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SHELF MARK: MML7262 – MML7316
TITLE: Folklore of the West Highlands
AUTHOR: Collected by Dr Robert Maclagan

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Anonymous

7262

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Dàil Tìodhlaic.

From Mrs Fraser. Glenurquhart.

Talking of things supernatural, a native of Glen-
-urquhart said:—

I heard my mother often telling that when she was a young girl, she and her sisters were washing their feet one night in a little tub, and when they were done, her youngest sister went out with the water. It was dark, and the place where she should empty the water, was across a little bit in front of the door, and she had to go down three steps to it. When she was just at the up-
-permost step, her eye caught some thing that frightened her, and she ran back into the house, without waiting to Empty out the water. My grandmother asked her what was wrong, and she said that she had seen some thing stand-
-ing up against the wall. My grandmother, thinking that it was nothing but the girl's silliness, gave her a scold, say-
-ing to her "O bi falbh leat, thu fhein agus t-fhaicinn". (Oh, away with you, yourself and your seeing). And with that she rose herself, and catching the tub, went to throw out the water. But if she did! When she went out she saw a coffin on two chairs at the side of a house beside her own, where her brother was lying unwell at the time; and a plaid that had belonged to her mother — that was my great grand mother — was spread over the coffin.

In a few nights after that, milk was wanted for the sup-
-per. The milk was kept in an out-house, and my grand-
-mother went out for it, and again she saw the coffin covered

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Dàil Fiodhlaic.

with the plaid, and there were, as she saw, so many people gathered together, that she could hardly make her way through them. When she came in, she told them what she had seen, and referring to her brother who was sick, indicated that he would not be long with them now. And neither he was, for he died in a day or two after that. And more than that, when the funeral day came, the coffin was laid on two chairs out side, just where my grand mother had seen it. And like all coffins at that time, there was no cloth on it, and some one asked my grandmother to bring her mother's plaid, that it might be spread over the coffin, as a covering. The plaid was in this little place where the milk was kept, and when she went for it, she had to pass the coffin, and make her way through among the people who had assembled for the funeral.

Note

The reciter, being asked Whether she understood from her mother when relating the affair, or from any other source, that the two visions described, referred to two different events, or only to the one event namely, the death or burial of her great grand uncle; she replied that it was just a double vision of the same funeral that was to take place.

Being further asked what she would call such a vision, which in many parts of the Highlands might be variously termed Manadh, Taibhse, Tannas, or Tannasg; she answered that they do not use any of these words for such a thing in her place. That they would call it Dàil Fiodhlaic. The idea seems to be, a funeral delayed, or in suspense.

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Manaidh.

2 The following two incidents are clearly what would, in many parts of the Highlands, be called Manaidh, or Faibh-sean, but have been contributed by a lady who is a native of Glen Urquhart, where it does not appear that either of these words are used with reference to such incidents as are des--cribed.

a There was a man at one time from Strathspey side who came to work in Glen Urquhart. They would be saying of him that he was one of them that have the two sights; but I do not know whether that was the case or not; but at any rate, they were saying this was quite true about him. He was working in a quarry, and one night he went to the smithy with his tools, to get them dressed. After getting his business at the smithy finished, he was returning to his lodgings, and when he was a little above the village of Millton, he was met by a funeral party, and to allow them to pass, he went to the road side, but even there he was tight--ly pressed. He being a stranger in the place did not know the people, but he recognized the man that was at the head of the coffin, and he thought he knew one or two others also. The one at the head of the coffin looked at him in passing, and said, "Nach cuir thu sios an acfhuinn, a Dhomhail, agus ceum neo dha a ghabhail comhlath rinnn" (Will you not put down the tools Donald, and take a step or two along with us).

It being night, Donald made no reply, nor did he move till they had passed, and then he went on his own way.

But in two or three days after that, he was at the smithy

Folk Lore of the West-Highlands

Manaidh.
again with his tools. This time it was day light, and when he was at the very place where he had met the funeral party a few nights before, he met the same again, and every thing about them was just as it had appeared on the former occasion. He stood at the side of the road to let the people pass, and when the man that was at the head of the coffin came forward, he said to him, "Nach cuir thu sios an acfhuinn a Dhomhail, agus ceum neo dha a ghabhail comhlath ruinn". They knew each other, and Donald answered "'san an drasd' is docha leam dol leibh na 'nuair a dh'iarr sibh roimh mi" (It is now I would prefer to go with you, than when you asked me before). And he left his quarry tools there, and accompanied the funeral party a piece forward.

3 Seonaid Bheag was in the habit of going far and wide to be present at communion services, in which she took great delight. One time she was at a communion at Knockbain, and was a guest for the time in a house there, where she had often stayed before on similar occasions, and was on that account very well acquainted with the family. A son of the people was at the time away some where in the low Country, in employment: And one of the mornings while Seonaid was there, she was up earlier than the others, and on glancing out at the window, she saw, as she thought, this son coming up to the door. She had known the lad quite well before he had left home, and was quite sure in her own mind that that was he. But there was no more about it till breakfast was ready, and when they gathered to breakfast, Seonaid said to the mistress of the house, such and such, (naming this son) has come home to see you.

Anonymous.

7266 5-

Folk Lore of the West-Highlands

Manaidh.

"Oh no", said the house wife, to which Seonaid continuing, said that that was strange, for that after she had got up in the morning, she saw him coming up to the door. That passed, but it was not long after that when the lad's corpse was brought home: and the next time Seonaid Bheag went the way of that house, after that, the lad's mother, reminding her of the thing remarked:- "B'ann agaibh a bha 'n t-aobhar airson 'na shuinnsir sibh an latha bha 'n sin" (There was reason to you for what you saw on that day.

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From Miss Morrison, a native of Uist.

4 A native of Uist, talking of supernatural appearances, said:- Bha Ard Thighearn ann uair, 's iomadh uair a shuil mi 'n naigheachd aig mo mhathair fein. Thachair an rud anns an t-eilean Sgiathanach. So mar bha 'n rud air innseadh.

Bha 'n t-ard Thighearn so á dol dhachaidh oidhche bha 'n sin, agus a ghille comhlaith ris, agus shuinnsir iad fearr-fhiadh mòr a muigh tarsuing an rathaid air thoiseach orra. Sheas iad gus am faiceadh iad c'ait' an rachadh e, agus shaidh e steach gu gaoirneal a bha 'n sin, far an robh clachairean á togail ath. Bha so beagan uine roimh latha 'nollaig, agus 'nuair a thainig an latha sin, shuinnsich gillean an aite mar b'abhaist, anns á ghaoirneal so airson am baideil- Coilich.

Bha gille an Tighearn mòr anns á shuideachd, agus bha e ag innseadh do shach mu 'n fhearr-fhiadh a shuinnsir e fein agus a mhaighstir á dol a steach do 'n ghaoirneal, agus 'nuair a bha e ann am meadhon na naigheachd, co shuinnsir iad á tighinn a steach
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Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Manaidh.
aig an aon dorus, agus a'dol a mach aig an doras eile,
ach an t-ard Thighearn agus Mac Iain, a' Chaolais. Bha
fios gle mhath aig na gillean nach robh ann ach taibhse,
agus cha do leig iad orra gum fac iad iad.

Cha robh e fad' an deigh so gus an robh an t-ard Thighearn so gu bhi air a phosadh, agus o'n a bha 'm banais sin bhi ann an Dun-Eudainn, Shaidh Mac Iain A' Chaolais comhlath ris. 'Nuair a bha iad air an rathad a tighinn dhachaidh, shuireadh am bior-bim aca thairis anns a' Chaolas, eadar tir mor agus an t-Eilean Sgiathanach, agus shailleadh gach duine dhiubh.

Bha e air a dheanadh soilleir gu leor a nis Co. dhiu gum b'e manaidh bais a shunnaic na gillean anns a' ghaoirneal air latha 'mollaig: agus cha 'n 'eil rud air an talamh a's mi-fhortanaiche, na gun nachadh gearr-fhiadh tarsuing ceum duine air thoiseach air.

Translation.

There was at one time a high lord, many a time I heard the story at (from) my own mother. The thing happened in the island of Skye. This is how the thing was told.

This high lord was going home a night that was there, and his lad along with him, and they saw a large hare running across the road in front of them. They stood till they would see where it would go, and it went in to a granary that was there, where masons were building a kiln. [This was a short time before new year's day, and when that day came, the young men of the place assembled, as usual, in this granary for the cock-fight.]

The great-lord's lad was in the company, and he was telling the others about the hare that he and his master had seen

Anonymous

7268

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Manaidh.

going in to the granary, and when he was in the middle of the story, Who did they see coming in at the one door, and going out at the other, but the high lord, and Mac Iain of the Kyle. The lads knew quite well that it was nothing but a phantom, and they did not let on that they had seen it.

It was not long after this till this high lord was going to be married, and as the wedding was to be in Edinburgh, Mac Iain of the Kyle went along with him. When they were on their way coming home, their boat was capsized in the Kyle, between the mainland and the island of Skye, and they were all lost.

It was made clear enough now at any rate, that it was a vision of death the lads had seen in the granary on New years day; and there is nothing on earth more unlucky, than that a hare should cross a person's path in front of him.

From Mr. Cameron, Minard, Lochfyne.

5 The rector, who was brought up in the neighbourhood of ~~Dingwall~~ Dingwall, speaking of supernatural warnings in connection with death, said that the belief in such things was very common in his native place when he was young. Referring to a case that had come under his own observation, he said:—

I'll tell you what came across myself once. My sister and brother and I were one morning in the kitchen — they were both older than I. I was only a lad at the time. We were just after rising, and my sister was engaged making the breakfast, and we were not doing anything. There was a Beinc (a form used as a seat), such as used to be common in farm houses, standing under the window. All at once we heard a rap on this Beinc. The sound was just like as if an iron bar had

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Manardh.

been struck on it end ways. We thought the wood was smashed, but there was nothing wrong with it, and nothing was to be seen. My sister and brother got a fearful fright, for they were convinced at once, in their minds, that it was some thing supernatural. I too, thought it strange, but did not quite agree with their view, at least, at first, for I suggested that it might have been some thing about the sarking in the roof. That was all the length we were able to go at the time: but by and by the thing was brought to light in another way.

In the next house to ours people lived with whom we were very intimate. They had a daughter that had been serving in the Low Country, but some time before this — perhaps about a couple of months — she had come home in bad health. No body thought her illness was serious, as she was going about, and even appeared to some to be improving. But either on the fourth or fifth day — I think it was the fifth — from the day we heard the Knock on the Beinc, she died. At that time it was a general custom in that part of the country to have Wakes, and the use of our Beinc was asked, and given for the occasion, as it was long, and would accommodate a good number of people: and it was kept till the funeral was over.

When the coffin was finished, another lad and I went for it, and carried it to the house. The joiner came along with us to coffin the Corpse, and when he wanted some thing to lay the coffin on, at the bed side, this Beinc of ours was taken, and the coffin was laid on it during the time of the coffining. Now I am not saying any thing one

Manaidh.

way, or another, about that, but that was what came under my own observation; and I know that among those who knew about the knock that we had heard on the beine before the girl's death took place, it was believed that the two things were connected, and that the use to which the beine was put ~~in connection~~ with on the occasion, explained the connection.

The reciter, having been asked what word the people of his place would use to express the knock on the Beinc, said they would call it a Tannas.

Anonymous

7271 10

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Folk Cures.

From a native of Kintyre.

A native of Kintyre says that the following cure for Rheu-
-matism was one time recommended to her by a woman
who belonged to the Leggy side of Kintyre. She related the circum-
-stances as follows:—

I was very bad with pains, and one day I was
in Campbeltown and met Rob's stepmother. She asked me how
I was and I told her about the pains. She said, I'll tell you
a shraidh what will cure you of that. If you will go out in the
morning and gather the droppings of the cows off the honey dew,
and boil it in milk. Spread it on something, and lie down on the
top of it, but be sure that you lie on it in the name of Goodness, and
not in any other name. Then get yourself happed with blankets, or
any thing else, till ye can hardly move. Ye'll not be long that way
till ye'll feel as if your whole body was being stabbed with needles and
pins, and ye'll sweat, and after that ye'll get up quite well.

My man was one time ill that way, and no body expected that
he would ever get better. Folk were coming to see him, and some
body told me about the Cow droppings, and advised me to try it: and
so I did, and when I had the thing ready, I put it under him, and
made him lie on it in the name of Goodness, and covered him with
blankets and sacks. In a little while he felt the needles and pins,
and then the sweat came pouring out on him. After he was that way
for a good while, I said to him that he had better now rise in the
name that he had lien down in, and he got up and felt quite
well, and when the minister came to see him the day after, think-
-ing that he was dying, he could hardly believe it was he when my
man went himself to the door to let him in. After what I saw then,
I would advise any body bothered with pains to try the Cows dung.

Anonymous

7272

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Folk Cures.

From Mrs Macpherson, Fearn. Rossshire.

1 A Rossshire lady, talking of folk cures and superstitions beliefs, said that lately a child, whose parents lived in Easter Ross, was subject to Epileptic fits, and in accordance with a belief that existed among the people there, that Epilepsy can be cured by the performance of a ceremony, a principal part of which consists in the burying of a black cock alive, the mother of the child went to another woman, a neighbour of hers and asked a black cock she had, explaining that it was for this purpose she wanted it.

3 The brains of a suicide roasted, and reduced to a powder is said to be a good medicine for Epileptic subjects. The reciter said that her father, who is now an old man remembers a case where it was tried, and he knew the man who did it. Having a son who was subject to fits, he went and opened the grave of a person who had committed suicide, and having taken home a portion of the dead person's brains, he prepared it as required and gave it to his son. But the reciter does not remember what her father said, or if he said anything about the result of the medicine upon the lad.

From Miss Lamont. Skye.

4 A lady who was brought up in the island of Skye says that a woman who is a native of Lochbroom told her that her father, who was a seventh son had the gift of being able to cure the King's Evil. The way he got it, she said, was this.

There was an old man in the parish of Lochbroom, who himself had been a seventh son, and had this healing power. When my father was born this old man took a great interest in the baby, and wanted to impart the gift to it, as he himself was getting old.

Anonymous

7273 12

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Folk Cures.

He made them wash the baby in wine, and when the child had grown up, he gave him an incantation, and taught him how to perform the cure.

The reciter said that when she asked the woman if she knew anything about how her father operated when curing any one, she answered that although she had seen him at it she did not know much about it. She had seen him sprinkling cold water on the affected part, and waving his hands over it, backward and forward, but never touched the sore with his hands. And while he was doing that, he repeated the incantation in a low voice, and she thought that it was there the main secret lay, which no body except himself could understand. She professed to be a firm believer in her father's efficacy, and said that his services were often sought by people - some coming long distances to consult him: but the cure died with him, so far as he and his family were concerned, for after him there was no seventh son to leave it to.

From Mr. Macdonald, Applecross.

Anonymous

5 A native of Rossshire says that the Seventh son in a family of nine, in which the eldest and youngest were girls (nighean an toiseach, 's nighean an deireadh) with seven sons coming between them, was supposed to be able to heal in cases of sickness. He was a Doctor by nature. The reciter says that he knew such a family in the parish of Applecross, and the seventh son was often called in cases of illness.

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6 One of the remedies used on the West-coast of Rossshire in cases of Serpent-bite was, to soak another serpent in water and make the person who had been stung drink the water. It was however said that the patient must not know what

Anonymous

7274

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Folk cures.

he was drinking: Otherwise the cure would not work.

From Miss Morrison, a native of Uist.

Anonymous

7 If a serpent that has stung a person, or beast is killed on the spot, or cut in two halves, the sting will do no harm to the victim. The reciter says that her grandfather, who lived in the island of Skye was a successful killer of serpents, and she remembers seeing a long string of serpents that he had killed. hanging along the wall of his house.

8 If one has sore lips, there is nothing better for them than to rub them with a black snail. That will cure them.

9 The reciter says that she often heard it said among old folk that any disease that is hereditary, will continue down to the Twentieth generation, and that a disease transmitted from the father's side is much stronger than from the mother's.

7278

Variant of two Irogenlan

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Ursgeul.

The following ursgeul has been rehearsed by a girl who is a native of the island of Harris.

Bha firionnach agus boireannach a phos. Cha robh aca ach triuir cloinne — da mhac agus nighean. Cha robh an duin' ach 'na dhuine bochd, agus dh'fhalbh e gus obair iarruidh. Thainig e gu tigh mòr, agus dh'fheoraich e am faigheadh e obair an sin. Dh'fheo-raich Maighistir an tighe dheth ciod an seorsa obair a b'urrainn dha dheanadh, agus fhreagair an duine, gum bu buachailleachd a chleachd e riomh. Thubhairt Maighistir an tighe gun robh sin freagarach gu leor, chionn gun robh buachaill a dhith airsan aig an dearbh am bha 'n sin: agus choird iad mu'n tuarasdal. Thubhairt am maighistir ris, gun tachaireadh ni briagh ris, 'nuair a bhiodh e leis a' chrodh, ach nach robh e ri aire sam bith thoirt dha, ach cumail air adhart leis a' chrodh. Le so, chuireadh a mach a' chrodh, agus dh'fhalbh an duine leo, ach cha deachaidh e fada gus am fac e ni briagh air an rathad. Cha do bhean e ris, 's cha d'thug suim dha, ach chum e air adhart, mar a dh'-iarradh air le a Mhaighistir. An ceann treise, thainig e gu ait far an robh tigh leughaidh, agus dh'fhag e 'n crodh a muigh, agus chaidh e steach gus an tigh leughaidh. Cha robh e fad an sin 'nuair a thainig duin' a' ruith, agus anail ann a uchd, agus e 'glaodh ris, gun robh an crodh anns a' ghart. Thubhairt am buachaill ris, "Nach b'usa dhuitsa, ma ta, an cuir a mach as a' ghart, seach ruith an so le t-anail ann ad uchd gus innseadh dhomhsa": agus dh'fhuirich e far an robh e. An ceann treise rithist, thainig duin' eile a' ruith, agus anail ann a chliabh, agus e glaodh ris, gun robh 'n crodh anns a' ghart. Fhreagair am buachaill e,

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Ursgeul.

"Ma tha, nach b'usa dhuitsa an cuir a mach as a' ghart, seach truilh an so, le t-anail ann ad chliabh, gus innseadh dhomhsa." Chaidh e mach gu'm faicinn, agus bha iad socair, seasgair, far an d'fhag e iad, ach bha 'n t-am ann dha a nis dol dhachaidh leis, agus mar sin ghabh e 'n rathad. 'Nuair a chaidh e pios air adhart, thachair an rud briagh ris a rioghist, agus thubhairt e ris fein, nach robh e dol a dhol seachad air an uair so, agus rinn e air a shon. Ach chaidh an ni bha ann air falbh air thoiseach air, agus leum an duine e, ach ged a leanadh e fathast e, cha'n fhaigheadh e greim air, ach cha mhotha bha 'n rud bha ann dol as a sheilladh fad na h-uine. Aig a cheann mu dheireadh, 'nuair a chaidh a' ghrian fodha, cha robh aig' ach fhagail, agus dol dhachaidh leis a' chrodh. 'Nuair a ruig e, dh'fheoraich a mhaighistir dheth ciamnas mar chaidh dha, agus fhreagair e, gun deachaidh gle mhath. Ach 'nuair a chaidh iad gus na bà a' bhleoghann, cha robh deur bainn' aca', ach an ait' sin, fuil. 'Nuair a chunnaic am Maighistir mar bha, bhuail e 'n duine, le slat, agus thionndadh e gu carradh salainn.

Fad tri bliadhna, cha chual bean no clann an duine ciod a dh'eirich dha, agus aig ceann na h-uine sin, thubhairt a bhean gun rachadh i 'air a thorachd, agus dh'fhalbh i. 'Nuair a ruig i an tigh mor, thubhairt i ris am Maighistir, "Tha mis tri bliadhna o'n a dh'fhalbh m' fhear, agus tha teil agam obair fhastainn, agus dol air

Urs-geul.
a Thòrachd." Fhreagair am Maighistir, gun toireadh esan
buachailleachd dhi, agus choird iad mu'n tuaras-dal. Dh'
-innis e dhith mu'n ni briagh a thachaireadh oirre 'nuair
a bhiodh i leis a' chrodh, ach thubhairt-e nithe, gun smil
a thoirt air. Chuireadh a mach a' chrodh, agus dh'
-fhalbh i leo, ach cha deachaidh i fada, gus am fac i ni
briagh air thoiseach oirre. Rinn i air a shon, ach mar bu
luaithe a ruitheadh ise, san a bu luaithe a dh'fhalbhadh
an ni air thoiseach oirre; agus chuireadh an latha
seachad leatha mar so, gus an deachaidh a' ghrian
sios, agus bha 'n t-am dol dhachaidh leis a' chrodh.
Nuair a ruig i, dh'fheoraich am Maighistir dhith
cionnas mar chaidh leatha, agus fhreagair ise, gun
deachaidh gle mhath. Ach 'nuair a chaidh iad gus
na bà a' bhleoghann, cha robh deur bainne ac', ach an
ait sin, fuil. Agus 'nuair a chunnaic am Maighistir
mar bha, bhuail e i le slat, agus bha i air a tiomdadh
gu carradh salainn.

Chaidh tri bliadhna seachad o'n dh'fhalbh i,
agus cha chual a clann ciod a dh'eirich dhi'n.
Thubhairt am mac bu shine gun rachadh e a dh'
-iarraidh obair, agus dh'fhenchainn ciod a chlinn-
-eadh e mu thimchioll athar neo mhathar. Ruig e
am maighister bha aig athair, agus a mhathair, agus
thubhairt e ris. "Tha ris se bliadhna o'n dh'fhalbh
m' athair, agus tri, o'n dh'fhalbh mo mhathair, agus

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Ursgeul.

tha toil agam obair fhaotainn, agus dol air an torachd".
Fhreagair am Maighistir e, gun toireadh esan buachail-
-leachd dha, agus choird iad mu'n tuarasdal. Dh'innis
e dha mu thimchioll an ni briagh a thachaireadh ris
'nuair a bhiodh e leis a' chrodh, agus thubhairt e ris, gun
suil a thoirt air. Chuireadh a mach a' chrodh, agus
dh'fhalbh an gille leo; ach cha deachaidh e fada gus
am fac e coileach-oir, agus cearc-airgeid air an rathad
air thoiseach air. Rinn e air an son, ach mar bu luaithe
a ruitheadh esan, san a bu luaithe a ruitheadh iadsan
roimhe; agus mar so chuir e'n latha seachad, gus an
deachaidh a' ghrian sios, agus bha 'n t-am dha dol
dhachaidh leis a' chrodh. 'Nuair a ruig e, dh'fheoraich
am Maighister, Cionnas mar chaidh leis, agus fhreagair
esan, gun deachaidh gu math. Ach 'nuair a chaidh
iad gus na bà a' bhleoghann, cha robh deur bainn^c
ac^c, ach an ait' sin, fuil; agus 'nuair a chunnaic am
Maighistir mar bha, bhuail e'n gille le slat, agus bha
e air a thionndadh gu carradh salainn.

Chaidh tri bliadhna seachad agus cha chualas ciod
a dh'eirich dha, agus thubhairt a phiuthair, gun rachadh
i a dh'iarruidh obair, agus a dh'fheuchainn ciod a
chluinneadh i mu thimchioll a h-athar, a mathar,
agus a brathar. Ruig i'n tigh mòr, agus thubhairt i
ris a' mhaighistir, "Tha nis naoi bliadhna o'n a

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Urs-geul.
dh'fhalbh mc athair, agus se o'n a dh'fhalbh mo
mhathair, agus tri o'n a dh'fhalbh mo bhrathair, agus
tha toil agam obair fhaotainn, agus dol air an torachd."
Fhreagair am Maighistir, gun toireadh esan bnachail-
-leachd dhi, agus shoird iad mu'n tuirasdal. Dh'-
-innis e dhith mu thimchioll an ni briagh a thachair-
-eadh oirre 'nuair a bhiodh i leis a' shrodh, ach thubh-
-airt e nithe gun smil a thoirt air. Chuireadh a mach
a' shrodh, agus dh'fhalbh i leo, ach cha deachaidh i
fada gus am fac i caman-airgeid, agus ball-oir air an
nathad air thoiseach oirre. Rinn i air an son, ach mar
bu luaithe a ruitheadh ise na'n deigh, san a bu luaithe
a dh'fhalbhadh iadsan air thoiseach oirre. Chuir i 'n
latha seachad mar so gus an deachaidh a' ghrian
fodha, agus bha 'n t-am dol dhachaidh leis a' shrodh.
'Nuair a ruig i, dh'fheoraich am maighistir dhith
cionnas mar shaidh leatha, agus fhreagair ise gun
deachaidh gle mhath. Ach 'nuair a thoisich iad air
na bà a bhleoghann, cha robh deur bainn' ac', ach
an ait' sin, fuil. Agus 'nuair a shuinnsir am
Maighistir mar bha, bhuail e i le slat, agus bha i
air a tionndadh gu carradh salainn.

Bha am mac a b'oige nis air fhagail leis fein, agus
aig ceann tri bliadhna, 'nuair nach robh iomradh

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Urs-geul.

sann bith aige mu thimchioll gin de na dh'fhalbh, thubhairt-e ris fein gum rachadh e a dh'iarruidh obair, agus a dh'fhenchainn ciod a chluinneadh e mu'n timchioll. Dh'fhalbh e, agus rug e'n tigh mor, agus thubhairt-e ris a' Mhaighistir; "Tha nis dusan bliadhna o'n a dh'fhalbh m' athair: naoi, o'n a dh'fhalbh mo mhathair: sea, o'n a dh'fhalbh mo bhrathair: agus tri o'n a dh'fhalbh mo phiuthair, agus cha 'n 'eil agam a nis ach mi fhein: 's a toil agam obair fhaotainn, agus dol air an torachd."

Thubhairt Maighistir an tighe ris gum toireadh esan bruchailleachd dha, nan toilicheadh e sin a bhathair: agus mar a fhreagair an gille gum biodh e gle dheonach, chuir iad mu'n cuairsdal. Dh'innis ann Maighistir dha mu'n ni bhriagh a bhachaireadh ris mar a bhiodh e leis a chrodh, agus thubhairt e ris gum sniomh sann bith thoirt dha, ach a shuil a chumail air a ghnothuch; agus nan deanadh e mar bha esan ag iarruidh air, agus gum biodh gach ni ceart leis mar a thigeadh e air ais, gum faigheadh e'n sin athair agus a mhathair, le a bhrathair, agus a phiuthair.

Leis so, shuiseadh a mach a'chrodh, agus dh'fhalbh an gille leo, ach cha deachaidh e fada gus am fac e caman airgeid agus speil oir air thoiseach air air an rathad. Cha d'thug e suil orra, ach shuas e'n

Folk Lore of the West-Highlands

Ursgeul.

rathad, mar dh'orduicheadh dha le a Mhaighistir; agus an ceann treise, thainig e gus ait' far an robh tigh leughaidh. Dh'fhag e'n crodh a muigh, agus chaidh e steach gus an tigh. Cha robh e fad' an sin, 'nuair a thainig duin' a' ruith, agus anail ann a uchd, agus e'glaodh ris gun robh 'n crodh anns a' ghart. Thubhairt an gille ris, "Nach b'usa dhuitsa, ma, ta, an cuir a mach as a' ghart, seach ruith an so le t-anail ann ad uchd, gus innseadh dhomhsa": agus dh'fhuirich e far an robh e. An ceann treise rithist, thainig duin' ule a' ruith, agus anail ann a chliabh, agus e'glaodh ris gun robh 'n crodh anns a' ghart. Fhreagair an gille e, "Ma tha, Nach b'usa dhuitsa an cuir a mach as a ghart, seach ruith an so le t-anail ann ad chliabh gus innseadh dhomhsa". Chaidh e mach gu'm faicinn, agus bha iad far an d'fhag e iad. Ach bha 'n t-am ann a nis dha dol dhachaidh leo, agus ghabh e'n rathad. 'Nuair a chaidh e pios air adhart, thainig e air an caman airgeid agus an speil oir a rithist, ach cha d'rinn e ach amhairc orra, agus ghabh e seachad. 'Nuair a ruig e'n tigh, dh'fheoraich a Mhaighistir dheth cionnas mar chaidh leis, agus fhreagair e, gun deachaidh gu math. Chaidh iad gus na bà a bhleoghann, agus bha gu leor bainn' aca. Nuair a chunnaic am Maighistir so, ghabh e'n t-slat, agus bhuail e gach aòin de na car-raidhean salainn, leis agus dh'atharraicheadh iad gu bhi mar bha iad roimh, agus fhuair an gille

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Ursgeul.

Athair, 's a mhathair, 's a bhrathair 's a phiuthair, agus chaidh iad dhachaidh. Agus dhealaich mise riutha an sin.

Translation.

There was a man and woman who married. They had only three of a family — two sons and a daughter. The man was not but a poor man, and he went away to seek work. He came to a large house, and he asked if he would get work there. The master of the house asked him what kind of work was he able to do, and the man answered that it was herding he had always been accustomed to. The master of the house said that that was quite suitable, because that he was in want of a herd at that very time: and they agreed about the wages. The master said to him that a beautiful thing would meet him when he would be with the cattle, but that he was not to take any notice of it, but to keep on his way with the cattle. With this, the cattle were put out, and the man went away with them, but he had not gone far till he saw a beautiful thing on the road. He did not touch it, and he did not give heed to it, but kept onward, as had been ordered him by his Master. In course of a while, he came to a place where was a reading house, and he left the cattle outside, and he went in to the reading house. He was not long there, when a man came running, and his breath in his breast, and he crying

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Urs-gent.
to him that the cattle were in the corn. The herd said to him, Was it not easier for you then to put them out of the corn, than to run here with your breath in your breast, to tell it to me. In ~~the~~ course of a while again, another man came running, and his breath in his ~~side~~ chest, and he crying to him that the cattle were in the corn. The herd answered him. If so, was it not easier for you to put them out of the corn, than to run here with your breath in your ~~side~~ chest, to tell it to me. He went to see them, and they were quiet, at ease, where he had left them, but it was now time for him to go home with them, and accordingly, he took the road. When he had gone a piece forward, the beautiful thing met him again, and he said to himself, that he was not going to go past it this time, and he made for it. But the thing went away before him, and the man followed it, but should he have followed it yet, he could not get a hold of it, but no more was the thing that was in it going out of his sight, all the time. At length, when the sun had gone down, there was nothing for him but to leave it, and go home with the cattle. When he reached, his master asked him how it had gone with him, and he answered, that it had gone very well. But when they had gone to milk the cows, they had not a drop of milk, but instead of that, blood. When the Master saw how it was, he struck the man with a wand, and he was turned into a pillar of salt.

For whole three years, the man's wife or children did

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Urs-geul.
not hear what had happened to him, and at the end of that time, his wife said that she would go in search of him, and she went away. When she reached the big house, she said to the Master. 'There are now three years since my husband went away, and I have a desire to find work, and to go in search of him'. The Master answered that he would give her herding, and they agreed about the wages. He told her about the beautiful thing that would meet her when she would be with the cattle, but he said to her, not to give an eye to it. The cattle were put out, and she went away with them, but she had not gone far till she saw a beautiful thing before her. She made for it, but the faster she would run, so it was, the faster the thing would go before her, and the day was passed by her in this way, till the sun had gone down, and it was time to go home with the cattle. When she reached, the Master asked her how it had gone with her, and she answered that it had gone quite well. But when they went to milk the cows, they had not a drop of milk, but instead of that, blood: And when the Master saw how it was, he struck her with a wand, and she was turned to a pillar of salt.

Three years passed since she had left, and her family did not hear what had happened to her. The eldest son said that he would go to seek work, and to try what he might hear about his father or mother. He reached the

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Ursgeul.

Master his father and mother had, and said to him: 'There are now six years since my father went away, and three since my mother went, and I have a desire to find work, and to go in search of them'. The master answered him, that he would give him herding, and they agreed about the wages. He told him about the beautiful thing that would meet him when he would be with the cattle, and he said to him, not to give an eye to it. The cattle were put out, and the lad went away with them; but he had not gone far till he saw a gold cock, and a silver hen on the road before him. He made for them, but the faster he would run, so it was, the faster they would run ahead of him; and in this manner he put the day past, till the sun had gone down, and it was time for him to go home with the cattle. When he reached, the Master asked how it had gone with him, and he answered that it had gone well. But when they went to milk the cows, they had not a drop of milk, but instead of that, blood: And when the Master saw how it was, he struck the lad with a wand, and he was turned into a pillar of salt.

Three years had passed, and it was not heard what had happened to him, and his sister said that she would go to seek work, and to try what she would hear about her father, her mother, and her brother. She reached the big house, and she said to the Master:

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Ursgeul.

'There are now nine years since my father went away, and six since my mother went, and three since my brother went, and I have a desire to get work, and to go in search of them'. The master answered that he would give her herding, and they agreed about the wages. He told her about the beautiful thing that would meet her when she would be with the cattle, but he said to her, not to give an eye to it. The cattle were put out, and she went away with them. But she had not gone far till she saw a silver shinty, and a gold ball on the road before her. She made for them, but the faster she would run after them, it was the faster they would go before her. She put the day past in this manner till the sun had gone down, and it was time to go home with the cattle. When she reached, the Master asked her how it had gone with her, and she answered that it had gone very well. But when they began to milk the cows, they had not a drop milk, but instead of that, blood: And when the master saw how it was, he struck her with a wand, and she was turned into a pillar of salt.

The youngest son was now left alone, and at the end of three years, when he had no report about a creature of those that had gone away, he said to himself that he would go to seek work, and to try what he might hear about them. He went away, and he

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Ursgeul.
reached the big house, and he said to the master;
'There are now a dozen years since my father went-
away: nine, since my mother went: six, since my brother
went: and three, since my sister went, and I have not-
now, except myself: and I have a desire to find work,
and to go in search of them.'

The master of the house said to him that he would give him herding, if he would be willing to take that; and when the lad replied that he would be very pleased, they agreed about the wages. The master told him about the beautiful thing that would meet him when he would be with the cattle, and he said to him, not to pay any attention to it, but to keep his eye on his busi-
-ness: and if he would do as he was ordering him, and that every thing would be right with him when he would return, he would then get his father and his mother, with his brother and his sister.

With this, the cattle were put out, and the lad went away with them: but he had not gone far till he saw a silver shinty, and golden Speil (ball-speil) before him on the road. He took no notice of them, but he kept the road, as had been ordered to him by his master: and in course of a while, he came to the place where the reading house was. He left the cattle outside,

Ursgeul.

and he went in to the house. He was not long there when a man came running, and his breath in his breast, and he crying to him that the cattle were in the corn. The lad said to him, 'Was it not easier for you then to put them out of the corn, than to run here with your breath in your breast, to tell it to me'; and he remained where he was. In course of a while again, another man came running, and his breath in his side, and he crying to him that the cattle were in the corn. The lad answered him: 'If they are, was it not easier for you to put them out of the corn, than to run here with your breath in your side, to tell it to me'. He went out to see them, and they were where he had left them. But it was now time for him to go home with them, and he took the road.

When he had gone a bit forward, he came upon the silver shinty and the golden speil again, but he did not do, but look at them, and he passed on. When he reached the house, his Master asked him, how it had gone with him, and he answered that it had gone very well. They went to milk the cows, and they had plenty of milk. When the Master saw this, he took the wand, and he struck each of the pillars of salt with it, and they were changed to be as they had been before, and the lad got his father and his mother; and his brother, and his sister, and they went home. And I parted with them there.

7292

Folk Lore of the West-Highlands

Ursgeul. The following Ursgeul has been rehearsed by a native of Harris, in the Long island:—

Bha fear agus a bhean an sud uair, agus cha robh aca ach aon mhac. Air latha sabaid, nuair bha 'n duin' a mach, thainig bodach far an robh e, ag radh gun robh 'm bat aig an cunnart a bhi caillte, agus ag iarruidh nan rachadh e leis gus a shabhaladh. Thubhairt an duine nach rach-adh e on a b'e latha na sabaid bha ann; agus cha deachaidh. Cha robh tuille air an sin, ach an ath uair bha 'n duin' a mach, choinnich am bodach e air a' mhachair, agus mharbh e e. An deigh bàs athar, bha 'n gille agus a mhathair a' fanachd le cheile. Bha màrt aca, agus thubhairt a mhathair ris a' ghille latha gun robh i dol do'n fheill leis a' mhàrt gus a reic; ach fhreagair esan gun rachadh e fein, agus b'ann mar so a bha. 'Nuair a ruig e 'n fheill, cha robh e fad' an sin, gus an d'fhuair e tairgse air a' mhàrt a chord ris, agus cho luath 'sa bha 'n t-airgiod aig' ann a laimh, thug e 'n rathad air dhachaidh. Cha deachaidh e fad' gus an do choinnich duine ris, agus dh' fheoraich an duine dheth, de bha e deanadh aig an fheill, agus dhinnis an gille sin dha, agus am prìs a fhuair e air a' mhàrt.

Thubhairt an duine ris, nan d'thugadh e dhasan prìs a mhàrt, gun d'thugadh esan fras dha air a shon. Rinn an gille so, ach 'nuair a ruig e 'n tigh, agus a' dh'innis e d'a mhathair mu'n bhargan, bha i cho feargach 's gun do thilg i 'm fras a mach air an uinneag. 'Nuair a thainig madainn an ath latha bha iongantas orra de b'aobhar do'n uinneag bhi cho dorch; agus 'nuair a dh'fhosgail iad an dorus, chunnaic iad gun robh craobh mhòr an deigh fas suas o'n fhras. Bha i fad na b'airde na 'n tigh.

Folk Lore of the West-Highlands

Ursgeul.

Thubhairt an gille r'a mhathair gun rachadh e suas a dh'fhaicinn de bha air mulach na craoibhe. Cha robh ise air-son e dhol, ach co dhiù chaidh e; agus 'nuair a ruig e mulach na craoibhe, choinnich e ri bàn-sith, agus dh'fheoraich e de'n bhàn-sith, an rachadh e na b'fhaide, agus thubhairt ise ris, "Direach lean air d'aghaidh".

Leis sin ghabh e air adhart gus an d'thainig e gu tigh mòr a bha air a thogail air barr na craoibhe: agus chaidh e steach, agus dh'fheoraich e de bhean an tighe am faigheadh e fuireach an sin car oidhche. Thubhairt ise nach fhaigheadh, chionn nach robh ait' aice far an cuireadh i an am falach e 'nuair a thigeadh an robair a steach. Ach thubhairt esan gun rachadh e ann am bocsa: agus b'ann mar so a bha. Chuir i ann am bocse e, agus 'nuair a thainig an robair a steach, dh'amhairc e null agus a nall, agus thubhairt e "Tha mi a' mothuchadh faile ròst". Threagair a bhean, nach robh ann ach rud sigin bha aig an fheannag a' dol seachad.

Thoisich an robair ri oibreachadh le geadh bha 'n sin a bhiodh a breith uibhean oir, gus an robh an dinneir deas, agus an deigh dha a dhinneir a ghabhail, thuit e 'na chadal. Cho luath 's a chunnaic an gille gun robh e 'na chadal, thainig e a mach as a' bhocsa, agus rinn e greim air a' gheadh, agus ruith e sios a' chraoibh. Fad na bliadhna sin, bha gu leor aige dha fein agus a mhathair, a chionn 's mar a bha 'n geadh a' breith nan ubh oir. Ach 'nuair a thainig ceann na bliadhna, thubhairt an gille r'a mhathair gun robh e dol a dhol suas a' chraoibh a rithist. Cha robh ise airson e dhol, ach co dhiù chaidh e, agus 'nuair a ruig e mulach na craoibhe, choinnich am Ban-sith e, agus 'nuair a dh'fheoraich e, an rachadh e na b'fhaide, thubhairt ise,

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Urs-geul.
"Direach lean air d'aghaidh".

Lean e air aghaidh gus an d'thainig e gus an tigh mòr, agus dh'fheoraich e de bheam an tighe am faigheadh e fuireach an sin car oidhche. Thubhairt ise nach fhaigheadh, chionn nach robh ait' aice far an cuireadh i ann am falach e 'mair a thigeadh an robair a steach. Cha d'aithnich i e, agus dh'innis i dha mar a chuir i fear a thainig an rathad o cheann bliadhna ann am bocsa, agus mar a dh'fhalbh e, a' toirt leis a' gheadh a rug na h-uibhean oir.

Thubhairt an gille gum faigheadh e co dhiù, agus chuir i ann am bocsa e. An ceann treise, thainig an robair a steach, agus dh'amhairc e a null agus a nall, agus thubhairt e. "Tha mi a' mothuchadh faile ròist". Fhreagair a bhean nach robh ann ach mud eigin bha aig an fheannag a' dol seachad.

Thoisich an robair air a chuid airgeid a chunntadh gus an robh an dinnsir deas, agus an deigh dha a dhinneir a ghabhail, thuit e 'na chadal. Cho luath 's a chunnaic an gille gun robh e 'na chadal, thainig e a mach as a' bhocs', agus sgrìob e leis an t-airgiod uile, agus rinith e sios a' chraoibh. Dh'fhan e fad bliadhna an sin le a mhathair, agus bha iad beo air an t-airgiod. Ach 'nuair a thainig deireadh na bliadhna, thubhairt an gille r'a mhathair gun robh e dol a dhol suas a' chraoibh a rithist. Cha robh ise airson e dhol, ach co dhiù chaidh e, agus 'nuair a rug e mulach na craoibhe, chomhraich am Ban-sith e, agus 'nuair a dh'fheoraich e, an raachadh e na b'fhaide, thubhairt ise ris, "Lean air d'aghaidh".

Chaidh e air adhart gus an d'thainig e gus an tigh mòr, agus chaidh e a steach, agus dh'fheoraich e am faigheadh e fuireach an sin car oidhche. Cha d'aithnich bean an tighe e, agus thubhairt-

7295 Ct

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Urspeul.

i ris nach fhaigheadh, agus dh'innis i dha mar thainig da ghille 'n rathaid roimh, agus mar a thug an dara fear leis an geadh a ring na h-uibheam oir, agus am fear eile, airgiod an robair.

Thubhairt an gille nach deanadh esan cron sam bith nan leigeadh i leis fuireach, agus 'nuair a chual i sin, chuir i amas a bhocs' e. An ceann tacain beag, thainig an robair dhachaidh, agus gus Am biodh a dhinneir deas, thoisich e ri oibreachadh le ceol a bha aige. An deigh dha a dhinneir a ghabhail thuit e 'na chadal, agus cho luath 's a chunnaic an gille gun robh e 'na chadal, thainig e a mach as a' bhocs, agus thug leis Le an ceol, agus ruith e sios a' shraoibh. Ach cha robh e aig a' ghlas ghrunnd 'nuair a ghlaodh an ceol a mach "A Mhaighstir, a Mhaighstir". Dhuisg so an robair, agus leam e 'n gille. Ach cho luath 's a chunnaic an gille e a' tighinn 'na dheigh, ghlaodh e ri a mhathair tuadh ar tuadh a thoirt dha, agus 'nuair a fhuair e 'n tuadh, ghearr e 'n craobh, agus thuit a' shraobh, agus an tigh mor bha air a' mhullach, agus an robair uile le cheile. Chuir so crioch air an robair, agus fhuair an gille agus a mhathair gach ni bha aige, agus bha beartas mor aca bho 'n am sin, fhad 's a bha iad beo.

Translation.

There was a man and his wife yonder one time, and they had not but one son. On a sabbath day, when the man was out, an old man came where he was, saying that his boat was in danger of being lost, and asking if he would go with him to save it. The man said that he would not go, since it was the sabbath day, and he did not go. There was no more about it then, but the next time

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Ursgeul.

the man was out, the old man met him on the field, and he killed him.

After his father's death, the lad and his mother were living together. They had a cow, and the lad's mother said to him a (one) day that she was going to the market with the cow to sell her: but he answered that he would go himself, and this was the way it was. When he reached the market, he was not long there till he got an offer for the cow that satisfied him, and as soon as he had the money in his hand, he took the road home. He had not gone far till a man met him, and the man asked him what had he been doing at the market, and the lad told that to him, and the price he had got for the cow.

The man said to him, if he would give him the price of the cow, that he would give him seed for it. The lad did this, but when he reached the house, and told his mother about the bargain, she was so angry that she threw the seed out at the window. When the morning of the day following came, they wondered what was the cause of the window being so dark; and when they opened the door, they saw that a large tree was after growing up from the seed. It was higher than the house.

The lad said to his mother that he would go up to see what was on the top of the tree. She was not for his going, but however, he went, and when he reached the top of the tree he met a female fairy, and he asked the female fairy if he would go any further, and she said to him "just follow before you".

With that he went on till he came to a large house that was built on the top of the tree; and he went in, and he asked the house wife if he would be allowed to remain there for a

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Ursgeul.

night. She said No, because she had not a place in which she could put him in concealment when the robber would come in. But he said that he would go in a box; and that was the way it was. She put him in a box, and when the robber came in, he looked hither and thither, and he said, "I feel the smell of a roast". His wife answered, that it was only something that the rook, going past, had.

The robber began working with a goose that was there that would be laying eggs of gold, till the dinner was ready, and after he had taken his dinner, he fell asleep. As soon as the lad saw that he was asleep, he came out of the box, and he laid (made) hold of the goose, and he ran down the tree. During that year he had plenty for himself and his mother, because of how the goose was laying the golden eggs. But when the end of the year came, the lad said to his mother that he was going to go up the tree again. She was not for his going, but however, he went, and when he reached the top of the tree, the female fairy met him, and when he asked, if he would go further, she said, "Just follow before you".

He followed on till he came to the large house, and he asked the house wife if he would be allowed to remain there for a night. She said, "No", because she had no place in which she could put him in concealment when the robber would come in. She did not know him, and she told him how she had put one, that had come the way a year ago, in a box, and how he had gone away, taking with him the goose that laid the golden eggs.

The lad said that he would stay in any case, and she put him in a box. In course of a while the robber came in,

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Orsgeul.
and he looked hither and thither, and he said, "I feel a smell of a roast". The wife answered that it was only something that the rook going past had.

The robber began to count his money till the dinner was ready, and after he had taken his dinner, he fell asleep. as soon as the Lad saw that he was asleep, he came out of the box, and he gathered with him the whole of the money, and he ran down the tree. He remained there with his mother a whole year, and they were alive on the money. But when the end of the year came, the Lad said to his mother that he was going to go up the tree again. She was not for his going, but however, he went, and when he reached the top of the tree, the female fairy met him, and when he asked if he should go further, she said to him "Follow before you".

He went forward till he came to the large house, and he went in, and he asked if he would be allowed to remain there for a night. The house wife did not know him, and she said "No". And she told him how two lads had come the way before, and how one had taken with him the goose that laid the golden eggs; and the other, the robber's money.

The Lad said that he would do no harm, if she would let him wait, and when she heard that, she put him in the box. In course of a little time the robber came home, and till his dinner would be ready, he began to work with music he had. After he had taken his dinner, he fell asleep, and as soon as the Lad saw that he was asleep, he came out of the box, and he took the music with him, and he ran down the tree. But he was not at the ground, when the music called out

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Ursgeul.

"Oh Master! Oh master! This wakened the robber, and he followed the lad. But as soon as the lad saw him coming after him, he called to his mother to give him an axe, and when he got the axe, he cut the tree, and the tree, and the big house that was on the top of it, and the robber fell together. This put an end to the robber, and the lad and his mother got all that he had, and they had great wealth from that time, as long as they lived.

2 Bha duin'n sud agus chaochail a bhean, 'ga fhagail le da bhalachain a bha gle og. Cha robh a bhean fada marbh gus an do phos an duin' a rithist, agus is cochuil gur ban-bhuidseach bha anns an te a fhuair e, agus thionndaich e mach gun robh i dona d'a phaisdean. Bha e mar chleachdadh aice a bhi air falbh taobh air chor eigin gach latha, ach bhiodh i air a h-ais 'san fheasgair mus tigeadh a fear dhachaidh, agus 'nuair a thigeadh i, ghabhadh i air na paisdean gus am biodh eagal an cridhe orra innseadh d'a 'n athair.

Aon oidhche, 'nuair a thainig i dhachaidh, an deigh gun robh i air falbh fad an latha, bha i 'na seas-amh air beulaobh an teine, agus thoisich i air atadh, agus dh'at i, gus an robh i da uiread cho mòr 's a bu chor dhi bhi. Bha na balachain a nis air fas meadhonach mòr, agus arsa h-aon diubh, agus e ag amhairc oirre, "Och a chaillich, tha thu fas". "Cha 'n 'eil, a ghaoil 's a ghraidh, ach iteagan agus cloiteachan tha 'g eiridh leis a' bhlàs". Thubhairt a' chailleach. Agus mus d'thainig a fear a steach bha i air a h-ais gus am mendachd bu chor dhi bhi.

An ath fheas-gair an deigh sin, thainig i dhachaidh

Variant

7380

Folk Lore of the West-Highlands

Urs-geul.

air a cheart doigh, an deigh dhi bhi air falbh fad an latha, agus 'nuair a sheas i air beulaobh an teine thoisich i air atadh, agus dh'at i gus an robh i da uiread cho mòr 's a bu chor dhi bhi. Bha 'n gille ag amhairc oirre, agus thubhairt e rithe, "Och a chailleach, tha thu fas."

"Cha 'n 'eil, a ghaoil 's a ghraidh, ach iteagan agus cloiteachan tha 'g eiridh leis a' bhlàs, thubhairt a' chailleach, agus mus d'thainig a fear a steach, bha i air a h-ais gus am mendachd bu chor dhi bhi.

Cho luath 's a chaidh an oidhche sin seachad, agus a fhuair i a fear a mach an ath mhadainn, bha ise air falbh mar b' abhaist, agus cha do thill i gu feasgair. 'Nuair a thainig i, bha i a' seas-amh air beulaobh an teine, agus thoisich i air atadh mar b'abhaist. Thubhairt am balach rithe, "Och a chailleach, tha thu fas." Threagair a' chailleach, "Cha 'n 'eil, a ghaoil 's a ghraidh, ach iteagan agus cloiteachan tha 'g eiridh leis a' bhlàs."

Am feadh 's a bha so dol air aghaidh, chaidh am balach eile thun an dornis dh'fhench am faiceadh e athair a' tighinn, agus de chunnaic e 'n sin, ach cù mòr mòr. Cha do leig e bheg air n'a mhuime, ach 'nuair a fhuair e cothrom air athair an deigh dha tighinn dachaidh, dh'innis e dha mar chunnaic e a thaobh a mhuime, agus a thaobh an cu.

Cha d'thubhairt an duine smid. ach rinn e suas inntinn gum fanadh e mu'n tigh an ath latha dh'fhenchainn am faigheadh e mach de bha ann. Chuir e bonn sé sgillinn anns a' ghunna, agus dh'fhalaich e e fein. Ach doigh air chor eigin fhuair a bhean fios gun robh e ri faireadh, agus cha d'fhag i 'n tigh fad an latha sin, agus cha mhotha bha atadh sam

7301

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Urs-geul.

r'a fhaicinn oirre. Ach coma leibh. An ~~dighl~~ deigh do'n duine dol a laidhe 'nnair a thainig an oidhche, ghleidh e a shuil oirre, agus chunnaic e gun robh i trang a' deanadh cuirp chreadha. Thog e'n gunna agus loisg e oirre, agus thilg e'n obair bha aic' anns an teine, agus chaidh e mach troimh mhullach an tigh ann an leus teine.

Mus d'thainig a' chrioch oirre, thubhairt i r'a fear, "Mur be airson mar a rinn thu orm le do ghunna, bhiodh tu fein, agus do dha bhalachain marbh ann an uine gle bheag, oir bha mi a' deanadh cuirp chreadha air bhur son".

Translation.

There was a man yonder and his wife died, leaving him with two boys that were very young. His wife was not long dead till the man married again, and it appears that the one he got was a witch, and it turned out that she was bad to his children. It was a habit with her to be away in some direction or other every day, but she would be back in the evening before her husband would come home, and when she would come, she would whip the children, till the fright of their life (heart) would be on them to tell it to their father.

One night, when she came home, after that she had been away the whole day, she was standing in front of the fire, and she began to swell, and she swelled, till she was twice as big as she ought to be. The boys were now grown middling big, and said one of them, and he looking at her, "Och old woman, you are growing".

"No, my love and my dear, but feathers and down are rising with the warmth." The old woman said; and before her husband came in, she was back to the size she

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Urs-gent.
ought to be.

The next evening after that, she came home in the same way, after she had been away the whole day, and when she stood in front of the fire, she commenced to swell, and she swelled till she was twice as big as she ought to be. The lad was looking at her, and he said to her,

"Och old woman, you are growing."
"No, my love, and my dear, but feathers and down are rising with the warmth." The old woman said, and before her husband came in, she was back to the size she ought to be.

As soon as that night had gone past, and she had got her husband out the next morning, she was away as usual, and she did not return till evening. When she came, she was standing in front of the fire, and she commenced to swell as usual. The boy said to her,

"Och old woman, you are growing". The old woman answered:- "No my love, and my dear, but feathers and down are rising with the warmth."

While this was going on, the other boy went to the door, to see if he might see his father coming: and what did he see there, but a big, big dog. He did not let anything on to his step mother, but when he got an opportunity of his father, after he had come home, he told him how he had seen regarding his step mother, and regarding the dog.

The man did not utter a syllable, but he made up his mind that he would remain about the house the next day to try if he could find out what it was. He put a sixpenny piece in the gun, and he hid himself. But some way or other, his

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Ursgeul.
Wife got knowledge that he was watching, and she did not leave the house all that day: and no more was there any swelling to be seen on her. But never mind. After the man had gone to bed, when the night had come, he kept his eye on her, and he saw that she was busy making clay bodies. He lifted the gun, and he fired on her; and he threw the work she had in the fire, and it went out through the roof of the house in a blaze of fire.

Before the end came to her, she said to her husband "Were it not for how you have done on me with your gun, yourself and your two boys would be dead in a very little time, for I was making clay bodies for you."

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Urs-geul.

The following is an English version of what was evidently a Highland Urs-geul. It was rehearsed by a lady who lived for some time in the Parish of Fodderty, Perthshire.

There was one time a soldier, who, at the time that he was a soldier was taking every opportunity he could get, studying as a student, and preparing for the ministry, to which he was looking forward. One time when he was on sentry, he either fell asleep, or got so absorbed in his studies that he forgot himself, and the case having been reported to his officers, he was tried, and was condemned to be shot. That was the punishment in the case of a soldier who was found guilty of neglecting his duty in any way, when on sentry, and no body could save him from it, except the King himself.

This man's friends resolved to do what could be done on his behalf, and so they went to the King, and told him how the thing had happened. They showed that the soldier was a student — studying for the ministry, and being often hard pressed with his duties as a soldier, he was often compelled to work at his studies at night, and in this way, he often lost his sleep. That was the cause, they said, which had led to his having committed the fault for which he was now under sentence of being shot.

The King listned to all they had to say, and when they had finished, he said, "Well, if what you say is true, he can preach a sermon before me from a text that I shall choose for him, and when I shall hear how he

listned

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Ursgeul.

will do that, I shall consider what should be done with him after that. So the King sent a message to his officers that the soldier should not be shot until they would get further orders from him, and he sent word to the soldier at the same time, that he wanted him to preach a sermon in his presence on a certain day, and from a text that the King would choose.

When the day which the King had appointed came, the soldier was taken to the place where he was to preach, and the King was there, and a crowded congregation, for every body wanted to hear the Student, and see how he would get on. When he went up to the pulpit a paper was handed up to him from the King, on which it was thought the text that the King had chosen was written; but when the soldier looked, first on the one side, and then on the other, he found there was nothing on it— not a word, or sign of any description. At once he announced to the Congregation that his text was "All things were made out of nothing." And he preached such a powerful sermon, that every body was astonished, and the King was so pleased that he pardoned him there and then, and ordered his officers of the Army to allow him to leave the Army immediately, that he might be able to give his whole time to study in finishing his preparations for the Ministry. So the Soldier got his acquittal under the King's own hand, and became a minister, with the King's approval. The reciter added "Now that is quite true".

Anonymous

7306 3

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Magaidh and Brownie.

From Mrs Macgregor parish of Dunbil.

Akin to the Brownie, which appears to be more widely known over the Highlands, there is another Spectre, known among the inhabitants of Strath Spey, as the Magaidh. Speaking of the Magaidh and Brownie, and old woman of the parish of Dunbil referred to them as husband and wife. She said the Magaidh was the husband, but others seemed rather inclined to ascribe the maleship to the Brownie. But while opinion seems to differ on that point, there does not seem to be any dissent from the accepted belief that they had a real existence at one time, if not now. And the reciter referred to the well known tradition throughout the district, of the famous Magaidh and Brownie that were so devotedly attached to Grant, who was the great man of Gullochy form in olden times. This Magaidh and Brownie were, according to the traditional stories, greatly given to work, and a work in which they excelled, and seemed to take particularly to, was threshing corn. Accordingly, the corn used to be left in the barn at night by Grants' orders, and it would be found threshed in the morning – the Magaidh and Brownie having done it during the night.

It was also curious, the reciter said, that although it was well enough known to every body about the place that they were there, nobody ever saw them except Grant himself. He could see them, and this gave rise to the supposition that he was possessed of the faculty of second sight, for there is an impression, that only such as have that faculty

Anonymous 7307 4

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Magaidh and Brownie.

can see such spectres as these.

From Mrs Macdonald, Boat of Garten.

2 Anonymous

The reciter said she knows Tullochgorm well, having been brought up, not far from it. She also said that she was quite familiar in her young days with hearing the stories that were current about the Magaidh and Brownie there. She said that the full name of Magaidh, was Magaidh molach: and as showing the great attachment of the couple to Grant, who was in Tullochgorm at that time, and how they would protect him, she says that there is a splendid well a little above the Tullochgorm house. She knew this well in her young days very well, and it was considered to have the best water of any all round about. The story goes, that Grant was very partial to the water of this well, and often ordered one or other of his servants to go to this well specially for a drink of water for him. But sometimes the servant that would be sent, for laziness' sake would take the water from another well that was nearer hand, but not so good. But if that would be done, the one that did it could never get it with her, for the Magaidh and the Brownie were always on the watch, and whatever way they had of knowing that the water was for the gentleman, nobody ever found out, but they knew it, and as soon as the girl would reach the door, on her way back with the water from the nearer well, she was met by the Magaidh and Brownie, or it

Anonymous

7308

5-

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Màgaidh and Brownie.

might be by only one of them, for she never could see them, and the water she had brought would be spilled there, every drop, and she would require just to go back to the proper well, to which she had been sent at first.

From Miss Cameron, Dreshar, Dutfhil.

3

Anonymous

The reciter, referring to the Màgaidh and Brownie of Tullochgorm, said that she used to hear many stories about them when she was yound, and people believed that they had been there, true enough, and that the stories told about how much work they used to do for Grant were also true. "But", she said, "they are not there now."

Asked, did she know how people accounted for their disappearance, she said that she heard that it was because some one, wanted to reward them for their services, and with this intention, left a petticoat and cap for them, which they took as an offence, and from that day they have never been seen, nor heard of being about Tullochgorm. But on this point, the reciter confessed herself unable to form any opinion worth mentioning.

Referring to the story, as above, of the disappearance of the Màgaidh and Brownie from Tullochgorm, an Uncle of the above reciter said that a rhyme was made with reference to the departure, two lines of which he repeated - Thus:-

"Fhuair Màgaidh mholach cota 's currachd,
'S cha dean Màgaidh mholach tuille buaile"

Rough English - Rough Màgaidh has got a petticoat and cap,
And rough Màgaidh will do no more threshing.

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Bean tighe.

"Bean tighe" seems to be another name for a Spectre, met with in Strathspey, but apparently, not nearly so familiarly known as Màgaidh and Brownie were. The reciter, who belongs to that part refers to the Bean tighe, in a story which she rehearsed, as follows:-

A woman told me once of an awful fright she got one time with what she called Bean tighe. This was the way of it. She said that when she was a girl, she was serving with a farmer. It was in the summer time, and one night they were expecting some of the cows to calve. When it was about ten O'clock, they all went to bed except this girl. She said that she would go out to see the cows before going to bed. When she went down to the byre she found the cows all right, and every thing about quiet, but when she was returning, she heard, as she thought, something, as if it was on the green in front of the house. She stood a minute or two listening, and the noise, she thought, sounded like as if a cow, or some beast of that kind were eating grass. It struck her that some of the cattle that were out at night had got into the green, and she went down a few yards to see, and then she saw something black. She felt herself growing cold with fear, but still, she was inclined to think it might be a cow, and she went down a little further, and then she was startled on seing that it was not nearly so large as she at first thought, and it began to roll on the ground, and seemed to be coming nearer her. She took to her heels, and made for the house, but she was so terrified that she could not turn her back to the thing, in case it

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Bean tighe.

would be on her, but keeping her face to it, she was running backward as fast as she could, and it seemed to be just keeping about the same distance from her. At last she managed to reach the door, and got inside.

She said nothing to anybody that night, for they were all in their beds, but she told her mistress the following day that she could not, on any account go alone another night to see the cows; and she told her of what she had seen, and the fright she had got. Her Mistress asked her particularly about it, and when she (the girl) had described it as well as she could, both as to what she had heard, and seen, her mistress said to her:-

"O coma leat sa sin. Cha 'n 'eil gnothuch aige rium sa, agus cha ruig thu leas eagal bhi ort roimhe. Cha 'n 'eil an sin ach Bean tighe. Tha leithid sin a' leantuinn nan daoin' againn-ne" (Oh never mind that. It has no business with you, and you need not ~~need~~ be afraid for it. There is nothing there but a Bean tighe (house wife). The like of that follows our people).

That was all that was said about it at the time, but in a very short time the Mistress's mother, who was living with her daughter on the farm, died, and the woman, when relating her story to the reciter, said that it was clear enough that what the mistress had said about the thing was quite true.

Anonymous

7311 8

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Gruagach.

From Mr Macdonald, Applecross.

The reciter says that he has met with stories of the Gruagach in Perthshire, where there seems to have been a common impression that the Spectre appeared in the form of a very tall man, and although chosing to make its quarters about human dwellings, was nevertheless very shy. The following story, the reciter says, he found in circulation in the central parts of the County.

There was one time a man living on the banks of Loch Tay, who was much annoyed by a Gruagach that
/s kept persistently coming about his house, at all hours, and in all circumstances. It never did any decided harm, but would be Keeking (looking stealthily) over the door lintle, and round about the corners of the house. After having been bothered with it in this way for a long time, and no signs of its giving up, the man resolved to flit to the opposite side of the loch, with the view of getting quit of it. But no sooner had he got in to the new house than the Gruagach was there again, at its old tricks, Keeking over the door lintle.

From Miss Macgibbray, Garten, Strathspey.

Anonymous

Talking of Bodach a' Fhartain, the reciter, who is a native of Strathspey, said that there is no doubt about the Existence of this Spectre, for both her father, and an uncle of hers had heard him - each on a different occasion

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Bodach a' Ghastain.

from the other. About her father, she said it was one time he had been away from home, and was coming home very late, or rather early the following day from the day he had left home. It would be between One and Two O'clock in the morning. He was alone, and when he was passing the upper end of Loch Garten, he heard a voice quite clearly. It cried, "Trobhd! Trobhd!" (come here, Come here). He believed it to be Bodach a' Ghastain, and paid no attention to it, but kept on his way.

She says she has often heard him tell it, and till this day he firmly holds that it was nothing but the Bodach.

On another occasion, an Uncle of hers was near the same place, and heard the same words spoken. He too believed that it was Bodach a' Ghastain.

7313

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Signs.

From Miss Ferguson. Lochboisdale, Uist.

Anonymous

To see a parent who is dead, coming to one, in a dream, is a sure sign that there is to be some trouble in the family soon. A native of Uist says she often heard this, and has found it to be quite true in her own experience. She says she has several times ~~dreamt~~ dreamt that she saw her father coming to her, since his death, and she has noticed that, in every case, some trouble followed.

To see in a dream corn, or any kind of grain being cut before it is ripe is a sign of near death. My father dreamt one night that he saw himself, and his brothers and sisters cutting unripe grain in a field in Kilbride. He did not tell any of us, but the next morning before Eight O'clock, his nephew, a sister's son, who was living near that field, came, and as soon as my father saw him, he knew he had come with news of death, and said to his nephew "I expected you, for I got a warning". It was his sister that had been taken ill very suddenly, and was dying. He said to my Cousin, "Now just tell me the truth. Is she living"? And my Cousin said, "Yes, she is still in life, but she seems to be dying". They both went away together, but before they reached she had died.

To see, in a dream, a vessel being drawn ashore,

Anonymous

7314

Folk Love of the West Highlands

Signs.

or sailing on land is a sure sign of a funeral soon.

From Betsy Johnstone, Conispie, Islay.

4 An Islay girl said, I am quite sure that I am going to hear news soon, for a beast (moth) struck against my ear twice. I heard people saying that when one of these beasts would come against a person, it was a sign of hurried news; and I heard Mrs F— in Conispie saying that she had watched it, and every time one of these came near her, she had news of something soon after.

From Mr Baxter, a native of Stanley, Perthshire.

Anonymous

5. A Perthshire man says that he has met with the belief in some parts of the Highlands, that when spots are seen on the face of the sun, they are a sign of some approaching Commercial Catastrophe.

From Miss Macmillan, Whiting Bay, Arran.

Anonymous

6 A native of Arran said:— We believe that when a knife happens to fall on the floor, it is a sign that a gentleman is coming: and when a fork falls, it is a sign that a lady is coming. Today, she said, my sister let a fork fall, and I said, "there's a lady coming to see us. And now here you are".

From Miss Sutherland, Helensburgh.

Anonymous

7 Talking of certain things that are signs of what is

7315

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Signs.

Coming, a lady who resides in Helensburgh said to one who had called one day. "We knew that some stranger was to come to-day, or soon".

"How did you know that"? the visitor enquired. "Because", she said, "a piece coal fell out of the fire, and many a time I heard people saying that was a sign that a stranger was coming, and my mother used to say that she always noticed that it was true"!

8 If a lady's hair pin falls, it is a sign that she is about to receive a letter.

9 When one sees people alive, in a dream, and those people dead, it is a sign that hasty news are on their way to the one that has dreamed it.

From Mr James Mackenzie, Whiting Bay, Arran.

10 An old man who is a native of the island of Arran, talking of Cock crowing, said that he always heard that the crowing of a cock, when heard any time after sun set, is a sure sign of death being near to some body, belonging in some way to the district where the crowing takes place.

He says that he remembers, in his young days, hearing his father, more than once, telling of a man who lived in the south end of Arran. The family had two or three cocks, and one winter, for several nights, these cocks commenced in the early part of the night, and kept up a great crowing. The people were alarmed

7316

Folk Lore of the West Highlands

Signs.

about it, for they looked upon it as a sign of death to some one, and every day they were expecting to hear of some one connected with the place having died, and still no death was taking place. But at last word came that the man's two sons that were sailors were drowned, and they knew then that the cock crowing had been connected with their death.