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GILLE A'BHUIDSEIR

<eng>THE WIZARD'S GILLIE
and Other Tales<gai>

[TD 2]

[Bàn]

[TD 3]

ANCIENT LEGENDS of THE SCOTTISH GAEL

<gai>GILLE A'BHUIDSEIR<eng>
THE WIZARD'S GILLIE
AND OTHER TALES

Edited and Translated by
J. G. MCKAY

From the magnificent Manuscript Collections
of the late
J. F. CAMPBELL OF ISLAY
Compiler of the famous
"Popular Tales of the West Highlands"

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[TD 4]

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

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 IV, J. F. Campbell gives a list of unpublished Gaelic stories, all numbered, and most of which are to be found in Vols.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

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

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PREFACE

THE tales here translated and published for the first time, have been selected from among many others gathered together by the late J. F. Campbell of Islay, Iain Og Ile. His is a name to conjure with in the world of folk-lore, and to add a stone to his cairn were a pleasant task, so to his memory this little book is dedicated as some slight recognition of the value of his gigantic labours in the

field of Gaelic legend, labours which in his own day, attracted, alas! but little attention and scant appreciation. The number of legends he and his collectors gathered together is not known, but cannot be far short of one thousand.

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

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

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

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

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<gai>GILLE A'BHUIDSEIR

<eng>THE WIZARD'S GILLIE<gai>

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GILLE A'BHUIDSEIR

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

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

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

"Is ann."

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

"Leigidh," ars an tuathanach.

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

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

Dh' innis e mar a bha.

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

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

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

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<eng>indeed, is followed by <gai>“ars esan,”<eng> quoth he. But the mother seems by the context to be the person in whose mouth the words would be more appropriate.<gai>

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

“Leigidh.”

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

“Coinnichidh.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* <eng>From other versions which are clearer at this point.<gai>

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<eng>The father's forgetfulness is a characteristic feature.<gai>

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

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

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

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

"Chan'eil comas air."

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

"Chunnaic."

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

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

"Tha do mhac a'fuireach 'sa Chaisteal Mhòr ud a dh'fhàg thu 'nad dhéidh—is mise do mhac a tha 'bruidhinn riut!"

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

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

["Chan'eil."]

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

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[Beurla]

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

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

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

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

"Gu de do chùnnradh?"

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

Thug Fear a'Chaisteil siod da.

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

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

"Am bi?"

"Bithidh."

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

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[Beurla]

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

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“Gu de an fhéill a bhios ann?”

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

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

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

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

“Fichead punnd Sasunnach,” ars an tuathanach.

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

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

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

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

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

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[Beurla]

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

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

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

"Gu de ghabhas tu air an tarbh?"

"Tri fichead punnd Sasunnach," ars an tuathanach. Fhuair e siod, 's thug e seachad an tarbh, 's leum am fàinne air a bhois. Thilg e am fàinne air an làr, 's leum am fàinne 'na dhuine.

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

"Bidh féill anns a'bhaile so am màireach!"

"Gu de an fhéill a bhios ann?"

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

"Chan' eil."

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

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

* <eng>The son evidently forebodes his

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[Beurla]

father's careless forgetfulness.<gai>

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Thàinig an so fear far an robh e.

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

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

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

* * * * *

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

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

Bha na tri choireachan làn de dh’uisge goileach.

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

“Cha chuala,” ars ise.

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

“Is ann aige fhéin is fhearr a tha bràth,” arsa té.

“Tha e fhéin pong os cionn a h-uile gin a bha a stigh riamh.”*

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

* <eng>Reference is to the apprentices to the Black Art,

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[Beurla]

that had attended the Great Wizard’s College of Magic.<gai>

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Dh’fhalbh e [an so] ’na easgann chaoil. Ghabh e sìos an sràth, ’s

thug e allt air.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Gheabh iad sin," [ars ise,] 's i 'ga thoirt bhàrr a mèir.

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

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

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[Beurla]

able from the body at will. But if while absent from the body, the "soul," in no matter what shape died, the body died too, and that instantly.<gai>

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a'ghealbhan. [Chaidh am Buidsear Mòr 's a chompanaich nan còig

builg-shéididh dheug, 's thòisich iad air séideadh an teine.*]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[TD 29]

[Beurla]

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

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

348. The Collier’s Son.

199. <gai>Mac an Fhùcadair,<eng> published in An Sgeulaiche, III, No. 2.

107. <gai>Fiachaire Gobha.<eng>

173. <gai>An t-Amadan Mòr.<eng>

174. <gai>Biataiche na Boine.<eng>

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

<gai>Sgoil nan Eun,<eng> the School of Birds.

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

354. <gai>Canain nan Eun,<eng> the Language of Birds.

28. <gai>Alasdair, Mac an Impire.<eng>

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<gai>Iolla,<eng> interest: <gai>gabhail iolla,<eng> looking on with interest or pleasure. Note by transcriber.

<gai>Gabh iolla ris, gabh ealla ris.<eng>

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

Some use not <gai>"iolla"<eng> but <gai>"ealla"<eng> when meaning "observe, watch."

<gai>Airson Ni Maith,<eng> not, <gai>airson Ni Mhaith.<eng>

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

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

brackets.

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

[TD 32]

[Bàn]

[TD 33]

<gai>SLIOCHD AN TRI FICHEAD BURRAIDH

<eng>THE SEPT OF THE THREE SCORE FOOLS<gai>

[TD 34]

SLIOCHD AN TRI FICHEAD BURRAIDH

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

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

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

Thuirt MacDhùghaill, "Is e a bha an siod, Mac Caluim Cholgainn."
Thuirt a'Bhaintighearna,

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

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

Agus bha eagal orra gu'n gabhadh galar an dithis sin féin, agus gu'n

siubhladh iad. Agus ghabh iad comhairle ciamar a dheanadh iad.

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

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[Beurla]

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

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

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

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

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

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[Beurla]

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bheir sinn aoidheachd dhuibh." Agus chuir Clann Chaluim Ghlinn Eite

aig a'cheart àm cuireadh a dh'ionnsuidh Clann Chaluim Chnapadail iad a dhol air chéilidh do Ghleann Eite; agus gu'm faigheadh iad aoidheachd ré tamuill, o Chlann Chaluim Ghlinn Eite.

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

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

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

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

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

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[Beurla]

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

An sin, thuirt am fear a b'òige, "Thig a nise, agus feuchamaid e, biodag air bhiodaig."

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

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

“Tha mise de shliochd Mhic Caluim Cholgainn.”

“Agus tha mise de shliochd Mhic Caluim Cholgainn.”

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

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

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

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[Beurla]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The third version, <gai>“Comhrag an Dà Bhràthar,”<eng> says that the two

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[Beurla]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Livingston in his Gaelic Poems, 177, mentions <gai>"fear do shean Chalmaich, Cheann-Tìre mòire."<eng>

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

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

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

<gai>Sliochd an Tri Fichead Burraidh:<eng> Mac-Talla, VII, 54.

<gai>Cloinn Chaluim Cholagainn:<eng> Aig Tigh na Beinne, 281: see also 118, 150.

<gai>Allt na Dunach:<eng> Trans. Gael Soc. Inverness, XX, 66.

<gai>Blàr na Dunach:<eng> Gàidheal, II, 135.

<gai>Gilleann Ghlinn-Comhain 'us Gilleann Raineach:<eng> J. F. Campbell's unpublished MS. remains: Purple Vol. II.

<gai>Cùl-càise muinntir Ghlinn-Comhain:<eng> Cuairtear, I, 211

<gai>Itheadh càise a'Bharain Ruaidhe:<eng> Trans., XXI, 71.

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[Bàn]

[TD 47]

<gai>ROLAIS CHAILLEACH NA CUINNEIGE

<eng>THE COGIE CARLIN'S RHAPSODY<gai>

[TD 48]

RÒLAIS CHAILLEACH NA CUINNEIGE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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[Beurla]

[TD 50]

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

ceannachaidh mi uighean leis an airgiod a gheabh mi air.

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

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

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

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

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

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[Beurla]

[TD 52]

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

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

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

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

<eng>Vol. XI, No. 383. <gai>Ròlais Chailleach na Cuinneige.

Ròlais,<eng>—rhapsody, rigmarole, nonsensical soliloquy.

* <gai>Gabhaidh mi,<eng> etc., in MS.

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

Campbell appends the following note to the MS.:

[TD 53]

[Beurla]

“The Cogie Carlin’s Rhapsody.

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

[TD 54]

LUCHD AN IASaid

Tha seanfhacal aig na Gàidheil,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[TD 55]

[Beurla]

[TD 56]

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

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

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

<eng>No signature is affixed, no locality given. The idiom is
Anglicized in places, but the proverb, <gai>"Cha téid mi a
dh'iarraidh iasad suachdain"

[TD 57]

[Beurla]

<eng>looks like something genuine or the remains of something
genuine. See Mac-Talla, III, p.
55.<gai>

[TD 58]

[Bàn]

[TD 59]

RIGHIL AN T-SITHEIN

<eng>THE REEL IN THE FAIRY HILL<gai>

[TD 60]

RIGHIL AN T-SITHEIN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[TD 61]

[Beurla]

[TD 62]

bh'ann 'san uair e. Cha b'urrainn daibh dad a dheanamh dheth, ach

daonnan an t-aon rud aige.

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

* * * * *

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

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

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

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

* * * * *

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

[TD 63]

[Beurla]

[TD 64]

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

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

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

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

Bha an duine so [an duine a chaill a chompanach 'san t-Sìthean] 'na

fhear de'n fheadhainn aig an robh am morghath.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* <eng>For <gai>eadar,<eng> compare:
<gai>"Mharcaich e i eadar an Eadailt agus Braigh Assynt ann an leth oidhche,<eng> he rode her all the way from Italy to the Brae of Assynt in

[TD 65]

[Beurla]

half a night." <gai>Eadar,<eng> in both these cases has the sense of "complete, entire, inclusive."<gai>

[TD 66]

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

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

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

[TD 67]

[Beurla]

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

[TD 68]

[Bàn]

[TD 69]

DOMHNULL CAOL CAMSHRON

<eng>DONALD CAOL CAMERON<gai>

[TD 70]

DÒMHNUL CAOL CAMSHRON

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

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

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

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

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

[TD 71]

[Beurla]

[TD 72]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chùm Dòmhnall air gun sgiorradh, gun tubaist

[TD 73]

[Beurla]

[TD 74]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Cha tig Dòmhnall Bàn [tuilleadh]," thuirt erithe, "ach tha buaile mhath chruidh agam air an toirt dh'ad ionnsuidh."

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

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

"Chan'eil," thuirt ise.

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

[TD 75]

[Beurla]

[TD 76]

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

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

"Is bochd an sealladh sin domhsa, a'Dhòmhnuill," thuirt ise.

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

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

Gille na[n] Con.

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

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

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

<gai>“Dà Chnoc na Connlaich.<eng>
These two hills are in South Shawbost, Lewis.

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

[TD 77]

[Beurla]

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

<gai>“A'Mhic Dhòmhnuille Ghlais! chan fhàg thu a'chonnlach cho fada 's a bhios uiread leat agus a tha 'nad aghaidh agus duine a bharrachd!”<eng>

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

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

[TD 78]

[Bàn]

[TD 79]

CLAIDHEAMH SOLUIS RÌGH LOCHLAINN

<eng>THE KING OF LOCHLANN'S SWORD OF LIGHT<gai>

[TD 80]

CLAIDHEAMH SOLUIS RÌGH LOCHLAINN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[TD 81]

[Beurla]

[TD 82]

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

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

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

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

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

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

[TD 83]

[Beurla]

[TD 84]

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

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

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

Is e Soireab a bha air mac òg na Banrighinn, agus is ann air a

chaidh an cladh 'ainmeachadh Soireabaidh, sin Soireab uaigh.

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

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

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

[TD 85]

[Beurla]

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

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

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

[TD 86]

[Bàn]

[TD 87]

MAC MHIC RAONUILL

<eng>MACDONALD OF KEPPPOCH<gai>

[TD 88]

MAC MHIC RAONUILL

I.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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[Beurla]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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[Beurla]

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MAC MHIC RAONUILL

II.

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

Dh'iarra e deoch oirre.

Thuirt i ris nach robh deoch aice dha.

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

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

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

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

Chunnaic mise Mac Mhic Raonuill,
'S dhiùlt e deoch dhomh, dhiùlt e deoch dhomh,
Chunnaic mise Mac Mhic Raonuill, etc.

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

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

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

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[Beurla]

[TD 94]

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

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

<eng>From Lachlan Robertson, Lussay.

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

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[Beurla]

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

A letter from D. K. Torrie (who got the above from Lachlan Robertson) is bound up after this story. It proves that J. F. Campbell paid money for stories; for how many will probably never be known. But he was not rich at his death, and he remarks somewhere

that nobody seemed to care for the stories, an indifference which must have been very painful to this great-hearted man.<gai>

[TD 96]

[Bàn]

[TD 97]

AN TRIUIR A CHAIDH A DH'IARRAIDH FIOS AN ANRAIDH

<eng>THE THREE WHO WENT TO FIND OUT WHAT HARDSHIP MEANT<gai>

[TD 98]

AN TRIÙIR A CHAIDH A DH'IARRAIDH FIOS AN ÀNRAIDH

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

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

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

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

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

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

"A 'dhà Nighean is òige an Rìgh, theirigibh a bhuaibh luachrach* a bhios fodhainn anns na leapaichean," ars an seann duine.

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

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[Beurla]

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

[TD 100]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* <eng>Even her shoes, though smaller than she, were not

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[Beurla]

able to enter; she could no more get in than fly<gai>

[TD 102]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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[Beurla]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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[Beurla]

[TD 106]

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

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

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

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

Phòs e té eile.

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

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

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

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

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[Beurla]

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

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

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

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

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

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

Notes.—J. F. Campbell makes the following reference to our story, No. 123, "A woman who has no fear." *W. H. Tales*, IV, p. 408. The opening is a little like No. 119, <gai>"Cù Bàn an t-Sleibhe"; <eng> of which there is another version, *Zeitschrift*, I, 146; <gai>Tarbh Mòr na h-Iorbhaig, <eng> *Celtic Review*, V, 259; and "The Roan Bull of Oranges," *Folk Lore*, IV. For the heroine's sisters determine to find

out <gai>Fios an Ànraidh.<eng> The heroine accompanies them but not with the same purpose. Thus far does our story slightly resemble the openings in those above-mentioned, but the after events are quite unique.

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

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[Beurla]

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

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

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

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

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

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

was, or meant.

<gai>Coluinn gun Cheann,<eng> the Headless-Body.

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

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

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

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

[TD 112]

[Bàn]

[TD 113]

AN SAOR MACPHEIGH

<eng>THE CARPENTER MACPHEIGH<gai>

[TD 114]

AN SAOR MACPHEIGH

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

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

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

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

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

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[Beurla]

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

“Ach innsidh mise dhuit mar a ni sinn.

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

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

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

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

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

Ràinig na saoir Lochlannach am buth oibre, agus

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[Beurla]

[TD 118]

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

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

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

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

agus feuchaidh sinn an strì a màireach.”

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

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

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

[TD 119]

[Beurla]

[TD 120]

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bheireadh e sealladh an dràs d ’s a rithisd air sùil na

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

[TD 121]

[Beurla]

Gharaidh,<eng> An Sgeulaiche, I, 301. In the Gaelic idiom, it is usually the standing or inanimate object which is said to meet the moving object or person. In English, it is the moving object that meets the standing one.<gai>

[TD 122]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

to

[TD 123]

[Beurla]

stick the second and every succeeding one into the tail of the preceding one." Said of <gai>Iain Beag Mac-Aindrea;<eng> see Cuairtear nan Gleann.<gai>

[TD 124]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[TD 125]

[Beurla]

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

[TD 126]

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

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

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

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

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

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[Beurla]

[TD 128]

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

Nithear mòran le spionnadh, ach nithear tuilleadh le seòltachd.

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

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

[TD 129]

[Beurla]

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

It is a fine story, though the Gaelic is occasionally attenuated by
Anglicization. Wherever the idiom of the versions differed, I
followed the version least like English, and in one or two places,
where the foreign influence was excessive, I substituted native
idiom, but never of course, altered the sense in the least.<gai>

[TD 130]

[Bàn]

[TD 131]

FEAR GHEUSDO

<eng>THE LAIRD OF GEUSDO<gai>

[TD 132]

FEAR GHEUSDO

THACHAIR do dh'Fhear Gheusdo anns an Eilean Sgiathanach gu'n tàinig e aon uair a choimhead caraid ann am Beinn nam Faoghla an Uibhist, e fhéin agus a ghille le bàta. Chaidh iad a stigh troimh sheòlaid ris an canadh iad "Seòlaid Rudha Eubhach." Chaidh iad air tìr an "Àirigh a'Phuill" an "Eubhal." Dh'fhalbh iad 'nan cois airson dol gu ruige Beinn nam Faoghla.

Thàinig an t-sìde gu h-olc orra le cur agus le cathadh air an rathad. An uair a ràinig iad àite cumhang air an rathad ris an canar "A'Chlaigionn," eadar Beinn nam Faoghla a's Uibhist, chunnaic iad solus rompa, agus rinn iad dìreach air, agus an uair a bha iad aig an t-solus, bha sin fosgailte rompa, agus chaidh iad a stigh ann.

Bha siod làn de dhaoine, 's bha seann duine liath 'na shuidhe an taobh shuas de'n teine. Bha e 'coimhead nan coigreach, 's gun fhios aige gu de chuir an rathad idir iad. Thuirt e ris an fheadhainn a bha a stigh còmhla ris, dol agus trath-oidhche 'fhaotainn do'n choigreach 's d'a ghille. Dh'fhalbh an fheadhainn a bha còmhla ris a'bhodach airson trath-oidhche 'fhaotainn do na coigrich; 's cha d'fhàg iad a stigh ach am bodach le Fear Gheusdo, 's le a ghille.

Thàinig iad dachaidh.

"Am bheil trath-oidhche agaibh do na coigrich?" thuirt am bodach riutha.

"Chan'eil dad againn," ars iadsan; "shiubhail sinn Leòdhas, agus Barraidh, agus Uibhist a'Chinn a Deas, agus Tuath, 's chan fhaca sinn creutair nach robh air a

[TD 133]

[Beurla]

[TD 134]

bheannachadh, 's cha b'urrainn duinn dad a dheanamh dheth."

"Ud!" thuirt am bodach, "chan'eil sin gu math; falbhaibh fhathasd agus faighibh trath-oidhche do'n choigreach."

Dh'fhalbh iad, 's ma dh'fhalbh, cha robh iad fada gun tighinn agus màrt breagha, buidhe aca. Arsa gille Fir Gheusdo r'a mhaighstir,

"O Dhia! nach fhaic sibh a'Phrìseag?*"

Phut a mhaighstir e, agus thuirt e ris fuireach samhach.

Dh'fhoighnich an seann duine dhiubh—

“C'à'n d'fhuair sibh so?” agus thuirt iadsan ris—

*“Thàinig sinn gu ruig Geusdo, 's bha a'bhanachag a'bleoghann a'chruidh. Thog bò a cas, 's bhual i an cuman, agus dhòirt i e. Dh'éirich a'bhanachag 'na seasamh, 's thog i a'bhuarach, 's bhual i a'bhò leatha, agus thuirt i—'Na na bhlighear agus na na bhuailichear gu brathach tuilleadh thu, agus gu'm b'e droch chomhdhail a dh'éireas duit.' An uair a chuala sinn so, ghrad bha sinn aice, agus thug sinn leinn i.”

Bhruich iad a'bhò agus dh'ith iad i, 's fhuair Fear Gheusdo a leòir dhi.

Cho luath 's a thàinig an latha, chuir Fear Gheusdo air, agus thog e fhéin agus a ghille orra gu ruig Geusdo.

An uair a ràinig e am baile, cha robh duine a stigh nach robh gus a bhi marbh: fhuair e a mach gu de bha orra.—Fhuair iad a'bhò marbh, agus dh'ith iad i. Shaoil iadsan gur h-i a'bhò a bha aca.

* <eng>The gillie is terrified, and well he may be; for he recognizes one of his master's cows, and knows it could have never been brought there

[TD 135]

[Beurla]

in the time, but by some uncanny agency.<gai>

[TD 136]

Chuir e fios air a'bhanachaig*.

Dh'fhoighnich e dhi gu de thàinig eadar i fhéin agus a' Phrìseag an raoir.

Thuirt ise nach tàinig dad.

Thuirt esan rithe, “Nach d'thuirt thu an uair a dhòirt i an cuman ort, 'Na na bhlighear agus na na bhuailichear gu brathach tuilleadh thu, agus gu'm b'e droch chomhdhail a dh' éireas duit?”

Dh'aidich i gu'n robh siod ceart.

Thuirt e riu an uair sin, gu'n d'ith iad am bodach sìth ann an àite a'mhàirt.

Dh'innis fear an tighe [Fear Gheusdo?] mar a bha, agus leighis e na

h-uile duine, agus phàigh e a' bhanachaig, agus thug e a cead di.†

<eng>From Malcolm MacLean, Lochmaddy, who learnt it from his grandfather, Hugh MacLean, who was a very old man when reciter learnt it. The old man was in his prime and living at Lochmaddy in 1765. Written down at Lochmaddy, August 11th, 1859.

<gai>* Dh'fheòraich e airson na banachaig,<eng> in MS.

<gai>† Phaigh e dheth a' bhanachaig,<eng> in MS.

Notes.—<gai>A' Chlaigionn.

Claigionn,<eng> skull: scalp; best field of arable land on a farm. Faclair Gàidhlig.

<gai>Claigionnach,<eng> head-stall of a halter: best arable land of a district. Ibid.

Benbecula. In Gaelic <gai>Beinn na Faoghla,<eng> or <gai>Beinn nam Faoghla; ("faoghail"<eng> being Uist dialect for <gai>"fadhail,"<eng>) a word meaning, amongst other things, a ford or space between islands when rendered passable on foot through the tide receding. Ibid.—<gai>Beinn na Faoghla<eng> is said to be in Uist in our story, as if itself and the two Uists to north and south of it formed one island.

<gai>A' Bhuarach.<eng> The cow-fetter, or cow-shackle, or cow-spancel, which was placed on a cow's hindlegs while being milked to prevent her from kicking. The important part played by this homely article in the tale of "Fear Gheusdo" makes some notice of it desirable. Though of common and everyday use, it was of extremely ominous character.

[TD 137]

[Beurla]

<gai>"Eadar a' bhaobh 's a' bhuarach.<eng> Twixt the vixen and the cow-fetter. 'Betwixt the Devil and the deep sea.' It was a superstitious fancy that if a man got struck by the <gai>'buarach,'<eng> he would thenceforth be childless." Nicolson, 171.

<gai>"Baobh eadar e 's an dorus.<eng> A witch barring his exit." Superstitions, 259.

These two sayings possibly refer to a legend or legends of which only the fragments have come down to us, of a great encounter between, on the one hand, a mortal man skilled in magic, and on the other hand, one of the ancient Gaelic giantesses, or witches, or <gai>cailleachan.<eng> The encounter seems to have included

competitions in witchcraft, and in satirizing or <gai>bearradaireachd,<eng> in which each party tried to excel the other in aptness of speech, <gai>"a'gearr bhearradh glòir a chéile,"<eng> gibing at each other with a war of words; but there must have been also a trial by combat, in which the <gai>cailleach<eng> would have wielded the <gai>buarach<eng> and the mortal would have tried to dodge the dreaded weapon. Other creatures were also supposed to wield the buarach as a weapon. Thus the fairy-woman was credited with having nine cow-fetters (nine being a number of intensity, with which we may perhaps compare the cat of nine tails) and these figure in almost every bespelling run, when characters bespell or conjure one another to carry out some task or go on some quest, "by crosses and by spells and by the nine cow-fetters of

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the busily-roaming, misleading fairy woman," <gai>"mar chroisean 's mar gheasan, 's mar naoidh buaraichean mnatha-sithe, siubhlaiche, seachranaiche."<eng>

There is a tale in the Gàidheal, II, 371, in which the gigantic <gai>"Caileach Beinn a'Bhric"<eng> comes to the door of a hunter's hut in the gloaming, and tells him that when he sees her next day milking her herd of deer, he is to mark and afterwards to pursue whichever hind she strikes with the buarach for being refractory at milking time, for the hind so struck is doomed to become the prey of the hunter. In the similar case of Murdoch of Gàig, the hunter sees the fairies strike a hind and say, "may a dart from Murdoch's quiver pierce your side before night," the hind so cursed falling in due course a victim to the hunter's skill. Trans. Gael. Soc. Inverness, XVI, 261.

But it is a dairymaid, an ordinary mortal, who figures in "Fear Gheusdo," and who strikes her cow with the buarach, and curses it, the animal being at once rendered liable to attack by fairies; in fact, it almost seems as if the fairies were provoked to attack it, though they had been quite unable to touch animals that had been blessed. In the Celtic Review, V, 58, appeared (in English) a very interesting tale, similar in some incidents to "Fear Gheusdo," in which cows are rendered immune to fairy attack by blessing, charming, and shackling. In legends preserved by the Rev. J. G. Campbell, a blow from the <gai> buarach <eng>seems enough to secure immunity (Superstitions, 230), and the reverend gentleman further says that "after milking a cow, the dairymaid should strike it <gai>deiseal<eng> with the shackle, saying 'out and home' <gai>(mach 'us dachaigh.)<eng> This secures its safe return." See also *ibid.* 82. But in these cases there is no cursing, and the shackle must have been made of <gai>"lonnaid chaorainn 's gaosaid stallain,<eng> rowan-tree withe, and stallion's hair," according to A. R. Forbes, who adds that the buarach "should be carefully looked after and preserved from any others getting at it." Gaelic Names of Beasts, 97. The use of these materials in the manufacture of the shackle

clearly indicates a desire to get rid of its ancient harmfulness, for the rowantree was sovereign against evil, as all know, and a stallion afforded such complete protection that while on the back of one a man might ride to a meeting of witches, yet return unscathed.

In this wild story, "Fear Gheusdo," the Laird and his servant partake of the flesh of a real cow called <gai>"Priseag,"<eng> the Laird's own property, which the fairies had transported through the air across the sea in order that they might have something to set before their guest,

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the laws of hospitality being as binding in fairyland as in any part of Scotland. There are indeed several stories in which a mortal compels magicians or bogles to execute his commands by simply refusing their offer of hospitality until his wishes have been carried out, for rather than that their mortal guest should go away without tasting food, the unearthly hosts will comply with any request. See note, p. 18.

The fairies had searched far and wide for food, but as every creature and beast had been blessed, they were unable to touch anything. (They are equally unable in another tale in Superstitions, 82, when on a very similar expedition for a very similar purpose, to touch one cow because a dairymaid had struck it with the buarach, and unable to touch a second, because its knee was resting on a tuft of <gai>bruchorcan,<eng> dirk grass, *juncus squarrosus*.) But in "Fear Gheusdo," when on foray for the second time, the fairies take away the cow Prìseag, that the dairymaid had struck and cursed, and leave behind them in its stead what seemed indeed to be the carcass of the cow, but was in reality the body of an old fairy.

The Laird's people, presently finding what they take to be the dead Prìseag, cook and eat it, and fall ill, the usual result of eating changeling or fairy animals. But the Laird and his servant, who had eaten the flesh of a real cow take no harm, and even though they eat it in fairyland, they suffer no detention there.

Upon reaching home, and finding all his people ill, the Laird, remembering the tale he had heard in the fairy brugh, questions his dairymaid, and she confesses to striking the cow with the buarach, and cursing it. He pays her off, and heals his own people, telling them that they had eaten the old <gai>bodach-sìth<eng> or fairy man. The definite article "the" is frequently used in the Gaelic idiom to introduce a fresh character or person, and at first sight it might seem to have been so used here, and that the bodach-sìth is a fresh character, for how could the Laird's people, who were in Skye and on one side of the Minch, how could they have eaten an old bodach while Geusdo himself was talking to him in the fairy brugh in Benbecula on the other side of the Minch? But then a divisible personality is not unknown in Gaelic mythology, and characters sometimes become two, or even three different persons or creatures, with a corresponding

ability to appear in two or more different places at once, so that one and the same old bodach-sìth might appear both in Benbecula and Skye at the same time. Similarly in <gai>"Rìgh Eirionn 's a dhà mhac," Celtic Review, VI, 371, the <gai>"creutair grannda"<eng> appears as three red-haired women on the first occasion,

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and as two women on another; and in the well-known tale of <gai>"Dun-Bhuilg,"<eng> the fairies are able, though locked out of the house, to pound and kick the head of the sleeping goodman, who is inside the house, which they could only have done on the supposition of a divisible personality. And in the case of <gai>"Luran,"<eng> a farmer, a man who had suffered severely from fairy depredations, the poor fellow actually sees himself helping the fairies drive his own cows away to the fairy knoll, so that divisibility was possible even for mortals, in which belief the Gael's bent for metaphysical speculation has anticipated the modern science of psychology by millenniums.

Luran's case is very much in point, for after beholding himself help the fairies drive his own cow into the fairy brugh, he there sees an old elf, a tailor with a needle in the right lappel of his coat, who is forcibly caught hold of by the other elves, stuffed into the hide of the cow that Luran had seen his second self chasing, and then sewn up.

Next morning, this very cow is found lying at the foot of the fairy knoll, and Luran prophesies that a needle will be found in its right shoulder; on this proving to be the case, he allows none of the flesh to be eaten, but throws it out of the house. For full details of this curious legend, see Superstitions, 52, et seq., also Trans. Gael. Soc. Inverness, XXVI, 271.

Possibly, in older versions of our tale, Geusdo would have beheld the other fairies sew the old <gai>bodach<eng> up in Prìseag's hide, before they transported him to Skye. In any case it seems essential to attribute divisibility of personality to the bodach, and that one of these personalities was taken everywhere that night by the other fairies when foraging for food. Then when on their second foray, they changed it into an appearance of the cow that the dairymaid had cursed, and left it in the animal's place.

When an elf-smitten beast <gai>(beathach a chaidh a ghonadh)<eng> dies, it should not be eaten: its flesh is not flesh but a stock of alder-wood, an aged elf or some trashy substitute. If the dead animal be rolled down a hill, it will disappear altogether. In the case of a bull that had been killed by falling over a precipice, a nail was driven into the carcase to keep the fairies away, *ibid*, 33, 47, 93.

It is always old superannuated individuals of their race whom the fairies, who have very much the same customs as other races, hand

over to mortals in the shape of changeling babies, changeling wives, or as in the case of "Fear Gheusdo," changeling cows. We probably have here an echo of the dreadful custom of killing the old and decrepit

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members of a tribe, a custom which has at one time or another obtained amongst almost all nations. See an article on the subject Folk Lore, I, 197, by Sir G. L. Gomme who takes for his text a tale from the Gaelic contributed by J. F. Campbell himself to the Ethnological Society's Journal, II, 336, 1869-70, the Gaelic original of which tale I have not yet found.

The fairies think that in sending or leaving their old people amongst mortals, they do away with them, kill them in short; for the world of mortals is to the fairies what the other world is to us mortals, and that the fairies actually regarded mortals as ghosts appears clearly enough from the fact that in one tale a mortal woman is actually addressed by a fairy as having come from the land of the dead, and in a second, when the Glaistig and its bantling see a man hiding behind the door, they call him in one version a <gai>logaid,<eng> and in another a <gai>tamhasg,<gai> both of which words mean a ghost or bogle. See Superstitions, 58, 177: Celtic Review, July, 1908, p. 63: and Folk Tales and Fairy Lore, 263.

It would be quite in keeping with this that <gai>Cailleach Beinn a'Bhric<eng> should threaten refractory deer with the hunter, who, being an ordinary mortal, was, to the fairies as well as to the whole world of <gai>sìth,<eng> a ghost; and to the deer, a dreaded enemy.—Mortal mothers used to threaten their children with the strange bogle, <gai>"MacGlumaig nam Mias, o Liath Tarruing Shìoda, Burrach Mòr."<eng> Witchcraft, 187; Trans. Gaelic Soc. Inverness, XV, Sgoil nan Eun, note.

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