing tresses
 In ready smiles arrayed.
 My soul when it is weary
 Is soothed by thy sweet voice ;
 When to thy strain I listen
 Thou makest my heart rejoice.

This night to me how dreary
 Upon the ocean high !
 My slumber is full cheerless—
 For thee afar I sigh.
 My thoughts are often with thee ;
 Apart from thee I pine ;
 Unless thou still wilt love me
 My days will fast decline.

Warm eyes are thine like berries
 'Neath lashes closely rare ;
 Those cheeks of thine like rowans
 'Neath brows so meekly fair.
 That I have loved thee fondly
 I never would conceal ;
 While ever since I left thee
 The days like years I feel.

They said, before we parted,
 I shunned my love to see,
 My kiss I had denied thee,
 And had forsaken thee.
 Let no such tale, dear, grieve thee
 Reject their speech with scorn—
 Thy breath to me smells sweeter
 Than dewy grass in morn.

H. SCORUS.

* For the Original, see the Gaelic Department of No. 14, April 1873.

A N G A I D H E A L.

“ *Mar ghabh soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeulà na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.* ”—OISEAN.

V. LEABH.] DARA MIOS A' GHEAMHRAIDH, 1876. [60 AIR.

LITREACHAS NAN GAIDHEAL.

IV. NA LAOIDHEAN.

Dughall Buchannan.

Ann an linn anns an do shaoithrich Dughall Buchannan, Mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair, Donnachadh Ban Mac-an-t-saoir, agus Rob Donn, bha luchd-aiteachaidh Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba air deireadh air luchd-aiteachaidh a' chorr de'n rioghachd ann am foghlum agus am fiosrachadh mar tha iad air an là diugh agus mar bhitheas iad a reir coslais anns gach linn ri teachd. Ach, cho fada agus is leir dhomh, cha robh na Gaidheil, ceud-gu-leth bliadhna roimhe so, cho fada air deireadh air na Goill anns na feartan so agus a tha iad a nis; agus tha aobhar againn a chreidsinn gu'm bi cothrom aig ar daoine, ceud-gu-leth bliadhna 'na dheigh so, air a bhi na's dluithe air an coimhearsnaich anns na cuisean so na tha againne an diugh. Ann an tìr leth-oireach, neo-thorach, mar tha Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba tha e soilleir gu'm bi cor an t-sluaigh air deireadh air cor luchd-aiteachaidh machraichean torach taobh deas na rioghachd. Agus cho fada agus a bhitheas foghlum an t-sluaigh ri fhaotainn, anns a chuid is mo, ann an sgoilean agus an leabhraichean bithidh cothrom a' Ghoill os cionn a' Ghaidheil ro mhòr. Tha cumhachd na sgoil agus an leabhair mor an diugh; bithidh iad gun teagamh na's mo fathast. Ach cha'n urrainnear

sgoilean maith a chur far an ruig gach balach 'us caileag anns a' Ghaidhealtachd orra; agus bithidh bochdainn an t-sluaigh 'nan aghaidh airson a bheag de leabhraichean a cheannach. Ach tha fiughair, mu'n tig ceann ceud-gu-leth bliadhna no ceann leth-cheud bliadhna gu'm bi modhteagaisg nan sgoilean air a chothromachadh ri feum an t-sluaigh air dhoigh agus gu'm faigh clann Ghaidhealach buannachd o'n sgoil nach 'eil comasach an diugh. Agus bithidh fiughair ann am beagan uine gu'm bi barrachd leabhraichean freagarrach airson teagasg Ghaidheal r'am faotainn na gheibhear a nis, agus bithidh fiughair gu'm fas a' chleachduin na's cumanta am measg ar sluaigh na tha i, a bhi cosd roinn d'an tuarasdal ri leabhraichean agus ri paipearan-naigheachd.

Ceud-gu-leth bliadhna roimhe so cha b'ann an sgoilean no a' leabhraichean a bha 'n sluaigh a' faotainn a' mhòr chuid d'an eolas, gu sonruichte anns a' Ghaidhealtachd. 'N ar latha-ne is duine aineolach duine gun sgoil; ach cha' robh a' chuis mar so o shean. Cha bhi an duine nach leugh 'na dhuine fiosrach gu brath tuilleadh; ach am measg ar n-aithrichean bha daoine gu tric ri fhaotainn nach b'urrainn leughadh no sgrìobhadh a' chuireadh ann an eolas agus an tuigse naire air moran d'an cloinn. Mar is mo a leigeas tu do thaice ri d' leabhar agus ri d' mhaighstir-sgoil airson d'eolais a mheudachadh agus

bnaidhean d' inntinn a ghiullachd, is ann is lugha a chuireas tu carbasa annad fein, ann ad luchd-eolais, agus anns an t-saoghal mu'n cuairt dhuit — meadhonan airson fìor-iunnsachaidh a tha ann an rathad na's feum-aile agus na's cumhachdaiche na na maighstirean-sgoil agus na leabhraichean is fearr. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach robh goinne nan cothroman a bha aig na seann daoine a' toirt air a' chuid a b'airde buaidhean 'n am measg buil a b'fhearr a dheanamh de na beagan cothroman a bha aca. Agus bha cothroman aig daoine o chionn ceud bliadhna anns a' Ghaidhealtachd nach 'eil againne an diugh.

Do dhuine aig a' bheil inntinn bheo cha 'n eil modh-iunnsachaidh is cumhachdaiche na bhi dol air thurus do dhuthchannaibh coimheach. Creididh mi gu bheil an diugh fichead Gaidheal a' dol air thurus do bhailtean mora na h-Alba na choinneamh an aon a rachadh air an turus cheudna ceud bliadhna roimhe so. Ach tha mi cho dearbhtha às gn'n robh, do dhuine geur, tuigseach, aon turus anns an àm ud cho buannachdail, airson cuid iunnsachaidh dheth, agus a tha fichead turus a nis. A dh'aon ni bheireadh aon turus anns an àm ud suas dlù air fhichead uiread de thim, agus a bheir e an diugh. Thigeadh ort a mhor chuid de'n t-slighe a choiseachd. Thigeadh ort feitheamh aig aisig. A dh'aindeoin meud do dheifir, cha bhitheadh do cheum ach mall. Dh' fhasadh tu eolach air an t-slighe gun taing dhuit. Agus bha cunnart an turuis mor gu leoir airson gu'm feumadh tu a bhi an comhuidh air d'fhàicill, deas gus an cunnart a choinneachadh. Ach cia mar tha chuis an diugh? Ann an là no dhà air a chuid is, mo bheir bata-nasmuid do'n bhaile mhor thu. Theid thu o cheann gu ceann no o thaobh

gu taobh de'n rioghachd leis a' charbad-iaruinn ann am beagan uairean de thim. Ged bhiodh toil agad dheth, cha 'n 'eil moran cothrom agad air d'inntinn a bheathachadh air an t-slighe. Agus saoilidh mi nach 'eil neach a chunnaic ar luchd-duthcha ann am bata-smuid no an carbad-iaruinn nach feum aideachadh gur ann air beathachadh na h-inntinn mar is trice a bu lugha a bha d'an aire. Theid gille òg do Ghlascho an diugh às a' chearn is iomall-aiche de'n Ghaidhealtachd cho luath agus cho saor agus air cho beag gnothuich agus a rachadh a sheanathair do'n bhaile-mhargaidh a b'fhaisge; agus bheir e, mar is trice, na's lugha de mhaith dhachaidh. Chi thu e gu tric a' cur seachad na tim air an t-slighe ag òl no 'n a chodal. Fhad agus a tha e anns a' bhaile-mhor tha a cheann ann an tuainealaich. Faic e leth-bhliadhna an deigh an turuis, agus nach eigin gu minic aideachadh ma ghleidh e air chuimhne dad de na dh'iunnsaich e, gur e eolas air an b'fhearr a bhi aineolach.

A ris cha 'n fhaod sinn a dhi-chuimhneachadh gu'n robh moran fiosrachaidh agus fìor-iunnsachaidh air a thoirt seachad o shean ann an rann agus an sgeul o bheul gu beul. Chaidh a' chleachduin so ann an tomhas mor a dhith; ach cha 'n eil mi meas gu'n d'fhainig, 'n ar measg-ne, cleachduin is fearr 'na h-aite. Their cuid gur e na sgoilean a chuir às do'n chleachduin so; their cuid gur e na ministearan a chuir às d'i. Creididh mi gu'n robh lamh aca le cheile anns a' chuis; agus gu'n robh aobhar no dhà eile ag oibreachadh a chum na crìch cheudna. Co-dhiu dh'fhalbh i; agus cha till i. Feudaidh e bhi gu'n robh moran de'n eolas a bha air a thoirt seachad air an doigh so air bheag feum. Feudaidh e bhi gu'n robh cuid dheth

cronail. Air bheag feum airson a bhi beathachadh agus a' combdach a' chuirp gun teagamh bha e; agus aidichear gu'n robh roinn dheth a dh'fhaodadh a bhi airson foghlum 'us iunnsachaidh, na b'fhearr na bha e. Ach cha'n i so a' cheist idir. Is i an fhior cheist, an d'thainig na b'fhearr an aite na cleachduin? Is e mo bheachd gur eigin aideachadh thar cheann nach d'thainig. Tha cor an t-sluaigh gun teagamh air iomadh doigh na's fearr. Tha biadh na's pailte; tha tighean na's blaithe; tha eudach na's riomhaiche; tha tuaireasdail na's airde; tha beatha 'us ni an t-sluaigh na's tearuinte. Is mor na beannachdan so; agus bu choir dhuinn a bhi na bu taingeile air an son na tha sinn air uairean deas gu bhi. Ach is e mo bheachd gu'm faigheamaid na beannachdan so ged nach rachadh a' chleachduin a tha mi ag iunndrain a dhith. Bha a' chleachduin sin a' beathachadh agus ag iunnsachadh na h-intinn ann an doigh ro shonruichte. Do'n roinn mhor de'n t-sluaigh cha d'thug na sgoilean fathast seachad am foghlum agus an t-iunnsachadh a bha iad a faotainn o'n chleachduin ud; agus their cuid nach mo a lion an eaglais an t-aite a dh'fhag dith na cleachduin falamh. Bha intinn bheo aig na seann daoine a gheibheadh tlachd ann an seanachas, an sgeul, agus an rann; a dh'eireadh os cionn nithean 'us cusean an tim's an là's an colla fein. Tha a leithid so de intinn ri fhaotainn 'n ar measg an diugh, taing do'n Fhreasdal; mur bitheadh bu truagh da rìreadh cor moran d'ar daoine. Ach tha e coltach gu'm faighteadh an tiodhlac luachmhor na bu trice o shean am measg an t-sluaigh na gheibhear an diugh i; agus ma tha so fìor, bha ar n-aithrichean 'nan daoine na b'fhoghlumte na tha an clann.

Bha aon chothrom eile a dh'ainmicheas mi aig na seann daoine nach 'eil againne a bha fìor chumbachdach airson iunnsachadh an t-sluaigh. Bha ceangal 'us eolas 'us baigh air a ghleidheadh suas eadar gach teaghlach 'us fine 'us inbhe nach faicear a nis. Cha'n 'eil teagamh's am bith nach b'e an cairdeas agus an comunn dlù so eadar dhaoine a bha cho dealaichte ann an inbhe, an beairteas, agus an foghlum a thug gluasad cho cuirteil agus cainnt cho modhail agus cho blasda do'n Ghaidheal a b'isle staid. Bu shochair mhor do'n t-sluaigh a bhi cho tric ann an cuideachd nan uaislean; agus cha bu mheasaide idir na uaislean, a bhi tric ann an cuideachd an t-sluaigh. Thainig atharrachadh a nis agus, anns a' chuis so co-dhiu, a chum na cuid is measa. Cha'n 'eil moran comuinn eadar am bochd agus am beairteach an diugh; agus creididh mi nach feairrde am bochd no an beairteach sin.

Bha mar so cothrom no dhà aig na seann daoine air a bhi na b'fhoghlumte; a reir tomhais an latha fein, na tha againne. Cha robh an cor air iomadh doigh ach truagh ann an coimeas r'ar cor-ne; ach bha cleachduin no dhà 'nam measg air am bu choir dhuinne greim a ghleidheadh agus an cuireamaid na b'fhearr 'n an aite.

Bha na cothroman a dh'ainmich mi aig ar n-aithrichean iomadh bliadhna mu'n do rugadh Mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair, agus is gann a chaidh iad gu leir a dhith 'nuair a chaochail Donnachadh Ban Mac-an-t-saoir; ach bha aon ni gu sonruichte ann an staid na Gaidhealtachd ri linn nan daoine so a b'aoibhar, ann an tomhas mor, a reir mo bheachd-sa, do'n dusgadh chaithreamach a rinn a' cheolraidh Ghaidhealach anns a cheathrar Bhard a dh'ainmich mi. B'e sin an ni ris

an abair sinn aobhar nan Stiubhartach. Bha baigh aig na Gaidheil do na Stiubhartaich mar am fuil fein. An uair a fhuair an seathamh Seumas seilbh air crùn Shasunn, rinn Albainn gu leir gairdeachas. Ach an uair a thoisich aimhreit eadar a cheud Tearlach agus iochd-arain, bha na Gaidheil gu son-ruichte air taobh an rìgh. Is ann le'n cuid arm, ged bu mhaith leinn a dhi-chuimhneachadh, a sharuich an dara Tearlach Eaglais na h-Alba. An uair a theich an seachdamh Seumas a Sasunn, is ann an Eirinn agus an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba a fhuair e cairdean. Chaidh a chairdean 'us aobhar an lughad agus an laigead. Bha cuid de na Cinn-chinnidh a bu chumbachdaiche anns an tìr 'n a aghaidh; ach bha sluagh na Gaidhealtachd thar cheann air a thaobh. An deigh a' bhais thug iad umhlachd d'a mhac, ged bha e 'n a fhogarrach ann an tìr chein; agus an uair a thainig Tearlach òg do'n rioghachd ann an 1745 a thoirt a mach crùn a shinnsearachd, dh'èirich a mhor chuid dhju leis. A reir coltais bha an sluagh gu leir deas gu eirigh leis na 'n eireadh na cinn-chinnidh. Mar bha cuisean lean moran e gun chead an cinn-chinnidh a ghabhail; agus an uair a bha e 'n a fhogarrach 'n am measg, le airgiod-cinn trom air, cha do bhrath caraid no namhaid e.

O'n a thoisich aimhreit eadar a cheud Tearlach agus a' Pharlamaid gu deigh blàr Chuil-fhòdair—os cionn ceud bliadhna de thim—bha cumhachd agus aite aig a' Ghaidhealtachd ann an riaghladh na rioghachd nach robh aice 'n a' dheigh sin, no, ma dh'fhaodte, ceud bliadhna roimhe sin. Tha e air aideachadh 'n ar measg-ne nach 'eil ni cho freagarrach airson tuigse agus cliù an t-sluaigh ardachadh ri guth a thoirt dhoibh ann an riaghladh na

rioghachd. An uair a tha 'n sluagh a' taghadh gu tuigseach ard-chomhairlichean na rioghachd, tha iad na's measaile 'n an suilean fein agus an suilean dhaoine eile. Ach rè nan ceud bliadhna a dh'ainmich mi bha na Gaidheil a' gabhail os laimh cha'n e bhi taghadh chomhairlichean ach a' taghadh rìghrean. Bha an Ceann-cinnidh a' creidsinn gu'n robh e ann an tomhas mòr 'n a chomas-san na Stiubhartaich a ghleidheadh air rìgh-chlathir Bhreatuinn. A thuilleadh air so bha moran de uaislean na Gaidhealtachd a' gleidheadh suas aig an am so comunn r'an cairdean an Sasunn agus anns an Fhraing. Bha mar so an solus a thoisich air soillseachadh ann an taobh-an-iar na h-Eorpa dà cheud bliadhna roimhe so a' faighinn do'n Ghaidhealtachd anns an am so air dhà no trì de bhealaich. Agus ma ghleidheas sinn air chumhne an ceangal dlù a bha eadar na uaislean agus an sluagh, tuingidh sinn an t-ardachadh inntinn agus am fìor eolas a bha aig a' Ghaidheal a' b'isile staid anns an am ud mu riaghladh na rioghachd. Is ann an uair a bha na Gaidheil a' faotainn an iunnsachaidh so ré dhà ghinealach a dh'èirich na Baird a dh'ainmich mi, agus gheibh sinn dearbhadh an iunnsachaidh 'n an saothair. Bha dhà dhiu 'n an daoine foghluinte—Mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair agus Dughall Buchannan. Ach bha dhà eile dhiu—Donnachadh Ban Mac an-t-Saoir agus Rob Donn—nach leughadh focal de chanain 's am bith. Cha dearbh an saothair gu'n robh an dithis so ann an tuigse, an eolas, agus ann an fìor iunnsachadh a bheag air deireadh air an dithis eile. Cha 'n 'eil mi meas, mur faigheadh anns a' Ghréig o shean iad, gu'n faigheadh ann an tìr eile sealgair agus buachaille, gun sgoil, cho fiosrach agus cho iunnsaichte ri Donnachadh Ban agus ri

Rob Donn. Agus cha'n 'eil mi smuaineachadh gu'm biodh e comasach gu'm faighteadh ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba iad ach mu'n àm anns an do shaothraich iad.

De'n cheathrar co is airidh, mar Bhard, air a' chliù is airde? A reir mo bheachd-sa, is e Dughall Buchannan is airidh air an urram so, an dà chuid airson na sgrìobh e agus airson na dh'fhag e gun sgrìobhadh. Tha fios agam gu bheil a mahor chuid de m' luchd-duthcha de atharrach barail. Agus tha mi faicinn gu bheil *Professor Blackie*, anns an leabhar urramach a chuir e mach o chionn ghoirid mu chanain agus mu litreachas nan Gaidheal Albannach, de atharrach barail. Tha *Professor Blackie* 'n a Bhard agus 'n a bhreitheamh air Bardachd. Dh'iunnsaich e ar canain agus leugh e ar litreachas air dhoigh agus nach 'eil, ma dh'fhaochte, an diugh Gaidheal ann an Albainn d'an tig e cho maith barail a theirt seachad mu luach saothrach nam Bard Gaidhealach. Cha bu mhaith leam a bhì 'g ardachadh cliù Dhughail Buchannan airson gur Bard Spioradail e. Ach cha mhe a bu mhaith leam a bhì 'g isleachadh a' chliù airson an aobhair cheudna. Tha mi a' lan-chreidsinn gur gann a b'urrainn Dughall Buchannan, ged dh'fheuchadh e ris, "Moladh Bheinn-dòrain" a dheanamh, no "Beannachadh Luinge" Mhic-Mhaighstir-Alastair, no eadhon "Marbhrann Eoghainn" no "Marbhrann do thriuir Sheann Fhleasgach" a sgrìobh Rob Donn. Ach tha mi cho dearbhta nach b'urrainn aon de'n triuir Bhard so "Latha Bhreathanais" no'n "Claiseann" no'n "Gaisgeach" no'n "Geamhradh" a dheanamh ged dh'fheuchadh isd ris.

A reir mo bheachd-sa tha Bardachd Dhughail Buchannan a' toirt

barr air gach Bardachd Ghaidhealach eile a tha againn—a mach, ma dh' fhaodte, o *Oisean Mhic-Mhuirich* agus o *Sheann Dàna Mhic-a-Ghobhainn*—anns na feartan a leanas, an measg fheartan eile a dh'fhaodte ainmeachadh:

1. *Tha i so-thuigsinn.* Cha'n fhiosrach mi Bard ainmeil Gaidhealach ach Dughall Buchannan is urrainn mi leughadh o cheann gu ceann agus smuain a' Bhard a thogail 's a leantainn anns gach sreath agus anns gach rann. Cha 'n 'eil mi meas gur ann agam fein a tha choire; oir tha canain moran de na Baird Ghaidhealach na's duthchasaiche dhomh na tha canain Dhughail Buchannan. Agus saoilidh mi gur cliù agus nach coire do Dhughall Buchannan gu bheil a' chuis mar so. Na 'm biodh a smuain iosal, faoin, lag cha bu chliù dha gu'n rachadh aige air a' cur gu soilleir ann an cainnt. Ach ann an coimeas r'ar Baird Ghaidhealach tha smuain Dhughail ard, domhain. Is cliù mhòr dha, ma ta, gu'm faic an leughadair an sealladh a bha fa chomhair an ughdair cho fad agus is urrainn do inntinn lag, chumhann an sealladh a bha fa chomhair inntinn laidir, fharsuing a chuirteachadh. Ach is gann is urrainn dhomh taobh-duilleig de Bardachd Mhic-an-t-saoir no Mhic-Mhaighstir-Alastair a leughadh agus a radh gu bheil brìgh thuigseach fa chomhair m' inntinn airson gach rann agus sreath. Gu minic faodaidh e bhì gu'n robh sealladh soilleir aig a' Bhard 'n a inntinn fein air an smuain a tha e feuchainn ri chur an cainnt; ach is e mo bheachd nach do shocraich e air uairean gu ro mhaith 'n a inntinn an ni a bu mhiann leis a radh, agus air uairean eile bhiodh a duilich leam a chreidsinn gu'n robh smuain idir aige fa chomhair na h-inntinn.

II. *Tha smuain a' Bhaird, mar is trice, ard; tha i an comhnuidh, tuigs-each.* Bhiodh e faoin a radh, agus cha bhiodh e fìor, gu bheil smuaintean Dhughaill Buchannain cho ard air uairean agus a tha iad air uairean eile. Cha do sgrìobh e ach beagan de rannan ann an coimeas ri moran d'ar Baird. Cha'n 'eil anns na "Laoidhean" ach gann mìle-gu-leth sreath; agus anns a bheagan so, gheibhear caochladh mor ann am fìor-chumhachd. A reir mo bharailsa, tha "Fulangas Chrìosd," "Morachd Dhe," agus "Urnuigh," ann an cumhachd Bardachd air deireadh air a chorr de na Laoidhean; agus tha "An Gaisgeach," "An Clai-geann," agus roinn mhòr de "Latha a' Bhreitheanais" air thoiseach. Feudaidh e bli nach 'eil Buchannan, an uair is airde e, dad air thoiseach air cuid d'ar Baird Ghaidhealach ma thig e nìos riu. Gheibhear aig Rob Donn smuain cho geur, agus aig Donnachadh Ban agus aig Mac-mhaighstir-Alastair cainnt cho mais-each, agus rann cho ceòlmhor 'us a gheibhear aig Dughall Buchannan an uair is fearr e. Ach tha Dughall coimhlionta seach na Baird so. Mur 'eil e 'g eirigh na's airde, cha 'n 'eil e tuiteam cho ìosal. Cha 'n 'eil mi an traths' ag ìomradh air na h-aoirean salach a rinn na Baird so; oir anns a' cheum sin cha 'n 'eil coimeas eadar iad fein agus Buchannan. Tha mi meas gu'n gabh e dearbhadh anns na h-oidhearpan a b'airde a thug iad, an uair a bha an rùn uile gu leir ìonmholt, gu'n deachaidh iad mar Bhaird clì. Tha sean-fhocal againn anns a' Ghaidhlig: "Cha teid thu air d'each mor gu'n dol thairis air." Tha mi de'n bheachd gu'n do leum Donnachadh Ban agus Mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair gu tric gun airde an eich a thomhas; agus an aite stad gu socrach air a dhruim gu'n do thuit iad anns a' chlàbar air an

taobh eile. Cha'n 'eil mi ro chinnt-each gu bheil Dughall Buchannan an comhnuidh saor o'n chron cheudna. Saoilidh mi gu'm faighear eisempleir air a' pheacadh so ann an "Latha a' Bhreitheanais" agus ma dh'fhaodte anns a' "Chlaidheann;" ach cha 'n 'eil peacadh Dhughaill an uair is truime e ach faoin ann an coimeas ri peacadh Mhic-Mhaighstir-Alastair ann am "Beannachadh Luinge" an uair a tha:

"An fhaighe uile is i 'na brochan
Strìoplach, ruaimleach
Le fuil 's le gaor nam biast lorcach
'S droch dhath ruadh orra" &c.

no ri peacadh Dhonnachaidh Bhain ann am "Beinn-Dorain" agus ann an ìomadh òran eile. Ann an tuigse, ann an ciall, agus gu h-àraid anns an nì sin ris an abrar anns a' Bheurla *tasté*, bha Buchannan ma dh'fhaodte, air uairean, an deigh laimh; ach cha robh na Baird a dh'ainmich mi r'an coimeas ris anns na feartan so.

III. *Tha co-chordadh dlìgheach air a ghleidheadh, mar is trice, cadar an smuain, a' chainnt, agus an rann.* Tha mi meas gu bheil Mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair, ann an roinn mhòr d'a Bhardachd, a toirt dearbhadh air neart ann an smuain agus an cainnt agus air ceol 'na rann is gann a gheibhear ann an saothair aon eile d'ar Baird Ghaidhealach. Agus saoilidh mi gu bheil e fìor nach robh aon d'ar Baird aig a' robh cumhachd Dhonnachaidh Bhain ann a bhli cùr cainnt fhuaimneach, bhlasda ann an roinn mhìlis, cheòlmhor a ghabhadh leughadh agus seinn gun stad gun mhearachd. Ach is eigin aid-eachadh ged dh'uisnich an dà Bhard ainmeil so gu tric an cumhachd uile gu leir air dhoigh ìonmholt, gu'n tug iad seachd air uairean eile ranntachd gun toinigs. mi-sheadh-ar,—ann an smuain, an cainnt agus an rann. Cha Bhardachd a

nach ruig inntinn an duine air an t-siorruidheachd a bhreithneachadh ann an cainnt shoilleir agus cho greadhnach agus a chuir Dughall Buchannan anns an rann so :

“Ged aireamhainn uile reulltan neimh,
Gach fear 'us duilleach riamh a dh' fhas,
Mar ris gach braon a ta 's a' chuan,
'S gach gaineamh chuirteachas an traigh;
'S ged chuirinn mile bliadhna seach,
As leth gach aon diu sud gu leir,
Cha d'imich seach de'n t-siorruidheachd
mhoir,

Ach mar gu'n toisichidh i 'n dè.”

Tha mi meas gu'n do-dhearbh Dughall Buchannan a chliu mar Bhard, agus gu sonruichte a thuigse, leis an rann agus leis na fuinn a thagh e airson a Laoidhean. Dh'ainmich mi cheana gun do rinn Donnachadh Ban mearachd an uair a chuir e *Cumha Choire-Cheathaich* ri fonn *Flowers of Edinburgh*. Gheibhear mearachd no dhà de'n t-seorsa cheudna 'n ar Bardachd. Ach tha Dughall Buchannan, mar bu choir dha, a' taghadh rann shocrach, throm airson “Mòrachd Dhe,” “Latha a' Bhreith-eanais,” agus “Urnuigh;” agus ag atharrachadh an fhuinn ann am “Fulangas Chrìosd,” “An Claig-eann,” agus “An Geamhradh.” Saoilidh mi 'n am biodh atharrach fonn aig a' “Bhruadar” agus aig a' “Ghaisgeach” gu'm b'fheairde an gnothuch e. Ach cha 'n e mbain gu bheil Buchanan a' cumadh fhuinn r'a steigh, saoilidh mi gu bheil air uairean fuaim na cainnt a freagradh do'n smuain. Gheibhear eisempleirean air a' bhuaidh so anns a' Bhardachd Ghreugaich agus Romanaich. Tha cuimhne agad air rann cheolmhor *Mhillton* an uair a tha e 'labhairt mu neamh, agus air sgread na cainnt a tha 'g innseadh mu ifrinn. Gheibh sinn ann an Oisein :

“Fhreagair an sonn mar thonn air carraig.”

Tha mi meas gu'n robh a' bhuaidh cheudna ann am beachd Dhughail

Buchannain an uair a sgrìobh e m'un Bhreitheamh :

"Mar thuil nan gleann tha fuaim a ghu' b," mu na seangain :

"A null 's a nall, gun fhois gun tach :

agus saoilidh mi gu bheil e 'g iathrie air séid na nathrach anns an roan so

"A nathraiche millteach 's oilteil
Cha bhinn leam ceol 'ur srannraib.
'S cha 'n eisd o'r teagadh ghobhlai
Le driuchd a' phuinnsein air a barr.

A reir mo bheachd-sa bhiodh cin Dhughail Buchannain mar Bhard na b'airde na tha i, agus bhiodh a chumbhachd a chum maith an a' Ghaidhealtachd na bu mho na tha e na'm biodh a theagasg ann na Laoidhean na b'fharsuinge, a na na'n seinneadh e Orain cho mar ri Laoidhean. Tha mi meas gu robh talann no dha aige a dh'fhoil aich e anns an talamh. Ach cha 'n ann mar so a thuig e fein a "theachdaireachd;" agus feudaidh e bhi gur e fein a thuig gu ceart i. Mar tha a chuis, tha mi smaineachadh gu'n do roghnaich mo luchd-duthcha gu ceart an uair a chuir iad a "Laoidhean" air thoiseach air gach leabhar Gaidhlig a tha againn ach am Biobull 'n a aonar. O chionn ghoirid chuireadh sus ann an Raineach carragh eireachd mar chuimhneachan air an duine urramach, agus bha'n t-am dha. Ach is iad na "Laoidhean" an cuimhneachan is fearr agus is buaire. An uair a bhitheas a' chlach a crionadh gu luathre, tha na dochais gu'm bi na "Laoidhean" a toirt solais, misnich, 'us rabhail a' Ghaidheil mar thug iad cheana a dheidh agus cuig fichead bliadhna.

D. M'K.



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FREAGRAN DO LEISGEULABH AIRSON AN OIL.

1. Their cuid gun d' thug am Freasdal deoch laidir do dhaoine airson an leas, agus nach coir cùl a chuir rithe gu tur, ged a tha iomad neach 'g a h-òl thair cuimsè. Chan eil an leisgeul so fìor. Cha d' thug Freasdal alcohol do dhaoine airson biadh na deoch; ach thug e ciall duinn, chum gun seachnamaid gach nì cronail; agus chunnaig sinn a cheana gur ann diu sin alcohol gun teagamh. Tha clàchan feumail airson thaighibh a's rathuidibh mora, ach cha bhìadh iad; agus tha saile

math airson iomad nì, ach cha deoch e. Chruthaich Dia gach puinnsean air thalamh; ach chan eil aon diu freagarrach airson biadh na deoch.

A thaobh alcohol, chan 'eil boinne dkeò an nì fallain air bith; 's ann bho ghroide amhain a gheobhar e. Chan 'eil ann ach siucar grod. Scaryaidh an fhion-dheare, agus grodhidh an t-eorna, gun aon bhoinne alcohol a thighinn asda, mur buin daone riutha. Chan fhaighear fion goir as an deare, mur brughar gu meadhon i, agus mur cumar am fion muis car seal ann an aile nach 'eil aon chuid fuar na teth, cha ghoirtich e; agus cha ghabh uisge-beatha toirt a e rna, mur deanar braich dhe, agus mur cuirear beirm ris a bhrailis a thig aise. 'S ann bho innleachd dh'aine, agus chan ann bho 'n fhuasdal, a thainig alcohol.

Tha fear ag òl airson leighis, a reir a bharail. Ach tha e am mearachd. Ma tha feum air leigheas, 's e siucar fallain gu mor is fhearr na siucar grod. Cuiridh e sin teas air feadh a chuirp gu leir, am feadh 's nach 'eil e a drudhadh air an eanachlann no a losgadh, mar a nì alcohol. Osbarr tha e mòran nì 's saoire agus nì 's taitniche. Tha sin eile, mar an ceudna, a sgaoileas tea feadh na crè, gun a bhì cronail, agus 's e sin sallann. Ma tha t' fhuil am feum blàthachadh, feuch ri beagan sgadain, no feoil air a deagh shailleadh. Agus mur leoir sin, gabh ìm saille leotha, agus mo ghealladhsa dhut gun cuir iad sin teas gu leoir a' t' fhuil, mur deach i thair leigheas. Tha saille no reamhrachd air bith a cur teas caoin agus buan air feadh na fala; agus ma chuirear sallann rithe, foghnaidh sin.*

* Bha creideas mòr aig na Seann Ghaidhil an cè 's an Ìm, mar leigheas; agus bho sin thainig na sean-fhacail:
" Uraireachd na bò, amach 's a staigh,

Tha cuid de lighichibh a comhairleachadh dibhe air uairibh, mar a tha iad fhein cuideachd ag òl: ael 's e cron is trice a tha tighinn as agus, mar a chithear iomad uair, 's e 'n leigheas is miosa na 'n galar. Tha na h-uaislain ag ionnsachadh an òil, agus na lighichean 'g a marbhadh fhein leis an dibhe. Tha moran lighichean a nise air faighinn amach gun gabh gach tinneas leigheas ni 's fhearr gun an t-òil na leis; agus tha fios aig iomad neach gun d' fhalbh an galarsa nuair a leig iad diu an deoch a bha iad a gabhail airson leighis. Agus tha cumntas againn air moran a ghiorraich an saoghal le bhì 'g òl mar leigheas.

Cha bu chòir do dhuine a bhì deanamh sin a cheann gum bheil e fhein am barail gur fheaird e deoch. Oir bheir neach a tha deigheil oirre a chreidsin air fhein ro ealamh, gum bheil i feumail dha, nuair, math a dh' fhaoidte, tha i 'g a thoirt sìos thun na h' uaigne. Nuair a leigheas am pòiteir dheth an t-òil, tha e deas air a bhì crosda, anfhulangach car seal, mar a thachaireas leis gach droch cleachda eile; ach ma sheachnas e an deoch gu tur, falbhaidh sin an uiné ghearr; agus fasaidh a mhothachadh ni 's geirè agus fhàir-eachdainn ni 's taitniche na bhà iad a roimhe, mar a dh' aithnich milltean gu 'n leas.

Tha e corr uair a tachairt gum bheil duine a bàsachadh, an deigh' an deoch a leigeil dheth; agus uimè sin their cuid gum bheil so cunnartach: ach 's ann a tha 'n cunnart anns an deoch a leantunn, gus am bheil i a losgadh agus a grodadh duine, air dhoigh 's nach 'eil dòl as

mur leighis sin an Gaidheal, chan 'eil a leigheas ann; agus, "Leigheas air gach tinn, creamh a's im a chéitein." Dh' fheud-amaid iad sin a leudachadh 's a' cheartachadh mar so: "Bheir siàcar, sallann agus sult fìor bhlas do fhuil gach neach."

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a machair. Mar sin tha cuid-eachd nach òil ni 's suilbhearra agus ni 's beusaiche na iadsa a dh' bileas. Agus de gach sluagh air thalamh, gu cinnteach, 's iad na Gaidheil a bhiodh cridheil: chan iadsa a dh' fheumas deoch g' am brosnachadh gu bhì suilbhear.

Tha cuid a blas dibhe air uairibh, agus 'g a tairgeadh do dhaoin' eile, chum nach bì sluagh a fanoid orra, agus ag radh gum bheil iad spiocach. Ach mar a their an seanfhacal Sasunnach, "Gaireadh iadsa a choisneas." Chan 'eil aobhar fanoid aig daoine nuair a tha cuid de 'n teachlaichibh fhèin a dol a dhith leis an òil, mar a tha gu tric a tachairt. Is amaideach

suim air bith a ghabhail de thagradh dhaoine a tha fìor aineolach mu 'n chuis : agus 's iad sin amhain a choiricheadh neach nach òil 's nach tairg. Oir tha beagan a deanamh cron, air doigh no dha, agus 's e sin a tha treoireachadh dhaoine gu mòran.

Ma tha duine cairdeil filalaidh an cuisibh eile, agus deas gu gnothach math a dheanamh d' a choimhearsnach, nuair tha sin 'n a chomas, chithear gu soilleir nach spicair e, agus gur e cairid a' 's fhearr na 'm fear a choiticheas deoch orra. Ma sheasas esa gu daingionn ris a chòir agus a dhleasnas, 's ann orrasa a gheobh coirè dha a bhios naire air a cheann thall.

4. Their corr fhearr nach b' urrainn dàsa tighinn beo air a cheaird, mur oileadh e boinne. Math a dh' fhaoidte gur ann mar sin tha chuis, a thaobh ghrùdairean, a's osdairean. Ach ma 's ann, bu chòir dhaibh an ceaird no 'n doighean a mhùthadh. Tha mallachd Dhé an cois nan daoine a tha deanamh 's a reiceadh dibhe. Tha cuideigin de 'n teaghlachibh a dol a dhìth leis a mhilleir; agus ma ni iad airgid, cha soirbhich leis. "Chan 'eil tairbhe ann an ionmhasaibh aingidheachd."* A thaobh an airgid a tha iad a pàidheadh do ionmhas na rioghachd, tha daor cheannach air. Tha corr a's coig ceud mìle misgear 's na trì rioghachdaibh; agus tha bàs aithgear a tighinn air corr a's coig mìle fichead dhiu gach bliana. Cia lion teaghlach a tha iad sin a cumail an bochdainn 's an truaighe? Agus ma tha firinn 's a Bhiobull, 's e piantan gun chrìch a tha feitheamh orra fhein gu léir. Tha 'n t-òil a toirt moran tuille call air an rioghachd air iomad doigh; agus nan sguireadh e, bhithedh coisneadh ni

b' fhearr aig luchd-oibre a's firceairde; agus bhiodh saobhbheas na tire gu mor air a mheudachadh, am feadh 's a bhiodh a costus air a laodachadh. Osbarr thigeadh gach òsdair air am bheil 'feum beo gu math air a bhi cumail fardaich, biadh a's deoch ri 'n aoidhibh, gu'n luaidh air alcohol, mar tha moran diu a deanamh.

Ma tha duine deanadach, modhail, agus gun toir e freagra sìobhailt, nuair a choitichear deoch air, coisuidh e, an aite call oir earbar gnothach ris, a raoghainn air fear na dileig. A thaobh a bhi mealladh dhaoine le dibhe am barganaibh 's aig rubainnibh, chan 'eil ann ach smior na slaidearachd.

5. Tha cuid ag òil o bhròn a's briste-cri dhe. Ach 's gearr 's is truagh an comhfhurtachd a gheobhar bho alcohol, agus is ro' dhaor a phaidhear air a shon. Chan 'eil an leigheas ach a deanamh na cuis ni 's miosa; oir tha an corp 's an inntinn arach air an ciurradh 's am feargnachadh; agus tha duine ni 's neò-fhoisniche na bha e an toiseach. Deanadh daoine fo bhròn a's iomaguin mar a tha an Slanuirgear ag iarraidh orra, agus gheobh iad fìor choimhfhurtachd buan. "Thigibh a' m' ionnsuidhse," tha e ag radh, "sibhse uile a ta ri saothair agus fo throm eallaich, agus bheir mise, suaimhneas dhuibh. Gabhaibh mo chuing oirbh, agus fòghlumaibh uam; oir ata mise macanta agus iriosol an cridhe; agus gheobh sibh fois do bhur n-anamaibh. Oir ata mo chuingse so-ìomchar, agus ata mo eallach eutrom."*

Ceadaich, a leughadair, facal 's an dealachadh. Ma tha thu seachnadh an òil gn tur, lean ri d' chleachda, agus na gabh ort eaint na doighean luchd an òil. Ma

* *Gnath-fhocail*, Caib. x., v. 2:* *Mata*, Caib. xi., v. 28-30.

ghabhas, bithidh aobhar aithreachuis agad. Ma tha thu ag òl beagan, uair air 'n uair, leig dhiot e; 's ann bho sin a tha misg an t-saoghail ag èiridh. Is tric a tha aithrichean a's maithrichean a caoidh gu goirt airson pòit a dh' ionnsaich an clann aig am bòrd fhein. Thoir aire nach dit do chogais thu, ma thig aon de d' chloinn gu bhì trom air an dibhe. Tha gach neach a dh' òileas ciontach aun a bhì cumail suas air droch cleachda o 'm bheil an call uile a sruthadh. Ciamar theid a mhisg a chaoidh air chùl, fhad 's a bhios daoine ag òl deoch a mhisgeir? Ma tha e furasd dhut deoch a sheachnadh, 's ann is mugha do chiont mur dean thu sin; agus cha ghabh ain-eolas do leisgeul. Ach chan aithne dhut neart an t-srutha, fhad 's a thu dol leis: ni mugha 's aithne dhut cumhachd dibhe gus an leig thu dhiot i gu tur. Ma tha e duilich dhut sgur dhi, tha thu cheana deigheil oirre; agus gu cinnte 's mithich cùl a chur rithe, mus an dean i traill dhiot, agus am bi thu air do ribeadh, gun dochas fuasglaidh. 'S gann gun cualas riamh guth air duine a lean air beagan, an deigh dha fàs titheach air dibhe. Is tric a tha 'n deoch 'n a ceap-tuisleadh do dhaoine a tha 'g aid-eachadh a bhì 'n an cloinn do Dhia; agus tha ministeirean am measg nan anacréideach ag radh nach eil ni eile a 's mugha a tha cur bacadh air an saothair.

Mar is mugha a smuainicheas sinn air a chuis, 's ann is soilleire a chi sinn gur e ar dleasnas an deoch a leigeil dhinn gu leir, agus ar dich-ioll a dheanamh air daoine eile a thoirt gu seachnadh a chaoi. Ann an dóchas nach bi mo shaothair airson do leas diomhain, guidheam slan leat.

P. MACGRIOGAIR.

AM MUILEANN SABHAIDH.

GUR mì a tha 'n tras' fo mhulad,
'S mi air thuireadan bho chràdh-lot;
Fhuair mi mo làmh air a dochunn
'S na lotan 's na tosgan granna.
N'am bu bhàrd mi dheanainn oran—
Cha bhiodh doigh air fuireach sàmhach;
Ged chuirteadh mi dh'Inbhiraora,
Dheanainn aoir do'n Mhuileann-Shàbhaidh.

Chàininn a' chuibhle 's an acfhuinn;
'S gach treallaich a bhuineas dha sud;
Chaochail a' cheud fhéar a dhealbh iad,
B'fhearr dhomh marbh e na bhì làthair,
Mu'n do thùr e 'n innleachd oillteil,
Ts sàmhl' e air an Lebhiatan
'N uair a theannas e ri nuallraich,
Ni e fuaim co cruaidh ri dragon.

'Nuair a thèid maide air a 'bhéul'aobh,
'S a thèid 'fliaclan an sàs ann,
'Bithidh mise le geinnean cruaidhe,
Gam bualadh ri cùl a' chàirein.
Bithidh fear eile 'ga shìr phutadh,
'S cha'n fhuasda fuireach làmh ris.
'Sann 'bhitheas e sgiamhail mar uircean,
Anns am biodh iad a' cur fàinne.

Theab an là bhì brònach dhòmhsa
A dhol a'n còir an t-sàbhaidh,
Dh' fhaodainn a bhì 'm eirbeallach ri m'
bhed,
Mur bitheadh fìor thròcair co làidir;
Cha robh coire aig duine beò ris
Ged a chailinn an dòrn bho'n ghàirdean.
Chaoidh cha toir mi beum do'n mhùilleir,
'S ann ro chaoimhneil rium 'bha e.

Dh'fhalbh e 'na ruith thun an tìghe,
'Sann ro chabhagach a bha e.
Theisich e ri glaothaich bhròidean,
'S gu'n clàinnt' e'g éigheach mu'n d'ràinig.
Fhuair e léine chaol de'n anart
Gu 'cur tarsuinn air mo làimh-sa.
Cha robh e fada 'ga stroiceadh;
'S cha bhed a b'urraim a càireamh.

Tharraing sinn a' sin le chéile,
A dh' iarraidh léigh airson na laimhe
'S ghabh sinn an t-aiseag gu Tomas,
Maighstir còir an tìgh-thàirne.
'Nuair a fhuair e fios air 'n aobhair
Ghlaoth e ris a' ghille-stàbuil.
Dh' òrduich e an stéud-each 'sa'n earbad,
'Bhì air falbh gu'n tuilleadh dàlach.

Dh' fhalbh sinn a' sin le cabhaig,
'S ràinig sinn balle na stàirne;
Gearrasdan dubh Inbhirlochaidh,
'N t-àite frògach, ùdlaidh, granna!

Marsantann 's an dorsan dhùite ;
Tighean 's an cùlthaobh ri sàile,
Gur beag a ghabh mi thlachd dheth,
'S bha mi gu grad air sòn 'fhàgail.

Cha d'fhuair sinn an t-Olladh aig baile ;
'S fhan sinn tacan mar a bha sinn ;
Cha robh e fada gu'n tighinn ;
'S fhuair sinn fios a dhòl 'na làthair.
Bu neo shùndach a bha mise,
'S mi gu'n fhios agam mar bha i.
Bha mo smuaintean-sa 'gam chlisgeadh,
'S bha mo mhiseach 'gam fhàgail.

'Nuair chaidh na cuibhrichean fhuasgladh,
'S ann ro dhuaichnidh a bha i ;
'S chàraich mi 'cheist ris an dochtair,
An coisneadh i 'n t-aran làitheil ?
'Nuair dh'innis an duine oèir dhomh
Gu'm bu dorn i a chinneadh làidir,
Bha mi toillichte dà rìreadh,
'S cha shòrainn air chinnt a phaidheadh.

Gum b'e sin an sàr dhuin' uasal,
Cha b'ann gruamach rium a bha e,
Ach caoimheil, iriosal, truacant',
Dh'fhidrinn e 'san uair air m'fhàillinn.
Mhothuich mi gu'n ghabh e truas rium,
'Nuair a dh'fhuasgail e'n làmh gheàrrta ;
Thum e ann an uisge fuar i,
'S rinn e fein, le shuairce a càireamh.

C'uin' an crìochnaichinn an duan so ?
Gun luaidh thoirt air ainm a' Ghaidheil.
Tha e Chloinn an t-Saoir o'n Chruachan,
Aonach uachdarach Earraghaidheil.
Bithean nach tais ri h-uchd tuasaid,
A choisneadh bùaidh anns na blàraibh,
Ged chàill iad an còir air Sléibhte,
Cha b'ann gun tréntas a bha iad.

'S ged a dh'eireadh dhomh 'bhi falamh,
'S gun dad 'bhi agam gu 'phaigheadh ;
Cha b'eagal domh comhl' rim' charaid,
'Se nach faiceadh ann an sàs mi.
'S iomadh èarlaig thig air duine,
Ged 'b urrainn, c'arson a dh'aicheadh ?
'S buidheach mi m'dheadh bhàthair-oéile,
Fhreasdail orm fein 'sa chàs ud.

Fhìr tha 'fuireach aig a' mhuileann,
'Sa tha daonna a'm bun an t-sàbhaidh,
Mo chomhairle dhuit mar charaid,
Thu bhi 'n earlas do làman ;
Seachainn air culag na bèist iad
'S ann aig tha déud a' mhic-lànhaich.
Cha d'fhàirich mi ni co géur ris,
Ach fuirich o fhìcaill tàilleir !*

LE ARDGHABHRACH A MHUINNTEIR
MHUILLE.

* Ghearr tàilleir, ann an caonnaig, ordag an ughdair gu dona.

SUIRIDHE A' MHADAIDH- RUAIDH,

NO

'S I 'N ONOIR A BHEIR BU Aidh.

SGEULACHD A REIR NOS NAN SEANN
SGEULHACHDAN GAIDHEALACH.

(Air a leantuinn.)

Bha peasan beag do choinean a stigh, a bha ro chuideil mòr as féin, agus thuirt an sionnach ris gu 'n robh an trusdar coin 'ga chàineadh 's a' fochaid air, 's gum bu chòir dha dol a's gabhail air. " 'Ne mise ? " thuirt an coinean, " mharbhadh e mi. " " Na biodh eagal air bith ort, " thuirt an sionnach, cha 'n eil ann ach an gealtair mòr, teichidh e air a' cheud ionnsuidh a bheir thu air, agus cuidichidh mi féin leat ma's éiginn. Abair thusa ris do choinneachadh sa' choillidh ud shuas fo cheann uair, 's gu 'n toir thu dhà e airson a dhroch theangaidh. Bidh mi féin dlùth do làimh, agus cha 'n fhaic mi beud ort. " Dh' fhalbh an garrach leibideach 's thug e dùlan, sùil mu'n t-sròin, do 'n chu. Ghabh an cù iognadh nach bu bheag, ach thuirt e o'n bha uiread fheum aig a' chreutair air modh a theagasg dha, gu 'n coinnicheadh e e mar a dh' iarr e, 's gu'n tugadh' e fàsgadh dhà a chuireadh beagan do'n chuidealas agus do 'n pheasanachd as a choluinn leibidich. Chaidh an cù thun an àite mar a gheall, ach 'nuair a chunnaic an coinean bochd nach d' thàinig an sionnach air aghaidh, ghrad dh' fhàilnich a chridhe, 's theich e stigh do tholl far nach ruigeadh e no gadhar air. Cha robh aig a' chù ach tilleadh air ais gu h-aimhealach, cianail, a' bòid-eachadh an tuille dioghaltas an aghaidh an t-sionnaich, oir thuig e gu math gum b' iad a chuireidean-san a bha air am feuchainn ris a rithist.

Cha luaithe bha an cù as an rathad na thog an sìonnach air a dh'fhaicinn na beithir sgiathaich. 'Nuair chaidh e stigh do 'n naimh bha leth-cheud do thòrran òir agus airgid air gach taobh, agus cha 'n fhac' e riabh a leithid. Chuir e mìle fàilte 's furan air a' bhan-oghre, a bha ann an àit iomallach do'n uaimh, far nach b' urrainn e faighinn dlùth dhi, agus mhol e i mar nach biodh a leithid air an t-saoghal. "O! nam b' urrainn duit m' fhuasgladh as an àite so, mo thoirt air falbh o'n bhodach m' athair a tha co dona dhomb, 's mi bhiodh ann ad chomain, 's bu leat mi féin 's na bheil an sin de stòras," thuirt ise. "'S mi bhiodh toileach, a ribhinn mo chridhe" thuirt an sìonnach, "ach ciamar is urrainn domh a dheanamh?" Cha 'n eil ach aon dòigh air, thuirt ise, 's e sin m' athair a chur 'na chadal tròm 's 'nuair bhios e 'na shuain, teich-eadh; 's cha 'n eil nà a chuireas 'na chadal ceart e ach eanaraich air a deanamh de fheòil cait òig reamhair—feuch thusa 'm faigh thu sin, agus leig a' chùis leamsa 'na dhéigh sin." "An dean cat an tìghe ud thall guothuch?" thuirt easan. "Cha 'n iarruinn na b' fhèarr" ars' ise. "Ro-mhath ma tà, mu fheasgar am màireach cuiridh mise d' ar n-ionnsuidh i, 's feuch an toir sibh làn meadair mhàith do 'n bhodach a bheir air srann a tharruing," ars' esan. "Na biodh cùram ort," ars' ise, "na fàilnich thusa air do thaobh féin." "An latha chì 's nach fhaic!" arsa 'n sìonnach, "slàn leibh a mhaighdeann àluinn! 's bliadhna leam gus am faic mi a rithist sibh."

Chaidh an cealgaire so do thigh a' chait ro-thoilichte le 'thapachd féin, 's a' smaoineachadh nach biodh sìonnach san dùthaich co beairteach ris féin, agus dh' innis e sglèò mòr

do 'n chat, ag ràdh nach robh nigh-ean idir aice, ach gu 'n robh i féin co chaoimhneil, fhialaidh shuairce; gu 'n robh i ri cuirm mhóir rìomhaich aighearaich ghreadhnaich, a thoirt seachad an ath-oidhche, 's gu 'n robh ise ri bhì air tùs agus air toiseach nan aoidhean. "An teid thu ann, a rùin?" ars' esan. "'S mì théid," thuirt ise, "'s cha 'n ann's mì féin g' a ràdhainn, cha 'n eil mi 'n dùil gum bi aona chàraid ann a's sgiolta, 's a's eireachdaeli na thu féin 's mì fhéin, a laoigh mo chridhe."

Thàinig am feasgar, bha 'n cat gun amharus air bith air na bha 'fèitheamh oirre; agus ged nach robh cogais an t-sionnaich ro shàmhach, cha do ghabh e a bheag air; bha e a' smaoineachadh gum b' fhiach beairteas nighean na beathrach-sgiathaich aon dad a b' urrainn da a dheanamh air a shon. Bha 'n dithis brath falbh cuideachd a dh' ionnsuidh na cuirme, na 'm b' fhior, ach 'nuair chunnaic an sìonnach an cù san t-sean àite, ghabh e a leisgeul, ag radhainn nach robh toil aige caonnag no aimhreit a dheanamh 'na làthair-se, ach ise dh' fhalbh air thoiseach 's ann an ùine ghoirid gu 'n tugadh esan a dheagh ghiullachd do 'n bhéisd chòin, 's an sin gu 'n leanadh e i. "Thoir an aire ort féin, a ghràidh," thuirt ise. "Och, na biodh cùram ort, fheudail 's a ghràidh," ars' esan, "cha 'n fhada sheasas e riumsa."

Dh' fhalbh an cat ma tà, ach an àite faiglinn a stigh do 'n uaimh air dorus ìosal, 's ann a bha i air a togail suas ann an croidhleig bhig gu uinneig a bha gu h-ard ann an aodann na craige—ach cha do chan i guth 'na aghaidh, agus ann an sin fàgaidh sinn i 'n dràs.

Bha sùil a' choin daonnan air an tìgh san robh a nàmhaid, agus 'dé chunnaic e aig an àm ach gu 'n d'fhàg an cat an dorus fosgailte 'na

déigh, agus ghrad-leum e a stigh, a' deanamh dheth gum biodh a nis aicheamhail aige a dh' aindeoin cò theireadh e—ach cha robh an sionnach co cearbach 's a shaoile. 'Nuair thuig e mar bha a' chùis thilg se e féin air a dhruim, stiorc e a chasan, thionndaidh e a shùilean, 's rinn e caoirean bochd, dìreach mar gum biodh e dol a thilgeadh na h-analach. “Och! och! a charaid,” thuirt esan ris a' chù, 's e 'g ospagaich mar gum bi h-uile té an té mu dheireadh, “tha do leòir aicheamhail agad a nis, tha mi 'g iarraidh mìle maith-eanais ort airson a h-uile droch chuir a rinn mi t'aghaidh—abair gu bheil thu a' toirt maith-eanais domh, 's bidh e 'na fhaochadh mòr do m' chogais mu'n toir mi suas an deò.”

Bha 'n cù coir diombach nì's leòir, ach cha chuireadh e fiacail air a nàmhaid bu mhiosa 's e 'na leithid de chàs, agus 's e thubhairt e, “Na cuireadh sin cùram ort, ach ciod is urrainn domh a dheanamh chum do leigheas? tha thu ann an iarguin mhòir.” “Och! tha mi 'gam losgadh leis a' phathadh,” ars' esan, “nam faigheadh tu balgam dìbhe dhomh, bhithinn a' d' chomain gu sìorruidh—O! 'dè so a dh'èirich dhomh? 'dè so? 'dè so? Tha toll beag—tha toll beag—ach cha 'n urrainn mi labhairt—tha toll beag thall san oisinn anns a' bheil uisge—cuir do spòg ann agus fliuch mo bhilean air a' chuid a's lugha.” Rinn an cù còir mar so, ach cha luaithe bha a spòg san toll na tharruing an sionnach sreang air an robh lùb-rùithe, anns an toll; cheangail e gu cruidh teann e mu tharuing a bha sa' bhalla, 's bha 'n cù an sàs ann an rib nach b' urrainn da fhuasgladh. “Beannachd leat!” arsa 'n sionnach, “cha bhi thu co ealamh air do chois a chur an toll an ath uair.”

An déigh do 'n t-sionnach feith-eamh gus an robh e 'smuaineachadh

gum biodh an cat air a deagh bhrucheadh, agus a bheithir-sgiathach 'na suain, chaidh e thun na h-uamha agus rinn e cagar fòil ris an nighin. “Thig a nios, a ruin” thuirt ise, “tha h-uile gnothuch ceart, agus bidh sinn sona ann an ùine ghoirid.” Leum an sionnach a stigh do 'n chroidhleig, tharruing ise 'n t-sreang—ach beagan mun d' ràinig e 'n uinneag, chuir i mach a spòg mhòr, agus an toiseach shliog i druim an t-sionnach, an sin shliog i 'earball, agus mun robh fhios aige ciod a theireadh e ris a' chnìodachadh so uile, thuit a' chroidhleag gu làr; ach ma thuit cha do thuit an sionnach—bha sreang gu cruidh, gramail teann mu 'earball, dìreach mar a chuir esan mu chois a' choin, agus e'n crochadh air aodann na craige, gun chomas dol as. Cha do thaitinn so ris gu ro mhaith, oir cha 'n eil na sionnach toigheach air bhi 'n crochadh le 'n cinn fòdhpà; ach 'se leòn uile e gu 'n d' thainig a' bheithir-sgiathach féin a mach, gu'n do chruinnich beathaichean a' bhaile uile mu 'thimchioll, agus gu 'n d' innis a' bheithir mhòr dhoibh mar thachair, agus an dòigh anns an d' thug i an car as an t-sionnach le 'chleasan féin; dh' innis i nach robh mac no nighean aice, 's gur h-ann oirre féin a bha 'n sionnach a' suiridhe airson an airgid. Dh' innis i mar a thairg e 'dheanamh mu 'n chat—“agus faicibh a nis e 'ait a' bheil e, an suiridhiche gasda le 'chleasan 's le 'chuilbheartan,” arsa 'bheithir-sgiathach, 's a cliathaichean air chrith le gàireachdaich.

Cha robh beathach air nach robh craos cam mu 'n mhada-ruadh, agus thug gach aon an greis féin air fochaid air.

Thainig an cù an déigh an t-sreang a bhristeadh, 's cha b'e a ghàire bu lugha no a dhiomoladh a b' isle. Mu dheireadh 's mo dhù nuair a

bha 'n sionnach air a léireadh 's air a leòn le 'n sgeigireachd, chuir e a chasan-deiridh am forcadh ris a' chraig;—thug e aon spaghadh garbh le 'uile neart, agus leum e gu làr ach cha do lean 'earball e; dh' fhan sin an crochadh ris a' chraig. Theich e co luath 's a bheireadh a chasan e—thàr e as a dh-ionnsuidh a' chùirn bu dlùithe.

A nis na'm biodh an t-earball na bu rìghne, bhiodh an sgeulachd so na b' fhaide, ach o nach robh, sguiridh sinn le beagan fhacall.

Ghabh a' bheithir-sgiathach chòir deagh chùram de'n chat, dh' innis i dha co fiachail, dh'ileas, fhirinneach 's a bha 'n cù. Bha 'n cat, mun do mhealladh i leis an t-sionnach, toil-each àir còmpanach onorach, 's cha b' fhada gus an d' rinn i féin 's an cù a' bhanais; agus b'i sin a' bhanais ghleadhrach aighearach. B'i bheithir-sgiathach féin a' mhaighdeann. 'Nuair a dh' òl iad deoch-slàinte bean-na-bainnse thuirt am fleasgach, "A chuideachd uile tha 'm làthair, seachnaibh goileamas na pioghaid, gu sònruichte sannt agus carachd an t-sionnaich; leanaibh firinn agus onoir, dlùseachd agus tréibhdhìreas, a chum gu 'n éirich gu math dhuibh.

"Eheir firinn agus onoir buaidh
Air cullbheartan a' mhadaidh-ruaidh."

Dh' fhalbh an t-àm san robh a leithid so de sgeulachdan cleachdta am measg nan Gàidheal, agus ged a dh' fhaodar cur-seachad ùine 's fèarr na iad fhaotainn, their sinn mu 'n déibhinn gu bheil iad a' teagasg fhirinnean feumail ann an cainnt shnasmhoir; agus gum bu bhrìghmhor math iad chum an oidhche gheamhraidh a chur thairis, seach na naigheachdan faoine, breugach, tuaileasach, mirunach, ris a' bheil ar luchd-dùthcha a nis gu minig' ag éisdeachd 'nuair tha iad air chéilidh. Tha na pioghaidean

a' fàs na's lionmhoire bho'n a sguir na sgeulachdan; tha iad anabharrach lionmhor air feadh na Gàidhealtachd—luchd-trusaidh agus luchd-sgaoilidh gach sgeòil fhaoin; ach nìtear am beatha le iomadh aon a tha fada 'n aghaidh seann sgeulachdan agus dàna na Gàidhealtachd, ach a tha anabharrach déigheil air sgainneal dùthcha.—*Cuairtear.*

SLOINNTEARACHD.

(*Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis.*)

Daibit mc Mailcoluim mc Sionnaig mc Singin mc Mailcolm mc Cineta mc Mailcolm mc Domnaill mc Consaitin mc Cineta mc Aidfin mc Domangart mc Domnaill brec mc Eachach buighe mc Aidan mc Gabhran mc Doman guirt mc Fergusa mc Eire mc Eachach muinreamhair mc Aengusa mc Feilime mc Seancormac mc Cruitenithe mc Finnfeiche mc Aicircirr mc Eachach an trid mc Fiadach mc Eathach riada .i. Cairpre ri fata mc Connaire caeimh mc Mogalama mc Luigeach allaig mc Cairpri mc Daire domnair mc Cairpri firmaora mc Conair moir mc Eirsgeoil mc Eogan mc Iair mc Aillil mc Deagadh mc Sin ic Rosin mc . . . ic Rothr mc Earmail mc Maine mc Fergusa mc Feradaigh mc Oihol arron mc Fiacha firmara mc Aongusa tuirgeach, &c.

* . . . ³mc Maelsnactan mc Luaigach laech mc Gillacomgain mc Maoilbrigde mc Ruaidri mc Domnaill mc Morgan mc Donail mc Catmaeil mc Ruadri mc Aircellach mc Fearchair fata mc Fearadaigh mc Fergusa mc Sneachtain mc Colman mc Buadan mc Eachach mc Maredaig mc Loairn moir mc Eire mc Eachach muinreamhair.

*Macbiad*⁴ mc Finnleic mc Ruaidri mc Domnaill mc Morgan.

Genelach mc Neachtain.—Muiris mc Maelcolm mc Muiris ic Maelcolm mc Gibuin mc Fearchair ic Gillacrist⁵ ic Donaill ic Neachtain ic Isog ic Gillamart ic Aengusa ic Imaired ic Neachtain oig ic Neachtain ic Neactain moir ic Donaill duin ic Fearchair fata ic Fearadaig ic Fergusa ic Neachtain ic Colman ic Buadan ic Eathach ic Muiredaig ic Loairn ic Eire ic Eoch. muinreamhair.

**Do genelach clann an Toisig anso i. Clann Gillacatan.*—Uilliam agus Donaill da mic Uilliam ic Fearchair ic Uilliam ic Gillamitil ic Fearchair ic Disiab ic Gillacrist ic Aigh cobtach ic Eogan ic . . . ic ic Niell Lochlan ic Suibne ic Disiab ic Leoid ic Tsead ic Fearchair ic Gillacrist ic Maelcolaim ic Donaill renabarta iu Caimgilla ic Muirba ic Suibne ic Tead ic Neachtain ic Gillacatan oful clann Gillacatan ic Gallbrait ic Diarmada renabarta an fear leigin ic Ere ic Dlait ic Fearchair fata ic Fearadaig. (*R' a leantainn.*)



SOP AS GACH SEID.

Tha aghaidhnean nan uile dhaoine fìor cìod sam bith mar a tha 'n làmhán.

Tha sinn gu tric a' dol o ghràdh gu gloirmhiann; ach 's ainneamh leinn tilleadh o ghloirmhiann gu gràdh.

Cha n' urrainn neach nach robh riann an cunnart a bhi cinnteach gu bheil misneach aige.

A' neach nach fhaigh tòileachadh ann fhéin cha ruig e leas a dhòl ga iarraidh an neach eile.

Ma gheibh thu fearann anns nach cinn luibh gheibh thu cridhe anns nach cinn mearachd.

Nuair tha sinn ag aideachadh lochdan beaga tha sinn a' cumail a mach' nach' eil feadhainn mhòra againn n' an aideachadh.

Nuair a tha na suilean beachdachadh air cusparaibh peacach tha iad a dh' easbhuidh gleididh Dhé.

Cha bu choir do dhuine gu bràth naire bhi air airson aideachadh gun deachaidh e mearachd. Tha 'n duine' dh' aidicheas a mhearachdan a' nochdadh gu bheil e 'n diugh ni's glìce na bha e 'n dé.

Tha eadarhealachadh mòr eadar cumhachd intinn agus beothalachd intinn, agus tha e ro fheumail an dealachadh so a chumail 's an t-sealladh. Is e cumhachd intinn an comas a th' againn air bhì 'smuaineachadh, air a bhi 'faireachduinn, air a bhi bèachdachadh, cìod' sam bith cho beag 's a dh' fheudas an comas sin a bhi. Is e gnìomh a bhi 'cur cumhachd ann an cleachdadh. Tha beothalachd a' eiallachadh an ealamhachd, beag no mòr 's mar dh' fheudas e bhi, leis am bheil an gnìomh air a dheanamh.

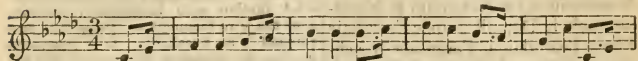
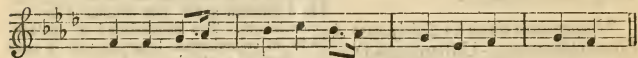
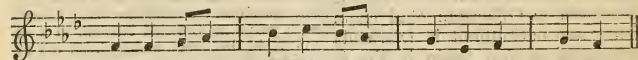
Is e soirbheachadh beannachd an t-Seann Tìomnaidh, 's e àmhghar beannachd an Tìomnaidh Nuaidh a tha giùlan a' bheannachaidh a's mò thugainn agus a' toirt dhuinn an taisbeanadh a's soilleire air deadh-ghean Dhé. Eadhon 's an t-Seann Tìomnadh mà dh' eisdeas sinn ri clàrsaich Dhaibhidh cluinnidh sinn an t-òran-bròin cho tric ris an òran-ghàirdeachais; sharthraich peann an Spioraid Naomh ni 's mò ann a bhi dealbhadh àmhghairean Iob na sonasan Sholaimh. Tha eagal agus anablas 'nan dlù chompanaich do shoirbheachadh; agus tha comhfhurtachd agus dòchas an còmhnuidh dlùth do amhghair.

Chuir bhaintighearn' usal a seirbhiseach Eireannach a dh' iarraidh trusgan uir sioda, a bha 'ga dheanamh air a son le banalàiche araidh. "A nis, Mhorgain," ars' a' bhantighearna ris, "gabh curam ro mhòr dhe'n trusgan, agus ma thig an t-uisge, feuch gu'n gabh thu carbad, oir b' fhearr leam gu mòr carbad a phaigheadh, na mo thrusgan a fhliuchadh. An uair a thainig Morgan, agus a shìn e an trusgan da Bhan-mhaighstir, bha e gu buileach gun fheum, agus ceart oo bog, fliuch 'sa dheanadh uisge e!" "Cìod so, a Mhorgain," a deir i ris ann an corruich, "cìod so, fhrì gun naire, mhill thu gu tur mo thrusgan maiseach, agus tha e gun fheum sam bith. Nach dubhairt mi riut, a bhi cinnteach, n'an sìleadh e, carbad a ghabhail?" "Agus nach inise a rinn sin, a bhaintighearn' usal; ach am bheil duil' agad gu'm biodh do sheirbhiseach-sa co' beag naire agus modh, 's gu'n suidheadh e ann an taobh stigh' a charbaid, an t-ait a ta air a shonrachadh air son nan uaislean? Cha deanainn idr e, ach shuidh mi air an taobh a-mach maille ris a' charbadair, agus Ochan! fhuair an trusgan agus mi fein ar teannshath dhe'n uisge."

NA'M FAIGHINN GILLE R'A CHEANNACH.

GLEUS A las.

Mall.

: M₁, s₁ | l₁ : l₁ : t₁, d | r : r : R., m | f : m : r., d | t₁ : m : M₁, s₁ |L₁ : l₁ : t₁, d | r : m : R., d | t₁ : s₁ : l₁ | t₁ : l₁ |: L₁, l₁ | l : l : s., f | m : r. d : R. m | s : l : s., m. d | r : m : M₁, s₁ |l₁ : l₁ : t₁, d | r : m : R. d | t₁ : s₁ : l₁ | t₁ : l₁ |

FONN—"Gaoil am Béutanach sùghor."

NA'M faighinn gille r'a cheannach
A bheireadh beannachd gu Màiri,
'S mo shoiridh le caoineas
A dh-fhios na maidhinn' a chràidh
mi!

Ged nach d' thug mi dhut faidhr-
ean,
Ann am foill dhut cha d' fhàs mi ;
'S mura math leam thu fallain,
Nara mheal mi mo shlàinte !

'S e d' fhurann a leòn mi,
A dh' fhàg am bròn so air m' aigne ;
A thromaich m' inntinn fo éislean ;
Cha dean mi éirigh le gradadh :
Tha mo chridhe neo-shunndach ;
Tha mi brùite fo m' aisnean ;
Aig a mheud 's 'thug' mi 'ghaol
dut,
'S nach faod sinn 'bhi tachairt.

Ged 'chum mi 'm falach an sgéula,
Tha mi 'n déigh, o cheann treis', ort,
Aig a mheud 's 'thug' mi 'ghaol dut,
Tha m' aodunn air preasadh ;
Dh' fhàs glaise na m' ghruidhean ;—
'S bochd a' bhuaidh th' air an t-seirc
sin

A chaochail mo shnuagh dhiom,
Mar dhuine truagh 'thig á teasaich !

Mura faigh mi do bhuanachd,
B' fhearr gu'm buailteadh mi thairis ;
Gu'n cuirteadh fo lic mi
Ann an ciste chaoil dhainginn !
Ma ni thu mo thréigsinn,
B' fhearr gu'n éugainn, 's nach mair-
inn !—

Aig a mheud 's thug mi 'spéis dhut
Cha bhi m' éibhneas air thalamh !

AILEIN DUGHALLACH.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

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LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.*

THE remarkable work recently published by Professor Blackie on the Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands ought to be judged, if judged at all, in the pages of the *Gael*, by rules different from those which a critic is bound to observe in ordinary cases. In the first place, the purpose of the book is an "attempt to break down the middle wall of partition which the author has found to exist fencing off the most cultivated minds in England and in the Lowlands of Scotland from the intellectual life and moral aspirations of the Scottish Highlanders." The contributors to this Magazine have given their labours from equally disinterested motives; and, in the English department especially, the aim has been to do something to secure the end for which the accomplished professor wrote the present volume. In the second place, Professor Blackie has been, and, we hope, will long continue to be, one of the most valued contributors to the *Gael*. Not only so, but a portion of the contents of the present work appeared from time to time in our pages, while the *Gael* has necessarily been noticed in a book, four-fifths of which is taken

up with the literature of the Scottish Highlands. So that in passing judgment upon the purpose of this work, we are in a measure passing judgment upon ourselves; for our purpose is in part the same. Again, if we attempt to decide how the learned author has executed his generous purpose, we shall be compelled to adopt a course which for many reasons ought to be avoided—viz., to sit in judgment upon the literary merits of a portion of the contents of our own pages, and upon one of our contributors, when, among other matters, he reviews our own labours. But whether regarded from the point of view of its subject or its authorship, the volume before us is so important, and gives such emphatic and eloquent utterance to one of the many phases in which Celtic scholarship presents itself in these days, as that our readers would justly consider that we adhered too strictly to the conventional rules of journalistic etiquette if a lengthened notice of the book did not appear in our columns.

The present volume contains the most complete and systematic account that has ever been given to the English reader of the Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands. It is true that within the last hundred years, and especially within the present century, a number of essays and lectures, together with a few more or less elaborate treatises, have appeared in English, a portion at least of the contents of which has been devoted to an exposition of the principles of Scottish

* The Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands. By JOHN STUART BLACKIE, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Edmonstone & Douglas. 1876.

Gaelic. It is also the case that, in addition to the many translations of Ossian's poems, and to the English version which accompanied Campbell's West Highland Tales, numerous specimens of Gaelic lyric poetry have been more or less successfully rendered into English, and published from time to time. But until now we have not had in one volume a scientific account of the language written by a philologist of eminence, and at the same time numerous selections, translated by a man singularly well qualified for the task, of the literature which constituted the intellectual *pabulum* of Scottish Highlanders during the last four or five hundred years, and the whole accompanied by a continuous narrative, partly biographical, partly critical, written with all the vigour and all the fervour of Professor Blackie's vigorous and fervid mind.

The title of the book indicates with sufficient clearness the contents of it. It is divided into five chapters, one of which deals with the language, the remaining four with the literature, of the Scottish Highlands. Taking the language of the Scottish Highlands as exhibited in published books from the Book of the Dean of Lismore downwards, and as pronounced by the living generation of Gaelic-speaking men and women, what evidence does it show to the philologist of its origin, history, and development? and again what are its capabilities and what its defects, "as an organ of intellectual expression, and as a means of producing an æsthetical effect"? We can only indicate in a general way the author's answer to these two questions. "The Gaelic [Celtic] language is one of the oldest and least mongrel types of the great Aryan family of speech, which has entered so largely into history as the

organ of the highest forms of human civilisation both in the east and west." The Celtic genius survives in France; and "in the great living machine which we call society in Scotland, it is the Saxon who supplies the iron and the wood—steam comes from the Celt." But "for the Celtic languages it is difficult even for the most sanguine to predict a brilliant future. . . . As master of his own peculiar type of Aryan speech, the Celt has maintained himself, in rather a sorry fashion, only in Ireland, the north-western half of Scotland, in Brittany, and in Wales; and the literature which he has handed down, whether in the Hibernian, the Gaelic, or the Cymric form, though naturally dear to those who speak it, and of no common significance in reference to the early history of the British Isles, with certain specific attractions also for the eye of the philologer, is neither of sufficient extent nor of intrinsic value enough to exert any sensible influence on the great tidal currents of European culture."

Before proceeding to compare Scottish Gaelic, taken for the time as representing the Celtic branch, with the other members of the Aryan family, it is necessary to distinguish between the language proper and the additions made to it from external sources. Our author finds that within historic times Scottish Gaelic has been to a considerable extent modified and corrupted by three separate influences—the Latin, the Norse, and the English. The political influence of the Romans over the Gaelic-speaking population of North Britain was scarcely ever perceptible. But the intellectual influence exercised, after the decline of the Roman power, from Rome through the Church was very great. Accordingly the loan-words, as they

are called, from Latin to Gaelic are mainly ecclesiastical, with a few military terms. Professor Blackie gives a list of fifty-eight Latin loan-words. The list might no doubt be increased. But the author adds truly: "On some of these words, as *luireach* for instance, a doubt might be raised whether it did not rather form part of the original stock of both languages; but with regard to the great body of them, no person accustomed to deal with such questions can for a moment doubt." The Norse influence on our language, like the manifestation of the Scandinavian power in Scotland, is different from the Latin. The Norsemen were sailors; and they held possession of the north-western seaboard of Scotland and of the Isles with little interruption for four hundred years. Their influence survives in the topography of that part of the country, and in a large number of the nautical terms used in Gaelic to the present day. The English influence on the language is different from the other two. It has been undoubtedly great, although we believe that Professor Blackie has overstated the extent of it, and it is destined to become all-powerful in the future; but, hitherto, in our written literature and topography, strange to say, it has scarcely been more perceptible than the Latin and Scandinavian. The cause is not far to seek. The Saxon did not conquer the Gael intellectually as the Irish ecclesiastics with their Latin literature did; nor did he politically subdue and colonise the purely Gaelic area as the Norseman did. The Saxon was content to obtain a permanent footing on the richer portions of Scottish soil. Through time he impressed his own language and institutions on these richer portions, and gradually extended his influence until his language

and institutions became the ruling language and institutions of the land. He allowed the Gael undisturbed possession of his hills, his speech, and his peculiar mode of government, as long as the latter was content with these. But the Gael seldom remained "very long a peaceable neighbour; and from time to time as he felt himself able for the task, the Saxon used sterner measures than the slow and subtle influences of social and political ascendancy to introduce his own speech and mode of civilisation into the North. This peculiarity of the Saxon rule, combined with the inherent conservatism of the Celt, will alone explain the otherwise inexplicable fact that Gaelic has existed in the Highlands of Scotland, though unacknowledged in the government of the country, for nearly a thousand years; and has not only retired before the dominant tongue with almost imperceptible steps, but has scarcely been more sensibly influenced by the English language than by either Latin or Scandinavian.

But when peoples meet and when languages meet, the influence exerted is not all on one side. It would be interesting to trace the influence, if any, which Gaelic exerted on Latin, on Norse, and on English. Within historic times, the addition to the Latin vocabulary from Celtic sources is perceptible though slight—from Scottish Gaelic there has been no addition. In pre-historic times, however, there is reason to believe that the influence has been great. The extent of the Celtic element in Latin has not yet perhaps been fully determined. Professor Blackie has clearly shown that, quite apart from the loan-words, Gaelic is far more nearly related to Latin than it is to any other member of the Aryan family. May

the kinship not be accounted for, if it can be proved, as Professor Newman and others have already almost proved, that of the various tribes which composed the Roman race and the Latin tongue, one or more spoke a Celtic dialect? The influence of Gaelic upon Norse has not, so far as we are aware, been traced. It could not have been great. An Irish colony emigrated to Iceland, and their influence on the topography and literature of that country is still traceable. But although many Scandinavian searovers who would have learned Scottish Gaelic returned to their own country, and perhaps added a few Gaelic words to the language, the number of such words could not have been large, for this reason among others, that these men were sailors, and that Scottish Gaelic was, and is, peculiarly weak in nautical terms. The influence of Gaelic upon the English language is, on the other hand, patent to the most cursory observer. The number of Gaelic words that have been adopted into English since the beginning of the present century would astonish the ordinary reader. It is not necessary to accept all the conclusions of some writers in order to show that the number of words introduced hundreds of years ago was very great indeed. It may seem a startling statement, but we would be surprised to find that a much greater number of English words could be found in a page of Gaelic prose or poetry, than of Gaelic words in a corresponding page of English prose or poetry. It is no doubt true that if our written literature was more varied in its character than it is, this would probably not have been the case; and we do not at all claim it as a merit that our Gaelic authors have borrowed so sparingly

from English. If we had more Gaelic prose than we have, our writers would be compelled to borrow English words and phrases oftener than they did. But our best writers, prose and verse, were rigid purists in their diction and idiom. Our forefathers made no scruple of "conveying" the cattle of the Saxon to the hills; but they religiously respected his language. In the matter of vocabularies, as indeed in most other matters, the Saxon is the cateran of the world. This ultra-purism, and especially the extreme jealousy of English influence, injuriously affected the little literature we have, and injuriously affects it still. Woe to the Gaelic writer who attempts to borrow a word, a phrase, or an idiom from any language, especially from English. His ideas may be worth listening to or they may not; but they will not be listened to, unless presented in tartan of the genuine pattern. We have often thought that the Celt suffered in the race of nations by not being content occasionally to accept a secondary place. First or nowhere is his motto. An excellent motto when translated "do or die." A mischievous motto if translated as the Celt has sometimes translated it, "rather than risk losing the first place I prefer not to enter the lists." This spirit is nowhere more manifest than in the history of Gaelic literature. Jealousy of external influence has not only shut out from our literature many great and much-needed truths, but it impoverished the language. Words disappear from the most carefully cherished vocabulary. If there are no additions, the vocabularies, especially the root-words, decrease in time. It happened so in Gaelic. Few dictionaries present the same disproportion between derivative and root-words as the Gaelic dictionary. The same

spirit has worked perhaps more mischievously in another way. It has created an ideal style of pure, unadulterated Gaelic, in which a would-be writer must be proficient before he attempts to write. We believe there are many men who could and would, at the present favourable juncture, address their fellow-countrymen to good purpose, if there were not continually present to their mental vision the image of some shadowy critic stalking through the mist, like one of Ossian's heroes, and holding in his hand a dingy scroll, purporting to be the only genuine patent for writing good Gaelic, which was bequeathed to him by an ancestor still more shadowy, with an injunction to use the document only for the purpose of silencing for ever any person who presumes to write Gaelic prose.

An examination of the numerals, pronouns, and particles, shows the closer relationship of Gaelic to Latin, than to the other Aryan languages; and the same conclusion is reached after an examination of the root-words: "I have gone through Armstrong's Gaelic Dictionary very carefully, twice, arranging all the roots alphabetically in columns, and placing in a line parallel to each column of Gaelic roots, the real or probable corresponding roots in Greek, Latin, German, English, and Scotch. My list includes about eight hundred words, and from a rough comparison with another list which I made, I should say it leaves two-thirds of the simple vocabulary of the language unconnected with any known form of Aryan Speech. . . . The general result which my analysis affords is this, that of the four Aryan languages, with which I compare it, the Gaelic presents the strongest affinity with the Latin, after that with the Ger-

man, and the Teutonic element of the English, including Scotch—least of all with the Greek." A similarly careful and systematic examination of the flexional terminations of the language shows in what respects it agrees with, and in what respects it differs from the Aryan tongues; while the philological characteristics of it are further illustrated by a comparison of the roots with similar roots in the Aryan tongues above named, with the view to show the laws of letter-change which obtain in the Gaelic branch of the Celtic tongue.

"As an organ of intellectual expression, the Gaelic is a language of grand capabilities, but of very stunted attainments. . . . As a means of producing an æsthetical effect, there is much more to be said for the Gaelic. . . . It is a soft, vocalic, and mellifluous language." The *ch* though a soft sound "is not pleasant to an ear studious of euphony;" and "occurs so frequently in Gaelic as to amount to a mannerism. . . . In the enunciation of the liquids the Gaelic possesses a peculiar virtue unknown to English;" while in vocalic depth and musical sweetness German alone can compare with it. Still, "with regard to Gaelic, as to French," the Professor's opinion is "that they are both over-refinements, and therefore corruptions and degradations of the Latin language." It is somewhat difficult to see how an original language, as Professor Blackie has so conclusively shown Gaelic to be, can be a corruption or degradation of another. His meaning probably is that Gaelic is an over-refinement of its own prototype, as French is of Latin. This is true. We have gained in "vocalic sweetness;" and we have lost "in masculine vigour and equestrian tramp." A language whose only permanent litera-

ture is lyric poetry, necessarily and with accelerated velocity smooths over medial consonants, and drops altogether final consonants. But we are of opinion that here Professor Blackie has overstated the extent of the "degradation." To the phonetic transcript which he gives of the opening lines of "Fingal," on p. 63, no Gaelic reader would conform. "*Shuidh*" cannot perhaps be represented phonetically to the English reader any more than "*that*" can be represented to the Gaelic reader. At any rate *hooi* does not represent it. Nor does *hooain* represent *Chua-in*. We have modified, not dropped, many of our final consonants. The reader who pronounces *Stuadh* as *stua*, *buidh* as *bua*, *crodh* as *cro*, *lagh* as *la*, grievously "degrades" the already degraded sounds.

Turning now from the physiognomy of the Gaelic language, our author describes and exemplifies the published literature of the Scottish Gael, commencing with the book of the Dean of Lismore, and continuing down to the present hour. This portion of the work is divided into four chapters, and is meant to be illustrative rather than exhaustive of the subject. The first of these embraces "the bardic or minstrel literature of the mediæval period, commencing at some indefinite period in the borderland betwixt heathenism and Christianity, and stretching out to the era of the Reformation, or a century or so before it;" the second includes "the succession of Celtic poets of more or less notable originality who flourished between the end of the sixteenth and the end of the eighteenth centuries;" the subject of the third is "the remarkable epiphany of the Celtic muse on the great

European stage, under the auspices of James MacPherson, in the year 1762;" while the fourth treats of "the condition of Celtic literature in the Highlands, from the subsidence of the great Ossianic excitement, produced by Macpherson, down to the present hour."

When viewed as a whole, perhaps the two most noticeable facts connected with Gaelic literature are the meagre character of its contents and the extraordinary disproportion between poetry and prose. The two facts are in themselves quite distinct; but they proceed from the same or similar causes, and are amenable to the same explanation. That the Scottish Highlanders were and are a literary people—that is to say, that they are keenly alive to the pleasure derived from the manner in which an idea is expressed as distinct from the intrinsic worth of the idea itself, and that their thoughts habitually dwell upon ideas and imagery derived from song and story—is a proposition that can be proved in a variety of ways. The delicate ear of Professor Blackie detected the beauty and wealth of our vowel sounds. It would not be difficult to show that the same beauty pervades the written literature and the spoken language of the Highlander in a marked degree. It is conspicuous in his vocabulary in the secondary meaning as well as in the sound of words. It is conspicuous in his favourite figures and similes. It is conspicuous in his idioms, in which his language is peculiarly rich,—a feature which indicates not only an active mind, but a lively sense of the artistic in linguistic expression. Again, it is doubtful whether, even at the present day, a peasantry can be found in any part of Britain who can repeat from

memory an equal quantity of prose and poetry to that which the Highland peasantry can repeat. Further, it has been remarked by the most competent observers that no peasantry in Europe speak with the grace and correctness of language of the Highland peasant, so that the familiar saying that "no one can speak ungrammatically in Gaelic" is not altogether so absurd as it looks.

Why then is Highland literature so meagre as it is? Professor Blackie again and again gives a part at least of the answer. The language was and is systematically ignored in the education of the people. The neglect of Gaelic teaching in schools injuriously affected the Highland character in various ways. It is partly the cause partly the effect of our scanty literature, but not by any means the sole cause. The bulk of the people began to read in the South but very lately. Among the many additions which the working man has made to his luxuries within the last thirty years, the most significant are the newspaper and the periodical. The bulk of the Highland people have not yet commenced to read. Since Charles Stuart's time the Highland population did not at any time exceed half a million. A large proportion of these, no doubt, were gentlemen and readers, but not a sufficiently large number to form a reading community. Even these unfortunately were not Gaelic readers. The common people were too poor to buy books even if they could read them. Again, the practice of recitation and story-telling supplied in a manner the place of reading and effectually secured that the literature of the people consisted exclusively of poetry and tales. To-day the case is different. It has now become common to spend

a portion of one's income upon books. The excellent practice of story-telling has all but ceased. The people can be reached only by books; and, for some time to come, can be reached to purpose only by Gaelic books.

But scanty and meagre as our literature is in comparison with what we would wish it to be, we can present a much larger list of books than our southern neighbours are aware of. Some of these are of real merit. For a full account of Gaelic books, published previously to 1832, Reid's *Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*—an excellent work of which a new edition is much wanted—must be consulted. In this respect the Scottish Gael differs favourably from his Irish brother, who has no modern literature. One great value of Professor Blackie's work in our eyes is that he considers our literature of the last two or three centuries worthy of serious study. There has been of late years a growing tendency to make Celtic studies synonymous with antiquarian researches, and to look upon the Celt as at best an interesting relic. It is a noble feature in the character of a people to revere the past. But we are too apt to measure our reverence for an ancestor not by his worth but by his antiquity. The Gaelic proverb: "Is gorm na cnuic tha fada uainn," holds good in time as well as in place. But surely the value of a fact ought to be estimated by its effect upon the world and not merely by its age. In the South the present engrosses the attention in a reprehensible degree. With us the mistake—for it is equally a mistake—is the other way. M'Donald and M'Intyre will not be studied by the present fashionable school of Celtic scholars, until they attain a certain age—until the aroma of antiquity

surrounds them. But Gaelic literature, like Highland grouse and even Highland whisky, will not keep beyond a certain time. Its intrinsic merit, whether in idea or expression, is not of world-wide interest. Its value consists chiefly in the fact that it has been the mental food of a large portion of the population of Scotland for hundreds of years.

Professor Blackie gives us a very readable chapter on the book of the Dean of Lismore and its contents, accompanying his account with translations into verse of five or six of the most characteristic pieces in that curious collection of mediæval Gaelic literature. The chapter on "MacPherson and the Ossianic question" is undoubtedly interesting, as expressing the matured opinion of one of the few Saxons who have qualified themselves to judge of the merits of that work of mystery. The account of the Ossianic controversy is singularly clear and eminently judicious. The original and valuable contribution of Professor Blackie to the discussion appeared in the *Celtic Magazine* for August and September 1876. While summing up substantially in favour of the antiquity of these poems, and while not without a certain admiration for Ossian, especially "its sustained tone of sombre sympathy with some of the most sublime aspects of nature in the Highlands, and not less the combination of heroic manliness and delicate sensibility in the poetical personages," he unhesitatingly "prefers the simple natural grace of Duncan Ban M'Intyre's cheerful muse to the sombre and somewhat stilted sublimity of the author of Fingal, whoever he may be."

But to the Professor's own mind, and his readers will agree with him, the two most valuable of these four

chapters are the second and fifth—nearly two-thirds of the whole book—in which an interesting account is given of the leading Gaelic authors whose productions have been widely known among the people from the sixteenth century to the present day, along with numerous specimens of their works, happily translated. In this field Professor Blackie had but one predecessor of importance—Mr. Pattison—whose early death was a great loss to Gaelic literature. Mr. Pattison wrote for *Hedderwick's Miscellany* a series of articles on the popular poetry of the Highlands, accompanied with translations of several pieces which showed great merit. These papers were published after the author's death in a volume which has been for some years out of print. Professor Blackie gives specimens of the works of about a score of Gaelic poets, with an interesting account of their lives and of those of a dozen more of lesser note. In this list three at least stand out with well-marked individuality in front of the rest, and the notices of them and extracts from them are accordingly more detailed and elaborate. They are M'Donald, Buchannan, and M'Intyre. The excellent translation of "The Skull," one of Buchannan's poems, already appeared in our pages (see *Gael*, No. 50). In this volume Professor Blackie has attempted a more difficult feat than the translation of "The Skull"—viz., an English version of M'Donald's "Birlinn," and of M'Intyre's "Beinn-dorain"—the two ablest efforts, as is generally supposed, of the modern Gaelic muse. Mr. Pattison had previously given a translation of the "Birlinn;" but, unless we accept the statement which recently appeared in some newspapers, that the present prime minister has executed a translation of

“Beinn-dorain,” we believe Professor Blackie’s is the first English version ever made of the great “venatorial pibroch” of M’Intyre. In these translations, Professor Blackie “has endeavoured to follow the spirited freedom of Dryden and our old masters, rather than the curious literalness which has been lately fashionable.” The “Birlinn” of M’Donald is an account of a sea-voyage from South Uist to Ireland in the “birlinn” or barge of Clanranald on a wild spring day. The poem in many respects—in its graphic description of the boat and crew, and of the aspects of sea and sky—is unequalled in Gaelic; but the description of the storm which opens so eloquently and musically degenerates unto utter rant before it closes. As a specimen of the energy of the author and the spirit of the translator, take the following:—

“Let no man be faint or soft-hearted,
Look hard in the face of the storm,
While plank may with plank hang together,
And rib to his rib shall be firm;
Though the good ship may reel and may stagger,
While a pin or a nail shall be tight,
Though the big wave be bristling around her,
Let him look and not blench at the sight.
In the stormy contention of billows,
Who stands or who wisely shall bend,
Will see the proud crest of the ocean
Lie tame at his feet in the end.”

Duncan Ban M’Intyre is, of all Gaelic poets, Professor Blackie’s favourite, as he is the favourite of the great majority of Highlanders. And “Beinn-dorain,” which Professor Blackie presents to us entire in this volume, is always held to be M’Intyre’s master-piece. We are inclined to think that the Professor’s admiration for the game-keeper-poet is too high. That M’Intyre was a poet, and a great

poet, it would be absurd to attempt to deny, after he has run the gauntlet of a century of criticism. He had command of a happy Gaelic vocabulary which no Gaelic poet—not even M’Donald—could equal. He had an infallible ear for rhythm. He had great powers of versification, and a most tenacious memory. He knew a great deal of the old literature of his race. Like M’Donald and Buchannan, he had a genuine admiration of the scenery of his country. His heart was in hunting and fishing, the favourite pastimes of his countrymen. But when Professor Blackie says: “If not so bright as Burns, he is better rounded and more harmonious, and more sweetly at peace with himself, with nature, and with God,” we feel that neither his published poetry, nor the facts of his life, can sustain this judgment. M’Intyre would not be at war with any one if he could help it, unless, perhaps, with a tailor or piper or a scurrilous Englishman who was as safe from Duncan’s coarse invective as Duncan was from his ribald wit. Still Duncan Ban was a great poet; and “Beinn-dorain” is a great poem. We do not hesitate to say that, in our judgment, Professor Blackie’s English version of this poem can favourably compare with the most successful efforts ever made in poetical translation. He has perfectly caught the spirit of his author; and, where desirable, he adheres pretty closely to the letter. The following beautiful lines descriptive of a mountain stream—

Bu ghlan uachdar na linne
Gu neo-bhuairesach milis
Tigh’n ’na chuariteig o’n ghrinneal
Air slinnein Bheinn-dorain,

Professor Blackie has exquisitely rendered—

With no slimy dregs to trouble
The brightness of its bubb'e,
As it threads its silver way
From the granite shoulders gray
Of Ben Dorain.

But when M'Intyre goes on to describe the "fridh-choirean creagach" in the following unmeaning jargon—

Gu stobanach, stacanach,
Slocanach, laganach,
Cnocanach, cnapanach,
Caiteanach, romach ;
Pasganach, badanach
Bachlagach, boidheach, &c.

Professor Blackie wisely breaks with him, retaining only so much of the ring of M'Intyre's couplets as appears in the following spirited lines—

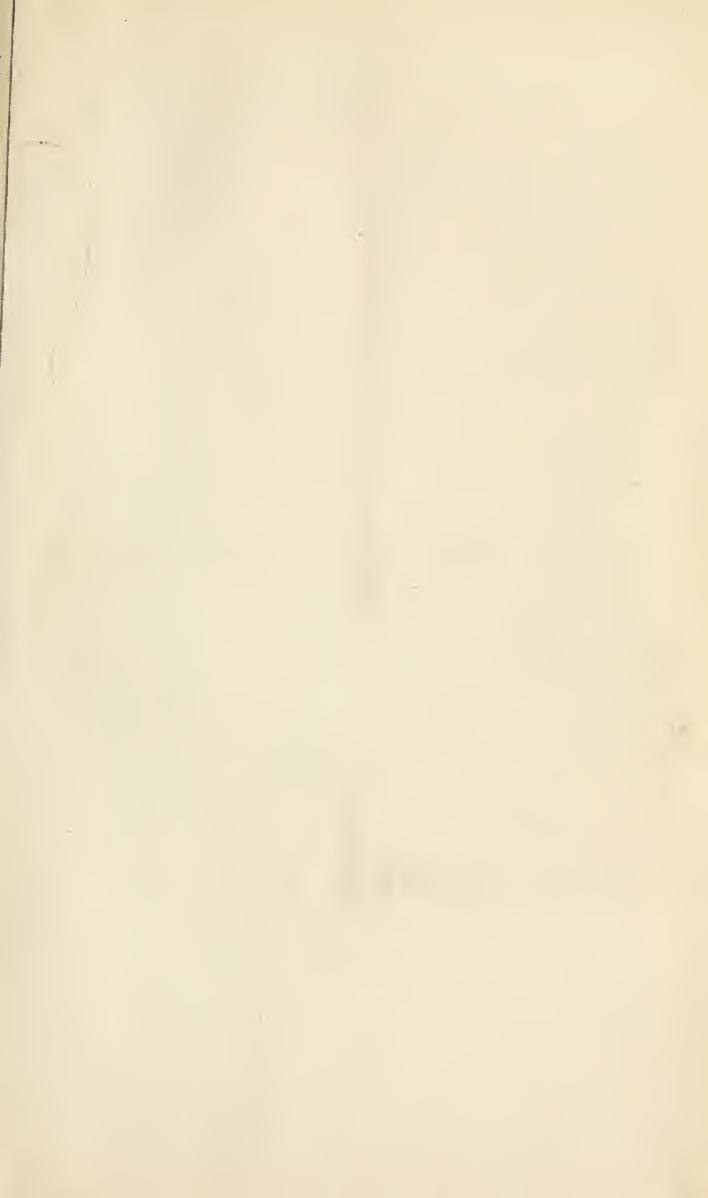
Through a country rough and shaggy,
So jaggy and so knaggy,
Full of hummocks and of hunches,
Full of stumps and tufts and bunches,
Full of bushes and of rushes,
In the glen, &c.

No poet, we venture to say, was ever done greater justice to by a translator than M'Intyre has received at Professor Blackie's hands. Whatever Duncan Ban may be, this version of "Beinn-dorain" proves incontestably what we knew before, that Professor Blackie is no mean poet.

Several songs, some of them by nameless authors, are beautifully rendered. We think the Professor has been peculiarly happy in "Mary Laghach" and Ross's famous drinking-song "Mac-na-brachà," so unlike the usual strain of that sweet and plaintive bard. Gaelic prose comes in for a due share of notice. With two notable exceptions, the few original works that exist in Gaelic prose are of very average

merit. These two are the *Highland Tales*, published by J. F. Campbell, and the contributions of the elder Dr. Norman Macleod to various Gaelic periodicals conducted by himself, and recently published in a well-known volume entitled "Caraid nan Gaidheal." Of all Gaelic authors, Macleod, with the doubtful exception even of M'Intyre, holds, and deservedly holds, the highest place in Professor Blackie's regard. He says truly that this prose author "shines above the rest as the moon among the lesser lights;" and we do not know that his eulogy upon the "Emigrant Ship," of which he gives an admirable translation, is at all exaggerated when he says that "for graceful simplicity and profound pathos (it) is second to nothing that I know in any language, unless indeed it be the account of the death of Socrates in Plato's *Phædo*, and some well-known chapters in the Gospel of St. John."

We hope that this noble attempt which the author has made "to break down the middle wall of partition that has hitherto separated the Lowlands of Scotland and the whole of Saxon England from the soul of the Highlands," will be successful. We can at least say, that if the wall can be broken by any right arm it will be broken by that right arm of his. Among us Highlanders, the generous-hearted man will henceforward be known as the man "who loveth our nation, and who hath built us a synagogue;" and not the least conspicuous pillar in that remarkable edifice is this magnificent work on "The language and literature of the Scottish Highlands."





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