

Baile nan
Gaidheal
Highland Village
MADE OF STORIES



The Highland Village
Gaelic Folklife Magazine

an rubha

HIGHLANDVILLAGE.CA

VOLUME 16 • NUMBER ONE

Mar is Léir Dhomh Fhìn | As I see It

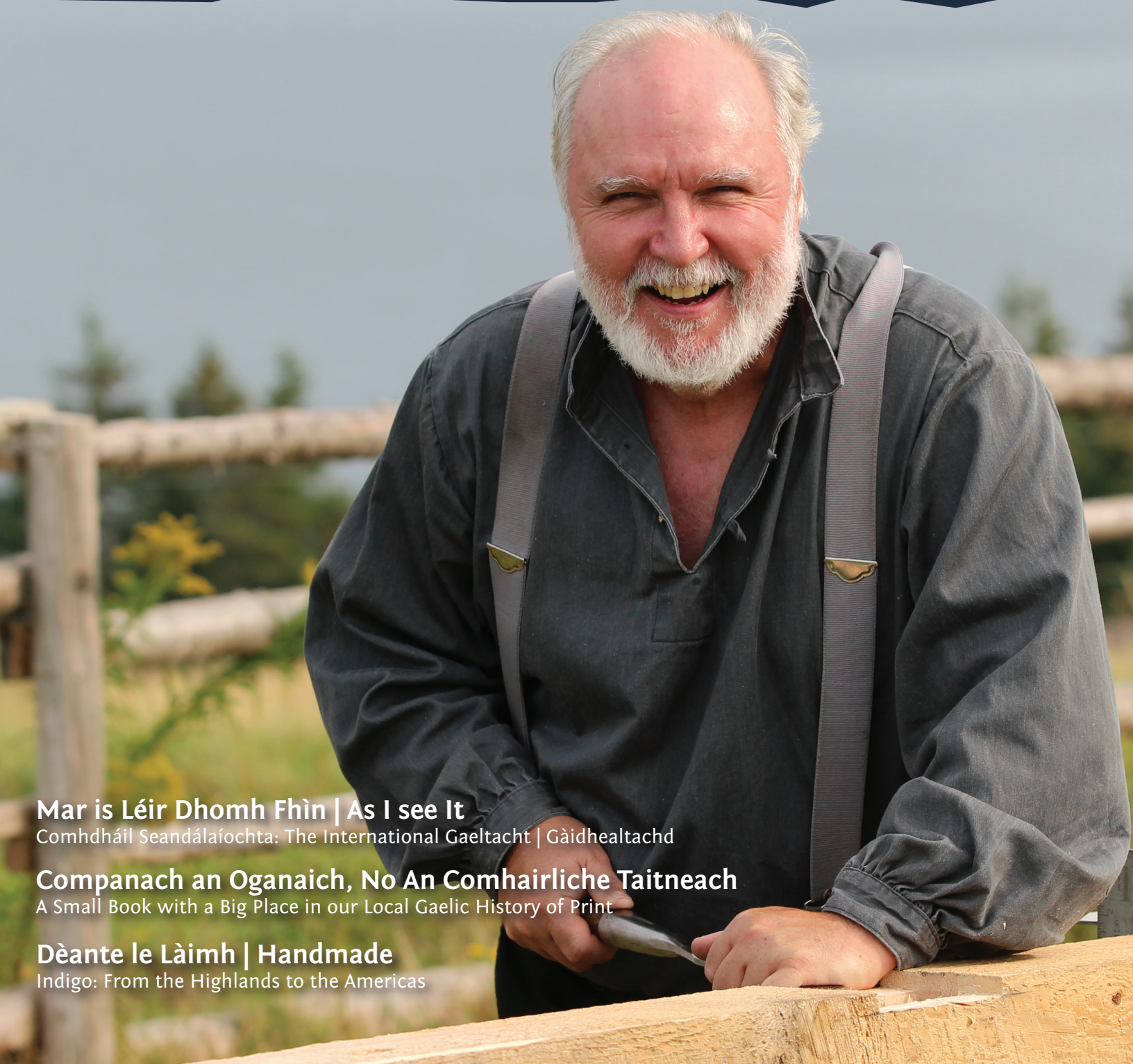
Comhdháil Seandálaíochta: The International Gaeltacht | Gàidhealtachd

Companach an Oganaich, No An Comhairliche Taitneach

A Small Book with a Big Place in our Local Gaelic History of Print

Dèante le Làimh | Handmade

Indigo: From the Highlands to the Americas





Stòras na h-Òigridh | Treasures of Youth Scholarship Fund provides financial support and assistance to up-and-coming Nova Scotia youth between the ages of five and twenty-one, who are keen to advance their skills in the Gaelic tradition including: fiddle, pipes, piano/guitar accompaniment, language, storytelling, song, and dance.

In the spring of 2018, we will award (2) \$1,000 & (1) \$500 scholarships. The deadline for applications is April 30, 2018.

See our website for more details.

The Fund welcomes donations. A downloadable brochure with details and a pledge form is available on our website. Donations may also be made online through Canada Helps.

www.treasuresofyouth.ca



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2017 Scholarship Winners: Abigail MacDonald & Katherine MacDonald.



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AN DROCHÀID EADARAINN

Tha An Drochaid Eadarainn stéidhichte air Stòras a' Bhaile: sgoil bheul-aithris air a cumail aig Baile nan Gàidheal gu bliadhna. 'Na làraich-lìn eadar-gnìomhail, tha An Drochaid Eadarainn a' cleachdadh teicneolais mar mhodh a' lìonadh beàrn far a bheil dualchas air tar-aisig o ghluin gu glùn a dhìth.

An Drochaid Eadarainn (The Bridge Between Us) is an interactive website emulating the social transmission of Gaelic language and culture through technology. Communicating recorded expressions of Nova Scotia Gaelic culture, visitors will witness native speakers through storytelling, music and dance, dialectal samples, kinship, belief, traditional foods, home remedies and cures.

Participants can meet, share and exchange Nova Scotia Gaelic traditions on *An Drochaid Bheò* (The Living Bridge), an interactive feature of the website.



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Neil J. MacNeil, *Baile nan Gàidheal* Operations
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Facal bhon Neach-stiùiridh | From the Director's Desk

Welcome to the 2018 issue of *An Rubha*. This edition of our Gaelic Folklife magazine arrives on the heels of a banner 2017 season at *Baile nan Gàidheal*.

We remain focused on being a centre of excellence for the transmission and experiential presentation of Gaelic Nova Scotia culture and heritage. We strive to provide quality visitor experiences and leadership in promoting linguistic and cultural renewal in our community.

This past year, we have progressed on several fronts: interpretation & programming including first person animation, storytelling tours, cultural presentations, and other experiential opportunities; collections management including completion of the Re-Org project which saw the rehousing of 1,200 artifacts, reorganizing of two collection storage spaces, and updating of inventories; infrastructure improvements including completion of a new log cabin, significant repair work to the centre hallway (MacQuarrie-Fox) and centre chimney (MacDonald) houses, as well advancing the long term site development strategy for the Village; and outreach & partnerships including the continued strengthening of our local and regional partnerships.

2017 was a record breaking season with 25,142 visitors, an increase of 18% over 2016. Key increases included: off the road (FIT - free & independent traveller) visitation up 9%; school programs up 56% and cruise ships up 37%. All geographic sources saw increases. Over the past three years, *Baile nan Gàidheal* has seen its visitation grow by 30%. On the earned income side, overall gross earned income revenues were up 21%. The most significant increases were: admissions up 20%; gross retail sales up 17%; programming fees up 21%; and food service up 37%.

Volunteer engagement remains strong. In 2017, our volunteers contributed 2,094 hours. The vast majority of those volunteer hours were for special events, in particular the *Oidhche nam Bòcan* | Night of the Spooks Halloween program.

Engagement through social media, especially Facebook, continued to grow throughout 2017. As of December 31, 2017, we had 4,945 likes on Facebook (up 19% from last year), 2,647 followers on Twitter (up 28%), and 1,180 followers on Instagram (up 68%). Visits to our core website were up 11%.

Baile nan Gàidheal participated in the 2017 Museum Evaluation Program administered by the Association of Nova Scotia Museums. The program this year was focused on 26 Nova Scotia Museum sites and the Museum's storage areas. The evaluation measured seven areas of museum operations. Highland Village attained an overall score of 90.8%.

While we continue to grow and strengthen our operation, our board and staff have been looking to the future. At its April 2017 meeting, the Society's Board of Trustees adopted new vision and mission statements (in the panel

to the right of this article), which provide the aspirational framework for everything we do.

The Highland Village also has a clear vision for the physical site. The vision has been articulated in a strategy that has been approved by our Board of Trustees and endorsed by Nova Scotia Museum and Building Services (NS Department of Transportation and Infrastructure Renewal) staff. The \$3.6 million strategy addresses the physical and operational needs of the site including visitor services, interpretation enhancements, operational support, aesthetics, administration, and stewardship.

Our plan contains the following elements: New Arrival & Welcome Plaza, New Welcome Centre, Cultural Resources Centre, New Shingle Mill, New Carriage House/ Agricultural Story, New Costume/Animation Support, Other Interpretation/Programming Enhancements, New Large Artifact Storage, Workshop Replacement, Canteen Renovations, and Vegetation Improvements. When implemented, the strategy will see improved physical capacity to meet the current and future operational needs of the Highland Village. More information on the plan can be found on our website.

Since adoption of the strategy by the board in 2016, the Society has been focused on the ambitious task of financing the project. First to the table was the Municipality of Victoria County, thanks to the leadership of our Councillor Paul MacNeil and Warden Bruce Morrison. Victoria County has committed \$100,000 to the project over 5 years. In October 2017, Sydney-Victoria MP Mark Eyking announced a contribution of \$1.2 million to the project over three years through the Atlantic Canada Opportunities Agency. The Society continues to work with the Province of Nova Scotia to secure a \$1.2 contribution towards the project.

To support the implementation of the plan, the Society has launched a capital campaign. The goal of the campaign is to raise \$1.1 million from the community and private sector. Our capital campaign is led by a group of individuals that support the vision of *Baile nan Gàidheal* | Highland Village, and have deep roots in the Nova Scotia Gaelic story. Our cabinet includes: Denis Ryan (Chair), Linden MacIntyre, M.A. MacPherson, Dr. Sean Riley, Dr. Ron Stewart, and George Unsworth.

We appreciate all contributions to our fundraising campaign. All donations are tax deductible. If you would like to make a contribution please contact me at the Highland Village. We thank everyone for their support of this important and exciting project. *Móran taing!*



Rodney Chaisson,
Director of the Highland Village



Leanaibh dlùth ri cliù bhur sinnsir.

Commun Baile Ghàidheal na h-Albann Nuaidh | The Nova Scotia Highland Village Society was incorporated on November 3, 1959 under the Societies Act of Nova Scotia. Its purpose was to construct and operate an outdoor folk museum dedicated to the Scottish Gaelic culture in Nova Scotia.

Since 2000, the Nova Scotia Highland Village Society has operated *Baile nan Gàidheal* | Highland Village, A Part of the Nova Scotia Museum, in partnership with the Nova Scotia Museum (Department of Communities, Culture & Heritage).

**Baile nan
Gàidheal**
Highland Village

MADE OF STORIES

A PART of THE NOVA SCOTIA MUSEUM

Our vision is to be the leading Gaelic folklife centre, recognized in Nova Scotia, nationally and internationally as an essential institution for continuing development and representation of a vital and sustainable Gaelic community.

Our mission is to grow as a Gaelic folklife centre that bilingually nurtures, communicates and celebrates the heritage and cultural identity of Nova Scotia's Gaelic community.

We are a member of Association of Nova Scotia Museums (ANSM), Canadian Museums Assoc. (CMA), Heritage Cape Breton Connection, Council of NS Archives (CNSA), Genealogical Assoc. of NS (GANS), Cape Breton Genealogical & Historical Association, Assoc. of Living History, Farms and Agricultural Museums (ALHFAM), Celtic Heart of North America Marketing Cooperative, Tourism Industry Assoc of NS (TIANS), Baddeck & Area Business Tourism Assoc. (BABTA), Sydney & Area Chamber of Commerce, Strait Area Chamber of Commerce, and the Cape Breton Partnership.

Mar is léir dhomh fhìn | As I See It

COMHDHÁIL SEANDÁLAÍOCHTA: THE INTERNATIONAL GAELTACHT | GÀIDHEALTACHD

Of the cultural icons shared by Ireland, Scotland and Gaelic Nova Scotia, *Calum Cille* (St. Columba – though never canonized by the Church) is, perhaps, the most significant of ecclesiastical figures. The importance of *Calum Cille*, (*Colm Cille* in Irish), to international Gaeldom was recognized in September of 2017, with a conference organized by *Muintearas*, a Gaelic development organization, head-quartered in *Leitir Moir*, South Connemara, County Galway. Combining *Calum Cille* themes featuring lectures, visits to Mesolithic sites of historical Gaelic significance and locations such as early churches and holy wells, the *Muintearas* conference brought together an international gathering with presenters from Ireland, Scotland and America, including myself from *Baile nan Gàidheal*.

Commenced by remarks on the saint's cultural influence on international Gaeldom by *Pól Ó Gallchóir*, Chair for *Bord Fhoras na Gaeilge*, the three-day conference eclectically drew down from the St. Columba legend: combining archaeological lectures, field trips and folklore examples from Gaelic-speaking regions touched by legends of the saint. The Gaels' global ties were illuminated in representations of South Connemara through song, music, dance and stories: mediums that visitors from Cape Breton, Ireland and Scotland were able to share in a universal framework understood in the Gaelic-speaking world.

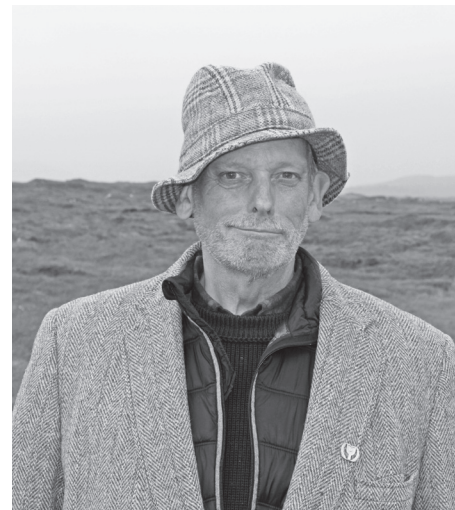
A physically active conference, archaeological lectures were supported by informative visits to ancient sites

in the surrounding area, where Gaelic language and culture are the ongoing means of common social expression for young and old. Rich in archaeological locations, Connemara provides a superb field of antique Christian and pre-Christian Goidelic built heritage to be experienced by its community of descendants and the world at large. Introductions to spaces like *crannogs* and shellfish middens were enhanced for participants with the modern technology of a drone device, along with expert talks.

Inspirations for the three-day conference, themed as *Comhdháil Seandálaíochta*, were brought about through *Iomairt Cholm Cille* (the Saint Columba Project), a collective initiative meant to join Scottish and Irish Gaels for cultural exchange and understanding of common bonds shared through language, and Gaelic heritage.

Calum Cille/Colm Cille St. Columba, 521 -597 AD, was born of royal lineage in Lough Gartan, County Donegal, Ireland. Founding monastic communities in both Ireland and Scotland, he is, perhaps, most closely associated with the Inner-Hebridean monastery of Iona (*I Caluim Cille*) and its links to the Book of Kells, on display at the Trinity College Library, Dublin.

Presenters and guides for the conference included, *Cathal O Cuaig*, on the legends of *Colm Cille* in Scotland and Ireland, Michael Gibbons, Connemara Archaeology, *Sean O Coistealbha* translation, guide, and organizer for *Muintearas*, Brian Lacy, *Colm Cille* in the North West of Ireland, *Alastair Mac Ille-bhàin*, Isle of Mull, the Archaeology of the Iona Site and Seumas Watson,



© Photo by Marlene Ivey.

Seumas Watson Manager of Interpretation for
Baile nan Gàidheal | Highland Village.

Cape Breton Legends of *Calum Cille*, and Ciaran Moylan, presenter and field guide to historic sites, along with Richard Long, Massachusetts, who presented the potential for technology to contribute to research. Special appreciation is due to *Teach Airneáin Mhuintearais*, *Caladh Ghólaím* and the excellent contribution of local singers, dancers and musicians from the Gaels of South Connemara, including youth and *sean nós* singer *Lillis Ó Laoire* with the University of Galway.

Baile nan Gàidheal is grateful for having had the opportunity to make a North American contribution from the Nova Scotia Gaelic tradition to this international link between the Gaels through the *Calum Cille* story. We are especially appreciative of chief *Muintearas* organizer *Sean O' Coistealbha*, whose initiative, and support from *Bord Fhoras na Gaeilge*, have brought Gaels closer together as a cultural nation extending across oceans.

Written by Seumas Watson,
Highland Village's Manager of Interpretation.



Sean O' Coistealbha, *Muintearas* conference organizer at *Toit Chonáin* (Conan's Shell Heap).

Naidheachd a' Bhaile | The Village News

2017 - A SEASON REVIEW



Animators Colleen Beaton and Vicki Quimby, settling into the newly built log cabin.



Councillor Paul MacNeil, Warden Bruce Morrison, MP Mark Eyking, NSHVS President MA MacPherson and Director Rodney Chaisson pose for a photo after our ACOA and Victoria County funding announcement.



Milling a newly woven blanket while singing Gaelic songs, Caint is Cànan participants and Gaelic speakers took part in a program to steadily grow their language and cultural capacity.

After a banner year in 2017, we want to take a moment to reflect on our accomplishments at *Baile nan Gàidheal*.

In early spring of 2017, the maintenance staff completed our new log cabin. An important building to our story, the log cabin explains to visitors what life was like for the first Gaels who arrived in a new and unfamiliar land.

Each May, Gaelic Month in Nova Scotia is celebrated. The Village offered lectures to both staff and public during this month, which included Effie Rankin returning to speak about women and waulking traditions in the Outer Hebrides. Kyle MacDonald gave a presentation on Scotch music that was so well received, that he was invited back to present the annual Alex Francis MacKay lecture in August.

New in 2017, was the redevelopment of the *Sgadan is Buntàta* program, an in-class presentation to promote awareness of Gaelic language and culture. The program was redesigned by Stacey MacLean and renamed *Céilidh Beag*. Stacey and Aileen MacLean spent a week in May attending interested schools within two local school boards educating children on the Nova Scotia Gaels. As well, there was a special request to attend a school in the Halifax region, which saw Stacey and Shay MacMullin present the new program for a school in the French school board.

June 1st saw the doors of *Baile nan Gàidheal* officially open for the season. Annual programming events were on offer once again for visitors to participate. *Biadh is Baile | Highland Fare Day* was held in conjunction with Àros na Mara's World Oceans Day celebrations in Iona. We were fortunate to have Charlie Cash, of Cash's Carding Mill, on hand to speak with visitors about his family's business and lend his expertise in caring for and maintaining the aging machinery.

An open house is held every July 1st on Canada Day. This past year it also marked the beginning of *Féis a Chidsin | KitchenFest!*, in which we participated by offering *Danns a' Bhaile*. The idea behind this new program was to allow visitors a glimpse into what a traditional square dance in the old school house might have been like. Dawn and Margie Beaton, along with Rankin MacInnis provided the tunes inside, while visitors danced on platforms outside the school windows. We are happy to announce that this July we will once again offer this unique experience.

During the summer months our regular programming such as milling frolics and ceilidhs were held daily. Stacey MacLean lead *Eilean na h-Òige* (formally *Laithean Sona* and *Na Deugairean*), the living history programs for youth during July and August. Stacey worked on revising both programs to make them more engaging for repeat participants by creating four themed days per month consisting of wool working, foodways, superstitions and farming. The new versions of the program were well received and will be offered in the 2018 season.

July and August also saw the return of two popular community dinners. *Marag Gheal* and Roast Beef was served in July, and the popular *Feasgar an Truisg | Codfish Supper* returned in mid August.

Programming and daily events continued into the fall months. Our annual *Féill Eachainn Mhóir | Pioneer Day* was held the third week of September with a full day of scheduled events. We were fortunate to once again have staff from Eskasoni Cultural Journeys and Fortress of Louisbourg on hand to enhance our interpretation that day. As well, we hosted a number of events throughout the week of Celtic Colours. One new offering in 2017 was a genealogy workshop called,

Finding your Roots, lead by our Collections Manager and Genealogist, Pauline MacLean. The hour long workshop gave participants the tools and tips on how to start research on their own family history.

We finished the season with the great success of *Oidhche nam Bòcan*. Our staff, along with a strong group of volunteers and students from Rankin School of the Narrows made this event possible with over 550 volunteer hours contributed.

First person animation, strongly based in Gaelic culture, continued to engage visitors as our staff brought to life the stories of Nova Scotia Gaels in each house. Manager of Interpretation, Jim Watson completed a week of interpretive development in the spring of 2017 during which staff continued to build on throughout the season, refining their characters as they worked with the *Na Cleasaichean* (The Village Players). Their role at the Village has evolved over the past few years as they continue to play an integral role in animation, brings to life the stories, songs and customs of Gaelic Nova Scotia while they work with staff to enhance skill sets and help develop programming such as *Oidhche nam Bòcan*.

As always, accomplishments of *Baile nan Gàidheal | Highland Village* are the result of staff's continued efforts and the generosity of our volunteers. *Ceud taing dhuibh uile* (a hundred thank yous, all). We are now looking forward to the 2018 season and what it has to offer. ☺



Katherine MacLeod,
Acting Manager
of Interpretation.

Fo na Cabair | Under the Rafters

CAITHEAMH-BEATHA ÙR | A NEW LIFESTYLE - PART SIX

For the Scottish Gaels coming to Nova Scotia, freedom from Scotland's oppressive circumstances meant intensive exertion to secure their new homes. Memories of early conditions and the co-operative effort of neighbours in founding communities have remained spoken of with clarity among older members of Cape Breton's Gaelic community,

‘S mise Seumas MacAoidh.

‘Se mo sloinneadh, Seumas mac Aonghais ‘ic Iain ‘ic Mhurchaidh ... Thànaig mo shinnr’ á Cinn t-Sàil’ an Albainn. ‘Se Cinn t-Sàile Mhic Aoidh a chanadh ‘ad ris chionns gu robh Cinn t-Sàil’ ann a bharrachd. Thriall ‘ad ás an t-seann dùthaich anns a’ bhliadhna 1790 ...

‘S an àm mo sheanar bha gach àit’ an deifir suidheachadh. Aig an àm sin, bha a’ chuid a bu mhotha do ‘n t-sluagh a’ toirt am beòshlaint’ ás an talamh. Bha saothair glé mhór air a’ sin. Cha robh na h-innealachdan a th’aig feadhainn an diugh aca. Bha am fearann ri réiteach le “neart an gaoirdeanan” mar a thuirt am Bàrd MacGhill’Leathain.

Bhon àm a chuireadh ‘ad a’ choille thar a buinn leis an tuaigh, bha obair mhór air a toirt gu ìre bàrr a thoirt. Le cinnt, bha na coimhearsnaich teann air a’ chéile. Bhiodh ‘ad tric am pàirt ri gach obair. ‘S tric a bhiodh



©Illustration by Ellison Robertson.

froileagan réiteach fearainn aca agus froilig bhuana. B’e an corran a bha ‘ad a’ cleachdadh agus arithist a’ speal bheag. - Seumas mac Aonghuis ‘ic Iain ‘ic Mhurchaidh, Baile a’ Rìgh, Siormachd Inbhir Nis.

I am James MacKay. My genealogy is James son of Angus son of John son of Murdoch... My ancestors came from Kintail in Scotland. It was called the Mackays’ Kintail to distinguish it from another Kintail. They left the Old Country in 1790...

In my grandfather’s day, conditions everywhere were much different. Back then, most people took their

living from the earth. That entailed a good deal of effort. They didn’t have the tools some do today. The land was cultivated by the “strength of their arms,” as Bard MacLean said.

From when the forest was cleared away with the axe, a lot of work went into raising a crop. For sure, the neighbours had close relationships. They would often cooperate with each other in every kind of work. They frequently would get together for land clearing and reaping frolics. They used the sickle and the small scythe. - The late Jimmy MacKay, Kingsville, Inverness County. ©

Edited and Translated by Seumas Watson.

Sgeul ri Aithris | The Story Telling Tradition

HOW THE FLOUNDER BECAME FLAT

Saint *Calum Cille*, though known as such, was never actually acknowledged as a saint proper, by the Church. None the less, his resume of saintly acts is prodigious. The following anecdote is reported as a personal communication from Dr. Seosamh Watson to Seumas Watson, *Baile nan Gàidheal* during a verbal exchange of stories collected in the field between Ireland and Cape Breton.

Uair gu robh saoghal, bha a’ leòbag cruinn ‘na cumadh mar a tha iasg na maradh eile. A bharrachd, bha i gu tur leòmach aisde fhéin ‘na dòigh. A’ là bha seo bha i ‘na sineadh air an tràigh ‘s coma do chreutair sam bith eil’ a bha ‘na còir. Cò b’ e thàinig a’ rathad ‘san àm sin ach Calum Cille, ‘s esan a’ cuairteachadh na tràghad dha chois. Dhlùthaich e air an àite ‘s a robh a’ leòbag ‘na laighe gun a bhi mothachail dhi a bhi ‘na rathad. Dh’aithnich a’ leòbag Calum Cill’ a’ tighinn dha h-ionnsaidh, ach bha i cho coma dheth nach do chàraich i i fhéin dhan dara taobh. Chuir Calum Cille chas sìos air a’ leòbaig, ‘ga spleuchdadh cho còmhaid ris an tràigh fhéin... agus sin an coltas a tha air a bhi air a’ leòbaig chun

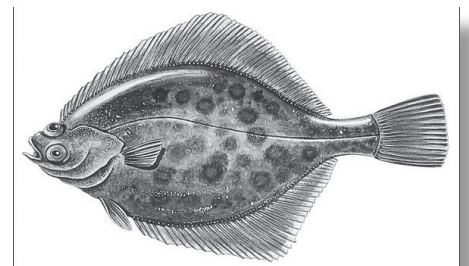
a’ là an diugh: cumadh còmhaid, dà shùil air mullach a cinn agus beul cam fo sròin.

Translation

Once upon a time, like other fish in the sea, the flounder was round. As well, she was vain. On a certain day, the flounder was reclining on the beach, indifferent to any of the other creatures close-by. Who then appeared on foot but *Calum Cille* (Saint Columba), walking down the shoreline. He drew near to the flounder, without realizing that she lay in his path. The flounder saw his approach, but was too arrogant to move herself out of the way. *Calum Cille* stepped on the flounder,

flattening her as flush as the beach itself. From that day to this, the flounder has been flat in shape: two eyes on top of her head and a crooked mouth under her nose. ©

© Recited by Seumas Watson.



Sgeul ri Aithris | The Story Telling Tradition

CALUM CILLE AGUS MAC DHÉ | CALUM CILLE AND THE SON OF GOD

TOLD BY ANGUS "CÙ" MACDONALD, MABOU, CAPE BRETON

Uell, bha e fhéin 's a phiuthar a' fuireach còmhla. Bha bail' aca 's bha 'ad ri tuathanachas. 'S e samhradh uamhasach tioram a bh'ann. Cha robh pioc uist' a' tighinn idir. Bha an gille mach a' cur uist' air a' bhuntàt' 's air a' ghràn.

Ach thànaig Mac Dhé dh'ionnsaidh an taigh'. Tha fhios gu robh fhios aig Mac Dhé glé mhath far a robh fear an taigh'. Dh'fhoighneachd e, "Càit' a' robh e?"

'S thuirt i, "Tha e mach a' cur uist' air a' ghràn 's air a' bhuntàta."

"O, gura h-ann tha e ri sin", thuirt e, "S maireg nach do thilg e fhéin air trocàir Dhé", thuirt e.

Thug e spìolag às a' chruinneachd 's, o, thilg e anns an t-similear e. Dh'fhàs dias mór do chruinneachd suas... anns an t-similear miosg an teine. Agus, thuig i glé mhath gur e Mac Dhé a bh'ann. "O," thuirt e, "Bidh samhradh math ann 's bidh fàs math ann".

Nuair a thànaig Naomh Calum Cille dhachaidh, thug e 'n aire dhan dias cruinneachd 's thuirt e... thuig e taghte gur e Mac Dhé a bha mun cuairt, "H-fheumaidh mis' a dhol a dh'iarraidh maitheanas air."

Dh'fhalbh e as a dheaghaidh agus bha e - an Naomh Gille Chaluim, bha e reamhar. Bha e 'faighinn pull. Bha e ruith 's bha Mac Dhé mu dhà uair a' coiseachd a' sin.

Ach, bha fhios aig Mac Dhé gu robh e 'tighinn agus bha e 'gabhail air a shocair ... Cha robh e 'beireachd air idir 's chaidh e far a robh dotair 's fhuair e pàirt dhan bhlonag a thoirt... reamharachd a bh'air a thoirt dheth. Bha e 'ruith na bu luath' an uair sin 's rug e air Mac Dhé. Tha fhios gu robh fhios aig Mac Dhé gu robh e 'tighinn 's bha e 'gabhail air a shocair.

Agus dh'iarr e maitheanas air 's thuirt e (Mac Dhé) ris, "Gheobh thu sin," thuirt e, "'s dur a bhios tu dol air ais, bheir leat do bhlonag. Cur fo ad e," thuirt e, "agus

's a' mhadainn tog an ad dheth.. S bidh cinn'each," thuirt e, "gu faigh thu a h-uile pioc dhen bhlonag."

Ach chur esan (Calum Cille) a' bhlonag fon ad. 'S dur a dhùisg e anns a' mhadainn, thog e e 's bha tòrr do dh'uirceannan beaga, bòidheach' ann. Dh'fhoighneachd màthair dhi (sic), "Dé às a dh'éirich na h-uirceannan?"

"O, fear dhan fheadhainn a thànaig mun cuairt 's chum e fhéin fear."

Ach bha e 'deanadh amach nach d'fhuair e 'bhlonag uile, 's chaidh e air ais dhan aon searbhant', 's thuirt e, "Cha d'fhuair mis' a' bhlonag uile, thuirt e".

"O uell, cha d'fhuair. Chum mise pìos beag dhi. Thug i dha 'm pìos 's chaidh e dhachaidh chur e sin fon ad. 'S a' mhadainn, thog e 'n ad 's bha tòrr do radain ann. Shin an dòigh a thànaig na radain 's na h-uirceannan, tha fhios agad. Na radain, tha 'ad ag éirigh air meirl' 's goid riamh bhuaithe sin, an deaghaidh dhi-s' a' bhlonag a ghoid.. Thilg e 'n ad as deaghaidh nan radan 's thionndaidh 'n ad 'na cat. Tha 'n cat as deaghaidh nan radan riamh bhuaithe sin.

Translation

Calum Cille and his sister lived together. They had a farm and they were farming. It was a terribly dry summer. There was a bit of rain coming. The fellow (Calum Cille) was out putting water on the potatoes and the grain.

So the Son of God came to the house. The Son of God knew very well where the man of the house was. He asked, "Where is he?" and she said (Calum Cille's sister), "He's out watering the grain and potatoes."

"Oh, that's what he's up to," he said. "It's a pity that he didn't throw himself on the mercy of God."

He took a pinch of the wheat and he threw it into the fireplace. A great head of wheat grew up in the fire. She realized very well that the Son of God was present. "Oh," he said, "it will be a fine summer and the growing will be good."

When Saint Calum Cille came home, he noticed the head of wheat and he said... he clearly understood that the Son of God was in the area. "I have to go and seek his forgiveness."

He set out after him and he was... Saint Calum Cille was fat. He was having difficulty. He was running and the Son of God had been walking for about two hours by then.

But the Son of God knew he was coming and he was taking it on his ease. Calum Cille wasn't catching up to him at all, and he went to where a doctor was, and he had some of the fat, the lard, on him taken off. He was running faster then, and he caught up to the Son of God. It's certain the Son of God knew he was coming, and Calum Cille sought forgiveness. The Son of God said, "You will have that, and when you return, take your lard with you." Put it under a hat and in the morning, lift the hat off it. Be sure you get every bit of the fat."

So Calum Cille put the lard under a hat, and when he woke in the morning, he lifted the hat and there was a bunch of beautiful little piglets there. His sister (sic in transcribed text) asked him, "Where did they come from?"

"Oh, from one of those who came around, and he kept one for himself."

But he was thinking that he didn't get all the fat and he went back to the same servant (doctor). He said, "I didn't get all the fat."

"Oh well, you didn't. I kept a small piece of it."

She gave him the piece and he went home and put it under the hat. In the morning, he picked up the hat and there was pile of rats in it. That's how the rats and piglets came to be.

The rats have been stealing and thieving ever since she stole Calum Cille's fat.

He threw the hat after the rats and the hat turned into a cat. Cats have chased rats from that time forth. ©



© Recorded by Seumas Watson and John Shaw.
Transcription and translation by Seumas Watson.

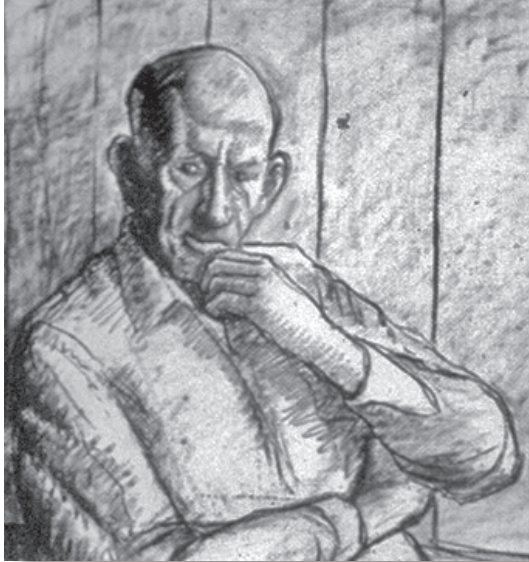
Sgeul ri Aithris | The Story Telling Tradition

DROCH GHUIDHE | AN EVIL CURSE

TOLD BY Migi mac Bean Nilleig Ruairidh | MICKEY MACNEIL, IONA

The belief in curses was once very strong among the Gaels. Stories may yet be heard about the power of the curse, evoked when a wrong has been perceived as done and vengeance is forthcoming. The following story was recorded in the Iona, area from the late Mickey MacNeil, an eminent source for such tales.

©Illustration by Ellison Robertson.



Droch Ghuidhe

'Ga h-innse le Migi mac Bean Nilleig Ruairidh Eòin a' Phlant, nach maireann.

Uell anisd, an gille bha seo, bha e 'cumail... calladh air nighean agus tha teansa gu robh gealltanais mar gum biodh gealltanais pòsadh. Uell anisd, uair dha 'n t-saoghal, cha chluinn thu sin an diugh na 's motha, chluinneadh tu, "Chuir i, na chuir e droch ghuidh' air an duine." Bheil thu tuigsinn? Cha chluinn thu sin tuilleadh.

Uell anisd, bha e riagh air a chantail gur i 'ghuidhe a bu mhiosa dhuit guidhe na banntrach, gura h-i a bu mhiosa dhuit. Uell anisd, cha n-eil e gu diobhar dé an creideamh a bhuin sibh dha, na dé an creideamh a th'agaibh-se. Bha 'ad a' cantail gur e a' bhantrach... Uell bha i, mar a thuirt a' fear eile, bha i gun cheannadas-taighe. Agus a' fear a tha gu h-àrd... 'se ceannadas an taigh' nuair nach robh combanach ann, nuair a bha e marbh.

Agus nan dianadh tu rud dona dha 'n bhantrach, o cha n-eil mi 'mìneagadh rud beag 's cha n-eil cus do dhiobhar ann, no rud nach deanadh sgath do chron. Ach nan deanadh tu rudeigin a thigeadh gu trioblaid no gu cron, a chuireadh call oirre, nan cuireadh i 'ghuidh ort gu faigheadh i guidhe.

Uell anisd, am bàt' a bha seo bha i 'falbh. Bha an nighean a bha seo agus an gill' a bha seo, bha gealltanais pòsadh aca.

Tha teansa gun deach e air ais air a ghealltanais. Agus a' ghuidh' a rinn i dha gu faigheadh i e - bha esan 'na sheòladair, 'se seòladair a bh'ann - gu faigheadh i greim air air a' mhuir 's gun cuireadh i dha 'n ghrund e.

Ach anisd, cha robh sin furasd' a chreidinn. Ach an triop a bha seo, bha 'm bàt' a' dol cross, tha 'n teansa gur ann dha 'n t-seann dùthaich. Bha an caiftean ann, maighstir na fairige mar a chanadh 'ad. Agus chunnaig 'ad romhpa am boireannach seo a' tighinn 'nan coinneimh air uachdar an uiste.

Mhothaich esan i 's dh'aithnich e gu robh e ann an trioblaid. Chaidh e falach.

Thuirt an caiftean, "Cà' bheil thu 'dol?"

"Tha mi 'dol a falach," os' esan.

"Dé tha ceàrr?"

"O," os' esan, "tha i air mo thòir. Tha i as mo dheadhaidh."

'S thànaig am boireannach astaigh dha 'n t-soitheach. Bhruidhinn i ris a' chaiftean. Thuirt i ris a' chaiftean gu robh i 'g iarraidh anisd an duine.

"Uell," os' esan, "cha n-eil a leithid do dhuine sin ann a' seo."

"O, tha," os' ise. "Tha e falach", os' ise. "Ach feumaidh tu a thoirt dhomhsa, no mara doir," os' ise, "bidh thu fhéin 's an t-soitheach 's a' ghrund."

Uell anisd, cha robh dòigh aig a' chaiftean. Nuair a chaidh e 'ga iarraidh 's thug e làthair e, sguab i leath' e, ge b'e cà' 'n Diabhal an deach 'ad. Ògradh a' lath' an diugh, tha siod gu math doirbh leò a chreidinn.

Translation

Well now, there was a lad, he was keeping...calling on a young woman and it was likely that there was a commitment, like a marriage promise. Well now, once upon a time - you wouldn't hear this these days either - you would hear, "She put, or he put a curse on the man." Do you see? You don't hear that anymore.

Well now, it was always said that the worst curse was that of a widow, that was the worst one for you. Well now, it doesn't matter what your religion was, or what religion you came from. They said

it was the widow... Well, like the other fellow said, she was without a head of the household. And the man above (the lord) was the head of the household when the husband was absent, when he was dead.

If you did something bad to the widow... Oh I don't mean something small and insignificant, or something that wasn't harmful, but something that resulted in trouble, or harm, or caused a loss. If she would put a curse on you, she would get her wish.

Well now, this certain ship was departing. This young fellow and this girl promised to marry each other. It seems he went back on his promise. The curse that she made - he was a sailor - was that she would get a hold on him at sea and send him to the bottom of the ocean.

Now that's hard to believe. Anyway, on this occasion the boat was crossing, likely to the Old Country. The captain, master mariner as they would say, was there. They saw ahead of them the woman coming on the surface of the water to meet them. The sailor took notice of her and knew he was in trouble. He hid himself.

The captain said, "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to hide," he said

"What's wrong?"

"Oh," he said, "she is coming for me. She is after me."

And the woman came on board of the ship. She spoke to the captain. She told him that she wanted the man right away.

"Well," he said, "there's nobody like that around here."

"Oh," she said, "he's hiding and you have to hand him over to me, and if you don't you and your ship will be on the sea bottom."

Well, the captain didn't have any choice. When he went to get the sailor and he brought him out of hiding, she swept away with him, wherever in the devil they went. Young people today would find that difficult to believe. ©

Told by the late Mickey MacNeil, Iona, NS.

© Recorded, transcribed & translated by Seumas Watson.

`SAN TAIGH-CHÉILIDH | IN THE CÉILIDH HOUSE OCHÒIN A RÌGH, GURA MI THA MULADACH | OH LORD I'M SAD

© Photo by Ryan MacDonald.



Among the various song types enjoyed by Nova Scotia Gaels having a chorus, sailing songs are one of the most popular genres. From the Highland Village Village *Nòs is Fonn* collection, the late *Peadar MacGill-eathain* | Peter MacLean, Rear Christmas Island provides a setting close to that found in *An t-Oranaiche*. For comparative text, see *An t-Òranaiche*, page 410, Matheson Edition.

Fonn: Ochòin a Rìgh, gura mi tha muladach
 Nach robh mi thall an Loch Aills a' fuireach leat
 Far am bi na h-òigearan `g òl nam buidealan
 A' gabhail òrain `s an stòp an urra aca

Chours: Oh lord I'm sad
 not to be living with you in Loch Alsh
 where the lads drink the casks,
 sing songs and man the stoup

1. Nuair chaidh sinn sìos bha gaoth `n iar-dheas againne
 B'e siod ar miann, `s a bha triall mar chaitheadh i
 Bhi togail cùrsa os cionn nam bangaichean
 A dh'ionnsaidh a' Laoigh `s bu neo-chinnteach cadal dhuinn

*When we set sail, we had a southwest wind.
 That was our preference and we went with
 it setting a course for above the banks
 towards the Calf, uncertain of our sleep.*

2. Anns an oidhche bu chruinn am baideal sinn
 `S gum b'fhad o chéile gach té `s a' mhadainn diubh
 Bha croinn `gan rùsgadh `s a siùil `gan sracadh ann
 `S gur iomadh té chaill a céile leapadh ann

*At night we (the vessels) were gathered together.
 In the morning they were scattered from each other.
 The masts were bared, and the sails were ripped.
 Many a woman lost her bed mate.*

3. Mun dà uair dheug `s ann a shéid e buileach oirnn
 `S i tighinn anall thar na beanntan Neuraig
 `I `falbh gu h-aotrom ri taobh nan rubhachan
 `S nuair dh'at an fhairge bha cainb glé fhulangach

*Around mid-night it blew on us full force coming
 over the mountains of Newrig. She (the boat)
 traveled lightly over the brown billows and
 when the sea swelled her canvas took it in stride.*

4. Nuair dhubh an speur `s a shéid an fhras oirnn
 Sin labhair Seònaid a chionn bu tapaidh i
 "Na gabhaibh cùram, tha smùir na maidne air
 `S fhads a mhaireas m'aodach, cha chluinn sibh m'acain-se."

*When the sky blackened and it showered down on us, that's
 when Seònaid (the boat's name), being clever, spoke and said,
 "Don't be concerned, the morning is breaking through. As long
 as my sail cloth lasts, you won't hear me complaining."*

5. Bha Dòmhnall Ruadh ann `s bu chruaidh an curaidh e
 `S ann da bu dual bhi gu fuasgailt, furanach
 An àm a' ghnìomh cha bu strì leis cuideachadh
 `S e rachadh suas ged bhiodh fuaim m' a h-ullagan

*Red Donald was there, and he was a hard man.
 It was his nature to be civil and forthcoming.
 When the time for action came it was no effort for him to
 assist. He would climb the masts although the pulleys would
 be rattling.*

6. Fhir a shiùbhlas anull thar bealaichean
 Thoir soraighd bhuam-sa a dh'ionnsaidh Ealasaid
 Gur e `n aon rud tha cumail maille orm
 A' ghaoth bhi tuath, an t-sìd' fuar `s clach mheallain ann

*Oh man who traverses the mountain passes, send my regards
 to Ealasaid. The only thing that keeps me back is the north
 wind, cold weather and hail stones.*

7. `S chan eil àite nach bi mi `bruidhinn ort
 `S am measg nan ceud thug mi spéis mo chridhe dhut
 Na h-uile uair gura truagh a bhitheas mi
 Mo chridhe brùite `s mo shùil `s snìgh' oirre

*I speak of you everywhere I go. Over the hundreds of others, I
 gave my heart to you. I am in a pitiful state every hour of the
 day with a broken heart and tear in my eye. ©*

*Nòs is Fonn Collection, Baile nan Gàidheal.
 Transcribed & translated by Seumas Watson.*



Stòras a' Bhaile Returns to Highland Village for 2017



After a year's absence, *Stòras a' Bhaile* returned to *Baile nan Gàidheal* in 2017 and continued to build on previous Gaelic folklife schools, going back to 2008 (reports for each year available). *Stòras* is a unique cultural learning program designed to incorporate technical resources in an immersion-based approach for transmission of Nova Scotia's Gaelic culture and language in a social setting. The organizer's long-term vision is to establish a community-based learning model that educates through an integrated program of cultural presentation entwined with related social experiences. The event is comprised of core activities that concentrate on maintenance of the province's living Gaelic heritage. *Stòras a' Bhaile* 2017 provided four days of immersion programming to approximately 15-20 participants. Local tradition bearers were included over the four days of sessions, and were assisted by fluent secondary bilinguals, thus providing advanced Gaelic language learners with a professional development opportunity.

Stòras a' Bhaile is a partner-based initiative. Resource co-ordination includes Highland Village animation staff, current instructors in adult immersion classes for language teaching who employ the GAB (*Gàidhlig aig Baile*) methodology, guest presenters and acknowledged tradition

bearers, expert in local cultural representations. Collaborating institutions are *Baile nan Gàidheal*, and the Angus L. Macdonald Library. Dr. John Shaw, Seumas Watson and Mary Jane Lamond have recognized expertise in Gaelic

Nova Scotia's cultural expressions and were key presenters once again for this year's school. Susan Cameron, librarian for the Father Brewer Celtic Collection tutored on uses of the Gael Stream portal, a comprehensive digital resource for Gaelic development in Nova Scotia, with introductions to *An Drochaid Eadarainn* by Shay MacMullin, its former co-ordinator and research assistant. Highland Village *Cleasaichean*, Carmen MacArthur and Shay MacMullin also provided additional facilitation and co-ordination. The *Stòras a' Bhaile* 2017 planning committee included Susan Cameron, St. F.X., Seumas Watson and Mary Jane Lamond, Highland Village and Dr. John Shaw, Fellow of the School of Scottish Studies. The genesis of *Stòras a' Bhaile* was *Stòras: Gaelic Folklife School* 2008. Its format was conceived by organizers after the *Stòras nan Gàidheal* workshop of 2007, held in Port Hawkesbury's Civic Centre. Post-workshop discussions bought forward the concept of a Gaelic folklife school, organized to provide cultural opportunities in a participatory social setting with Highland Village as the backdrop. (In keeping with the development of Nova Scotia's *Gàidhlig aig Baile* community-based immersion programming, *Stòras* 2008 became *Stòras a' Bhaile* in the following year 2009.)

Long Term Project Goals for the *Stòras a' Bhaile* Program

Stòras A' Bhaile is envisaged as an on-going format that can contribute significantly to renewal of Gaelic language and culture in Nova Scotia. The criteria for its development are based on the following goals:

1. To meet expressed needs of the Nova Scotia Gaelic community for learning opportunities and materials relevant to its own cultural heritage, as stated during *Stòras nan Gàidheal* Community Education Resource Development Workshop 2007 (report available);
2. To increase the understanding, importance and maintenance of Nova Scotia's cultural expression and aesthetics in regional representations;
3. To educate on traditional Gaelic arts, folkways and history as represented by community;
4. To provide unique occasions for individuals and communities to share, celebrate and maintain the vitality of arts and folkways indigenous to Gaelic Nova Scotia for present and future generations;
5. To promote lasting partnerships that will support social development of educational opportunities that benefit all constituents of the Nova Scotia Gaelic community.

Highland Village was pleased to reconstitute *Stòras a' Bhaile* in 2017, and looks forward to on going development in the years ahead. ©

Written by Seumas Watson,
Highland Village's Manager of Interpretation.



Nona MacDonald-Dyke.



Stòras a' Bhaile facilitator Dr. John Shaw.



Bernard Cameron.



Oifighear Dubh Bail' a' Chrodhain
An t-Òg-mhios, 28 1893

Bho chionn nan ceud bliadhna a chaidh seachad, bha duine a' còmhnaidh ann am Bail' a' Chrodhain, ann an sgìreachd Chinn a' Ghiùbhsaich am Baideanach, a bha 'na chaithean anns an airm Bhreatainnach ri linn Cogadh na Frainge, nuair a theab na Frangaich an Saoghal a chur fopa fhéin.

B'ann do Chloinn Mhuirich, no Chloinn a' Phearsain, a bha an duine seo a bha 'na dhuine aingidh a rinn móran uilc agus a bha sàrachadh an t-sluaigh le bhi 'gan glacadh agus 'gan cur a dh'aindeòin do 'n t-saighdearachd a chogadh ris na Frangaich. Uime sin, airson duirthead a dhath agus duibhead a ghnìomharan, theireadh iad an frith-ainm ris a thoill e, An t-Oifighear Dubh, no An t-Oifighear Dubh Bail' a' Chrodhain.

Bhiodh e a' gnàthachadh luimeannan aingidh agus fiar chleasan gu daoine a chur an sàs. Nuair a gheibheadh e anns an ribe iad, b'èiginn daibh a ghabhail 'san t-saighdearachd air no chuireadh e ann am prìosan iad no às an dùthaich. Uime sin, bha e 'na bhòcan anns an tìr, 'na ghrath agus 'na chùlaidh-eagail.

Aig an àm seo, b'abhaist do dhaoineibh bho 'n Eilean Sgitheanach, agus bho thuath, a bhi 'dol tro Bhaideanach gu Cars Ghoubhraigh aig àm na buana anns an fhogharadh gu beagan airgid a chosnadh. B'e cleachdadh an Oifigheir Dhuibh a bhi ri feitheamh air an son aig monadh Dhruim Uachdair far a' robh an rathad a' dol gu Blàr an Atholl agus Baile Pheairt. Nuair a gheibheadh e greim orra, chuireadh e air falbh iad a dh'aindeòin do 'n airm gu cogadh ri Bonapart agus Na Frangaich.

Aig àm àraid, thachair e aig dithis de mhuinntir an Eilein Sgiathanaich, ach chur se e fhéin ann an aimh-riochd no am mùthadh dreach. Bha am feasgar air ciaradh, a' ghrian air cromadh agus an oidhche air tuiteam. Bha taigh air mullach monaidh Dhruim Uachdair ris an abradh iad Taigh a' Mhonaidh, a bha leth an rathaid eadar Dàil Choinnimh agus Dàil na Ceardaich far am biodh luchd-turais a' cuir seachad na h-oidhche nan tàrladh iad a bhi anmoch a' dol thar Dhruim Uachdair.

A chionn gun robh am feasgar ann agus i dlùth do 'n oidhche, chomhairlich an t-Oifighear Dubh do na Sgiathanaich fuireach anns a' bhothan gu madainn agus

an sin gum bitheadh solas an latha aca. Shuidh e fhéin còmhla riutha agus las iad teine gus an oidhche a chuir seachad cho aoidheil 's a b'urrainn daibh.

Nuair a chaidh beagan ùine thairis, thuir esan ris na daoineibh, "Nach sinn a tha gòrach ag itheadh arain tioraim gun dad ach uisge leis agus na muilte reamhra cho pailt mun cuairt duinn air na cnuic. Rachamaid agus glacamaid fear dhiubh agus bruichibh sinn e agus bidh cuirm againn air an fheadil."

Gun smuaineachadh gu ceart air a' chùis, ghabh na daoine an droch comhairle. Chaidh iad 's rug iad air fear de na muilte reamhar a bha mun cuairt - oir tha na muilte glé reamhar an àm an fhogharraidh. Mharbh iad am mult, rinn iad fheannadh, chuir iad mir mór dheth anns a' phoit, las iad teine mór greadhnach gus a bhuich agus shuidh iad gu socrach timchioll an teine a' feitheamh gus am biodh an fheadil bruich airson an suipearach.

Nuair a chaidh ùine mhath seachad agus a bha a' chuir an impis a bhi deas, chaidh an t-Oifighear amach air an doras mar gum bitheadh e 'dol a dh'armharc ciod a bha an oidhche a' deanamh. Nuair a fhuair e mach chaidh e gu cùl tuim àraid far a robh buidheann shaidheann aige ri feall-fheitheamh. Chuir e dheth an t-aimh-riochd agus chuir e uime a' chulaidh-airm: éideadh an t-saighdeir agus an oifigich.

Thàinig e fhéin 's na saighdearan an sin air ais do 'n taigh, fhuair iad na Sgiathanaich a' còcaireachd na feòla. Ghlac iad mar mheirlich iad agus mara dh'aontaicheadh iad ri dhol do 'n t-saighdearachd, bhagair iad orra am fogradh thar a' chuain gu *Botany Bay* far an robh iad a' cur nam meirleach aig an àm sin. B'èiginn do na Sgiathanaich strìochdadh agus falbh far nach b'àill leò a dhol.

Is iomad sgiala duilich cruaidh a bha air innseadh am measg an t-sluaigh mu thimchioll an Oifigheir Dhuibh a bha am Bail a' Chrodhain. Ach 's e an sgiala mu thimchioll na dòigh anns an d'fhuair e 'm bàs aon dhiubh a 's cianaile agus 's muladaiche de na tha air aithris mu dhéidhinn.

Tha frith-fhiadh ann an Gaig air taobh tuath nam beanntan àrda a tha eadar Baidenach agus Atholl ris an abrar na Beanntaichean Grampaidheach. B'abhaist dha 'n Oifighear Dubh a bhi a' dol a shealg an seo mu àm na nollaige agus na Bliadhn'

Ùire. Air oidhche na Nollaige àraid, bha e fhéin agus buidheann dhaoine a' cuir seachad na h-ùine ann am bothan seilge agus a' feitheamh ri teachd na maidne a chum gun rachadh iad a shealg nam fiadh ann am Frith Ghaig.

Nuair a bha iad 'nan suidh a' cracaireachd taobh an teine, aréir beulradh an t-sluaigh, thàinig gnog aig an doras agus chaidh an t-Oifighear amach a dh'fhaicinn có a bh'ann. Nuair a bha e mach grathunn mut, chaidh cuid de na bha astaigh a dh'ionnsaidh an doruis a dh'fhaicinn ciod a bha 'ga chumail, no có bha 'buidhinn ris. Chunnaic iad samhladh, no riochd mhi-thalamhaidh, 'na sheasamh làimh ris an Oifighear a' bruidhinn ris ag ràdh, "Anochd falbhaidh tu leamsa."

Fhreagar an t-Oifighear Dubh, "Cha n-ann an nochd ach bliadhna bho 'n nochd." An déigh na seilge, thill iad dhachaidh.

Ach an ceann bliadhna, nuair a bha an Nollaig a' tarruing am fagus, thòisich an t-Oifighear Dubh air tional na cuideachd gu Gadhaig a shealg. Gidheadh chan fhaigheadh e a h-aon de 'n fheadhainn a bha leis an uiridh gu dol maille ris, ciod e sam bith a ghabh iad 'nan ceann, no a chunnaic iad 's a chuala air an oidhche roimhe.

Bha cuid ag ràdh gum b'e an Droch Spiorad ann an riochd buic-ghoibhre a chunnaic iad 's chuala iad a' bruidhinn ris an Oifighear Dhubh. Ach co dhiubh cha rachadh fear dhiubh leis.

Mu dheireadh, chruinnich an t-Oifighear ceathrar dhaoine agus dh'fhalbh iad gu Gadhaig far an d'ràinig iad air oidhche na Nollaig 1799 's an t-seann-chunntas, no air a' 5mh là de Ianuary 1800 anns a' chunntas ùr.

Nuair a chaidh na sealgairean a chadal, dh'éirich stoirm uamhasach, tàirneanaich 's dealanaich, cur 's cathadh, sneachda agus gaoth dhoirionnach làidir nach tric a leithid. Mar a thuir am bàrd,

Dh'éirich gaoth am frith nam fiadh
Nach cualas a leithid riamh
'S chuir i breitheannan an gnìomh
A bha gun chiall gun fhathamas

Thuit maoim sneachda air a' bhothan-sheilge agus leagadh e gu làr. A' chlach a bha am bràighe an àrd-doruis, thilgeadh sios i leis a' bhruthach astar fada. Bha na gunnathan air an snìomh 's air an

toinneamh leis an dealanach agus bha na daoine 's na coin air am mùchadh leis an t-sneachda anns a' bhothan far an robh iad 'nan cadal. Cha d'fhàinig beò às an fhardaich à dh'innseadh sgeoil ach aon duine a theich mu dhà cheud slat, ach cha deachaidh e na b'fhaide. Cha d'fhuaras a chorp gu ceann sia seachdainean an déidh sin, nuair a dh'fhalbh an sneachda. Ach fhuair iad corp an Oificeir Dhubh agus cuirp nam fear eile agus bha na coin marbh cuideachd.

Nuair a sguir an stoirm agus a dh'ionndrainnich iad na sealgairean 's iad a' gabhail iongantais ciod e a bha 'gan cumail 's a' bheinn gun tilleadh dhachaidh, chruinnich pannal dhaoine às an dùthaich gu dol a rannsachadh air an son 's an t-sneachda.

Chuala an sgrìobhadair an seanachas seo aig seann duine Iain Ruadh MacFhìlip, fear de 'n fheadhainn a bha 'toirt nan corp às an t-sneachda. "Seall," ars' esan, "mun do thòisich sinn air cladhach, fhuair sinn sgailc do dh'uisge-beatha gun bheòthachadh. Ach a' cheud ghlainne a lìonadh, thàinig osag de ghaoith bho thuath agus sguab i leatha gach boinne às a' ghlainne."

Bha Iain a' creidinn gu cinnteach gum b'e an diabhol a shéid an osag. Bha feadhainn ag ràdh, nuair a chuala fear dhe na Sgiathanaich a ghlacadh gu h-eucorach a bha a' bruich na feòla ann an taigh a' mhonaidh air Druim Uachdair mar a thachair do 'n Oificear Dhubh, gun d'fhuair am fear a bha seo, "Nuair a fhuair mo mhàthair fios mar a rinneadh oirnn, nam biodh i beò, gun tugadh amach aichbheil de 'n Oificear Dhubh air ar son."

Bha e a' creidinn gun robh i 'na bana-bhuidich agus gun robh a' chumhachd aice stoirm 's gaoth a thogail mar a bh'aig na Doideagan Muileach. ©

The Black Officer of *Baile Croan* June 28, 1893

One hundred years ago, there was a man living in *Baile Croan*, the district of Kingussie, Badenoch. He was a captain in the British army at the time of the French Wars, when the French nearly conquered the world.

This wicked man was a Currie, or a MacPherson, who did much evil and harassed the people; he seized them and pressed them against their wishes into the army to fight the French. Because of the darkness of his complexion — and of his deeds — he was deservedly called the Black Officer of *Baile Croan*. It was his practice to use deceit and poor, corrupt men to entrap other men. When he got them in the snare they became soldiers, or

he would put them in prison or transport them. Consequently, he was a demon, a terror and a source of fear throughout the countryside.

In those days, it was usual for men from the Isle of Skye and the North to pass through Badenoch on the way to Carsgowry to earn a bit of money at the fall harvest. It was the Black Officer's ploy to wait for them in the moor at Drumochter, where the road goes to Blair Atholl and the town of Perth. When he got them in his clutches he sent them — willing or not — into the army to fight Bonaparte and the French.

On one occasion, he came upon two Skymen and he donned a disguise. The evening was turning to dusk, the sun had gone down and night had fallen. There was a way house on the ridge of the moor called *Taigh a' Mhonaidh*, halfway between *Dàil Choinnich* and *Dàil na Ceàrdaich*, where travelers stayed the night if they were late crossing Drumochter.

Since it was evening and so close to dark, the Black Officer advised the Skymen to stay in the bothy until morning, when they would have the light of day. He sat down with them and they lit a fire to pass the night as comfortably as they could.

After a while, the Black Officer said to the men, "Aren't we foolish to be eating dry bread with nothing but water and fat wethers (castrated rams) so plentiful around us on the hill? Let's go and catch one of them and we shall cook it and feast on the meat."

Without thinking the matter out, the men took the bad advice. They set off and close by they caught one of the fat wethers. (Wethers are very plump in the fall.) They killed the wether, skinned it, put a generous piece in the pot and lit a big, cheery fire to cook it. They then sat comfortably about the fire, waiting until the meat cooked for their supper.

After a good while had gone by and the meal was nearly ready, the Black Officer went out the door as though he was going to see what the night was doing. When he got outside he ducked behind a certain knoll where a band of his soldiers were lying in wait. He removed his disguise and put on his army garb, the uniform of a soldier and officer.

He and his soldiers then returned to the house and found the Skymen cooking the meat. They captured them as though they were thieves and unless the Skymen agreed to become soldiers, they threatened to send them to Botany Bay, where thieves were sent at the time. The Skye men had no choice but to surrender and go where they were loathe to go.

There are many distressful, cruel tales told by the folk about the Black Officer of

Baile Croan; but the story about his death is one of the most dismal and unhappy.

There is a deer forest in Gaig, north of the tall mountains called the Grampians, between Badenoch and Atholl. The Black Officer's custom was to go hunting here around Christmas and the New Year. On this particular Christmas night, the Black Officer and a group of men were whiling away the time in a hunting camp, waiting for morning to come so they could go to hunt deer in Gaig's deer forest.

While they were sitting and talking by the fire, according to folk legend, a knock came at the door and the Black Officer went out to see who was there. After he had been outside for a short while some of the company went to the door to see what was keeping him, or who was talking to him. They saw a shade, or unearthly form, standing near the officer speaking to him: "Tonight you will go with me."

The Black Officer replied, "Not tonight, but a year from tonight." After the hunt, they returned home.

In another year's time, as Christmas drew near, the Black officer began gathering a hunting party to go to Gaig. Nevertheless, he couldn't persuade any of those that had been with him the year before to go with him now, whatever notion they took or whatever they had seen or heard. Some said that it was the Evil Spirit in the form of a buck goat that they saw or heard speaking to the Black Officer. In any event, not a single one of them would accompany him.

At last, the Black Officer gathered up four men and they proceeded to Gaig. They arrived on Christmas eve, 1799, by the old reckoning, or January 5th according to the new calendar.

When the hunters went to sleep, a terrible storm of thunder, lightning and blizzard conditions arose; snow and ravaging wind the like of which is rare. As the bard said;

A tempest arose in the deer park
The like of which was never heard
That loosed destruction
Senseless without relief

An inundation of snow fell that levelled the hunting camp to the ground. The stone in the door's lintel was thrown far down the hill. The guns were tangled and twisted by the lightning and the men and dogs were smothered by snow where they slept in the camp. Only one man got out alive. He managed to escape about 200 yards further. His corpse wasn't found until six weeks later when the snow went. But they found the body of the Black Officer. The dogs were dead as well.

...continued on page 25

Oidhche nam Bòcan | Night of the Spooks

Observing *Samhainn* (sow-win), or Halloween as it is better known in English, marked the onset of the dark months, following harvest time in the old Celtic world. The origins for *Samhainn* go back to pre-Christian times. It was widely believed in Ireland, Scotland, the Isle of Man, and other countries where Celtic languages are spoken, that *Samhainn* was a liminal time, meaning a brief period when the souls of the dead could wander among their mortal counterparts in an earthly presence. People's concerns that capricious spirits would remain among the living inspired carving turnips with dreadful faces, for placing in windows and doorways, to frighten malevolent souls back to their own place in the world beyond at the conclusion of Halloween. Youth dressed in ugly costumes and visited among village houses for a bit of cheese, or some other treat. Purification rituals also took place by way of bonfires intended to ensure that evils and ill luck associated with the winter months would be symbolically burnt away.

Gaelic custom in Nova Scotia has retained aspects of these historic agricultural times to the present. Turnips have been replaced by pumpkins and school children dress in costume to seek candy from nearby houses.

Each year *Baile nan Gàidheal* celebrates *Samhainn*, offering a two-day Halloween program each October. This two day event takes an entire season to prepare. A community of committed volunteers who give over 500 hours of their time each year to ensure the success of this program. Here are a few highlights from the *Oidhche nam Bòcan* | Night of the Spooks 2017. ©



Students from Sgoil Mhic Fhraing a' Chaolais (Rankin School of the Narrows) and Staff from Colaisde na Gàidhlig volunteered their time and talent.



Students, Matthew Gaudley and Cody MacNeil took on the role of soldiers.



Animator, Melissa MacMaster, Joyce MacDonald and Animator, Emily MacDonald awaited the first group of the evening.



Student Logan Gillis, Animator Catherine Gillis and Director, Rodney Chaisson were on hand to greet visitors in the Blackhouse



Before our visitors arrived on the first night of Oidhche nam Bòcan staff and volunteers gathered for a cast supper and group photo.



Beth MacNeil, Sadie MacDonald, Marie Chehy, and Jean MacNeil practiced their skit in the Centre Hallway House.



Gaelic speakers, Carmen MacArthur, Amber Buchanan, Colin MacDonald, Brittany Rankin-MacDonald and Shay MacMullin brang the culture alive.



Janet MacNeil, Phyllis Williams, Aileen MacLean and Sharon MacNeil sang a mournful keen that echoed throughout the Village.



Carved turnips were found in many of the houses during Oidhche nam Bòcan.

Às a' Leabharlann | From the Library

COMPANACH AN OGANAICH, NO AN COMHAIRLICHE TAITNEACH,

A SMALL BOOK WITH A BIG PLACE IN OUR LOCAL GAELIC HISTORY OF PRINT

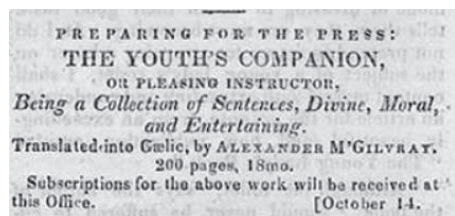
This book first came to my attention as I began my tenure as Special Collections Librarian, in charge of the *Cruinneachadh Ceilteach an Urramaich Maighstir* Charles Brewer, Fr. Charles Brewer Celtic Collection at St. Francis Xavier University. There was a card with the book, claiming that this was the first composed and printed Gaelic book in North America, and that copies were very rare. Thus, began my investigation into many aspects of this monograph.

The book is listed in the Scottish Gaelic Union Catalogue, and a physical description of the book is included in Donald MacLean's *Typographia Scoto-Gadelica* or Books printed in the Gaelic of Scotland, 1915.

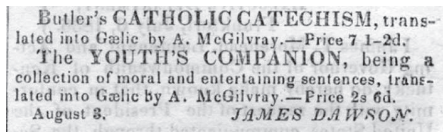
Macgillivray (Alexander), *The Youth's Companion*. Pictou, 1836. "*Companach an Oganach, no an Comharlaiche taitneach, Le Alastair Mc Gillevra*. [Prov. i. 4 quoted.] Pictou: Printed in *The Bee* office. 1836." 16 mo. 158 pp. There are a woodcut, preface, advertisement, and general rules for reading the Gaelic language in the work.¹

I am unsure of the meaning of the information in the square brackets, 16 mo. or *sextodecimo* is the term used for describing the book size and format. It denotes an item with 16 leaves, 32 pages, and 10 × 17 cm in size. Cataloguing records describe it as having [viii], 158 pages and being 13 cm, although the copies I have seen are closer to 12 cm. The loss of a centimeter may be due to wear and tear over the many years since it was published.

The Bee office in Pictou, has an interesting history, and one of its principal publications, *The Bee* newspaper is available online through the Nova Scotia Archives. It frequently offered Gaelic books for sale. There were nine notices of the intent to publish *Companach*, published in *The Bee*, from October 14, 1835 until December 9, 1835 (see figure below). It was customary to look for subscribers as a sort of pre-sale fundraising to ensure the publication would be supported.

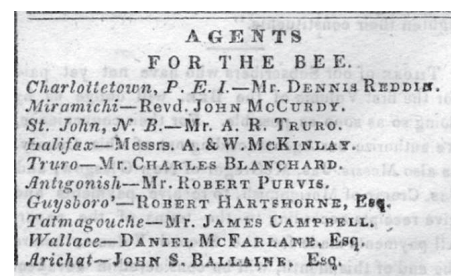


The Bee also published three notices when the book went on sale, on August 3, 10 and 24th, 1836 (see figure above).



We can see that the spelling of McGilvray is consistent in both instances in the above photo, but on the publication, it becomes McGillevra. It was not uncommon to have inconsistencies with names or errors during the printing process. It is also noteworthy that he has another book which he translated on sale as well. *Companach* is described as a translation, however, I believe that McGillivray composed it, if not, what did he translate? *The Catechism*, which he translated, is clearly cited. Is it possible that he composed the book in English and translated it into Gaelic? The book contains fewer pages than the predicted 200 in the initial subscription notice. The cost is listed at 2s 6d, which is considerably cheaper than the other two items listed for sale. As was the custom, this paper was sold through agents, the list below gives some idea of the reach of the publication. Interestingly, Arichat is the only Cape Breton location.

I was able to ascertain that there are at least ten copies extant. It is much easier



today to unearth the locations of books in the world, as online catalogues are so easily accessible and WorldCat.org provides links to a vast number of collections worldwide. There are two copies each, at St. Francis Xavier University, Cape Breton University, and Glasgow University, one at Harvard's Houghton Library, University of Notre Dame's Hesburgh Library, and Florida State University's Strozier Library. I also came across a copy in the Scottish Catholic Archives, in Edinburgh. While I was researching there, I was chatting with one of the staff, Andrew Nicoll, and he mentioned to me that there was a box of Gaelic books in the basement. He allowed me to look through the items and I was very surprised to see a copy of *Companach* among them. It was in excellent shape and

had a penciled note saying that it was sent from Canada. It may be that additional copies exist in private hands or in uncatalogued collections. It is astonishing to me to be able to trace this book, 186 years later, which was published in 1836, in a small printing establishment, in pioneer times, with a limited market, and probably a very small run. The book can be studied as an object in and of itself, apart from the content. It has a life of its own, and this one gives us a glimpse into an aspect of the early Gaelic society and culture of Nova Scotia.

Determining the provenance of a book adds valuable insight to its story. I have examined the two copies at St.F.X. and a colleague sent photos of pages from the Cape Breton University books of handwritten notes found on various pages in the books. I have gleaned other information from catalogue records and the listings from the Glasgow Celtic Department library.

Maureen Williams, former curator of the Brewer Celtic collection, remembered acquiring the first copy I saw at St.F.X. Maureen was informed by friends that there was an estate sale in Pictou County, and there was a box of books on offer. This copy was donated in 1979, by William and Sandra MacKay, from the estate of Robert MacKay, Hedgeville, Pictou County. There is a signature of a James MacKay on the book as well, so this copy probably stayed in one family. Ms. Williams also said that she thought there had been another copy in the collection before this time, but that it went missing. I will return to this point later.

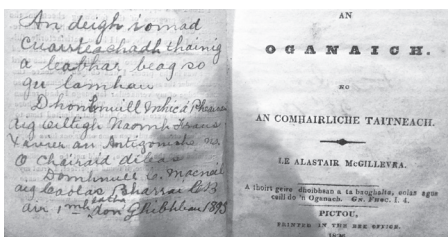
In Fred Norris Robinson's accounting of Harvard's Celtic Collection, it is documented that a copy was sent from here to Harvard, "the Right Reverend Monsignor P.J. Nicholson, of St. Francis Xavier College, of Antigonish, who supplied a copy of the rare early print, *Companach an Oganach*".² I am uncertain of the time that item was donated, but I would assume that Nicholson would be unlikely to part with it if there were no other copies around. It may be that the copies found at Cape Breton University are from Nicholson's library, as he donated many items of his private collection to Xavier Junior College's Cape Bretoniana Collection. The Harvard copy is also described as imperfect, missing the title page. The second copy at St.F.X. came from Sr. Margaret MacDonell's collection and was donated in 2011. This

copy is signed by John McDonald, with the additional information, South West Mabou, the word branch is included in another spot, in the year of our Lord, the month is missing, but the day is 26th, 1840. The name Duncan McDonald is also there, most likely written at a much later time, with different ink.

Cape Breton University's Scottish collection, has an additional two copies. A colleague at the library assisted me by sending photos of the pages which had handwritten notes. There are numerous names, place names, dates and other bits of information contained in many of these books. We can see how the book has travelled within the Gaelic community. One page seems to have measurements of individuals for tailoring purposes. In fact, it has a label on it, which seems to be from a textile company in Scotland (see figure below). I guess paper must have been scarce.



This inscription from 1895 (see figure below) preserves a delightful mark of friendship and gives some insight into the relationship between two members of the Gaelic community. It also hints at the value of the book to readers at that time. This copy also has the signatures of Roderick McNeil, Christie Monica



McKinnon, McKinnon's Interval and A.J. MacKenzie, Shunacadie. The other copy

has Alex Chisholm, Bayley's Brook, and Archie Maclellan, written much later in blue ink. This is also the same copy with the numbers and names that look like tailoring figures.

Although the Scottish Gaelic Union Catalogue, 1984, has one copy listed at Glasgow University, Celtic Department, I was not able to discover it in any online catalogue. I contacted Professor *Roibeard O' Maolalagh*, for further information. As it turned out, they have an internal catalogue, which listed two copies of *Companach*. These records contained descriptions. One of the books came from C.I.N. MacLeod's library. He was the first chair of the St.F.X. Celtic department (and founder of the Highland Village). His collection was bequeathed to his alma mater. The notes say, Final pages have words, plus Antigonish, February 15th, 1878 A.D. Also, inside has Morristown (sic.), Antigonish. The second copy is described in this way, Cover detached and text now in two parts. Title page has 'Mr [N]eal Gillies Teacher [h]is Book in the year of our Lord one hundred and fifty four [Murdoch] McKenlyieghl.

Notre Dame's copy provides some information in its catalogue (see figure below) This copy belonged to the Celtic Scholar, Charles Dunn. After his death, his widow, Elaine, offered the collection for

Second page with ms. inscription in ink: "Alex McGillem" and the stamp of: "St. Francis Xavier's College Abbey, Antigonish, Nova Scotia [Canada] The last page with ms. ex libris: Joseph. Made available by: Elaine Dunn from the Celtic Studies Collection of Charles W. Dunn.

consideration to libraries. The question of how Dunn acquired this book arises. The designation of St. Francis Xavier's College Abbey, is also interesting. I have not come across St.F.X. described as an Abbey before, but it is obviously St.F.X. because it is in Antigonish. The name Alex McGillem, could be a spelling or transcription mistake, and ex libris: Joseph is also intriguing. Many of these books passed from person to person and most of them have signatures, in fact some of them have multiple places where

the owner seems to be practicing the art of penmanship. It was a book that was aimed for youth, who may be learning to write, so perhaps that explains it. The information below is taken from the online catalogue.

The final copy is situated in Florida State University's Stroz Library, and the notes don't reveal anything about the item. It should be mentioned that this book has been digitized and is part of the Digital Collections at the St. Francis Xavier University library. This makes it widely accessible and perhaps Alistair McGillivray would feel his labours were well rewarded. His desire to reach people and inspire them to read in Gaelic, spans more than a century. I recommend having a look, the footnotes alone make interesting reading.

Part two of this piece will say more about the author, and place the book in context, trace the numerous citations to this book, and explore what previous writers have to say. ©

Notes:

1. MacLean, Donald. *Typographia Scoto-Gadelica or Books Printed in the Gaelic of Scotland*, Edinburgh: John Grant, 1915, pp. 221-2.
2. Robinson, F.N., *Celtic Books at Harvard: The History of a Departmental Collection*, *Harvard Library Bulletin*, Vol. 1, no. 1, Winter 1947, p 59.

Susan Cameron is Special Collections Librarian, St. Francis Xavier University.



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The desire for colour seems to be a human trait extending far back in time, and the Gaels were no exception. Known for their love of bright colours since Roman times, they had many local sources (plants, roots, leaves, lichens, etc.) from which to make dyes. One of the hardest pigments to get from Highland plants, however, was a good, colourfast blue.

The development of 11th century trade routes eventually led to the extensive use of a dye called *guirmean*, indigo. It was imported into Scotland and became a valuable ingredient even in remote Highland homes. When the Gaels emigrated, the knowledge of indigo dyeing travelled with them.

Indigo (usually *Indigofera tinctoria*) comes from a leguminous shrub native to India and Asia, although as its popularity grew, so did its cultivation around the world. Indigo replaced woad (*Isatis tinctoria*), the earliest imported blue dye, by the late 17th century. Even though woad dyers protested and anti-indigo legislation was passed, indigo prevailed as a more potent, higher quality, and therefore, less expensive dyestuff.

Imported dyes were available to Highlanders through trade fairs, traveling peddlers and, eventually, local merchants. As early as 1700, regular shipments of indigo were even going to remote St. Kilda. Many Highland homes possessed a small, treasured supply of the dye.

Indigo provided not only shades of blues, blue-grays and purple-blues, but also a range of other colours when overdyed onto native, or imported, yellows and reds. Modern analysis of 17th and 18th century tartans shows a frequent use of imported dyes for the colours, including indigo for the blues, purples and greens.

It arrived in the Highlands as a ball of compacted blue powder, the end result of a complicated process. A liquid was produced by soaking and fermenting the indigo leaves for a period of time. When ready, the leaves were removed and the

liquid was beaten. This added oxygen, which converted the indigo to an insoluble form and turned it blue. This blue insoluble material then precipitated out to a sludge which, finally, was evaporated into a hard residue, ready for shipping.

Indigo, in this blue state, is insoluble in water at a normal acidic range. In order for it to dissolve into a dyebath, or to 'reduce' it, it needs to be put into an alkaline solution. The perfect ingredient for 1780 shows that it was available from the time of earliest Highland settlement. As well, it was one of the least expensive dyes that could be purchased, which probably contributed to its extensive use.

Many of the old pieces of coverlet weaving that survive today in eastern Nova Scotia have indigo-dyed wool pattern threads, still an un-faded blue. And when examples of old homespun clothing are found, they often have the characteristic dark-blue colour (sometimes with an almost purple tone) of indigo-dyed fine handspun wool threads.

The methods of the Highlanders were little changed from the Old Country when they made up a vat of indigo, as recounted by "Aunt Annie" in Margaret MacPhail's novel, *The Bride of Loch Bras d'Or*. (MacPhail was noted for authentically relating her memories of growing up in Cape Breton in the late 19th and early 20th centuries in her novels). "The indigo cake was bought in the grocery store; it cost only two cents for a cake two inches long by one inch wide and a half inch thick..." A barrel of urine from the chamber pots had been collected over the winter. This was now carried to the field near the pond. A crushed cake of indigo was stirred into it with a special ladle...called the 'indigo stick'.

"My oldest sister looked after the indigo dye as each day the woolen skeins were stirred with this ladle to dye the yarn evenly. There were, of course, no rubber gloves used in those days so when the skeins thoroughly and evenly dyed they must be wrung out with bare hands. I can



Natural iron dye pot at Baile nan Gàidheal

recall seeing her, as she worked, with tears streaming down her cheeks from the ammonia fumes and her hands stained blue-black. We could even smell the ammonia in the house although the boiler was almost an eighth of a mile away."

She added, "The efforts were well worthwhile for indigo dyes were unfadable to the last threadbare bit. A suit and overcoat would last a man a lifetime." This could explain why indigo was so treasured, both in the 'Old Country and the new'. ©



Vicki Quimby is textile consultant and animator at the Highland Village. Dèante le Làimh is a regular feature of An Rubha.

"Àm a' chogaidh, air a bhiodh a h-uile sgath gann, chanadh na seann daoine:
Gléidh rud seachd bliadhna `s gheibh e feum."

Mìcheal Eòin Chaluim Sheumais Mhóir – Baile Sheumais

During the war, when everything was scarce, the old people would say:
"Keep something for seven years and it will get used."
Michael John H. MacNeil, Jamesville, Victoria County

MORT GHLINNE COMHAINN | THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE

AIR AITHRIS LE PÀDRAIG MACÈACHARNA, BRÀIGH NA N-AIBHNEADH

©Photo by Frances MacEachern.



robh 'n caoineadh a' tighinn agus bha boireannach briagha ann a' sin agus pàist' aice. Agus cha b'urrainn dhomh am marbhadh,' thuirt e. "Chuir mi 'n claidheamh as a'chù, co-dhiubh mharbh mi 'n cù 's nach do mharbh," thuirt e. Ach bha 'n fhuil agam 's thuirt mi ris a' bhoireannach, "An ainm an T i g h e a r n a , cumaibh am pàiste sin

him right there. But a few of the young lads said to leave him alone 'until we hear some of his stories'. So that is what the owner did, and they asked the old man what was the most distressing thing that he had seen in the massacre and he said,

The worst thing I ever saw was when they had slaughtered every single person in the glen, and as we were on our way out, I heard crying." So the commander said – the order came down to me – to go back and to kill whoever it was and to have the blood on the tip of my sword'. So I had to go back,' he continued, 'and I went in under a bridge there from where the crying was coming and there was a fine looking woman holding an infant. And I just could not kill them, so I thrust the sword into a dog that was there – whether I killed it or not – so that I had the blood [to show]. Then I said to the woman, "In the name of God keep the child quiet until we get away from here," and that is what she did. So I thrust the sword – I took the blood from the dog whether I killed it or not. I arrived back and showed the blood to the commander and 'Well, now we can leave'.

And when he had told that story, 'It is I who was there!' said the owner of the store. 'It is I who was there as an infant with my mother'.

Now the older man had no home: he was a vagrant. So, the store owner said, 'You may stay here with me as long as you live'. ©

Aig an àm a bh'ann, bha 'n seann duine bha seo air feasgar anmoch, bha e mu chuairt aig àit' a bh'ann a bhiodh na daoine 'òga a'cruinneachadh ann. Ach co-dhiubh, a' fear a bha ruith a'stòir 's co-dhiubh bha bàr ann aig' 's nach robh, nuair a fhuair e amach bho'n fhear seo gu robh e air fear dhe na saighdearan a bh'ann am murt Ghleana Comhainn, o bha e dìreach airson a bhith aige agus cur às dha. Ach thuirt pàirt dhe na gilleann òga leigeil leis 'gus an cluinn sinn pàirt dhe na naidheachdan a th'aige. Uill, rinn e sin. Bha iad a' foighneachd dha dé a'rud bu truaighe a chunnaic e riamh anns a'mhurt sin 's thuirt e,

"A' rud bu truaighe a chunna mi riamh," thuirt e, "nuair a mharbh iad a h-uile duine riamh a bh'as a'ghleann, bha sinn a' falbh" 's dh'fhairich sinn caoineadh. 'S thuirt an comann-dair – 's ann ormsa a thànaig e – thuirt e a dhol air ais 's ge b'e có bha siod a mharbhadh 's an fhuil a bhith agam air bàr a' chlaidheimh. B'fheudar dhomh falbh," thuirt e, "agus chaidh mi astaigh fo dhrochaid a bha siod far a

sàmhach 's gus am faigh sinn air falbh às a'seo." Agus rinn i sin. Agus chuir mi 'n claidheamh – thug mi 'n fhuil às a'chù, co-dhiubh mharbh e 'n cù 's nach do mharbh. Ràna mi air ais, sheall mi 'n fhuil sin dhan chomann-dair, 's "Uill, faodaidh sinn falbh."

Agus nuair a dh'inns' e an naidheachd sin, "'S e mise bha 'n sin!" thuirt a' fear aig an robh a'stòir. "'S e mise bha 'n sin. Nuair bha mi 'na mo phàist' aig mo mhàthair."

Agus an duin' a bh'ann, cha robh dachaidh aige 's bha e air an allaban, thuirt e [Fear a'stòir], "Faodaidh sibh fuireach còmh' riumsa ann a'seo cho fad 's a bhios sibh beò."

The Massacre of Glencoe

In former times, an old man arrived one evening at a place where younger people gathered. And the person who was running the establishment – whether there was a bar there are not – when he found out from the older man that he had been one of the soldiers participating in the Massacre of Glencoe, he wanted to confront and kill

Recited by:

Pàdraig Aonghais Sine, Bràigh na h-Aibhneadh.
Patrick MacEachern, Glendale, Inverness County.

© Recorded, transcribed & translated
by Dr. John Shaw.

"Bha giseagan ann riamh agus 's coltach gum bidh.
Bha iad an aghaidh duine a choimhead as a dhéidh an uair dha fàgail air turas."
Seumas mac Aoghnaidh 'ic Iain 'ic Uilleim 'ic Mhurchaidh - Baile a' Rìgh

*There has always been superstition and, likely, always will be.
They were against a person looking back after leaving on a journey.
Jimmy MacKay, Kingsville, Inverness County*

An Gàidheal Portmhor | Scotch Music

GUN DHIÙLT AM BODACH FODAR DHOMH | MUNLOCHY BRIDGE

A common reel on the pipes known as *Gun dhiùlt am bodach fodar dhomh*, is also known by numerous titles, including Greig's Pipes and Munloch Bridge. The words here were provided by the late Joe Neil Mac Neil (*Eòs Nill Bhig*), Middle Cape, Cape Breton County.

Settings with words can be found in Keith Norman MacDonald's *Puirt-a-Beul* and among various other noted collections, such as, Ross's Collection of Pipe Tunes.

Gun dhiùlt am bodach fodar dhomh
Gun dhiùlt am bodach fodar dhomh
Gun dhiùlt am bodach fodar dhomh
Gun dhiùlt am bodach luideach, odhar
Anns an t-sobhal fodar dhomh. ©

The old man refused me hay
The old man refused me hay
The old man refused me hay
The raggedy, pasty old fellow,
in the barn refused me hay. ©



Music notation above is from Ross Collection of Pipe Tunes, Revised Collection 1885, Mulochy Bridge can be found on page 127 of the collection.

Dé tha dol? | What's Happening at the Village this Season?

Mark your calendars for some exciting events happening this year at Baile nan Gàidheal. For more information and our full listing of events, visit our website at www.highlandvillage.ca.



Sunday, May 27 - Cathy Ann MacPhee & Friends Concert in Malagawatch Church
Friday, June 1 - Opening Day
Sunday, June 3 - Ben Miller & Anita MacDonald CD Launch in Malagawatch Church
Saturday, June 9 - Biadh is Baile | Highland Fare - In conjunction with World Oceans Day
Saturday, June 9 - Là Calum Cille | St. Columba Day
Sunday, July 1 - Canada Day Open House - Free Admission
Sunday, July 1 - Danna a' Bhaile - Village Dance in the School House
Saturday, July 21 - Feasgar an Truisg | Codfish Supper
Tuesday, July 31 - Musique Royale Concert - Best of Boxwood in Malagawatch Church
Thursday, August 2 - Donald Og Day
Thursday, August 2 - Garnett Rogers & Archie Fisher in Concert in Malagawatch Church
Saturday, August 4 - 57th Là Mór a' Bhaile | Highland Village Day Concert
Saturday, August 18 - Marag Brunch
Saturday, September 15 - Féill Eachainn Mhóir | Pioneer Day
Saturday, September 29 - Là Fhéill Micheil | St. Michael's Day
Friday, October 5-13 - Daily Celtic Colours Events
Friday & Saturday, October 19-20 - Oidhche nam Bòcan | Night of the Spooks

Seinn fo Sgàil nan Geugan Uaine | Songs from the Greenwood

‘S FHEUDAR DHOMH GU CINNTEACH A SGUR DHE ‘N DRAM

Bha cliù aig na Gàidheil riamh gu bhith ris a’ phoit-dhuibh. Tha e seo na leanas òran a rinneadh le fear Dòmhnall Ruairidh (MacAon-ghais) nach maireann, a bhuineadh do sgìreachd Bràigh na h-Aibhneadh anns an t-Siorramachd Inbhir Nis. Thachair gun deach fear dhe na coimhearsnaich aig Dòmhnall Ruairidh an greim aig bodaich a’ phutain bhuidhe air sàilleabh ‘s gu robh e ris a’ phoit-dhuibh. Chaidh am fear seo chuir ‘s phrìosan ‘son greiseig do dh’ùine. Rinn Dòmhnall Ruairidh an t-òran mar gum b’e fhéin a bh’ann. ‘Se mac bràthair Dhòmhnall Ruairidh, Rodaidh Aleg Ruairidh, a ghabh an t-òran.

A moonshine song composed by the late Donald MacInnes of West Bay Road, Inverness County and sung by his nephew, one of the areas best traditional Gaelic singers, Roddy MacInnes (Rodaidh Aileig Ruairidh), also of West Bay Road.

Fonn: ‘S fheudar dhomh gu cinnteach a sgur dhe ‘n dram
Tha mi nisd ‘s a’ phrìosan, a Rìgh nam Beann
‘S fheudar dhomh gu cinnteach a sgur dhe ‘n dram

Chours: I surely must stop drinking
I am in prison, oh Lord of the Hills
I surely must stop drinking

1. ‘S mis’ a bha gòrach
Ag obair ‘s a’ boillich
Air feasgar Didòmhnaich
Cha n-e spòrs a bh’ann

*I was foolish to be working and boasting
on Sunday afternoon. It was no pleasure
(The thing that happened).*

2. Sguiridh mi dheth buileach
Cha dian mi deoch tuilleadh
Cha n-eil fhios aig duine
An cunnart a th’ann

*I’ll quit completely and never make
drink again. People don’t know how
dangerous it is.*

3. Thànaig na tràilleann
‘S cha thuigeadh ‘ad Gàidhlig
‘S shaoil leam mar a dh’fhàs mi
Gur e ‘m bàs a bh’ann

*The stooges appeared and they couldn’t
understand Gaelic. I became so upset,
I thought my time had come.*

4. ‘S cha n-urrainn mi leughadh
Cha bhruidhinn mi ‘Bheurla
Théid sin far a’ chéile
‘S an té ‘ile bhios ann

*I can’t read and I don’t speak English.
It becomes confused with the other one
(Gaelic)*

5. ‘S inns’ mi dhuibh a chàirdean
Chaidh ‘ad ‘n àirde
Cha n-urrainn dhomh a dh’ràdhainn
‘S ann a dh’fhàs mi dall

*I’ll tell you friends that they (the shine
makers) went up (to the loft). I couldn’t
say (who they were). I didn’t see a thing.*

6. ‘S ann agam fhìn bha ‘n coire
Thug mi staigh dha ‘n choill’ e
Tòiseachadh astaigh air
Ruith an dragh a bh’ann

*I had the pot. I took into the woods and
began to run off the misery that was in
it.*

7. Shiod an obair shuarach
‘S tha ‘m fuathas mu chuairt air
‘S ged tha mi gu truagh dheth
Cha d’fhuair ‘ad na bh’ann

*That’s the wretched work, and there are
a lot who are at it, Although I’m bad off,
they didn’t get the rest.*

8. ‘S truagh anisd mar thà mi
‘S mi air chùl nam bàraichean
‘S feadhainn anns an àit’
A’ gaire ‘s mi bhi ann

*My situation is now pathetic. I am
behind bars and there are some in the
area that are laughing because I’m here.*

9. Tha agamas a’ ceannach
air a’ lagh aig Bennett
Tha iomadh fear a’ gearain
‘S tha mise air an ceann

*I’ve had enough of Bennett’s (the prime
minister) law. Lots are complaining and
I’m at their lead. ©*

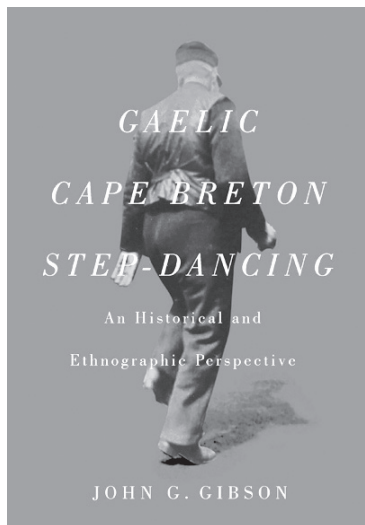
*Reprinted with permission from Am Bràighe.
Recorded, transcribed and translated by
Jim Watson.*

‘S i a’ mhuc as shàmhach’ as moth’ a dh’itheas.
Colaigh Againn Dhòmhnall a’ Chùbair – Beinn nan Comhachag

*The quietest pig eats the most.
Collie MacIntosh, Owls’ Mountain, Inverness County*

An Rubha Review

GAELIC CAPE BRETON STEP-DANCING, AN HISTORICAL AND ETHNOGRAPHIC PERSPECTIVE



In traditional dance circles in Scotland, Cape Breton step-dancing, now enthusiastically received by audiences, was virtually unknown before the 1980s, giving rise to doubts as to its Scottish origins. For people in Scotland the underlying issues are not always easy to contemplate: if Cape Breton's lively Gaelic-based dance did originate in the Highlands (or arguably more widely in Scotland), what had happened to bring about such a thorough and pervasive decline and cultural eradication from around time of emigration? By 'the placing of the music and dance/step-dance that persists unselfconsciously today in Gaelic Northeast Nova Scotia, particularly in Cape Breton, into the broad (European) Scotch Gaelic cultural world perspective', John Gibson's detailed and comprehensive investigation into what is still a fraught topic covers the *Gàidhealtachds* on both sides of the Atlantic and sets out to provide an answer. A major difficulty for researchers has been the absence of surviving accurate descriptions of popular Gaelic dance in Scotland from

1745 to 1845 that would correspond in their details to the style and steps employed by Cape Breton step-dancers; however, the same limitations could be said to apply to any investigation of the Highland origins of Cape Breton traditional singing or fiddle styles. The work is supported by an immense amount of research from the two *Gàidhealtachds*, drawing on public records, travellers' accounts, parish and society records, contemporary published sources, descriptions in Gaelic songs, personal correspondence and the author's own fieldwork; the result is that it 'fleshes out parts of the defeated consciousness of Gaelicness, a consciousness that over decades was scattered throughout the then - English - Empire world'.

The beginning chapter is an instructive account of one of the major historical frameworks: the religious background to community dance traditions in Scotland from the mid-18th to the mid-19th century, which includes campaigns by Protestant clergy to suppress and eliminate Gaelic Catholicism. The world of Catholic Gaels in the Cape Breton settlements is featured in following chapters, noting the universality of step-dancing among families, and drawing on printed sources from the region, as well as the author's field interviews beginning in the 1970s. Traditions sometimes extending back to the time of settlement are described for such active communities as Mabou, Judique, the Margarees and Glendale. The geographical and cultural orientation is toward Inverness County, but accounts from Boisdale (mainly a South Uist settlement) as early as 1907 by a visiting Scottish priest ('never expressed surprise at the sort of setting - step-dancing he saw'), are complemented by local records of step-dance musicians. Despite ostensible issues among the clergy with alcohol and bodily contact, step-dancing

was the norm in many Presbyterian areas as well, particularly those settled by Gaels from the Inner Hebrides. In one instance at least, Gibson has recorded an eyewitness account that extends back to the first generation of Presbyterian settlers.

Evidence of step-dance in the Scottish Highlands (and in some instances the Lowland urban areas) is as suggestive as it is vague. Travellers' accounts from the 1770s to the 1830s record a marked preference for 'reels', travelling steps, a beating or shuffling of the feet to keep exact time and the lack of arm movements (termed 'graces'), all of which will be familiar to Cape Bretoners. It is observed that step-dance may at one time have extended further within Europe, a topic beyond the scope of the present work. Gibson's well researched survey of the Highlands, particularly the mainland areas, covers Gaelic Presbyterian parishes, and takes a close look at references to dance in Gaelic song. Turning to more recent sources, 20th-century Gaels in Scotland have been generous in providing information, foremost among them Farquhar MacNeil, a traditional dance teacher from Barra, who was eventually convinced by the performances of Cape Bretoners during the 1980s and recounted in a series of informative letters his fleeting exposure to steps in the Highlands as a young man. From the weight of the evidence gathered, Gibson rightly observes ('there is no plausible alternative') that the proper focus for studying the history and technique of this popular Gaelic tradition is not the Scottish Highlands, but the island of Cape Breton. ©

Gaelic Cape Breton Step-Dancing was published in 2017 by McGill-Queen's University Press.

This review was written by Dr. John Shaw.

Tapadh leibh-se gu mór

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Municipality of Victoria County through District 1 and the Recreation & Tourism Department.



An Rubha Review

KYLE MACDONALD - A CD REVIEW



Kyle MacDonald's self-titled CD, released in 2016, is sure to please fans of traditional Inverness-County fiddling. This is Kyle's first solo effort, although he has recorded previously with his brothers Keith and Colin as "All Fired Up." Keith does play bagpipe on a couple of tracks on this CD, and Colin helps "lift the chorus" of a Gaelic song, along with other guests. Flawless accompaniment is provided by Howie MacDonald on piano, Gordie Sampson and Patrick Gillis on guitar.

Kyle's fiddling style and repertoire are reminiscent of many of Cape Breton's old fiddling greats. He is technically proficient, able to play comfortably in "the flats" and other less usual keys, as well as in positions. (Composer Dan R. MacDonald would have been happy that some of his more challenging jigs were recorded). Technically proficient does not mean sanitized in this case. There are plenty of grit and guts here, along with strong rhythm and good timing. Kyle has a driving bow stroke with a nice whip on the strathspeys. A chirrup of frequent ornamentation gives his music a pleasingly pipey sound.

Tone varies interestingly from track to track, as three historic fiddles are played on the album. My favourite selection is track 9, "Noise – for Willie Kennedy," recorded on the Mary Knight family fiddle. These tunes in B-flat are not easy but Kyle nails them with his nimble fingering and no shortage of drive and expression. I would have preferred that the keyboard be less prominent in the balance though, as its somewhat sterile, electronic sound overwhelms the warm, complex timbre that Kyle draws out of the fiddle in this key. The electronic keyboard is firmly

entrenched in Cape Breton tradition now, but I do miss a real piano sometimes when a fiddler has the kind of vintage touch that Kyle has.

The sound of Track 11, "Bhon Ùrlar – Off the Floor," certainly brings back memories. These lively jigs in E were recorded using a fiddle owned by both Dan R. MacDonald and Willie Kenndy, along with some old technology: a

DeArmond pickup and a Fender Twin Reverb '68. DeArmond pickups were commonly used by Cape Breton fiddlers in the '70s and into the '80s. This combination of equipment produces a compressed, somewhat distorted and horn-like sound that nobody could claim is high-fidelity. But context is everything! Anybody who attended Cape Breton dances during a certain era will instantly recognize this sound and associate it with fine times and good music. The track features guitar accompaniment alone.

I found the guitar to be too far back in the mix on a few of the tracks, although in "Francis the Miller" the guitar is given the opportunity to shine. Kyle takes this tune by Dougie MacDonald at a slower tempo than is usual for reels, and it works well, making room for expressive ornamentation and mood setting. Patrick Gillis' guitar playing here is sensitive and creative.

Kyle's dazzling technique and classic old-time sound on the dance tunes don't serve him quite as well on the slow airs, where a different sort of technique might bring out more subtle expression. However, the same can be said of many a fiddler – perhaps most.

Adding to the variety on the CD, is the Gaelic song, *Càite Bheil I ann am Muile*. I would have liked to hear more Gaelic songs from Kyle, who is a solid, natural singer. The track also features the fresh and lovely voice of Emily MacDonald of Ainslie Glen, and the arrangement includes pipes, fiddle and piano towards the end of a traditional a cappella rendition. The lyrics to the song can be found in the late 19th century Scottish song book *An t-Òranaiche* | The Gaelic Songster. Kyle's liner notes explain that *Flòraidh Bheag* (Flora MacLean) of

Shenacadie, Cape Breton was recorded singing this song.

There are three bonus tracks on the CD, but they are not available as single track downloads at CD Baby or iTunes. These bonus recordings are short excerpts from the documentary *The Vanishing Cape Breton Fiddler*. The listener is treated to the voices of Ron MacInnis, Father John Angus Rankin, and fiddlers Dan R. MacDonald and Sandy MacLean.

The liner notes aren't extensive, but they add to the enjoyment and understanding of the music presented. My favourite note is for track 15, "Visits with John MacDougall." "...we'd talk about strathspeys mostly," Kyle writes. That statement would be hard for most people to believe, but yes, we fiddlers can talk for hours about the relative merits of tunes! Highly recommended! ©

This review was written for An Rubha by folklorist and ethnomusicologist Kate Dunlay.

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Cape Breton ancestors?**



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Stuth Saoghalta | Material Culture

TÌ BHÀN | PILLOW STUFFINGS

Mattresses and pillows in Gaelic Nova Scotia were frequently made comfortable by filling with a wild flower called *tì bhàn* (pearly everlasting). The gathering of *tì bhàn* was assigned to women and children, who would gather the flower's fall bloom to be stuffed in the cloth sacks as padding in bolsters and cushions for comfortable bed rest. Johnny Williams (*Seonaidh Aonghais Bhig*), late of Melford (*Crichean Bràigh na h-Aibhne*), Inverness County, describes the simplicity, advantages and drawbacks of this natural filler material.

Chan eil fhios agam dé seòrsa stuth a th'ann, ach chunnaic thu fhéin an coltas a th'air. Bha e fàs as an talamh deireadh an fhoghair, 's bha e fada. 'S bha na boireannaich a'falbh amach 'ga thrusadh 's airson a chur ann am bobhstairean 's ann an cluasagan airson cadal... Ach cha robh iad a' toirt leò ach a' bhàrr. Cha robh iad a' gearradh an stoc iséal idir, ach bha iad a' gearradh a' bhàrr dhiubh. Agus bha am bàrr aca coltach ri ... bha e cho *fine* ri siod'. 'S bhiodh iad a' faighinn sin airson cur as na cluasagan. Sin am feum a bh'aca air an *tì bhàn* a bha seo.

Well, a nist, chan eil fhios a'm... cha chreid mi gu maireadh e ro fhada. Thigeadh e 'na dhust as na cluasagan nuair a thiormaicheadh e, dh'fhaoide an ceann bliadhna. Dh'fheumadh iad an uairsin sin a ghlanadh amach, agus a dhol a dh'iarraidh tuillidh, neo a dhol amach dhan t-sabhal 's fodar fhaighinn, neo feur, a chur as na bobhstairean aig an àm. 'S feur bu mhotha a bh'anns na bobhstairean aca aig an àm ud; cha robh dòigh aca air bobhstairean a cheannach.

Bha an *tì bhàn* na bu ghlaire na 'm feur, ach dh'fheumadh iad *tick* - 's e a dh'abradh iad ri - a cheannach 's dh'fheumadh na bobhstairean 's na cluasagan a bhith cho *tight* 's air am fuaghal mun tigeadh seo

às na cluasagan. Nan tigeadh seo às na cluasagan 's e *mess* eagalach a bh'ann. Cha bhiodh e laghach sam bith cadal 's na bobhstairean 's na cluasagan na tigeadh toll air a'chluasag agus an *tì bhàn* leath'. Bhiodh coltas gu math *tough* orra 'sa mhadainn ag éirigh. Sin a tha mise a' deanadh amach. Ach 's e 'm feur bu shaoire aon uair. Cha robh uiread do dh'obair air an fheur. ©

Air clàradh, tar-sgrìobhadh 's eadar-theagachadh le Iain Seathach.

Translation

I don't know exactly what kind of [plant] material it was, but you yourself have seen what it looks like. It was growing in the soil in the late autumn, and it was long. The women used to go out and gather it, in order to put it into bolsters and pillows for sleeping. But they only took the tops; they didn't cut the lower stem at all but just the tops. And these tops were as fine as silk. And they used to get that to fill pillows; that is what they used it for.

Well now, I don't know... I don't believe it lasted very long. It would turn into dust in the pillows when it had dried, perhaps after a year, and then they had to clean it out and either go fetch more, or go out



Pillow stuffed with *Tì Bhàn*.

to the barn for straw or hay to stuff the bolsters. At that time it was mostly hay in the bolsters; there was no way they could buy them. But *tì bhàn* was cleaner to use than hay, and they had to buy what they called a tick, and the bolsters and pillows then had to be sewn right uptight so that this would not leak out of the pillows. If it did, it caused a terrible mess; it wouldn't be nice at all to sleep with pillows and bolsters if they got a hole and the *tì bhàn* spilled out. People would look pretty rough getting up the next morning, I think. But hay was the cheapest to use at one time and it didn't require so much work. ©

Recited by Johnny Aonghuis Bhig | Johnny Williams

© Recorded, transcribed and translated by Dr. John Shaw.

Naomh Eòs is Deagh Bhiadh | St. Joseph's Blessing & Good Food

UBHLAN AIR AM BRUICH | BAKED APPLES

Modh air bruich ubhlan bho Mhairead Rós NicNill, nach maireann, Eilean na Nollaig. "Seo agaibh mar a bha mo sheanmhair 'gan deanamh."

Margaet Rose MacNeil of Big Beach shared a recipe for baked apples she had collected from her Grandmother, Mary Ann (née MacLean, Màiri Anna ni'n Sheumais Dhòmhnaill Ghilleasbaig).



Margaet Rose MacNeil.



Mary Ann MacKenzie.

Modh air Bruich Ubhlan

1. Nigh uiread do dh'ubhlana a bhios a dhith oirbh
2. Bheir an cridh' asda.
3. Lìon sloc an t-ubhail le siùcar donn 's dùin an ceann le piosan do thaois an t-siùcair ghil. Cumaidh siod an sùgh gun a bhi 'g aoidean.
4. Leig smodal do chaineal orra 's cuir anns an amhainn iad aig 375 F. do theas. Bheir amach 'ad nuair a dh'fhàsas 'ad gu bhi maoth. ©

Recipe for Baked Apples

1. Wash the number of desired apples.
2. Remove the cores
3. Fill the apple's cavity with brown sugar and close the ends with white sugar (cookie) dough to keep the juices from oozing.
4. Sprinkle them with cinnamon and and place in oven at 375 F. Take them out when tender. ©

Mar Chuimhneachan | In Memory

TREASAG AGUS MÒR BURKE | THERESA & MARION BURKE



Pictured above are Marion Burke, Martha Ramey and Theresa Burke attending Stòras a' Bhaile.

'Sann le mór aithreachas a tha Baile nan Gàidheal a' toirt air aithris bàs dithist dhe na bana-ghaisgich a bu dhilse a bhuineadh do Ghàidhealtachd Eilean Cheap Breatainn 'sa là an diùgh. Gur iad sin Treasag Burke (neé NicNill) agus a nighean, Mòr. B' e Cùl a' Phòin Mhóir an seann dachaidh do Threasa agus dha piuthar, Martha, a tha beò as an déidh. 'Nan òige, 's i a' Ghàidhlig a bu mhuth' a bh'ac' astaigh agus a bha 'ga bruidhinn air na bailtean mun cuairt; ionad a bha loma làn seanchais 's òran: pìobarachd, fìdhlearachd 's dannsa. Ged a bha iad a' fuireach ann a Baile Shudnaidh 'sa mhór-chuid, bha an ceangal ris a' Phòn Mhór laidir gun sguir agus nuair a thionndadh an t-side ri blàths, bhiodh iad a' tàmh 'nam bothan-suidhe-samhraidh 's na crìochan ud aig a h-uile cothrom.

Air leth moiteil às an cuid Gàidhlig, agus nòs a chumail an cleachdadh, bha luchd-céilidh air aoidheachd gu mór an àm a bhi tadhal ceann-shìos an taighe orra. Bu chinnteach gun cluinneadh duine

còmhradh 's a Ghàidhlig mu chuspairean, sean is ùr, margu robh ann an iomadh taigh 's na linntean a dh'aom. Air an togail an taigh làn do cheòl 's do sheann seachas, chan eil e 'na iongantas gu robh Mòr 'na bana-bhàrd a rinn taosg laoidhean, pàirt dhiubh 'gan cur an clò. Bha a màthair, Treasag, 'na tasglann air saoghal Gleanna Garraidh 'san àm dhi a bhi ag éirigh suas agus a' fuireach air a' bhaile. Còmhla ri Martha, bha e 'na leòr a bhi 'san éisdeachd 's às-san an sàs a' seachas mu na cùisean a bha 'sonrachadh Cùl a' Phòn Mhòir mar àite-còmhnaidh 's a robh sliochd Bharraidh air aiteachas a dheanadh ann.

Dileas do chànan is dualchas an àraich, bha Treasag agus Mòr riamh taiceil ri gnìomhachas culturach Ghàidheal Cheap Breatainn. Gu h-àraid, bha iad an còmhnaidh deas a chuideachadh le luchd-ionnsachaidh na Gàidhlig, air neo clàraidhean a dheanadh air cuspair beatha agus eachdraidh a' Phòn Mhóir agus dualchas an àite. Bha iad comharraichte, arithist còmhla ri Martha, tabhartasan

a thoirt do Bhaile nan Gàidheal ré an tachartais bhogaidh, stéidhichte air beul-aithris, Stòras a' Bhaile. Thoireadh iad comhairle ghlan oirnn air cinn-labhairt cho fad is farsaing ri bliochd, pìobaireachd, tionail snodhach-beithe as t-earrach agus caochladh sheòrsa do bhonnach a dheasaschadh 'san àm a bhiodh gainnead-bìdh ann aig deireadh a' gheamhraidh.

Bu mhór an call seo dha rìreadh dhan choimhearsnachd. Fois gu siorraidh dha n-anam. ©

Synopsis

Highland Village regrets to report on the death of two of Cape Breton's most loyal tradition bearers: Theresa Burke and daughter Marion. Born and raised at Glen Garry in the rear of Big Pond, Theresa and surviving sister, Martha Ramey, were raised in a thoroughly Gaelic-speaking environment. Their home language remained Gaelic to the present. It's no surprise that Marion was a maker of hymns, some of which were placed in print. Theresa, along with sister Martha, was a living archive of Big Pond tradition. Though living in Sydney, links with Big Pond remained strong as they spent the warm weather months there in their cottage.

Strong supporters of Cape Breton Gaelic language and culture, they welcomed many learners and information seekers with great hospitality in the front room and at Martha's Westmount home. Their contribution to the Highland Village Gaelic Folklife School was eclectic, ranging in subject matter from dairy to piping and *bonnach* preparation.

Indeed, theirs is a great loss to the community. May they rest in peace. ©

*Written by Seumas Watson, Highland Village's
Manager of Interpretation.*

continued from page 13...

When the storm abated, the hunters were missed and people were wondering what was keeping them in the mountain without returning home. A search party assembled to find them in the snow. The writer heard this account from an old man called Red Ian MacKillop: "Look here," he said, "before we started digging in the snow, we found a bottle of whiskey not opened. But when the first glass was filled, a blast of north wind came and blew every drop out of the glass." Ian was positive

that the devil called up that wind.

Some were saying when one of the wrongfully conscripted Skyemen, who was cooking meat in *Taigh a' Mhonaidh* on Drumochter, heard what had happened to the Black Officer he said: "When my mother got word of what had been done to us, if she was living, she would have avenged us."

He believed that she was a witch with the power of raising wind and storm, like the Mull witches (*Na Doideagan*). ©

*An excerpt from MacTalla, Translated &
Edited by Seumas Watson.*

MacTalla, published in Sydney, Nova Scotia, was the longest running Gaelic weekly paper and ending as a bi-weekly (1892-1904). Eòin Aonghais Chaluim - Jonathan G. MacKinnon was a lifelong promoter of Gaelic and was involved in other publications including Gaelic translations of English literature.



Comunn Ar Rùin | Our People

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS & ACCOLADES

Tapadh Leibh-se Gu Mór

The Nova Scotia Highland Village Society gratefully acknowledges the support of many individuals and organizations:

Project & Marketing Partners

Cape Breton Centre for Craft & Design; Cape Breton University; Celtic Colours Festival Society; Celtic Heart of North America; *Colaisde na Gàidhlig*; Central Cape Breton Community Ventures; *Comhairle na Gàidhlig*; Community Foundation of Nova Scotia; Destination Cape Breton; Eskasoni Cultural Journeys; *Féis an Eilein*; Fortress of Louisbourg; *Iomairtean na Gàidhlig*; Grandona Legion, Branch 124, Iona; Iona Heights Inn | Jill's Chocolates; Musique Royale; Municipality of Inverness County, Municipality of Victoria County, NSCAD University; St.FX University (Angus L. Macdonald Library); and *Sgoil MhicFhraing a' Chaolais* | Rankin School of the Narrows.

Farm Program Partners

Dell Corbett, Grand Mira ('Mira Jean' Clydesdale Horse); Kelly & Jim Booth, Gillis Point (Highland Cattle); and Trueman & Laurinda Matheson, St. Andrews (Soay Sheep).

Artefact & Archival Donations (2017)

Charlotte Brann, Glace Bay; Eileen Tracy Brennan, Sydney; Margaret Gillis, Halifax; Douglas Kennedy, River Denys; Blair MacDonald, Halifax; Marjorie MacKeigan, Albert Bridge; Elaine MacLellan, Halifax; Robbie MacKinnon, Ainslie Glen; Fr. Hugh MacNeil, Red Point; Louise MacPhail,

Frenchvale; Christine MacPhie, Marble Mountain; George Muggah, Balls Creek; and Jim St.Clair, Mull River.

Financial Contributions (2017-2018)*

Clan Gunn Society of Nova Scotia; Chris King, Baddeck; John James MacEachern, Sydney; David McNeil, Ottawa; Ann MacIntosh, River Denys; New Canaan High School Students in Honour of Jim St. Clair; David & Marion Newlands, Dartmouth; and River & Lakeside Pastoral Charge. **Donations to our capital campaign will be acknowledged in the next issue.*

Stòras na h-Òigridh

Financial Contributions (2017-2018)

Joseph Chorbar, Clifton, NJ; Jill's Chocolates, Iona; Margaret Little, Mulmur, ON; MacLean Surveying, Millville; Vince & Charlotte MacLean, Washabuck; David McNeil, Ottawa; Jory Platt, Toronto; and Tim Platt, Halifax. The fund also received donations in honour of Vince & Charlotte MacLean's 50th Wedding Anniversary from Andrew & Jennifer Alkenbrack, Rodney & Charlene Chaisson, Roland & Liz Chiasson, Charlie & Sandra Ellis, Victor Faubert, John & Joan Gillis, Norman & Rosetta Gillis, Robert & Anita Hannigan, Bill & Shirley Head, Margaret Little, Beatrice MacDonald, Clare MacDonald, Laurie MacDonald & Charlene Ellis, Quentin MacDonald, Rose MacDonald, Sarah MacDonald, Steve & Diane MacDonald, Lawrence MacDougall, Leo & Edie MacDougall, Wanda MacDougall, Anthony & Teresa MacIsaac, John & Linda MacIver, Carl & Kaye MacKenzie, Hector

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Congratulations

To staff Pauline MacLean & Colleen Beaton on their 30 years and 20 years (respectively) service; Sadie MacDonald on the birth of her second granddaughter Charlie; and Dr. Shamus Y. MacDonald on his Ph.D in Folklore from Memorial University.

Best Wishes

We send our hearts out to staff members Seumas Watson & Catherine Gillis who are currently receiving medical treatments.

Sympathies

We extend our sympathies to the families and friends that have lost loved ones over the past year which include: Steve Chehy (husband of animator Marie Chehy); Malcom (Mac) Fuller (former husband of board member Catherine Ann Fuller); and Dr. Lloyd MacKenzie (father of former President Kathy MacKenzie).

Commun Baile Ghàidheal na h-Albann Nuaidh | Nova Scotia Highland Village Society

Board of Trustees (Elected June 2017) - Dan Chiasson, Baddeck (Vice President); John Hugh Edwards, Ross Ferry; Angie Farrell, Christmas Island; Catherine Ann Fuller, Baddeck; Betty Lord, Howie Centre (Treasurer); Quentin MacDonald, Washabuck (Secretary); Jodi MacDonnell-Scott, Coxheath; Vince MacLean, Northside East Bay; Donnie MacNeil, Beaver Cove; MA (Murdock) MacPherson, Creignish (President); Melissa Nicholson, Baddeck; Meaghan O'Handley, Grand Narrows; and Michelle Smith, Skye Glen.

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Contractors (2017) - Linda Crockett (Fundraising Advisor); and Max MacDonald (Marketing Coordination).

Volunteer Programmers (2017) - Quentin MacDonald, HV Day Producer.

Mar Chuimhneachan



Catriona NicEachairne (Kaye Bryden née MacEachern) of Castle Bay, mother of Cecilia Laing (staff) and Jim Bryden. An advocate of Gaelic culture, Kaye was a regular supporter of Féis an Eilein in Christmas Island and Highland Village special events.



Ailean mac Aonghais 'ic Iain 'ic Iain 'ic Eòghainn Duibh (Allan J. MacEachern) served as Deputy Prime Minister of Canada and later a Senator. Notable as an orator, Allan J. was a passionate Gael and proactive advocate for Nova Scotia's Gaelic language and culture.

CUIDICH LEINN GU SAOR-THOILEACH!

VOLUNTEER WITH US!

We are looking for volunteers to join our Animation team and help keep the site lively and interesting. We have opportunities available through the summer season (June to mid-October); in addition to our daily visitors from all over the world, we also have many school visits in June and cruise ship groups almost every day in September and October.

Volunteer animators will help deliver an excellent visitor experience at *Baile nan Gàidheal* | Highland Village. This is an exciting role that offers volunteers the chance to actively engage in shaping their historical character and animation content before donning their costume and taking their place in one of our eleven historic buildings.

While there are no strict requirements regarding how many days an individual must volunteer, we would like to ask for a minimum commitment of two days per month through the summer season (a minimum of two hours per day). We can schedule your volunteer time to work with you and be flexible.

For more information, visit our webpage or email highlandvillage@novascotia.ca.



Help us share Nova Scotia's Gaelic language and heritage by joining the Nova Scotia Highland Village Society!

Join us and support Nova Scotia's Gaelic language and folklife traditions by becoming a member of the Nova Scotia Highland Village Society. Membership is open to anyone.

Members can:

- Attend general meetings;
- Elect the Board of Trustees;
- Receive *An Rubha*, our Gaelic Folklife Magazine;
- Receive notices for events.

General Memberships:

Individual: \$10.00* & Family: \$20.00* per year (one household).

**Income tax receipts are issued for general memberships.*

Membership Plus:

Individual: \$30.00* & Family: \$40.00* per year (one household).

In addition to general membership privileges, Membership Plus members get:

- Free admission for the year to the Highland Village
**excludes special events & programs not part of regular admission*
- 20% discount in the Highland Village Gift Shop
- Membership Plus fees are not tax deductible

Sustaining & Lifetime Memberships

Ask about our Sustaining & Lifetime Memberships

- Sustaining Membership - \$200 per annum
- Lifetime Membership - \$1000

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An Comunn Baile Ghàidheal
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