

THE WIZARD'S GILLIE
OR
GILLE A'BHUIDSEIR

Blair. 159.

GILLE A'BHUIDSEIR

THE WIZARD'S GILLIE

and Other Tales



Thòisich iad air séideadh an teine.
They began to blow up the fire.

See p. 28

ANCIENT LEGENDS *of* THE SCOTTISH GAEL
GILLE A'BHUIDSEIR
THE WIZARD'S GILLIE
AND OTHER TALES

Edited and Translated by
J. G. MCKAY

From the magnificent Manuscript Collections
of the late

J. F. CAMPBELL OF ISLAY

Compiler of the famous
"Popular Tales of the West Highlands"

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To the memory of
JOHN FRANCIS CAMPBELL OF ISLAY
IAIN OG ILE
the Great Master of Folk-Tales
1822-1885.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

AT the end of his *West Highland Tales, Vol. IV*, J. F. Campbell gives a list of unpublished Gaelic stories, all numbered, and most of which are to be found in Vols. X and XI of the MS. series in red binding. But there are other stories in these Red Volumes which Campbell does not mention, and there are besides three further Volumes bound in purple of which no list has been published at all.

The tales in this book have been taken from Vols. X and XI of the Red and Vol. II of the Purple series. Their titles are set out below. Those not mentioned by Campbell are marked with an asterisk.

X	30. GILLE A'BHUIDSEIR, The Wizard's Gillie	Page 12
---	---	---------

II 15.* X 165.

	SLIOCHD AN TRI FICHEAD BURRAIDH, The Sept of the Three Score Fools	34
--	---	----

XI 383.

	RÒLAIS CHAILLEACH NA CUINNEIGE, The Cogie Carlin's Rhapsody	48
--	--	----

XI	{	*RIGHIL AN T-SÌTHEIN, The Reel in the Fairy Hill	60
----	---	---	----

(after No. 185).	{	*DÒMHNUL CAOL CAMSHRON, Donald Caol Cameron	70
------------------------	---	--	----

XI 265.

	CLAIDHEAMH SOLUIS RÌGH LOCHLAINN, The King of Lochlann's Sword of Light	80
--	--	----

XI 300. MACMhic RAONUILL, MacDonald of Keppoch	Page 88
X 123. AN TRIÙIR A CHAIDH A DH'IARRAIDH FIOS AN ANRAIDH, The Three who went to find out what Hardship meant	98
XI end. II 20, 26, 34. *AN SAOR MACPHEIGH, The Carpenter MacPheigh	114
X (after No. 107). *FEAR GHEUSDO, The Laird of Geusdo	132

PREFACE

THE tales here translated and published for the first time, have been selected from among many others gathered together by the late J. F. Campbell of Islay, Iain Og Ile. His is a name to conjure with in the world of folk-lore, and to add a stone to his cairn were a pleasant task, so to his memory this little book is dedicated as some slight recognition of the value of his gigantic labours in the field of Gaelic legend, labours which in his own day, attracted, alas! but little attention and scant appreciation. The number of legends he and his collectors gathered together is not known, but cannot be far short of one thousand.

Most of the tales he gathered are stored in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and the translator's grateful acknowledgments are due to the authorities of that institution for allowing him access to the manuscripts, and for the continuous courtesy and kindness he received at their hands on all occasions.

Grateful acknowledgments are also due to Mr Cyril J. Inglis, of the British Museum, who laboured long and patiently at the copying of the manuscripts, saving the translator in this respect a year's delay or more.

Many valuable suggestions with regard to the translations were given by Mrs E. C. Bennett and Mr John Dunlop. To render the racy Gaelic idiom of the tales into good idiomatic English that should faithfully represent the Gaelic original and yet be unstrained and free from circumlocution, was the great difficulty. But in this respect the translator is very specially indebted to Mr T. G. Buchanan.

Mr Buchanan made a long and critical study of each of the rough translations submitted to him, and it is not too much to say that his disinterested care and the pains that he bestowed upon each and every story made it at last possible for the translator to venture upon publication with some considerable confidence.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

- Thòisich iad air séideadh an teine.
They began to blow up the fire. *Frontispiece*
- Am beul na h-oidhche, choinnich duine mòr ris.
He met, in the dusk of the evening, a huge man. *to face page 16*
- Chùm e a aodann ri a mhnaoi.
He held its face towards his wife. 76
- Na fosgail thusa an dorus air na chunnaic thu riamh.
Do not open the door upon any account. 104
- Phut a mhaighstir e, agus thuirt e ris fuireach samhach.
His master nudged him, and told him to be quiet. 134
- Na na bhlighear agus na na bhuailichear gu brathach tuilleadh thu.
May thou never be milked nor herded more. 136

GILLE A'BHUIDSEIR

THE WIZARD'S GILLIE

GILLE A'BHUIDSEIR

BHA tuathanach ann an Eireann, agus bha gille crosda aige, agus thuirt e ri a mhàthair, “Tha cho math leam a bhàthadh; cha bhi e ceart, co dhiubh.”

Dh'fhalbh e leis, a dh'ionnsuidh a'chladaich. Bha leisg air an so, a chur a mach, an uair a ràinig e.

Gu de chunnaic e, ach bàta, agus duine 'na shuidhe innte. Thàinig am fear a bha 'sa bhàta air tìr, agus thuirt e ris an tuathanach, “An ann a'dol a bhàthadh do mhic a bha thu?”

“Is ann.”

“Ma leigeas tu leamsa e gu ceann bliadhna, gheabh thu fichead punnd Sasunnach air a shon—is e is fhearr dhuit na a bhàthadh.”

“Leigidh,” ars an tuathanach.

“An ceann bliadhna, coinnich mise ann an so, agus thig do mhac air ais, agus gheabh thu an fhichead punnd Sasunnach.”

An uair a chaidh an tuathanach dhachaidh, “Gu de,” ars a'bhean, “a rinn thu ris a'ghille?”

Dh'innis e mar a bha.

“Is math sin,” ars ise, “seach a bhàthadh.” Bha màthair a'ghille an so toilichte nach do bhàthadh e.*

An ceann bliadhna, thàinig am Bodach, 's mac an tuathanaich leis. Choinnich an tuathanach e, 's fhuair e an fhichead punnd Sasunnach.—Bha iongantas air an tuathanach cho eireachdail, cho mòr, 's cho foghainteach 's a dh'fhàs a mhac.

* In other versions, the mother deplors the idea of handing her son over to a Wizard. In the MS. the sentence, “Is math sin,” that is well

THE WIZARD'S GILLIE

THERE was a farmer in Erin, who had a froward ne'er-do-well of a son. One day he said to the boy's mother, "I think I may just as well drown him; he will never be fit for anything, in any case."

So he took him to the shore. But when he got there, he felt loath after all to throw him into the sea.

What should he now see but a boat, with a man sitting in it. The man came ashore and said to the farmer, "Wert thou really about to drown thy son?"

"Yes, I was indeed."

"If thou wilt let me take him with me for a year, thou shalt have twenty Saxon pounds for him—better do that than drown him."

"Very well, I will," quoth the farmer.

"At the end of a year, then, meet me here, and thy son shall come back, and thou shalt have the twenty Saxon pounds."

When the farmer came home, "What," quoth the wife, "didst thou do with the lad?"

He told her how matters stood.

"That is well indeed," quoth she, "much better than drowning him," and right glad was she that the lad had not been drowned.*

At the end of the year, the Bodach, or old man, came, and with him the farmer's son. The farmer met him and received the twenty Saxon pounds. So handsome, so big and so stalwart had his son grown that the farmer was astonished.

indeed, is followed by "ars esan," quoth *he*. But the mother seems by the context to be the person in whose mouth the words would be more appropriate.

“ An leig thu leam e bliadhna eile, 's gheabh thu fichead punnd Sasunnach eile? ” [ars am Bodach.]

“ Leigidh.”

“ Coinnich mise an ceann na bliadhna, 's gheabh thu an fhichead punnd Sasunnach.”

“ Coinnichidh.”

An ceann na bliadhna, thàinig am Bodach a rithisd agus mac an tuathanaich leis, 's fhuair an tuathanach an fhichead punnd Sasunnach, 's chan aithnicheadh e a mhac an uair sin, leis cho mòr 's cho eireachdail 's a dh'fhàs e.

“ Leigidh tu leam treis eile dheth,” ars am Bodach ris an tuathanach.

“ Leigidh,” ars an tuathanach, [ach cha do chuimhnich e air ùine 'ainmeachadh, no air gealladh 'fhao-tainn gu'n tilleadh a mhac.*]

An ceann na bliadhna, chaidh e sìos chun a'chladaich, 's thug e sùil 's chan fhaca e duine 'tighinn.

Bha e 'dol sìos fad seachduinn, 's cha robh duine 'tighinn.

Bha e 'dol sìos fad seachduinn eile, 's cha robh a mhac no am Bodach a'tighinn.

Dh'fhalbh e an so, 's ràinig e seann duine air a'bhaile. Dh'innis an seann duine dha a h-uile car mar a dh'éirich d'a mhac. “ Chan fhaic thu do mhac tuilleadh, chionn, chan'eil 'san t-saoghal so ach treis. Thug am Bodach an car asad.”

Thug e gu rànaich 's gu caoineadh, a bhean 's e fhéin. Chuir e air gu falbh, 's dh'fhalbh e an làr na mhàireach. Chaidh e feadh gach àite, a'siubhal feadh an t-saoghail, feuch am faiceadh e e. Nuair a bha e 'tilleadh dhachaidh, 's gun e an déis bràth

* From other versions which are clearer at this point.

“Wilt thou let me have the lad for another year? and take twenty Saxon pounds more for doing so?” [quoth the Bodach.]

“Yes, I will.”

“Meet me then, at the end of the year, and thou shalt have the twenty Saxon pounds.”

“Very good, I will.”

At the end of the year, the Bodach came, and with him the farmer's son. The farmer received the twenty Saxon pounds, and on this occasion he could not recognize his son, so tall and so handsome had he grown.

“Wilt thou let me have him for another while?” quoth the Bodach to the farmer.

“I will,” quoth the farmer, [but he forgot to name a time, or to get a promise that his son should return.*]

At the end of the year, the farmer went down to the shore, and gazed abroad, but could see no one coming.

For a week he kept going down there, but still no one came.

For yet another week he kept going down there, but neither his son nor the Bodach appeared.

Then he went and visited an old man in the township, and this old man told him everything that had happened to his son. “Thou'lt see thy son no more,” said he, “for this world is but for a while. The Bodach hath cheated thee.”

Then the farmer gave himself up to lamenting, he and his wife also. He made himself ready for a journey, and on the morrow he departed. All over the world he travelled, through every country he roamed, seeking to find his son. But as he was returning home, without
The father's forgetfulness is a characteristic feature.

'fhaotainn air, am beul na h-oidhche, choinnich duine mòr ris.

“ Gu de an taobh a bha thu mar so? ” ars an duine mòr ris.

“ Bha mi ag iarraidh mo mhic feuch am faighinn a mach e. Dh'fhalbh e le duine o chionn bliadhna 'us còrr, 's chan fhaca mi fhathasd e.”

“ Is e treis a tha do mhac 'san t-saoghal so air fad: reic thu fhéin ris e, 's chan fhaic thu tuilleadh e.”

“ Chan'eil comas air.”

“ Am faca tu an caisteal a dh'fhàg thu as do dhéidh, an Caisteal Mòr? ”

“ Chunnaic.”

“ Gu de bheireadh tu do dhuine a dh'innseadh dhuit far am bheil do mhac? ”

“ Rud sam bith a dh'iarradh e, bheirinn da e.”

“ Tha do mhac a'fuireach 'sa Chaisteal Mhòr ud a dh'fhàg thu 'nad dhéidh—is mise do mhac a tha 'bruidh-inn riut! ”

“ O! chan fhàg thusa mo lamhan-sa! ” [ars an tuathanach.]

“ Dean stad beag: tha mise air mo cheangal aige-san. Am bheil fios agad co ris a reic thu do mhac? ”

[“ Chan'eil.”]

“ Reic thu ri buidsear e, agus bidh sinn [mi féin 's mo chompanaich,] a h-uile h-oidhche aige 'nar calmain. Chan'eil seòrsa air an t-saoghal de chreutair nach bi sinn 'na chruth, agus tha mise pong os cionn chàich. Is e a dhà dheug a tha sinn ann.—Théid thusa a dh'ionnsuidh a'Chaisteil an ceartair; 's bidh mise a stigh romhad. Agus bidh sinn 'nar calmain a nochd, a h-uile gin againn, agus fàgaidh mise ite briste ann am earball, 's bidh sin agad-sa mar chomharradh



Am beul na h-oidhche, choinnich duine mòr ris.
He met, in the dusk of the evening, a huge man.

having yet obtained any tidings of him, he met, in the dusk of the evening, a huge man.

“Whence comest thou hither?” the huge man asked him.

“I have been seeking my son and trying to find him. He went away with a man more than a year since, and I have not seen him again.”

“Thy son is in this world for but a short time at the longest; thou thyself didst sell him to that man; thou’lt see him no more.”

“Then there is no help for it.”

“Sawest thou the castle thou didst leave behind thee, the Great Castle?”

“Yes, I did.”

“What wouldst thou give to any man who would tell thee where thy son is?”

“Whatsoever he might ask, that would I give him.”

“Thy son dwells in the Great Castle over there that thou didst leave behind thee—and I that am speaking to thee, am he!”

“O!” [cried the farmer,] “now shalt thou never leave mine arms again!”

“Stay a moment: I have been bound to him. Dost thou know to whom thou didst sell thy son?”

[“No, I do not.”]

“Thou didst sell him to a wizard, and every night [my companions and I] are with that wizard in the form of doves. There is no sort of creature in the world whose shape we do not at some time take. There are twelve of us, and I am a point above the rest in skill.—Go thou forthwith to the castle; I shall be there before thee. For to-night also we shall be in the form of doves, every one of us, but I shall have a broken feather in my tail, and by that sign shalt thou know me. Thou

ormsa; agus buailidh tu an dorus a'Chaisteil, 's thig e fhéin 's fosglaidh e dhuit. An uair a bheir e a stigh thu, their e riut biadh a ghabhail; 's their thusa nach gabh—nach gabh thu biadh no deoch gus am faigh thu do chùnnradh. Feòraichidh esan gu de an cùnnradh. Abair thusa gu'm bheil calman, 's ite briste 'na earball. Bheir esan sin duitsa an uair sin, airson thu 'ghabhail bidh. Beiridh tusa an sin ormsa, 's falbhaidh tu leam."

Chaidh an tuathanach gus a'Chaisteal, mar a dh'iarr a mhac air. Bhuail e aig a'Chaisteal, agus dh'fhosgail Fear a'Chaisteil an dorus da.

"Gabhaidh tu biadh," arsa Fear a' Chaisteil ris, an uair a chaidh e a stigh.

"Cha ghabh mi biadh no deoch," ars esan, "gus am faigh mi mo chùnnradh."

"Gu de do chùnnradh?"

"Tha, calman, le ite briste 'na earball," ars an tuathanach.

Thug Fear a'Chaisteil siod da.

Ghabh e an sin biadh, agus dh'fhalbh e leis. An uair a bha e treis o'n Chaisteal, leig e às an calman. An uair a fhuair an Calman às, dh'fhàs e 'na dhuine.

"Coisicheamaid gu math," ars a mhac ris an tuathanach, "feuch am bi sinn 'sa bhaile so romhainn mu'n caidil iad. Bidh féill 'sa bhaile so a màireach."

"Am bi?"

"Bithidh."

* The laws of hospitality were so imperative and overruled other considerations so supremely, that a host would be glad to grant almost any request, if by so doing he might induce his guest to accept of his cheer: a motive in several tales. Supernaturals were, of course, conceived

must knock at the door of the Castle, and the Wizard himself will come and open it to thee. When he bringeth thee in, he will ask thee to take food, but thou must say that thou wilt not—that thou wilt take neither food nor drink till thou get thy boon and bargain. He will ask what the bargain is. Thou must say—a dove with a broken feather in its tail. That will he then give thee in return for thy taking food.* Then thou must snatch me up and make off with me.”

So off to the Castle went the farmer, as his son had bidden him. He knocked at the door, and the Laird of the Castle opened it to him.

When he had come in, the Laird of the Castle said to him, “Thou must have some food.”

“Neither food nor drink will I take,” quoth he, “until I get my boon and bargain.”

“What is thy boon and bargain?”

“Why—a dove with a broken feather in its tail,” quoth the farmer.

This the Laird of the Castle gave him accordingly.

After having taken food the farmer went away taking the dove with him. Then, when he was a little way from the Castle, he let the dove go, and the dove as soon as it was free, turned into a man.

“Let us walk smartly,” said his son to the farmer, “and try to reach the town that lies in front of us before the people go to sleep. There will be a fair there to-morrow.”

“Will there?”

“Yes, indeed there will.”

as being bound by similar obligations.—The College of Magic seems to be a respectable native institution for there is no word of its being situated in Italy as is the case with such colleges in other tales: the apprentices to the Black Art are equally worthy of notice.

“ Gu de an fhéill a bhios ann? ”

“ Bidh—féill chon. Théid mise ann am chù am màireach, 's cha bhi gin air an fhéill cho breagh rium, 's bidh bann buidhe mu'm amhaich. Reicidh tu air an fhéill mi am màireach, 's gheabh thu fichead punnd Sasunnach air mo shon. Ach an uair a reiceas tu mi, cha reic thu am bann a bhios mu m'amhaich idir. Bidh mise anns a'bhann a bhios mu m'amhaich.—An uair a bheir thu seachad an cù, tilgidh thu am bann air cnoc, 's leumaidh mise ann am dhuine còmhla riut fhéin.”

An là'r na mhàireach, chaidh an tuathanach chun na féille leis a'chù. Bha mòran chon air an fhéill, ach cha robh gin ann cho breagh ri cù an tuathanaich.

Bha iomadh aon a'sealltuinn air a'chù. Thàinig aon fhear far an robh an tuathanach.

“ Gu de ghabhas tu air a'chù? ” ars esan.

“ Fichead punnd Sasunnach,” ars an tuathanach.

Fhuair e siod. An uair a thug e seachad an cù, thug e dheth am bann buidhe a bha mu a amhaich. Thilg e am bann buidhe air cnoc, 's leum e suas 'na dhuine còmhla ris.

Dh'fhalbh iad an so 'nan dithis, an tuathanach 's a mhac, 's ghabh iad air an aghaidh gu baile eile.

“ Bidh féill anns a'bhaille so am màireach,” arsa mac an tuathanaich ri a athair.

“ Gu de an fhéill a bhios ann? ” ars a athair.

“ Bidh—féill tharbh. Bidh mise ann am tharbh, reicidh tu mi, agus gheabh thu tri fichead punnd Sasunnach orm. Bidh fàinne ann am shròin, 's cha reic thu am fàinne, 's an uair a bheir thu seachad an tarbh, leumaidh am fàinne air do bhois. Tilgidh

“What sort of a fair will it be?”

“Why—a dog fair. I shall become a hound to-morrow, and I shall have, on my neck, a yellow band, and there will be none at the fair as handsome as I. To-morrow at that same fair thou shalt sell me, and shalt get twenty Saxon pounds for me. But when thou sellest me, sell not the band that is round my neck upon any account, for I shall become that band myself.—And when thou hast delivered over the hound, thou must cast the band on a hillock, and I shall instantly become a man, and accompany thee.”

On the morrow, the farmer went to the fair with the hound. There were a great many dogs at the fair, but not one so handsome as the farmer's hound.

Many a man looked with all his eyes at the hound, and one in particular coming up to where the farmer was, said—

“What will thou take for the hound?”

“Twenty Saxon pounds,” quoth the farmer.

He got the money, but when he handed over the hound, he took off the yellow band that was about its neck. Then he threw the yellow band upon a hillock, and it instantly leaped up a man and accompanied him.

The two of them then departed, the farmer and his son, and journeyed on to another town.

“There will be a fair in this town to-morrow,” said the farmer's son to his father.

“What sort of fair will it be?” said his father.

“Why, it will be a bull fair, and I shall be a bull, and thou must sell me. Three score Saxon pounds shalt thou take for me. In my nose will be a ring; but this thou shalt not sell, for when thou handest over the bull, the ring will spring into thine hand. Then shalt

thu uait am fàinne [air an làr,] 's leumaidh e 'na dhuine."

An là'r na mhàireach, chaidh mac an tuathanaich 'na tharbh, agus chaidh a athair leis gus an fhéill.

Cha robh tarbh air an fhéill cho breagha ris an tarbh so, 's bha na h-uibhir a'sealltuinn air. Thàinig fear an rathad, 's thuirt e ris,

“ Gu de ghabhas tu air an tarbh? ”

“ Tri fichead punnd Sasunnach,” ars an tuathanach.

Fhuair e siod, 's thug e seachad an tarbh, 's leum am fàinne air a bhois. Thilg e am fàinne air an làr, 's leum am fàinne 'na dhuine.

Dh'fhalbh iad, 's ghabh iad air an aghaidh gu baile eile.

“ Bidh féill anns a' bhaile so am màireach! ”

“ Gu de an fhéill a bhios ann? ”

“ Bidh—féill each, agus théid mise ann am each, agus is mi bhuidhneas an geall—cha bhì gin ann cho luath rium, no cho breagh rium. Gheabh thu sia fichead punnd Sasunnach orm am màireach—ach tha mi 'toirt comhairle ort a nis.* Am bheil fios agad cò tha 'gam cheannach air a h-uile siubhal? ”

“ Chan' eil.”

“ Tha—am Buidsear Mòr—sin am fear a tha 'gam cheannach a h-uile siubhal, agus is ann am màireach a tha an gnothuch agad ri 'dheanamh. Bidh mise anns an t-srèin am màireach, 's na reic an t-srian idir.”

An là'r na mhàireach, chaidh mac an tuathanaich 'na each breagh, 's chaidh a athair leis gus an fhéill.— Bha na ceudan a'tairgse air an each leis cho breagh 's a bha e, 's cha tugadh esan seachad e gun sia fichead punnd Sasunnach.

* The son evidently forebodes his

thou throw the ring from thee to the ground, and it will instantly become a man."

On the morrow, the farmer's son became a bull, and his father went with him to the fair.

Not a bull at the fair was as handsome as he, and there were many that kept gazing at him. At last, a certain man came up, and said to the farmer, "What wilt thou take for the bull?"

"Three score Saxon pounds," quoth the farmer.

He got the money and handed over the bull. Immediately the ring sprang into his hand, and when he cast the ring on the ground, it instantly leaped up a man.

They departed, and journeyed on to another town.

"To-morrow there will be a fair in this town also."

"What sort of fair will it be?"

"Why, a horse fair, and I shall become a horse, and it is I who will win the prize—there 'll be none there so swift or so handsome as I. Six score Saxon pounds wilt thou get for me to-morrow—and now must I give thee important counsel.* Knowest thou who it is that is buying me each time?"

"No, I do not."

"Well—it is the Great Wizard—he it is who buys me every time. Now it is to-morrow that thou wilt have the most important task to perform, for I shall be the rein to-morrow, and on no account must thou sell the rein."

On the morrow, the farmer's son became a handsome horse, and his father went with him to the fair. Hundreds of people made offers for the horse because it was so handsome, but he would not part with it for less than six score Saxon pounds.

father's careless forgetfulness.

Thàinig an so fear far an robh e.

“So,” ars esan, “sia fichead punnd Sasunnach.”

Ghabh an tuathanach siod mu'n robh e 'na mhothachadh, 's mu'n d'thuirt e facal, ghlac am fear eile an t-srian, 's leum e air muin an eich, 's dh'fhalbh e.

Cha robh smaointinn aig an duine bhochd air an t-srèin, leis mar a chuir am fear eile 'na bhoil e, [agus na h-uibhir airgid a fhuair e uaidh.]

* * * * *

Ràinig am Buidsear Mòr an tigh, 's bha a thri nigh-eanan an sin agus tri choireachan aca, 's a h-uile té 'cumail a coire teth gu esan a bhruich ann.—Dh'fhàg am Buidsear aig a'chloinn e.

“Nach truagh thu,” arsa té aca, “'dol dh'ad bhruich an so?”

Bha na tri choireachan làn de dh'uisge goileach.

“Agus an cuala thu aig t'athair riamh nach deanadh uisge goileach coire do bhuidsear?” ars esan.

“Cha chuala,” ars ise.

“Tha mise ag ràdh riut-sa, nach dean uisge goileach coire do bhuidsear.”

“Is ann aige fhéin is fhearr a tha bràth,” arsa té. “Tha e fhéin pong os cionn a h-uile gin a bha a stigh riamh.”*

Dh'fhalbh iad a dh'iarraidh tri chuinneagan de dh'uisge fuar. An uair a dh'fhalbh iadsan mar so, [thòisich e air tachas a lethchinn ri peirceall an doruis, gus an d'fhuair e an t-srian ás a cheann, agus dh'fhàs e 'na dhuine mar a bha e riamh.]

* Reference is to the apprentices to the Black Art,

Presently a man came up to the farmer.

“Here,” quoth he, “are six score Saxon pounds.”

The farmer had accepted that sum before he quite knew what he was about, and ere he could say a word, the other grasped the rein, leaped on the back of the horse, and was off.

The poor man never gave the rein a thought, such excitement had the other caused him, [with the greatness of the sum of money he had received from him.]

* * * * *

The Great Wizard arrived home, and his three daughters were ready there with three cauldrons, each one keeping her cauldron hot in order to boil the farmer's son therein.—The Wizard left him with his children.

“How dire and sad thy plight,” said one of them, “about to be boiled thus?”

Now the three cauldrons were full of boiling water.

“And hast thou never heard thy father say that boiling water will do no harm to a wizard?” quoth he.

“Never,” said she.

“Well, then, I now tell thee that boiling water will do no harm to a wizard.”

“He is the one that knows best about it,” said one of them. “For truly he is a point above all who ever came here.” *

So they departed to fetch three pails of cold water. When they had gone, [he began to rub the side of his head against the door-jamb, until he had rubbed the bridle off his head, whereupon he became a man once more.]

that had attended the Great Wizard's College of Magic.

Dh'fhalbh e [an so] 'na easgainn chaoil. Ghabh e sìos an sràth, 's thug e allt air.

An uair a thill iadsan, lean iad fhéin 's an companaich [agus am Buidsear Mòr] e, is e a còig deug a bh'ann diubh, 'nan còig easgainn deug. Bha iad 'ga leantainn gu teann.*

Bha tighearna an taobh shìos dheth, 's cò bha 'gabhail sràid a nuas taobh an uillt dlùth air, ach a'bhaintighearna. An uair a mhothaich esan di, gu de ghabh e ach 'na bhreac, 's leum e air tìr, 's chuir ise 'na h-apran e.

“A' bheistean, seachnaibh e,” ars ise ris na h-easgannan.

An uair a dh'fheuch i a h-apran, bha e 'na fhàinne òir, 's chuir i air a meur e, 's chaidh i dhachaidh.

Chaidh iadsan 'nan còig ceaird deug, 's ràinig tigh an duine uasail, 's dh' iarr iad obair air. Thug an duine uasal sabhal daibh, 's thug e obair daibh.

An làr na mhàireach, bha iad ullamh, agus dh' fhoighnich an duine uasal dhiubh, gu de bhitheadh iad ag iarraidh airson an oibre.

Thuirt iad, nach bitheadh ach fàinne òir a bha mu mheur na Baintighearna.

“An gabh sibh ach fàinne òir? Gabhaibh mar so 's gheabh sibh e.”

Ràinig iad an seòmar aice féin. Dh' iarr an duine uasal oirre am fàinne òir a thoirt do na daoine, gur h-e gheall esan daibh airson an oibre.

“Gheabh iad sin,” [ars ise,] 's i 'ga thoirt bhàrr a meòir.

An uair a thug ise bhàrr a meòir e, leum e anns

* The eels are metamorphoses, not of the bodies, but of the “souls” of the combatants, for the “soul” or life principle was believed to be separ-

Away he now went in the form of a slender eel. Down the strath he went, and then to a burn.

When the Wizard's daughters returned, they and their companions, making [with the Great Wizard,] fifteen in all, gave chase in the guise of fifteen eels, and sorely did they press him.*

Lower down the burn lived a laird, and who should be walking down by the burn side, close to the farmer's son, but the laird's lady. As soon as ever the farmer's son saw her, what did he do but become a trout, and leap on land, whereupon she put him in her apron.

"Avaunt, ye wretches!" cried she to the eels, "let him alone."

But when she peeped into her apron, lo! he had become a golden ring; so she put him on her finger, and went home.

The others became fifteen tinkers. They came and called at the laird's house, and desired work of him. The laird lodged them in a barn, and supplied them with work.

On the morrow, when they had finished the work, the laird asked them what payment they required.

They said that they wanted no payment but the golden ring that was on the lady's finger.

"Only a golden ring? Will you indeed take nothing but a golden ring? Come this way and you shall have it."

They went to her own room accordingly, and the laird requested her to give the men the golden ring, because he had promised them that for their work.

"They shall have it," [said she], taking it off her finger.

As she took it off her finger, it leaped into the able from the body at will. But if while absent from the body, the "soul," in no matter what shape died, the body died too, and that instantly.

a'ghealbhan. [Chaidh am Buidsear Mòr 's a chompanaich nan còig builg-shéididh dheug, 's thòisich iad air séideadh an teine.*]

Bha pocan peasrach an taobh eile de'n t-seòmar. Leum esan 'na shìlean anns a'pheasair.

Leum iadsan 'nan còig calmain dheug, 's chaidh iad a dh'itheadh na peasrach.

Bha a'bhean uasal a'gabhail iolla ris na calmain. Chaidh i a dh'iarraidh duine a bheireadh orra.

An uair a mhothaich esan gu'n d'fhalbh a'bhean uasal, leum e 'na mhadadh ruadh. Rug e air na calmain, 's mharbh e a h-uile gin mu'n tàinig ise, ach an t-aon a thug e leis 'na bheul.

Dh'fhalbh e, 's ràinig e am Buidsear Mòr, agus dh'éigh e ris—

“Mharbh mi do aon bhuidsear deug [agus do thriùir nighean,] 's marbhaidh mi thu fhéin a nis.”

“Airson Ni Maith, na bean domh-sa, 's bi 'falbh, 's cha chuir mi dragh ort am feasd, 's na cuir dragh orm.”

[Ach bha fios aig mac an tuathanaich nach bu tearmunn da mur marbhadh e e, 's thug e ceann a'chalmain às a amhaich, agus thuit am Buidsear Mòr sìos marbh, 's cha do chàraich e às a sin fhathasd. Bha, an so, mac an tuathanaich sàbhailte.]

Thug e Eirinn air a rithisd; agus cheannaich iad [e fhéin agus a athair] dà bhaile fhearainn an uair a ràinig iad.

* At this place, the MS. has, “Chuir iad a mach a h-uile sgàth a bha 'sa ghealbhan, 's iad 'ga iarraidh, they cleared everything out of the fireplace to find him,” but these words have been suppressed, and the sentence between square brackets substituted. Substitution seems to be well warranted because in five of the other versions there occurs

fireplace. [The Great Wizard and his companions immediately became fifteen bellows, and began to blow up the fire.*]

Now there was a pock of pease on the other side of the room. One leap and the lad had become a grain of pease amongst the rest.

At a bound, they turned themselves into fifteen doves, and flew to eat the pease.

The lady who had been looking at the doves with interest, went out to fetch a man to catch them.

When the lad saw that the lady had gone, he instantly turned himself into a red fox, and, seizing the doves, killed them all before she returned, all but one, and that one he took away with him in his mouth.

Off he set to where the Great Wizard[’s body] was, and having arrived, he shouted at him,

“I have killed thine eleven wizards, [and thy three daughters], and now will I kill thee.”

“For the sake of the Good Being, touch me not, but begone; nevermore will I trouble thee, and see thou trouble not me.”

[But the farmer’s son knew there would be no safety for him till he had killed the Great Wizard, so he severed the dove’s head from its neck, and down fell the Great Wizard dead, nor has he ever stirred thence yet. So the farmer’s son at length found safety.]

He [and his father] went to Erin once more, and when they got there, they purchased two farms.

at this point the fine incident of the enemy first of all turning themselves into either bellows or pincers, the number of which differs for different versions, and then either blowing up the fire or searching for the hero therein. It seems fairly reasonable to suppose that such an incident once formed part of this version also.

Notes.—Of this tale of Gille a'Bhuidseir, No. 30 in J. F. Campbell's Collections, there are six other versions. Of these there are five which are listed at the end of the famous *W. H. Tales*, Vol. iv., pp. 395, 412, 406, 410, thus:

348. The Collier's Son.

199. Mac an Fhùcadair, published in *An Sgeulaiche*, III, No. 2.

107. Fiachaire Gobha.

173. An t-Amadan Mòr.

174. Biataiche na Boine.

(The Great Wizard is called "Fiachaire Gobha" in these last three versions.) In the seventeenth of the valuable volumes of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and on page 58 thereof, was published the only other version of this group known to me. It was called:

Sgoil nan Eun, the School of Birds.

A school of birds at which a hero is educated occurs also in the next two tales, both from J. F. Campbell's MS. Collections. Though quite different in theme and framework, and forming a separate group, the first one, 354, is related by its opening incidents to Nos. 173 and 174, and both are related to the first group through the "School of Birds."

354. Canain nan Eun, the Language of Birds.

28. Alasdair, Mac an Empire.

"This world is but for a while," appears to be an instance of popular philosophy.

The meeting of the father with his lost son is very closely paralleled in *W. H. Tales*, III, 210.

In the future tense, the verb "to sell" is written in the MS. as "creicidh," though the forms "reiceas," and "cha reic" also appear. The spelling with initial "c" is frequent in Canada.

Throwing the yellow band on a hillock, occurs only after the first selling of the hero. After the second sale, the hillock does not appear to be essential. It may be remembered that a yellow or bright green hillock was deemed lucky.

The leaping of the ring into the farmer's hand. This may be supposed to be done, because the son knows his father to be forgetful, as indeed he is, and that on two occasions, a very characteristic feature.

The sentences setting forth the hero's method of recovering his human shape by fidgetting with the bridle until he gets it off his head were supplied from the tale of "The Lady of Assynt." In other versions it is one of the Wizard's daughters, or his only daughter, who

take the bridle off for him, a form of the incident which would not fit this version.

The laird in the story is represented as giving the Wizard's apprentices a barn to work in. This was quite in accordance with actual custom, and suggests a pretty picture of the old patriarchal Gaelic times, when the "cliar sheanachain" and various professional craftsmen visited places in bodies and were merrily entertained.

That the laird refrains from asking the tinkers beforehand what their charges are is equally in keeping with the Gaelic character of this tale. Fionn does the same in several tales, and in the gaming incidents that occur in so many legends, the players never dream of mentioning the stakes till the game is lost and won, and, similarly, fights are fought before ever the combatants disclose their respective identities to each other, as in the very next story.

Iolla, interest: gabhail iolla, looking on with interest or pleasure. Note by transcriber.

Gabh iolla ris, gabh ealla ris.

Observe it, watch it, but have nothing to do with it.

Some use not "iolla" but "ealla" when meaning "observe, watch."

Airson Ni Maith, not, airson Ni Mhaith.

The number of apprentices or doves is always twelve in the MS., whether the Great Wizard and his daughters are included or not. Even when the hero has killed all but one, he is made to say he has killed twelve.

In three other versions he kills the Great Wizard in dove shape in the house of the laird. But in this version, he carries the dove shape away in his mouth to his enemy's house, in order, probably, to exult over him before killing him, which he can safely do, for with his enemy in his mouth, he has him completely at his mercy with no chance of escape. This is a very interesting instance of the separable soul belief. Though that part of the tale stops suddenly, without saying whether the hero kills the Great Wizard or not, I have made him do so, as will be seen by the paragraph in square brackets.

In another note, Hector MacLean, the transcriber, says he obtained this tale as well as Nos. 28, 29, from Roderick MacLean, tailor, Ken Tangval, Barra, who had learned them from old men in South Uist about fifteen years before, i.e. about fifteen years before 1860; it was probably in 1860 that the tales in question were transcribed.

SLIOCHD AN TRI FICHEAD
BURRAIDH

THE SEPT OF THE THREE SCORE
FOOLS

SLIOCHD

AN TRI FICHEAD BURRAIDH

OCHIONN tiom fhada, bha, aig MacDhùghaill Lathurna, deich mic, agus thug e dhaibh fear-ann thall 's a bhos air feadh Lathurna. Bha aon diubh do'm b'ainm Calum, agus thug MacDhùghaill dha baile, do'm b'ainm Colgainn, agus is e Clann Chaluum Cholgainn a theirteadh ri a shliochd.

Bha dà mhac dheug aig Mac Caluim Cholgainn, agus bha iad ro dhreachmhor, foghainteach; agus Dòmhnach de na Dòmhnach, chaidh Mac Caluim Cholgainn a dh'ionnsuidh na searmoin, agus bha a dhà mhac dheug aige leis. Tra bha e féin 's a dhà mhac dheug 'dol a stigh do'n eaglais, ghabh Baintighearna MhicDhùghaill Dhun-Ollaimh geur bheachd orra, cho mòr dreachmhor is a bha iad.

An déidh dhaibh dol dachaidh às an eaglais, dh'fharraid i de MhacDhùghaill, “Co e am fear ud aig an robh an dà mhac dheug mhòr, fhoghainteach ud, anns an eaglais an diugh?”

Thuir MacDhùghaill, “Is e a bha an siod, Mac Caluim Cholgainn.” Thuir a'Bhaintighearna,

“Ma ta, cha b'uilear do Mhac Caluim Cholgainn an treas cuid de dh'Albainn a bhi aige dha féin.”

Chan'eil fhios co dhiubh a ghon no nach do ghon sùil na Baintighearna Clann Mhic Caluim: ach thòisich galar orra: agus bha aon an déidh aoin dhiubh a'siubhal, agus mu dheireadh nach robh beò ach an dithis.

Agus bha eagal orra gu'n gabhadh galar an dithis sin féin, agus gu'n siubhladh iad. Agus ghabh iad comhairle ciamar a dheanadh iad.

Agus b'e a'chomhairle a fhuair iad—gach fear

THE SEPT OF THE THREE SCORE FOOLS

A LONG time ago there was a MacDougall of Lorne who had ten sons, to whom he gave land here and there throughout Lorne. One of them was called Callum and to him MacDougall gave a place called Colgainn, whence his descendants are called the children of Callum Colgainn.

Now Callum Colgainn's Son had twelve sons, who were very handsome and stalwart; and there came a certain Lord's Day, when both he and his twelve sons with him went to the sermon. As they were going into the church, the Lady MacDougall of Dunolly gazed at them very intently, so big and comely were they.

After returning from church, the Lady enquired of MacDougall, "Who was that man in the church to-day with those twelve big stalwart sons?"

MacDougall said, "That was Callum Colgainn's Son." The Lady replied,

"Well, then Callum Colgainn's Son ought to have the third part of Scotland for himself."

It is not known whether the Lady's eye bewitched the children of Callum's Son or not; but a disease began to attack them; and one after another died until there were only two left.

And it was feared that disease would take even those two, and that they also would die. So they sought advice as to what they had better do.

And this was the advice they received—that each of

dhiubh a dh'fhaotainn eich, agus iad a chur shrathraichean 'us chliabh air na h-eich; agus iad a chur ge b'e ni a bha iad a'dol a thoirt leò anns na cléibh; agus iad a dh'fhalbh air an turus, agus gun iad a dhol an t-aon rathad: agus iad a bhi 'falbh air an turus gus gu'm briseadh iris aon de na cléibh, agus ge b'e àite anns am bitheadh iad tra bhriseadh iris a'chléibh, iad a thogail an tighe an sin, agus iad a ghabhail còmhnuidh anns an àite sin.

Dh'fhalbh an darna fear dhiubh mu thuath, agus dh'fhalbh am fear eile mu dheas. Tra bha am fear a dh'fhalbh mu thuath a'dol troimh Ghleann Eite, bhris iris aon de na cléibh, agus thuit an sac-droma bhàrr an eich. Bha, ar le Mac Caluim, gu'n soirbhicheadh leis anns an àite sin, agus thog e tigh ann: phòs e, agus bha clann aige: agus b'e an sliochd-san [*sic*] Clann Chaluim Ghlinn Eite.

Dh'fhalbh am fear a dh'imich mu dheas gu dol do Chinntìre; agus tra bha e 'dol troimh Chnapadail, bhris iris aon de na cléibh, agus thuit an sac-droma bhàrr an eich: agus thog esan a thigh anns an àite sin, agus ghabh e a chòmhnuidh ann an Cnapadail. Phòs e, agus bha clann aige; agus b'e a shliochd-san [*sic*] Clann Chaluim Chnapadail.

Bha Clann Chaluim Chnapadail agus Clann Chaluim Ghlinn Eite a'cluinntinn iomraidh mu a chéile, agus a'faotainn fios bho a chéile, agus bha iad ro thoileach a chàirdean 'fhaicinn. Agus bhiodh iad a'cur fiosan a dh'ionnsuidh a chéile mu'n toil a bha aca air a chéile 'fhaicinn.

Chuir Clann Chaluim Chnapadail fios a dh'ionnsuidh Clann Chaluim Ghlinn Eite ann am briathran cosmhuil ri—"Thigeadh sibhse, a'Chlann Chaluim Ghlinn Eite air chéilidh gu nar faicinn-e [*sic*] do Chnapadail, agus

them was to take a horse, and to lade the beasts with pannier-saddles and baskets; putting everything they were going to take with them in those baskets; and to set out travelling. They were not to go the same road, but to continue journeying until the band of one of the baskets broke, and in whatever place they might be when the band broke, there they were to build their houses, and there take up their abode.

So one of them went north and the other went south. And when he who was going north was passing through Glen Etive, the band of one of the baskets broke, and the pack-sack fell off the horse. This MacCallum concluded that he would prosper in that place, and so he built a house there; he married and had children, and the MacCallums of Glen Etive were their descendants.

He who went south started off for Kintyre; and when he was going through Knapdale, the band of one of the baskets broke, and the pack-sack fell off the horse; and he built a house on that spot and took up his abode in Knapdale. He married and had children; and his descendants were the MacCallums of Knapdale.

Well, the MacCallums of Knapdale and the MacCallums of Glen Etive used to hear about each other, and receive messages from each other also. Each family was very desirous of seeing the other, and used to exchange messages about the wish they had to see each other.

So the MacCallums of Knapdale sent a message to the MacCallums of Glen Etive in words somewhat similar to these—"Come, ye MacCallums of Glen Etive, on a visit to Knapdale to see us, and we will give you a

bheir sinn aoidheachd dhuibh.” Agus chuir Clann Chaluim Ghlinn Eite aig a’cheart àm cuireadh a dh’ionnsuidh Clann Chaluim Chnapadail iad a dhol air chéilidh do Ghleann Eite; agus gu’m faigheadh iad aoidheachd ré tamuill, o Chlann Chaluim Ghlinn Eite.

Tra fhuair Clann Chaluim Ghlinn Eite am fios-cuiridh, thog iad orra, agus dh’fhalbh iad gu dol do Chnapadail air chéilidh, a dh’fhaicinn an càirdean ann an Cnapadail. Agus tra fhuair Clann Chaluim Chnapadail cuireadh gu dol do Ghleann Eite, cha do smaoin-tich iad air a’chuireadh a chuir iad féin do Chlann Chaluim Ghlinn Eite, ach thog iad orra, agus dh’fhalbh iad gu dol do Ghleann Eite.

Choinnich an dà bhuidhinn a chéile air Sliabh an Tuim, aig àite ris an goirear Achabheann, agus cha d’aithnich iad a chéile; bha deich air fhichead dhiubh ann, air gach taobh; agus bha iad ’nan daoine làidir, uaibhreach.

Is ann aig àth-uillt a choinnich iad, agus bha iad cho uaibhreach ’s nach d’fharraid iad cò e a chéile, agus chan fhanadh buidheann air bith dhiubh air an ais gus an rachadh a’bhuidheann eile troimh an àth; agus cha tarruingeadh buidheann air bith dhiubh chun an darna taoibh gus an rachadh a’bhuidheann eile seachad.

Ach tharruing an dà bhuidhinn an claidheamhan, gus an rathad a réiteachadh leis na claidheamhan, agus thòisich iad air a chéile, agus chog iad cath garg, gus nach robh beò dhiubh ach aon fhear air gach taobh.

Bha an dithis so ro bhlàth le bhì cho dian ag iomairt an claidheamhan, agus rinn iad seasamh treis gu iad fhéin ’fhuarachadh mu’n tòisicheadh iad air a chéile. B’e a bha ’san darna fear dhiubh, balach òg, agus is e a bha anns an fhear eile, duine leth-aosmhor, agus cha robh e cho bras ris an fhear òg. Thuirt e,

hospitable reception." But it so happened that the MacCallums of Glen Etive sent an invitation at the same time to the MacCallums of Knapdale to come on a visit to Glen Etive; and that they should receive hospitality for a little while from them.

Now, when the MacCallums of Glen Etive received the invitation, they bestirred themselves and set out to visit Knapdale, and see their relations there. And when the Knapdale MacCallums received invitation to go to Glen Etive, they never thought of the invitation they themselves had given to the Glen Etive MacCallums, but made themselves ready and started off for Glen Etive.

The two companies met on Sliabh-an-Tuim at a place called Achaveann, but did not recognize each other; there were thirty of them present on each side; and strong proud men they were.

There was a ford where they met, but so proud were they that neither band would ask who the other was, and neither would stand back until the other had crossed the ford; nor would either draw to one side until the other company had gone past.

But both bands drew their swords to clear the road with their weapons, and setting upon each other fought a desperate battle until there were none of them left alive save one on each side.

These two had been plying their swords so hard that they were both very warm, and they, therefore, stood still awhile to cool themselves before setting upon each other again. One of these was a young fellow, and the other a middle-aged man, who was not so impetuous as the young one. So he said,

“A nis, bho nach’eil beò de’n dà bhuidhinn ach thusa agus mise, is e an ceud ni a bu chòir dhuinn a dheanamh na mairbh a thiodhlacadh.” “Còrdaidh mi gu sin a dheanamh,” arsa am fear òg. Fhuair iad caibean agus sluaisdean, agus thiodhlaic iad na mairbh.

An sin, thuirt am fear a b’òige, “Thig a nise, agus feuchamaid e, biodag air bhiodaig.”

Thuirt am fear a bu shine, “A nis, bho nach’eil beò air an darna taobh ach thusa, agus air an taobh eile ach mise, dh’fhaodamaid sgeul a ghabhail de a chéile, agus fios ’fhaotainn cò na daoine dh’am bheil a chéile, agus an sin, feuchamaid a’chomhrag.”

“Agus cò iad na daoine de am bheil thu, ma ta?” arsa am fear a b’òige.

“Tha mise de shliochd Mhic Caluim Cholgainn.”

“Agus tha mise de shliochd Mhic Caluim Cholgainn.”

“Ma ta, is e mise na ta beò de Chlann Chaluim Ghlinn Eite. Bha, na bha sinn ann de Chlann Chaluim Ghlinn Eite, a’dol air chéilidh a dh’fhaicinn nar càirdean, Clann Chaluim Chnapadail—is càirdean dìleas duinn iad, bu chlann bhràithrean sinn gu léir; is ann an so a choinnich sinn ris a’bhuidhinn de’m bheil thusa; chog sinn gu h-amaideach, agus chan’eil beò ach thusa agus mise.”

“Ma ta, is mise aon de Chlann Chaluim Chnapadail. Bha sinn a’dol air chéilidh a dh’fhaicinn nar càirdean, Clann Chaluim Ghlinn Eite, agus is e so far an do choinnich sinn, agus an àite càirdeas a dheanamh, is ann a mharbh sinn a chéile.”

“Ma ta, marbh mi; is fhearr leam a bhi marbh na beò a nise.” Ach bha onfhadh an fhir a b’òige iar fuarachadh an sin; agus cha mharbhadh e am fear eile.

“Now since there are none alive of the two companies but thou and I, the first thing we ought to do is to bury the dead.” “I agree to do so,” answered the young fellow, and they procured spades and shovels, and buried the dead.

Then the younger man said, “Come now and let us try it, dirk to dirk.”

But the elder said, “Now, since there are none alive of the two companies, but thou on the one side and I on the other, let us first exchange news with each other, and ascertain to what race each of us belongs, and then will we put it to the issue.”

“And to what people dost thou belong?” quoth the younger man.

“I am of the race of Callum Colgainn’s Son.”

“And I also am of the race of Callum Colgainn’s Son.”

“Well, then, of all the MacCallums of Glen Etive, I only am left alive. For all of us MacCallums of Glen Etive were going on a visit to see our relations, the MacCallums of Knapdale—they are near relations of ours, we being all cousins, the children of brothers; here did we meet the company of whom thou art; foolishly have we fought, and there are none left alive but thou and I.”

“Well, then, I am one of the Knapdale MacCallums. We were going on a visit to see our relations, the MacCallums of Glen Etive, and here indeed we have met, but instead of showing friendship, we have actually killed each other.”

“Then, kill me; for now had I rather be dead than alive.” But the rage of the younger man had by that time cooled, and he would not kill the other.

An sin, dh'iarr am fear a bu shine air an fhear a b'òige e 'thighinn agus gu'm feuchadh iad comhrag ri a chéile, ach chan fheuchadh am fear a b'òige e. Thuirt e " cladhaire " ris an fhear a b'òige. Ach coma co dhiubh, cha deanadh am fear a b'òige tuilleadh comhraig.

Tra chunnaic am fear a bu shine [nach] b' urrainn da am fear a b'òige a thoirt gu tuilleadh comhraig a dheanamh, chuir e a bhiodag ri a bhroilleach fhéin, agus thuirt e, " Caidlidh mise an so còmhla ri m' chàirdean "; chuir e a bhiodag 'na bhroilleach, agus mharbh se e féin.

Chaidh an t-aon a dh'fhan beò dhiubh, agus ghabh e a chòmhnuidh aig [space in MS.], agus is e " Bail'-aghioragain " an t-ainm a theireadh feadhainn ris an àite anns an do thuinich e. Phòs e, agus bha clann aige, agus is [e] a theireadh feadhainn ri a shliochd—" Sliochd an Tri Fichead Burraidh a dhòirt am fuil aig Achabheann."

Is ann de an seòrsa a ta Clann Chaluim Earra-ghàidheal, agus Clann Chaluim Ghlinn-Falach air ceann mu thuath Loch Laomainn.

Tha Achabheann agus na clachan a tha 'comharrachadh a mach nan uaigh aig Cloinn Chaluim ri'm faicinn air an là'n diugh.

Notes.—The foregoing is a fusion of three versions, of which the first, the longest and fullest, was taken, and as much of the others incorporated as was consistent with the tenor of the first. This was easily done, for though the two other versions were much shorter, they agreed closely except in the following details:

The second version, which has the same name as the first, makes the rivals quarrel about which band should have the right (!) hand in passing each other, and it makes the two survivors sit down, weep, and rise up again. There it ends abruptly.

The third version, " Comhrag an Dà Bhràthar," says that the two

Then the elder asked the younger to come on that they might essay combat against each other, but the younger would not essay any such thing. The elder even called the younger "craven." Yet nevertheless, the younger would fight no more.

When the elder man saw that he could not induce the younger to fight, he turned his dirk against his own breast, and said, "I will sleep here with my kindred"; and thrusting his dirk into his own breast, killed himself.

The one that remained alive, went away, and took up his abode at [space in MS.], and people called the place where he lived, "The little coward's farm." He married and had children, and people called his descendants—"the Tribe of the Three Score Fools who spilt their blood at Achaveann."

It is to their stock that the MacCallums of Argyle belong, as well as the Glenfalloch MacCallums at the northern end of Loch Lomond.

Achaveann and the stones that mark out the graves of the MacCallums are to be seen to this day.

septs of MacCallums dwelt in Appin and Kintyre respectively; that they met at Christmas time, and that Sliabh-an-Tuim, where they met, was between the parishes of Melfort and Craignish, and that it was only the two greyhaired chiefs who were left alive. A version from the Canadian *Mac-Talla*, VII, 54, also makes the two chiefs the only persons left alive; and says that they failed to recognize each other because it was so late in the evening when they met; that the two bands had been resting, one on higher, the other on lower ground, and that one of those on the higher ground threw something at those on the lower, or gave other cause of offence equally trivial, whereupon they

attacked each other, "gun fhios," as the *Mac-Talla* version wittily says, "cò bu Chalum," which may be roughly translated, "not knowing which was Calum, or who was who"; indeed the legend may be the very thing that gave rise to this proverb. The last words of this version are, "Na'n innsinn co iad cha'n'eil fhios agam nach cuirinn miotlachd air Cloinn-Chaluim!" "If I were to tell who they were, there is no knowing but that I might annoy the MacCallums!"

Gun fhios cò bu Chalum, seems to be a common or proverbial phrase (see *An Gàidheal*, II, 359), and may have had its origin in this very legend.

Mrs K. W. Grant, in *Aig Tigh na Beinne*, 281, makes the two brothers to set out together, and that the breaking of the saddle girth of either of them was to be the sign for them to separate. In our version, the breaking was to indicate where the houses were to be built, and there is also a tale of a house being built where an ass's tether breaks in *W. H. Tales*, IV, 400.

The breaking of a saddle girth, it will be remembered, precipitates Ossian's falling off his horse.

The third part of Scotland: "trian a dh'Albainn," according to Mrs Grant, *Aig Tigh na Beinne*, 150, who says that the church into which MacCaluim Cholagainn and his twelve sons were going when the Lady of Dunolly noticed them, was the church of Kilbride, Eaglais Chille Brighde. Mrs Grant does not asperate Calum after Mac, a rule which has been followed in our story.

Livingston in his *Gaelic Poems*, 177, mentions "fear do shean Chalmaich, Cheann-Tìre mòire."

The elder of the two survivors, it is interesting to note, speaks of his own party as "an taobh eile,"—"bho nach'eil beò air an darna taobh ach thusa, agus air an taobh eile ach mise."

Two cases of irregular genitives in which the letter *f* was not aspirated. The cases were—a'cur fìosan, and Clann Chaluim Ghlinn-Falach. But *f* resists aspiration occasionally, as, leis an luchd-faoighe, *Cuairtear*, III, 73-4: and in the same place Dr Norman MacLeod has "muinntir Ghlinn Comhain," not "Chomhain."

The following is a list of stories or notices of stories more or less similar to the foregoing, and the books in which they are to be found.

Sliochd an Tri Fìthead Burraidh: *Mac-Talla*, VII, 54.

Cloinn Chaluim Cholagainn: *Aig Tigh na Beinne*, 281: see also 118, 150.

Allt na Dunach: *Trans. Gael Soc. Inverness*, XX, 66.

Blàr na Dunach: *Gàidheal*, II, 135.

Gilleann Ghlinn-Comhain 'us Gilleann Raineach: J. F. Campbell's unpublished MS. remains: *Purple Vol. II.*

Cùl-càise muinntir Ghlinn-Comhain: *Cuairtear*, I, 211

Itheadh càise a'Bharain Ruaidhe: *Trans.*, XXI, 71.

ROLAIS CHAILLEACH
NA CUINNEIGE

THE COGIE CARLIN'S
RHAPSODY

RÒLAIS

CHAILLEACH NA CUINNEIGE

BHA cailleach ann uair-eigin a roimhe so, ris an abradh iad “Cailleach na Cuinneige,” agus bha i tric an eiseimeil coimhearsnaich airson coingheall cuinneig, a thoirt a stigh uisge, bho'n a bha an tobar crioman math o'n tigh aice.

Còrr uairean, rachadh coingheall a dhiùltadh dhi, agus dh'fheumadh i dol gu tigh eile air a'bhaile, agus bhithheadh i ag ràdh, “Ach! nam faighinn-se cuinneagan domh féin, cha diùltainn uair air bith coingheall a thoirt do dheagh choimhearsnach.”

Ach latha bha an siod, bha Cailleach na Cuinneige ag obair 'san tigh mhòr, agus tra bha an obair ullamh, thug bean an tigh mhòir dhi, dà chuinneig ùir, 's iad làn bainne.

Dh'fhalbh Cailleach na Cuinneige dhachaidh leis na cuinneagan làn bainne, agus i làn sòlais. Thachair cuid de na coimhearsnaich oirre air an rathad, agus thuirt iad rithe, “Tha thu ann, thu féin 's do chuinneagan ùra, gu'm meal thu iad.”

“Tha,” thuirt ise, “chan iarr mi coingheall, cha ghabh mi coingheall; 's cha toir mi coingheall seachad a nis.”

Chaidh i air a h-aghart astar beag, agus leag i na cuinneagan air làr air leanaig bhig a bha ri taobh bruaich eas aibhne a bha an sin, agus thòisich i air bruidhinn rithe féin, agus feadhainn 'ga cluinntinn, ged nach robh fios aice-se air.

Thuirt i, “Ach, is math an deur bainne a fhuair mi an so. Tha mo choimhearsnaich a'tàir orm-sa an dràsda, ach faodaidh e bhi gu'n tàir mise orra-san fathasd.

THE COGIE CARLIN'S RHAPSODY

THERE was a Carlin once upon a time whom they called "The Cogie Carlin"; she was frequently indebted to a neighbour for the loan of a cogie or milk pail, to fetch home water, as the well was a good way from her house.

Sometimes, she would be refused the loan of one, and would have to go to another house in the hamlet, and she used to say, "Ach! if I could only get some cogies for myself, I would never refuse to lend them to a good neighbour."

But one day, this Cogie Carlin happened to be working in the big house, and when the work was done, the lady of the big house gave her two new cogies, and both of them full of milk.

The Cogie Carlin went home with the cogies full of milk, and she herself full of joy. Some of the neighbours met her on the road, and said to her, "There thou art, thou and thy new cogies, we congratulate thee."

"Yes, here I am," said she, "but now I will neither ask for a loan, nor accept a loan, nor give a loan."

She went forward a little way, and laid the cogies down on the ground in a little meadow by the side of a certain waterfall, and began to talk to herself, but though she did not know it, people were listening to her.

Said she, Ach, the amount of milk I have here is fine. My neighbours do indeed treat me contemptuously at present, but it may be that I shall some day treat them likewise with contempt.

Tra ruigeas mise dachaidh, cuiridh mi deasgainnean anns a'bhainne, 's ni mi binndeach deth, agus ni mi càise de'n bhinndeach, agus tra bhitheas an càise cruaidh, théid mi agus reicidh mi e, agus ceannachaidh mi uighean leis an airgiod a gheabh mi air.

Cuiridh mi na h-uighean fo chearc-ghuir, agus thig eòin a mach; gléidhidh mi na h-eòin gus gu'm bi iad mòr. Théid mi an sin, 's reicidh mi na h-eòin agus ceannachaidh mi uan.

Cinnidh an t-uan 'na chaora, reicidh mi a'chaora, agus ceannachaidh mi laogh 'na h-àite. Cinnidh an laogh 'na mhàrt, agus bidh laogh aig a'mhàrt aig ceann gach bliadhna, agus bidh na laoigh sin a'fàs suas 'nam màirt, agus bidh laoigh eile aca, agus air an dòigh sin, mar is mó a bhitheas agam de mhàirt, is ann is mó a bhitheas agam de laoigh, agus mar is mó a bhitheas agam de laoigh, bidh an tuilleadh agus an tuilleadh a'dol ri m'chrodh, gus mu dheireadh am bi drobh mòr agam.

Théid mi a dh'ionnsuidh na faighir leis an drobh a bhios agam, agus reicidh mi iad; thig mi dhachaidh an sin, agus mi làn bheairteach leis an airgiod a gheabh mi orra, agus ceannachaidh mi fearann leis.

An sin, tra bhios an fheadhainn leis nach b'fhiach mi roimhe, a'dol seachad orm, bidh meas aca orm, agus ni iad ùmhlachd domh, ach seallaidh mise cho tàireil orrasan an sin, is a tha iad-san a'sealltainn ormsa an dràsda.

Suidhichidh mi cuid de m'fhearann air tuathanach, agus gléidhidh mi cuid de m'fhearann ann am làimh fhéin. Agus suidhichidh mi cuid deth air coitearan, agus an sin bidh an fheadhainn a tha 'nan coimhearsnaich agam an dràsda agus a bhios ri tàir orm, a'ruith gu luath a dh'fheuchainn cò is luaithe bhitheas agam, a dh'fhaotainn àite uam.

When I get home, I shall put rennet in the milk, and make junket of it, and I shall make cheese of the junket, and when the cheese becomes hard, I shall go and sell it, and buy eggs with the money I get for it.

I shall put the eggs under a brooding hen, and chicks will come out; I shall keep the chicks till they be big. Then I shall sell them, and buy a lamb.

The lamb will become a sheep, and I shall sell that, too, and buy a calf in its place. The calf will become a cow, and have a calf at the end of every year, and these will grow up cows, and have other calves, and so the more cows I have the more calves I shall have, and the more calves I have the more and more numerous will my cattle become, until at last I have a great drove.

I shall go then to the fair with this drove that I shall have, and sell them; then I shall come home very rich, and with the money I get for them I shall buy land.

Then, when the people who would not condescend to me before happen to pass me, they will have respect for me, and make obeisance to me, but I shall look as contemptuously at them, as they now do at me.

I shall settle some of my land on a tenant-farmer, but shall retain part in my own hands. Some of it I shall settle on cottars, and then the people who are now my neighbours and treat me so contemptuously will fly to try and reach me first in order to obtain a tenancy from me.

Agus tra thig dithis no triùir a stigh mar chòmhlà, tòisichidh iad air tilgeil a mach, mu chò a gheabh a'choitearachd a's fhearr. Èisidh mi fhéin riu tacan beag, ach mu dheireadh, togaidh mi mo chas, agus their mi, "Gabh thu a mach às mo làthair," agus bheir mi breab mar so air an ùrlar"—(agus i a'toirt breab uaipe,) agus bhuail i an dà chuinneig 's chuir i car dhiubh, dhòirt am bainne, agus ridhil na cuinneagan leis a'bhruaich, 's chaidh iad thar an eas, 's chaidh iad leis an abhainn, 's chaill i iad.

Chaidh i dhachaidh an sin, agus i a'bualadh a basan ri chéile, agus i ag ràdh, "Gabhaidh mi coingheall, 's bheir mi coingheall seachad, gabhaidh mi* [coingheall 's bheir mi coingheall seachad.]"

Ach an fheadhainn a chuala an ròlais aice, cha tugadh iad coingheall tuilleadh dhi.

An uair a chluinnear feadhainn ri bòsd, agus ag innseadh dhòigheannan a tha iad a'cur an òrdugh dhaibh fhéin, leis am bheil iad a'smuainteachadh gu'n dean iad beairteas—tha e cumanta a ràdh riu, "Tha sin coltach ri Ròlais Chailleach na Cuinneige," agus an sgeul 'innseadh dhaibh.

Vol. XI, No. 383. Ròlais Chailleach na Cuinneige.

Ròlais,—rhapsody, rigmarole, nonsensical soliloquy.

* Gabhaidh mi, etc., in MS.

At the end of the tale is written, "I heard this story from several persons. John Dewar."

Campbell appends the following note to the MS.:

And when two or three come in together, they will begin to quarrel, as to which shall have the best cottar's holding. I on my part shall listen to them for a little while, but at last I shall just lift my foot, and say, 'Get thee out of my presence,' and stamp thus on the floor"—but in suiting the action to the word, the Carlin struck the two cogies and upset them; the milk was spilt, and the cogies rolling down the brae, went over the waterfall, and away down the river, and she lost them.

She went home, striking her palms together, and saying, "I will accept a loan, and give a loan, I will accept [a loan and give a loan]."

But the people who had heard her rhapsody would never give her a loan again.

When people are heard boasting, and announcing the plans which in imagination they have sketched out for themselves, plans that they think will make them rich, it is a common thing to say to them, "That is just like the Cogie Carlin's Rhapsody," and then tell them the tale.

"The Cogie Carlin's Rhapsody.

Arabian Nights, but perfectly Highland in every particular—if copied from the book exceedingly well done, for there is not a trace of the East left, except the framework of the story." The next tale appeared in the Canadian newspaper *Mac-Talla*, III, 55, and strongly resembles the *Rôlais*.

LUCHD AN IASAD

Tha seanfhacal aig na Gàidheil,

Cha téid mi a dh'iarraidh iasad suachdain,
'us cha toir mi iasad seachad,

ach chan'eil fhios aig mòran ciamar a thàinig e.

Tha e air innseadh gu'n robh bean ann uair, a bha 'tighinn beò, mar a tha mòran an diugh, air iasad.

Tha e coltach gu'n deach i a chumail tighe gun mòran àirneis a bhi aice, oir bha i àireamh bhliadhna-chan an eiseimeil a bana-coimhearsnach airson suachdain [poit chreadha] anns am bruicheadh i a biadh o latha gu latha.

Ach mu dheireadh, cheannaich i suachdan dhi féin, agus bha moit gu leòir oirre an latha thug i dhachaidh e.

Chuir i e air teine gus a tràth-nòin a bhruich, agus gu de a bh'ann ach gu'n do bhuail an t-eagal i, gu'm bitheadh a bana-choimhearsnaich 'ga iarraidh an iasad oirre, mar a bhitheadh i féin orra-san.

Ruith i chun an doruis, 's sheas i air cruach-mhòine no rud-eigin, agus dh'éigh i àrd a claiginn air chor's gu'n cluinneadh a bana-choimhearsnaich uile i—

Cha téid mi a dh'iarraidh iasad suachdain,
's cha toir mi iasad suachdain seachad,

agus thill i a stigh, dearbh chinnteach 'na h-inntinn gu'n do rinn i mar bu chòir dhi 'dheanamh.

Ach air dhi an suachdan a ruigheachd, cha robh aice ach “ an gad air an robh an t-iasg ”; bha e air a dhol 'na chlàran.

Leis a'chabhaig anns an robh i gu caismeachd a thoirt

BORROWERS

The Gael have a proverb,

I will not go borrowing a suachdan,
neither will I lend one,

but not many know how it first arose.

It is told that there was once a woman who lived, as many do to-day, on loans.

It is probable that she had begun housekeeping without much furniture, for she was for a number of years indebted to her women neighbours for a suachdan (a clay vessel) in which she might cook her food from day to day.

But at last she purchased a suachdan for herself, and very proud she was of it the day she fetched it home.

She had set it on the fire to cook her midday meal, when it suddenly occurred to her with some alarm that the neighbouring women would want to borrow it of her, as she had been in the habit of doing from them.

She ran to the door, and standing on a peat stack or something else, shouted at the top of her voice so that all her women neighbours might hear—

I will not go borrowing a suachdan,
neither will I lend one,

and then returned indoors, perfectly certain in her own mind, that she had done as she ought to do.

But when she came back to the suachdan, there was nothing left of it but "the withy on which the fish had once been strung," for the suachdan had gone to fragments.

With the haste she had been in to proclaim to the

56 RÒLAIS CHAILLEACH NA CUINNEIGE

do na mnathan, nach gabhadh 's nach toireadh i iasad suachdain, dhio-chuimhnich i uisge a chur ann, agus 'fhad's a bha ise a'gairm air a'chruaich-mhòine, chuir teas an teine an suachdan 'na mhìrean beaga, 's cha robh air fhàgail aice ach am bùlas.

Bha i nise na bu mhiosa dheth na bha i riamh.

Bha i gun phoit mar a bha i roimhe, agus beagnaire 's ge'n robh i, cha robh de bhathais aice na leigeadh leatha dhol a dh'iarraidh iasaid air a bana-choimhearsnaich.

No signature is affixed, no locality given. The idiom is Anglicized in places, but the proverb, "Cha téid mi a dh'iarraidh iasad suach-

other women, that she would neither borrow nor lend a suachdan, she had forgotten to put water in it, and while she was shouting on the peat stack, the heat of the fire broke the suachdan to little bits, and she had nothing left but the pot hook.

She was now worse off than she had ever been before.

For she was still without a pot, and, shameless though she was, she had not enough assurance to allow her to ask for the loan of one from her women neighbours.

dain" looks like something genuine or the remains of something genuine. See *Mac-Talla*, III, p. 55.

RIGHIL AN T-SITHEIN

THE REEL IN THE FAIRY HILL

RIGHIL AN T-SITHEIN

BIDH sinn a nis a'toirt duibh eachdraidh bheag ghoirid air na sìthichean, a thachair o chionn dà linn air ais.

Bha dà thuathanach ann an Druimechothais an Gleann Eite, a dh'fhalbh a dh'iarraidh uisge-beatha na Calluinn gu ruig Tigh an Rìgh. Dh'fhalbh iad, 'us fhuair iad an t-uisge-beatha, 'us dh'fhalbh iad dachaidh leis.

A'tighinn seachad air sìthean beag, cruinn, dubh, tha eadar Dàil an Eas agus Ionmhar-euthullain, chunnaic iad 's an oidhche air tighinn orra, solus anns an t-Sithean agus an dorus fosgailte. Chuala iad ceòl, 's chunnaic iad daoine a'dannsadh. Thuirt fear dhiubh, "Théid sinn a stigh a shealltuinn ciod a tha an so."

Thuirt am fear eile, "Cha téid: cha téid mise ann, ach [theirig] thusa ann ma thogras tu."

A stigh gabhaidh e, agus am buideal uisge-beatha air a mhuin.

Chuir an fheadhainn a bha a stigh air an ùrlar e 'sa mhionaid a dhannsadh.

Bha a chompanach a'gabhail fadail nach robh e 'tighinn a mach. Bha eagal air dol na bu teinne air an dorus.

Dh'fhalbh e dachaidh; dh'innis e brod na fìrinn mar a thachair. Cha chreideadh duine e. Theireadh iad ris gur a h-ann a mharbh e a chompanach. Dh'fheuch iad aig cùirt agus aig cùirt e. Bha e 'seasamh daonnan air an aon rud.

Mu dheireadh, chuir iad do phrìosan Inbhiraora e. Dh'fheuch iad air beulaobh nam breitheamhnan a

THE REEL IN THE FAIRY-HILL

WE will now give you a little story and a short one about the fairies, the history of an event that happened two generations back.

There were two farmers in Druimechothais in Glen Etive, who had gone to Kingshouse to fetch whisky for the Hogmanay. They set off, obtained the whisky, and started back home with it.

When going past a little, round, blunt Fairy-hill which is between Dalness and Ionmhar-euthullain, the night having by this time fallen upon them, they saw a light in the Fairy-hill, and the door of it open. They heard music, too, and saw people dancing, and one of our two farmers said, "Let us enter and see what is going on here."

But the other said, "No, no, I won't go in there; go thou if thou wish."

So in he went with the cask of whisky on his back.

The people who were in possession of the floor at the time instantly made him set to work and dance.

Meanwhile, his companion was getting tired of waiting because he did not come out, but feared to go nearer the door.

So he went away home, and related what had happened exactly and truthfully. Not a man would believe him, but said to him that what had really happened was that he had killed his companion. They tried him at court after court, but he held always to the same statement.

At last, they sent him to Inverary prison. They immediately tried him before the judges there, but

bh'ann 'san uair e. Cha b'urrainn daibh dad a dheanamh dheth, ach daonnan an t-aon rud aige.

An déidh dhaibh an duine bochd a chlaoidh eadar prìosan agus droch ainm, leig iad dachaidh e, gun fhiosrachadh ach mar a fhuair iad e, linn mìos mu dheireadh an Fhoghair air a'bhliadhna sin fhéin, an t-àm 'sam bi am bradan firionn agus boirionn ri cluiche agus àbhachd air Eite.

* * * * *

Bha e 'na fhasan an Gàidhealtachd Albainn a bhi ri obair ris an abair sinn “ losgadh nan aibhnichean.”

Is e sin a bhi 'deanamh leòis de ghiuthas seacte a bha pailte ri a fhaotainn 'san àite 'san àm, 'ga spealgadh le tuaigh a's 'ga chur mìos air an fharadh, agus an sin a'cur tri goid air, mar gu'n cuireadh tu air badag poite.

Bhiodh triùir no ceathrar de na daoine foghainteach a'deanamh suas ri chéile a'falbh còmhla. Bhiodh aig fear no dithis morghath mòr, tri-mheurach, a's frith-bhac air gach taobh de'n mheur; fear eile, agus gràinne de rainich thioram sheacte aige, agus fòid teine a lasadh an leòis. Dar a ruigeadh iad àth na h-aibhne, shéideadh iad am fòid, lasadh an raineach, agus bheòthaicheadh iad an leus.

An duine bu leathainne 's bu làidire bha 'sa chuideachd, is e a bha 'cumail an leòis air a ghuallainn chli, agus fear morghath air gach taobh dheth.

* * * * *

Air do'n duine a chaill a chompanach 'san t-Sìthean a bhi air oidhche Shamhna an cuideachd dhiubh so,

could make nothing of him, as he always kept to the same statement.

After harassing the poor man, imprisoning him and giving him a bad name, they let him go home, without having found out more than they knew when they seized him. It was then the last month of the Autumn [October] in that very same year, the season when the male and female salmon are sporting and revelling in Etive.

* * * * *

It was once the custom in the Gaeldom of Scotland to practise an exercise which we call "burning the rivers."

It was done in this wise—a torch was made of withered pine, that was to be had in plenty in the locality at that time. The pine was split with an axe and put for a month on the loft, and then three withies were tied about it, just as thou wouldst round a pot-brush.

Then three or four stalwart fellows would band themselves together and set off, one or two of them having a great three-pronged morghath or fishing fork, with a barb on each side of each prong, whilst another man carried a small quantity of dry withered bracken, and a live peat to kindle the torch. Upon reaching the ford of the river, they would blow up the peat, light the brackens, and kindle the torch.

The broadest and strongest man in the company was he who carried the torch, and he carried it on his left shoulder, while a man with a morghath kept on each side of him.

* * * * *

Now the man who had lost his companion in the Fairy-hill happened on Hallowe'en night to be amongst

thòisich iad aig Bun Eite, a's lean iad gu Linge na Lethchreige.

Air dha sùil a thoirt a thaobh tuiteamais, rathad an t-Sìthein, agus faicear solus de'n t-seòrsa cheudna chunnaic e roimhe, thuirt e ri càch—

“Mur creid sibh mise, creidibh ur sùilean; théid sinn a shealltuinn gu de a tha ann.”

An àird gabhaidh iad, faicear dorus mòr fosgailte, ceòl agus dannsa.

Bha an duine so [an duine a chaill a chompanach 'san t-Sìthean] 'na fhear de'n fheadhainn aig an robh am morghath.

Leum e a null agus shàth e am morghath ann am braighe an àrd-dorus.

Faicear e a chompanach air an ùrlar a'dannsadh, agus am buideal uisge-bheatha air a mhuin. Chaidh e agus rug e air amhaich air, agus thuirt e, “Tha an t-àm agad a bhi a mach às a so a nis.”

“Stad gus an danns mi an righil so; chan'eil mionaid bho'n a thàinig mi a stigh.”

“Cha chreid mi nach'eil an deagh righil agad eadar* Oidhche na Calluinn 'us Oidhche Shamhna a rithisd,” thuirt a chompanach: “dhìoghail mise gu goirt air thusa 'fhàgail an so, a's bi thusa a mach.”

Shlaod e leis a mach air an dorus e, gus am faca a chompanaich e.

“A nis, 'fheara, tha mise saor; tha sibh a'faicinn gu'n robh mi ag innseadh na fìrinn.”

Thug iad an duine dachaidh gu a mhnaoi 's gu a chloinn, agus leig iad dhiubh an t-iasgach car na

* For *eadar*, compare:

“Mharcaich e i eadar an Eadailt agus Braigh Assynt ann an leth oidhche, he rode her all the way from Italy to the Brae of Assynt in

a company of these, who, beginning at Bun Etive, had worked their way up to Linge na Lethchreige.

Happening to glance accidentally, in the direction of the Fairy-hill, he beheld a light of the same kind that he had seen before, so he said to the others—

“If you will not believe me, believe your own eyes; let us go and see what it is.”

Up they go and behold a great door, open, and within, music and dancing.

Now this man [the man who had lost his companion in the Fairy-hill] was one of those who carried the morghath.

He leaped forward and thrust the morghath into the lintel above the door.

He beheld his companion on the floor, dancing, with the cask of whisky still on his back. He went and seized him by the neck, and said, “It is high time for thee to be out of this place now.”

“Stop till I dance this reel; it is not a minute since I came in.”

“Nay, I think thou hast had a very good reel, seeing it has lasted from Hogmanay Night till Hallowe’en Night,” said his companion: “I have suffered sorely for leaving thee here, so be off and out.”

He dragged him out through the door, so that his companions saw him.

“Sirs, I am now exonerated; you see that I was telling the truth.”

They brought the man home to his wife and children, and ceased fishing for that night, for half a night.” *Eadar*, in both these cases has the sense of “complete, entire, inclusive.”

h-oidhche sin, le sòlas gu'n d'fhuair iad an duine a bha air chall uapa cho fada.

Agus sin agaibh mar a fhuair mise an eachdraidh bho sheann seanchaidh a tha beò fhathasd anns a'Ghleann.

Notes.—The tale is not signed, but was probably written or recited by Duncan MacColl, a “dog-gillie” of the Earl of Breadalbane's. This tale, as well as “Dòmhnall Caol Camshron,” has been missed out

joy at finding the man who had so long been lost to them.

And there you have the story as I had it myself from an old sennachy who is yet alive in the Glen.

of the lists at the end of *W. H. Tales*, IV., so that it may be as well to say that it occurs in MS. Volume XI., after tale No. 190. No title was prefixed to it. The caligraphy was very bad, and in several places hardly legible.

DOMHNULL CAOL CAMSHRON

DONALD CAOL CAMERON

DÒMHNUL CAOL CAMSHRON

BIDH sinn a'toirt duibh eachdraidh bhig air fear de fhir chaola Lochabair ris an abradh iad mar fhrìth-ainm, Dòmhnall Caol Camshron, ceatharnach cho foghainteach 'na latha fhéin 's a bha an Gàidhealtachd Alba air an t-seòrsa chleachdaidh a bha aca 'san uair sin, is e sin a bhi 'goid chruidh agus each, (ris an abair sinn ann an cainnt eile " bhi 'togail chreach.")

Bha Dòmhnall Caol so 'dol am fad's am fagus eadar Cataobh, Dùthaich MhicAoidh, agus a'chuid a b'fhaide gu tuath de shiorramachd Ros. Cha robh rathaidean mòra ann an uair sin, (no mar a their sinn, rathad rìgh,) ach troimh gharbhlach, mhonaidhean, ghlinn, uillt agus aibhnichean.

Air da bhi 'falbh air aon de na turusan so, thuir a bhean ris, " A'Dhòmhnuille! chan fhalbh thu 'nad onrachd an dràs."—Bha fleasgach flàthail, dreachmhor a stigh, bràthair dhi, air an robh Dòmhnall Bàn. " Falbhaidh e leat, agus ni e còmhnadh riut."

Dh'fhalbh e fhéin agus Dòmhnall Bàn, agus ràinig iad Bàthaich Cuinnaig [*sic*], is e sin beinn a tha ann an Assuint, agus coire mòr 'na meadhon a tha air a ràdhuinn le seann daoine a shamhraicheadh mìle màrt. Ràinig [an] dà Dhòmhnall bun a'choire. Ghabh iad mu chùl gràinnein de'n chrodh. Dh'fhalbh iad leò.

Bha an latha fiadhaich, stoirmeil, 's na h-uisgeachan mòr. Bha iad a'tighinn troimh ghlinn a's thar monaidhean. Allt no abhainn, cha chuireadh bacadh orra.

DONALD CAOL CAMERON

WE will now give you a little historical piece concerning one of the slender Lochaber men, one whom they nicknamed, Donald Caol Cameron, who was in his own day as doughty a champion at a certain practice that they had in those times as any there were in the Gaeldom of Albyn. This was the practice of stealing cattle and horses (which in other words we call "lifting plunder.")

This Donald Caol used to roam far and wide between the Cat Country, [i.e.] the Country of Mackay and the most northerly part of the shire of Ross. There were no high-roads there at that time, (or as we now say, king's highways) [nor was it possible to journey in any other way] save through roughlands, moors, glens, brooks and rivers.

As he was setting forth upon one of these journeys, his wife said to him, "Donald! thou must not go alone this time." There was a noble handsome young fellow, a brother of hers called Donald Bàn, indoors [at the moment, and referring to him, she said,] "he shall go with thee, and give thee aid."

So he and Donald Bàn started away, and arrived at Bàthaich Cuinnaig, the name of a ben in Assynt, in the middle of which there was a great corrie, of which it used to be said by old men that it could afford summer pasture to a thousand cows. The two Donalds reached the mouth of the corrie, rounded up a few of the cattle that were there, and went off with them.

The day was wild and stormy, and the rains very heavy; and there were they, going on and on through glens and over moors. Brook or river, nothing stopped

Bha iad gu luath, seòlta, ealanta. Bha Dòmhnul Caol suas ri a cheaird.

Chaidh an crodh 'ionndrainn; leag maithean Assuint amharus air Dòmhnul Caol; ghrad thrus iad feachd, dà fhear dheug agus ceannard, oir na bu lugha na sin, cha robh maith dhaibh dol air a thòir.

Dh'fhalbh na daoine; lorgaich iad an crodh. Chunnaic iad e astar fada bhuapa. Chunnaic Dòmhnul Caol iadsan cuideachd. Thuirt e ri Dòmhnul Bàn, "Am faic thu iad sìod, a'Dhòmhnull? Chan'eil mi 'gabhail eagail fhathasd, tha uisge math romhainn air am faigh sinn an crodh a chur air snàmh."

Bha abhainn mhòr goirid bhuapa, agus chùm iad an crodh ri bruaich na h-aibhne. A mach a ghabh iad: leum a h-uile fear dhiubh ann an earbull màirt: ràinig iad tìr air an taobh eile.

Bha an tòir 'gan dubhadh [*sic*] 's 'gan teannadh 'nan déidh.

Chuir fear de na h-Assuintich saighead an crois, a's chùm e riutha, agus bhual e Dòmhnul Bàn leatha, agus leag e e.

Chunnaic Dòmhnul Caol so: thionndaidh e le saighid de'n t-seòrsa cheudna: bhual e an ceannard Assuinteach an carraig an uchd.

Chaill na h-Assuintich am misneach le call a'cheannaird.

Thionndaidh e [Dòmhnul Caol] a rithisd, agus sgrìob e an ceann de Dhòmhnul Bàn leis a'bhiodaig, agus chuir e ann am balg a bha aige air a mhuin e, anns an robh e a'giulan arain. Dh'fhalbh Dòmhnul Caol gu sunndach leis a'chrodh: thill na h-Assuintich dhachaidh gun chrodh, gun cheannard.

Chùm Dòmhnul air gun sgiorrachd, gun tubaist

them, for they were active, knowing, and skilful. Well up to his trade was Donald Caol.

But the cattle were missed: the gentry of Assynt suspected Donald Caol; they quickly got a band together, consisting of twelve men and a captain, for with less than that, it was useless for them to pursue him.

The men set off, and following the cattle tracks, at last espied Donald Caol far away in the distance. He saw them also, and said to Donald Bàn, "Seest thou those fellows, Donald? I have no fears yet, for there is a fine piece of water lying before us, across which we will set the cattle swimming."

A short distance from them was a great river, and towards the bank of that river they headed the cattle. Out into the water they dashed; each man sprang at a cow and seized it by the tail, and thus they reached land on the other side.

But the pursuers were darkling and closing in upon them.

One of the Assynt men put an arrow in a crossbow, and aimed at them. He hit Donald Bàn, and laid him low.

Donald Caol saw this happen: he turned, and with an arrow of the same kind struck the Assynt captain full in the breast.

And with the loss of their captain, the Assynt men lost their courage.

Donald Caol turned him about again, and cutting off Donald Bàn's head with his dirk, put it in a bag that he had on his back in which he was carrying bread. He then went cheerfully off with the cattle, while the Assynt men returned home without cattle or captain.

Donald kept on, and met with no further accident

tuilleadh, gus an tàinig e gu coillidh mhòir a tha air taobh Loch Airceig, far an cuala e rud a chuir tuilleadh fiamh air na na thachair ris féin o'n a dh'fhalbh e.

Mu mheadhon oidhche, ghoir spiorad fos a chionn anns a' choillidh, a thuir, "A'Dhòmhnuill Chaoil! fàg an ceann."

Ghoir fear eile fodha air taobh eile an rathaid, "Chan fhàg e an ceann!"

"Fàgaidh e an ceann," thuir an rud a bha gu h-àrd.

"Chan fhàg e an ceann," ars an rud a bha gu h-ìosal, "cho fad's a bhitheas a choimhlion fear leam 's a bhitheas 'nam aghaidh."

"Chan fhàg mi an ceann! chan fhàg mi an ceann!" [arsa Dòmhnul Caol.]

Cha b'urrainn da bhi cinnteach co dhiubh is e spiorad a'chinn a bha aige air a mhuin, no spiorad an Assuintich a chuir e an t-saighead 'na uchd. Co dhiubh, chùm e air a'chrodh gu sunndach, glan; ràinig e dhachaidh; chaidh e a stigh. Bha a'bhean 'na suidhe taobh an teine, agus i a'gabhail fadail nach robh e 'tighinn. Air a'cheud fhacal, thuir i ris, "Càite am bheil Dòmhnul [Bàn]?"

"Cha tig Dòmhnul Bàn [tuilleadh]," thuir e rithe, "ach tha buaile mhath chruidh agam air an toirt dh'ad ionnsuidh."

"O! b'fhearr leamsa aon sealladh de dh'aodann Dòmhnul [Bhàn] na thu fhéin 's do chrodh."

"Nach'eil thu ag iarraidh ach sealladh de a aodann?" thuir esan.

"Chan'eil," thuir ise.

"Chì thu sin, ma ta," thuir esan, agus e a'toirt tarruing air a'bhalg arain a bha fhathasd air a mhuin

or disaster, until he came to a great wood that is by the side of Loch Arkeig, where he heard something that frightened him more thoroughly than all that had happened to him since he had started.

For about midnight a spirit called from the trees over his head, saying, "Donald Caol! drop the head!"

Then below him, on the other side of the road, another spirit called, "He must *not* drop the head!"

"He *shall* drop the head," said the thing that was aloft.

"He shall *not* drop the head," said the thing that was down below, "as long as there are as many with me as there are against me."

"I will *not* drop the head! I will *not* drop the head!" [quoth Donald Caol.]

Donald could not be certain whether the spirit was that of the head that he had on his back, or that of the Assynt man into whose breast he had shot the arrow. Whichever it was, he kept driving the cattle on cheerfully and dexterously, arrived home, and went in. His wife was sitting at the side of the fire, and wearying because he was not coming. The first words she said to him were, "Where is Donald Bàn?"

"Donald Bàn will come no more," he said to her, "but I have here a fine herd of cattle which I have brought home to thee."

"O! better to me were one sight of Donald Bàn's face, than the sight of thee and thy cattle."

"Is it only a sight of his face that thou dost desire?" said he.

"Nothing more," said she.

"Then his face shalt thou see," said he, laying hold of the bag of bread that was still upon his back and

gun fhuasgladh. Is e iall mhòr [a bha] 'trusadh beul a'bhuilg. Thug e tarruing air an éill. Dh'fhosgail e am balg, rug e air dhà chluais air a'cheann. Chùm e a aodann ri a mhnaoi. Bha ciabhagan mòr air Dòmhnul Bàn. Bha pronnagan de'n aran a'tuiteam às na ciabhagan.

“Sin agad e,” thuirt esan, “mur'eil thusa ag iarraidh ach sealladh dheth.”

“Is bochd an sealladh sin domhsa, a'Dhòmhnuil,” thuirt ise.

“Sin agad na b'urrainn domhsa a thoirt leam dheth, 's ged bhitheadh tusa, cha tugadh tu an còrr leat,” thuirt esan.

Agus sin agaibh mar a fhuair mise an naigheachd bho dhrobhair cruidh a bha 'crosgadh Màm a'Ghrianaid, do'n co-ainm, Staidhir an Domhnuis [*sic*].

Gille na[n] Con.

Notes.—This tale is bound up between Nos. 190 and 191 in Volume XI. Like “Rìghil an t-Sithein,” it is not mentioned in the printed lists.

“And with the loss of their captain, the Assynt men lost their courage.” It was not usual in those times to continue fighting after the death of a captain.

Uruisgs call to each other across a valley in a tale in Rev. J. G. Campbell's *Superstitions*, 197. Fairies do the same in the following tale:

“Dà Chnoc na Connaich.

These two hills are in South Shawbost, Lewis.

A person carrying a bundle of straw, who happened to be passing between these two hillocks late at night, heard, when he was exactly between them, a fairy from one of them calling him by his local name, thus:



Chùm e a aodann ri a mhnaoi.
He held its face towards his wife.

not yet unfastened. The mouth of the bag was gathered together by a great thong, and Donald Caol, laying hold of the thong, gave it a pull, and opened the bag. Then taking hold of the head by the two ears, he held its face towards his wife, and from out of the great locks that had been Donald Bàn's, crumbs of the bread kept falling.

"There it is for thee," said he, "if thou desire nothing but a sight of it."

"A sad sight is that for me, Donald," said she.

"That is all of him that I was able to bring away with me, and even if thou thyself hadst been there, thou couldst not have brought any more of him with thee," said he.

And there ye have the story, as I had it from a cattle drover who was crossing Màm a'Ghrianain, which is also called the Devil's Stair [?].

The Hound Gillie.

[probably Duncan MacColl, a forester of the Earl of Breadalbane's.]

"A'Mhic Dhòmhnuaill Ghlais! nach fàg thu a'chonnlach?" Before, however, he had time to consider what to do, he heard a fairy from the opposite hillock saying:

"A'Mhic Dhòmhnuaill Ghlais! chan fhàg thu a'chonnlach cho fada 's a bhios uiread leat agus a tha 'nad aghaidh agus duine a bharrachd!"

These hillocks derived their name from this well-known incident of the fairies of one hillock taking the part of a benighted pedestrian of the Adamic race against their neighbour fairies." See *Folk-Lore*, VIII, 386.

Fairies quarrel with each other for the possession of a mortal in *Folk-Tales and Fairy-Lore*, 192. See also the tale of Haoisgeir na Cuiseig, *An Deò Gréine*, Sept. 1913, where spirit voices calling from the shore, give a man in a boat contradictory directions as to where he is to land.

CLAIDHEAMH SOLUIS
RÌGH LOCHLAINN

THE KING OF LOCHLANN'S
SWORD OF LIGHT

CLAIDHEAMH SOLUIS RÌGH LOCHLAINN

BHA banrighinn air Lochlann uair, 's bha triùir mhac aice.

Dh'eug a fear, 's phòs i fear eile. 'S bha toil aig an dara fear cur às do'n cheud chloinn, 's gu'm biodh an rìoghachd aig a chuideachd fhéin. Bha claidheamh soluis an teaghlaich rìoghail aig a'mhac a bu shine, a bha 'na chomharra air a'chòir a bhi aige air a'chrùn.

Bha càirdeas aig Banrighinn Lochlainn ris an teaghlach Dhòmhnallach, aig an robh còir air na h-eileanan anns an àm a bha an sìod.

Chuir i a triùir chloinne do Thiriodh gus a bhi sàbhailt o'n òide. Bha lònng a'dol a h-uile bliadhna, a thoirt bidh, agus dighe, agus ghoireasan eile d'an ionnsuidh.

Bha facal eadar a'chlann agus am màthair leis an tuigeadh i mar a bha cùisean a'còrdadh riutha, 's bha an cleachdadh sin ri leantainn gus an tigeadh am mac a bu shine gu aois a'chrùn.

Am beagan ùine, chaochail am mac a b'òige, 's an ùine ghearr as a dhéidh, am mac meadhonach.

Bha ise a'tuigsinn mar a bha a'chùis, 's rinn i suas pasgan no beairtean airson a'mhic a bu shine, 's thuirt i ris an sgiobair,

“ Bheir thu so do mo mhac, 's bheir thu facal do m'ionnsuidh de their e riut an uair a thilleas tu.”

* Air do'n sgiobair ruigsinn, bha am mac a bu shine marbh mar an ceudna.

THE KING OF LOCHLANN'S SWORD OF LIGHT

THERE was once a Queen of Lochlann, who had three sons.

Her husband died and she married another. The second husband wished to make away with the children of the first husband, so that his own family should possess the kingdom. The Sword of Light belonging to the royal household was in the possession of the eldest son, and that was the proof that he had the right to the crown.

The Queen of Lochlann was related to the house of MacDonald, who possessed the isles at that time.

She sent her three children to Tíree to be safe from their stepfather, and a ship used to go there every year, to take them food, drink, and other necessaries.

Between the children and their mother, watch words used to pass to and fro by means of which she might know how matters were prospering with them, and this practice was to continue until the eldest son became of age to take the crown.

After a short time, the youngest son died, and in a short time after that again, the second son.

The Queen quite realized what had happened, and accordingly she made up a small parcel or packet for the eldest son, and said to the captain of the ship,

“Give thou this to my son, and when thou return bring me word again as to what he says to thee.”

But by the time that the captain arrived, the eldest son was dead also.

CLAIDHEAMH SOLUIS RÌGH LOCHLAINN

Nuair a thàinig an sgiobair air ais, air leisg na naigheachd goirt a bh'ann 'innseadh dhi, cha tug e comharra idir di.

Las an so a fearg, a'saoilsinn gu'n do mharbhadh a cuid mhac, 's dh'òrduich i gu cabhagach luingeas chogaidh a dheanamh deiseal airson sgrios a thoirt air an eilean o cheann gu ceann.

Air do'n t-sluagh bhochd a chluinntinn an sgrios obann a bha gu tighinn orra le Banrighinn Lochlainn, bha iad a'deanamh deas airson an dùthaich 'fhàgail; ni, gun teagamh, a bha iad air a dheanamh, mur bhitheadh seann duine bochd, a bha cho sean 's nach b'urrainn da gluasad, a thug dhaibh a'chomhairle a leanas—

“ Cruinnichibh gach capull-searraich, ach an searach 'fhàgail a stigh—gach màrt-laoigh, ach an laogh 'fhàgail a stigh—gach caora-uain, ach an t-uan 'fhàgail a stigh—gach duine, òg agus sean, firionn agus boirionn do Phort Sgairinnis gus latha a chumail airson tùirse clann [Ban]righ Lochlainn; far am bi gach làir a'sitrich, gach màrt a'geumnaich, gach caora 'meilich; agus,” ars am bodach, “ tha mi an dòchas gu'n dean sinne ar cuid féin de'n chaoineadh.”

Dh'aontaich gach aon leis a'chomhairle ghlic a bha an so, 's mar sin bha iad deiseal fa chomhair tighinn na luinge[is].

Thàinig an luingeas Lochlannach, 's dh'acraich iad aig ceann tràigh Ghott: 's dh'òrduich a'Bhanrighinn bàta mu'n cuairt, feuch de an comh-chruinneachadh a chunnaic i ann am Port Sgairinnis; 's an sin, thuig iad, air éiginn, le comh-ghàir an t-sluaigh, gur h-e latha bròin a bh'ann airson clann [Ban]righ[inn]

KING OF LOCHLANN'S SWORD OF LIGHT

And upon coming back, the captain was so reluctant to tell her the sad news, that he brought her no message at all.

At this her anger kindled, for she now supposed that her sons had been killed, and she hastily ordered a fleet of warships to be made ready in order to lay waste the island from end to end.

When the poor people heard of the sudden destruction that was coming upon them, through the Queen of Lochlann, they began to make preparations to leave the country; which they certainly would have done, had it not been for a poor old man, so old that he could not travel, who gave them the following advice—

“Gather ye together every brood-mare, [taking care to separate their foals from them in every case,] and leave them indoors,—gather also every milch-cow, but leave the calf of each indoors,—every ewe also, but leave the lambs likewise indoors—and gather every person, old and young, male and female to Port Scarinish, there to hold a day of lamentation for the Queen of Lochlann’s children: there will every mare be neighing, every cow lowing, and every sheep bleating, and,” quoth the old man, “I hope that we also shall all do our own share of wailing.”

Every one agreed to this wise advice; and so they were all well prepared against the coming of the Lochlanner ships.

The Lochlanner ships came and anchored at the head of the bay of Gott: and the Queen ordered out a boat to go and ascertain what the great gathering was that she saw in Port Scarinish; with some difficulty the boat’s crew at last made out by the united outcry of the people, that it was a day of mourning for the

CLAIDHEAMH SOLUIS RÌGH LOCHLAINN

Lochlainn, a'tuireadh clann [Ban]righ[inn] Lochlainn. Thill am bàta le cabhaig a dh'innseadh do'n Bhanrighinn an sealladh a chunnaic iad, ach nach robh aon de'n spréidh a chunnaic iad, air ìobradh.

Chum's gu'm faigheadh a'Bhanrighinn eòlas air a so na bu mhionaidiche, dh'fhalbh i fhéin air tìr. Fhuair i an sluagh mar a dh'ainmicheadh dhi an toiseach, a'caoineadh, 's cho-mheasg i a deòir fhéin maille ri an deòir-san. Agus air di a chluinntinn gu'n do bhàsaich a clann le bàs a'chinn-adhairt gun choire neach sam bith ris, an àite gamhlais, is e a bh'ann càirdeas, agus an àite marbhaidh, dh'òrduich i mòran bidh a chur air tìr dh'an ionnsuidh ás na luingeis. An uair a chuala i na beathaichean, chuir e iongnadh uirre, cha chuala i na beathaichean ri bròn riamh roimhe.

Tha'n Claidheamh Soluis tiodhlaichte ann an Soireabaidh gus an latha'n diugh.

Is e Soireab a bha air mac òg na Banrighinn, agus is ann air a chaidh an cladh 'ainmeachadh Soireabaidh, sin Soireab uaigh.

From Donald McDonald, Innkeeper, Stony Bridge, S. Uist, who learnt it from Iain Donn nan caorach, alias John McLean, Tiree.

In the MS. "luingeas chogaidh," and "ás na luingeas" are two of the forms used, the first of which gives the impression of a collective singular feminine noun, and the second a collective plural. Elsewhere a single ship is spoken of, lòn, luinge, which has been made luingeas in this book for the sake of continuity. The children are sometimes spoken of as the Queen's, sometimes as the King's.

Cattle are separated from their young in the tale of the Norse Witch,

KING OF LOCHLANN'S SWORD OF LIGHT

Queen of Lochlann's children, and that they were lamenting them. The crew returned in haste to tell the Queen what they had seen, and, that of all the cattle they could see, not one had been sacrificed.

In order that she might obtain more detailed information about the matter, the Queen herself went ashore. She found the people, as she had been told at first, lamenting, and she mingled her tears with theirs. Upon hearing that her children had died a natural death, and that no one was to blame in the matter, instead of hatred there was friendship, and so far from there being any slaughter, she ordered that plenty of food should be sent ashore to them from the fleet. When she heard the animals, she was greatly astonished, for she had never heard beasts mourning before.

To this day the Sword of Light is buried in Soireabaidh.

The Queen's youngest son was called Soireab, and it was after him that the cemetery of the place was called Soireabaidh, that is to say, the grave of Soireab.

Dubh-a-Ghiuthais, where their bellowing induces the witch in that tale to descend to earth, when she is at once shot.

In another tale about a quarrel between Lochiel and the Duke of Athol, the throwing of a sword into a lake, in some versions by Lochiel, and in others by the Duke, is a token that the quarrel between them had been cemented. The King of Lochlann's Sword of Light was probably buried for a similar reason.

The paragraph about the name of the cemetery, Soireabaidh, which is here placed last, appeared in the original MS. at.* See p. 80.

MAC MHIC RAONUILL

MACDONALD OF KEPPOCH

MAC MHIC RAONUILL

I.

CHaidh fear a cheannach ghobhar bho Mhac Mhic Raonuill, agus thachair e ris mu choinneamh a'chaisteil, agus dh'fhoighnich e dheth an robh gobhair aige 'gan reic.

Thuirte esan gu'n robh, agus rinn iad cumha, agus cheannaich e na gobhair.

Liubhraigeadh na gobhair dha, 's dh'fhalbh e leò, agus air dha bhi treis dhe'n t-slighe leis na gobhair, thachair allt ris, agus bha e 'gan cur a nunn air an allt.

A h-uile té mar a rachadh a mach air an abhainn, bha i 'fàs 'na goisdean ruadh rainich 'dol leis an allt, agus an d'fhalbh iad leis a h-uile gin aca 'nan goisdeannan ruadha rainich, 's cha robh gin aige dhiubh mu dheireadh.*

Ach is e rinn e,—thill e air ais a rithisd far an robh Mac Mhic Raonuill, agus thachair e ris anns an àite cheudna far an d'fhàg e e, agus e 'na chadal; agus bha e ag éigheach ris gu a dhùsgadh gus an d'fhairtlich air a dhùsgadh.

Dh'fhalbh e agus rug e air làimh air, agus gu de rinn an làmh ach tighinn as a'ghuallainn, agus leum an fhuil 'na spùt mu a shùilean.

An uair a chunnaic esan gu'n robh an duine uasal urramach so air lunn a bhi seachad, shìn e a mach anns a'chaoineadh 's anns an rànaich.

An uair a chunnaic seirbhisich Mhic 'Ic Raonuill mar a rinn e, shìn iad a mach as a dhéidh gus e 'thilleadh.

Notes.—*“All except one dun hornless goat (*gobhar mhaol odhar*)”: see Rev. J. G. Campbell's *Superstitions*, 287, where a version of this tale is given, but in English only.—Magicians frequently make people

MACDONALD OF KEPPOCH

I.

A CERTAIN man went to buy goats of Macdonald of Keppoch, and meeting him outside his castle, asked him if he had any goats to sell.

Keppoch said he had, and they struck a bargain, and the man bought the goats.

Upon their being delivered to him, he started off with them, and having gone some way on the road, he came to a stream, and began to drive them across it.

But as each one went out into the stream, it became a red stalk of bracken, that floated away down the river; and red stalks of bracken they every one of them became and went floating away, so that in the end he had not a single goat left.

So what the man did was to go back again to Keppoch. He found him asleep just where he had left him; and began to shout and halloo at him and did so for some time, but at last had to give it up, as he failed to awaken him.

He then seized him by the hand, and lo! the whole arm came away right from the shoulder, and the blood spouted at his eyes, like a fountain.

When he saw that this noble gentleman was nearly sped, he fled away lamenting and shrieking.

Then when Keppoch's servants saw what he had done, they dashed after him in order to bring him back.

dream, either to cure a man of stinginess (*Oban Times*, May, 1912), to give him a story to tell (*Celt. Mag.*, XII, 278, *Trans. Gael. Soc. Inverness*, XIV, 111, *W. H. Tales*, IV, p. 386, No. 118, p. 418, No. 275), or as in this case, for sport.

Cha tilleadh, cha tilleadh esan leis an eagal gu'n rachadh a chur a dhìth.

Ach rug na daoine air, agus thug iad air ais e: agus ràinig e an duine agus e 'sileadh fala.

Dh'iarr iad air breith air làimh air, agus a cur dh'a stopadh far an robh i, air chor agus gu'm faodadh an duine sgar de shileadh fala.

Nuair a rinn e sin, dh'éirich Mac Mhic Raonuill cho brisg 's a bha e riamh.

Dh'innis an duine do Mhac Mhic Raonuill mar a thachair do na gobhair.

“Tha mise,” ars an ceann-cinnidh, “anns an aon àite, agus cha do reic mi aon ghobhar riut-sa, ach falbhaidh mi nis agus reicidh mi riut iad.”

Cha do chàirich a h-aon aca bhàrr a'chnuic. Is ann a bha duathar air a chur air a shùilean le buidseachd Mhic 'Ic Raonuill.

Dh'innis Mac Mhic Raonuill dha gur h-ann airson spors a rinn e e.

Thug e an sin dha na gobhair, agus dh'fhalbh e leò.

But he would not return, not he, for fear he should be put to death.

However, the others caught him and brought him back; and so he came to where Keppoch was, who was still dripping blood.

They told him to take up the arm, and to place it just where it had been in order to stop the flow, so that Keppoch might cease losing blood.

But as soon as he had done this, Keppoch got up again as much alive as he had ever been.

The man then told Keppoch what had happened to the goats.

“But,” said the chief, “I have been in this same place all the time, and not a single goat have I sold thee, but I will set about it and sell them to thee now.”

Neither of them had ever moved off the hill. A veil of darkness had been cast about the other's eyes by Keppoch's witchcraft.

Keppoch told him that it was only in sport he had done it all.

Then he gave him the goats, and the man took them away with him.

MAC MHC RAONUILL

II.

BHA Mac Mhic Raonuill air turus, agus chaidh e a stigh do thigh a bha air an rathad a dh'iarraidh deoch, agus bha bean a bha anns an tigh a'maistreadh.

Dh'iarr e deoch oirre.

Thuirte i ris nach robh deoch aice dha.

Bha moran bhuaichean aice a'buain; agus bha na buaichean a'gabhail fadachd nach robhas a'cur dh'an iarraidh chun an trath-nòin, agus is ann a chuir fear-an-tighe fear dhiubh dhachaidh a dh'fhoighneachd gu de bha 'ga cumail nach robh i a'cur dh'an iarraidh chun an trath-nòin.

An uair a ràinig e an tigh, gu de bha ise ach a'dannsadh, 's cho luath 's a chaidh e fhéin a stigh, thòisich e fhéin.

[Chuir fear-an-tighe buaiche eile dhachaidh, agus thachair a leithid eile dha-san.]

Mar sin o fhear gu fear, gus an robh a h-uile duine a bha aice a'buain a'dannsadh, 's gu de am port a bha aca, ach—

Chunnaic mise Mac Mhic Raonuill,

'S dhiùlt e deoch dhomh, dhiùlt e deoch dhomh,

Chunnaic mise Mac Mhic Raonuill, etc.

Dh' aithnich fear-an-tighe gur e Mac Mhic Raonuill a rinn e.

Fhuair e each, agus a mach a thug e far an robh e.

Dh'innis Mac Mhic Raonuill dha mar a rinn e, agus gur ann gu suileachan [*sic*] a thoirt dhi a bha e, gun i deoch a dhiùltadh do fhear ghabhail rathaid tuilleadh.

MACDONALD OF KEPPOCH

II.

KEPPOCH, while once on a journey went into a house on the road to ask for a drink, and it happened that there was a woman in the house who was churning.

He asked a drink of her.

She told him she had none for him.

Now she had a great many reapers at work, and these reapers were getting weary and wondering that no one had been sent to fetch them to dinner, and so at last the goodman himself sent one of them home to enquire whatever it could be that was keeping her, and why she did not send for them to come to their dinner.

But when the messenger arrived at the house, what was the woman doing but dancing, and the instant the messenger himself entered, he began to dance too.

[The goodman sent another reaper home, but the same thing happened to him.]

Thus it went on from man to man, until every one of her reapers were dancing, and this was the tune they were all singing—

I've seen the Son of the Son of Ronald,
And a drink he refused me, a drink he refused me,
I've seen the Son of the Son of Ronald, etc.

The goodman realized that it was Keppoch who had brought all this about.

So he procured a horse, and away he went after him.

Keppoch told him what he had done, and that his intention had been to open her eyes, and make her understand that she was not to refuse a drink to a wayfarer in future.

“Nuair a théid thu dhachaidh, gheabh thu sgolb calltuinn air a stopadh os cionn an doruis, agus an uair a bheir thu ás e, bidh iad cho socair agus a bha iad riamh.”

Rinn e so, agus sguir iad, ach cha b'urrainn daibh car tuilleadh a dheanamh le sgìos.

From Lachlan Robertson, Lussay.

See *Nicolson's Gaelic Proverbs*, 172. “Eibheall air gruaidh—mnathan-luaidh 'us tàilleirean. *Live-coal on' cheek—waulking-women and tailors*. The goodwife who had to provide for a company of vigorous women coming to assist her in waulking cloth, or tailors coming to work in the house for days, and expecting, of course, to be well treated, might be supposed to have no sinecure.” She was expected to show the usual hospitality

“When thou goest home, thou wilt find a slip of hazel fixed above the door, and when thou takest it down, they will become as quiet as ever they had been.”

He did so, and they ceased dancing, but were unable to do another hand's turn that day for weariness.

to strangers as well, according to Lachlan Robertson's story, given above.

A letter from D. K. Torrie (who got the above from Lachlan Robertson) is bound up after this story. It proves that J. F. Campbell paid money for stories; for how many will probably never be known. But he was not rich at his death, and he remarks somewhere that nobody seemed to care for the stories, an indifference which must have been very painful to this great-hearted man.

AN TRIUIR
A CHAIDH A DH'IARRAIDH
FIOS AN ANRAIDH

THE THREE
WHO WENT TO FIND OUT WHAT
HARDSHIP MEANT

AN TRIÙIR

A CHAIDH A DH'IARRAIDH

FIOS AN ÀNRAIDH

BHA Triùir Chlann Rìgh [Bana-phrionnsachan] ann an sìod roimhe so, 's cha robh an athair no am màthair beò, 's bha iad a'fuireach ann an tigh leò fhéin. Thuir an té bu shine ri càch,

“Cha stad mi 's chan fhois mi a choidhche gus am faigh mi Fios an Ànraidh.”

“Ma ta,” ars a piuthair mheadhonach, “ni mi féin an cleas ceudna, 's cha stad mi fhéin gus am faigh mi Fios an Ànraidh.”

Thuir an té a b'òige, “Chan fhan mise leam fhéin an déidh dhuibh-se falbh; ach chan ann a dh'iarraidh Fios an Ànraidh a théid mi, air a shon sin.”

Dh'fhalbh iad, 's bha iad an sin a'falbh gus an robh dubhadh a'tighinn air am bonnaibh agus tolladh air am brògan. Thuit an oidhche an sin; 's chunnaic iad solus fada uatha; 's ge b'fhada uatha, cha b'fhada 'ga ruigheachd. Chaidh iad a stigh an sin, 's bha seann duine a stigh leis fhéin, 's teine beag biorach aige a'cur smàil. “Fàilt oirbh fhéin, a' Thriùir Chlann an Rìgh; b'uaibhreach dhuibh falbh as bhur tigh fhéin,” ars an seann duine.

“A'Nighean is sine an Rìgh, éirich, agus deasaich ar tràth-feasgair,” ars an seann duine. Rinn i sìod.

“A 'dhà Nighean is òige an Rìgh, theirigibh a bhuain luachrach* a bhios fodhainn anns na leap-aichean,” ars an seann duine.

* Tri coilceadha na Féinne, bàrr gheal chrann, cóinneach, agus

THE THREE WHO WENT TO FIND OUT WHAT HARDSHIP MEANT

THERE were formerly Three King's Children [Princesses], whose father and mother were dead, and who dwelt in a house by themselves. The eldest one said to the others,

"I am going to try and find out what Hardship means, and I will never stop nor rest till I do."

"Well, then," said her middle sister, "I will do the same thing myself, for neither will I rest until I find out what Hardship means."

The youngest one said, "I shall certainly not remain by myself after you have gone; nevertheless it is not in order to find out what Hardship means that I shall go."

They set off, and travelled on and on until the soles of their feet began to get black, and their shoes full of holes. Then the night fell; and they saw a light far away from them; but far from them though it was, they were not long in reaching it. They went inside the place where the light was, and there was an old man there by himself, with a little fire shaped like two haycocks and smoking. "Hail to you, ye Three Children of the King; it was a bold thing on your part to leave your own house," quoth the old man.

"Thou Eldest Daughter of the King, rise, and make ready our supper," said he. She did so.

"Ye two younger daughters of the King, go and gather rushes* to be placed in the beds for us to lie on," said the old man.

ùr-luachair. The three bedstuffs of the Fingalians, fresh tree-tops, moss, and fresh rushes. Nic. 389.

Dh'fhalbh iad an so, agus bhuain iad luachair, an dithis nighean, an té mheadhonach agus an té òg. Thill iad dachaidh leis an luachair, 's bha an dorus dùinte, 's chan fhaigheadh iad a stigh!

Cha robh cothrom aca ach fuireach air chùl na còmhla a'caoineadh an sin. Dh'fhuirich iad an sin gus an tàinig an là, 's an uair a shoillsich an là dh'fhalbh iad. Bha iad a'falbh fad finn finn foinneach an latha gus an tàinig an oidhche. Chunnaic iad an solus fada uatha, 's ge b'fhada uatha, cha b'fhada 'ga ruigheachd. Chaidh iad a stigh, 's bha seann duine an sin, 's teine beag biorach aige, a'cur smàil.

“Fàilt oirbh fhéin, a'dhithis Nighean an Rìgh; b'uaibhreach dhuibh tighinn an so,” ars an seann duine.

“A'Nighean mheadhonach an Rìgh, éirich 's deasaich ar tràth-feasgair.” Dheasaich i an tràth-feasgair 's ghabh iad i.

“A'Nighean is òige an Rìgh, falbh a bhuain luachrach a théid fodhainn anns na leapaichean.”—Dh'fhalbh i, 's bhuain i an luachair, 's thill i leatha, 's thàinig i chun an doruis, 's bha an dorus dùinte, 's chan fhaigheadh i a stigh ni's mó na gheabhadh a brògan.*

Bha i a'caoineadh air chùl na còmhla fad na h-oidhche.

An uair a thàinig an là, 's a bu léir dhi, dh'fhalbh i. Bha i 'falbh fad an latha, 's feasgar an sin thàinig i a dh'ionnsuidh tìghe, 's cha robh a stigh ach fear agus bean, 's iad 'nan leabaidh leis an aois.

“Fàilt ort fhéin, a 'Nighean an Rìgh; tha thu làn sgìos agus mio-thlachd, ach ma ni thu féin an rud a

* Even her shoes, though smaller than she, were not

The two lassies, the middle one and the youngest, hereupon set off, and gathered the rushes, but when they returned with them the door was shut, and they could not get in!

They had no choice but to stay outside the door, and there they stayed crying. They stayed there till the day came, and when it dawned, they departed. On and on they travelled the whole live-long day until the night came. They saw again a light far away from them, but though far from them, they were not long in reaching it. They went into the place where the light was, and there was an old man there, with a little fire shaped like two haycocks, which was smoking.

“Hail to you, ye two Daughters of the King; it was a bold thing on your part to come here,” quoth the old man.

“Thou second Daughter of the King, arise and make ready our supper.” She prepared the supper, and they partook of it.

“Thou youngest Daughter of the King, go and gather rushes to be placed in the beds for us to lie on.” She went off, and gathered the rushes, and returned with them. But when she came to the door, it was shut, and she could no more get in than her shoes could.*

So there she was, crying and crying outside the door all night long.

When day came, and she could see, she departed. All day long she went on and on, and finally in the evening she came to a house, in which there was nobody but a man and woman, who were both bedridden with age.

“Hail to thee, thou Daughter of the King; thou art disconsolate and full of weariness, but if thou wilt able to enter; she could no more get in than fly

dh'iarraas mise ort, tachraidh gu math dhuit," ars a[n t-seana] bhean a bha a stigh an sin. Thug i biadh dhi, 's chuir i uisge blàth air a lamhan 's air a casan, 's chuir i a luigh i. Chaidil i gus an tàinig an là. An uair a ghabh i a diot-maidne, thug an t-seana bhean oirre an sin, falbh.—“ Bidh thu nis a'falbh, 's tha tigh mòr, geal, gun a bhi fad às a so, 's thèid thu a stigh an sin.”

Dh'fhalbh i an sin, 's cha robh i fada a'falbh, an uair a thachair an tigh geal oirre. Cha do thachair duine beò oirre, 's fhuair i na dorsan fosgailte, 's ghabh i a stigh roimpe.

Ghabh i suas do sheòmar breagha a bha an sin. Bha teine mòr breagha anns an t-seòmar. Shuidh i a stigh ann, 's cha robh i 'faicinn duine.

An uair a thàinig àm a'bhìdh, bha am bòrd air a chòmhdachadh leis a h-uile biadh a's deoch a smuaintichteadh. Ghabh i na dh'fheumadh i de na bha air a'bhòrd.

An uair a thàinig an oidhche, lasadh na coinnean, 's cha robh seòmar a bha a stigh gun solus. Bha i an so a'gabhail misnich. Chaidh i suas an staighir, 's bha a h-uile h-àite air a lasadh. Bha seòmar fosgailte roimpe an sin, a's coinneal a's coinneir air a'bhòrd, a's teine breagha 'san t-simileir. Leabaidh bhreagh an sin air a deanamh sìos deiseal airson dol a luigh innte. An uair a bha i treis an sin, 's a ghabh i a tràth-feasgair, smuaintich i air dol a chadal. Chaidh i a luighe.

An uair a bha i an sin 'na luighe, 's i dol a thuiteam 'na cadal, dh'fhairich i cudthrom mòr, mòr, air a muin! Chuir i a làmh a mach, 's gu de bha an sin ach Coluinn gun Cheann, agus bhuail e air iarraidh a dhol fo'n aodach còmhla rithe. A dh'aindeoin 's na rinn i,

indeed do the thing that I shall command thee, matters shall be well with thee," quoth the old woman. Then she gave her food, and warm water for her hands and feet, and sent her to bed, where she slept until the day came. When she had taken her morning meal, the old woman set her on her journey. "Thou must now be going, but there is a big white house not far from here, and there shalt thou go in."

She then went away and had not been travelling long, when she came to the white house. Not a living soul did she meet, but she found the doors open, and went straight in.

There was a beautiful room there and she went over to it. In it was a fine big fire, so she went in and sat down, still seeing nobody about.

When the time for food came, the table was covered with every kind of meat and drink that could be imagined. She took as much as she needed of what was on the table.

When the night came, the candles were lighted, and there was no room in the house that was not lit up. At this she began to take courage. She went upstairs, and every place was illuminated. There was a room open before her there, a candle and candlestick on the table, and a bright fire on the hearth. A beautiful bed was ready, and turned down, all prepared for sleeping in. When she had been there for a while, and had had her supper, she bethought herself of going to sleep, and went to bed.

But while she was lying there, and about to fall asleep, she felt a great, great weight upon her! She put out her hand, and what should it be but a Headless-Body, which immediately began to ask if it might come under the clothes with her. In spite of all she could do, it

chaidh e fo'n aodach; ach cho luath's a fhuair e fo'n aodach, dh'fhàs e 'na aon òganach a b'aille chunnacas o thus an domhain gu deireadh na dìle! Dh' innis e dhi gu'm b'e féin mac rìgh a bha aig a mhuime air a chur fo gheasaibh, agus gu'm biodh e fo na geasaibh ud am feasd, gus an tachradh a leithid-se ris.

“An là'r na mhàireach,” thuirt e rithe, “ged a chluinneas tu an taobh a tha fodha de'n tigh, a'dol os a chionn, na fosgail an dorus.”

An uair a dh'éirich ise, bha ciste làn de na h-aodaichean a bu bhreagha mu a coinnimh.

Cha bu luaithe dh'fhalbh esan, na thòisich a'ghleadh-
raich sin sìos 'us suas feadh an tìghe. Bha iad ag iarraidh oirre-se an dorus 'fhosgladh, 's chan fhosgladh i e.

An uair a thàinig an oidhche 's a chaidh i a luighe, thàinig an cudthrom air a muin. Cha luaithe a bha e 'na luighe fo'n aodach còmhlà rithe, na bu e an t-òganach a bu bhreagha 's a b'aille o thus an domhain gu deireadh na dìle!

An uair a dh'fhalbh esan an là'r na mhàireach, thuirt e rithe, “Cuiridh iad an diugh barrachd dragh ort 's a chuir iad riamh, ach na fosgail thusa an dorus air na chunnaic thu riamh.”

Lean iad sia làithean mar so. Bha ise a'faotainn na h-aon trioblaid o'n fheadhainn a bha ag éigheach 'san dorus, 's ag iarraidh a stigh. An uair a thigeadh esan dachaidh, bhiodh e cho toilichte ise bhì cho daingeann riu.

“Nis,” ars esan, air maduinn an t-siathamh latha, “is e an diugh an là mu dheireadh, 's tha mise cuibhte



Na foscail thusa an doras air na chunnaic thu riamh.
Do not open the door upon any account.

came under the clothes; but as soon as it got there, it became the most singularly beautiful youth that could ever have been seen from the beginning of the world to the end of eternity! He told her that he was a king's son, whom his stepmother had placed under enchantments, and that he was to continue enchanted for ever, or until he should meet with such a one as she.

“On the morrow,” said he, “though thou shouldst hear the house being turned upside down, do not open the door.”

When she arose, there was a chest full of the most beautiful clothes ready for her use.

No sooner had he gone, than a tremendous din began which raged up and down throughout the house. They [the unseen creatures] were demanding of her to open the door, but open it she would not.

When the night came and she had gone to bed, the weight came upon her again. No sooner was it lying under the clothes with her, than it became the most beautiful and most handsome youth that could ever have been from the beginning of the world to the end of eternity!

On the morrow, when he went away, he said to her, “They will give thee more trouble to-day than they did before, but do not open the door upon any account!”

They kept this up for six days, and she continued to suffer the same annoyance [every day] from those who were shouting at the door, and demanding admittance. But when he came home [every evening] he was always very pleased with her for being so firm against them.

“Now,” said he, on the morning of the sixth day, “this is the last day, and I shall be free of enchantment

's a'gheasachd leis an latha an diugh; agus bheir mi thusa leam, agus is tu mo bhean-sa."

Cò thàinig an latha so ach a peathraichean chun an doruis. Thòisich iad air glaothaich, "A'phiuthair ghràdhach, nach fosgail thu an dorus, 's gu'm faiceamaid aon sealladh dhìot. Mur an leig thu a stigh sinn, cuir a mach bàrr do mheòir air an dorus, 's gu'n tugamaid pòg dhi." Chuir ise a mach bàrr a meòir air toll na h-iuchrach, 's ghrad-chuir iad am bìor nimhe 'na meur, 's thuit i sìos marbh air chùl na còmhlà.

An uair a thàinig esan [am prionnsa] dachaidh, 's a fhuir e marbh i, cha robh fios aige gu de dheanadh e ris fhéin.

Fhuair e ciste bhreagha a dheanamh dhi, 's a cur anns a'chiste, 's i làn de spìosraidh mu'n cuairt oirre. Thug e dhachaidh i, 's ghlais e ann an seòmair i, 's cha robh e a'leigeil duine a stigh do'n t-seòmair ach e fhéin.

Phòs e té eile.

Cha robh seòmair a stigh nach robh i a'faotainn na h-iuchrach, ach cha tug e iuchair an t-seòmair ud do dhuine a chunnaic e riamh.

Bhiodh e a h-uile là a'dol do'n bheinn-sheilg; agus bhiodh a bhean 'ga choinneachadh an uair a bha e 'dol a thighinn dachaidh.

Dh'fhalbh i an sìod là, agus ghoid i an iuchair às a phòca, agus dh'ionndrainn esan an iuchair mu'n tàinig e dhachaidh. Gu de rinn ise ach dol a stigh do'n t-seòmair an uair a dh'fhalbh esan. Dh'fhosgail i a'chiste, 's chunnaic i am boirionnach àluinn sin anns a'chiste, marbh!

Dh'fheuch i a h-uile bìdeag dhi o a ceann gu a casan, gach meur 's gach làmh 's gach cas aice. Faighear am bìor nimhe 'na meur, agus thug i às e, agus chuir i

by the end of the day, and I will then take thee with me, and thou shalt be my wife."

But who should come to the door that day but her sisters. They began to call, "O sister beloved, wilt thou not open the door, that we may have one glimpse of thee. If thou wilt not let us in, put the tip of thy finger through the doorway, that we may give it a kiss." So she put the tip of her finger through the key-hole, and they instantly drove a spike of poison into it, and she fell down dead behind the door.

When the prince came home and found her dead, he knew not how to bear himself.

He had a beautiful coffin made for her, and had her put into it, and spices were poured closely round her until the coffin was full. He took her home [away from the enchanted house] and locked her in a room, and would let no man into that room but himself.

[In time] he married another woman.

There was not a room in the house of which she had not the key; save only the key of the room in which the coffin was, for that key he never gave to any man.

Every day he used to go hunting in the hills; and his wife used to meet him when he was coming home.

But one day she went and stole the key out of his pocket, and he noticed it was missing before he came home. [In the meantime] what did she do but enter the room when he had gone. She opened the coffin, and there beheld such a lovely woman, dead!

She felt every part of her from head to foot, every one of her fingers and each of her hands and feet. She found the poisonous thorn in one of her fingers,

teine mòr anns an t-seòmar, agus thug i am boirionnach as a'chiste, agus chuir i 'na suidhe mu choinneamh an teine i, [agus is ann mar sin a thug i beò i.]

An uair a chunnaic i an rìgh a'tighinn dachaidh, chaidh i 'na choinnimh, ach leis an fheirg a bha aige rithe, cha bhruidhneadh e rithe, thaobh gu'n do ghoid i an iuchair às a phòca. Ghabh e seachad, 's cha chanadh e facal rithe.

Thug i air a dhol a stigh an so. Thug i a stigh e do'n t-seòmar anns an robh ise. An uair a chunnaic e beò i, cho breagha, slàn, 's a bha i riamh, cha mhòr nach do thuit e fhéin marbh leis an t-sòlas. Rug e oirre air dhà làimh. Ghabh iad am biadh còmhla air an fheasgar sin le mòr aoibhneas.

An là'r na mhàireach, an uair a bha a h-uile greadhnachas a bh'ann seachad, thuirt an té mu dheireadh, iadsan [an rìgh agus a cheud bhean] a bhi còmhla, o'n is ise a bha pòsd' air an toiseach, agus gu'm falbhadh ise.

Dh'fhalbh i, agus phòs i fear a bha gaol aice air roimhe, 's bha iad mar gu'm biodh peathraichean agus bràithrean ann.

From B. MacAskill, Island of Berneray, who learnt it in her youth from Ann McDonald, Uig, Lewis.

Notes.—J. F. Campbell makes the following reference to our story, No. 123, "A woman who has no fear." *W. H. Tales*, IV, p. 408. The opening is a little like No. 119, "Cù Bàn an t-Sleibhe"; of which there is another version, *Zeitschrift*, I, 146; Tarbh Mòr na h-Iorbhaig, *Celtic Review*, V, 259; and "The Roan Bull of Oranges," *Folk Lore*, IV. For the heroine's sisters determine to find out Fios an Anraidh. The heroine accompanies them but not with the same purpose. Thus far does our story slightly resemble the openings in those above-mentioned, but the after events are quite unique.

The two elder sisters are detained in the first two houses they come

and took it out; then she made a great fire in the room, and took the woman out of the chest, and placed her sitting opposite the fire, [and it was in that way that she brought her to life again.]

When she saw the king coming home, she went to meet him; but he was so angry with her for having taken the key out of his pocket, that he would not speak to her. He went right past her, and would not say a word.

But she induced him to enter, and took him into the room in which this woman was. When he saw that she was indeed alive, and as lovely and as radiantly well as ever, he almost fell dead with delight himself. He took hold of her by her two hands, and they all feasted together that evening with great joy.

On the morrow, when all the magnificent doings were over, the second wife said that the king and his first wife were now to dwell together, since it was she who had been married to him first, and that she herself would go away.

So she went away, and married a man whom she had loved before, and they were ever after as though they were sisters and brothers.

to respectively, and the heroine being now alone comes to a third house where an old woman, one of a bedridden couple, offers to tell her what to do, though the only instructions she gives is to direct her to a white house. Upon reaching the white house, the heroine finds it open, well furnished, and in good order, but she sees no one about. The tables, however, are laid at proper times, and the house itself is lighted and beds are prepared by invisible agencies. Similar houses occur in *W. H. Tales*, Nos. 9 and 10. When at night the heroine is in bed, the Coluinn gun Cheann appears, oppresses her with a heavy weight, and insists on getting under the bedclothes, when it changes into a handsome youth.

He departs in the morning. A terrific uproar on the part of unseen creatures ensues, but she, acting on the Coluinn's instructions, does

not let them in. At night the Coluinn comes again and metamorphoses exactly as before, but in the morning after his departure, the uproar commences again. On the sixth or seventh day of this sort of thing, he promises her marriage provided she continue firm against the enemy. But on that day her sisters come, and ask her to put her finger through the doorway that they may kiss it, but instead of kissing it, they stab it with the "bior nimhe" or poisonous spike, and she dies, as in "Gold Tree and Silver Tree." *Celtic Mag.*, XII. The Coluinn embalms her and puts her into a separate room.

The Coluinn marries a second wife, whom he forbids to enter the room. But the second wife steals the key, opens the door, discovers the first wife dead inside the coffin, extracts the deadly spike, brings her back to life and restores her to her husband. The second wife then marries an old lover of her own.

The Coluinn is not spoken of as a king until the end.

How the sisters escape from the houses in which they were detained, how they arrive at the Coluinn's house, and what becomes of them, does not transpire. Nor whether they ever succeed in the quest upon which they set out, which was to ascertain what Hardship or Distress was, or meant.

Coluinn gun Cheann, the Headless-Body.

In *W. H. Tales*, III, p. 421, a hideous creature demands admittance of the Fingalians, but is refused by all except Diarmaid. He eventually allows it to come under his own blanket when it changes into a beautiful woman. J. F. Campbell compares a similar legend of the Cid, who

had allowed a leper to share his bed. The leper, during the night, changes into a saint. The incident of a spectre terrifying a woman in bed at night, and oppressing her as with a stifling weight, occurs in Sir W. Scott's *Betrothed*, chapters 14, 15: he also has a note concerning the "Bahr-Geist," a spectre which came to warn members of the family to which it belonged of their approaching end. This has its Gaelic counterpart in the case of Eòghann a'Chinn Bhig, whose head, or in some versions, the upper part of it, was cut off at the battle of Ceann a'Chnocain, Mull, and who comes as a Coluinn gun Cheann to give notice of their approaching end to members of the family to which he belonged, the Lochbuy MacLaines. Another such Coluinn, though favourable to the house of MacDonald of Morar, would kill any other man who passed his haunts after dark. See *W. H. Tales*, II, No. 30, Sub. 5, and *An Gaidheal*, III, 73. See also the Rev. J. G. Campbell's *Witchcraft*, 191, *Folk Tales and Fairy Lore*, 91, 323, and Miss Tolmie's *Folk-Song Book*, p. 186. (*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*).

There are legends in which the shades of the dead, usually thought of as being imponderable, are, like the "Bahr-Geist," very heavy, and can lay their weight upon things to such good purpose as to render removal impossible, *Witchcraft*, 140, or can by their number, weigh a ship down in the water to her gunwales.

The act of coming under the blankets is probably equivalent to getting out of the sphere of enchantment and being recovered to human influence.

AN SAOR MACPHEIGH

THE CARPENTER MACPHEIGH

AN SAOR MACPHEIGH

BHA, uair eigin roimhe so ann an Albainn, saor a bha a chòmhnuidh goirid o cheann Loch Gilb, ris an abradh iad an Saor MacPheigh. Agus b'è an saor a b'fhearr a bha riamh roimhe ann an Albainn; agus tha e ro choltach na's fhearr na saor a bhitheas ann gu bràth tuilleadh 'na dhéidh.

Chualas iomradh air cho math is a bha an Saor MacPheigh thar gach mìr de Albainn, anns gach cearn de Shasuinn, de Èirinn, agus de Lochlann.

Bha e air a mheas anns an àm sin, gu'm b'iad na saoir Lochlannach saoir mòran na b'fhearr, na, aona chuid na saoir Eireannach, Albannach no Shasunnach. Agus tra chuala na saoir Lochlannach iomradh air cho tèma, calanta 's a bha an Saor MacPheigh, rinn buidheann de na saoir a b'fhearr dhiubh, suas ri chéile, gu'n rachadh iad do dh'Albainn dh'a fhaicinn, agus a dh'fheuchainn creanais ris, a shealltainn an robh e fhéin cho math is a bha a chliù.

Chuir iad fios rompa a dh'ionnsuidh an t-Saoir MacPheigh, gu'n robh iad a'tighinn dh'a fhaicinn agus a chur deuchainn air, agus gu'm feuchadh iad co dhiubh a b' iad na saoir Albannach no na saoir Lochlannach a b'fhearr làmh air an ealdhain shaoirsinn-eachd tra thigeadh iad. Agus gur ann a'marcachd air eich mhaide a rachadh iad thar a'chuain, agus a suas Loch Fine, agus gu'n aithnicheadh e iad tra chitheadh e iad a'tighinn suas Loch Fìne air an dòigh sin.

Seal an déidh do'n t-Saor MacPheigh am fios sin 'fhaotainn o na saoir Lochlannach, bha e fhéin 's a ghille ag obair anns an tigh shaoirsinneachd, agus sùil ge'n tug an Saor MacPheigh a mach, chunnaic

THE CARPENTER MACPHEIGH

THERE was once upon a time in Scotland a carpenter who dwelt a short distance from the head of Loch Gilp. Men called him the Carpenter MacPheigh. He was the best carpenter that had ever lived in Scotland; and probably better than any carpenter that will ever come after him.

In every part of Scotland, and in every corner of England, Ireland and Lochlann, men had heard tell how skilful the Carpenter MacPheigh was.

It was thought in those times, that the carpenters of Lochlann were far more skilled than either the Irish, Scottish or English carpenters. When the Lochlann carpenters heard it reported how expert and skilful the Carpenter MacPheigh was, a company of their best carpenters arranged together that they would go to Scotland to see him, to compete against him at whittling, and see if he really were as good as fame reported him to be.

They sent on word before them to the Carpenter MacPheigh, that they were coming to see him and put him to the test, and that they would then find out whether it was the Scottish or the Lochlann carpenters who were more skilled in the art of carpentry. [They also said] that it was upon wooden horses that they would journey across the ocean and up Loch Fyne, so that the Carpenter MacPheigh would be able to recognize them when he should see them coming up Loch Fyne in that fashion.

Shortly after he had received this intelligence from the Lochlann carpenters, MacPheigh and his gillie happened to be working in the carpentry house, when upon glancing around he saw the Lochlann carpenters

e na saoir Lochlannach air druim a' chuain a' tighinn a stigh Loch Gilb, agus iad a' marcachd air eich mhaide. Thuir e ri a ghille, "Tha mi 'faicinn nan saor Lochlannach an siod a' tighinn, 's iad a' marcachd air eich mhaide a nall air druim a' chuain, tha iad a' tighinn a dh'fheuchainn co dhiubh is iad féin no sinne is teòma air an ealdhain shaoirsinneachd; ach tha mi 'gabhail eagail gu'm fairtlich iad oirnne; ged a bhios sinne teòma air cuid de ghnothuichean a dheanamh, bidh iad-san na's teòma air rudan eile a dheanamh.

"Ach innsidh mise dhuit mar a ni sinn.

"Bidh thusa 'nad mhaighstir ormsa ré an latha an diugh, agus bidh mise 'nam ghille agadsa.

"Cuireamaid dhinn nar [*sic*] n-éideadh, 's cuir thusa ort an t-éideadh agamsa, agus cuiridh mise orm an t-éideadh agadsa.

"Thoir thusa na h-òrduighean domh-sa, cia air bhith tha mi gu dheanamh, agus bidh mise 'deanamh mar a dh'iarras tu orm. Ma their iad riut gu'm bheil iad 'dol a dh'fheuchainn strì riut, abair riutha, gu'm bheil gille agad a tha dlùth air a bhi cho math riut fhéin; iad an toiseach a dh'fhairtlicheadh air do ghille, agus ma ni iad sin, gu'm feuch thu fhéin riutha.

"Ach air na chunnaic thu riamh, na cuir do làmh ris an acfhuinn, ach leig eadar mise is iad: agus na toir thusa oidhirp air ni air bith a dheanamh; ach dean seasamh, agus cùm seanachas conaltraidh ris na saoir Lochlannach."

Chaidh an Saor MacPheigh 'na ruithean, agus bha e deas mu'n tàinig na saoir Lochlannach air tìr. Chuir am maighstir air éideadh a' ghille, agus chuir an gille air éideadh na bu riomhaiche agus na b'fhearr na bha air a mhaighstir. Agus thòisich na saoir ri obair.

Ràinig na saoir Lochlannach am buth oibre, agus

in the offing entering Loch Gilp, and riding upon the wooden horses. "Yonder," said he to his gillie, "I behold the Lochlann carpenters coming, and they are riding hither on wooden horses over the broad bosom of the ocean. They come to try whether it is they or we who are most expert in the art of carpentry; and I begin to fear that they will outdo us; for though we are indeed expert in some things, they will be more expert in other things.

But I will tell thee what we will do.

Be thou the master over me all day to-day, and I will be thy gillie.

We will put off our clothes and thou shalt put on my clothes, and I thine.

And do thou give me orders as to what I am to do, and I will do as thou dost command me. If they tell thee that they are going to essay the strife with thee, say to them that thou hast a gillie who is nearly as skilful as thyself; that they must first outdo him, and if they can do that, then thou thyself wilt strive against them.

But lay not thine own hands to the tools upon any account whatsoever, neither make any attempt to do anything whatsoever, but leave all between them and me; thou art simply to remain standing, and keep the Lochlann carpenters engaged in story and converse.

The Carpenter MacPheigh then bustled about, and was ready before the Lochlann carpenters came to land. The master put on the gillie's dress, but the gillie put on a dress that was richer and better than that which his master wore. And they began to work.

The Lochlann carpenters arrived at the workshop

chuir an gille fàilte orra an riochd maighstir, agus thòisich e air cainnte chonaltraidh a dheanamh riu, ag ràdh, “ Fàilte oirbh, a’bhràithrean ceaird o Lochlann, is mi a tha toileach bhur faicinn, agus tha dùil agam gu’m bheil gille a tha agam an so, cho toileach bhur faicinn rium féin.”

Chuir na saoir Lochlannach fàilte air, agus thuirt am fear-labhairt aca, “ Chuala sinn iomradh air do chliù ann an Lochlann, agus thàinig sinn a chur deuchainn a sheall an robh thu cho math ri do chliù, agus gu’m feuchamaid co dhiubh a bu tu féin no sinne is teòma air an ealdhain shaoirsinneachd.”

Thuirt an gille, “ Chan’eil e mar chleachduinn agam féin ann, obair a dheanamh an latha thig aoidh dh’am fhaicinn. Feuchaibh ri m’ghille, agus ma dh’fhairticheas sibh air-san an diugh, feuchaidh mi fhéin ruibh a màireach.”

Thuirt na saoir Lochlannach, “ Cha dean sinne obair an diugh cuideachd ma ta, ’s chì sinn ciamar a bhitheas do ghille a’deanamh, agus feuchaidh sinn an strì a màireach.”

Fhad’s a bha an gille a’cumail chainnte chonaltraidh ris na saoir Lochlannach, bheireadh e sùil an dràs’d ’s a rithisd air an t-Saor, mar a bha e ag obair. Tra bha an Saor ullamh de’n rud a bha e ’deanamh, thuirt an gille ris, “ Cuir cas anns an tuaigh, agus anns an tàil ùir, agus feuchaidh sinn an strì a màireach.”

Thug MacPheigh sùil a null agus sùil a nall troimh an tigh-oibre, agus ghabh e air gu’n robh a ’dol às an t-saor-thigh, agus dh’fharraid an gille dheth, “ Càite am bheil thu a’dol? ”

Fhreagair an Saor MacPheigh, “ Tha mi ag iarraidh ceapaig no ploc-ealaig air an dean mi creanas.”

and the gillie in the guise of master saluted them, and began to hold speech and parley with them, saying, "Hail to ye, brother craftsmen from Lochlann, I am indeed pleased to see you, and I think that I have a gillie here, who is as pleased to see you as I am."

The Lochlann carpenters saluted him, and their spokesman said, "We heard of thy fame in Lochlann, and have come to put it to the test; we would see whether thou art as good as fame reports thee, and would try whether it is thou or we that are most expert in the art of carpentry."

The [disguised] gillie said, "It is not a practice of mine at all, to do any work on the day that guests come to see me. Contend ye against my gillie, and if ye beat him to-day, I myself will strive against you to-morrow."

Said the Lochlann carpenters, "Then we will not do any work to-day either, but we shall see how thy gillie does, and will essay the strife to-morrow."

While the [disguised] gillie was thus holding speech and parley with the Lochlann carpenters, he kept glancing every now and again at the Carpenter [MacPheigh], to see how he was working. When the Carpenter had finished the thing he was doing, the gillie said to him, "Put a haft in the axe, and in the new adze also, and we will try the strife to-morrow."

MacPheigh cast his eye hither and thither up and down the workshop, and made as though he were going outside; but the gillie asked him, "Where art thou going?"

The Carpenter MacPheigh answered, "I am searching for a piece of wood or chopping block upon which to do the whittling."

Rinn fear de na saoir Lochlannach gàire, a'fanaid air an t-Saor MacPheigh, agus fhuair e mulc mòr cloiche a muigh, agus thug e a stigh i, agus chuir e air meadhon an ùrlair i, agus thuirt e ris le seòrsa tàir, "Sin agad ploc-ealaig,* agus feuch do làmh oirre."

Rinn a'chuid eile de na saoir Lochlannach gàire, a'fanaid air an t-Saor MacPheigh.

Sheall an Saor MacPheigh car fiata, air dha sin a chluinntinn, ach cha d'thuirt e diog.

Chuir e a bhoineid agus neapaicin riomhach air a muin air uachdar na cloiche; fhuair e tuagh 's maide, 's chuir e ceann a' mhaide air muin na neapaicin, 's thòisich e ri creanas. Rinn e cas na tàil, 's chuir e innte i. Thug e do'n ghille an tàil, 's thuirt e, "Sin mar a rinn mi i."

Sheall an gille oirre, agus bha a'chas deante cho réidh-mhìn is ged a bhitheadh i air a locradh, 's thuirt e, "Tha, ni i gnothuch: cuir an t-samhach anns an tuaigh."

Chaidh an Saor MacPheigh, agus chuir e an tuagh ann an greimiche an t-saoir, agus an t-sùil ris, air dhòigh 's gu'm faiceadh e i. Chuir e a'chlach, agus a bhoineid 's an neapaicin sgaoilte air a h-uachdar, mu choinneamh a'ghreimiche. Fhuair e am maide ás an robh e 'dol a dheanamh samhach na tuaighe, agus tuagh eile, agus chuir e ceann a' mhaide air muin na neapaicin a bha sgaoilte air a' bhoineid air uachdar na cloiche, agus thòisich e ri creanas.

Bheireadh e sealladh an dràs 's a rithisd air sùil na

*"Is math an ealag a'chlach gus an ruigear i." *Nicolson*, 272. A stone makes a good chopping block until [the blade] reaches it. Cf. for idiom, "gus na choinnich an tràigh bàrr Mhic-an-Luinn," Sgeulachd

One of the Lochlann carpenters, mocking at the Carpenter MacPheigh, gave a laugh, and going outside found a great stone, clumsy and shapeless, which he fetched in, and setting it in the middle of the floor, said to him with a kind of contempt, "There's a chopping block* for thee, see how thou canst manage with that."

The rest of the Lochlann carpenters all laughed, mocking at the Carpenter MacPheigh.

The Carpenter MacPheigh looked somewhat abashed on hearing this, but spoke not a word.

But he took his bonnet, covered it with a handsome linen cloth, and laid it on top of the stone; then he took another axe and a wooden batten, and laying the end of the batten upon the linen cloth, began the whittling. He made a handle for the adze and drove it in. Then handing the adze to the gillie, said, "There, that's how I have done it."

The gillie looked at it, and the handle had been made as exquisitely smooth as if it had been planed. "Yes," said he, "that will do; now fix a handle in the axe."

The Carpenter MacPheigh went, and put the axe in the carpenter's vice, with the eye-socket towards himself, so that he might see it. He placed the stone with the bonnet and the linen cloth spread over the top of it, opposite the vice. Then he took the batten out of which he was about to make the handle, and laid the end of that batten upon the linen cloth which was spread over the bonnet that lay on top of the stone. Then, taking another axe, he began to whittle.

He kept looking every now and again at the eye-
Gharaidh, *An Sgeulaiche*, I, 301. In the Gaelic idiom, it is usually the standing or inanimate object which is said to meet the moving object or person. In English, it is the moving object that meets the standing one.

tuaighe a bha f'a chomhair, agus rinn e an t-samhach freagarrach do'n t-sùil, agus an uair a bha an t-samhach deas aige, rug e air ceann na samhaich, agus thilg se i le a uile neart, agus le feabhas a chuimse, dh'amais e an t-samhach a chur dìreach a stigh ann an sùil na tuaighe cho teann, daingeann, 's ged a bhitheadh i air a bualadh ann le òrd.*

Leig e 'fhaicinn i do'n fhear ris an robh e ag ràdh, "a'mhaighstir," a dh'fheuchainn an robh i ceart deante. Sheall an gille oirre, agus thuirt e, "Tha, ni i feum; cuir geinn innte, agus geuraich i."

Chuir an Saor MacPheigh an geinn a chumail a'chinn air samhaich na tuaighe, agus gheuraich e an tuagh gu math ris a'chloich-bhleithe, agus mhìnich e am faobhar gu math is gu ro mhath leis a'chloich-mhìneachaidh.

Chaidh e an sin chun na ceapaig, agus thòisich e air gearradh bàrr nan ìnean bhàrr nam meur aige féin, le sàr bhuillean de'n tuaigh.

Bha an gille aige ag amharc air, agus thuirt e ris, "O sguir, sguir! Ach air m'anam féin sguir! ged a bhios mi féin a'deanamh rud mar sin, cha mholainn duitse tòiseachadh air, air eagal gu'n toir thu bàrr nam meur dhìot fhéin."

Chrath na saoir Lochlannach an cinn ri chéile, agus bhruidhinn iad ri chéile 'nan cainnt féin, 's chaidh iad a mach a ghabhail comhairle o chéile. Bha, ar leò, tra bha an gille cho math is siod, gu'm b'eudar gu'n robh am maighstir ro mhath, agus nach robh stàth dhaibhsan dol a dh'fheuchainn strì saoirsinneachd ris ann.

*"Tha e air a ràdh gu'n tilgeadh e dà-shaighead-dheug, agus gu'n sàthadh e an darna aon ann an earbull an ao[i]n eile."

"It is said that he could shoot twelve arrows, in such a way as to

socket of the axe that was in front of him; he shaped the handle to fit the socket, and when he had finished it, seized it by its end, and threw it with all his strength, and such was the excellence of his aim that he managed to drive the handle straight into the eye-socket of the axe as tightly and firmly as though it had been driven home with a hammer.*

He showed it to the man whom he addressed as "Master," to ascertain if it had been made properly. The [disguised] gillie looked at it, and said, "Yes, that will do; put in a wedge, and sharpen it."

The Carpenter MacPheigh drove in a wedge to hold the head of the axe on the handle, sharpened the axe well with the grindstone, and fined off the edge well and very well, with the smoothing stone.

He then went to the block, and began cutting off the tips of his finger-nails with tremendous blows of the axe.

The gillie was looking at him, and said to him, "O stop, stop! For my soul's sake, stop! though I myself do things of that sort, I would not advise thee to begin it, lest thou take off the tips of thine own fingers."

The Lochlann carpenters shook their heads at each other, spoke to each other in their own language, and then went out of doors to take counsel together. It seemed to them that if the gillie were as skilful as this, the master must needs be exceedingly skilful, and it would, therefore, be quite useless to go and compete in carpentry against him.

stick the second and every succeeding one into the tail of the preceding one." Said of Iain Beag Mac-Aindrea; see *Cuairtear nan Glenn*.

Chaidh iad a stigh do'n tigh shaoirsinneachd a rithisd. Sheall iad ciamar a bha samhach na tuaighe deante, 's bha i deante cho réidh-mhìn 's ged a bhitheadh i air a locradh. Thog iad an sin an neapaicin a bha [air muin na boineid air uachdar] na cloiche air an deach samhach na tuaighe a dheanamh, agus cha robh uibhir is aona ghearradh air a chur innte.

Bha an Saor MacPheigh 's a ghille air saidheachan ùr a chur suas anns an tigh shaoirsinneachd.

Bha na sparran suas 's na tuill annta, 's bha MacPheigh a'cur nan cnagan annta.

Tra dheanadh e cnag, thilgeadh e suas i, 's rachadh a bàrr 'san toll. Thilgeadh e suas an t-òrd 'na déidh, 's bhuaileadh bas an ùird a'chnag, 's chuireadh e a stigh gus a bun 'san toll i, agus bheireadh MacPheigh air cois an ùird tra bhiodh e a'tuiteam a rithisd 'na làimh.

Tra chunnaic na saoir Lochlannach sin, bha, ar leò, tra bha an gille cho math is sin, nach robh fios idir, ciod e cho math is a bha am maighstir.

Thuirt iad, "Ach! tha an gille so agad gu math teòma air an ealdhain."

Thuirt an gille [is e an riochd maighstir], "Is ann na's fearra a tha e 'fàs: ma bhitheas e leamsa gu ceann bliadhna no dhà, bidh e ach beag cho math rium féin, ach feuchaidh sibh féin 's mise a chéile a màireach."

* Two rafters form a "couple." They usually spring from the tops of two opposite walls, and meet together at the ridge of the roof. Sometimes they begin at the floor, and are then built into the walls. The purlin is a spar joining the angle made by the two rafters. The purlin is placed midway between wall and roof ridge.

See *Gormac's Glossary*, p. 32, Tr. 123, quoted in *Folk-Tales and*

So they went back into the carpenter's shop, and looked to see how the handle of the axe was made, and it had been made as beautifully smooth as though it had been planed. They then picked up the linen cloth that was lying [on the bonnet on top of] the stone upon which the handle had been made, and there was not so much as a single cut in it.

Meanwhile the Carpenter MacPheigh and his gillie had been putting new couples* up in the carpenter's shop.

The purlins were also up with the holes already in them, and MacPheigh was driving the pegs into them.

Every time he made a peg, he would fling it up so that its point went into the hole. Then up after it would he hurl the hammer, so that the head of the hammer would strike the peg, driving it home up to the butt end, and when the hammer fell, MacPheigh would catch it by the haft in his hand again.

When the Lochlann carpenters saw this, they thought that if the gillie were as good as all that, there was no knowing how good the master might be.

"This lad of thine," said they, "is very expert in the craft."

"Indeed," said the gillie [in the guise of master], "he is aye growing better: if he remain with me till the end of a year or two, he will be almost as good as myself; to-morrow, however, it is you and I who will compete with each other."

Fairy-Lore, 321-2 (MacDougall and Calder), for the smiths of older legend, whose exploits were fully as magical as these, and closely resembled them. But the extraordinary powers of the modern Cinquevalli, and of modern Japanese jugglers, show to what wonderful skill man's hand can attain, and that these old tales may not be so exaggerated as one might suppose.

Rinn na saoir Lochlannach suas ri 'chéile, agus smuaintich iad nach robh math sam bith dhaibh dol a strì ris an t-Saor MacPheigh an ath latha; gu'm b'ann a bhitheadh iad air an nàrachadh: gu'm b'ann a b'fhearr dhaibh am maighstir 'iarraidh a stigh do'n tigh òsda a dh'òl leanna còmhla riutha, agus gu'n rachadh iad 'na dhéidh sin mar leithsgeul a ghabhail cuairt air na h-eich mhaide aca, cois a'chladaich, a ghabhail seallaidh dhaibh féin air an dùthaich, ach an uair a gheabhadh iad as an t-sealladh, gu'n rachadh iad a mach air a'chuan, 's air an ais do Lochlann, 's nach pilleadh iad tuilleadh.

Dh'iarr iad an Saor MacPheigh a stigh do'n tigh-òsda gu cuirm. An déidh beagan coiteachaidh, chaidh an gille leò an riochd gu'm b'e am maighstir e. Ach dh'fhuirich MacPheigh a mach.

Agus tra bha iadsan a stigh 'san tigh-òsda, chaidh an Saor MacPheigh a dh'fhaicinn nan each maide a bha aig na saoir Lochlannach, ach ciamar a bha iad air an deanamh. Sheall e gu math 's gu ro mhath orra, agus thuig e mar a bha iad air an deanamh, agus thug e pinne crìon fiodha as gach h-aon diubh, agus dh'fhalbh e 's dh'fhàg e iad.

An uair a thàinig na saoir Lochlannach às an tigh-òsda, chaidh iad a dh'ionnsuidh nan each maide aca. Thuirt iad gu'n robh iad a'dol a ghabhail cuairt air a'chuan ri taobh an fhearainn, agus gu'm biodh iad air an ais an ceann ùine goirid. Cha do ghabh iad suim sealltuinn ciamar a bha na h-eich mhaide aca an òrdugh, ach chaidh iad air muin nan each mar a bha iad: agus a mach air a'chuan gabhar iad.

Tra bha iad a mach air a'chuan, cha robh na h-eich mhaide foghainteach a dh'ith nam pinneachan a thug an Saor MacPheigh asda, agus tra dh'éirich a'ghaoth,

The Lochlann carpenters put their heads together and decided that it would be useless for them to go and strive with the Carpenter MacPheigh on the morrow; for they would certainly be put to shame: that they had much better ask the master into the hostel to drink ale with them, and after that make the excuse that they were going for a little trip on their wooden horses by the side of the shore, to view the country for themselves: then when they had got out of sight, would go out to sea, and back to Lochlann, and never return.

They asked the Carpenter MacPheigh into the hostel to a feast. After a little coaxing, the gillie still disguised as the master, went with them. But MacPheigh remained outside.

And while the others were in the hostel, the Carpenter MacPheigh went to inspect the wooden horses belonging to the Lochlann carpenters, and find out how they were made. He examined them very thoroughly, and upon finding out how they were made, took a tiny wooden peg out of each one of them, and went away and left them.

When the Lochlann carpenters came out of the hostel, they went to their wooden horses. They said that they were going for a sea-trip along the coast, and that they would be back in a short time. They never thought about looking to see whether their wooden horses were in order, but mounted them just as they were: and out to sea they went.

When they were well out to sea, the wooden horses became unserviceable for lack of the pegs that the Carpenter MacPheigh had taken out of them, and when

chuir lunn nan tonn as a chéile iad, agus chaidh na saoir Lochlannach a bhàthadh. Agus cha tàinig gin tuilleadh á Lochlann a chur dragh air an t-Saor MacPheigh.

Nithear mòran le spionnadh, ach nithear tuilleadh le seòltachd.

The foregoing is a fusion of three versions. Two of these, almost exactly alike, were found bound up in different places (and written on the backs of other MSS.) in what I must call "Purple" Volume, II. (There are three such volumes in purple binding, constituting a series different from the other volumes of Campbell's collection, being numbered I, II, and III, and containing mostly clan tales.) The other version I found in Volume XI, of the Red Series.

This last version, it is true, lacked some of the incidents contained in the others, but on the other hand it contained, not only several whole paragraphs in common with them, but also so many more incidents that it was adopted as the principal version into which the others were read.

the wind arose, the rolling of the waves drove the horses to pieces, and the Lochlann carpenters were drowned. And never again did any one come from Lochlann to trouble the Carpenter MacPheigh.

Much can be done by strength, but more can be done by strategy.

I am almost certain that no signature was appended to any version, nor any hint of locality except the reference to Loch Fyne, and the statement that MacPheigh lived by the side of Loch Gilp. But the writing in some versions was that of John Dewar's, who came, I think, from Cowal, not far from Loch Gilp.

It is a fine story, though the Gaelic is occasionally attenuated by Anglicization. Wherever the idiom of the versions differed, I followed the version least like English, and in one or two places, where the foreign influence was excessive, I substituted native idiom, but never of course, altered the sense in the least.

FEAR GHEUSDO

THE LAIRD OF GEUSDO

FEAR GHEUSDO

THACHAIR do dh'Fhear Gheusdo anns an Eilean Sgiathanach gu'n tàinig e aon uair a choimhead caraid ann am Beinn nam Faoghla an Uibhist, e fhéin agus a ghille le bàta. Chaidh iad a stigh troimh sheòlaid ris an canadh iad "Seòlaid Rudha Eubhach." Chaidh iad air tìr an "Àirigh a'Phuill" an "Eubhal." Dh'fhalbh iad 'nan cois airson dol gu ruige Beinn nam Faoghla.

Thàinig an t-sìde gu h-olc orra le cur agus le cathadh air an rathad. An uair a ràinig iad àite cumhang air an rathad ris an canar "A'Chlaigionn," eadar Beinn nam Faoghla a's Uibhist, chunnaic iad solus rompa, agus rinn iad dìreach air, agus an uair a bha iad aig an t-solus, bha sin fosgailte rompa, agus chaidh iad a stigh ann.

Bha siod làn de dhaoine, 's bha seann duine liath 'na shuidhe an taobh shuas de'n teine. Bha e 'coimhead nan coigreach, 's gun fhios aige gu de chuir an rathad idir iad. Thuirt e ris an fheadhainn a bha a stigh còmhla ris, dol agus trath-oidhche 'fhaotainn do'n choigreach 's d'a ghille. Dh'fhalbh an fheadhainn a bha còmhla ris a'bhodach airson trath-oidhche 'fhaotainn do na coigrich; 's cha d'fhàg iad a stigh ach am bodach le Fear Gheusdo, 's le a ghille.

Thàinig iad dachaidh.

"Am bheil trath-oidhche agaibh do na coigrich?" thuirt am bodach riutha.

"Chan'eil dad againn," ars iadsan; "shiubhail sinn Leòdhas, agus Barraidh, agus Uibhist a'Chinn a Deas, agus Tuath, 's chan fhaca sinn creutair nach robh air a

THE LAIRD OF GEUSDO

IT happened that upon one occasion the Laird of Geusdo in the Isle of Skye went off on a visit to a friend who lived in Benbecula in Uist. He went by boat, he and his gillie, and passing through a channel which was called the "Channel of Cape Eubhach," they landed in "Airigh a'Phuill" in "Eubhal," and set out on foot for Benbecula.

Wild was the weather that overtook them on the way, and heavily the snow fell and drifted. When they arrived at a certain narrow place called "A'Chlaig-ionn," on the road between [the islands of] Benbecula and Uist, they saw a light before them, and made straight for it, and finding when they reached it that there was a house there which lay open before them, in they went.

The place was full of people, and there was one old grey man in particular, who was seated at the farther side of the fire. He kept looking at the strangers, and wondering what had sent them in that direction at all. He told the people who were in the house with him to go and procure supper for the stranger and his gillie. So they who were with the old bodach, went away to forage for a supper, leaving nobody indoors but the old bodach himself with the Laird of Geusdo and his servant.

Presently the supper-seekers came back home.

"Have you brought any supper with you for the strangers?" said the bodach to them.

"We have brought nothing," quoth they; "we have traversed the Lewis, and Barra, and Uist both North and South, but not a single creature did we see

bheannachadh, 's cha b'urrainn duinn dad a dheanamh dheth."

"Ud!" thuirt am bodach, "chan'eil sin gu math; falbhaibh fhathasd agus faighibh trath-oidhche do'n choigreach."

Dh'fhalbh iad, 's ma dh'fhalbh, cha robh iad fada gun tighinn agus màrt breagha, buidhe aca. Arsa gille Fir Gheusdo r'a mhaighstir,

"O Dhia! nach fhaic sibh a'Phrìseag?*" "

Phut a mhaighstir e, agus thuirt e ris fuireach samhach.

Dh'fhoighnich an seann duine dhiubh—

"C'à'n d'fhuair sibh so?" agus thuirt iadsan ris—

"Thàinig sinn gu ruig Geusdo, 's bha a'bhanachag a'bleoghann a'chruidh. Thog bò a cas, 's bhuail i an cuman, agus dhòirt i e. Dh'éirich a'bhanachag 'na seasamh, 's thog i a'bhuarach, 's bhuail i a'bhò leatha, agus thuirt i—'Na na bhlighear agus na na bhuaileach-ear gu brathach tuilleadh thu, agus gu'm b'e droch chomhdhail a dh'éireas duit.' An uair a chuala sinn so, ghrad bha sinn aice, agus thug sinn leinn i."

Bhruich iad a'bhò agus dh'ith iad i, 's fhuair Fear Gheusdo a leòir dhi.

Cho luath 's a thàinig an latha, chuir Fear Gheusdo air, agus thog e fhéin agus a ghille orra gu ruig Geusdo.

An uair a ràinig e am baile, cha robh duine a stigh nach robh gus a bhi marbh: fhuair e a mach gu de bha orra.—Fhuair iad a'bhò marbh, agus dh'ith iad i. Shaoil iadsan gur h-i a'bhò a bha aca.

* The gillie is terrified, and well he may be; for he recognizes one of his master's cows, and knows it could have never been brought there



Plut a mhaighstir e, agus thuir e ris fuireach sambach.
His master nudged him, and told him to be quiet.

that had not been blessed, and so we could do nothing."

"Ut!" said the bodach, "that is not at all well; go forth yet again, and see if you can get some supper for the strangers."

They went off; but this time they were not long in returning, bringing with them a fine chestnut cow. But the Laird of Geusdo's gillie said to his master,

"O God! do you not see [that it is our cow], Prìseag?*" "

His master nudged him, and told him to be quiet.

The old man now asked of those he had sent—

"Where did ye get this?" and they said to him—

"We had come to Geusdo, and found the dairymaid milking the cattle. One of the cows raised her hoof, kicked the milkpail, and spilt the milk. The dairymaid arose, and standing up, lifted up the cow-fetter and struck the cow with it, saying—'May thou never be milked nor herded more, and may it be an evil thing that meets thee in thy way.' When we heard this, we were instantly at the cow, and forthwith carried her off with us."

Then they cooked the cow and ate it, and the Laird of Geusdo got as much as he wanted of it.

As soon as day came, the Laird of Geusdo dressed, and he and his gillie started off for Geusdo.

When the Laird reached home, there was not a person in the place but was nearly dead: but Geusdo discovered what was the matter with them—they had found [what looked like] the cow, dead, and had eaten it, supposing that it actually was the cow herself they had got hold of.

in the time, but by some uncanny agency.

Chuir e fios air a' bhanachaig*.

Dh'fhoighnich e dhi gu de thàinig eadar i fhéin agus a' Phrìseag an raoir.

Thuirt ise nach tàinig dad.

Thuirt esan rithe, "Nach d'thuirt thu an uair a dhòirt i an cuman ort, 'Na na bhlighear agus na na bhuailehear gu brathach tuilleadh thu, agus gu'm b'è droch chomhdhail a dh' éireas duit?' "

Dh'aidich i gu'n robh siod ceart.

Thuirt e riu an uair sin, gu'n d'ith iad am bodach sìth ann an àite a'mhàirt.

Dh'innis fear an tighe [Fear Gheusdo?] mar a bha, agus leighis e na h-uile duine, agus phàigh e a' bhanachaig, agus thug e a cead di.†

From Malcolm MacLean, Lochmaddy, who learnt it from his grandfather, Hugh MacLean, who was a very old man when reciter learnt it. The old man was in his prime and living at Lochmaddy in 1765. Written down at Lochmaddy, August 11th, 1859.

* Dh'fhèdraich e airson na banachaig, in MS.

† Phaigh e dheth a' bhanachaig, in MS.

Notes.—A'Chlaigionn.

Claigionn, skull: scalp; best field of arable land on a farm. *Faclair Gàidhlig*.

Claigionnach, head-stall of a halter: best arable land of a district. *Ibid*.

Benbecula. In Gaelic Beinn na Faoghla, or Beinn nam Faoghla; ("faoghail" being Uist dialect for "fadhail,") a word meaning, amongst other things, a ford or space between islands when rendered passable on foot through the tide receding. *Ibid*.—Beinn na Faoghla is said to be *in* Uist in our story, as if itself and the two Uists to north and south of it formed one island.

A'Bhuarach. The cow-fetter, or cow-shackle, or cow-spancel, which was placed on a cow's hindlegs while being milked to prevent her from kicking. The important part played by this homely article in the tale of "Fear Gheusdo" makes some notice of it desirable. Though of common and everyday use, it was of extremely ominous character.



Na na bhlighear agus na na bhuailichear gu brathach tuilleadh thu.
May thou never be milked nor herded more.

So he sent word for the dairymaid.

He asked her what quarrel had there been between herself and Prìseag last night.

She said there had been none.

Then said he, "Didst thou not say when she upset thy milk pail for thee, 'May thou never be milked nor herded more, and may it be an evil thing that meets thee in thy way'?"

She admitted that that was correct.

Then it was that he told them that they had eaten the old fairy bodach instead of the cow.

Yes, the goodman [the Laird of Geusdo?] told them how things were, and he doctored every man, and paid off the dairymaid, and dismissed her.

"Eadar a'bhaobh 's a'bhuarach. *Twixt the vixen and the cow-fetter.* 'Betwixt the Devil and the deep sea.' It was a superstitious fancy that if a man got struck by the 'buarach,' he would thenceforth be childless." *Nicolson, 171.*

"Baobh eadar e 's an dorus. A witch barring his exit." *Superstitions, 259.*

These two sayings possibly refer to a legend or legends of which only the fragments have come down to us, of a great encounter between, on the one hand, a mortal man skilled in magic, and on the other hand, one of the ancient Gaelic giantesses, or witches, or cailleachan. The encounter seems to have included competitions in witchcraft, and in satirizing or bearradaireachd, in which each party tried to excel the other in aptness of speech, "a'gearr bhearradh glòir a chéile," gibing at each other with a war of words; but there must have been also a trial by combat, in which the cailleach would have wielded the buarach and the mortal would have tried to dodge the dreaded weapon. Other creatures were also supposed to wield the buarach as a weapon. Thus the fairy-woman was credited with having nine cow-fetters (nine being a number of intensity, with which we may perhaps compare the cat of nine tails) and these figure in almost every bespelling run, when characters bespell or conjure one another to carry out some task or go on some quest, "by crosses and by spells and by the nine cow-fetters of

the busily-roaming, misleading fairy woman," "mar chroisean 's mar gheasan, 's mar naoidh buaraichean mnatha-sithe, siubhlaiche, seach-ranaiche."

There is a tale in the *Gàidheal*, II, 371, in which the gigantic "Cail-leach Beinn a'Bhric" comes to the door of a hunter's hut in the gloaming, and tells him that when he sees her next day milking her herd of deer, he is to mark and afterwards to pursue whichever hind she strikes with the *buarach* for being refractory at milking time, for the hind so struck is doomed to become the prey of the hunter. In the similar case of Murdoch of Gàig, the hunter sees the fairies strike a hind and say, "may a dart from Murdoch's quiver pierce your side before night," the hind so cursed falling in due course a victim to the hunter's skill. *Trans. Gael. Soc. Inverness*, XVI, 261.

But it is a dairymaid, an ordinary mortal, who figures in "Fear Gheusdo," and who strikes her cow with the *buarach*, and *curses* it, the animal being at once rendered liable to attack by fairies; in fact, it almost seems as if the fairies were provoked to attack it, though they had been quite unable to touch animals that had been *blessed*. In the *Celtic Review*, V, 58, appeared (in English) a very interesting tale, similar in some incidents to "Fear Gheusdo," in which cows are rendered immune to fairy attack by *blessing*, charming, and shackling. In legends preserved by the Rev. J. G. Campbell, a blow from the *buarach* seems enough to secure immunity (*Superstitions*, 230), and the reverend gentleman further says that "after milking a cow, the dairymaid should strike it *deiseal* with the shackle, saying 'out and home' (*mach 'us dachaigh*.) This secures its safe return." See also *ibid.* 82. But in these cases there is no cursing, and the shackle must have been made of "lonnaid chaorainn 's gaosaid stallain, rowan-tree withe, and stallion's hair," according to A. R. Forbes, who adds that the *buarach* "should be carefully looked after and preserved from any others getting at it." *Gaelic Names of Beasts*, 97. The use of these materials in the manufacture of the shackle clearly indicates a desire to get rid of its ancient harmfulness, for the rowantree was sovereign against evil, as all know, and a stallion afforded such complete protection that while on the back of one a man might ride to a meeting of witches, yet return unscathed.

In this wild story, "Fear Gheusdo," the Laird and his servant partake of the flesh of a real cow called "Priseag," the Laird's own property, which the fairies had transported through the air across the sea in order that they might have something to set before their guest,

the laws of hospitality being as binding in fairyland as in any part of Scotland. There are indeed several stories in which a mortal compels magicians or bogles to execute his commands by simply refusing their offer of hospitality until his wishes have been carried out, for rather than that their mortal guest should go away without tasting food, the unearthly hosts will comply with any request. See note, p. 18.

The fairies had searched far and wide for food, but as every creature and beast had been blessed, they were unable to touch anything. (They are equally unable in another tale in *Superstitions*, 82, when on a very similar expedition for a very similar purpose, to touch one cow because a dairymaid had struck it with the *buarach*, and unable to touch a second, because its knee was resting on a tuft of bruchorcan, dirk grass, *juncus squarrosus*.) But in "Fear Gheusdo," when on foray for the second time, the fairies take away the cow *Priseag*, that the dairymaid had struck *and cursed*, and leave behind them in its stead what seemed indeed to be the carcass of the cow, but was in reality the body of an *old* fairy.

The Laird's people, presently finding what they take to be the dead *Priseag*, cook and eat it, and fall ill, the usual result of eating changeling or fairy animals. But the Laird and his servant, who had eaten the flesh of a real cow take no harm, and even though they eat it in fairyland, they suffer no detention there.

Upon reaching home, and finding all his people ill, the Laird, remembering the tale he had heard in the fairy brugh, questions his dairymaid, and she confesses to striking the cow with the *buarach*, and cursing it. He pays her off, and heals his own people, telling them that they had eaten *the* old bodach-sìth or fairy man. The definite article "*the*" is frequently used in the Gaelic idiom to introduce a fresh character or person, and at first sight it might seem to have been so used here, and that *the* bodach-sìth is a fresh character, for how could the Laird's people, who were in Skye and on one side of the Minch, how could they have eaten an old bodach while Geusdo himself was talking to him in the fairy brugh in Benbecula on the other side of the Minch? But then a divisible personality is not unknown in Gaelic mythology, and characters sometimes become two, or even three different persons or creatures, with a corresponding ability to appear in two or more different places at once, so that one and the same old bodach-sìth might appear both in Benbecula and Skye at the same time. Similarly in "Rìgh Eirionn 's a dhà mhac," *Celtic Review*, VI, 371, the "creutair grannda" appears as three red-haired women on the first occasion,

and as two women on another; and in the well-known tale of "Dun-Bhuilg," the fairies are able, though locked out of the house, to pound and kick the head of the sleeping goodman, who is inside the house, which they could only have done on the supposition of a divisible personality. And in the case of "Luran," a farmer, a man who had suffered severely from fairy depredations, the poor fellow actually sees himself helping the fairies drive his own cows away to the fairy knoll, so that divisibility was possible even for mortals, in which belief the Gael's bent for metaphysical speculation has anticipated the modern science of psychology by millenniums.

Luran's case is very much in point, for after beholding himself help the fairies drive his own cow into the fairy brugh, he there sees an old elf, a tailor with a needle in the right lappel of his coat, who is forcibly caught hold of by the other elfs, stuffed into the hide of the cow that Luran had seen his second self chasing, and then sewn up.

Next morning, this very cow is found lying at the foot of the fairy knoll, and Luran prophesies that a needle will be found in its right shoulder; on this proving to be the case, he allows none of the flesh to be eaten, but throws it out of the house. For full details of this curious legend, see *Superstitions*, 52, *et seq.*, also *Trans. Gael. Soc. Inverness*, XXVI, 271.

Possibly, in older versions of our tale, Geusdo would have beheld the other fairies sew the old bodach up in Priseag's hide, before they transported him to Skye. In any case it seems essential to attribute divisibility of personality to the bodach, and that one of these personalities was taken everywhere that night by the other fairies when foraging for food. Then when on their second foray, they changed it into an appearance of the cow that the dairymaid had cursed, and left it in the animal's place.

When an elf-smitten beast (beathach a chaidh a ghonadh) dies, it should not be eaten: its flesh is not flesh but a stock of alder-wood, an aged elf or some trashy substitute. If the dead animal be rolled down a hill, it will disappear altogether. In the case of a bull that had been killed by falling over a precipice, a nail was driven into the carcase to keep the fairies away, *ibid*, 33, 47, 93.

It is always old superannuated individuals of their race whom the fairies, who have very much the same customs as other races, hand over to mortals in the shape of changeling babies, changeling wives, or as in the case of "Fear Gheusdo," changeling cows. We probably have here an echo of the dreadful custom of killing the old and decrepit

members of a tribe, a custom which has at one time or another obtained amongst almost all nations. See an article on the subject *Folk Lore*, I, 197, by Sir G. L. Gomme who takes for his text a tale from the Gaelic contributed by J. F. Campbell himself to the *Ethnological Society's Journal*, II, 336, 1869-70, the Gaelic original of which tale I have not yet found.

The fairies think that in sending or leaving their old people amongst mortals, they do away with them, kill them in short; for the world of mortals is to the fairies what the other world is to us mortals, and that the fairies actually regarded mortals as ghosts appears clearly enough from the fact that in one tale a mortal woman is actually addressed by a fairy as having come from the land of the dead, and in a second, when the *Glaistig* and its bantling see a man hiding behind the door, they call him in one version a *logaid*, and in another a *tamhasg*, both of which words mean a ghost or bogle. See *Superstitions*, 58, 177; *Celtic Review*, July, 1908, p. 63; and *Folk Tales and Fairy Lore*, 263.

It would be quite in keeping with this that *Cailleach Beinn a' Bhric* should threaten refractory deer with the hunter, who, being an ordinary mortal, was, to the fairies as well as to the whole world of sith, a ghost; and to the deer, a dreaded enemy.—Mortal mothers used to threaten their children with the strange bogle, "MacGlumaig nam Mias, o Liath Tarruing Shìoda, Burrach Mòr." *Witchcraft*, 187; *Trans. Gaelic Soc. Inverness*, XV, Sgoil nan Eun, note.

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