

...marks the present resting place of the moral part of the bard and his faithful wife. —

BY BARD MAC-GILLEAIN

1787-1848

Fhàidh 's a' chàidh 's' tha 'dòl mu'n cuairt  
stad le eadair guth, bho 'n uaigh 's —  
Cuir e 'Chaidhlig suas ri d' bheò,  
'S a' cuid hàdachd 's airde glòir.  
Do gach ni tha math thoir gràdh  
'S bi' figh'nr beò do Dhia gach là.

BEAN A BHAIRD,

1786-1877.

"Earb as a' Tighearna le d' ùile chridhe."

DAIN AGUS ORAIN

LEIS

A BHÀRD MAC-GILLEAIN

ORAIN

DO DH-ALASDAIR MAC-GILLEAIN, TIGHEARNA CHOLA.

Thàirneadh an Bàrd leis a' chram do'n fheuchidh-  
dùthcha. Thairg 'n' thair pàigheadh air a shon, ach  
cha 'n aontaicheadh e ris a' sin. Ann an ùine  
ghoirid dh' fhàs e sgith de 'n t-saighdearachd.  
Thug Tighearna Chola dhà litir a' dh' ionnsaigh.  
Còirneal an fheuchda, 's fhuair e a' shaorst le duine  
eile a' chur na làite.

KONN:—"Mìle marbhphaisg ort a' shaoghail!"

'S ann a' cheud Di-luain de 'n ràithe  
'Fhuair mi bhàirlinn 'bha dhomh searbh  
'S mise 'dh' fhaodadh sin a' ràitinn,  
Dh' fhaig i 'n càs mi nach robh soirbh  
Dh' iarr i ormsa-dòl do dh-Aros,  
'S dh' fheumainn pàigheadh air neo faibh,  
'S iad ga m' chur do dh-arm Rìgh Deòrsa  
'Ghàilàn "Seònaid" 's còta dheirg.

lighted  
John Murray  
works of the other Highlan  
Enlourm. Reasonail!! "Beinn De  
Other Gaelic poems he had by he  
and Ranald Macdonald's Collection  
lection, A. and D. Stewart's Collection

and to write. He was an excellent reader and a good penman.

At the age of sixteen he was bound as an apprentice to Neil Sinclair, a shoemaker in Gourtein Domhnaill, Hugh Macfadyen, who in 1868 was an old man of 82, gave me the following account of him: "John Maclean and I learned the shoemaking together, with Neil Sinclair. We were three years learning; we slept together all that time. John used to compose verses frequently. He was not at all a good shoemaker. He was a poor eater, a great walker, and a splendid reader; he was very much given to reading."

Having learned his trade he went to Glasgow and worked there as a journeyman about a year. He then returned to Tirre and took a stock of leather with him. He was home only about a year when he resolved to get married. He went to Glasgow and was married there by the Rev. John Macclaurin, July 19, 1808, to Isabel Black. His wife was a daughter of Duncan Black, Lismore, who, being an elder in the church, was commonly known, as Donnachadh Foirbheach. Immediately after their marriage the youthful pair went to Tirre.

In 1810 the poet was drafted into the Militia. His father offered to procure a substitute for him; he had however made up his mind to enter the King's service and would not listen to his father's proposal. In a short time he got tired of his new profession, and having procured a man to take his place for £40, he returned to Caolas. His discharge is dated, Glasgow, January 17, 1811, and is signed by Charles MacAlister, Major. It states that he had served six months in the Argyleshire Regiment of British Militia, in Captain Alexander McLean's company.

In addition to shoemaking the poet carried on merchandising on a small scale. A day-book which he used in the year 1815 is still extant.

In 1818, he published a collection of poems. It was printed by R. Menzies, Edinburgh, and was dedicated to Alexander Maclean, Esq., of Coll. It contained twenty-two poems by himself, and thirty-four by others.

Nature gave the poet a mind of great capacity, but evidently it did not intend that he should become a wealthy man. He never attended regularly to his work; his mind was not upon it. Poetry occupied his thoughts when pegging sole-leather in Scotland, and when cutting down trees in America; it took complete possession of him. He was a good poet; but a poor shoemaker, and a poor farmer. He was very fond of company. He would frequently be away from home. He was clannish, and took pleasure in visiting his friends and acquaintances.

Shortly after the publication of his collection of songs, the poet resolved to emigrate to America. All his friends resolutely opposed his purpose; they could not, however, prevail on him to desist from it. He had formed a very high opinion of the new world; he expected to become in it, in a short time, if not as rich, yet as independent as the Laird of Coll. In his vivid imagination he saw himself in America, not handling the last, but cultivating a farm which he could call his own; his children not going off to the fishing, but living around him in good circumstances. Maclean of Coll was not at home when the poet had made up his mind to leave Scotland. His daughter, Mrs. Macleod, of Tallisker wrote him respecting the intentions of his Bard. He immediately wrote the poet urging upon him not to go to America. The poet had sailed before the arrival of Coll's letter; but even if he had not, he would not have stayed. He was not a man that could easily be crossed or advised; he was very stiff in his own opinions. When he had once resolved to do a

thing, it was almost useless to try to persuade him not to do it.

The poet, with his wife and three children, sailed from Tobermory in the ship Economy early in August, 1819. He arrived in Pictou, Nova Scotia, about the first of October.

He stayed about a week in Pictou, and then went by boat with his family to Merigomish. He lived a week or two at Middle Barney's River in a small house owned by Joseph Macdonald. Thence he moved to a house on a farm adjoining a lot of woodland which he had secured. This house belonged to William Gordon, a native of Sutherlandshire. He lived there all winter and attended to two or three cows belonging to Gordon. The following spring he cleared some of the woods off his own lot, and planted potatoes. In the summer he built a small log-house. To his farm he gave the name of Bail'-a-Chnoic. In the autumn, having dug his potatoes, and put them into the cellar, he went to live at Middle Barney's River, in a house belonging to John Dewar, a native of Breadalbane. From Dewar's place his children were able to attend school during the winter.

Next spring, the spring of 1821, he returned with his wife and children to Bail'-a-Chnoic, and found his potatoes all safe and sound. Sometime in the summer he bought a heifer, which was the beginning of his stock. In the fall he got a neighbour, James Robertson, tailor, a native of Athole, lived several years in Piedmont valley, but having got into debt, he was obliged to part with his farm. William Gordon and himself exchanged places, Gordon allowing him between the two farms what paid his debts. Robertson was an honest man and a good neighbour.

During his first years in Bail'-a-Chnoic, the poet was in very poor circumstances. He himself says in his celebrated poem on America that he had

nothing but bare potatoes, that he had neither cows nor sheep, that he was scarce of clothes, and that he had to haul home his firewood on a hand-sled. In his expectations of ease and comfort in the new world he was terribly disappointed. In Scotland he knew nothing of hard work or poverty, but now he had to work hard. He had to cut down the tall trees, to cut them up into junks about twelve feet long, to make piles of these logs and burn them; and to plant potatoes in his new ground with the hoe. In Argyshire he enjoyed the society of several persons of distinction, but in Pictou there was no laird of Coll, or Glengarry to ask him to sing his songs. In T'ree he saw the blue sea every day, but in Barney's River he could see nothing but the huge mountains, the tall trees and the blue sky. In Caolas there were scores of neighbours quite near him; but in Bail'-a-Chnoic, his nearest neighbour, Kenneth Cameron, a native of Lochbroom, lived a distance of more than two miles from him.

During the years of his greatest hardships he experienced much kindness from Donald Maclean, Dòmhnall Mac Dhonnachaidh, on the Gulf. The Rev. Colin Grant, Parish Priest, of Arisaig, was also very kind to him. Upon one occasion, Mr. Grant made him a present of a snuff-box, which contained together with some snuff five pounds in gold.

When the poet sent to T'ree his poem on America, his friends were greatly distressed about him. They offered to send money to bring him back. Maclean of Coll, his old friend, wrote him a kind letter, asking him to return, and offering to give him a piece of land free of rent. A more truthful poem than his description of America was never penned; yet it is almost a pity that he sent it home. It was no doubt the means of keeping many persons from emigrating. Though the poet was disappointed the first few years he was in this

country, he afterwards saw reasons for thankfulness that he had come. He was in comfortable enough circumstances in his latter days; and his children and grandchildren are in every way better off than they would be in Scotland with its landlords and rents.

In 1829 the poet and his eldest son Charles, who was a good axe-man, began to make a clearing at Glenbard in the county of Antigonish, six miles east of Bail'-a-chnoic. In 1830 they built a log house in their new clearing. In January, 1831, the whole family removed to Glenbard.

The poet never worked much after settling in Glenbard. His children were now able to work. In fact he was never a good worker; he did not know how to work. He was naturally a healthy, strong and active man; he was one of the best walkers to be found. Shortly after coming to the country, through exposure while driving logs down the river, he was attacked by rheumatism. He was ever afterwards much troubled with it.

In the beginning of 1848 he was unwell for about three weeks. Having got better he thought he would go and see some of his acquaintances. On Tuesday evening, January 25th, he went to Hugh Macdonald's, Beaver Meadow, and stayed all night. He had with him the life of Joseph in Gaelic, and read aloud to Mr. Macdonald and his family the greater part of it. On the following day he went to see an old man, John Maclean, who lived about two miles below Addington Forks. On his way back in the evening he called to see Ranald Maclean, at Addington Forks. His son, Archibald, happened to be at Addington Forks at the same time. They both sat down to tea at 4 o'clock. The poet was talking about his age; suddenly he ceased talking, and fell backwards in his chair, his son taking hold of him. He never spoke; he died instantly; he had been struck with apoplexy. He

was immediately taken home, the distance to his house being about four miles. He was buried on the following Friday, there was a large gathering of people at his funeral.

John Maclean was a born poet. Nature gave him the talents and aspirations necessary for pouring out his soul in song. He composed with the greatest ease. He never called the pen to his aid. It was not until after he had composed and sung his songs that he wrote them down. This is to be regretted, as some of them cannot be recovered. He began composing verses when he was a boy going to school. He composed several short pieces whilst learning his trade. The first song which brought him into prominence as a poet was the one composed in praise of Maclean of Coll upon his interfering in his behalf to get him out of the militia.

John Maclean wrote many spiritual poems. It was not till he had been several years in Barney's River that he turned his attention to this species of composition. His hard lot in this world no doubt tended to direct his attention to a better world. He had always led a good moral life. A more truthful or a more honest man could not be found. He observed the worship of God regularly in his family. He was well versed in the Scriptures. Boston's Fourfold State, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Alleluia's Alarm, Baxter's Call, and Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul, were books which he carefully studied. Boston's Fourfold State was a work in which he especially delighted. He read it very frequently.

John Maclean was well acquainted with the works of the other Highland bards. "Birlinn Chloinn Raonail," "Beinn Dorain," and many other Gaelic poems he had by heart. He had read Randal Macdonald's Collection, Turner's Collection, A. and D. Stewart's Collection, Smith's

Sean Dana, Mac Mhaighistir Alasdair's Poems, and Duncan Bau's Poems. Probably his acquaintance with English or Scottish poetry was extremely limited. He may have read Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd. At any rate there was a copy of that work among his books.

John Maclean had a strong and clear intellect, and possessed a remarkably retentive memory. He was of a quiet disposition and pleasing manners. He had conversational powers of a high order; old and young listened to him with delight. He was an enthusiastic Highlander, and never forgot the land of his birth. He was a seannachie as well as a poet, and possessed vast stores of information respecting the history, poetry, genealogy and tales of the Highland clans. He was a thoroughly honourable man, and was highly esteemed and respected. He was about five feet, eight inches and a half in height, stout and well-built. He had dark hair, grey eyes, a broad forehead, and a soft and musical voice. He was an excellent singer.

John Maclean had four sons and two daughters; Christy, Charles and Archibald born in Scotland, and John, Allan and Elizabeth born in this country.

The poet's wife, Isabella Black, died June 5th, 1877. She was ninety-one years of age. She retained the full possession of all her intellectual powers to the last. She was an active, healthy, patient and industrious woman. No woman could be better qualified to make a home for herself in the woods than she was. The poet could not possibly have had a more suitable wife. If she could not handle the lyre, she could handle the hoe, the sickle and the rake. She was kind and hospitable. Her house was always open to the means of the poor, devotedly attached to harm Righ Deòra, a good and pious woman's còta dheirg. husband.

A plain sto

Bidh tu pailt am biadh 's an aodach,  
'S théid leagadh nan craobh air diochumhla,  
Bidh tu sona, saibhir, socrach,  
Cha bhi bhochduinn 'cur ort mí-ghean.

## AM BARD.

Chuala mi an tús mo láithean  
Sean-shacal tha lan de dh-fhírinne,—  
'Chaora bhios 'dol bás le gorta,  
'Réir gach coltais ní i crionadh,  
Mun dig am feur úr 's an t-sámhradh;  
Cuiridh an geamhradh gu crích i.  
'S ann mar sin a dh' éireas dhomhsa;  
Na bi 'cur do sgleò dhomh 'm fachaibh.

## AN COIRNEAL.

Cha sgleò a th' agam ga 'sheanachas  
Ach cuis a dhearbhas mi fíor dhuit;  
Na fí a chí thu 's an áite,  
B' aithne dhaibh do cháis nuair shínn iad.  
Nuair a réitich iad am fearann  
Thug iad aire dha le críonnachd;  
Rinn iad beairteas air a tháileamh  
Geda tháinig iad 's e dhíth orr.'

## AM BARD.

Cha 'n fheil ach beagan diubh beairteach,  
Ged tha pailteas diubh fo shiachan;  
Tha bhochduinn an déidh an leónadh,  
'S tric iad fó chómhlaidh a phríosain.  
Bidh am siorram air an tórachd,  
'S nuair a ní e 'm póca 's griobadh,  
Bheir e leis ar cuid mar dhóbbhair,  
'S cha 'n fheòraich e ciod is prís daibh.

## AN COIRNEAL.

Tha cuid díu mar tha thu 'gráitinn,  
Cha 'n fhaod mi áicheadh nach fíor e;

Daoine 'bha tuilleadh is spórsail,  
'S a bha mórchuisseach na 'n íntinn,  
Thuit gun fhios daibh ann an aimbhfhíach,  
'S cha 'n fheil e cho soirbh dhaibh díreadh,  
Riونا dh' atharraich an saoghal,  
'S tháinig caochladh air na prísean.

## AM BARD.

'S mór a dh' atharraich an saoghal,  
'S mise dh' fhaodadh sinn a ráitinn;  
Thug e car dhomh nach do shaoil mi,  
Chuir e 'n aois mi na bu tráithe,  
Tigh 'nu do 'n choille fad o dhaoineibh,  
'Leagadh nan craobh as an láraich.  
Geda shuair mi fearann saor ann,  
'S goirt a shaoithreachadh gu áiteach.

## AN COIRNEAL.

Cha chúnnt mi gur obair chruaidh e,  
'S nach bi uachdaran gu bráth órt,  
A mhaoideas do chur air fógradh  
Mura dean thu 'n còrr 'thoirt dásan;  
Cha bhi 'n comas neach do dhaoradh,  
Cha 'n fhaic thu 'm maor leis a bháirlinn.  
Gu de nis a bhíodh tu 'g ionndrainn  
Bhon tháinig thu 'n dúthaich ághunhoir?

## AM BARD.

'S iomadh rud a tha mi 'g ionndrainn,  
Nach dean 's an ám so bonn státh' dhomh;  
Nam bíthinn ann an tír mo dhúthchais,  
Far an robh mi 'n tús mo láithean,  
Cheibhinn meas am measg nan uaislean,  
Bha mu 'n cuairt domh 'n Earragháidheal.  
B' fhéarr gun d' fhuirich mi ri m' bheò ann,  
'S nach dáinig mi chómhuídh 'n bhráige s'.

## AN COIRNEAL.

Ged bu mhath bhith 'measg nan uaislean,  
 Gur h-ann fada bhuaite a's fearr iad.  
 An luchd-muinntir 'tha nan seirbhis,  
 Cha'n àirde 'n ainm no na tràillean.  
 'S sleamhuinn an leac aig an dorsaibh,  
 Dh'fheunadh tu 'coiseachd gu fàilidh,  
 Nan tuiteadh tu nair gun fhios duit,  
 Rachadh brisdeadh air a chàirdeas.

## AM BARD.

'S iomad fear stòrasach, stochdail,  
 Tha gle shocrach a toirt màil daibh;  
 'S intinneach iad fad' an t-samhraidh  
 Le 'n cuid anns na gleanntan fàsaich.  
 Nuair a thèid iad dh' ionnsaigh 'mhargaidh,  
 Gheibh iad airgid 's cha bhí dàil ann;  
 'S nam faicadh tus' iad air tilleadh  
 Chàinntadh iad gini ri t' fhàirdein.

## AN COIRNEAL.

Ged tha toileachadh 's na glinn sin,  
 Tha cuspunn an rìgh ri phàigheadh;  
 Cha 'n fhaod iad iasg thoirt a linne  
 No fadh o 'n fhireach a's àirde.  
 Ma mharbhas iad eun 'san doire,  
 Thèid an coireachadh mar mhèirlich;  
 Is tàirnear a staigh gu bliun iad;  
 Thèid an diteadh 's cuirear càin orr'.

## AM BARD.

'S furasda dhaibh sin a phàigheadh,  
 Seach mar 'tha mi anns an tìr so;  
 Liuthad latha bhò Fhéil Mairtair  
 'Phuair mi sàrachadh is mi-mhòdh.

Gur tric a chuing air mo mhùineal,  
 'Tarruinn a chonnaidh le dìchioll,  
 'S an sneachda dhomh mu na cruachain,  
 'S cuid de dh-uairean bidh mi 'n iosal.

## AN COIRNEAL.

Fog do mhisneach 's na biodh bròn ort:  
 Ged tha sin an còmhnuidh sgìth leat,  
 Bidh tu fhathast, ma 's a beò thu,  
 Cho dòigheil 's is math le t' intinn.  
 Gu de dh' iarradh tu ach fhaotuinn  
 Fearann saor is còir bho 'n rìgh air,  
 'Bluos an déidh do bhàis mar oighreachd  
 Aig do chloinn ma bhios iad crionta.

## AM BARD.

Nuair a chunntas mi mo shaothair,  
 Bidh e na 's daoire na 'fhiach dhomh,  
 'S tric na m' fhallus mi ga 'réiteach,  
 'Cur mhaidean r'a chéil' nan tinteán.  
 Gur coltaiche mi 's an uair sin  
 R'fear á toll-guail a dìreadh;  
 Bidh mi cho dubh ris na tràilleán  
 'Tha aig stàtachan nan Innseán.

## AN COIRNEAL.

Geda shìùbheadh tu 'n Roinn-Eòrpa,  
 'S a bhith feòraich anns gach rìoghachd,  
 Cha 'n fhaicadh tu fear gun stòras  
 A tigh'ann beò ann le bhith diomhain;  
 Tha e gòrach dbuit bhith càineadh  
 Tìr an aigh so is ga 'diteadh;  
 'S iomadh aon dh' an d'rinn i fuasgladh,  
 'Bha na 'thruaghan a teachd imnte.

## AM BARD.

Cia mar 'dh' fhaodas mi a moladh  
 'S gun mi toilicht' ann am inntinn,  
 Bhona thig toiseach na dùlaidh  
 Bidh a chùis na h-aobhar claidh dhomh.  
 Ag éirigh 's na mad'nean reòta  
 Gum bi crith air m' fheòil 's air m' fhiacian.  
 'S gaoth á tuath le fuachd ga m' leònach.  
 Mura bi mo chòmhachd ciunteach.

## AN COIRNEAL.

Air son toileachadh do nàdair  
 Cha n' fheil stàth dhuit a bhith 'stri ris;  
 Sin an ceum nach deid thu dh' àicheadh.  
 Bhona dh' fhailinnich ar sinnsreadh.  
 Geda bha pailteas aig Adhamh,  
 Bha craobh 's a ghàradh a dhìth air;  
 Dh'fhàg am meas fo iochd a bhàis e,  
 Nuair a ghabh e pàirt o 'n mhuaoi dheth.

## AM BARD.

'S e ni mi tuilleadh mar roghainn  
 Gun chur a t' aghaidh na 's dìne.  
 Tha an duine ag tarraidh àilgheis  
 Fadar e bhith àrd is iosal.  
 Cluinnidh mi gearan o 'n diuca  
 Cho math rìusan 'tha toirt cis' dha,  
 'S o 'n bhaigeir 'tha cosg na lùirich  
 'S o 'n fhear a tha crùn an rìgh air.

Cha lean mi na 's fhaide 'n seanachas  
 Mur cinn iad searbh dheth le 'chluinntinn,  
 Mum faigh iad coire do m' Ghaidhlig,  
 Cha bhi mi 'gràitinn no 'g inuse.

Ole air mhath 's mar bhios mo chàradh  
 'S an àite so, 's èiginn strìochdadh.—  
 Soraidh bhuam gu tìr nan Gàidheal  
 Nach leig mi gu bràth air dìochuimhn.

The foregoing poem was composed after the poet had come to be somewhat satisfied with this country. It does not contain a word of exaggeration. The first settlers in Nova Scotia endured a great deal of hardship.

## O R A N

Do Mhaighstir Caillein Grannda, sagairt Arasaig.

PORN:—"Geda dh' fhag thu ri port mi."

Gu bheil m' inntinn air dùsgadh  
 'S i ga m' bhrosnachadh sunndach gu dàn,  
 Nam biodh fiosrachadh réidh dhomh  
 No gun àraicheadh géir' ann am chàil.  
 Tha mi 'n coinnean an uasail,  
 Nì nach urrainn mi 'luaidh air an dràs,  
 Air 'n do bhuannaich mi eòlas  
 Nuair a bha mi na 'chòmhradh Di-màirt.

'S e e-féin am fear fiachail;  
 'Chaoidh cha leig mi air dìochuimhn' mar bha;  
 'S bidh mi còmhradh mu 'bheusan  
 Ri m' luchd-eòlais le éibhneas 's gach àit'.  
 Ma 's a maireann an neart mi,  
 Théid mi sunndach ga 'fhaicinn gun dàil;  
 An duin'-uasal a's grinne,  
 'S am fear suairce 'bu cheanalta gnàths.

Cha 'n fheil mòrchuis na 'ghiulan,  
 'S gura lionmhor ri chùntas air buaidh;  
 Fear a chleachduinn 's a nàdair  
 C' àit' am faighear 'sàn àite mu 'n cuairt?

Maighstir Caillein an Grandach !  
 'S ann de 'n chinneadh 'bha ceannsgalach cruaidh  
 Tha pears' -eaglais na sgìreachd,  
 Agus comhairleach dìleas a shluaigh.

Gnùis a 's aobheile sealladh,  
 Sùil a 's blaithe fo 'n mhala gun ghruaim ;  
 Pearsa chumadail dhìreach,  
 'S aghaidh fhilathail bu shìobhalta snuadh ;  
 Bòidheach, deant' air a bhallaibh,  
 Agus fòghlum 'cur tarachd air suas.  
 'S cha b' e fòtus na fala  
 A rinn sioladh cho fallan a d' ghruaidh.

Gur h-ìad sruthanan rìomhach  
 As na tobraichean fìor-uisge 'b fhèarr  
 'Riun do chuislean a lionadh ;  
 Cha bu stocan de 'n chrìonaich o 'n d'fhias  
 Am fear misneachail meannmach.—  
 Fhuair mi teisteanas dearbhthe bho chàch,  
 Thu 'bhi teom' air gach fearagheus ;  
 'S cuim nach deanainn-sa 'sheanachas diubhr' pàirt !

Bu tu sgiobair na mara  
 Air chuan duthar, glas, greannach, nan stuadh ;  
 Ann ad bhàta 's glan sealladh  
 'N àm dhi gluasad o'n chala gu cuan,  
 S i na siubhal gu h-eutrom,  
 'Gearradh gharbh thonn gun èislean le fnaim ;  
 'S gillean gleusd air a darach,  
 Leis am b' éibhinn gaoth sgàlanta, chruaidh.

Nuair a rachadh do mhaighdean  
 Fa shiùil gheala ri croinn air an t-snàmh,  
 Bu leat urram an stiùraidh,  
 'S tu gun ghealtachd, gun ghiùlan ro àrd.  
 'S tu gum feuchadh a fìabhaidh,  
 'S i 'ruith cinnteach na 'cùrsa gu traigh,  
 Mar luath iolair nan sléibhtean  
 Leum air uan gus a reubadh d'a h-àl.

Bu tu 'n giomanach gunna  
 'Shiubhal frithe le d' chuileinibh seang' ;  
 An damh donn bhiodh an cunnart,  
 Ged bu luaineach air mullach an eang.  
 Bhiodh do luaidhe na 'chulaidh,  
 'S cha bu bhuannachd da 'thurus do'n ghleann ;  
 'S tric fo chuimse do bhuille  
 Thuilgeadh fìadh air àrd uilinn nam beann,

Bu tu 'm marcaiche ceutach ;  
 Tha mi 'n dùil nach do dh-fheuch thu na b' fhèarr,  
 Air each diollaideach, srianach,  
 Cruitheach, ceumanta, briagh a chinn àird,  
 'S e ruith dìreach gun fhìaradh,  
 Air dhuit beanachd ri 'chliathaich le d' shàil.  
 Siùbhlach, aigeannach, fìadhaich,  
 Srannach, farumach, diar air an làr.

Gur tu 'n Gàidheal glan, ciatach  
 Bho 'bheil eòlas ri 'iarraidh 's gach àm ;  
 Cridhe farsuinn na fialachd,  
 Làmh a phailtis nach riarachadh gann.  
 'S beag an t-ìoghuadh an uaisle  
 Bhith ri dìreadh mu d' ghuaillan 's mu d' cheann,  
 'S gun do bhuaineadh do shìnsreabh  
 Bho chaisteal 's bho thir Thighearna Ghrann.

B' e sìn toiseach do sheanachais,  
 'S thà e furasd' a dhearbhadh le cainnt,  
 An Srath-spé nan cluan taitneach  
 Gum bu lionmhor fir ghaisgeil 's gach am ;  
 Sar luchd bualadh nan glas lann  
 Nuair a ruisgteadh a bhratach ri crann,  
 'S ceannard freubhach nan taice  
 'Choisneadh cliu le 'mhòr fheachd anns a champ'.

Mach bho theaghlach Mhic-Phàdrùig,  
 'S ann a lionsgair do chàirdean gun fheall,  
 De na meuraibh a b' àirde  
 De 'n chraoibh fhreumhaich fo bhlàth anns aghleann.

Tha i fhathast 's an àit' sin  
Ann an prìseil eachd stàtail gun chall,  
Ri sior bhuannachd gu lathail,  
'S gur a daingeann na 'làraich a bonn.

Ann an cinneadh do mhàthar  
Cha bhiodh taise nuair 'thàirnteachd gun strì;  
Bhiodh na Siosalaich dhàna  
Guineach calma do 'n bhlàr a dol sìos;  
Nuair a dhùisgear an àrdan  
'S iad nach giùlain le tàmailt no spid;  
Chluinnteachd farum an làmhach  
'Cur an nàimhdean 'san àraich gu dìth.

'Measg nam fineachan ainmeil,  
'Dh'fhaodt' a tharruinn le seanachaidh mu'n cuairt,  
Mar do chàirdean 'thaobh fala—  
Fir nach tréigeadh thu dh' aindeoin droch uair—  
Bha Clann-Choinnich nan garbh chath,  
'Bheireadh brosnachadh calma do 'n t-sluagh  
'Dol air adhart fo 'n armaibh,  
Is a chuireadh air Galla-bhodaich ruaig.

Tha do chàirdeas air fhilleadh  
Ri luchd leanmhuim Mhic-Shimi bho 'n Aird;  
Nach bu shuarach ri 'n sireadh  
An àm cruadail an iomairt na spàirn;  
Na fir ghleusda gun tioma,  
'S iad nach géilleadh le giorag 'sa bhlàr;  
Bhiodh na Frisealaich ainmeil  
Calma, ceannsgalach, earbsach 's gach càs.

Tha Gleann-Garaidh dhuit dileas,  
Leòghann fulangach-rioghail gun sgàth,  
Le 'chuid daoine nach dìobradh  
Nuair a sgaoilteadh e 'shìoda 'sa bhlàr.  
Bhiodh am fitheach 's am firenn,  
'S bradan tarragheal an fhior uisge 'n àird,  
'S an dà mhathan le 'n saighdean;—  
Sin a shuaicheantas roinnte bho chàch.

'Tha Clann Chamairin bho Lòchaidh,  
'Bhuidheann Abrach bu mhòralach triall,  
Lìo 'n ceann-cinnidh dhuit càirdeach,  
'S gum bu mheasail na h-àrmuinn sin riamh;  
Cha bu shùgradh an còmhstri,  
'S iad a chumadh a chòmhdhail gun fhiamh;  
Bhiodh an nàimhdean air fògar  
'S iad ga 'n iomain le òrdadh Loch-Iall.

'S beag an t-ioghn' thu bhith beachdail,  
Is a liugha fear feachda nach b' thann  
A bha dlùth dhuit an càirdeas  
Ann an dùthchannaibh àrda nam beann;  
Ann a' d' chuislibh bha 'gluasad  
Fèil gach fine bu luachnhoire bh' ann—  
Luchd nam breacan 's nan pioban,  
'Sheasadh onair na rioghachd gun chall,

Thoir mo dhùrachd gu Cailein,  
Am fear fùghantach, fearail, le gràdh;  
Gum a fada na sgrì, e  
Ann an sonas, an sìth, is an slaint,  
Na thaigh greadhnach gun ainnis;  
'S tric a thadh'leadh luchd-aineoil gu tàmh,  
'S aig an uasal bu ghlaine  
Cha bhiodh caomh' air aon ghoireas fo làmh.

An am spidhe mu d' bhòrdaibh  
Gum bu chliùiteach do sheòl ris na dàimh;  
Bhiodh a bhrannaidh gun ghainne,  
'S le fion blasda bhiodh gloineachan làn;  
Bhiodh leann làidir nan searrag  
Anns na cuachan 'cur thairis fo bhàrr;  
'S bhiodh gach duine làn sòlais  
Sunndach, bruidhneach ag òl nan deoch-slàint.

Rinn mi 'm beagan so 'raitinn  
Mu 'n duin'-uasal tha 'n Arasaig thall;  
'S tha mi 'n dùil gura firinn  
Tha 's gach ni chuir mi sìos ann am chaimt.

Dh' fhaodainn tuilleadh dhuibh inns',  
Ach bidh mi tarraim gu crìch le mo rann  
Nis gun òl mi dheoch-slainte,  
Bhona fhuair mi an dàn so gu ceann.

ORAN

Do Mbr. Caillein Grannda, sagairt Arasaig,  
nuair a thuit e bharr an eich aige. Bhrisdeadh  
cuid de chnàmhan, agus bha e ann an coltais bàis.

FONN :—Nam faighinn gille air son ceannaich.

'N ochd ceud deug so 'rinn imeachd,  
'S an coig ar fhichead a bhliadhna,  
Ann an tràthaibh na bealltainn,  
Tùs an t-samhraidh, Di-ciadainn,  
'N ceathramh latha de 'n mhiosa,  
Fhuair mi cinute le sgiala,  
Gun robh 'n t-uasal glan innich  
Air leab' tinnis is iargainn.

Nam b' fhear-sgile no léigh mi  
Air son feum dhuit a dheanamb,  
Gun robh 'n t-am dhomh bhith 'g éirigh,  
'S dol a' m' eideadh gun iarraidh.  
Bheirinn slàinte do d' chreuchdan  
Bho 'n chruaidh eucail so 'phian thu;  
Is gum fàgaim thu léighste,  
Saor bho éislein 's bho fhiabhrus.

Bu tu 'm marcaiche sàr mhath  
Air t' each àrd-cheannach fadhaich;  
Riàmh cha 'n fhaca mi t' àicheadh  
Ann an àite ga t' fhiachainn;

Geda dh' éirich an dràs dhuit  
Tigh'nn gu làr as do dhiollaid,  
Nuair a feum e cho sgàthach,  
Ge b' e càs a chuir fianh air.

Ge b' e càs a chuir fianh air,  
'S goirt a dh' fhiach e ri d' chiurradh,  
Mhìll e coltas do phearsa,  
Dh' fhuag e t' aineichean brùite,  
Is do chnàmhan gun d' bhrisd e,  
Ged bu tric e ga d' ghiulan.  
Thu bhith 'd laighe 'san t-seomar,  
Thug sin bròn do d' luchd-duthcha.

Thug e bròn do d' luchd-duthcha  
'Bhith ga t' ionndrainn Di-dòmhaich  
'N àm dhaibh tional ri 'chéile  
Gu bhith 'g éisdeachd do chòmhradh,  
Nuair a chàireadh tu 'n féin' ort  
'Dhòl a leughadh na còrach,  
'S tu gum minicheadh thairis  
'Thoir do 'n aineolach eolais.

Gum bu deas-fhaclach cainnt dhuit  
Agus ceann-labhairt shònraicht',  
Fhuair thu 'ghibht sin bho nàdar,  
Mar ri àrdachadh fòghluim  
Gu bhith sealltainn 'san sgàthan  
A chaidh fhagail gu 'r seoladh;  
'S ro mhath hubhradh tu pàirt deth  
Air gach Sàbaid do 'n chomhlan.

Tha mi 'n dòchas gum faic mi,  
Thu gun aiceid, gun doruinn,  
Is gum faigh mi bhuaite fàilte,  
Mara b' abhaist na d' sheomar,  
Caoimhneil, iriosal, càirdeil,  
'S tu gun àrdan, gum mhòrchuis.  
'N Ti 'tha riaghladh 'sna h-ardaibh  
'Thoir duit slàint agus solais.

## AM BÀL GAIDHEALACH.

Toiseach an earraich, 'sa bhliadhna 1826, bha bàl aig na Gàidheil an taigh Dhaibhidh Mhurraidh an Merigomish. Cha 'n fhaodadh duine bhith aig a bhàl ach fear a labhradh Gaidhlig. Thugadh cuireadh do 'n Bhàrd. Phaigh e a luchd-cuiridh leis an òran so a sheinn aig a bhàl.

## LUINNEAG.

Bithibh aotrom 's togaibh fonn,  
Cridheil, sunndach gun bhith trom,  
'G òl deoch-siàinte na bheil thall  
Ann an tìr nan beann 's nan gleannaibh.

Fhuair mi sgeul a tha leam binn,  
'Dh' àraich gfeus air teud mo chinn ;  
'S bith mi nis a dol ga 'sheinn,  
Ged tha mi 's a choill am falach.

Gur h-e 'n sgeul a fhuair mi 'n dràs,  
'S a dhùisg m' inntinn suas gu dàn,  
'Bhì ga m' iarraidh dh-ionnsaigh 'bhàil,  
'Th' aig na Gàidheil tùs an earraich.

Nuair a théid an comunn cruinn  
Bidh iad sìobhalta le loinn,  
Clùiteach, ciallach, fialaidh grunn,  
'S bheir iad caoinhneas do dh-fhear aineoil.

Nuair a shuidheas iad mu 'n bhòrd  
Bheir iad tacan air an òl,  
'S fiodhall, theud bho 'n gleusar cèd  
'Cur nan òganach nan deannaibh.

Cha bhì sgrubaireachd mu 'n chlàr  
Ann an cuideachda mo ghràidh,  
Aig a bheil an inntinn ard  
'S nach gabh tàmailt bho na Gallaibh.

Nuair a théid an fhiodh 'll na 'tàmh  
Bheir iad greis air cainnt nam bàrd,  
'Dhùisgeas fonn neo-throm nan càil,  
Ann a Ghàidhlig a's glan gearradh.

'Chànain ghasda, bhlàsda, bhinn !  
'S i bha 'n cleachdadh aig na suinn,  
'Dhearbh an gaisge 'm feachd an rìgh ;  
'S iomadh tìr 's an dug iad deannal.

Luchd nam breacan bha's gach àm  
Fuasgailteach an strì nan lann ;  
Nuair a ghluaiseadh iad bho 'n chàmp  
Chuir' an ruaig's bu teann an leanachd.

'S ann ac' féin 'tha 'n t-éideadh grunn !  
Breacan guaille, féile cuim,  
Osan gearr mu 'n chalpa chruinn,  
'S boineid ghorin os cionn na mala.

Stàilinn ghlas, mar ealtuinn gear,  
'Chleachadh anns na baiteil riamh  
Leis na gaisgich nach tais fiamh,  
'S nach biodh riamalach a tarraim.

Bha iad firinneach gun fhoill  
'N àm dol sìos is pìob ga 'seinn ;  
Rùisgteadh brataichean ri croinn  
Aig na saighdeiribh nach mealladh.

'S bhona chinn sibh féin o'n dream  
'Dh' àraicheadh fo sgéith nam beann,  
'Bhuannaich anns an Eipheit geall  
'S a chuir Frangaich as an t-sealladh ;

Ged tha sibh an tìr nan craobh,  
Cuimhnicibh air beus nan laoch !  
Leòghainn bhorb' bu ghairge fraoch ;  
'S iad nach aomadh as a charraid.

Gheibh thu tuilleadh bho Uilleam,  
Fear an fhurain 's na mìrnn,  
'S thoir dha gealladh teann làidir,  
Nach déid m' fhàgail an chùil.

## AM BARD.

Ciamar 'bheirinn thu 'm follais  
Ann an comunn an dràsd?  
'S duilich dhòmhsa bhith d' chomair,  
'S nach h-fheil boinn' air do chlàr.  
Théid mi dhachaidh gun fhios leat,  
Chà bhi mise fo d' straic;  
Na bi maoidheadh do thochraidh,  
Air son botuill no dhà.

## AN ADHARC.

'S math an tochradh a fhuair thu.  
Ceangallt' suas air do thaoibh,  
Bho 'n duin' onarach ghasda,  
'S rinn thu 'sgapadh gu faoin.  
Dhomsa dh' éirich a bhochduinn,  
Thug thu leat mi o m' ghaol;  
Cur h-e 'fhàgail a liath mi  
Bho chionn bliadhna 's cha 'n aois.

## AM BARD.

Cha 'n iad boirinnich bheusach  
'Bhios an déidh air an òl;  
Ma thug thusa do spéis dha,  
Gum br éis air do lòn.  
Ciamar 'chumas sinn teaghlach  
'S tusa 'glaodhach nan stòp?  
'Sguir de 'n òl agus chi thu  
Nach bi dith oiran ri 'r beò.

## AN ADHARC.

Tha a bhrannaidh leam taitneach,  
'S i a's blaisde na 'm sion;  
Tha i fallain do m' bhroilleach,  
'S ni i sona mo chrìdh;  
Ach ged bhithinn air phadhadh,  
Decch cha ghabhainn leam fhìn;  
'S riamh cha d' iarr mi tombac' ort,  
'S cha do chleachd mi an tì.

## AM BARD.

'S math tha fios aig gach neach  
Nach h-fheil do chleachdadh aig céill;  
'S tha e dhomsa na mhasladh  
'Bhi ga t' fhaicinn na m' dhèidh.  
'S iomadh fear 'chaidh a mhealladh  
'Fhuair a leannan aig féill,  
'S e ga 'taghadh air àilleachd,  
'S gun a nàdar d'a réir.

## AN ADHARC.

B'e mo mhian 'bhith aig Uilleam,  
Sin an duine tha grunn;  
Bha mi fada na theaghlach  
'S bha rud daonnan fo m' làimh.  
Nuair a thigeadh luchd-eolais  
Bheirt' a seòmar mi 'nall;  
'Siomadh conaltradh ciatach  
Anns an d' iarradh mo chainnt.

## AM BARD.

'S éiginn dhòmhsa 'bhith samhach  
Ged is nàr e ri 'luaidh;  
Tha an sean fhacal 'graitinn  
Nach bi dānachd gun duais.

Mur faigh fear an deagh nàdair  
Air mnaoi àrdanaich buaidh,  
Nì i burraidh is tràill dheth.  
Is cuis-ghàire do 'n t-sluagh.

## AN ADHARC.

Bha mi féin agus Uilleam  
Riamh, mar bhuineadh dhuinn, réidh;  
'S mi nach faiceadh air gruaman,  
'S i an uaisle dha 's beus.  
Tha e 'chinneadh nan sàr laoch  
Anns na blàir a bhiodh treun;  
Air na Foirbeisich uallach,  
'S tric a chualas deagh sgeul.

## AN BARD.

Bhona chaidh thu gu eachdraidh  
'S gu cinu-fheachd' nach robh cli,  
Bha mo chinneadh-s' cho beachdail  
Ri dream 'chleachd a bhith stri,  
Geda chaill iad le 'n gòraich'  
An seann chòir air an tìr,  
Ann an aobhar rìgh Seumas;  
'S bochd a dh' éirich sud duinn.

## O R A N

Do dh-Alasdair Mac-Dhòmhail, Tighearna  
Chluinne-Garaidh, an déidh a bhàis.

FONN.—“ Oidhche dhomh 's an taigh-dhige.”

Geà is fad air a chuairt so,  
Mi 'n America Thuathaich,  
Chuir an naidheachd a fhuair mi  
M' inntinn uile gu gluasad.  
'S iomadh aon tha fo ghruaman  
Feadh gach dùthcha 's an cualas  
Gun robh 'n t-Alasdair nasal gun deò.

Dh' fhalbh an Gàidheal bu ghloine,  
An sàr Dhòmhnallach Ioinneil,  
'Bha mar leòghann an coille,  
Nam biodh fòirneart dha goirid.  
'S goirt tha gàir do chuid cloinne;  
Thàinig cràdh orr' tha soilleir  
Bho 'n là 'smaladh an coinneal le bròn.

Tha do chéile fo mhulad,  
'S trom a creuchadh o 'n bhuille  
'Chuir thu d' shineadh air t' uilinn;  
Tha i éisleineach duilich,  
'S tric gu deurach i 'tuireadh  
Bho 'n là chàirich i 'n ulaidh  
An Cill-Ionain 's an tulaich fo 'n fhòid.

Tha do dhaoine gu tìrsach  
Bhò 'n là 'dh' fhalaich an ùir thu.  
Chaill iad taice ri 'n càlthaobh,  
Laoch gum athadh, gum chùram;  
Cha bu ghealtair e 'lùbadh;  
Ceannard feachda nach diùltadh  
Fìrigh smachdail air thùs a chuid slòigh.

B'e do shuaicheantas taitneach,  
 Mathain fhiadhaich a chasgraidh,  
 Saighdean ciunteach na'n achlais,  
 Iolair inneach an astair,  
 Fìtheach fìor dhubh na h-caltainn  
 Air creig dhìonaich do chaisteil;  
 An àm gluasad fo bhàtaich le d' sheòid

Leat a dh' éireadh na fearaibh  
 A bhiodh treun anns a charraid.  
 Bho dha thaobh uisge Gharaidh,  
 Is bho Chnòideart a bharrach.  
 Bha do chòir air na fearainn?  
 B'e do staòileadh an Gleannach;  
 'S aig seachd-deug gun robh ceannas de'n t-seòrs'.

Bu tu 'n Garanach prìseil;  
 Gur a h-iomadh fuil rioghail  
 A bha d' chuislean a sioladh.  
 Bho Iar! Rois agus Ile  
 'S ann a fhriamhaich do shiunsreabh,  
 Cha b' i choille 'n robh 'n crìonach  
 'S an d'rinn Alasdair cinntinn an tòs.

Tha Clann-Domhnaill nam buillean  
 Air an lìonadh le mulad;  
 Chaidh an leònach o 'n uiridh  
 Chaill iad leòghann nau curaidh;  
 Thuit am fiubhaidh deas, cuimir,  
 Bu mhòr fòghlum is urram;  
 Gum b' e 'bheus a bhith duineil 's bu chòir.

Gàidhil Alba fhuair uile  
 Buille 'tha cràiteach ri 'fhulang;  
 Bhiodh tu daimheil, ga'n cuireadh  
 Air do stràidean le furan;  
 Fear do nàdair cha 'n urrainn  
 Tigh'nn a t' àite dhaibh tuilleadh  
 Mur lean Aonghus na chuunaic e d' sheòl.

Ma tha bàird no luchd-facail  
 Thall na 'm measg mar a chleachd iad,  
 Tha fàth dùsgaidh nis aca,  
 S cha n' ann sunndach le aiteas,  
 Ach a chaoidh an t-sàr ghaisgich,  
 'Chaidh a dhùnadh an tasgaidh,  
 Ann an caol chiste ghlaiste nam bòrd.

Tha mi cinnteach 's cha bharail,  
 Ma tha beò ann an Ailein  
 Gur h-e 'm bròn a th' air aire;  
 Chaidh an ceòl as a charaibh,  
 Dh' fhalbh a shòlas ri 'mhaireann;  
 Cha 'n fheil sunnd air gu ealaidh  
 Bhona chaochail Gleann-Garaidh nan sròl.

Thuit gu lár an crann mullaich,  
 Craobh a b' àlainne duilleach,  
 Fear neo-sgàthach 's a chunnart,  
 'Sheasadh dàn anns gach cumasg.  
 Bha thu làidir mar churaidh  
 'Chur na stàilinn gu 'fulang;  
 Bu tu 'n t-àrmunu d'am bùmèadh bhith mòr.

'S aobhar' acain do cheudan  
 Gun do bhuannaich an t-eug thu:—  
 'N t-uasal Garanach euchdach,  
 Dh' an robh misneach nach tréigeadh,  
 'S a' bha measail d' a réir sin.  
 Cha b' e fasan luch-Beurla.  
 'Chuir t'fú 'n cleachdadh bhon dh' éirich thu òg.

Fhuair thu 'mach a Dun-éideann  
 Do na Gàidhil 'bha 'n déidh air,  
 Cluich na pìob' air an réidhlean  
 Bhith nan dutchannaibh féin ac',  
 'S iad a feuchainn a chéile;  
 'S ge b' e 'bhuidhneadh 's an deuchainn  
 Bheirt' a dhuais dha gun éis le làn chòir.

Cha do dh-fhàg thu fear t' fhasain  
Ann an Albainn no 'n Sasunn.  
Bha thu d' Ghàidheal gun fheachdadh ;  
Do chainnt dhùthchasach chleachd thu ;  
Bha i agad gun mheasgadh.  
Air ceann daoine cha 'n fhaicht' thu,  
'S tu a giùlan na casaig' no 'chleoc'.

B' fheàrr leat féileadh de 'n bhreacan,  
Osan gearr agus gartan,  
Còt' air fhiaradh de 'n tartan.  
Sin an còmhach a chleachd thu,  
Ghabh thu mòran de thlachd ann.  
Bu tu aogag a ghaisgich  
'S claidheabh caol a chinn-aisnich a'd' dhòrn.

Paidhear dhagachan gléidht' ort,  
'S gum bu ghasd thu gu feum leo ;  
Biodag ghuineach gu reubadh  
Anns an làmh a bha treubhach ;  
Sporan iallach gun eur' ort ;  
Bu tu cridhe na féile,  
'S tric a riarach na feumaich le-t' òr.

Bu tu marcaich' na réise,  
Sunudach, aigeannach, eutrom,  
Air each cruithreach a leumadh,  
Siùbhlach, astarach, gleusda.  
Co a chàsadh ort eucoir,  
'S tu fo t' armaibh a t' éideadh ?  
Bha thu d' shaigdear nach géilleadh 's tu beò.

Bu tu 'n glomanach gunna ;  
Cas a dhireadh a mhunaidh ;  
Cha bu sgith leat do thuras  
Ann am frith nan damh donna ;  
Làmh bu chinntiche buille thu  
Nuair a chit' iad air mullach,  
'S bhiodh do mhial-choin na'm muineal ri spòrs.

Ann ad bhaile mòr éibhinn,  
Chit' am mach air an réidhlean  
Fearlain ghrinne ga'n gleusadh.  
Leat bu mbiann 'bhith ga 'n éisdeachd  
'S iad a freagairt a chéile ;  
'S an àm cromadh na gréine  
Chluinnteadh caitheam nan teudan ri ceòl.

Bhiodh na bàird is na flean  
Ann ad sheòmraichean grinne,  
'Gabhail òranan binne,  
'S tu ro eòlach ga'n sireadh.  
'S iomadh uasal dhe d' chluinnteadh  
'Bhiadh an làthair 'n àm iomart ;  
Bha mi còmh' ruibh aig tional bha mòr.

Nuair a chruinnicheadh na fearaibh  
Ann an tùr Iona-Gharaidh,  
Gum biodh sùrd ann ad thalla ;  
Cha bhiodh cùis ann ri 'gearan.  
'S i do chùirt nach biodh falamh ;  
Rum' is branndaich ná 'n galain ;  
'S gum biodh fion ann gun ghainne ri 'òl.

Bu tu féin an ceann-uidhe  
A bha fialaidh 'n àm suidhe.  
Làmh a riarachadh dibhe  
Ann an seòmar na h-uidhim.  
'N diugh is cianail am bruidhinn,  
'N creagan grianach an fhithich ;  
'Tha, bhon thriall thu, gach cridhe fo bhròn.

Thàinig smal air an teaglach  
A bha aighearach, greadhmach ;  
Thàinig aithghearr orr' caochladh,  
Thuit ceann-taighe nach àomadh.—  
Nam bu chluaidheabh le daoine  
'Rinn do shnaidheadh bho 'n t-saoghail  
Dhùisgeadh bras ann a t' aobhar gu leòir.

2  
 Dh' éireadh Dòmhnallach Shléite,  
 Gus an togadh e t' éirig ;  
 Mac-Ic-Ailein nan geur lann,  
 Iarla Antruim á Eirinn,  
 Triath nam Foirbeiseach gleusda,  
 Bho 'n thug iadsan dhuit céile,  
 Agus iomadach treun fhear a chórr.

Bhiodh Strath-Ghlais le 'chuid daoine  
 'Tigh'nn ga d' thagar gu saothrach ;  
 Na fir aigeannach, aotrom,  
 Dheanadh fuil anns a chaonnaig.  
 Nuair á tháirneadh iad faobhar,  
 'S mire-chatha na'n aodann ;  
 Bhiodh an náimhdean 'sna raointean gun deò.

Nis on dh' fhalbh an ceann-fine,  
 'S aobhar sólais do 'n chinneadh  
 Ga bheil oighre na 'ionad,  
 'Tha na óganach inich.  
 'S air t'gh'nn dhasan gu spionnadh  
 Cluinnear lámhach 's an fhreach ;  
 'S b' ann de dh-ábhaist a Ghlínnich nach beò.

Gum bí súrd orr na 'bhaile,  
 Losgadh fúdaire á canain,  
 Freagrath dlúth aig Mac-talla,  
 'S teinntean éibhnis mar dhealain  
 Rí cur smúid de na beannaibh,  
 'S e tigh'nn dh' ionnsaigh 'chuid fearainn :  
 Gheibh e 'dhùthchannan thairis fo 'sgòd.

Lean sàr dhùthchas an athar,  
 'Bha gu fiughantach, fathail,  
 Sunndach chiuiteach ri 'latha.  
 Fhad 's a bhios tu na 'chathair,  
 Dean le cùram a caitheamh.  
 'S e mo dhùrachd, le mathas  
 Dhuit, gun giulain thu 'chlaidheabh 's a chòt.

Cecla tha mi 's an tìr so  
 Gun bu mhath leam a chluinntinn  
 Thu 'bhi macanta, cuimhneach  
 Air na cleachduinnean caoimhneil  
 Bh' aig an fhear bho 'n do chinn thu,  
 'S tu mar thaice dha d' mhuinntir :  
 'S luchd nam breacan na diobair an còir.

Nuair a ruigeas mo sheanachas  
 Gleanna-Garaidh do 'n Inbhir,  
 A laoiach aigeantaich, mheannnaich,  
 Gabh mo leisgeul, 's mi cearbach,  
 Mar a rinn mi do leanmhuinn,  
 'S mi gun eachdraidh na h-Alba  
 Air na fineachan ainmeil 'bu mhò.

Duncan Macdonald of Glengarry married Marjory, daughter of Sir Ludovick Grant of Dalvey, and had by her Alexander, James, Elizabeth, and other children. James entered the army and distinguished himself highly by his skill and strength at the battle of Waterloo. He died a lieutenant-general in 1857. Elizabeth was married to Alexander Chisholm of Strathglass. Alexander was born about 1773, and succeeded his father in 1788. He raised the Glengarry Fencible Regiment in 1794, and was appointed colonel of it. He was proud, passionate and revengeful. He killed Lieutenant Norman Macleod, grandson of the heroic Flora Macdonald, in a duel fought near Fort George, May 3, 1798. He instigated some of his followers to attack and beat Dr. Macdonald of Crainneachan—a very powerful man—at Fort Augustus, on September 30th, 1805. For this act, which is the worst recorded of him, he had to pay damages to the amount of £2,000 sterling. He had good ability and a fair share of business capacity. He was an affectionate husband and father, and an exceedingly hospitable man. He took an intense interest

in Gaelic, pipe music, and old Highland customs. He had a high respect for the Gaelic bards, and treated them in the most generous manner. He was always very kind to John Maclean. He put forth a strong claim to the chiefship of the whole of the Clan Donald, in 1818; but as his claim was not acknowledged, it would have been better for him not to have made it. He married, in 1802, Rebecca, daughter of Sir William Forbes of Pitligo, and had by her, Angus and seven daughters. He was killed, January 14, 1828, in jumping from a steamer which had gone ashore near Fort William. His estate, which he left deeply in debt, was sold in 1840 to the Marquis of Huntly for £91,000.

## O R A N

Do dh-Alasdair Mac-Gilleain, Tighearna Chola, nuair a thàinig fios do dh-America a dh-ionnsaigh a Bhàird gun d'ug e 'chuid fearainn a suas do dh-Eòghan a mhac.

FONN.—“Cha 'n e cumha fear Ile.”

'Nòchd is luaineach mo chadal  
'S mi na m' leabaidh a tionndadh;  
'S beag an t-ioghnadh sin dhomhsa,  
'S goirt 'tha 'm bròn orm air drùghadh  
Fhuair mi litir à Albainn,  
'S naidheachd shearbh innt' do m' ionnsaigh;  
Rinn am mulad mo lionadh,  
'S trom air m' inntinn a ghluhan.  
Thug triath Chola suas fhearrann,  
'N t-uachd ran' ceanaila, clìp-teach;  
Leag an aois a trom làmh air,  
'S thréig a shlàinte 's a fhuiche.

Geda tha mi thar fairge,  
'S greis on dh' fhalbh mi á m' dhùthaich,  
Bidh mi glacadh mo chlàrsaich  
'S a seinn dàin mu 'n t-sàr dhiulnach.

Nan robh mise gun t' fhàgail,  
Bu cheann-fàth dhomh 'bhith 't ionndrainn;  
'S mi gum faodadh 'bhith d'àn ort,  
'S cha b' e t' àbhaist mo dhiùltadh.  
Fhuir a sheasadh le càirdeas  
Ann gach càs air mo chùlthaobh,  
Leam is duilich ri 'éisdeachd  
Gun do thréig thu do dhùthaich.

Gum bu bhochd do chuid daoine  
'N an an glaothach gu t' fhaicinn,  
Nuair a bha thu ri falbh bhuaip',  
Ged a dh' earb thu ri d' mhac iad.  
Ghabh sibh beannachd le chéile,  
Cha sgeul éibhneach a bh' aca;  
Cha bu shubhach an fheusda  
Bha mu réidhleanaibh t' aithribh.

'S math do mhac a bhith 'làthair,  
Roimh 'luchd-daimh mar chùl-taice  
Ann an ionad an àrmuinn  
Nach do ghnàthaich ach ceartas.  
Gura h-aibhfhiaich ri 'bheò air  
'Dol fo d' chleòc-sa na 'ghlacaibh  
B' fhèarr gun seasadh e t' àite  
Ann an nàdar 's an cleachdadh.

B' e do chleachdadh 's do ghluasad  
A bhith cruadalach, smachdail,  
A bhith misneachail dàna,  
Gun bhith sgàthach no gealtach.  
Bha thu iriosal, ùasal,  
Bha gach buaidh agus tìachd ort;  
Far an tionndadh tu t' aghaidh,  
Bu tu roghaint a ghaissgich.

Bu tu ceannard na tuatha,  
Nach biodh cruaidh gu cur as daibh ;  
'S tu nach dìobradh gu bràth iad  
Ged bhiodh fàilinn no airc orr.  
An àm togail a mhàil diubh  
Ghabht' a phàirt a bhiodh aca ;  
'S a chuid eile bhiodh dail ann  
Gus am fàsadh iad beairteach.

Nuair a chruinnicheadh do dhaoine  
An àm sgaoileadh do bhrataich,  
'S piob gu fonnmhòr ga 'gleusadh  
Aig a céile fo 'achlais,  
Bu tu 'n curaidh gu 'n stiuradh,  
'S am fear cùramach, beachdail ;  
Mar ghaoith ghlinich air fairge  
Bhiodh tu garg 'dol do 'n bhaiteal.

Bha do shuaicheantàs cliùiteach  
'G innse bhithas do sheòrsa :—  
C'aoibh, long, bradan is mial-chu  
'S an t-ian fiadhaich bu bhòidche.  
An làmh-dhearg 's an tuagh Abrach  
Air an tarruinn le seòltachd ;  
Agus " Ceannsaich no bàsaich "  
Sgriobht' gu dùn ann an òrdagh.

Lean thu dùthchas do shìnsre,  
'S gum bu rioghail an seòrs' iad ;  
Cha b' i choille 'n robh 'n crìonach  
As na fhriambaicheadh òg thu,  
Ach na daragan àrda,  
'Bhiodh air nàmhaid na'm bòcain ;  
Clann-Ghilleain nan geur lann  
'Bhuaicheadh beum anns a chòmhdhail.

Bu tu 'n t-Alasdair cliùiteach  
Riamh nach lùbadh le gòraich.  
Is nach leigeadh le cearbaich  
Aon nì 'shealbhach thu 'n còir bhuait.

Bha thu sìobhalta, caoimhnèil,  
'S tu gun fhoill, gun fhiamh fòtuis ;  
Bha thu smachdail mar shaighdear,  
'S tu nach fàilleadh fear bòsdail.

Nuair a bha thu 's a champa,  
'S tu's an àm sin a' d' chòirneal,  
Thug an Seanailear Gallda,  
A bha sealltuinn do chòmhlain,  
Mòran urraim do d' dhaoineibh  
Ann an aogasg 's am fòghlum.  
'S math a b' airidh iad fhaotuinn  
'S tu bhith daonnan ga 'n seòladh.

Nuair a chruinnich iad còmhla  
Is a thoisich an iomairt,  
'S ann a theann e ri tàmait  
'Thoir do Ghàidhil 's gach fine.  
Dh' éirich fearg ann a t' aodann,  
Cha do dh-aom thu le giorag ;  
Chuir thu comharradh claon air  
'S bha 'fhuil chraobhach a sileadh.

Co bho 'n gabhadh tu tàmait ?  
Bha thu àrd ann an spiorad ;  
Nuair a ghlacadh tu 'n stàilinn  
Bhiodh do nàmhaid air iomain ;  
'S tu gun cluicheadh gu sàr mhath  
Leis a ghàirdean 'n robh spionnadh ;  
Laoch thu 'sheasadh do làrach  
Is nach tàirneadh gu d' shlinnean.

'S iomadh gaisgeach a dh' éireadh,  
Nam biodh feum orr, ga d' chòmhnadh ;  
Bhiodh do chinneadh mòr féin leat  
Builleach, beumannach, stròiceach,  
Neartmhòr, cruadalach, gleusda,  
Beachdail, treun-ànnan an t-òrachd,  
Chit' mar dhealar an t-sléibhe  
'N lannan geur' anns a chòmhrag.

Bhiodh Mac-Coinnich á Tuath leat,  
 Sin an dualchas bu chóir dha ;  
 'S gum bu díleas ri d' ghualainn  
 'Thigeadh naislean nan Leódach.  
 Bu leat cáirdeas Chloinn-Chamaroin,  
 Na fir mheanmnach o Lochaidh,  
 Is a Mhorair á Sléite  
 Leis an éigteadh Clann-Domhnaill.

Nuair a bhíodh tu 'n Dun-Éideann  
 Cha bu bheus leat bliith t' ónrachd  
 Gum biodh tathaich nan uaislean  
 Tric mu 'n cuairt air do bhóirdaibh.  
 Gheibhteadh ceól is ól fion'  
 A' d' theaghlach phriseil gun sóradh ;  
 'S tu a chaitheadh 's a dhioladh,  
 Fhír a b' fhialaidh le d' stóras.

Bu tú 'n t-uachdaran fearainn  
 Dh' an robh ceannas is fóghlum.  
 Bha thu d' dhuine cho ainmeil  
 'S a bha 'n Albainn fad m' eólais  
 'De dh-fhearr uiread ri t' oigreachd,  
 'S gun robh roinn ni bu leoir ann ;  
 Rinn thu tuilleadh a bhuanachd  
 Chuir thu snas na bu mhó i.

'N ám bhith tarrainn a dh' ionnsaigh  
 Ionad dúthchais do chómhnuidh  
 Bhíodh do bháta na 'h-nidhim  
 Troimh na sruthaibh a'd' chómhdhail ;  
 'S nuair a chít i air sáile  
 'Tigh'nn an áird ri ceann Shóaidh  
 Chluinnteadh losgadh nan canan  
 Ann ad bhaile le sólas.

Nuair a ghlacteadh an stiùir leat  
 Clúteadh t' iúbhrach ghrúin bhóidheach  
 Mar an eala gheal cheutach,  
 'Dol gu réidhí thar nam bó-thonn,

Bu tu marcaich' nan steud-each  
 Le d' spuir ghéir air do bhótuinn,  
 'S bu tu 'n giomanach sealbhach  
 'Dhol a shealg nan damh crócach.

Dhomhsa ghabhadh e aimsir  
 'Chur mo sheanachais an órdagh,  
 Ach mi labhairt gu h-íomlan  
 Air gach fear-ghleus bu nós duit.—  
 An nis sguiream ga 'n ionradh,  
 Is cha 'n ainmich mi 'n còrr diubh  
 Gus an seinn mi do mharbhrann  
 N déidh dhuit falbh, ma 's a beò mi.

#### BROSNACHADH ROGHNACHAIDH.

##### LUINNEAG.

Deoch-sláinte luchd nam breacanan,  
 'S e cur mu 'n cuairt a b' aite leinn ;  
 'S gun òlamaid gu sgairteil i  
 Air lasgairean a chruadail.

Tha naidheachd ùr an dràs againn,  
 A chúirt a th' aig a Phàrlamaid ;  
 'S gach taobh a cruinneachadh chàirdean,  
 Dh' fheuch co 'a fhèarr aca 'ni buannachd.

'S a Ghàidheil bithibh ceannsgalach,  
 Is cuimhnichibh 'ur ceannardan,  
 A's tric thug buaidh 'sna campaichean,  
 Ag iomairt lann-le cruadal.

Gur mór an t-aobhar náire dhuibh  
 Ma ghéilleas sibh do'n Lásnach,  
 Do Dheòrsa, nó do dh-Archibald,  
 'S an tàir a thug na h-nislean.

'S ann thubhairt iad gu mi-chiatach  
 Gur pronnasg a bha dhith orra ;  
 'S gun glanadh sud an sgrìobach  
 De na Gàidheil mhiodhair sharach.

Ma dhearbh sibh riamh 'ur duinealas,  
 'S e so an t-am dhuibh cruinneachadh,  
 Is fheuchainn dhaibh gur h-urraim sibh  
 An t-urram a thoirt bliuatha.

Cha chualas riamh aon tàmait  
 Aig an t-sinsearachd bho 'n dàinig sibh ;  
 An àm dol sìos 's na blàraibh  
 Bu neo-sgàthach gu cur ruaig iad.

Nuair rùisgeadh iad am brataichean,  
 'S a sheinnt' a phìob gu tartarach.  
 Bhiodh clù air luchd nam breacan  
 Anns gach baiteal, mara chualas.

B'e sud an còmhach cleachdte dhaibh,  
 An t-osan grunn 's na gartanan,  
 An còta géarr 's am breacan  
 Air a phasgadh thar an guala.

Le'n clàidhean dhìon na sàr fhearaibh,  
 Gach beinn is gleann a dh' àitich iad  
 Bho fheachd na Ròinne àilleasaich  
 Gu calma, dàna, buadhach.

Aig Allt-a-Bhonnaich b' fheumail iad,  
 Bu ghuineach, fuileach, treubhach iad,  
 'Cur as gu bras le 'n geur lannaibh  
 D' an naimhdean féjueil uaibhreach.

'S an là bha Foutenò ann  
 Gun d' rinn iad gnìomh mar leòghannaibh ;  
 Chuir sin an gorm ri 'n còtaichean  
 'S tha còir ac' air o 'n uair sin.

Bu lasgarra 's an Eipheit iad ;  
 Bu sgairteil, neartmhòr, creuchdach iad ;  
 Thuig Bonipart an tréinead  
 A tha 'n luchd nam féileadh cuaiche.

'S aig Waterloo gum b' ainmeil iad ;  
 Rinn iad an gaisge 'dhearbhadh ann ;  
 'S gu bheil e sgrìobht' an airgiod  
 Air an ceanna-bheirt mara ghluais iad.

Cha robh na Gàidheil fàilinnreach ;  
 B'e 'm beus bhith seasmhach, tàbhachdach ;  
 Bhith beachdail, reachdmhòr, àrdanach  
 Bhith dòn a dol 's an tuasaid.

Bu teom air gnìomh na fairge iad ;  
 Cha mhiosa 'shtubhal garbhlaich iad,  
 Bu mhianu leotha bhith sealgairreachd  
 Air earbachan 's na brùchan.

Ged 's iomadh tìr a dh' ast'raich iad,  
 Cha chualas riamh fo mhasladh iad ;  
 'Gach beus a b' fhèarr bha 'n taice riubh ;  
 Bha 'n cleachdadh daonna uasal.

A shliochd nan laoch a b' ainmeile,  
 Na leigibh dhìbh la dearmadachd  
 Na daoin' tha 'n diugh ag earbs' asaibh  
 Gun dearbh sibh mar bu 'ual duibh !

A mhuintir ud 'bha 'gràitinn ruibh  
 Nach b' fhiach sibh féin no Ghàidhealtachd,  
 Biodh cuimhu' agaibh an dràs orra,  
 Is àrdaicheabh an cluaran.

Ma ni sibh gnìomh gu h-eireachdail,  
 'S gun doir sibh càis mu dheireadh dhuibh,  
 Gun dean mi òran eile dhuibh,  
 'S cha cheil mi air an t-sluagh e.

Biobh dileas anir am bràitfireachas,  
'S gach cridh' gun làb, gun fhàilinn ann;—  
Ho rò air son nan Gàidhail,  
'S an deoch-slàinte cuir mu'n cuairt i!

In the year 1830, "the Big Election" was held in Pictou. At that time Halifax, Colchester and Pictou constituted but one county. The Conservative candidates were Hartshorne, Blackadar, Barry, and Starr; the Liberal candidates were Archibald, Blanchard, Lawson, and George Smith. The election, in Pictou alone, lasted about a week. Both parties kept open houses, and liquor flowed freely. In a riot which took place a man named Irving was killed. The Liberals won the election.

The poet was a Conservative. He went up from Merigomish to Pictou in a schooner. He took no special interest in the election, until he was told that one of the Liberal candidates had stated that what the Highlanders really needed was sulphur to remove the itch from them. He then went to work and composed this song. He sang it next day to hundreds of eager listeners. It had quite an exciting effect. It is a real "brosnachadh-catha."

The poet, some years after the Big Election, became a Liberal in politics, or rather a follower of Joseph Howe.

RAFAIL DHOMHNAILL IAIN BHAIN.

LUINNEAG.

Tha mi so 'sa choille chruim,  
Teannaich mi ri togail fuinn,  
Tha na gillean òga cruinn,  
'S b' fhèarr leam fhin gun robh mi ann.

Gura h-inntinneach an dràs  
'Chuideachd a tha 'n taigh Iain Bhain,  
'Cluich nan dìnean air a' chlàr,  
Geda tha mi gun dol ann.

Saoil thu, 'bhean, an dèid mi sìos,  
Dh' fheuch an coisinn mi 's an strì;  
Suarach leth-dolar ga m' dhìth,  
Seach uaireadair grunn a' m' làimh.

Labhair a bhean rium le gruaim;—  
Saoil nach tusa 'n duine truagh,  
Dùil agad gu 'n doir thu buaidh;  
Cìod an buaireadh tha na d' cheann?

Thuirt am Frisealach rium fhìn  
Gun robh esan air a tì,  
'S chuir e cabhag air a mhnaoi  
'S gum biodh ruidhl' aca roimh 'n àm.

Thuirt Iain Camaron rium Di-luain,  
Gum b' fhèarr leis aig i na luach,  
Geda chosdadh i 'bhò chruaidh  
Thug e bho Iain Ruadh 's a Ghleann.

Tha Gleann-a-Comhann ag ràdh  
Nach leig esan i le càch,  
Geda chosdadh i 'n t-each bàn;  
'S gura làidir e' sa chrann.

Tha fear eil' ann th' air a tòir,  
'S ni e 'ceannach le 'chuid òir,  
Tha e 'm bliadhn' air dol gu spòrs,—  
Seumas Domhnallach ud thall.

Bha, ars' Eoghann Mór, ann uair,  
Nuair bha mi 'san dùthaich shuas,  
Is bha té agam le uaill,  
Chuir mi bhuam i, dh' fhàs i mall.

Uaireadairean 's ni gun stà,  
Bìdh iad tric a dol na'n tàmh,  
'S feumar falbh leotha gu cèard;  
Tha iad fàilinneach 's gach ball.

Thuir Murachadh, 's e 'g éirigh suas,  
Geda thilginn-sa dà uair,  
Cha bhi 'n t-uàireadair so bhuam;  
'S aun bha 'n uaisl' air dol na 'cheann.

Bha Uilleam am misnich mhòir,  
Nuair a thilg e air a bhòrd,  
Shaoil leis gun robh i na 'dhòrn;  
Cha robh 'n sud ach dòchas meallt'.

Bha Alasdair Donn na 'leunt,  
Coltach ri duin' as a chéill,  
'S dùil aige gun d' rinn e feum  
Gus 'n do leughadh dha na bh' ann.

An sin labhair Uilleam Shè,—  
Cuir a nall i, chaill thu 'n réis,  
Na biodh sùil agad na déidh  
Bhona tha do Bheurla ganu.

Thuir Alasdair Og gu fòil,  
Cha leig mise i leat le m' dheòin;  
'S ann dhomh 's freagarraich' au spòrs,  
Bhon shuair mi air dòigh an dàm.

Ma théid na bodaich gu feirg,  
'S eagal leam gum bi iad scarbh,  
Bhona rinn am misneach falbh,  
'S gu bheil am fear dearg cho meallt'

B'e sin trod nam ban mu 'n sgarbh  
'Chaidh air iteig leis an stòrm;  
'S ann bu choltach iad ri arm  
'Dheanadh marbhadh le 'n cuid lanu.

'S e tha toilicht' an gille òg  
A thug dhachaidh i na phòc';  
Dh' fhàg e na bodaich fo bhronn,  
'S cha dean ceòl an-cur a dhanns'.

About the year 1831 Donald Macdonald, Beaver Meadow, Dòmhnall Iain Bhàin, had a raffle on a watch in his father's house. Every person who attended had to pay half a dollar. The young people in the neighbourhood were present. Those mentioned in the song are the old and middle-aged men who lived near. Some of them were not at the raffle. The poet himself was not there, although he describes what took place in such a graphic manner.

#### M A R B H R A N N

Do dh'-ALASDAIR MAC-GILLEAIN, Tighearna Chola.

Thàinig sgeul thar nan cuantan,  
'Mheudaich mulad is gruain dhomh le bròn;  
Chuir e m' inntinn gu gluasad;  
'S iomadh aon dh' an do dh-fhuasgail e deòir,  
Gun robh 'n t-Alasdair priseil  
Air a chàradh gu h-ìosal fo'n fhòid,  
Ann an leaba na h-ùrach,  
Ann an suain as nach dùisg e le ceòl.

'N t-ochd ceud deug so 'rinn imeachd.  
'S an còig deug thar a fìthead na 'dhéidh,  
Ann an toiseach an t-samhraidh,  
Chaill do dhùthchannan ceannard 'bha treun;  
Dh' an robh misneach is cruadal,  
Agus eòlas is suairceas do 'n réir.  
Bha thu iochdinnhor ri truaghain;  
Gun bhith tais ann an cruaidh chàs no 'n streup.

Nuair a chunnacas do bhàta  
 'Tigh'nn gu rudha na h-àirde fo sheòl,  
 'S iomadh aon a bha cràiteach  
 Thu bhith 'd shìneadh fo chlàraibh air bòrd.  
 Cha bu shunndach an fhàilte  
 'Bh' aig do mhuintir a fàsgadh nan dòrn :  
 'S iomadh cuimhneachan càirdeil  
 'Bh' aca 'n oidhch' ud mu 'n àrmum nach beò.

Chaill iad ceannard na tuatha ;  
 'S tu nach teannaicheadh cruaidh iad mu 'n mhàl.  
 Cha do dh-fhògair thu bhuaite iad ;  
 Cha do chuir thu air cuan iad thar sàil.  
 B' e toiliantinn an nasail  
 A chuid daoine 'thigh'nn suas air a sgàth  
 Ann an cothrom, gun ghluasad ;  
 'S nam biodh éis orr' 's ann 'dh'fhuasg'leadh tu  
 'n càs.

Nuair a dh' iarrteadh gu feachd iad,  
 Bhiodh do chòmhlán am Breacachadh tràth ;  
 Bhiodh do phiob a toirt caismeachd,  
 'S fir a cruinneachadh mu chaisteal na tràgh'.  
 Nuair a rùisgteadh do bhratach,  
 Dh' am bu dùchasach tapachd 's na blàir,  
 Gum biodh geur lann 'chinn aiseich  
 Air do chruachan gu casgairt do nàmh.

B' e do shuaicheantas cliùiteach,  
 'S e air thoiseach os cionn do chuid sluaigh.  
 An làmh dhearg mar bu dèitheach,  
 'S an tuagh Abrach 'thoirt cùis dhe d' luchd-fuath' ;  
 Craobh, long, bradan, is mial-chu  
 'Chuireadh stad air an fhìadh aig a luath ;  
 'S an t-ian iteagach fiadhaich,  
 Nach robh leithid 's an ianlaith 'dol suas.

Dhuit bu dual a bhith beachdail,  
 'S gun do chinn thu bho ghaisgich nach b' fhann ;  
 Clann-Ghilleain nan caisteal,  
 Nach biodh iosal fo mhasladh do chainnt ;

Fir a dh' fheuchadh an stàilinn,  
 Faobhar fulangach, làidir, gun mheang,  
 An déidh fhabhairt bho 'n chèardaich :  
 'S cha bu lapach do làmhsa na 'cheann.

De sbliochd Mhìlidh na féile,  
 'Dheanadh gnìomh anns na teugbhailean garg' ;  
 Is Ghatéluis an treun fhear,  
 'Bu mhòr urram 's an Eipheit is sealbh ;  
 Bha na curaidhnean gleusda,  
 Mar a b' eòl do luchd-sgeula gun chearb.  
 'S gur h-e 'ghnìomharan euchdach  
 'Choisinn Muile do 'n cheud fhear de 'n ainm.

Gum bu rioghail do shloinneadh ;  
 Bha iad dìleas an-fhoilleil do 'n chrùn.  
 Cha do mhùth iad an cleòca ;  
 'S cha d' rinn giorag no còmhrag 'thoirt diu.  
 Sheas iad là Sliabh-an-t-Siorra,  
 Ged chaidh iomadh sár chinneadh air chùl,  
 A toirt air le 'n cruaidh bhuillean  
 Air na laoiach a bha 'n cuideachd an tìde.

'S iomadh call daibh a dh' éirich,  
 Eadar cogadh is eucóir, ri 'n àm ;  
 Air tràigh Ghruinneirt an Ile  
 Thuit Sir Lachainn, an mìlidh gun mheang ;  
 Ann am blàr Inbhir-chéitein  
 Thuit Sir Eachann le 'cheudan mu 'chrann ;  
 'S fhuair Mac Caillein am fearann  
 Bho Rìgh Uilleam, gun cheannach, am bann.

'S math gun d' chum na fir smearail  
 A bh' air Cola 'n cuid fearainn le buaidh ;  
 Bhona choisinn Iain Garbh e,  
 Cha d' rinn aon bha fo arm a thoirt bhuaith'.  
 Thàinig Niallaich thar sàile  
 'Ghabhail seilbh air gu dàna na'n uail,  
 Ach chuir lannan nan sàr laoch  
 'Gu ceann crìch' iad 's an àraich gun truas.

Gura mòr an luchd-leanmhuinn  
 A bh' aig Alasdair ainneil so dh'eug;  
 Tighearna Chola agus Chuimhnis;  
 'S e do bhàs 'chuir a' m' chuimhne mo sgeul.  
 Bha thu smachdail mar shaighdear;  
 Bha thu macasta, caoimhneil am beus;  
 Cridhe soilleir gun fhoill thu,  
 Dh' an robh ceartas a boillsgeadh mar ghréin.

'S iomadh buaidh bha riut sinte  
 Nach déid agams' air innse na m' rann.  
 Bha thu fòghluimte, fìor-ghlic;  
 Bha thu damheil, gun chrìne dhuit teann.  
 Cha robh beairteas ga d' lionadh,  
 No 'cur callaich air t' inntinn le sannt.  
 Bha thu cleachdadh na firinn,  
 Is bha t' fhacal cho cinnteach ri d' pheann.

Nam b 'e claidheabh le eu-ceart  
 'Chuir fo chunhachd an éig thu 's a chill,  
 Bhiodh do chinneadh mòr fhéin  
 A dòrtadh fala ann a t' éirig gu dian  
 Bhiodh Loch-Buidhe nan treun fhear,  
 'S e air thoiseach nan ceud a dol sìos;  
 'S Mac-Mhic-Eóghain bho 'n Airde,  
 'S e gun athadh do nàmhaid 'san strì.

Dh' éireadh cinneadh do mhàthar,  
 'S cha bhiodh cruadal mar chàs air na seòid.  
 Nu Dhunbheagain, mar b' àbhaist,  
 Bhiodh ga'n tional crois-tàra Mhic-Leòid.  
 Bratach shìth' nan trì sealladh  
 Nuair a chit' i air bealach roimh shlògh,  
 B' aobhar gioraig do nàmhaid;  
 Gum biodh cuid diu 'san àraich gun deò.

Bhiodh Loch-Iall 'dol na 'éideadh  
 Le Clann Chamairin 'bu treun anns an tòir;  
 Is cha b' ioghnadh dha féin sud,  
 'S gum bu dileas e 'n te 'bha riut pòsd'.

Leis na buillean 'bhiodh creuchdach  
 Le neart churaidh bhiodh reubadh air feòil.  
 Ge b'e bheireadh daibh riasan  
 Bhiodh analachd air sliabh aig na h-eòin.

Bhiodh Mac-Coinnich air ghluasad  
 Ann a t' aobhar, 's bu dual da 'bhith ann;  
 Is gun robh sibh 'shliochd bhràithrean,  
 A bha ainneil ri 'n là anns a champ.  
 Nuair a sgaoileadh e 'shioda  
 Ri cròic chabraich fear frithe nam beann,  
 Os cionn lasgairean Shi-Phort,  
 Bhiodh a nàmhdean na 'n sìneadh gun cheann.

Cia mar sguireas mi 'dh-innse  
 Clu 'n fhir eireachdail fhìor a chaidh bhuanin.  
 Bha thu ceanalta, sìobhalt,  
 'Fhìr a b' àille 's a b' fhinealta snuadh;  
 'S bha thu àrdanach, rìoghail,  
 Gus gach tàmailt a dhòladh le duais,—  
 'S tu nach tréigeadh na m' chàs mi,  
 Gheibhinn caoimhneas is bàigh bhuaiteach gach uair.

Nis on dh' fhalbh an triath calma,  
 A bha cliùiteach an Albainn ri 'là;  
 Guidheam buaidh leis an treun fhear  
 'Tha mar dhion d'a luchd-feuma na àit :  
 Tha mo dhòchas 's an Fhreasdal  
 Nach dig fàilinn am feasda na 'dhàil,—  
 Eòghan òg, am fear fiachail,  
 A tha cinneadail, dileas, làn bàigh.'

Fhuair thu baintighearna chliùiteach.  
 Bho Chlann-Donnchaidh á Stràthan fo d' sgéith;  
 Do 'bheil creideamh le cùram,  
 Agus eòlas is giùlan d'a réir.  
 Bhiodh i 'sgaoileadh a Bhiobuill,  
 Air na bochdan a chiodh i na fheum.  
 Mara dh' fhaodas mi innse,  
 Gu bheil cuid diù 's na crìochan so féin.

Nis bhon tha thu 'd cheann-uidhe,  
 Is gun d'fhuair thu 'bhith d' shuidh' air an stiùir,  
 Cum ad chuimhne gach latha  
 Beis an fhir 'tha na laighe 's an ùir.  
 'S nuair a ghlacas an t-cug thu;  
 Biodh do mhac ann ad dhéidh mar cheann iùil;  
 Na fhear foghainteach; smachdail,  
 Le toilinntinn an caisteal Dhruim-Fionn.

Mur bhith gainnead mo storais,  
 Phillinn fhathast air m' eòlas a null,  
 Gus an ruiginn an-tàite  
 Far 'n do shuidhich thu làrach as ùr.  
 Cha bhiodh eagal gu bràth dhomh,  
 Fhad 's a bhitheadh tu làidir ri m' chùl.  
 B' fhèarr gun robh mi gun t' fhàgail;  
 Gheibhinn fasgath fo sgàile do chùirt.'

John Maclean was the last of the family bards. This poem may therefore be looked upon as the last of its kind; the last lamentation over a chieftain by his bard. There is thus a peculiar feeling of sadness connected with it. The poet was deeply attached to the old laird. He felt it his duty to sing his "marbhrann." He was thoroughly in earnest. He speaks of the deceased as he knew him. He ascribes no quality to him except what he believed him to possess. He lauds his ancestors and exhorts his successor as he considered his bard should do. That Alexander Maclean of Coll deserved the poet's praise we have no reason to doubt. He really possessed many qualities of great excellence.

The poet had good reasons for regretting that he left the old country. It is a blessing however for his descendants that he left it. Better have a farm which one can call his own and be independent, than be under the best landlord.

Alexander, Alasdair Ruadh, 15th Maclean of

Coll, was born about the year 1754. He was educated at King's College, Aberdeen. He studied law for some time. He was appointed captain in the Argyle Fencible regiment in 1778. He married, about 1779, Catherine, eldest daughter of Captain Allan Cameron of Glendessary, and had by her Hugh and six daughters. He succeeded his father in Coll, Quinish, and Rùm in 1786. He gave £200 sterling to the University of King's College, Aberdeen, in 1787, to establish a bursary for the benefit of such deserving boys of his own clan as were not in a position to afford themselves a proper education otherwise. He was appointed lieutenant-colonel in the Breadalbane Fencibles in 1794. His wife, who was born in 1756, was called away from him by death, February 10, 1802. He purchased the island of Muck in 1813. He handed over his estates to Hugh, his son and heir, in 1828. He left Coll then and went to live in Quinish, Mull. He died April 10, 1835. He was a man of ability and good sense. He was quick-tempered, but full of kindness. He was an excellent landlord.

Hugh, 16th Maclean of Coll, was born in 1782. He married, first in 1814, Janet Dennistoun; and secondly, in 1825, Jane Robertson. He had four daughters by his first wife, and four sons and two daughters by his second wife. He was brave and generous, but lacked the strong will and business capacity of his father. He got into debt and had to part with his estates in 1856. He died in 1861. He was exceedingly kind to the poet.

M A R B H R A N N

Do Mhaighstir Caillein Grannda, Sagairt Arasaig,  
a chaochail air an latha mu dheireadh de 'n Mhart  
'sa bhliadhna 1839.

FONN :—"Mìle marbhphaisg ort a shaoghail."

Mòch Di-luain 'àn àm dhonh éirigh  
Phuair mi sgeul nach b' éibhinn leam,  
S'yeul thà fìor ri bhith ga 'éisdeachd,  
Mheudaich éislean dhomh nach ganu.  
Air a phasgadh anns na léintean,  
'S a shùil bhlàth gun léirsiu dall,  
Tha 'n duin-uasal thug mi spèis da;  
'S trom mo cheum 's nach fheil e ann.

Nuair a bha e beò na 'shlàinte,  
Bu deas dàicheil cumadh bhall  
Do 'n duin'-uasal 'tha mi 'gràitinn,  
'S tric a dh' fhàiltich mi air làimh :—  
Pearsa ghrinn gun shoill, gun fhàilinn,  
Bho d' mhullach gu d' shàil gun mheang;  
Gnùis a b' àille 's fiamh a ghàir oirr',  
'S cridhe blàth bu chàirdeil cainnt.

'S iomadh aon a tha ga t' ionndrainn  
Bhona dhùineadh thu fo 'n chlàr,  
Ann an cadal far nach dùisg thu  
'N leabaidh chaoil 's a chruisle làir.  
Ged nach robh mi 'n càirdeas dhùth dhuit,  
'S mòr an diùbhail leam do bhàs;  
Bha thu dìleas air mo chùlthaobh  
'Sheasamh cùis domh 's mi bhith 'n cas.

'S aobhar bròin dhomh bhith ga 'innse  
Gu bheil thu 'sa chill ud thall  
Air do thasgaidh glaiste, dìonach,  
S gura h-ìosal leam do cheann.

Bidh tu 'm chuimhne 'là 's a dh' oidhche,  
'S tric a tigh 'nn fo'm shuim do chall;  
Chuir e mulad mòr air m' inntinn,  
'S tu bhith dhith oirín brìgh mo rann.

C' àit am faic mi fear do choltas  
Geda chruinnicheadh pailteas sluaigh?  
Bho mhullach do chinn gu d' shàiltean  
Cha robh failinn dhuit mu 'n cuairt.  
Bha thu càirdeil, fialaidh, pàirteach,  
Ciallach, nàrach, làn de stuaim.  
'Fhir nach euradh càs an fheumaich,  
Gum bu ghlan do bheus ri 'luaidh.

Bha do bheus 's do chlàr gun mhearachd,  
Bha thu ceanalt' air gach dòigh;  
Bha thu spracail, bha thu smachdail,  
Bha thu tlachdmhor, bha thu còir.  
Bha thu sìobhalta gun mhiotlachd,  
'S tu gun mhiorùn do neach beò;  
Spiorad Gàidhìl bha co-fhàs riut  
Bhona dh' àraicheadh thu óg.

Bha thu spioradail deas, meaninnach,  
Cha robh thu cearbach no fann,  
Bha thu misneachail is calma,  
'S eòlas àrd neo-leanabaidh 'd cheann.  
Nan do chleachd thu 'n làithibh t' óige  
Bhith an seirbhis Dheors' 'sa champ,  
Fhreagradh tu air thùs na h-armailt;  
'S ann a' d' laimh a b' earbsach lann.

Mu gach fèara-ghleus bha thu teoma  
Cha robh fòghlum ort a dhith;  
Bu tu stiùramaiche 'bhàta,  
Cha bhiodh fàilinn ann a' d' g'bhniomh,  
'S i a leum gu sìubhlach aotrom  
Thar nan tonnan craosach dian;  
'S bu duin'-uasal thu ri t' fhaicinn  
'N àm dhuit acrachadh aig tìr.

Bu tu glomanach a ghunna  
 'S tric a rinn fuil anna a bheinn ;  
 Nuair a dh'icheadh tu ri mullach  
 Gum biodh cumart air na féidh ;  
 Bhiodh do luaidhe dlàth nan culaidh,  
 Bhiodh iad uireasbhach ad dhéidh ;  
 Bhiodh do mhial-choin sheang nam muineal  
 Ged bu churaideach an ceum.

Bu tu 'm marcaich' air each sréine ;  
 Co 'bhuidh'neadh ort réis no geall,  
 Nuair a rachadh tu na 'l' dhiollaid  
 Le d' spuir ghéir ri 'chliathaich teann?  
 Bhiodh e lùthmhòr, aotrom, siùbhlach,  
 'Gearradh shùrdagan le srann ;  
 'S gum bu phàirt dhe d' chulaidh-shùgraidh  
 Bhith ga 'chur gu dlàth na 'dheann.

Bu tu ceann-uidhe na fialachd,  
 'S tric a riarach aig do bhòrd,  
 Sarragan làn de stuth làidir,  
 'S nuair a thràight' iad gheibht' an còrr.  
 Bha do bheus gun bheum a chospadh  
 Cuirmeil, cosgail mar bu chòir ;  
 Com na glaine, inntinn shoilleir,  
 Mar bu dù bho'n t-sloinneadh mhòr.

Gach fuil uasal bha na d' chuislibh  
 Gun cheum tuisidh bhith ga d' chòir,  
 Bho na Gàidhil 's c' àit an cuirt' iad,  
 Nach biodh nirsgeul air na seòid ;  
 'S ann bho làmbaich an cuid musgaid  
 Chit a chiupaireachd air feòil,  
 'S fuil an nàmh, le bàs gun flurtachd,  
 'Falbh na tuiltean air feadh feòir.

Chaidh do shinnsearachd a bhuan  
 Bho 'n chinneadh uasal a bha thall  
 An Srath Spé nan gaisgeach buadhmhòr  
 'Rachadh fuasgailteach do'n champ

Nuair a sheinnteadh plob roimh 'n t-sluagh sin,  
 Fo shuaicheantas Tighearna Ghraund',  
 Bhiodh Creag-eileachaidh ga bualadh,  
 Fo mheòir bhinn bu luath air craun.

Chinn thu à teaghlach Mhic-Phàdrùig  
 Aig a bheil an tàmh 's a Ghleann,  
 Am bun Mhoireastain mar b' àbhaist,  
 Ann an dùthaich àird nam beann.  
 Gun robh rioghalachd nan àrmuinn sin  
 A tàrmachadh gu teann  
 Ann a' t' inntinn a thaobh nàdair ;  
 'S maig a bheireadh tair do 'n dream.

Fuill nan Siosalach o d' mhàthair  
 Bu ghlan dèarsadh ann ad ghruaidh ;—  
 Na fir dhàna luthor, làidir  
 Nach biodh sgàthach ri uchd sluaigh.  
 Nuair a ghluaiseadh iad fo 'n airm  
 Bho chaisteal Eirichealais nan stuadh  
 Le 'n torc fiadhaich agus colg air  
 Chuir' le gearbh bhuillean an ruaig.

Gum bu lionsgarach do chàirdean  
 Nam b' urrainn mi 'n àireamh sios :—  
 An t-àrd-fhlath a thig a Brathainn  
 Ursaun-chatha dhol 'san strì,  
 Le' laoch threun gun fhiamh, gun athadh  
 Dheanadh sgathadh gun bhith sgith ;  
 Cròic an fhéidh bhiodh àrd an crathadh  
 Tus an lathà ga 'n cur cruinn.

Friscalaich bho Chaisteal Dùnaidh,  
 Cha bu shùgradh dol na 'n dàil ;  
 Gun eagal roimh losgadh fùdair  
 'S iad cho ionnsaichte ri blàir.  
 'S ann an déidh an lann 's an lùth-chleas  
 Chit' an cùntas air an lar  
 De na nàimhdean air an sgiùrsadh,  
 Reubte, ciùrrte, gun bhith-alàn.

Triath Chlann Chamroin bho Shraibh-Lochaidh  
 'S tric a chòmladaich e 'le 'shàir,  
 A bhith calma garbh 'sa chòmhrag  
 'S fuil ga dòrtadh 'na an làr,  
 Mac-Mhic-Alasdair 's Glanri-Domhnaill,  
 Aig an bhadh an rò-seòl àrd,  
 'S a bhiodh guinneach mar na leòghainn  
 'Chur luchd-còunsachaidh' fo'n sàil.

Mac-Mhic-Edghain bho Aird-Ghobhar,  
 Ceannard foghainteach gu leòir;  
 Bhiodh na Leathanaich mu'n cuairt dha,  
 Rachadh cruadalaich 'san tòir.  
 Dream bha dìleas do na rìghrean  
 Ged a dhìobradh iad bho 'n còir;  
 'Sheas le Stiùbhartach a chrùn,  
 'S nach robh a giùlan an da chleòc.

Caimbeulaich o 'n Bharra-challtuinn,  
 Sliochd Dhiarmaid nan lann 's nan sròl;  
 Ciuncadh ainmeil 's tric a dhearbhadh iad  
 Le 'n Diùc Earraghaidhealach bhith mòr.  
 Mac-na-Cèarda, Morair Challaibh,  
 Fìubhaidh allail air gach dòigh,  
 'S beag an t-ìoghnadh thm bhith fearail  
 'S gach fuil cheannasach 'bha 'd phòr.

Ged tha mòran de d' luchd-eòlais  
 Fo mhulad mu d' chòmhnuidh bhuan,  
 'S i do phiuthar a's fo bhrònaich,  
 'S tric na deòir a ruith le 'gruaidh,  
 'Caoidh nam bràithrean 'rinn a fàgail  
 Nach robh 'n àicheadh 'san taobh tuath.  
 B' ann diu Caillein agus Pàdrug;  
 'S b' iad na h-àilleagain gum ghruaim.

Chuala mise daoine 'gràitinn  
 Bha le Pàdrug anns a champ,  
 Nuair a bha e thar an t-sàile  
 Gum bu treun a-làmh 's a lann.

Bu cheann-feadhna sgairteil teom' e  
 'Thairneadh faobhar gun bhith inall;  
 'N àm dhol sìos am blàr nam miltean  
 Dhearbh e 'ghniomb' 's na h-Innsean thall.

'S ann Di-màirt mu'n chàisg an t-uridh  
 'Fhuair i bhuille 'rinn a leòn;  
 Dh' fhalbh air sgéith a h-èibhneas bhuaipe,  
 'S thuit mu'n cuairt di neòil a bhroin.  
 Maighstir Caillein bha gun anail,  
 'S a shuil cheanalta fo sgled.—  
 B' ionndrainn thu à tir 's a cinneadh  
 Nam dhaibh tional 's gun thu beò.

'S beag an t-ìoghnadh mara tha i,  
 Chaidh an sàs innt' saighdean cruaidh  
 An là chunnaic i bhith 'd chàradh  
 'N deise bhàin, gun chail 's tu fuar;  
 Thu gun chainnt a' d' chulaidh-aifrionn,  
 Ged a rinn iad a cur sus,  
 'S gura tric a leugh thu 'n fhirinn;  
 'S ann bho d' bheul bu bhinn a fuaim.

Bidh mi 'nis a tigh'nn gu dùnadh  
 'S aobhar càram dhuin an t-eug!  
 Bha e sealg ort greis mun d' fhalbh thu;  
 'S cràiteach garbh a thug e'm beum.  
 Bhris do shlàinte ghéill thu dhàsan,  
 'S gura bèarn thu as a chléir.  
 Chuir e thu gu cadal bhliadhnan,  
 'S bidh sinn uile triall a' d' dhéidh.

The Rev. Colin Grant was born in Glenmoriston in 1787. His father was a Presbyterian, and his mother a Roman Catholic. He was priest of Arisaig, Nova Scotia, from 1820 to 1830. He died in Antigonish, March 31, 1839. He was a man of ability and great kindness of heart. He was a thorough gentleman in every respect. He was fond of a fast horse, and as a rider had very few

equals. He intended to enter the army, but was persuaded by his mother's people to study for the priesthood. The poet was intimately acquainted with him and deeply attached to him. Patrick Grant was a lieutenant in the 68th regiment. He died at Keraig in Lochalsh. He was married and had issue. He belonged to the Presbyterian Church. Margaret Grant, sister of Colin and Patrick, was married to Alexander Chisholm, Antigonish.

ORAN DO'N CHUAIRTEAR.

Deoch sláinte Chuairteir a ghluais á Albainn  
Bho thír nam mór-bheann 's a sheòl an fhairge  
Do 'n dùthaich choilltich s' 'thoirt dhuinn a  
sheanchais ;  
'S am fear nach òl i biodh mòran feirg ris.

Nuair thig an Cuairtear ud nair 'sa mhìosa,  
Gum bí na h-òganaich le toiliuntinn  
A tional eòlais bho 'chòmhradh sìobhalt,  
'S bidh nàidheachd ùr aig' air cliù an sinnsribh.

Gur lionmhor maighdean tha ann an déidh air,  
'S a bhios le caomhneas a faighneachd sgèil deth,  
Le solus choinnean a bhios ga 'leughadh,  
'S bidh eachdraidh ghaoil aige do gach té dhiubh.

Cha 'n iognadh òigridh thoirt mòran spéis da  
Nuair 'tha na seann daoin' tha 'call an léirsinn,  
'S an cinn air liathadh, cho dian an déidh air,  
'S nach dean iad 'fhaicinn mar cleachd iad' speuc-  
lair.

'S e 'n Cuairtear Gaidh'lach an t-àrnuinn dealbhach,  
Le 'phearsa bhòidhich an còmhach balla-bhreac,  
Mar chleachd a shinnasraibh gu dìreadh gharbhach,  
'S e fearail, gleusda gu feum le armaibh.

Nuair thig e 'n tìr so mu thim na sàmhna,  
Bidh féileadh cuaiche mu 'chruachainn theaunta,  
'S a bhreacan guaille gu h-uallach, greannar,  
'S cha lagaich fuachd e no gruaim a gheamhradh.

Bidh boineid ghoru agus gearra, chòt ùr air,  
Bidh osain dhealbhadh mu 'chalpaibh dùmhail,  
Bidh gartan stiallach thar fiar bhreid cùil air,  
'S a bhògan éille, 's b'è 'n t-éideadh dùthchais.

Bidh lann gheur stàillinn 'n crios 'bhràiste airgid  
air,  
'S bìodag dhùallach de chruaidh na Gearmailt,  
Is dag air ghleusadh nach leum le cearbaich,  
Le sporan iallach de bhian an t-sheana bhruc.

'S e sìn an t-éideadh tha eutrom uallach  
Gu sìubhal bhéann agus ghleann is chruachan,  
'S gu seasamb làraich an làthair cruadail ;  
Bu tric an nàmhaid an càs air ruaig leis.

Nuair chij mi 'n Cuairtear tha uasal, rioghail,  
Bidh mi ga 'shàmhlachadh ri Iain Mhilleir ;  
Tha fichead geamhradh bhò 'n tha e 's tìr so  
'S cha d' chuir e riann air a shliasaid cuibhreach.

Tha còrr is ciad bhòna tha ciall is cuimhn' aig' ;  
Is tric a shealg e damh dearg 'sna frithean,  
Air slios Beinn Armuinn a b' àrd ri 'dìreadh ;  
'S an deidh an t-seors' ud b'e 'n còmhlan fiachail.

'S a Chuairteir àlainn tha 'tamb' 'sna gleanntaibh,  
Ga bheil a Ghàidhlig 's a 's fèarr a labhras i,  
'S nach gabh tàmailt ge be ni sealltainn riut,  
'S mòr de chàirdean tha 'n dràs an geall ort.

Gun-d' ghabh iad tlachd dhìot le beachd nach tréig  
iad,  
Bhon 's Gàidheal gasd' thur tha sgairteil gleusda ;  
'S tu òighr' an Teachdaire 'chleachd bhith beusach,  
'S cha d' fhàgadh masl' air a mhac na dhéidh leis.

'S a Chuariteir ghràdhaich cha dugainn fuath dhuit;  
Gun robh do chàirdeas ri sàr dhaoibh 'uasal,  
Geda rinn pàirt dhuibh do chàradh suarach,  
A chaill an Gàidhlig, 's na b' fhèarr cha d'fhuair  
iad.

'S i Ghàidhlig bhrìoghmhor bh' aig suinn na  
Féinne,  
'S bu daoine calma nan aimsir féin iad,  
'S rinn Oisein dānachd dhaibh air a réir sin ;  
'S gur h-i bh' aig Pàdrúig a bheannaich Eirinn.

Gur mór na fiachan fo bheil na Gàidheil  
Do 'n fhear a dh' inntrich air leabhar nàdair,  
'S a 'dhearbh le firinn gur h-i bh' aig Adhamh ;  
'S e bainne 'ciche a lion-gach cànan !

Bu lus 'bhà prìseil i chinn 's a ghàradh,  
Bha 'n stoichd gun chrìonadh am brìgh 's an àill-  
eachd,  
'S cha robh ann siantan a mhill a blàithean ;  
Bu ghlan gun truailleadh a fuaim an là sin.

A Chuariteir éibhinn na tréig gu bràth i,  
'S na leig air d'ochuimhn' ri linn an àil 's i :  
Bidh sinn ga 'seinn anns na coilltibh fàsaich,  
Mar bha Clann Israel a seinn am Bab'lon.

'S a Chuariteir shìobhalt ma ni thu m' iarrtas,  
'S gun cuir thu 'n t-òran so 'n clò nan iarann,  
A' d' chaoimhneas giùlain dō 'n chùrsa 'n iar e,  
Do'n eilean iosal, an tìr o'n thrìall mi.

Am baile gaolach a Chaolais aillidh  
'S an robh mi' còmhnaidh na m' òige, fàg e,  
Aig cnoc Mhic-Dhùghaill mu'n dlùth mo chàirdean ;  
'S thoir fios gu'n ionnsaigh gu bheil mi'm shlàinte.

Nuair bhios mi còmhla ri comunn càirdeil,  
Nar suidhe còmhnaid mu bhòrd taigh-thàirne,  
Gun gabh mi 'n t-òran, gun òl, 's gum paigh mi  
Deoch-slàinte 'Chuariteir le buaidh do'n Ghàidhlig.

#### DITEADH MHC-ANTOISICH.

Anns a bhliadhna 1841 chuir an t-Easbuig Friseal  
Comunn Stuamachd air chois an Antigonish.  
Thàinig a chuid mhòr de na bha 'sna sgìreachdan  
a bha fo 'chùram fo ghealladh sgr de 'n òl fad thri  
bliadhna. 'S ann air latha na bliadhna ùire a chuir  
iad an ainm ris a ghealladh.

Tha an t-òran air a dheanamh ann an ainm  
Dhòmhnaill Mhic-Gille-bhràth ris an abairteadh  
gu coitcheann Domhnull Mhàmaidh. 'S e mar  
sin oran Dhòmhnaill Mhàmaidh an t-ainm fo 'n  
robh e a dol.

#### LUINNEAG.

Tha mi sgith bho 'n tìr so 'n dè :  
Cha 'n fheil m' inntian leam air ghleus ;  
'S beag an t-ìoghnadh sin dhomh fèin,  
'S gun d' fhuair mi sgeul tha muladach.

Cha dig dhomhsa bhith nam thàmh  
'S Mac-an-Tòisich, fear mo ghràidh,  
Aig a nàimhdean ann an càs :  
Am fleasgach àlainn urramach.

Geda fhuairead e fo chis,  
Cha robh leithid anns an tìr ;  
Bu chompanach e do 'n rìgh  
Do dh-uaislean grunn 's do chumantan.

Gura diombach mi de 'n chléir,  
'Chuir an tòrachd as a dhéidh ;  
Gum bu dileas e dhaibh féin,  
Ced thug iad beum na dunaich dha.

A chiad latha de 'n bhliadhna 'ùir  
'S ann a dh' fheuch iad e 'sa chuirt,  
'S iad ag iarraidh fear mo ràin  
A chur an cùil 's a chumail ann.

Chaidh mi-féin a staigh na m' dheann ;  
Bha mo hhoineid ann am lámh ;  
Bha mi sìobhalt' ann am chainnt,  
'S cha dugainn taing do dhuin' aca.

Thuirt a nàimhdean 's fearg na'n gnùis,  
Gun robh e gun mbeas, gun chliù ;  
Gun goideadh e 'n cuid 's a chùil,  
Ged bhiodh an sùil air furachail.

Thuirt mi-féin, gur cruaidh an càs  
Mac-an-Toisich 'chur gu bàs,  
'S gun choir' aca 'dh-fhear mo ghràil,  
Ach e bhith fàilteach, furanach.

Dh' iarr mi orra 'chur mar sgaoil,  
'Leigeadh as duinn air an raon :—  
Cha ghlachd' e a ris le maoir ;  
Cha bhiodh e faoin na chulteadh ris.

Gun robh fianaisean gu leòir  
Gus a shaoradh aig a mhòd ;  
Fear na misnich, Uilleam Og,  
Bha deònach do' an urras air.

Tómas air a chnoc ud shuas,  
Thàinig e-san oirn a nuas,  
Dh' fheuch an dìonadh e'm fear ruadh,  
'S e 'ruith cho luath 's a b' urrainn da.

Thàinig Pàdruig as a dhéidh,  
Ged bha bacadh 'na chenn ;  
Gun robh bat' aige fo 'sgéith  
'S mur biodh iad réidh bhíodh fuil aige,

Dh' éirich Somhairle 's a chuirt,  
'S labhair e le sgairt nu 'n chràis ;  
Thuirt e chogainn ris a chrùn  
Mun cuirinn diomb a churaidh rium.

Chreid am briteamh a luchd-fuath'  
'S thuirt e, 's 'fhuil a leum gu 'ghruaidh,  
S fad o'n thoill e 'chroich mar dhuais,  
Is gheibh e bhuan-s' na bhúneas da.

Nuair a fhuair iad e fo shreing,  
Bha na ceudan 'dol na 'n deann,  
'S iad a bóideachadh gu teann  
A bhith na 'n nàimhdean tuilleadh dha.

'S iomadh aon 'bha 'chridhe faun  
'S a bh' air chrith gu dlàth 's gach ball,  
'Cur a laimhe ris a pheann ;  
'S e 'n gnìomh a bh'ann 'bha cunnartach.

'S fad an chuala mi bhith 'g ràdh  
Gun téid neart thar ceart an àird ;  
'S ann mar sin tha 'chùis an dràid ;  
Bha bhinn ud cèarr, 's bu ghuineach i.

Bha lagh Chill-mo-cheallaig cam,  
Nuair a chroch e'n t-each ri crann ;  
Ach ni 's caime tha 'n lagh teann  
Chuir slabhraidh nu 'n fhear churanta.

Dheanainn iasgach leis an tábh  
Air a' charraig mar rí cèch;  
'S ged nach biodh mo làràn làn,  
Bhiodh cuid an tràth' no tuilheadh ann.

Gura tric a thug mi sgrìobh  
Gu rudh Arasaig ud shìos;  
'S mi 'n taigh Ealasaid air tìr  
Nuair 'bhiodh na linn an cur agam.

Mhic-an-Tòisich bha thu riabh  
Fearail, fùghantach is fial;  
Cha bhiodh tlachd ach far an iarrrt'  
Thu, 'dh-aindeoin briag a chuireadh ort.

Nuair a shuidheamaid mu 'n bhòrd,  
'S Raonall Cùbair bhith na 'r còir,  
'S tù 'chuireadh an ceol na 'mheoir;  
Ach 's trom a leon a bhuille s' e.

Tha a phìob an diugh fo phràmh;  
Chaill i 'sgairt, a loinn, 's a h-agh;  
Cha dig bhuaip' ach gnè de ràn  
Mar gum biodh ràcail thunnag ann.

Chrùp am màla, dh 'fhas e crnaidh,  
Ga 'fhliuchadh le uisge fuar;  
Cha b' ionnau 's iocshlàinte nam buadh  
A bheireadh fuasgladh muineil da.

Sin an iocshlàint' 's an robh 'm feum  
'Dh' fhògradh aiceidean bho chléibh;  
'S b' ainmeil i air leigheas chreuchd;  
Gum b' fhèarr na léigh nam Muileach i.

Thuirt Mac-Mhuirich rium Di-màirt  
Gun d' fheuch e cuislean do làmh,  
'S gun éireadh tu fhathast slàn;  
Do chur gu bàs nach b' urrainn daibh.

B' fhèarr gum biodh an sgeul sin fìor;  
'S iomadh aon dhia 'm biodh e binn;  
Ged bhiodh gini air a 'phinnt,  
Gun cosdainn trì le sulas riut.

Geda chuireadh iad mi 'n sàs  
Ann am prìosan 'san Taigh Bhàn,  
Nam faicinn thu air an t-sràid,  
Gun leumainn àrd troimh 'uinneagan.

Cha bhiodh banais 's cha bhiodh bàl,  
Cha bhiodh Nollaig 's cha bhiodh càisg,  
Nach biodh tus' air ceann a chlàir,  
'S do chàirdean a cur furain ort.

'S ann ad chomunn nach biodh sgraing  
Nuair a theannadh daoine' ri cainnt;  
Cha bhiodh òr a' d' phòca gann  
'S gun dugteadh dram do'n' h-uile fear.

Greis air iomairt 's greis air òl,  
Greis air aighear 's greis air ceòl;  
Greis eile air bualadh nan dòrn  
'S gun chòmhdach air am mullaichean.

Chuireadh tu 'n daorach nan ceann,  
Thuiteadh iad a-bhos is thall;  
Nuair ghlacadh iad thu air làimh  
Cha cheansaicheadh Cochullain iad.

Dh' fhàgadh tu 'm fear glic gun chiall;  
Dheanadh tu 'n spìocaire fial;  
Dh' fhuasg leadh tu sporan nan iall,  
'S cha bhiodh an gnìomh sin furasda.

Co a chùinntadh e na 'chall  
A bhith sgapadh òr a' d' gheall?  
Geda bhiodh e 'n ath là fann  
'S a làmh mu' cheann 's e 'turaman.

'S misd' na mnathan thu ga 'n dìth,  
B' fhéaird' iad ag' thu 'g' òl na tí  
Dh' fhiosraicheadh tu dhaibh 'le cinnt  
A bhrigh a bhíodh 'sna duilleagan.

'S mór am béud thu bhith air chall ;  
Bu tu ceann-cinnidh gach dream :  
Chiosnaicheadh tu feachd na Fraing'  
Gun deann a chur à gunn' orra.

Dheanadh tu cogadh is síth ;  
'S e do spionnadh nach robh clí ;  
Cha 'n' fhacas tu air do dhriom,  
Ge tric an strí nam buillean thu.

'S lionmhor mais' ort, fhir mo ghráidh,  
Nach h-urraim domh 'luaidh a' m' dhán :  
Ma théid 't fhógradh null thar sáil'  
Bídh sinn ri 'r lá dheth uireasbhach.

Ach ma thig thu slán na 'r ceann  
Le d' shuaicheantas árd ri crann,  
Gur curaideach a bhíos do chlann  
A dannsa Ruidhle 'Thulaichean.

Bídh sían éibhinn thu bhí beò ;  
Cha bhí duine sean neo óg  
Nach tionndaidh fo d' bhrataich shròil,  
'S gu mód cha doirear tuilleadh thu.

Sud ort féin, a charaid ghráidh :  
'S mi nach tréigeadh thu gu bráth ;  
Cha déid m' ainm s' air paiper bán  
Am measg na gráisg' nach buineadh dhuit.

Domhnall Mhámaidh, Donald Macgillivray,  
lived at the Gulf. Uilleam Og, William Gillies,  
kept a tavern in Antigonish. He was a native of  
Moidart. Tómas, John Thomas Hill, was a lawyer

in Antigonish. Pádraig, Paddy Byrne, an Irish-  
man, was a noted tavern-keeper. Somhairle, Samuel  
Symonds, was for a time jail-keeper in Antigo-  
nish. Ealasaid, Mrs. Stephen McDonald, kept a  
tavern in Arisaig. Raoghall Cùbair was a piper.  
Mac-Mhuirich, Dr. Curry, lived in Antigonish,  
and was a man of good talents.

The judge referred to in the 13th verse was of  
course Bishop Fraser, a genuine Highlander, and a  
gentleman for whom all entertained the highest  
respect. He died October 4th, 1851.

#### AISEIRIGH MHC-AN-TOISICH

Cha b' fhad a chum a chuid mhor de na sguir de  
'n òl aig am "Diteadh Mhic-an-Toisich" ri 'n  
gealladh. Thòisich iad air òl mara b' àbhaist  
daibh. B' e sin gobhar an òrain so. Tha e air a  
dlièanamh mar gum b'ann le Raoghall Cùbair,  
piobaire Mhic-an-Toisich.

#### LUNNEAG.

Ho ró, ho ró gur h-éibhinn leam  
A chluinntinn gun do dh-éirich thu ;  
'S ann leam is ait an sgeula sin  
Bhon chaidh an t-eug cho teann ort.

'S a mhaduinn an àm éirigh dhomh  
Gun d' fhuair mi naigheachd éibhinneach ;  
'S gur lionmhor fear a leughas i  
Nach dugadh beum d' ar ceannard ;

Gun dáinig Mac-an-Toisich oirnn  
Gu 'dhùthchas, mar bu deònach leinn ;  
Ged thug iad ionnsaigh ghòrach ort,  
Gu bheil thu beò gun tang dhaibh.

Doirt gu fial am mach an t-òr,  
Cuir do shaighdearan air dòigh,  
'S biodh gach uidheam ac' a's còir,  
'Dhol an còmhail nàmh  
Tog do bhratach bhoidheach, mhin,  
Buail an drum, seid a phiob,  
'S biodh na fiurain a's glan lì  
'Fàgail tìr an gràidh.

Biodh do luingeas luath a falbh  
Thar nan tonn le d' ghaisgich chalm,  
'Chasg nan creachadairean garg,  
'Dh' àraich t' fhearg an dràs,  
Biodh do ròs ri crann 'sa ghaoith,  
Biodh do sheamrag ghrinn ri 'thaobh,  
'S biodh do chluaran leo-fo aoidh  
'Falbh thoirt saors' is àigh.

Thig bho Chanada nan craobh,  
Bho Astralia nan raon,  
'S bho New Zealand nan gleann caoin',  
Fìr nach claon bho d' shàil,  
Imis dhaibh 'sua h-Innsibh aoidh'  
Gu bheil feum agad air daoin',  
'S thig gu grad ceud mìle laoch  
'Theid ri d' thaobh an sàs.

'S Breatannaich gach sluagh fo d' reachd,  
Ann an ainm is ann am beachd ;  
Seasaidh sinn gu dìleas, ceart  
Le do bhrataich àird,  
Barb'san Tì 'tha riaghladh shuas,  
Cùm a lagh roimh d' shùil gu buan,  
Ann a cheartas òirdheire gluais,  
'S buail gu cruaidh 's a bhàr.

Bi mar leoghan garg fo ghreann,  
'S cradh bhàl 's a speargadh cheann,  
'S fuil fo 'spòig a ruith mar allt'  
Ann an gleann an àir.

Bi mar stoirm a gheamhraidh fhuair  
Tigh'nn le colg bho 'n airde tuath ;  
Sna' chd a tuiteam, gaoth ri fuaim,  
'S cathadh cruaidh 's gach àit.

Bi mar theine lasrach, dian,  
'Leum troimh choille 'mach ri sliabh,  
'S lusan, preasan, 's craobhan briagh'  
Dol a sìos na 'n smàl,  
Biodh do ghunnachan le treoir  
Brùchdadh sligean bàis bho 'm beoil  
Mù do naimhdean guineach, seolt',  
Feadh nam fròg 's nan càrr.

Spad a sìos na Bùraich bhreun',  
Thoir gu ùmhlaich iad 's deagh bheus,  
'S cum Taobh thall na Vail gu léir  
Fo d' laimh fhein gu bràth,  
Brisd gach cuing is slabhraidh chruaidh  
'Chuir na daoin' ud air do shluagh,  
'S thoir gun dàil dhaibh saorsa bhuan  
Bho gach truaigh' is cradh.

Jan. 18, 1900.

#### A CANADIAN BATTLE SONG.

Waken, Britain, rise and stand;  
Grasp thy sword in thy strong hand,  
Throw the scabbard on the strand;  
Waken in thy might;  
Be as in the days of old,  
Be the lion strong and bold,  
Beard the tyrant in his hold;  
Brook no further slight.

Let thy fleet, so strong and gay,  
 Be prepared for any fray;  
 Spend thy gold like bits of clay;  
 Do not heed its flight.  
 Raise thy flag with ardour's thrill,  
 Beat thy drums with right good will,  
 Blow the pipes with strength and skill,  
 Call thy warriors wight.

Give them men of brains to lead,  
 Give them all the guns they need,  
 Send them o'er the seas with speed;  
 Fear not guile and spite.  
 Let thy rose and shamrock green,  
 Let thy thistle fierce and keen,  
 Side by side with joy be seen  
 Waving in thy sight.

From fair Canada's domains,  
 From Australia's broad champaigns,  
 From New Zealand's hills and plains,  
 Bring thy sons; they'll fight,  
 Half a million men and more  
 Stand on India's sunny shore,  
 Keen to cross the billows o'er  
 In thy cause to smite.

We are Britons all by name,  
 Britons, too, in heart and aim,  
 And we'll stand with British flame  
 By thy colours bright.  
 Trust in Him that reigns on high,  
 Keep His law before thine eye;  
 Let thy shells and bullets fly;  
 Strike and strike aright.

In the charges move along,  
 As a fire intense and strong,  
 Flaming with the whirlwind's song,  
 Over dale and height.

Crush and tame thy stubborn foes,  
 Break the yokes which they impose,  
 Save thy friends from wrongs and woes;  
 Spread abroad thy light.

Feb. 12, 1900.

### THE SONG OF THE OUTLANDERS.

Air:—"The White Cockade."

Paul Kruger, do not boast and talk  
 About your pious plans and walk;  
 You know yourself your not a Paul,  
 And others know your just a Saul.

Hurrah! for freedom's valiant sons,  
 Hurrah! for freedom's mighty guns,  
 Hurrah! for freedom's rights and laws,  
 Hurrah! hurrah! for freedom's cause.

You went to London, and you said  
 You'd give us work, you'd give us bread,  
 And treat us in a friendly way,  
 If we'd come over here and stay.

We came, we worked, we pressed along,  
 We helped to make you rich and strong,  
 You scorned us as you scorn your Blacks,  
 And robbed us with a cruel tax.

You plundered British homes and lands,  
 You forced our men to join your bands;  
 You stripped the dead on hill and brae,  
 You raised the flag of truce to slay.

Our gallant friends are drawing near  
 A few days more will bring them here;  
 Go give to them your jeers and pelts,  
 But bear in mind they're Anglo-Kelts.

Be wise in time, you know the end,  
It's clear to all you'll soon be penned;  
Submit at once and war no more;  
You've surely had enough of gore.

Transvalia, now lift up your voice,  
And clap your hands, rejoice, rejoice;  
You'll soon behold the British van,  
You'll soon have all the rights of man.

March 13, 1900.

### ORAN

An t-sluaigh air an robh Cràgar ri encoir.

#### LUINNEAG.

Ho ró air son nan gaisgeach treun'  
Tha tigh'nn a nuas an gleann na'n leum;  
Ho ró air son an lannan geur',  
'S air son na saors' a thig na'n déidh.

A Chrùgair thruaigh, na bi le pròis  
Ag innis' do shluagh mu d' dhiadhachd mhòir;  
'S begg tha na d' chom de shuairceas Phòil  
Ach 's mór na th' ann de dh-uabhar Shòil

An Lunnainn luing thu gealladh cruaidh  
Dò'n dycam a thigeadh leat thar cuain,  
Gum biodh ac' obair, biadh, is duais,  
Is laghan ceart, is saorsa bhuan.

Na d' dhùthaich shaothraich sinn gu dian,  
Is rinn sinn naschd'ran saibhir duot,  
Ach spùinn thu sinn le cisean fiar,  
'S mar thràillean sheall thu dìnn a sios.

Thug thu air cuid de'r furain ghleusd'  
A dhol na t' armait bhrhìdeil, blreun;  
Is rùisg thu lom na daoine treun'  
Bha sint' gun deo air uchd an t-sléibh.

Ar taighean-còmhnuidh loisg thu sios,  
Bho 'r pàisdean òga spion thu 'm biadh,  
Fo shròl na sìth' bu mheallt' do ghnìomh;  
'S ann 'chleachd thu è gu mort gu fiat'.

Do Mhac-a-Léith, an Gàidheal suairc',  
Bha daoine dubha dalla, truagh'  
Na b' fhèarr na thusa 's do chuid sluaigh;  
Gach ni 'bha aige ghoid sibh uaith.

Bidh luchd ar gaol an seo gun dàil,  
Na gaisgich chalma 'chleachd a bhàigh;  
Rach 's coinnich iad is taig' dhaibh tàir;  
Ach cuimhnich 's Breatannaich na sàir.

Bi glic, is sguir dhe d' chogadh faoin,  
Bheir Breatann bhuaic gach cnoc is raon.  
Rach 's géill an àm fo 'brataich sgaoilt';  
Nach h-fheil thu sgèth de dh-fhuil 's de ghaor?

Tha Cràgar feineil breun air rnaig,  
'S tha Breatannaich 's gach àit mu'n cuairt.  
Gach dlìghe, ceart' is' còir bha bhuaicinn,  
Bidh anns an tìr seo 'nis aig sluaigh.

March 28, 1901.

### DÀIN AIR AN EADAR-THÈANGACHADH

#### BROSACHADH-CÀTHA A' BHRUSAICH

'Threuna, 'chog le Wallas suairc,  
'S leis a' Bhrusaich 's tric a ghluais,  
Fàilte dhuibh gu 'r leaba ruaidh,  
No gu b'uidh' ar fìr.

## CORRECTIONS.

Page 24, line 28, 'd shìneadh. 25, 11, mo ghràidh. 27, 18, counsachadh cruaidh. 28, 1, 'cleòc'. 32, 32, Dhùibhne. 33, 4, bu; 30 b' e. 50, 11, Le gaoith; 36, drùidhteach. 51, 20, shamhlachadh. 56, 4, na na. 64, 8, coltas; 16, inich; 27, t' each. 65, 9, gun d'; 16, place a full stop after chòmhradh. 70, 6, thu. 73, 1, Mac-Dhomhnaill; 27, Bho 'n. 73, 4, delete comma after so. 74, 12, place a semi-colon after fearainn. 76, 8, B' fhèarr. 77, 13, Bhiodh. 78, 25, teintean. 83, 34, place a full stop after tórachd. 84, 14, priseil. 86, 4, shuarach. 89, 24, e 'sa. 103, 18, suas; 25, shlàinte; ghéill; 28, triall. 111, 16, do 'n h-uile. 112, 2, na ti. 113, 25, naidheachd. 119, 21, Mac-Isaic. 120, 6, òirnn. 121, 28, gun fhàilinn. 126, 34, dh' fhalbh. 127, 14, Whycomagh. 132, 7, gun cheol. 143, 2, gach; 19, 'm fàgail. 15, ghèarr; 152, 11, baintighearnan; 15, ta; fhòghluim; 154, 9, mu 'leanabh. 158, 1, thòis; each; 12, de; 173, 26, eachdraidh. 175, 20, air; 181, 20 and 182, 19, ré. 188, 3, tho bair fhéil. 197, 13, 'Dhè 'tha.

Page 23, line 28, mhac. 60, 28, sgalanta. 63, 15, nam pioban. 76, 6, fhaict'. 77, 16, Ionar-Ghàraidh. 87, 19, riu. 88, 3, Gàidheal. 124, 8, dilleachdain; 12, bhàrr a cùrs. 128, 3, mar. 133, 24, dansainn. 154, 3, 8, 9, bhidh.

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