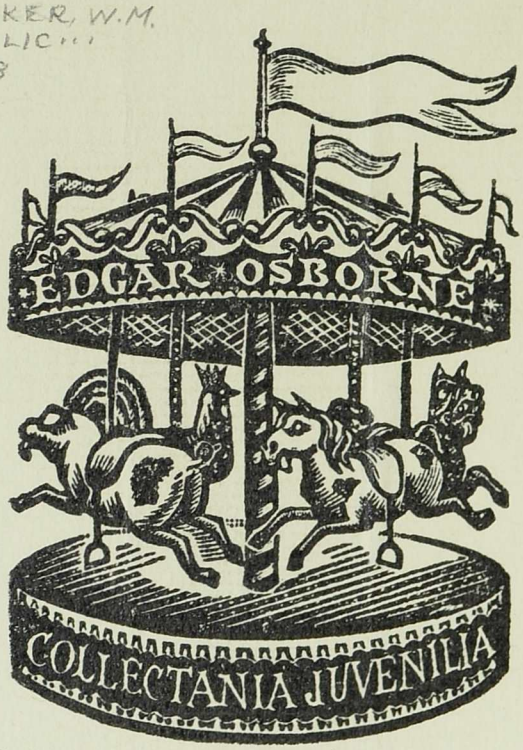


GAELIC FAIRY TALES

FTC
PARKER, W.M.
GAELIC...
1908



37131 013 249 131

NA DAOINE SIDHE.

GAELIC FAIRY TALES.

Na Daoine Sidhe is Uirsgeulan eile

Na dealbhan o laimh Chatrìona Chamaroin, R.S.W.,

is

Raoghnailt Ainslie Ghrannd Dubh

GLASCHU:
GILLEASBUIG MAC-NA-CEARDADH,
47 SRAID WATERLOO.
1908.


K·CAMERON

GAELIC FAIRY TALES

Illustrated by Katharine Cameron, R.S.W.,
and
Rachel Ainslie Grant Duff

GLASGOW:
ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, CELTIC PRESS,
47 WATERLOO STREET.
1908.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

This little book is printed and published in aid of the Comunn Gaidhealach through the kindness of Mr. Nelson, as his contribution to the Feill.

The version of the Good Housewife here given is reprinted from *Craignish Tales* ("Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition," Vol. I.), by kind permission of Lord Archibald Campbell and Mr. David Nutt.

The object in view in translating the other two tales has been to give as far as possible a literal rendering of the Gaelic, in some cases, it may be, at the expense of the English. Would that it were possible to give some idea of the beautiful alliteration and imitative vowel sounds of the original!

I am greatly indebted to Dr. Henderson for his very kind and ready help. My thanks are also due to Mr. J. G. Mackay, London, and to Mrs. Joseph Maclean, Barra, and to Mrs. W. J. Watson, who has very kindly read through the proofs.

Winifred M. Parker.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

When the first edition of this little book was published, I was unaware of the name of the narrator of the version here given of the traditional tale, "The Eagle of Loch Tréig." Mr. Henry Whyte has since kindly told me that it originally appeared in "The Gael," vol. i., p. 285, and was written by the late D. C. Macpherson ("Abrach").

I had thought "The Spirit of Eld" such a classic that it would be unnecessary to remind readers that it came from the pen of the elder Norman Macleod, ("Caraid nan Gàidheal"), but as I have received several condemnations (sic) of the Gaelic it contains, it is perhaps only kind thus to disarm future critics!

Winifred M. Parker.

CLÀR-INNSIDH.

I. Spiorad na H-aoise, ... 9

II. Iolaire Loch-Tréig, ... 34

III. A Bhean Tighe Mhath 's Obair-Oidhche, ... 40

CONTENTS.

I. The Spirit of Eld, ... 9

II. The Eagle of Loch Treig, ... 34

III. The Good Housewife and her Night Labours, ... 40

NA DAOINE SIDHE IS UIRSGEULAN EILE.

I.

SPIORAD NA H-AOISE.

Bha ann roimhe so, air chùl Beinne-nan-Sian, àireach ghabhar d' am b' ainm Gorla-nan-treud, aig an robh triùir mhac agus aon nighean. Bha buachailleachd nam meann an earbsa ri àilleagan an fhuilt òir. Latha do na làithean, 'nuair bha i mach ri uchd na beinne a' buachailleachd nam meann, theirinn badan do cheò druidheachd co geal ri sneachda na h-aon oidhche, agus air dha iathadh mu ghuala na beinne, chuairtich e an t-àilleagan aonarach, 's cha 'n fhacar i ni 's mò.

An ceann latha agus bliadhna 'na dhéidh

GAELIC FAIRY TALES.

I.

THE SPIRIT OF ELD.

Once upon a time there lived at the back of Beinne-nan-Sian * a goatherd of the name of Gorla of the Flocks, who had three sons and one daughter. The herding of the kids was entrusted to the little Jewel of the Golden Hair. On a day of days, when she was out on the breast of the hill herding the kids, there came down a tuft of magic mist as white as the snow of one night; and after it had turned the shoulder of the hill, it surrounded the lonely little Jewel, and she was no more seen.

At the end of a day and a year after that, Ardan,† the eldest son of the herd, said,—

* The Ben of Storms. † Ardan means pride or arrogance.

sin, thuirt Ardan, mac mór an àireich, "A bhliadhna gus an diugh dh' fhalbh mo phiuthar, àilleagan an fhuilt òir, agus is bóid is briathra dhomhsa nach dean mi fois no tàmh a latha no dh' oidhche gus an lorgaich mi mach i, 's bidh mi air chomh-dìol rithe féin."

"A mhic," ars' 'athair, "ma bhóidich thu sin cha bhac mise thu; ach bhuineadh dhuit, mun deachaidh am focal a d' bheul, cead t' athar iarraidh. Eirich, a bhean, agus deasaich bonnach do d' mhac mór, 's e dol turus fada." Dh' éirich a mhàthair, agus dheasaich i bonnach mór agus bonnach beag. "A nis," ars' ise, "'mhic, an fhearr leat am bonnach mór ann am feirg do mhàthar airson thu dh' fhalbh gun chead, no am bonnach beag le a beannachd?"

"Dhomhsa," ars' esan, "am bonnach mór, 's gleidh am bonnach beag 's do bheannachd dhoibhsan a roghnaicheas iad." Dh' fhalbh e; agus ann am prioba na sùl, bha e á sealladh tighe 'athar.

Chuir e sad á gach lodan agus o bhàrr gach tomain; bha e dian-astarach gun

"A year to-day my sister, the little Jewel of the Golden Hair, went away, and it is a vow and a word to me that I will not take rest nor repose day or night till I trace her out and share her fate."

"Son," quoth his father, "if thou didst vow that, I will not hinder thee; but it would have become thee, before the word went out of thy mouth, to ask thy father's leave. — Rise, wife, and prepare a bannock for thy big son, and he going on a long journey."

His mother rose, and she prepared a big bannock and a little bannock.

"Now," quoth she, "my son, dost thou prefer the big bannock with thy mother's anger, because of thy going without leave, or the little bannock with her blessing?"

"For me," quoth he, "the big bannock; and keep the little bannock and thy blessing for those that choose them." He departed, and in the twinkling of an eye he was out of sight of his father's house.

He sent splashes from every pool, and dust from the top of every hillock. He was keen journeying, without sparing of sole or

chaomhnadh air bonn, no eang, no ruighe, no fèith. Bheireadh esan air a' ghaoith luath mhàirt a bha roimhe; ach a' ghaoth luath mhàirt a bha 'na dheadhaidh, cha bheireadh i air. Mu dheireadh bhuail acras e. Suidhear air cloich ghlais a dh' itheadh a' bhonnaich mhóir, thigeadh fitheach dubh an fhàsaich agus suidhear air sgor craige os a chionn.

"Mìr, mìr, a mhic Ghorla-nan-treud," ars' am fitheach.

"Mìr cha 'n fhaigh thu," arsa mac Ghorla; "mìr no deur cha 'n fhaigh thu uamsa, 'bheathaich ghràinde stur-shuilich, star-shuilich, lachduin; tha e beag ni 's leòir dhomh féin."

'Nuair bha sud thar bearradh a chléibh, ghluais e rithist gu siubhal nan eang—bheireadh esan air a' ghaoith luath mhàirt a bha roimhe, ach a' ghaoth luath mhàirt a bha 'na dheadhaidh cha bheireadh i air. Chriothnaich a' mhòinteach mar a dhlùthaich e oirre—thuit an drùchd o'n fhraoch bhadanach ghorm, agus theich an coileach-ruadh do 'n chàthar a b' àirde. Bha toiseach aig

instep, or muscle or sinew. He would overtake the swift March wind that was before him, but the swift March wind that was behind him would not catch him up. At last hunger struck him. He sits on a gray stone to eat the big bannock. The Black Raven of the Wilderness comes and sits on a snout of rock above his head.

"A morsel, a morsel, son of Gorla of the Flocks," quoth the Raven.

"Not a morsel shalt thou get," quoth the son of Gorla. "Neither bite nor sup shalt thou get from me—hideous, stare-blind, star-blind, swarthy creature;—it is little enough for myself."

When that was over the brow of his chest he hied forth again at bounding speed. He would overtake the swift wind of March that was before him, but the swift wind of March that was behind him would not catch him up. The mossy places trembled as he drew near them, the dew fell from the bushy purple heather, and the red grouse cock fled to the highest bog. The evening was beginning to grow dusky—the dark, black clouds of night were coming, and the tranquil

an fheasgar air ciaradh—bha neòil dhubha dhorcha na h-oidhche a' tighinn, agus neòil shìoda shèimh an latha a' triall; na h-eòin bheaga bhuchullach, bhachallach, òrbhuidhe 'gabhail mu thàmh ann am bun nam preas 's am barraibh nan dos—na h-innseagan laoghacha lathacha, 's gach àite b' fhearr a thaghadh iad; ach ged a bha, cha robh mac mór Ghorla-nan-treud. Chunnaic e tigh beag soluis fada uaithe; 's ge b' fhada uaithe, cha b' fhada 'ga ruigheachd.

'Nuair chaidh e stigh, chunnaic e sean urra choltach do dhuine mór torteil liath, a' gabhail socair shàsda air beinge fhada air dàrna taobh an teine, agus gruagach dhreachmhor a' cìreadh cùl dualach a leadain òir, air an taobh eile.

"Gabh a nìos, òganaich," ars' an seann duine, 's e 'g éirigh; "'s e do bheatha. 'S minic a thàlaidh mo leus loinnreach, astaraiche nam beann. Gabh a nìos, 's leat blàths agus fasgadh, 's gach cobhair tha 'm bothan an t-sléibh. Dean suidhe; 's ma 's miann leat, cluinnear do sgèul."

"'S òlach mise," arsa mac mór an àireich,

silken clouds of day journeying away ; the little, nestling, twittering, golden-yellow birds taking rest at the foot of the bushes and in the tops of the thickets—in the deer-haunted dells, and each place they chose as best ; but though they were, not so the son of Gorla of the Flocks. He saw a little house of light far from him ; and though far from him, he was not long in reaching it.

When he went in he saw an old person, seemingly a great gray-haired stalwart man, contentedly taking his ease on a long bench on the other side of the fire, and a comely maiden combing the luxuriant locks of her flowing golden hair on the opposite side.

" Come ben, young fellow," quoth the Old Man, and he rising ; " thou art welcome. Often has my bright light attracted the traveller of the hills. Come in, and warmth and shelter be thine, and every relief that is in the mountain bothy. Sit down, and, if it be thy will, let thy tale be heard."

" I am a youth," said the big son of the herd, " who is seeking service. Thy bright light attracted me to seek a night's warmth and shelter."

" a tha 'g iarraidh cosnaidh—thàlaidh do leus loinnearach mi a dh' iarraidh blàths agus fasgadh na h-oidhche."

" Ma dh' fhanas tu agams'," arsa 'n seann duine, " gu ceann bliadhna, a bhuachailleachd mo thrì mairt mhaola odhar, gheibh thu do dhuais, is cha bhi fàth talaich."

" Cha b' e mo chomhairle dha," arsa nighean an fhuilt òir 's na cìre airgid.

" Comhairle gu'n iarraidh," arsa mac mór Ghorla, " cha robh meas riamh oirre. Gabhaidh mi do thairgse, a dhuine—ann an camhanaich na maidne, 's mise do ghille."

Roimh langan an fhéidh sa' chreachann bhleoghain gruagach an fhuilt òir 's na cìre airgid na tri mairt mhaola odhar.

" Sin iad agad a nis," ars' an seann duine ; " gabh mu'n cùl—lean iad—na pill iad—na bac iad—iarraidh iad an ionaltradh féin —'s leig leò imeachd mar is àill—fan thus' as an déidh—agus thigeadh aon ni thogras ann ad rathad, na dealaich thusa riutha—biodh do shùil orra agus orrasan a mhàin ; agus a dh' aon ni g' am faic thu no g' an cluinn thu, na toir sùil air. So do dhleas-

"If thou wilt stay with me," said the Old Man, "to the end of the year, herding my three dun polled cows, thou shalt get thy reward, and there will not be cause for complaining."

"That were not my advice to him," quoth the Maid of the Golden Hair and the Silver Comb.

"Advice without asking," quoth the big son of Gorla, "never got respect. I will take thine offer, man; in the dawn of the morning I am thy servant."

Before the belling of the deer in the rocky summits the Maid with the Golden Hair and the Silver Comb milked the three dun polled cows.

"There thou hast them now," said the Old Man. "Go behind them, follow them; do not turn them back, do not baulk them —they will seek their own pasture—and let them travel as they like. Wait thou behind them; and let whatever pleases come in thy road, do not part from them. Be thine eye on them, and on them alone; and no matter what thou seest or hearest, do not give an eye to it. This is thy duty: be faithful,

danas—bi dìleas—earb m' fhocal—bi saoithreach, 's cha bhi do shaothair gun duais."

Dh' fhalbh e mu chùl na spréidhe, agus lean e iad. Cha robh e ach goirid air falbh, 'nuair a chunnaic e coileach òir agus cearc airgid a' ruith roimhe air a' bhlàr. Ghabh e air an tòir; ach ged bha iad a nis agus a rithist, air leis, 'na ghlaic, dh' fhairtlich air gramachadh orra. Phill e air ais o'n t-siubhal fhaoin, agus ràinig e 'n t-àite 's an robh na tri mairt mhaola odhar aig ionaltradh, agus thòisich e rithist air am buachailleachd; ach cha b' fhada bha e air an cùl, 'nuair chunnaic e slatag òir agus slatag airgid a' cur nan car dhiubh air an réidhlean, agus ghrad thòisich e air an ruith.

"Cha 'n fheud e bhith," ars' esan, "nach iad so is usa ghlacail no na h-eòin a mheall mi o chionn ghoirid."

Sìnear as 'nan déidh; ach ged bhiodh e 'gan ruith fhathasd, cha bheireadh e orra. Thug e 'bhuachailleachd air; agus mar bha e leanntuinn nam mart maola odhar, chunnaic e doire coille air an robh na h-uile meas a chunnaic e riamh, agus dà-

trust my word ; be painstaking, and thy toil shall not be without reward."

He went after the cattle, and followed them. He was not long gone when he saw a golden cock and a silver hen running before him on the plain. He gave chase ; but though they were now and again as he thought in his grasp, he failed to hold them fast. He returned from the vain pursuit, and reached the place where the three dun polled cows were grazing, and he began again to tend them ; but he was not long behind them when he saw a little gold rod and a little silver rod cutting capers on the plain, and he immediately began the pursuit of them.

" It cannot be," quoth he, " that these are not easier to catch than the birds that cheated me a short while ago."

He stretched out after them ; but, though he would be pursuing them yet, he would not catch them. He began herding again ; but, as he was following the dun polled cows, he saw a grove on which was every fruit that he had ever seen, and twelve fruits he had not seen. He begins to satiate himself with

mheas-deug nach fac' e. Tòisichear air e féin a shàsuchadh leis na measaibh — thug na mairt mhaola odhar an aghaidh dhachaidh, agus lean e iad. Bhleoghain gruagach an fhuilt òir iad, ach an àite bainne cha d' thainig ach nùs glas. Thuig an seann duine mar bhà :—

" Olaich gun fhìrinn 's gun dìlseachd," ars' esan, " bhrist thu do ghealladh."

Thog e a shlachdan-druidheachd—buailear an t-òganach, 's deanar carragh cloiche dheth ; a sheas trì làithean a's trì bliadhna ri taobh an teine ann am bothan an t-sléibh mar chuimhneachan air bristeadh focail agus coimhcheangail fasdaidh.

'Nuair bha latha 's bliadhna eile air dol seachad, thuirt Ruais ruadh, mac meadhonach Ghorla,—

" Tha dà latha 's dà bhliadhna air dol seachad o'n a dh' fhalbh mo phiuthar àillidh, agus tha latha 's bliadhna o dh' fhalbh mo bhràthair mór ; is bóid is briathra dhomhsa imeachd an diugh air an tòir, agus an co'-dhìol a bhi agam."

Ceart mar thachair do'n bhràthair bu

the fruits. The dun polled cows turned their faces homewards, and he followed them. The Maid with the Golden Hair milked them, but instead of good milk they gave only thin milk. The Old Man understood how it was.

"Young man without truth and without faithfulness," said he, "thou didst break thy promise."

He lifted his magic rod—he strikes the youth and makes of him a pillar of stone, that stood three days and three years at the side of the fire in the mountain bothy, as a memorial of the breaking of troth and covenant of hiring.

When another day and year had gone by, Red Ruais,* the middle son of Gorla, said,—

"Two days and two years have gone past since my beautiful sister went away, and it is a day and a year since my eldest brother went; it is a vow and a word to me to depart to-day in search of them, and to share their fate."

Exactly as it happened to the eldest brother in every way, so it happened to the middle son; and he is a pillar of stone at the house

* Ruais means windbag, rhapsodist.

shine anns gach dòigh, mar sin thachair do'n mhac mheadhonach; agus 'na charragh cloiche tha esan an ceann tighe bothan an t-sléibh, mar chuimhneachan air bristeadh focail agus coimhcheangail fasdaidh.

Latha agus bliadhna 'na dhéidh so, thuirt am mac a b' òige, Caomhan donn an àigh, "Tha nis trì làithean agus trì bliadhna o'n a chaill sinn mo phiuthar àillidh. Dh' fhalbh bràthairean mo ghaoil air a tòir. Nis, athair, ma 's ceutach leatsa, ceadaich dhomh imeachd 'nan déidh 's an co'-dhìol a bhi agam—agus na deanadh mo mhàthair mo bhacadh. Guidheam 'ur cead—na diùltaibh mi."

"Mo chead 's mo bheannachd tha agad, a Chaomhain, 's cha bhac do mhàthair thu."

"An deasaich mise," ars' a mhàthair, "am bonnach mór as eugmhais mo bheannachd, no am bonnach beag le dùrachd mo chridhe agus deòthas m' anama?"

"Do bheannachd, a mhàthair, thoir thusa dhòmhsa; agus beag no mór a thig 'na chois, tha mise toilichte—bu bhochd leam oigh-

end of the mountain bothy, as a reminder of broken troth and covenant of hiring.

A day and a year after this the youngest son, Brown Caomhan* of good fortune, said,—

"There are now three days and three years since we lost my beautiful sister. The brothers of my love departed to seek her. Now, father, if it is pleasing to thee, allow me to go after them and to share their fate, and let not my mother hinder me. I entreat your leave—do not refuse me."

"Thou hast my leave and my blessing, Caomhan, and thy mother shall not hinder thee."

"Shall I prepare," said his mother, "the big bannock without my blessing, or the little bannock with the goodwill of my heart and the longing of my soul?"

"Thy blessing, O mother, give thou to me; and whether big or little come at its heel, I am content. Poor to me would be the inheritance of the great world and thy curse at its foot. On the blessing of a mother it is not I that will pour contempt."

Brown Caomhan, son of Gorla of the

* Caomhan means the noble, kind, friendly one.

reachd an t-saoghail mhóir 's do mhallachd 'na lorg. Air beannachd màthar, 's mi nach dean tàir."

Thog Caomhan donn, mac Ghorla-nan-treud, air; 's mar bha tigh 'athar 's a mhàthar 'ga fhàgail sa' cheò, bha 'chridhe làn. Thug e gu siubhal nan eang—ruigear doire nan earb—suidhear fo chraoibh a dh' itheadh a' bhonnaich sin a dh' fhuin a mhàthair chaomh dha.

"Mìr, mìr," arsa fitheach dubh an fhàsaich; "mìr dhomhsa, 'Chaomhain, 's mi fann."

"Gheibh thu mìr, a bheathaich bhochd," arsa Caomhan, "'s dòcha gu bheil thu ni 's feumaiche na mi féin—fòghnaidh e dhuinn le chéile—tha beannachd màthar 'na chois."

Dh' éirich e, 's ghabh air a thurus. Ghabh e fasgadh aig an t-seann duine, agus dh' fhalbh e a bhuachailleachd nan tri mart maola odhar. Chunnaic e 'n coileach òir 's a' chearc airgid, ach thionndaidh e air falbh a shùilean; lean e 'n spréidh—chunnaic e 'n t-slatag òir 's an t-slatag airgid; ach chuimhnich e a ghealladh, 's cha deachaidh e air an tòir. Ràinig e an doire—chunnaic

Flocks, "lifted on himself," and his heart was full as the house of his father and mother was left behind in the mist. He set off at bounding speed; he reaches the wood of the roedeer; he sits under a tree to eat that bannock which his kind mother baked for him.

"A morsel, a morsel," quoth the Black Raven of the Wilderness. "A morsel for me, Caomhan, and I feeble."

"Thou shalt get a morsel, poor creature," said Caomhan. "It is likely that thou art needier than I. It will suffice for both of us; the blessing of a mother is at its foot."

He rose and betook himself on his journey. He took shelter at the Old Man's, and departed to herd the three dun polled cows. He saw the golden cock and the silver hen, but he turned away his eyes—he followed the cattle. He saw the gold rod and the silver rod, but he remembered his promise, and he did not go in chase of them. He reached the grove; he saw the fruit that was beautiful and fair to the sight, but he did not taste it.

The three dun polled cows went past the

e am meas a bha bòidheach àillidh do 'n t-sealladh ; ach cha do bhlais se e.

Ghabh na tri mairt mhaola odhar seachad air a' choille, 's ràinig iad aonach farsuing air an robh falaisg—am fraoch fada r'a theine—ghabh iad g'a ionnsuidh. Bha 'n fhalaisg a' sgaoileadh air an raon a' bagairt e féin 's na mairt mhaola odhar a losgadh ; ach ghabh iad troimhpe—cha d' fheuch e am bacadh, oir b' e so an gealladh a thug e ; lean e iad troimh 'n teine, 's cha do loisgeadh ròin do fhalt a chinn. Faicear 'na dhéidh sin abhuinn mhór a bha air at le tuiltibh nam beann. Thairis oirre ghabh na mairt mhaola odhar, agus as an déigh ghabh Caomhan gu neo-sgàthach.

Tiota beag 'na dhéidh sin, faicear tighaoraidh geal bòidheach air réidhlean uaine ri cùl gaoithe 's ri aodann gréine, as an cual' e fuaim nan dàna milis agus nan laoidhean binne. Laigh an spréidh air a' bhlàr, 's chaidh Caomhan donn a stigh a dh' éisdeachd sgeul an àigh. Cha b' fhada bha e 'g éisdeachd teachdaireachd an aoibhneis, 'nuair thainig òganach guanach a stigh air dorus

wood, and they reached a wide moor where there was a "heather-burning"—the long heather on fire. They went towards it. The fire was spreading on the plain, threatening to burn himself and the dun polled cows; but they went through it—he did not try to stop them, for this was the promise he had given. He followed them through the fire, and not a single hair of his head was burnt. He sees after that a large river, swollen with the mountain floods. Over it went the dun polled cows, and after them undaunted went Caomhan.

A short while after that he sees a beautiful white house of worship on a green plain, back of the wind and face to the sun, from out of which he heard the sound of sweet songs and tuneful hymns. The cattle lay down on the ground, and Brown Caomhan went in to hear the tidings of joy. It was not long he was listening to the message of happiness when a giddy youth came in at the door of the house of worship, with wild eye, and panting, saying that the dun polled cows were in the standing corn, and that he should go and chase them out.

an tigh-aoraidh le sùil bhuaireasach is 'anail 'na uchd, a dh' innseadh gu'n robh 'n crodh maol odhar anns a' ghart agus e dhol a mach g' an saodach as.

"Imich uam," arsa Caomhan; "b' usa dhuit-sa, 'bhobuig, an cur as thu féin, na ruith mar so 's an anail a' t' uchd a thoirt an sgeòil 'am ionnsuidh-sa—éisdidh mise na briathra taitneach."

Tiota beag 'na dhéidh sin, thainig an t-òganach ceudna air ais—buaireas is boile 'na shùil agus 'anail 'na uchd: "A mach, a mach, a mhic Ghorla-nam-beann," ars' esan, "tha na coin againne a' ruagadh do chuid mart—mur bi thu mach am prioba na sùl, cha'n fhaic thu 'n t-ath-shealladh dhiubh."

"Air falbh, a bhobuig," arsa Caomhan donn, "b' usa dhuit-sa do chuid con a chasgadh na teachd mar so 's an anail a' t' uchd g'a innseadh dhòmhsa. Eisdidh mise teachdaireachd an aoibhneis."

'Nuair bha 'n t-aoradh seachad chaidh Caomhan a mach, agus faighear na tri mairt mhaola odhar a' cur an sgìos, gun ghluasad as an àite 's an d' rinn e 'm fàgail. Dh'

"Begone," said Caomhan; "'twere easier for thee, thou booby, to put them out thyself, than running thus and 'the breath in thy chest' to bring the tale to me. I will listen to the acceptable words."

A little while after that the same lad came back, frenzy and fury in his eye, and his breath in his chest.

"Out, out, son of Gorla of the Bens," said he; "our dogs are chasing thy share of cows. If thou be not out in the twinkling of an eye, thou wilt not see another sight of them."

"Away with thee, booby," quoth Brown Caomhan. "It were easier for thee to restrain thy share of dogs, than coming thus with the breath in thy chest to tell it to me. I will listen to the tidings of joy."

When worship was over Caomhan went out, and finds the three dun polled cows putting off their weariness, without motion from the place in which he had left them. They rose and moved on the homeward way, and Caomhan followed them. He had not been long behind them when he saw a broad plain, so bare that he could see the thinnest thorn on the bare ground; and he perceived

éirich iad agus ghluais iad air an t-slighe dhachaidh, agus lean Caomhan iad. Cha b' fhada bha e air an cùl, 'nuair a chunnaic e machair fharsuing co lom 's gu faiceadh e 'n dealg bu chaoile air an lom làr; agus mhothaich e capull agus searrach òg meanmnach lùghmhor ag ionaltradh, agus iad co reamhar fheòlmhor ri ròn a' chuain mhóir. "Tha so iongantach," arsa Caomhan donn. Faicear tiota beag 'na dhéidh sin machair eile, fo bhàrr fàsaich, air an robh capull agus searrach nach seasadh minidh nan cuaran 'nan druim leis a' chaoile.

Faicear 'na dhéidh so lochan uisge, agus móran a dh' òigridh aoibhinn aighearach, ùr, àillidh, ag imeachd le caithream binn agus 'nam buidhnean ait a dh' ionnsuidh ceann àrd an lochain, gu tìr na gréine, fo sgàile nan craobhan bu chùbhraidh: chual' e torman nan allt a bha 'n dùthaich na gréine—ceileirean nan eun—fonn theud air nach robh e eòlach, agus inneil chiùil nach cual' e riamh roimhe sin.

Mhothaich e buidheannan eile do mhuinntir thruagh a' triall gu ceann ìosal an lochain

a mare and a fleet mettlesome young foal grazing, and they as plump and fleshy as the seal of the great ocean. "This is extraordinary," quoth Brown Caomhan. A short while after that he sees another plain, under a crop of waste pasture, on which were a mare and a foal, in whose backs the awl of the brogues would not stand for leanness.

He sees after that a lochan of water, and many gay, joyous, fresh, bright young people journeying with sweet and joyful noise and in merry companies to the upper end of the lochan, to the land of the sun, under the shade of the fragrant trees. He heard the murmuring of the burns that were in the country of the sun, the warbling of the birds, the tune of a stringed instrument he did not know, and of m sical instruments he had never heard before.

He perceived other companies of sad people journeying to the lower end of the lochan to the country of darkness. Fearful was the scream they raised. A cause of horror was the smiting of their palms. Mist and dark clouds were over the gloomy, dark glen to which they were journeying, and

do thìr an dorchadais. B' eagalach an sgreuch a thog iad—bu chulaidh-oillt am bas-bhualadh brònach. Bha ceò agus neula dorcha thairis air a' ghleann dhuaichnidh, dhubh, gus an robh iad a' triall, agus chuala Caomhan tàirneanach tròm. "Tha so," ars' esan, "da rìreadh iongantach."

Lean e na tri mairt mhaola odhar. Bha 'n oidhche 'n sin a' cur roimhpe bhi fiadhaich, gun bhrath air fasgadh no fardaich anns an cuirte seachad i, ach cò thachair air Caomhan ach madadh na maoile-móire ; agus cha luaithe thachair na thug an comh-làmhaiche còir agus an deagh bhiataiche dhà cuireadh, 's cha b'ann gu gnù doichiollach, ach gu fiughantach fial, e chur seachad trì trianan d'a sgìos agus an oidhche air fad maille ris.

Fhuair e gabhail aig' air an oidhche sin gu maith carantach maille ri madadh na maoile-móire, ann an uaimh thioram gun tighinn-fodha no thairis—nam fòghnadh sin is feòil mhilis, uanach, mheannach, gun dìth gun ghainne gun dòlum ; agus an àm falbh sa' mhaduinn, gu leòir airson turus an latha.

Caomhan heard heavy thundering. "That is indeed strange," said he.

He followed the three dun polled cows. The night was then purposing to be a wild one, nor had they knowledge of shelter or dwelling in which to put it past ; but who should meet Caomhan but the Dog of the Great Mull; and no sooner did the honest helpmate and the good host meet him than he gave him an invitation, and that not churlishly, but hospitably and heartily, to put past three-thirds of his fatigue and the whole night with him.

He was entertained that night right kindly by the Dog of the Great Mull in the dry, water-tight cave, if that would suffice along with sweet flesh of lambs and kids, without lack, without scant, without stint, and at the time of departing in the morning, enough for the day's journey.

"And now," said the Dog of the Great Mull, "fare thee well, Caomhan ! Success to thee wherever thou goest ; good luck in thy journeying and movements. I offered thee hospitality, and thou didst not refuse it ; thou didst take heartily and cheerfully what

"'Nis," arsa madadh na maoile-móire, "slàn leat a Chaomhain! Soirbheachadh leat ge b' e àit' an téid thu—sonas 'nad shiubhal 's 'nad ghluasad. Thairg mi aoigheachd, 's cha do dhiùlt thu i; ghabh thu gu cridheil sùnndach na thairg mi, chuir thu oidhche seachad ann an uaimh madadh na maoile-móire—dh' earb thu as—naisg thu a chàirdeas, agus cha mheallar thu. A nis thoir fainear mo bhriathra: Ma thig càs cruaidh no éiginn gu bràth ort, as an dean luathas coise agus gnìomhara èasgaidh feum dhuit, cuimhnich air madadh na maoile-móire,—miannaich e, 's bidh mise ri d' thaobh."

Dh' amais an càirdeas agus an fhialachd cheudna ris an ath oidhche o'n t-sàr-bhiataiche iomairteach shiùbhlach, fitheach dubh choire-nan-creag, air nach laigheadh an codal, agus air nach éireadh a' ghrian, gus am biodh aige na dh' fhòghnadh dha féin agus dhà-san a thigeadh 's a dh' fhalbhadh. Gu gearr-leumach, clapartach, sgiathach, rinn e 'n t-iùl da air chorraibh a sgéith troimh aisridh chosa-ghabhar gu còs sgora dhìonach craige, far an d' iarr e air dà thrian

I offered. Thou didst put past the night in the cave of the Dog of the Great Mull; thou didst trust in him, thou didst pledge his friendship, and he will not deceive thee. Now, consider my words. If ever thou art in a hard case or strait in which fleetness of foot and ready action will be of use to thee, think on the Dog of the Great Mull; wish greatly for him, and I will be at thy side."

The same kindness and hospitality met him the next night from that host-in-himself, the swift-circling, wide-ranging Black Raven * of the corrie of the crags, on whom sleep would not lie nor sun rise till he would have what would suffice for himself and for him that would come and go. With short jumps, clapping his wings, he guided him with the points of his wings through the paths of the goat-tracks to the hollow of a secure cleft of the rock, where he asked him to put past three-thirds of his fatigue and the whole night with him.

* This is probably a play on the word *biatach*, which has two meanings—(1), a raven; (2), a farmer who held his land rent free, in return for which he was bound to entertain travellers, and the soldiers of his chief on the march.

d'a sgìos agus an oidhche gu léir a chur seachad maille ris.

Fhuair e gabhail aige 'n oidhche sin gu maith 's gu ro-mhaith còmhla ri fitheach dubh choire-nan-creag, nam fòghnadh feòil a's sithionn ; 's an àm falbh sa' mhaduinn thuirt e ris, "A Chaomhain mhic Ghorla-na-Beinne, thoir leat na dh' fhòghnas air do thurus—cuid a' choigrich cha d' ionndraich mi riamh ;—agus cuimhnich mo bhriathra deireannach. Ma thuiteas dhuit a bhi 'n càs no an éiginn gu bràth anns an dean sgiath làidir agus misneach nach dìbir feum dhuit, cuimhnich ormsa : 's blàth do chridhe, 's coibhneil do shùil—dh' earb thu thu féin riumsa—bheathaich thusa fitheach an fhàs-aich roimhe so, agus roinn thu leis do lòn—'s mise do charaid, chuir thu 'n oidhche seachad ann an còs nan creag—earb asam."

Air an treas oidhche dh' amais còmhdhail agus biatachd nach bu mhiosa air Caomhan o'n Dòbhran-donn—an sgòr-shuileach—an siriche teòma èasgaidh, air nach biodh cuid fir no gille dhìth fhad' 's a bhiodh e r'a fhaot-ainn air muir no air tìr. Ged nach robh na

He was entertained that night well and very well with the Black Raven of the corrie of the crags, if flesh and venison would suffice ; and at the time of going in the morning, he said to him,—

"Caomhan, son of Gorla of the Peak, take with thee what will suffice thee for thy journey—the stranger's portion I never missed ;—and remember my last words. If it ever befall thee to be in a case or strait in which a strong wing and courage that never failed can be of use to thee, remember me. Warm is thine heart and kind thine eye ; thou didst trust thyself to me ; thou hast ere this fed the Raven of the Wilderness, and didst share with him thy provisions. I am thy friend ; thou didst put past the night in the hollow of the rocks ; rely on me."

On the third night Caomhan met with no less fellowship and hospitality from the brown, sharp-eyed Otter, the expert, nimble searcher, with whom a meal for man or boy would not be lacking so long as it was to be got on sea or land. Although nothing was to be heard in his den but the squealing and mewing of cat, and badger, and marten and

gharaidh r'a éisdeachd ach sgiamhail is mèalanaich chat, is bhroc, is thaghan is fheòcullan, threòruich se e gun sgàth gun eagal gun sgiansgar, gu taiceil, foghanta, ràideail — gu robairneach, bior-shuileach, mion-eólach, gu beul cùirn, far an d' iarr e air trian d'a sgìos agus an oidhche gu h-uile chur seachad còmhla ris. Neòr-thaing mur d' fhuair e gabhail aige 'n oidhche sin còmhla 'ri dòbhran-donn an t-srutha, an sìor-shiùbhlach, nam fòghnadh iasg do gach seòrsa b' fhearr na 'chéile—agus leaba thioram, sheasgair, mhèith, do dhreamsgal àird-làin stoirme reothairt, is feamainn chìrein an dubh-chladaich.

"Cuir seachad an oidhche, 'Chaomhain," arsa 'n dòbhran-donn; "'se làn dì do bheatha. Caidil gu sàmhach; 's fear-faire furachair an dòbhran."

'Nuair thàinig an latha 's a bha Caomhan gu imeachd air a thurus, chaidh an dòbhran air choimheadachd greis do'n t-slighe maille ris.

"Slán leat! a Chaomhain," ars' esan; "rinn thu caraid dhiom. Ma thig sàs cruaidh no teann-éiginn ort anns an dean

polecat, he led him without dread, without fear, without "sidestart," stoutly, bravely, cunningly, warily, sharp-sightedly, with minute knowledge, to the mouth of the cairn, where he asked him to put past with him three-thirds of his weariness and all the night. Thanks to none else if he was not entertained that night by the Brown Otter of the stream, the ever-wandering if fish of every kind that was better than another would suffice, and a dry, snug, fat bed of the flotsam of the high spring storm tides and the cockscomb seaweed * of the black † shore.

"Put past the night, Caomhan," said the Otter; "thou art heartily welcome. Sleep peacefully; the Otter is a keenly-observant watchman."

When the day came and Caomhan was starting on his journey, the Otter went as escort a while on the way with him.

"Fare thee well, Caomhan," said he; "thou hast made a friend of me. If hard adversity or tight necessity come to thee, in which he who swims the stream or dives

* Feamainn chìrein = *Fucus canaliculatus.*

† That is, the shore between high and low tides.

esan a shnàmhas an sruth no thumas fo 'n fhairge freasdal duit, cuimhnich ormsa, 's bidh mi ri d' thaobh."

Fhuair e na tri mairt mhaola odhar san lagan san d' fhàg e iad—dh' éirich iad, agus mu àirde 'n fheasgair sin féin ràinig iadsan agus esan, gu sàbhailte socair, bothan an t-sléibh.

Bha fàilte 's furan san tigh 'nuair ràinig Caomhan. Fhuair e gabhail aige gun airceas gun chrìne. Dh' fheòruich an seann-duine dheth cia mar dh' éirich dha o'n dh' fhalbh e, agus thòisich e air sud ìnnseadh. Mhol an seann-duin' e chionn nach do ghabh e gnothuch ri aon ni chunnaic e gus an d' ràinig e tigh nan laoidhean binne, do bhrìgh nach robh annta gu léir ach culaidh-bhuairidh—sgleò faoin chum a mhealladh.

"Fosglaidh mi dhuit dubh-cheist na cùise 'na dhéigh so," ars' an seann-duine; "agus leigidh mi ris duit brigh gach seallaidh a chuir mór-iongantas ort. Bha thu dìleas, a Chaomhain. Iarr do dhuais agus gheibh thu i."

"Cha bhi sin tròm dhuit-sa, tha mi 'n

under the sea can do thee service, remember me, and I will be at thy side."

He found the three dun polled cows in the little hollow in which he had left them. They got up, and towards the height of the same evening he and they reached safely and easily the mountain bothy.

There was welcome and joy at meeting in the house when Caomhan arrived. He was entertained without scant and without niggardliness. The Old Man inquired "how it had risen to him" (that is, "things had gone with him") since he went away, and he began to tell that. The Old Man praised him because he had had nothing to do with any one thing he saw till he reached the house of the melodious hymns, because there was nought in all those other things but vain glamour to deceive him.

"I will open to thee the dark perplexity of the matter later," said the Old Man; "and I will discover to thee the interpretation of each sight that put great wonder on thee. Thou wast faithful, Caomhan. Ask thy reward, and thou shalt get it."

"That will not be heavy to thee, I hope,"

dòchas," arsa Caomhan, "agus bidh e pailt ni 's leòir leamsa. Aisig dhomh piuthar mo ghràidh agus dà bhràthair mo rùin tha agad fo dhruidheachd, beò slàn mar dh' fhàg iad tigh an athar ; agus bonn òir no tasdan airgid cha 'n 'eil a dhìth air Caomhan."

"'S àrd t' iarradas, òganaich," arsa 'n seann-duine ; "tha duilgheadas eadar thu 's na dh' iarr thu os cionn na tha a' d' chomas a choth-achadh."

"Ainmich iad," arsa Caomhan, "'s leig leamsa 'n cothachadh mar is fearr is urra' dhomh."

"Eisd mata : Anns a' bheinn àrd ud shuas, tha earb shiùbhlach is caoile cas ; a leth-bhreac cha'n 'eil ann ; 's ballach caiseann a slios 's a cròc mar chabar an fhéidh. Air an lochan bhòidheach dlùth do thìr na gréine, tha lach a thug bàrr air gach lach—lach uaine a' mhuineil òir. Ann an linne dhorcha a' choire-bhuidhe, tha breac tarrgheal nan giala dearga, is 'eàrr mar an t-airgiod is gloine snuadh. Falbh, agus thoir dhachaidh an so eilid chaiseann bhallach na beinne,

quoth Caomhan, "and it will be plentiful enough for me. Restore to me, alive and well as when they left the house of their father, the sister of my affection and the brothers of my love that thou hast under enchantment, and neither gold piece nor silver shilling will Caomhan want."

"Youth, thy request is high," said the Old Man. "There are difficulties between thee and that thou seekest above what it is in thy power to combat."

"Name them," said Caomhan, "and let me contend with them as best I can."

"Listen then. In the high mountain up yonder is the swift roe of slenderest foot; her equal does not exist; dappled and curly-haired is her side, and her horns like the antlers of the red deer. On the beautiful loch near to the land of the sun is a duck that surpasses all other ducks—a green duck with a golden neck. In the dark linn of the yellow corrie there is a white-bellied, red-gilled trout, and his tail like the silver of brightest hue. Away, and bring home here the curly-haired, dappled hind of the mountain, the exquisite duck of the golden

lach àillidh a' mhuineil òir, agus am breac a dh' aithnichear o gach breac; is innsidh mise dhuit an sin mu phiuthar do ghaoil 's mu dhà bhràthair do rùin."

Dh' fhalbh Caomhan donn. Chaidh gruagach an fhuilt òir 's na cìre airgid as a dhéigh.

"A Chaomhain," deir i, "gabh misneach; tha beannachd do mhàthar agad agus beannachd nam bochd—sheas thu do ghealladh—thug thu urram do thigh nan laoidhean binne; imich, agus cuimhnich mo bhriathran dealachaidh—Gu bràth na toir géill."

Thug e 'n sliabh air—faicear earb na beinne—a lethbhreac cha robh sa' bheinn; ach 'nuair bha esan air aon bheinn, bha 'n earb air beinn eile; 's bha co maith dha oidheirp a thoirt air neula luaineach nan speur. Bha e 'n impis géill a thoirt, 'nuair chuimhnich e air na labhair gruagach an fhuilt òir. "O!" arsa Caomhan, "nach robh agamsa nis madadh na maoile-móire 's nan casan lùthmhor!"

Cha luaithe labhair e 'm focal, na bha 'm


K·CAMERON

neck, and the trout that can be known from every trout, and I will tell thee about the sister of thine affection and the two brothers of thy love."

Brown Caomhan departed. The Maiden of the Golden Hair and Silver Comb went after him.

"Caomhan," saith she, "take courage; thou hast the blessing of thy mother and the blessing of the poor. Thou didst stand by thy promise; thou gavest reverence to the house of sweet hymns. Go, and remember my parting words: Never yield."

He took the hill—he sees the roe of the mountain, her like was not in the mountain; but when he was on one ben the roe was on another ben, and he might as well attempt the fleeting clouds of heaven. He was on the point of yielding, when he remembered what the Golden-haired Maiden had said.

"Oh," said Caomhan, "that I had the Dog of the Great Mull and the swift feet with me now!"

No sooner did he speak the word than the honest Dog was at his side; and, after

madadh còir r'a thaobh ; agus an déidh dha cuairt no dha thoirt mu 'n bheinn, dh' fhàg e eilid chaiseann an t-sléibh aig bonn a choise.

Thug Caomhan 'na dhéidh sin an lochan air, agus faicear lach uaine a' mhuineil òir ag itealaich os a chionn. "O!" arsa Caomhan, "nach robh agamsa nis fitheach dubh an fhàsaich is làidire sgiath 's is géire sùil!" Cha luaithe thubhairt e so, na chunnaic e fitheach dubh an fhàsaich a' dlùthachadh air an lochan, agus air ball dh' fhàg e lach uaine a' mhuineil òir r'a thaobh.

Ràinig e 'na dhéidh sin an dubh-linne dhorcha, 's faicear an t-iasg tarrgheal airgiodach àillidh a snàmh o bhruaich gu bruaich. "O!" arsa Caomhan, "nach robh agamsa 'n dòbhran donn a snàmhas an sruth 's a thumas fo'n tonn!" Ann am prioba na sùl, cò bha 'na shuidhe air bruaich an uillt ach an dòbhran còir. Dh' amhairc e 'n aodann Chaomhain le bàidh—thog e air gu grad as an t-sealladh, agus a mach á dubh-linne dhorcha nan gealag, thug e 'm breac tarrgheal bu loinnreiche snuadh, agus leigear e aig cois Chaomhain. Thog

he had taken a cast or two round the mountain, he left the curly-haired hind at the sole of his foot.

After that Caomhan betook himself to the lochan, and he sees the green duck of the golden neck flying above his head.

"Oh," said Caomhan, "that I had now the Black Raven of the Wilderness, strongest of wing and sharpest of eye!"

No sooner had he said this than he saw the Black Raven of the Wilderness approaching the lochan; and instantly he left the green duck with the golden neck at his side.

After that he arrived at the dark, black linn, and sees the white-bellied, silvery, beautiful fish swimming from bank to bank.

"Oh," said Caomhan, "that I had the Brown Otter who swims the stream and dives under the wave!"

In the twinkling of an eye, who was sitting on the bank of the burn but the honest Otter. He looked into Caomhan's face with kindliness; he went quickly out of sight, and out of the dark, black linn of the sea-trout he took the white-bellied trout of brightest hue, and laid it at Caomhan's feet.

e air dhachaidh, agus fàgar an earb, an lach, agus am breac bòidheach air stairsneach bothan an t-sléibh.

"Buaidh is piseach le Caomhan donn!" arsa 'n seann duine. "Cha do chuir a ghuala da rìreadh ris, nach do chuir tuar thairis. Thig a stigh, a Chaomhain; 's 'nuair bhleoghnas gruagach an fhuilt òir 's na cìre airgid na tri mairt mhaola odhar, fosglaidh mi dhuit dubh-cheist na cùise, agus tairngidh sinn gliocas o fhasdadh agus o thurus Chaomhain."

DUBH-CHEIST NA SGEULACHD AIR A FOSGLADH.

"Cha d' fhàg thusa tigh t' athar 's do mhàthar gun an cead. Beannachd t' athar 's do mhàthar bha 'nad chois, a Chaomhain. Cha do dhiùlt thu an greim do 'n acrach 'na airc. Bha beannachd nam bochd a' d' chois, a Chaomhain.

"Rinn thu fasdadh—gheall thu agus choimhlion thu; 's tha duais nam fìrean a' d' chois, a Chaomhain.

"Chunnaic thu an coileach òir 's a' chearc

He started for home, and leaves the roe, the duck, and the beautiful trout on the threshold of the mountain bothy.

"Success and prosperity to Brown Caomhan!" said the Old Man. "'None ever set his shoulder to it in earnest that did not win through.' Come in, Caomhan, and when the Maid of the Golden Hair and Silver Comb milks the three dun polled cows, I will open to thee the riddle of the matter, and we will draw wisdom from the hiring and journey of Caomhan."

THE RIDDLE OF THE TALE OPENED.

"Thou didst not leave the house of thy father and mother without their leave. The blessing of thy father and thy mother was at thy foot, Caomhan. Thou didst not refuse a morsel to the hungry in his distress. The blessing of the poor was at thy foot, Caomhan.

"Thou didst make an engagement; thou didst promise and didst fulfil; and the reward of the righteous is at thy heel, Caomhan.

"Thou didst see the golden cock and the

airgid, buaireannan an uilc—an sgleò tha òr is airgiod a' cur air an t-sùil—chuimhnich thu do ghealladh—ghluais thu ann an slighe do dhleasdanais—bha sonas air Caomhan. Dh' fheuch am buaireadair thu a rithist fo shamhladh slataig òir is slataig airgid. 'S iad so do réir coslais a b' usa ghlacadh; ach chuimhnich thu do ghealladh, a Chaomhain, agus lean thu an spréidh.

"'Nuair nach deachaidh aige air do bhuaireadh le òr agus airgiod, dh' fheuch e do mhealladh le meas bòidheach na coille. Chuir e mu d' choinneamh gach meas a chunnaic thu riamh, is dà-mheas-deug nach faca thu—ach thionndaidh thu air falbh; ('s ged a dh' ith thu dhiubh, thug thu 'n aire nach sàsuicheadh iad thu.)

"'Nuair nach do bhuadhaich e na bha 'na bheachd le òr no airgiod, no leis a' mheas a bha taitneach do'n t-sùil, dh' fheuch e do mhisneach—an lasair agus an tuil; ach chaidh tu trompa ann an slighe do dhleasdanais, agus thuig thu nach robh annta ach faoineis. Chual' thu guth nan dàna naomh—fuaim nan laoidhean milis—chaidh tu

silver hen temptations of evil—the glamour that gold and silver cast over the eye—thou didst remember thy promise; thou didst walk in the path of thy duty; good fortune was with Caomhan. The tempter tried thee again under the form of a golden rod and a silver rod. These were apparently easier to catch; but thou didst remember thy promise and didst follow the cattle.

"When he did not succeed in tempting thee with gold and silver, he tried to deceive thee with the beautiful fruit of the wood. He put before thee every fruit that ever thou sawest, and twelve fruits that thou hadst not seen; but thou didst turn away.

"When he did not gain what was in his mind with gold and silver, nor with the fruit that was pleasant to the eye, he tried thy courage—the flame and the flood; but thou wentest through them in the path of thy duty, and thou didst understand that they were only illusions. Thou didst hear the voice of the holy songs, the sound of the sweet hymns. Thou didst go in, and didst do well; but the tempter followed thee even there.

stigh—'s maith a fhuaras tu; ach lean am buaireadair an sin féin thu. 'S maith a fhreagair thu e—'Eisdidh mise am focal.'

"Chunnaic tu an t-ionaltradh lòm 's an fhalaire àrd mheanmnach le 'searrach mear a' deanamh gairdeachais air. Mar sin gu tric, a Chaomhain, san t-saoghal: tha tigh na h-aoigheachd air uairibh gann; ach tha sìth, gàirdeachas, agus cinneachdainn 'na thaic. Chunnaic tu an t-ionaltradh fàsail, agus gach ceithir-chasach chum bàsachadh leis a' chaoile: mar sin san t-saoghal, tigh a' bhodaich chrìonnta; tha pailteas ann, ach cha 'n 'eil aige cridhe chum a shealbhachadh—tha gainne am meadhon a' phailteis—tha daol aig bun gach freumha, agus tha gach blàth air seargadh.

"Chunnaic thu an lochan bòidheach—chuala tu caithream nam buidhnean sona bha triall gu tìr na gréine. Sin agad iadsan a thug fainear mo ghuidhe agus a bha glic 'nan latha féin. Chuala tu tuireadh cràiteach na muinntir eile bha triall gu tìr an dorchadais. 'S iadsan an sluagh gun tuigse gun fhìrinn gun dìlseachd, a chuir an suarachas

Thou answeredst him well: 'I will listen to the word.'

"Thou didst see the bare pasturage, and the high-spirited mare with her playful colt rejoicing on it. It is often thus, Caomhan, in the world: the house of hospitality is often ill supplied, but peace, rejoicing, and prosperity are its prop. Thou didst see the pasture going waste, and every four-footed creature perishing with leanness: thus in the world is the house of the niggardly man; there is plenty in it, but he has not the heart to enjoy it. There is mean saving in the midst of plenty. There is a grub at the root of every stem, and every blossom is withered.

"Thou didst see the beautiful lochan—thou didst hear the joyful shout of the happy companies that journeyed to the land of the sun. There hast thou those who considered my entreaty, and who were wise in their day. Thou didst hear the agonizing lamentations of the other people who journeyed to the land of gloom. Those are the people without understanding, without truth, without faithfulness, who neglected every warning; and now are they keening wretchedly.

gach sanas, agus a nis tha iad a' caoidh gu truagh.

"Cha d' rinn thu tàir air coibhneas agus aoigheachd nam bochd, ghabh thu ann an càirdeas na thairgeadh gu fialaidh; cha do nàraich thu an t-ainnis—leis a so naisg thu an dìlseachd. Sheas thu do ghealladh—lean thu an spréidh—choisinn thu do dhuais—dh' earb mi do mhisneach. Cha do mheataich duilgheadas thusa; chuir thu do ghuala riutha, 's chaidh leat. Dh' fhiosraich thu nach robh madadh na maoile-móire, fitheach dubh an fhàsaich, no dòbhran donn an iasgaich, gun am feum. Cha d' thug thu géill; agus a nis, a Chaomhain, mhic Ghorla-nan-treud, éisd rium.

"'Aisig,' ars' thusa, 'dhomh mo phiuthar àillidh agus bràithrean mo ghaoil tha agad fo dhruidheachd.'—Fo dhruidheachd, a Chaomhain! Ciod è druidheachd? Innleachd charach nan cealgach—leisgeul baoth nan gealtach. Ciod è druidheachd? Bòcan nan amadan—culaidh-uamhais nan lag-chridheach—ni nach robh, nach 'eil, 's nach bì. An aghaidh an dleasannaiche 's an fhìrein, cha

"Thou didst not put contempt on the friendliness and hospitality of the poor; thou didst accept in kindness what was generously offered; thou didst not shame the needy—in this way thou didst bind friendship. Thou didst stand to thy promise—thou didst follow the cattle—thou didst win thy reward. I trusted thy courage. Difficulties did not terrify thee; thou didst put thy shoulder to them, and didst succeed. Thou didst learn that neither the Dog of the Great Mull, the Black Raven of the Wilderness, nor the brown fishing Otter were without their use. Thou didst not yield. And now, Caomhan, son of Gorla of the Flocks, listen to me.

"'Restore to me,' thou saidst, 'my beautiful sister and the brothers of my love that thou hast under enchantment.' Under enchantment, Caomhan! What is enchantment?—the cunning device of the crafty, the foolish excuse of the timorous. What is enchantment?—the bugbear of fools, a cause of dread to the faint-hearted—a thing that was not, and that is not, and shall not be. Against the dutiful and the upright there is no magic nor device. Thy sister, the Jewel of the

'n 'eil druidheachd 'na h-ìnnleachd. Do phiuthar, àilleagan an fhuilt òir 's na cìre airgid, gheibh thu leat dhachaidh; ach do bhràithrean, ged tha iad beò, rinn leisg is mi-dhìlseachd iad 'nan allabanaich gun dachaidh gun charaid. Imich thusa chum tighe t' athar, a Chaomhain, agus taisg ann d' chridhe na chunnaic 's na chuala."

"Agus cò thusa," arsa Caomhan, "tha labhairt?"

"'S mise," arsa 'n seann duine, "Spiorad na h-aoise. Slàn leat, a Chaomhain! Beannachd na h-aoise gu robh air do shiubhal 's air t' imeachd."

Golden Hair and the Silver Comb, thou shalt take home with thee ; but thy brothers, though they are living, laziness and faithlessness made of them wanderers, without home and without friend. Go thou to thy father's house, Caomhan, and store in thy heart what thou hast seen and heard."

"And who art thou that speakest ?" said Caomhan.

"I am," said the Old Man, "the Spirit of Eld. Fare thee well, Caomhan. May the blessing of Age be on thy journeying and on thy going !"

II.

IOLAIRE LOCH-TRÉIG.

Bha, roimhe seo, seann iolaire mhór a' tàmh an Aird-mheadhoin Loch-Tréig, far am minig a bha a seòrsa. Bha i liath leis an aois, bho'n a bu chuimhne leatha fhéin; is bha i, uime sin, an dùil gu'm b'i créutair bu shine bha beò ri 'linn. Ach an earalas nach faodadh a comh-aois a bhi mairionn an àit-eigin, chuir i roimhpe, an ciad chothrom a gheibheadh i, sgrìob a thoirt air chuairt.

Bliadhna a bha 'n sin, thainig an aon Oidhche-Bhealltuinn a b' fhuaire dh' fhairich no chunnaic i riamh, agus smaoinich i gu'm bu mhath an leithsgeul di e air a rùn-falaich a chur an gnìomh; agus 'sa mhaduinn mhoich Latha-Bealltuinn sin fhéin, seach latha sam bith, mu'n do bhlais na h-eòin eile an t-uisge, togar oirre air cheann a turuis.


R. Kinslie Grant Duff
1907

II.

THE EAGLE OF LOCH TREIG.

"Once upon a time" there was a big old Eagle dwelling in the midmost height of Loch Treig, where often her kind was. She was gray with age ever since she could remember, and she therefore imagined she was the oldest creature alive in her generation. But as a precaution, lest her contemporary might be surviving somewhere, she resolved to take a tour round the first opportunity she could get.

One year there came the very coldest Beltane Eve she had ever felt or seen, and she thought that would be a good excuse for her to put her secret intention into action; and in the early morning of that Beltane Day itself, rather than any other day, before the other birds had tasted water, she starts on her journey's quest.

Not a living creature that would meet

Cha robh dùil bheò a thachradh oirre—ach nial na h-aoise bhi oirre—nach farraideadh i, "Am fac' thu Oidhche-Bhealltuinn riamh cho fuar ris an oidhche 'n raoir?" ach chan fhac' a h-aon.

Coma, bha'n latha as a thoiseach, 's bha i mar so ag cumail air a h-aghart gun chluain, gun chlos, gus an do thachair seann dreathandonn còir oirre. "Fàilt air an dreathan, Latha Buidhe Bealltuinn," ars ise, "am fac' thu riamh Oidhche-Bhealltuinn cho fuar ris an oidhche 'n raoir?" Ach sean 's gu'n robh tuar is dreach an dreathain, cha b' fhiosrach e gu'm faca. Cha robh eòlas aige air créutair bu shine na e fhéin; ach chual' e gu'n robh seann ghobha-dubh bho chian am Bun-Ruaidh, 's ma bha e fhathast beò, gu'm bu dualach, ma thàinig a leithid, gu'm fac' esan i: agus sheòl e 'n rathad dhi. Thug i taing do'n dreathan, agus togar oirre gu ceàrdach Bhun-Ruaidh.

Rainig i; ach cha robh roiimhpe ach làrach fhuar—thriall gach mith 's gach math, ach an gobha-dubh; 's bha esan fhéin bho chian dall leis an aois, agus an déidh toll a dheanamh

her, provided only the hue of age were on it, that she would not ask, "Didst ever see such a cold Beltane Eve as last night?" But none had seen it.

However, the day was but beginning, and she was keeping forward like this, without rest and without repose, till a kindly old Wren met her.

"Hail to the Wren, this yellow * day of Beltane," quoth she. "Sawest thou ever a Beltane Eve so cold as last night?" But old as were the figure and fashion of the Wren, he was not aware that he had. He had no knowledge of a creature that was older than himself, but he heard that there had been for a long, long time an old Water-ousel † at Bunruaidh, and if he were still living it was probable, if the like had come, that he had seen it; and he pointed out the road to her. She gave thanks to the Wren, and off she goes to the smithy at Bunruaidh.

She arrived, but nothing was before her save a cold ruin—common and gentle had

* Probably so called in allusion to the fires which were lit on Beltane Day.

† Literally, blacksmith.

'san innean ag glanadh a ghuib. Chuir i fàilte na Bealltuinn air a' ghobha, 's dh' innis i fàth a turuis: "Am fac' thu riamh," ars ise, "Oidhche-Bhealltuinn cho fuar ris an oidhche 'n raoir?" Thug an gobha glaomadh bochd air fhéin, 's thuirt e nach faca riamh, agus nach cual' e iomradh air a leithid; ach gu'n robh seann ùdlaiche, bho chionn chan' eil fhios c'uin', a' tathaich Choill-Innse; 's gu'n robh a chalg air liathadh leis an aois bho'n a bu chuimhne leis-san a bhi 'na bhùta beag a' sgiathais air feadh nam preas. "Bu tric leis ùine 's aimsir 'na dhéidh sin," ars esan, "tighinn a nall air chéilidh orm a chur seachad na h-oidhche faide Geamhraidh, agus a thoirt sgeòil domh air cor na dùthcha: ach sguir sin. An turus mu dheireadh a bha e bhos, bha'n aois cho tròm iar laighe air, 's gu'm beil eagal orm nach 'eil e 'n urrainn gluasad mór a dheanamh. Thug sinn cho fad an coimhearsnachd a chéile, 's gu'n dean mi, mar a thuigeas tusa, sogan ri a sheann langan, tùchanach mar a tha, an uair a chluinneas mi e 's a' chamhanaich. Is e créutair a's sine tha lathair an diugh fad

departed, except the Water-ousel; and he himself was blind with age long since, and was after making a hole in the anvil a-cleaning his beak. She gave the Beltane greeting to the Ousel, and she told the reason of her journey.

"Sawest thou ever," said she, "Beltane Eve so cold as last night?"

The Water-ousel gave a piteous shrug, and said he had never seen it, and had not heard mention of the like; but that there had been an old Stag * frequenting Choill Innse for ages, there was no knowing since when, and that his bristles had been grizzled with age ever since he himself could remember being a little fledgling winging among the bushes.

"It was a frequent practice with him time after time since then," said he, "to come over for a ceilidh with me to put past the long winter's night, and to give me news of the state of the country; but that has ceased. The last journey he was over here, age was lying so heavily on him that I am afraid he has not the power to move very

* Udlaiche = literally, "antlered one."

m' aithne 's m' eòlais; agus ma ni thu guth aige 's an dol seachad, innis dha fàth do thuruis agus gu'm fac' thu mise; 's mur d' thàinig caochladh air, ni e do làn di-beatha." Dh' aithris e 'n sin di gnothuichean àraid a thachair ri linn nan triath bu chuimhne leis am faicinn, mu éuchdan a shìnnsrean agus mu bhuil a mhuirichinn. An uair a bha iad ag gabhail "maduinn mhath" le chéile, dh' earb is dh' earail e oirre tadhal aige an ath uair a bhiodh i togail oirre do Choill-Innse, 's fhuar i 'n t-ùdlaiche 'na chrùban am fasgadh seann stuic-fheàrna agus spideannan deigh le cuinneannan a shròine.

Chuir i fàilte na Bealltuinn air, agus dh' innis i fàth a turuis: "Am fac' thu riamh," ars ise, "Oidhche-Bhealltuinn cho fuar ris an oidhche 'n raoir?" Bha'n t-ùdlaiche cho sean 's gu'n do "leig e'n cabar air an t-slinnean;" ach thuirt e air a mhìn-athais nach bu chuimhne leis gu'm faca riamh. Fhuair i gu faoilteach, furanach e, agus dh' fhiosraich e gu coibhneil mu'n ghobha dhall. Thug iad an sin treallan air seanchas agus air sloinnteireachd, 's bha'n iolaire dol

far. We spent so long in each other's neighbourhood that I take delight, as you can understand, in his old belling, hoarse as he is, when I hear him in the dawn. He is the oldest creature who survives to-day, so far as my friends and acquaintances go; and if you call upon him when going past, tell him the reason of your journey, and that you have seen me; and if change has not come on him" (that is, if he is not dead), "he will make you heartily welcome."

He then recounted to her certain affairs that happened in the generation of the chiefs whom he remembered seeing—about the feats of his forefathers, and the fate of his family. When they were bidding each other good-morning, he prayed and pressed her to call on him the next time she would be going to Choill Innse; and she found the Stag crouched in the shelter of an old alder stump, and icicles on the nostrils of his nose.

She gave him the Beltane greeting, and told him the reason of her journey.

"Didst ever see," said she, "Beltane Eve so cold as last night?"

The Stag was so old that he "let his

a thagairt urram na h-aoise : ach an uair a bha iad a' dealachadh, thuirt an t-ùdlaiche gu'n robh breac càm ann an lochan Choire na Ceanainn, air an do chuir e eòlas an tràth a bha e 'na laoighean òg an cois a mhathar a' tighinn a nall an Làirig-leacach á Beinn-a'-bhric. " Bha smalaich na h-aoise air an uair sin fhéin," ars' esan, " agus ma tha ùine agad, is fiach dhuit dol dh'a choimhead—is cnacaiche gasd' e."

Is e bh' ann gu'n do thog i rithist oirre, 's gu'n do ràinig i an lochan.

Chuir i deoch-eòlais air a' bhreac cham, agus dh' innis i fath a turuis : " Am fac' thu riamh Oidhche-Bhealltuinn cho fuar ris an oidhche 'n raoir ? " Thuirt am breac gu'm fac'—aon oidhch' eile, 's gu'n robh i cho fuar, 's ged a bha e'n teas fhala 's an tréine a neirt, gu'm b'éudar dha tòiseachadh air gearradh shùrdag air feadh an uisge a chumail teas air fhéin : " Agus," ars' esan, " sùrdag dh' an d' thugas, leumar ás an uisge, 's buailear mo leth-cheann ris an lic dhuibh ud thall ; ach bha nimh an reothaidh cho dian, 's mu'n d' fhuair mi mi fhéin a thoirt air

antler fall on his shoulder-blade;" but he said very, very leisurely* that he did not remember that he had ever seen one. She found him hospitable and courteous, and he inquired kindly about the blind Ousel. They then gave a short space to story-telling and genealogy, and the Eagle was about to claim the honour of age; but, when they were separating, the Stag said that there was a One-eyed Trout in the lochan of Coire na Ceanainn, with whom he had become acquainted when he was a young calf at his mother's foot, coming over Làirig-leacach from Béinn-a'-Bhric.

"The dimness of age was on him even then," said he; "and if thou hast time, it is worth thy while going to see him—he is fine at a crack."

Thus it was that she started off again, and that she reached the lochan.

She drank the cup of acquaintance with the One-eyed Trout, and she told the reason of her journey.

"Didst ever see Beltane Eve so cold as last night?"

* Literally, "at his soft leisure."

m'ais, gu'n do lean mo shùil ris an lic ; 's dh' fhàg sin an diugh mise cam !"

An tràth chual' an iolair so, thug i modh is urram na h-aoise do'n bhreac ; agus thill i air a h-ais a dh' Aird-mheadhoin a dh' aithris a sgeòil do'n àlach òg.

Chunnaic iad ioma latha geal, grianach 'na dhéidh sin, ach cho fad 's a b' urrainn di sgiath a ghluasad, cha deachaidh Latha-Bealltuinn fuar no teth seachad oirre nach deachaidh i tacan air chéilidh air na h-aosdai còir—an gobha, an t-ùdlaiche agus am breac.

The Trout said that he had—one other night, and that it was so cold that although he was in the heat of his blood (that is, young and hot-blooded), and in the prime of his strength, he was obliged to begin to cut capers through the water to keep warmth in himself.

"And," said he, "one of the leaps that I took, I jump out of the water and strike my forehead against the dark stone yonder; but the bitterness of the frost was so intense, that before I could get myself back my eye stuck to the stone, and that left me blind of an eye to-day."

When the Eagle heard that, she gave the deference of age to the Trout; and she returned to Aird-mheadhoin to tell her tale to the young brood.

They saw many a fair, sunny day after that; but, so long as she could move a wing, not a Beltane Day, hot or cold, went by that she did not go for a little while for a ceilidh with those excellent old folks—the Water-ousel, the Stag, and the Trout.

THE GOOD HOUSEWIFE AND HER NIGHT LABOURS.

Reprinted from "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition," Vol. I., 1899.

"THIS story is mentioned by the late Mr. Campbell of Islay, under the name of 'Dun Bhuilg,' as one current throughout the whole of the Western Highlands and Islands. . . . The present version was heard in Tiree, and is localized as having taken place in Burg Hill, a place of that name being on the opposite coast in Mull." There are also many Irish versions of the story.

III.

A BHEAN TIGHE MHATH 'S OBAIR-OIDHCHE.

Aon uair o cheanna nan cian bha bean fear fearainn no tuathanach beartach 's an oidhche, mar a b' àbhaist do mhnathan cùramach 's an am, an déighinn do dh' fhear an tighe 's do'n teaghlach gabhail gu thàmh, 'deanamh clò air an son. Air dhith bhi sgìth agus ro chlaoidhte leis an obair thuirt i,—

"O nach tigeadh o thalamh no o chuan, o chian no o laimh aon neach a chuidicheadh mise 'dheanamh a' chlò so."

Cha luaithe bhruidhinn i na chual i bualadh 's an dorus 's guth ag éibheach ann an cainnt choimhich a thuig i bha ciallachadh',—

"Ionnaraidh Mhór Mhaith Bhean-an-Tighe! Fosgail an dorus dhomh 's co fad 's a mhaireas dhomhsa gheibh thusa."



III.

THE GOOD HOUSEWIFE AND HER NIGHT LABOURS.

On one occasion, in a bygone time, the wife of a landholder or rich farmer was at night, as was the custom of thrifty housewives in those days, after her husband and household had gone to rest, preparing woollen cloth (clò) for their use. Being excessively wearied and fatigued with her labours, she sought an outlet for her feelings, and said,—

"Oh that some one would come from land or sea, from far or near, to help me with the work of making this cloth!"

She had no sooner spoken than she heard a knocking at the door, and a voice calling to her in a strange language what she knew meant,—

"Tall Inary, good housewife, open the

Dh' éirich i 's nar dh' fhosgail i 'n dorus thàinig bean choimheach ann an deise ciar-uaine stigh seachad oirre 's shuidh i aig a' chuibheal-shnìomh. Cha bu luaithe rinn i sin na thàinig buille na bu chruaidhe do'n dorus 's éibheach 's na ceart fhacail,—

"Ionnaraidh Mhór Mhaith Bhean-an-Tighe! Fosgail an dorus 's co fad 's a mhaireas dhomhsa gheibh thusa."

Nar fhreagair Bean-an-tighe, thàinig té eile neo-shaoghalta stigh 's ghabh i thun na cuigeil. Sin thàinig buille móran na bu chruaidhe 's guth na b' àirde ag iarraidh stigh 's a' tairgsinn cuideachaidh. Nar dh' fhosgladh an dorus thàinig ban-choigreach eile stigh 's shuidh i 'chàrdadh. Buileach thòisich ise air obair thàinig bualadh na bu doirbhe do'n dorus 's guth a' glaodhaich,—

"Ionnaraidh Mhór Mhaith Bhean-an-Tighe! Fosgail an dorus gu luath 's co fad 's a mhaireas dhomhsa gheibh thusa."

Nar chaidh an dorus fhosgladh shnàmh tè iongantach eile, 'n a deise, 's na coltas mar bha càch, stigh, 's dar fhuair i àite suidhe thòisich i air cìreadh clòimhe. Sin

door to me, for so long as I have you'll get."

She rose, and when she opened the door a strange-looking woman, dressed in shaded green, entered the house, passed her, and sat down at the spinning-wheel. She was no sooner seated than a louder knocking came, and a voice calling out the selfsame words,—

"Tall Inary, good housewife, open your door, and you'll get so long as I have anything."

When the housewife answered, another weird woman came in and took her place at the distaff. Then a yet louder knocking and voice came, in the same way demanding admission and proffering help. No sooner was the door opened than another strange being passed in, and sat to card the wool. As soon as she began to work, a still louder knocking came to the door, and also a voice shouting,—

"Tall Inary, good housewife, open the door quickly, and so long as I have you'll get."

When the door was opened, another

thàinig an ath-tè le barrachd stairirich 's nar fhuair i stigh thòisich i air tlàmadh. Bha iad a-nis a' tighinn na bu chaise 's na bu luaithe aon as déidhinn aoin le farum 's gleadhraich na bu mhotha 's na b'àirde gus an robh an tigh loma làn diu 's iad uile an greim. Thòisich an sin an obair da-rìreadh, cìreadh, càrdadh, tarruing, tlàmadh, cuigealadh; shnìomh 'bheart-fhighe gu luath, luath, 's am bùrn-luadh' mu'n teine, 's chluinnte srannail na cuibhle, spreagail nan càrd, dìosgail na cuigealach 's sùrd na beart-fhighe cian air astar. Dh' fheuch Bean-an-tighe mhaith, mar b' fheàrr b' urrainn di ri tàmh a chur air an ùpraid 's pailteas bithidh 'chumail riu gus 'm faicear 's 'n cluinnteadh am fallus a' tuiteam bho h-aodann le slad air an ùrlar. Ach cha chumadh an domhan biadh riu; mar b' fhaide 's an oidhche thàinig e 's ann bu mhotha dh' iarradh iad, 's cha bu mhotha an obair na na dh' fheumadh iad. Aig a' mheadhon oidhche bha 'bhean-tighe chòir thun tuiteam le saothair obair. Dh 'fheuch i sin ri fear-an-tighe dhùsgadh ach cha b' urrainn dhith. Bha e co maith

curious-looking woman of the same appearance and dress glided in, and seating herself began wool-teasing. Then another followed, with even a louder din ; and when she got in she began pulling wool. They now came faster and quicker, one after another of them, with an ever-increasing din and clatter, till the house was quite full of fairies, each at work. And now their labours began in good earnest — teasing, carding, pulling, and rolling ; distaff, spinning-wheel, and weaver's shuttle plying quick and fast ; while the fulling-water, boiling, was spilling over, and the whir of the spinning-wheel, rasping of the cards, rustle of the distaff, and the thrum of the loom could be heard far off. The good housewife endeavoured to still the uproar and get enough of meat prepared for them, until the sweat could be seen dripping from her face and heard falling in big drops on the floor. But as the night advanced their rapacious appetite seemed only to keep pace with their labours, and the universe would not keep them in meat. At midnight she was ready to drop down from excessive toil. She then

feuchain ri clach-mhuilinn a charachadh; cha ghluaiseadh 's cha bhruidhneadh e, ge do chàireadh 's a ghlaodhadh i fhathast ris. Nar dh' fhairtlich e oirre 's nach robh fhios aice de dheanamh i, smaointich i dol air son comhairle gu sean duine glic air a' bhaile. Dh' fhàg i 'chuideachd neo-thlachdmhor aig a' chuid mo dheireadh de'n deasacha' rinn i dhoibh, shlip i mach 's ràinig i an duine glic 's dh' innis i dha an dragh bh' oirre 's mar nach dùisgeadh fear-an-tighe. Thug esan achmhasan dhi air son a cion-mhothuchaidh ann a bhi'g iarraidh cuideachaidh neo-shaoghalta, 's thuirt e rithe,—

"Co fad 's is beò thu na cur romhad, na iarr 's na guidh air son nì mi-dhealbhach no mi-cheudach, eagal 's gu faigh thu t'òrdugh 's gu'n toir thu sgiorram ort fhéin. Thàinig na daoine 's cha chuir saothair bruidhne air falbh iad. Tha Fear-an-Tighe fo gheusaibh 's mu'n dùisg e feumaidh a' mhuinntir neo-cheadaichte, a ghuidh thu fhéin air an son, an tigh fhàgail 's beagan de'n bhùrn luaidh a chaitheadh air."

tried to waken the goodman, but in vain; she might as well strive to rouse a millstone. He would neither move nor speak, let her shake him and shout at him as she might. When she was almost at her wits' end, she thought of going for advice to a wise man in the town land. Leaving her unaccountable helpers eating her last baking of bread, she slipped away, and reaching the sage told him all her troubles, and how her husband could not be wakened. He chid her for her thoughtlessness in having asked for uncanny help, and said to her,—

"As long as you live do not wish, ask, or pray for anything unwise or improper, in case you get your desire and bring evils on yourself. The people have come, and you will not get quit of them by laboured talk. Your husband is under spells, and before he can be awakened your undesirable visitors must be got out of the house, and part of the fulling-water sprinkled over him."

She then asked by what means she could get rid of the strangers; and the wise man

Dh' fharraid i sin de'n dòigh air 'm faigheadh i na daoine-fuadain air falbh, 's thuirt an sean duine rithe tilleadh dhachaidh, 's seasamh air an dùn aig dorus an tighe 's glaodhach àird a cinn, trì uairean gun robh Dùn Bhurg 'n a theine. Thigeadh a' chuideachd an sin a mach le réis dh' fhaicinn an t-seallaidh iad fhéin 's dar gheibheadh i taobh a mach an tighe iad 's an dorus druidte orra, bha i ri car tuathail tarsuinn no car-a-mhuiltein a chur 's a' h-uile nì bha iad ag obair leis. Thill i leis an fhiosrachadh a fhuair i, 's nar ràinig i'n cnoc mu choinneamh an doruis ghlaodh i co searbh 's co cruaidh 's gu'n cluinneadh feadhainn a b' fhaid' air astar na bha na beachd i, "Tha teine an Dùn Bhurg! Dùn Bhurg ri theine! Dùn Bhurg 'n a lasair dheirg."

Mu 'n do chrìochnaich i an glaodh corranach bha 'chuideachd shìth mach as an tigh 'n an sradaichean, a' mùchadh 's a' saltairt air a chéile feuch co aca bhiodh air thoiseach ann 's an "Holovohorohe" bha aca ruigheachd an doruis 's iad ag éibheach,—

told her to return home, and stand on the hillock at her own door, and cry out as loud as she could three times, "Burg Hill is on fire!" The company would then rush out to see for themselves; and when she got them outside, she was to disarrange, reverse, overturn, and upset everything they had been working with. She returned with the knowledge given her; and when she reached the hillock before the door, she cried out so fearful and loud that she could be heard by people farther away than those it was meant for, "There is fire in Burg Hill! Burg Hill is on fire! Burg Hill is in red flames of fire!"

Before she had finished the last alarming warning, the fay people rushed out of the house, crushing and trampling each other in their eagerness to be foremost in the "Holovohorohe;" and as they hurried to the door they cried,—

"My wife and little ones,
My cheese and butter-keg,
My sons and daughters,
My big meal chests,

"Mo bhean 's mo phàisdean,
Mo chàise 's mo ghogan ime,
Mo mhic 's mo nigheanan,
'S mo chisteachan móra mine,
Mo chìr 's mo chàrdan,
An snàth 's a' chuigeal,
Mo bhó 's a' bhuarach,
'S na cuachan bainne,
Eich 's na h-iallan,
Cliabhan 's cinnean,
'S an talamh 'cur roimhe,
M' ùird 's m' innean,
Dùn Bhurg ri theine,
'S ma loisgear Dùn Bhurg
Loisgear mo mhùirn 's mo mhire"—

h-uile aon riamh dhiu' 'caoidh rud a b' fheàrr 's a b' fhiù leo chaidh fhàgail 's an Dùn.

'Nar fhuair a' Bhean-tighe gu'n robh iad taobh muigh an doruis chaidh i stigh air an cùlthaobh co luath 's b' urrainn dhi 's dhùin 's chrann i 'n dorus orra, 's mar a dh'earbar rithe chur i air aimhreidh a h-uile sian air an robh na daoine 's na mnathan còire ag obair. Thug i 'bhann bhàrr na cuibhle, chur i car 's a' chuigeil, na càrdan còmhla 'n àite bhi cas mu seach, car-a-mhuiltein do'n bheart-

My comb and wool-cards,
Thread and distaff,
Cow and fetter,
Horses and traces,
Harrows and hoard,
And the ground bursting,
My hammers and anvil,
Burg Hill is on fire,
And if Burg Hill is burnt,
My pleasant occupations
And merriments are gone,"—

each of them in their turn crying for the articles most prized by them, which had been left in the fairy knowe.

When the goodwife saw that they were all out of the house, she went in quickly behind them, carefully shut and fastened the door, and, as she was told to do, deranged everything at which the fairy company had been working. She took the band off the spinning-wheel, twisted the distaff the opposite way, put the wool-cards together instead of being contrary, turned the loom topsy-turvy, and took the fulling-water off the fire, etc. She had hardly finished this work, and begun the family baking, when

fhighe, am bùrn luaidh bhàrr an teine, 's mar sin a sìos. 'S gann a bha i ullamh dheth so, 's i air tòiseachadh air deasachadh do mhuinntir an tighe, na thill na Daoine Còire air ais ag iarraidh stigh 's ag éibheach,—

"Ionnaraidh Mhór Mhaith Bhean-an-Tighe! Leig a stigh sinn."

"Cha'n urrainn mi," ors ise, "'s mo làmhan 's an taois."

Sin ghlaoidh iad ris a chuibhle: "'Chuibheal mhaith éirich 's fosgail an dorus dhuinn."

"Ciamar dh' fheudas mi," ors' a' chuibheal, "'s mi gun bhann."

Rinn iad an sin diùras ris a' chuigeil: "'Chuigeal ullamh, ealamh! Fosgail an dorus dhuinn."

"'S mise gu'n deanadh," ors' a' chuigeal, "mar biodh car annam."

Thuirt iad a nis ris na càrdan an dorus fhosgladh.

"Dheanamaide sin glé thoilichte na'm biodh comas nan cas againn."

Thug iad sin an aire do'n bheart-fhighe's nach diùltadh i iad. Thuirt a' bheart-fhighe gu'n deanadh mur biodh i car-a-mhuiltein.

the fairy company returned, knocking for admission, and calling out,—

"Tall Inary, good housewife, let us in."

"That I cannot," she answered; "my hands are in the dough measure."

They then called to the Spinning-wheel, "Good Spinning-wheel, get up and open the door to us."

"How can I," said the Spinning-wheel, "when I am without a band?"

They now appealed to the Distaff: "Ready, quick Distaff, open the door for us."

"I would willingly open the door for you," said the Distaff, "but I am twisted contrary."

Then they asked the Wool-cards to open the door.

"We would do as you wish with pleasure, but we are foot-bound," said the Cards.

They now thought of the Weaving-loom, that it could not refuse them. The Weaving-loom said that it would, were it not that it was topsy-turvy. They now besought the Fulling-water to let them in, saying,—

Bhriodail iad a nis air a' bhùrn-luaidh an leigeil stigh ag radhainn ris. "'Bhùrn-luaidh nach fhosgail thu 'n dorus?"

"Cha'n urrainn mi 's mi bhàrr an teine," ors' am bùrn-luaidh.

Bha iad thun toirt thairis 's a' fàs neo-fhaighidneach 's air a cheann mu dheireadh thug iad an aghaidh, 's rinn iad an gearan ris a bhonnach bheag a' bha'g a bhruich air leac-an-teintein 's thuirt iad ris,—

"'Bhonnaich bhig an àigh! fosgail an dorus gu grad 's cabhag oirnn."

Dh' éirich am bonnach beag 's thug e 'n dorus air co luath sa b' urrainn da ach bha 'Bhean-tighe na h-earalas. Air a dhéidhinn ghabh i 's rug i air 's thug i gomag as 's an àite ruigheachd gu *snec* an doruis 's ann thuit e 'n a spleog air an ùrlar. Bho nach robh dòigh no dealbh tuilleadh aca air faighinn a stigh ghabh iad le dùrachd an sàs am Fear-an-Tighe 's b'e cheann a b' aon bhallcoise cuir is iomain dhoibh gus an àite bhi trom an d' fhàs e cho aotrom ri iteag.

Mar nach gabhadh an horò fulang na b'fhaide chuimhnich a' Bhean-Tighe mar

"Fulling-water, will you not open the door?"

"I cannot, when I am off the fire," said the Fulling-water.

They were getting exhausted and impatient, and as a last resource they turned and made their complaint to the little Bannock that was toasting on the hearth, and said to it,—

"Little Bannock of good fortune, open the door quickly, for we are in haste."

The little Bannock rose and sped to the door as fast as he could, but the good housewife was too alert for him. She ran after, caught, and nipped him; so that, instead of reaching the latch of the door, he fell with a splatch on the floor. There being now no other way or means of getting in, they attacked the goodman of the house with vehemence, and his head was their football for putting and playing, till, instead of being heavy, it became as light as a feather.

When the hubbub became unbearable, the good housewife remembered what she was told to do with the fulling-water. She

dh' iarradh oirre dheanamh leis a' bhùrn-luaidh 's thog i làn cuaiche 's thilg i thairis air Fear-an-Tighe e. Dhùisg esan gun dàil. Bha an t-am aige. Dh' éirich e 's dh'fhosgail e 'n dorus 's sguir an ùpraid.

A' CHRIOCH.

lifted a cogful, and threw it over the good-man, who awoke immediately. It was high time for him. He rose, opened the door, and the uproar ceased.

THE END.