

Gaelic Page.

Baile Dhuthaich bhoidheach, s' Dornach na gorta
Sgiobal nan ubhlan, 's Bil an arain choirce,
Euraboll nan adagan, Dunrobain a' chàil,
Goillspidh nan sligean dubha, 'us Druim-uidh an
t-sàil.

Bonnie Tain, and hungry Dornoch,
Skibo for apples, and Beil for oat cakes,
Eribel for haddocks, Dunrobin for kail,
Golspie for black shells, Drumuie for brine.

[*Old Saying*]

Nighean Morrair Ullin.

Eadar. Bho'n Bheurl'aig Tomas Calmbeul le Mur-
chadh Mac Rath.

Dh'Eigh Ceann-feadhn' do'n Bhraithe triall,
"Fhir-iuraich, na dean maille
'S bheir mi pund airgid dhuit gu fiail,
Ach aisig sinn gu calla."

Thar sail Lochghuil, co sibh tha'n duil,
A dhol 'san stoirm 's a ghaillion?
"Air eilean Ulbha 's mi's ceann-iul,
'S seo nighean Morair Ullin.

"Bho dhaoine a h-athair, comhla, teann.
Tri laithean rinn sinn teicheadh,
'S ma ghlaiceas e sinn ann's a ghleann,
Bi m-fhuil 'san fhraoch—Dean greasad."

"Tha 'mharcaichean na'r deigh reis—
An toir oirnn, 's iad nan deannal;
Co thogas fonn air bean mo speis,
Ma mharbhas iad a leannan!"

Bu dalma guth a Ghaedhail bhochd,—
"Mo Cheannard! tha mi deasail,
Cha'n iomrinn airson duais an nochd,
Ach toil, bean uasal dhleisail."

"Mo ghealladhsa, a mhaighdean dhonn,
Cha bhi a'n ioma-cheist fada,
Ged's geal tha cirean ard nan tonn,
Bheir mise dhuibh an taisig."

Sior-dh' eirich annradh borb, us sruth,
'S bha tasg a chuan a ranail,
'S dh'fhas gach reul 's na speurean dubh,
'S bha gnais na h-oidche grainail.

Ach mar a b' airde sheid an stoirm,
'San oidche dhorch, rhapach,
A' nuas an gleann gun cluinnte toirm,—
'Us armachd each a tatraidh.

"O cabhag! cabhag"! ghuidhe an oighe,
"Tha'n fhaige trom dha 'n eithear,
Ach choinn'chin lasraichean na'n neoil,
'S cha choinnich coirrich m' athair."

Dh' fhalbh am bàt air bàrr nan stuagh,
'S an cuan na chop mu' n cuairt oir,
Mo thruaighe! dh'fhas a ghaath cho cruaidh,
'S nach toireadh spioneadh buaidh oir.

Le chathadh-mara, 's iad ga cuir,
Bha stuadhan fuar gam bathadh;
Nuair rainig Morair Ullin muir,
Chaidh fhearg le bron a thradhadh.

E sgith, 's fo phian troimh stoirm 's sian,
Fad as, gum fac e leancabh,
Aon ghairdean ban dha iornsaidh sinnt,
'Sa h-aon mu'n cuairt 'a leannan.

"Thig dhachaigh"! ghlaodh e thar a chuan,
"Dhe'n fhaige, deanibh tighinn,
'S an Gaidheil mathanas gheibh bhuan
Mo nighean, O mo nighean!"

Ach b' fhaoin a ghlaodh, tre 'n fhaige throm—
Cha burrain dol na pilleadh—
Chaidh'n nighean sios a'n com nan tonn,
'S tha dheoir la bron a silleadh.

Ottawa, April, 1896.

HIGHLAND MEMORIAL

TO

PROF. JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

After the death of Professor Blackie it was felt by some Highlanders who attended his public funeral that a permanent Memorial was due to one who, though not by birth a Highlander, had done so much to interest the public in the Scottish Highlands, their natives, and their language.

The idea of the foundation of the Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh, which had been suggested by Mr. Lockhart in the *Quarterly Review* more than fifty years before, was realised chiefly by Professor Blackie's enthusiasm and personal exertions.

His speech and writings powerfully seconded the learned labours of Mr. William Forbes Skene, and Mr. J. F. Campbell of Islay, in collecting and making known to a wider public the genuine records of the Celtic history of Scotland, the charm of Gaelic poetry and romance and the character and condition of the Highland portion of the Scottish nation in the present as well as the past.

As a student of language he constantly directed the attention of his countrymen to how much had been done for Celtic by Continental scholars, and how much remained to be done for the Gaelic branch of Celtic, which could be best done by scholars born and bred in the country where Gaelic is still spoken.

Communications with Glasgow and the chief centres of the Highlands, Inverness,