

AN RÙBHA

The Highland Village Gaelic Folklife Magazine

Vol. 13 No. 2

Sgeul ri Aithris / The Story Telling Tradition

Aig Baile

An Tuagh Leathann - The Broad Axe

Naidheachd a' Chlachain

The Village News

Gilleann an Dròbhair/The Drover's Lad

An Gaildheal Portmhor/Scotch Music



www.highlandvillage.ca



AN DROCHaid

EADARAINN



Tha An Drochaid Eadarainn stéidhichte air Stòras a' Bhaile: sgoil bheul-aithris air a cumail aig a' Chlachan Ghàidhealach gu bliadhna. 'Na làraich-lìn eadar-gnìomhail, tha An Drochaid Eadarainn a' cleachdadh teicneolais mar mhodh a lìonas beàrn far a bheil dualchas air tar-aisig o ghlùin gu glùin a dhìth.

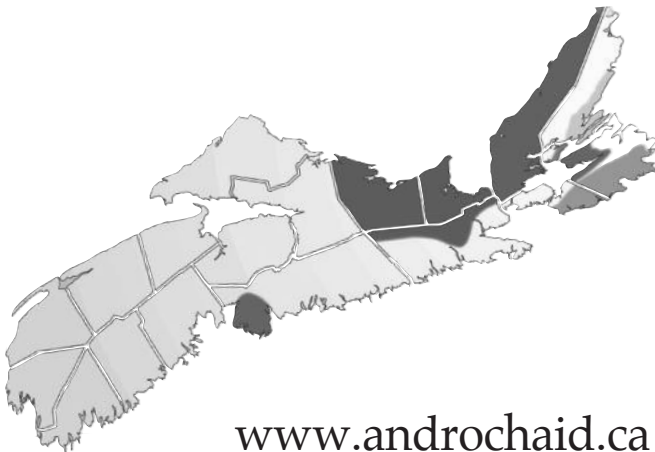
Gus dualchas Gàidhlig na h-Albann Nuaidh a chur an céill, tha An Drochaid Eadarainn a' tarraing air clàraidhean, air an tasgadh is 'gan deanamh an là an-diugh, a chuireas air thaisbeanadh cultur Gàidhealach na Mór-roinn.

Air a' làraich-lìn seo, togar fianais air luchd na Gàidhlig tro an stòraidhean, òrain, ceòl is dannsa, dualchainnt, sloinntearachd, creideamh, nòs a' bhìdh agus leigheasan aig baile.

Thig luchd-tadhail còmhla cruinn mar chom-pàirtichean air An Drochaid Bheò, roinn cho-obrachail na làraich far am faod iad an cuid fhéin do dhualchas na h-Albann Nuaidh a riarachadh an cuideachd a chéile.

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.



www.androchaid.ca



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Animator Kaye Anne MacNeil spinning as part of the annual Pioneer Day celebration. Kaye has been a Highland Village animator since 1984.

Also, on the front is the image for Gaelic Nova Scotia. The image is that of a salmon in the shape of the letter 'G'. The salmon represents the gift of knowledge in the Gaelic storytelling traditions of Nova Scotia, Scotland, Ireland and the Isle of Man. The 'G' represents the Gaelic language and the ripples are the manifestations of the language through its attendant culture: song, story, music, dance, custom and belief system.

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Tapadh leibh-se gu mór

The Nova Scotia Highland Village Society gratefully acknowledges the support of its government partners. In addition to our core funding from the Nova Scotia Department of Communities, Culture & Heritage (Nova Scotia Museum), support has also been received from:

Province of Nova Scotia

through the Departments of Transportation & Infrastructure Renewal, Economic & Rural Development & Tourism, and the Office of Gaelic Affairs;

Government of Canada

through the Department of Canadian Heritage, Enterprise Cape Breton Corporation & Service Canada;

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



Canada



From the Director's Desk Firmly Focused on Vision

Rodney Chaisson, Director



"Whereas, Nova Scotians believe the history, culture, language and traditions of the Scots-Gaelic people are a valuable and living part of the Nova Scotian story; and, these people have contributed greatly to the formation of our Nova Scotian identity... Therefore, we, the undersigned, duly pledge to continue to work toward the creation of an understanding of the story of the Scots-Gaelic people through our museum. We promise to continue to preserve and present the Gaelic language and culture for the benefit of all Nova Scotians and visitors. We agree to strive to inspire the people of our province to know, value, and maintain this important part of Nova Scotia's past, present and future: the culture, traditions, and language of the Scottish Gaels."

The Highland Village is firmly 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. All of our work is guided and supported by our vision and mission statements (to the right of this article) as well as the proclamation (excerpt above) signed with the Province of Nova Scotia in June 2000, when we joined the Nova Scotia Museum family.

So, how are we doing? We are continuing to move forward in areas of interpretive development and community outreach. Throughout 2012, we advanced and evolved our interpretive programming, especially in terms of first person (role playing) animation. We believe that this form of interpretation is a more effective way to tell our story, and provide visitors with insight into our ancestors and the Gaelic way of life. First person better enables visitors to make emotional connections to the story, thus receiving a more rewarding experience.

We also continued to grow our innovative outreach to the Gaelic learners' community through our annual Stòras a' Bhaile program and the recently launched An Drochaid Eadarainn website, which enables transmission of Gaelic culture through technology.

When the season came to a close at the end of October, our visitation was up 2% and our earned income up 7% over 2011, largely thanks to a record breaking cruise ship season for the Highland Village and

the Port of Sydney. The cruise ship marketing has enabled us to maintain our visitation over the past decade, while many other heritage sites have experienced significant declines.

The successes noted above occurred in spite of significant challenges for the Highland Village operation, the most serious of which are human resources and visitor & earned income growth. Both of these issues speak to the long term sustainability of the operation.

An aging work force and demographic changes in our community are presenting the Highland Village with some significant short and long term staffing challenges. In the months to come, we will embark on the development of a human resources strategy for the organisation, a key component of which will be succession planning.

While feedback from our visitors has never been better, we are increasingly challenged to maintain and grow our visitation base, and earned income. At the end of October, off the road visitation was down from both local and tourism audiences by 3% from 2011. These decreases in visitation, which are being experienced at most rural heritage attractions in Atlantic Canada, are largely attributable to local population decline, a Canada-wide loss of market share in the lucrative US travel market, and massive changes in the tourism industry. While we are expecting increased numbers from cruise ships visiting the Port of Sydney next season, our 2013 marketing plan is focused on growing our local visitation and halting the decline of off the road tourist traffic. We are also looking at ways to generate new sources of income, diversifying our revenue base.

The final challenge in moving the operation forward is site infrastructure. There have been no major enhancements or additions to the period site since the addition of the Malagawatch Church in 2003. Support facilities for visitor services, retail, administration, collections management, and maintenance are inadequate. The aesthetics of the Highland Village entry area provide a poor first impression for the Highland Village visitor. A site development strategy, currently in draft form, is focused on addressing those issues.

The Highland Village/An Clachan Gàidhealach is moving forward. In spite of some challenges, with a firm focus on our vision, we will continue to make progress.



Nova Scotia
Highland Village
Society

The Nova Scotia Highland Village Society (*Comunn Clachan Gàidhealach na h-Albann Nuaidh*) 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.



The vision of the Highland Village Museum/*An Clachan Gàidhealach* is to be internationally acknowledged for advancing research, fostering appreciation, learning and sharing authentic Gaelic language and heritage while serving a vibrant Gaelic cultural community.

The mission of the Highland Village Museum/*An Clachan Gàidhealach*, a living history museum, is to research, collect, preserve and share the Gaelic heritage and culture of Nova Scotia and represent it accurately and vibrantly.

The Highland Village Museum/*An Clachan Gàidhealach* is a part of the Nova Scotia Museum Family of Provincial Museums, Department of Communities, Culture & Heritage. The Nova Scotia Highland Village Society operates the site on behalf of the Province.



The Society is a member of National Trust of Scotland, CLI Gàidhlig, Gaelic Society of Inverness (Scotland), 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 Genealogy & Heritage Society, Interpretation Canada, Assoc. of Living Historical Farms and Agricultural Museums (ALHFAM), American Assoc. for State & Local History (AASLH), 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 Cape Breton Partnership.

ABAIRT/ SAYING

Na ruith am feasd an déidh bréig, Leig leatha sàmhach agus ruithidh i fhéin gu bàs.

Never run after a lie. Leave it alone and it will run itself to death. - *The Casket*

DESIGNING FOR GAELIC CULTURE

Caitlin Bauman, Bachelor of Design Student, NSCAD



When I began my student design position at the Highland Village this summer, I came with little knowledge of the Gaelic community in Nova Scotia. Over the summer, it was my job to review visual imagery from Nova Scotia Gaelic culture, research visual communications best practices for primarily oral based cultures, and use my findings to create a visual communications plan for Highland Village. The key challenge in this project was the fact

that Gaelic culture is largely based in oral communication and not visual communication. As such, there is not a strong visual design presence in the Gaelic tradition. This left me with some interesting work to do. In order to create design work that accurately represented Gaelic culture, I needed to first figure out what comprises Gaelic identity, and how this cultural identity is expressed.

My general ignorance about all things Gaelic turned out to work to my advantage. From a design standpoint, being completely in the dark allows you to see things in a less biased way. Nothing is too obvious, or too vague—you are open to any and all information as you are not sure exactly what you are looking for yet. So, when I began my initial phase of broad research involving the history of the Gaelic immigrants from Scotland to Canada, I began to pick up on qualities and traits characteristic of the culture that may have been overlooked, or dismissed, from an internal standpoint. As I researched further, I began to see that where Gaelic culture lacks visual identifiers and symbols, they make up for in their use of language and their oral traditions. I expanded my research from simply reviewing visual imagery to researching all aspects of creative expression, including music, dancing, poetry, and storytelling. Here was Gaelic identity, contained within its language. I began to read tales, folklore, poetry, and any transcribed oral accounts I could find, keeping lists of repeated visuals and imagery.

After this phase of research into Gaelic culture and identity, the project got a bit trickier. I started looking into “best practices” for designing for oral-based cultures. Time went by and I continued to search for material, but I had to concede that much of the information I found did not relate to the unique situation of the Nova Scotian Gaelic community. Like other oral cultures, much of Gaelic identity is tied up in the words of their music, songs, poetry, stories, and historical accounts. However, many other oral cultures’ folklore is abundant in symbols that are easily adapted into visuals. For example, Haida totems are often symbolic

crests representing ancestors found in the culture’s stories, myths, and legends. Gaelic stories may be less visual in nature, seeming to rely on human attributes and humour to spin the tale. When visual imagery is described in these oral or written accounts, Gaelic folklore seemed to avoid abstraction or symbolism in favour of the concrete, describing everyday scenery such as the landscape, forest or farm animals, and the ocean. My running lists of Gaelic visuals included fish, stags, oats, boats, fog, rain, and rolling hills.

Other oral cultures I researched mostly centered on indigenous cultures such as the Mi’kmaq, Haida, or other First Nations peoples. The interesting factor in this research is that there are distinct symbols that we as a Western society sees as “Indian,” (think totem poles, teepees, or fringed moccasins). Whether these fairly represent the First Nations community is obviously another discussion; the point is that there is a strong visual identity already in place for these cultures, accurate or not. This is one of the challenges with designing for an entire culture. There is a need to look at the visuals present and assess whether they accurately and fairly represent the culture, or whether they are simply inadequate stereotypes. The symbols that we might associate with Gaelic culture are often drawn from symbols of Celtic culture and Gaelic Scotland. The challenge, then, is to come up with a strong visual identity for the uniquely Nova Scotia Gaelic community.

As a designer, this openness is extremely exciting. Due to the little explored territory of Gaelic visual art and design, there is great potential for the Nova Scotia Gaelic community to cultivate a visual identity out of its already rich heritage of language, custom, music, and dance. As a starting point, I took inspiration from Gaelic language and stories and brainstormed a few visual ideas. Recurrence is a distinct oral culture practice. Stories and songs are told over and over again in order to be remembered, as rhythm aids recall. With the passage of time, these stories gradually morph and evolve through different tellers with different memories. This rhythmic pattern is also seen in some types of Gaelic song.

Not only is there a definite beat, but choruses are repeated between verses, and there is often a interaction between the leader of the song and the other participants. Knots, circles, and swirls are also very apparent in Gaelic visuals. This cycle is a fundamental feature in nature: day and night, summer and winter, high tide and low tide.

Creating images or patterns that relate to this repetition in language, story-telling and music is another way to create visuals for materials. This is also common in oral cultures, especially those tied with Gaelic expression. Celtic peoples created “phar-lae”, ornamental metal discs worn by their horses. The designs of these decorations were based off of abstractions of repetition so common in their culture, designed to create a dynamic circular image.

Continuing along this vein of cycles and swirls, visual abstractions of movement can also be taken from the journey the Gaels took from Scotland to Nova Scotia: displacement, immigration, and settlement. Mapping this movement could provide further visuals. Further, the knots, circles, and swirls that represent nature and its movements can also relate to the landscape the Gaels have settled on in Nova Scotia, to which they are deeply attached.

This is just a jumping point to get ideas running. Getting the community involved in developing a strong visual identity could enrich and strengthen the Nova Scotia Gaelic culture, as well as ensure that their identity is not expressed inappropriately (for example, using Celtic symbols to denote Gaelic identity). It is a way to communicate and appeal to a broad range of people, as visuals transcend language barriers. Cultivating the development of a visual identity within the Gaelic community would further establish the Nova Scotia Gaelic culture as a living, thriving community, a distinct group with its own values, separate from the Scottish Gaels and unique within Canada. ☺

Caitlin Bauman is a Bachelor of Design student at NSCAD. She held a student position as Curatorial Assistant of Design, through Young Canada Works.

Naidheachd a' Chlachain - The Village News

THE 2012 SEASON AT HECTOR'S POINT

By Katherine MacLeod, Learning & Media Specialist

With the 2012 season behind us, it's time to reflect on another successful year at Highland Village. Animators continue to work on character development for first person interpretation. Overall, feedback to this new approach is confirmed as a step in the right direction for providing deeper visitor experience on the site. Further animator training will again be led by Calithumpian's Peter Pacey over the off-season.

The *Sèimbar na Grèineadh* (Summer Room) lecture series began in July with guest speaker Dr. Alastair McIntosh. His presentation, titled "*Community, Belonging, Place and Identity*," highlighted humankind's linking relationship with the natural and social environment. Dr. McIntosh is a writer and academic from the Isle of Lewis and Fellow of Scotland's Centre for Human Ecology.

Stòras a' Bhaile 2012, was held over four days in August. Participation was at an all time high this year as participants and leaders focused on immersion language acquisition by way of socially directed cultural learning. *Stòras* 2012 emphasized learning and reciting stories drawn from Nova Scotia field recordings. Participants were provided with transcripts in advance of their arrival and were asked to prepare for telling a circulated story, or one of their own. Scheduling also featured daily immersion walks around the site. Afternoon sessions focused on native Gaelic-speakers including Joe Peter MacLean, Catherine MacNeil, Anna MacKinnon, Mickey MacNeil, Jean MacKay and Martha Ramey. Each day concluded with a *cèilidh* in the picnic shelter.

Summer 2012 also saw the launch of Highland Village's annual Scotch Music Series, dedicated to the late Gaelic fiddling stylist Alex Francis MacKay. The first presentation in this three part series was titled *The Alex Francis MacKay Gaelic in Bow Lecture*. Held in August, legendary piano player, Doug MacPhee played tunes and

recounted stories heard during music sessions at the MacKay house. The second event, *Ag Èirigh air Puirt* (Risín' on the Tunes), a workshop was given by West Bay fiddler, Shelly Campbell. At a well attended session, she demonstrated bowing techniques to a group of fiddle learners in the school house on Pioneer Day. *An Gàidheal Portmhor* (The Musical Gael) rounded out the series in late September. John Donald Cameron, Fr. Francis Cameron, Janet Cameron and Doug MacPhee played, told anecdotes and discussed Scotch music as we were informed by some of our very best traditional musicians.

Other 2012 events included natural dye workshops, *cèilidhs*, milling frolics and special storytelling tours, as well as regularly offered children's programming.

Pioneer Day marked the beginning of fall as visitors came to watch demonstrations such as Barvas ware, shingle making and flax processing, along with the annual milling frolic, children's games and corn-boil. During Celtic Colours, a packed Gaelic song workshop was held in the Tuning Room. Featured guests were Kathleen MacInnes and Cathy Ann MacPhee both from Scotland, together with Jim and Colin Watson who shared songs and stories for this afternoon event. The annual Joe Neil MacNeil Lecture Series was presented at this time by Dr. John Gibson, Judique, author of books on traditional piping. He spoke on his research of Cape Breton Step Dancing and the importance of the Nova Scotia *Gaidhealtachd* to its cultural history.

The 2012 season came to a close with three nights of *Oidhche nam Bòcan* - Night of the Spooks. Always a best seller, visitors were treated to lamp guided tours of the Village to enjoy skit performances of traditional stories of ghosts and forerunners.

Caidreabh na Tì (pronounced cach-ur-uv nuh tee) has started once again. The gatherings take place the first Tuesday of every month during the off-season and allow Gaelic-speakers an opportunity to gather and share an afternoon of stories and song. During the December *Caidreabh*, a book



Fr. Francis Cameron, John Donald Cameron and Doug MacPhee during the Alex Francis MacKay lecture series.

launch was held for *Mar a b' Àbhaist 's a' Ghleann* - As It Was In The Glen, containing song compositions by Hugh F. MacKenzie and stories from Rod. C. MacNeil. It was compiled by Kim Ells, and published by *Siol Cultural Enterprises*.

We welcomed five summer students to our staff this year. Caitlin Bennett and Matthew Moore joined the animation staff. Laura MacNeil was our Digital Collections Coordinator where she created a short DVD that will offer visitors a virtual tour of the site. Through funding from the Young Canada Works program, Caitlin Bauman, Curatorial Assistant of Design and Daniel MacDonald, Curatorial Assistant Research were hired to research aspects of Nova Scotia Gaelic culture. We would like to thank all the students for a job well done over the summer months.

Visitation from the cruise ship passengers was up 32% over the previous year. In order to maintain proper interpretation of the site with the increase, three part-time animators were welcomed to the staff for the season, Jamie MacIntyre, Sharon F.X. MacNeil, and Pauline Campbell.

As always, the Highland Village staff are all deserving of praises for their diligence and hard work. This season was not without its challenges due to circumstances of illness. Staff were quick to react and take on extra roles to ensure daily animation continued to provide visitors with the story of the Nova Scotia Gael. We would also like acknowledge the contributions of Highland Village volunteers. Without their support, many of our programs would not be possible to run. *Ceud taing a chàirdean chòire* (One hundred thank yous kind friends). ☺



Dr. Alastair McIntosh speaking to a crowded room.

TAIBHSEARACHD `S AN TUIRC

Air Aithris le Calum mac Sheonaidh, 'ic Ian, 'ic Ian Ruaidh, 'ic Ghilleasbaig

An uair sin bhiodh 'ad a' dèanamh nan ciste laigh'. Bhiodh 'ad 'gan dèanamh aig an taigh. Cha robh duin' astaigh ach mi fhìn 's mo mhàthair. Agus bha dorust air aghaich an taigh - fear nach biodh fosgailte ach ainneamh. Ach nuair a dh'fhosgladh an dorast ud, bhuaileadh e an dorust eile `dol astaigh dha 'n chidsin. Bhuaileadh na nobs a chéile. Agus bha sinn astaigh 'sa chidsin, mi fhìn 's i fhéin. Chan eil cuimhn' agam càit' a' robh càch. Cha robh mis'ach 'nam chnapachan mar siod.

Chan eil sion a chuimhn' agam càit' a' robh càch. Ach dh'fhosgail an dorust 's bhuaileadh iad stràc ri chéile. 'S an uair sin thànaig straihlich uamhasach amach air an stairsich. Ghabh mis' an t-eagal. Dh'éirich mo mhàthair. Dh'fhosgail i an dorust. Bha dùil aic' gu robh pàirt dhe 'n fheadhainn againn fhìn a' feuchainn ris an eagal a chuir oirnn. 'S dar a dh'fhosgail i an dorast dol astaigh dha 'n hall, bha an dorust dùinte. Cha robh e air fhosgladh idir. Cha robh sion ri fhaicinn. Dh'fhàs i fhéin car nervous an uair sin.

Ach thànaig m'athair dhachaidh 's thànaig na gillean fhéin astaigh. 'S bha i 'g innse dhaibh... 's: "Hu! Na bi cuir sùim sam bith ann a' sin. Thànaig sin as an inninn agad."

An ceann mhiosan as a dhéidh sin... Bha seana-bhean anns a' nàbuchd. O, cha robh i ach cóig mionaidean o 'n taigh. Bha i air pios dha 'n bhaile - i fhéin, 's a mac 's a nighean a' fuireach ann a' sin. Agus chaochail i.

Agus an uair sin, bhiodh 'ad a' dèanamh ciste-laighe. M' athair fad na h-ùine... Bhiodh shuas air na *beams* a's an *attic* - bùird ghiùthais, 's mar sin, aig' a' tiormachadh. Dh'fhaoidte gum biodh 'ad bliadhnaichean ann a' cruinneachadh dusg. Dar a dh'fhalbh an t-seana-bhean, thànaig nàbaidh anall (Teàrlach MacFhionghain - Teàrlach Màiri). Thànaig esan anall 's bha e 'faighneachd air na bùird. Thànaig e. Dh'fhosgail e 'm *front door* 's bhuaile e an *knob* air an dorust eile. Chaidh iad suas 's thug 'ad na bùird far na h-attic anuas 's leig 'ad stràcan air a' star-saich. Co-dhiubh: dusg, agus obair a'phoca-phuinnsein 's gnothaichean a bhiodh a' cruinneachadh orra shuas anns an àite ann a' sin. 'S chaidh 'ad suas gu fear eile dha na coimhearsnaich 's rinn e ciste-laighidh dha 'n t-seana-bhean a bhàsaich.

'S e sin an fhìrinn ghlan. Chan eil mi 'dèanamh suas i idir! Tha an fhìrinn ghlan ann!

Agus an déidh dhi a'fuaim a chluinntinn... Bha às...an car suas ri bonn a' bhanga, mar siod, an taigh aca. Agus chaich e fhéin (Teàrlach Màiri) 's m'athair suas mar sin leis na bùird air an guallainn. 'S ann anull ann an *April* a bha e, cha chreid mi. Bha rathad-sléigh' a' fas dona, 's cha robh

rathad-cuibhleachan math 's bha na bùird air an guallainn dol anull a dh'ionnsaidh far a robh fear *MacKay*. Bha e dol a dheanadh na ciste.

Agus bha sinn amach tric, agus bha dà sholust a' dol suas gu bonn a' bhanga. Thigeadh iad mar an dealan. Dh'éireadh sin amach uair na dhà cuideachd. Chithinn-s' e 's chitheadh mo mhàthair e - dà sholust pios o chéile `dol suas. 'S dar a thug 'ad leò na bùird air a' cheum suas gu bonn a' bhanga - 'se sin an t-ainm a bh' ac' air o chionn bha bruthach eadar an dà àite - gach fear dhiubh agus *buncha* do bhùird air a ghuallainn - chan fhaca sinn na solais tuilleadh 's cha chuala sinn a' fuaim aig an dorust tuilleadh. Agus an t-seana-bhean... tha mi mìnigeadh bha i *alright*. Bha i a' cheart a cho math ri boireannach sam bith eile. Cha b'e droch bhean a bh'innte. Bha i dìreach somalta. Bha i a' cheart a cho math ri càch 's bha i a' cheart a cho dona ri càch. Màiri Eachainn, sin an stoidhl' a bh' ac' oirre. 'S ann a mhuinntir Ghlen Coe a bha ise cuideachd.

A Forerunner in the Turk

At that time, they made the coffins. They made them at home.

There was nobody home but me and my mother. There was a door on the front of the house which was seldom opened. When that door would open, it would hit the door going into the kitchen. The knobs would strike together. She and I were in the kitchen. I don't recall where the rest were, but the door opened and they struck into each other. I took a fright. My mother got up and opened the door. She thought that it was some of our own trying to put a scare in us. When she opened the door going into the hall, the (outside) door was shut. It wasn't open at all. There was nothing in sight. She got a little nervous then.

My father arrived home and the boys came inside. And she was telling them... "Huh! Never mind the like of that. That's just your imagination."

A few months later... There was an old lady in the neighbourhood. Oh, she was only five minutes from the house. She and her daughter and son lived there on a little piece of the farm and she died.

At that time they made the coffins. My

father always... He had boards on the beams up in the attic, pine boards, and the like, drying. They might be there for years gathering dust. When the old lady died, a neighbour came over (Charles MacKinnon, Charles son of Mary). He came over and was enquiring about the boards. They went up and took down the boards and they made a clattering noise on the threshold. (They were full of) dust, cobwebs and stuff that gathered on them up in that place. They were taken up to another one of the neighbours and he made a coffin for the old woman who died.

That's the pure truth. I'm not making it up whatsoever! That's the utter truth of it!

After she (his mother) heard the noise... They were... Their house was there at the turn up at the bottom of the embankment. Charles Mary himself, and my father, went up with the boards on their shoulders. I think it was over around April. The sleigh road was getting bad, and the wagon track wasn't good - and they carried the boards on their shoulders going over to the MacKay fellow, who was going to make the coffin.

And we were often outside and there would be two lights going up to the foot of the embankment. That happened a time or two. I could see it, and my mother could see it, two lights a bit apart from each other travelling upward. When they took the boards with them on the path up to the bottom of the banking - that's what they called it, because there was an embankment between the two places - each one with a bunch of boards on his shoulder... We never again heard saw any lights, or heard a sound at the door.

The old lady, I mean, she was alright. She was just as good as any other woman. She wasn't a wicked woman. She was just ordinary. She was just as good as anyone else. She was just as bad as anyone else. The style they had on her was Mary Hector. She was also from Glencoe. ☺

Told by the late Malcolm MacKinnon, An Isle of Muck decedent, Malcolm was born and raised in Glencoe, Inverness County. © Collected, transcribed and translated by Seumas Watson.

BEANNACHADH AN FHIR-FHUADAIN

Air Aithris le Murchadh mac Dhòmhnaill 'ic Sheumais Dhòmhnaill a' Chùil.



Àm na Depression a bha sin 's poile do dh'fheadainn nach robh obair aca. Bha 'ad a' trabaillachadh na dùthcha 's bhiodh 'ad a' faighinn ride air na trèinichean 'dol dhan dùthaich. 'Coiseachd uaireannan, tha fhios agad, a' dol gu taighean far a faigheadh 'ad biadh. Taighean a bhiodh air an taobh muigh goirid dhan a' rathad.

Ach co dhiubh, feasgar a bha seo thànaig a' fear seo gu taigh 's dh'fhoighneachd a faigheadh e biadh. Bha i goirid gu àm na suipearach. Uell, fear an taighe, cha robh e coibhneil sam bith ris, tha fhios agad. Cha do bhruidhinn e cus mu dhéidheinn fuireach airson biadh ach dh'iarr e air tighinn astigh 's a dhol 'na thàmh.

Ach co dhiubh, thànaig e staigh 's ge bith gu dé am biadh a bh'aca, chaidh e air a' bhòrd. Bha an duine 's a bhean ann agus gille. Sin a bha 's an teaghlach aca. Ach co dhiubh, air a shuidh 'ad aig a' bhòrd, thuirt a' seann-fhear, "Uell," os esan, "Feumaidh sinn anisd am biadh a bheannachadh," os'esan. "Taing a thoirt do Dhia 'son a' bhiadh." 'S rinn e choistrigeadh.

Lùb e cheann 's thuirt e, "Gum beannaicheadh Dia mi fhìn, mo bhean 's Dhòmhnaill, mo mhac agus gun duin' ach sinn." Rinn e choistrigeadh 's theann air an t-suipeir a

ghabhail, ge bith gu dé bh'ann.

Ach cha do chòrd seo ris an trabaillair math sam bith. Ach co dhiubh, air a bha 'ad ullamh a ghabhail an suipear, thionndaidh an trabaillair ri fear an taighe. Thuirt e, "Anisd, an doir thu cead dhomhsa 'son am beannachadh a dheanamh an deaghaidh na suipeir?"

"Uell," thuirt e, "tha mi 'creidinn gum biodh e math gu leòir."

Rinn e choistrigeadh agus lùb e cheann 's thuirt e, "Gun dugadh an deamhan leis thu-fhéin 's do bhean 's Dhòmhnaill do mhac, agus gun duin' ach sin."

Amach air an dorust a bha e 'n uair sin.

The Tramp's Blessing

During the Great Depression there were a lot of people without work. They travelled about the countryside, hitching rides on trains going out to the country. Sometimes they walked, going to houses where they could get something to eat. These were houses out near the road.

Anyway, this particular evening a fellow came to a house and asked for something to eat. It was near to supper time. Well, the man of the house, you know, wasn't recep-

tive at all. He didn't say anything about food, but asked him in to rest.

So, he came inside and whatever food they had was put on the table. The man and his wife and a boy were there, that was the extent of the family. When they sat down at the table, the man of the house said, "We have to bless the food and thank the Lord for it."

He crossed himself and bent his head and said, "God bless myself, my wife, my son Donald and no one but us." He blessed himself and whatever food there was, he began to eat.

But this didn't please the traveller at all. When they had finished eating their supper, the tramp turned to his host and asked, "Now, will you give me leave to say a grace after supper?"

"Well," the old fellow said, "I suppose that would be alright."

The tramp blessed himself, lowered his head and said, "May the Devil take you, your wife and Donald your son and no one else."

And he took off out the door. ☺

Told by the late Murdock "Gillis" MacNeil of Rear Christmas Island. © Seumas Watson.

DÒMHNALL MHAMAIDH

Air Aithris le Eòs Nill Bhig

'Sann a mhuinntir shuas an Àrasaig a bha Dhòmhnaill Mhamaidh, agus tha mi 'smaointinn gur h-e MacGillebhràth a bh'ann.

Co-dhiubh, chaidh e dh'obair suas air feadh na Mór-roinn. Ma dh' fhaoidte gun d'ranais e suas cho fada ri New Brunswick. Ach co-dhiubh, 's ann am mìosg nan Sasunnach a thànaig anuas às na Stàitean a bha e nuair a thànaig an fheadhainn sin a bha dileas dha 'n Rìgh, na mar a bheir 'ad "Na Loyalists." Theich 'ad anuas às na Stàitean Aonaichte agus 's e a' Bheurla a bha 'ad daonnan a' cleachdadh. Agus cinnteach, nuair a bhiodh feadhainn ag obair dhaibh, nach robh 'ad glé mhath gus am biadh. Cha bhiodh biadh, na tuarasdail, ach beag.

Ach, co-dhiubh, thànaig Dhòmhnaill Mhamaidh dhachaidh a dh'Àrasaig, agus tha mi 'creidsinn gu robh e air fàs seach, sgìth dhe 'n togail a bha shuas aig càcha. Chaidh e nuair sin gu taigh-faire agus bha e 'na chleachdadh anns an àm a bha sin, 's na taighean faire, gum biodh iad a' gabhail ùrnaigh greis dhe 'n oidhche. Bhiodh cuideigin a' gabhail ùrnaigh agus bhiodh càcha 'ga

fhreagairt. Agus bha an uair sin earrann dhe 'n ùrnaigh ris an canadh iad a' leadan. Agus bha sin gu math fada cuideachd agus bhiodh 'ad 'ga fhreagairt. Agus bha anns an ùrnaigh; "bho 'n stoirm, bho 'n tairneanach, agus bho 'n dealanaich..." agus 's e 'n fhreagairt a bha sin "Teasraig sinn a Thighearna".

Agus ge b'e dé thachair gun do rinn a' fear eile dàil bheag an deaghaidh a bha seo a chantail. Fhreagair Dhòmhnaill Mhamaidh, agus thuirt e, "Bho Bheurla, na Loyalists 's bho lite na mine buidhe..." Agus, fhreagair an còmhlan uile gu léir "Teasraig sinn a Thighearna".

Donald Vami

Donald Vami belonged to Arasaig (Antigonish County). I believe he was a MacGillivray. In any event, he worked all around the province and maybe he got so far away as New Brunswick. Anyway, he was among the English that were faithful to the king who came up from the States, or as they would say, the Loyalists. They fled, coming up from the United States, and they

always spoke English. It's certain, when somebody worked for them, they weren't very good to feed them. Wages and food would only be small.

Anyhow, Donald Vami returned home to Arasaig and I'm sure he was weary of the others' way of things. He went to a wake and it was the practice at wakes in houses at that time to pray part of the night. Someone would pray and the rest would respond. And there was a part of the prayer they called the litany. That was very lengthy and they would respond to it. And in the prayer, there was "From the storm, from the thunder, from the lightning..." And the response was "Save us, oh Lord!"

And what happened but the other fellow made a little hesitation after this was said. Donald Vami replied saying, "from English, the Loyalists and cornmeal porridge..." And the whole gathering replied, "Save us, oh Lord!"

Told by the late Joe Neil MacNeil, Middle Cape. © Collected, transcribed and translated by Seumas Watson.

A Pioneer Account

FROM THE ISLE OF COLL TO MALAGAWATCH

The Historical Account of Bartimeus.

When we acquired cattle, a cow would very often come home mangled by a bear. When we got sheep, the women made all types of clothing from their wool. Since we had potatoes, and the lake was full of every kind of fish, we envied no one under the sun. These were happy days, although modern folk think they were mindless. I must confess, however, that the area was very much unenlightened, lacking as it did a school and teacher inside the Bras d'Or region. What's more, there wasn't a doctor in the territory we now call Inverness County. In 1823 one of my neighbour's legs was frozen, and it was necessary to take him sixty miles by small boat to Dr. MacDonald in Antigonish.

Around 1824, Dr. Noble arrived. Many readers of *Mac-Talla* are familiar with the song written for his wife by Bard MacLean. In the year 1824 William Compton, from Prince Edward Island, built a saw mill on the north side of Malagawatch Lake; something that was a great service to the area's people. There wasn't a road from Judique to River Denys around Malagawatch or to West Bay. A track ran from West Bay through River Inhabitants to the Strait of Canso.

A person had to follow the shore going around every point and cove. Fear of bears kept travellers out of the woods.

In 1825 John Lewis was commissioned by the government to establish property boundaries for the settlers. He established the first road running from Malagawatch

through River Denys and Judique Mountain on to Long Point. In the same year the Kavanaughs arrived in St. Peters. They were in business on the Boom Strait (Alba) getting lumber and shipping it to Europe. I remember once seeing four, great three-masted schooners loading lumber at the same time, and very often three.

In 1827 the ship called "James and Tom" - which I mentioned in another issue of *Mac-Talla* - was built for a company out of Liverpool, England. John MacNeil, one of our neighbors and a good scholar, sailed aboard her to England. He obtained finances from the Home Mission to open a school here which was done upon his return in 1831. After a few years he relocated to Prince Edward Island where he remained. By this time River Denys had become well populated and was famous for its pine.

Donald MacDonald from Glengarry Scotland was the first minister to come out to Cape Breton. He served for two years between Whycocomagh, West Bay and Malagawatch. From here he went to Prince Edward Island where he died. In 1826 the Free Church of Scotland sent the Reverend John MacLennan to Cape Breton as a missionary. He advised the people of this area to build a church in which visiting clergy could preach.

We began this work with a single-mindedness in 1828. The church's dimensions measured forty feet long and thirty feet wide with three lofts: one at the end and one on both sides. Its capacity was spacious, and

it was the first Presbyterian Church built in Cape Breton. Among those contributing to its building was a young lad who made spruce shingles. I saw him preaching in that church after he received an education from the Free Church in Edinburgh. The church heard its first sermon in the summer of 1829, delivered by the Reverend Dougal MacKeigan. In 1832 the Reverend John Stewart was placed in West Bay. From him we received a service every fifth Sunday. In 1837 the Reverend Peter MacLean was appointed to Whycocomagh and the congregation was provided with a service by him every fifth Sunday as well.

The Reverend Alexander provided us with some of his services around the time he was located in Middle River. He experienced many hardships while travelling from place to place as a missionary. Boats weren't as plentiful as they are today and very often Indians would transport him in canoes of bark. I recently got proof that it is true he went from Middle River to Miramachi in one of these to be ordained, because that was the nearest Presbytery.

Many missionaries informed us in the following years. Among them, I can name these: the Reverends James Fraser, Adam MacKay and Murdock Stewart. We also had the Reverend Angus MacMillan who was with us for thirteen years. He is now in West Bay.

Great changes have occurred since my first memories of coming to Malagawatch. Fine homes have taken the place of humble shanties, and the old church has been replaced by a new one including a manse a few yards away. Regular schools and a Sunday school have been established along with wide horse and coach travelled roads. The mail is delivered regularly and there are many other improvements which I needn't waste time mentioning. True is the proverb that says, "He who lives a long life will see many things." ☺

Bartimeus

Part one appeared in the last issue of An Rubha. Translated by Seumas Watson. Originally from MacTalla Vol. 3 July 7th 1884. Illustration by Ellison Robertson.



AN TAIGH-LOGAICHEAN ANNS A' CHOILLIDH DHUIBH

Part One - By Seamus Waston

Immigrating Gaels to Eastern Nova Scotia had immediate concern for shelter from the harsh elements. They soon adapted building skills to putting up log cabins in the great Acadian Forest. This new series of Fo na Cabair will explore the material culture of early Gaels' log cabins, along with stories and songs recalled by their descendants.



The story of large-scale Highland immigration to North America begins after the Battle of Culloden (*Blàr Chùil-lodair*). Fought over boggy terrain outside the town of Inverness in 1746, the obsolete Clan System was dismantled forever in its aftermath. The end to an ancient way of Highland life came on a miserable spring day in April; when the House of Hanover's troops cut down the Jacobite clans advocating the exiled Stewarts' restoration to the British throne.

The old Gaelic order's sway in the Highlands was soon to become a past romanticized in the parlours of the emerging Victorian bourgeois. For the Gael living on the land, in a countryside under heavy fortification and entering a modern economy, the close relationship between chief and soldier tenant gave way. Moving toward's the eighteenth century's end, clan chieftains increasingly became members of the landed gentry, drawing on cultural cues from southern Britain for their social validation. As the Clan System's break-up accelerated, more and more disaffected artisans, property managers and the lower classes came to regard emigration as their best alternative to an impoverished life in

Gaelic Scotland.

Immigration to North America from the Scottish Highlands can be divided into two general time frames and classifications of circumstances: voluntary leavings in the late decades of the eighteenth century and the later mass evictions lasting until the 1880s.

Subsequent to the Clan System's decline, it became increasingly attractive for the middle-men of the Highlands to seek their fortunes elsewhere; often for political as well as economic considerations. Looking towards the colonies as venues of opportunity, large numbers of the tacks men class (estate managers usually related to a clan chief) and their dependants began taking leave of Scotland's northern glens.

The first major out-migrations to North America took place in the late 1760's and early 1770's. The bulk of those leaving the Old World behind were from North Uist and the Isle of Skye. Their destination was the Cape Fear River area of North Carolina. Among those early emigrants was Kintail bard John MacRae (*Iain mac Mhurchaidh*). His poetry provides glimpses of the conditions emigrants sought to escape and

images that greeted their unfamiliar eyes in a new place.

*Tha sinn gun fhearann, gun spréidh
Cha doir an t-uachdaran dhuinn spéis
Thair e gur e duine gun chéill
A rachadh ceum a' rathaid ud*

We are landless without stock. The landlord has no respect for us. He says that only a senseless man would take a step on the road of emigration.

Macrae was one of the first Gaelic song composers in North America. The details of his *Dean Cadalan Samhach a Chuailein Mo Rùin* (Rest Quietly My Young Darling), communicates the pioneering Gaels' dazed feelings in the presence of a wilderness.

*Tha sinne mar Innseanaich
cinn-teach gu leòr
Fo dhubhar nan craobh,
cha bhi aon againn beò
Coin-allaidh 's béistean
ag éigheach 's gach fròig
Tha sinne 'nar n-eiginn
on thréig sinn Rìgh Deòrs'*

We live like the aboriginals themselves. Under the forest's dark canopy none of us will survive. Wolves and all manner of beasts screech in every hollow. We have fallen on desperate times since abandoning King George.

We can only imagine the precise turmoil affecting Scottish Gaels coming to the great forest of Nova Scotia in the nineteenth century: material poverty, apprehensions, expectations for improvement or modest wishes to endure. Oral accounts from the Highland pioneers' Gaelic speaking descendants provide us with rare insights to the drama of upheaval surrounding passage from the Old World to the new. The late Johnny Allan MacDonald (Seonaidh mac Alasdair Mhóir Sheonaidh Aonghais 'ic 'Ille Chrìosda) of Enon, Cape Breton County provided one such account which describes the coming of his great grandfather to Cape Breton,

O, Aonghas Dòmhnallach. Bh'e á Càrnais, Uist-a-Tuath...

Bha 'ad ann an Càrnais an toiseach agus mhùbh 'ad an uair sin. Cha robh mòran àit' aca ann an Càrnais 's chaidh 'ad a dh'àite ris an can 'ad Sruth an Uisge. Agus às a' sin, chaidh 'ad a dh'ait' eile. Tha mi air an t-ainm a dhiochuimhneachadh, ach 's ann am Beinn a' Bhaoghla a land 'ad. Agus bha meeting aig Aonghus agus na càirdean aige 's h-uile neach a b' aithne dha. Tha fhios agad, gu robh e cheart cho math dhaibh deanamh deiseil airson mùbhadh amach às a' siod mu 'm biodh 'ad 'gan draoiveadh air falbh uaireigin.

Chall e meeting agus dh'inns' e dhaibh dìreach mar a bha gnothaichean. Agus, "Tha mi 'faighinn a' bhàta. Tha mise 'faighinn a' bhàta agus chì mi gu gum bidh uisge glan ann am baraillean glan. Agus tha mòran a' falbh às a' seo air soithichean agus na baraillean aca... 's e baraillean anns a' robh grèis. 'S tha feadhainn dhiubh 'bàsachadh mus ruig 'ad anall 's feadhainn a' bàsachadh an déis dhaibh tighinn anall.

Agus creicibh sibh a h-uile sion a théid agaibh air faighinn an aghaidh as aonais ann am bliadhna. Agus biodh fios agaibh dé tha dol a dh'èirigh dha na gnothaichean a chumas sibh nuair a gheibh sinn facal a dhol chun a' bhàta. Agus biodh pòg agus min-choirce gu leòr agaibh agus sin agaibh na théid agaibh air giùlan airson biadh. Dh'fhàg 'ad an uair ann an 1828... Nuair a fhuair 'ad fios falbh, mhùbh 'ad cleabhar chun a' bhàta: Commerce an t-ainm a bh'air a' bhàta. Cha do bhàsaich gin dhiubh ('tighinn anall).

Bha 'ad uile gu léir ann an slàinte mhath

'tighinn astaigh a Shudni...

Bha airgead ac' uilig - aig a h-uile gin dhiubh ha thànaig anall - agus fhuair 'ad bàta. Thug 'ad mòran dhiubh gu Irish Cove (Còbh nan Èireannach). Bha feadhainn eil' a chaidh sìos a dheas.

Nuair a thànaig 'ad á Sudni gu Irish Cove, cha robh sion ach bha sen-ach air a shettleadh a's an àm... Cò a thachair riuth' ach seann duine. Bh'e bhos agus feumaidh gu robh e bhos bli-adhmaichean airson... bha fios aig' air a h-uile h-ait' an Ceap Breatann. 'Se land surveyor a bh'ann: MacNab, Dougal MacNab an t-ainm a bh'air.

Agus thuirt e riutha, "Tha àit' amuigh ann a' siod agus ainmich mi fhéin e (Loch Lomond). Cha n-eil sion ann ach léigeachan agus chì thu

'S mór mo mhulad 's cha lugha m' éisleann. Cha n-eil eibhneas a' tighinn dlùth dhomh; Bho 'n a thàinig mi do 'n tìr seo. Gu bheil m' inntinn air a mùchadh; Chaill mi mo shùgradh 's mo sheanchas Bho 'n a dh' fhalbh mi às mo dhùthaich. Toiseach a' chiad mhìos de 'n fhoghar Sheòl sinn air adhart 'nar cùrsa.

- Bàrd Abhainn Bhàrnaidh

My sorrow is prodigious and not less is my grief. No mirth attends me since arriving in this land. My wits have been smothered. I've lost my pleasure and sociable conversation since leaving my country. At the beginning of fall's first month we set sail on our course.

- John MacLean, Barney's River.

poidhle do thalamh math. Agus na léigeachan... Faodaidh tu ceimhead àite sam bith anns na léigeachan 's cha n-fhaic thu sion ach bric, dìreach tha 'ad làn do bhrìc. Agus ma thoileachas sibh p-fhéin, coisichidh mise 'mach còmhla ribh"

Agus thànaig 'ad uilig amach.

Cha robh mòran biadh aca. 'Se bric a' rud a bu mhoth' a bh'aca. Ach bha min-choirc' aca - bhiodh min-choirc aca co dhiubh. Agus sen agad dìreach a am biadh a bh'aca. Ach fhuair 'ad beagan buntàta 's chuir 'ad e timchioll air na stumpaichean e. Uell, cha robh mòran vari-

ety aca co dhiubh.

Oh, Angus MacDonald, he was from Carnish in North Uist...

At first they lived in Carnish and then they moved. They didn't have much land in Carnish and they went to a place called Sruth an Uisge. From there they went to another place, I've forgotten the name but they fetched up in Benbecula and Angus and his relatives and everyone he knew met. You see it was just as well for them to prepare for emigrating before the time would come that they were driven out.

He called a meeting and explained to them just how things were. He said, "I'm getting a ship and I'll see that there is clean water in clean barrels. A lot of people are leaving here on ships and there was grease in their water barrels. Some are dying before they get over and some are dying after arrival.

Sell everything within a year you can get along without. Be aware of what's going to happen to the belongings you keep when you get word to go to the ship and see that you have enough oatmeal and pork; that's what you can carry for food. They left in 1828. When they got word, they went promptly to the boat. The ship's name was the Commerce. Not one died on the crossing, they were all in good health when they came into Sydney.

They all had money, everyone that crossed over, and they got a boat. A lot of them were brought to Irish Cove (Cape Breton County). Others went to the southward. When they got to Irish Cove from Sydney, there was nothing available to them, the land had already been settled. Who met with them (there) but an old fellow. He was a land surveyor: MacNab, Dougal MacNab was his name.

He said to them, "There's a place out there and I named it myself (Loch Lomond). It's all lakes and you'll see a lot of good ground. The lakes... you can look anywhere in the lakes and all you will see is trout. They are just full of trout. If you wish, I will walk out there with you." And they all went out.

They didn't have much food. Trout were what they had the most of. But they had oatmeal, they'd have that anyway, and that was their food. But they got a little potato (seed) and planted it among the stumps. Well, they didn't have much food variety anyway. ☺

© Seamus Watson. Part two will appear in the next issue of An Rubha. Illustration by Ellison Robertson

SEANFHACAL/ PROVERB

Mar is tràithe a' ghaillinn 's ann as fhaide a' ghaillinn.
The earlier the storm, the longer it lasts.

Seumas mac Aonghais 'ic Uilleim 'ic Iain 'ic Mhurchaidh / Jimmy MacKay

www.androchaid.com/mar-tràithe-ghaillinn-s-ann-fhaide-ghaillinn

Peadar mac Jack Pheadair `ic Caluim Ghobha

PETER JACK MACLEAN

B'e là na dùnach an t-aonamh là deug dha 'n Fhaoilleach 2013 nuair a chailleadh dithist do Chloinn `Illeathain a bha `gam measadh mar churaidhean "cliùiteach, ciallach, fialaidh, grinn" am measg Gàidheil na h-Albann Nuaidhe. Bhuineadh an dithist aca dha `n cheàrnaidh seo fhéin, ri taobh Loch Mór nam Barrach, am meadhan Eilean Cheap Breatainn: Peadar Mac`Illeathain (Peadar mac bean Jack Pheadair `ic Caluim Ghobha) a mhuinntir Chùl Eilean na Nollaig agus Eòs Peadar Mac`Illeathain (Eòs Peadar mac Theàrlaich Eòis) a mhuinntir Chùl Bhaghasdail, Rathad Màiri Eumain, mar a theirte.

Rugadh Peadar Mac`Illeathain an Cùl Eilean na Nollaig `s a' bhliadhna 1912. Bhuineadh e do shliochd nam Barrach air an dà thaobh dha theaghlach. Chaidh àrach an taigh far a robh mòran spéis `ga toirt do ghabhail nan òran agus bha ainm aig màthair Pheadair `s an nàbuchd mun cuairt a bhi `na deagh bhan-sheinneadair (Anna n'ín Mhicheil Nill). Bu chuimhne leis gu furasda na h-oidhcheannan nuair a bhiodh comann na seinn astaigh ag éirigh air òrain. Thug e fhéin dealbh air mar a bh'ann:

"Bhiodh `ad cruinn anns na taighean. Bhiodh

feadhainn aca... rachadh ac' air a' Ghàidhlig a leughadh `s a sgrìobhadh. Bhiodh `ad... copaidh do leabharaichean... na seann bhàird, na seann òrain, mar a bha Dunnchadh Bàn `s Bàrd Mac`Illeathain's Uilleam Ros - `s na h-òrain sin. Bha `ad gu math dèidheil air na h-òrain sin `s na seann òrain - gu h-àraid ma bha `Ghàidhlig car domhain ann. Sin an ùine cur-seachad a bh'aca, an dòigh a bh'aca, cur-seachad na h-oidhcheadh. Bhiodh a' chuid bu mhoth' anns a' gheamhradh - bhitheadh, na, uairean, ré an t-samhraidh. Bhiodh feadhainn a' cruinneachdainn `s ceann-labhairt ac' air òrain `s na seann bhàird - `bruidhinn mun deidhinn.

"S e an t-ionnsachadh òg an t-ionnsachadh bòidheach" agus bu tràth a thog Peadar a cheud leasanann air nòs is dualchas ann an cuideachd mhuinntir a' Chùil. `Na dhuine inbheach, thog e saoirsneachd mar chiùird, sgil a chur e gu feum gus tuarasdal a bhuain fad nam bliadhnaichean a bha e fhéin `s a bhean, Mairead, a' còmhnaidh an crìochan Bhostain anns na seasgadan. Bha, mar an ceudna `s an àm ud, iomadach Gàidheal a mhuinntir Cheap Breatainn air ceann a chosnadh `s a' bhaile mhór. Bha Peadar gu minig `s a' chuideachd, an sàs ann an

cùisean culturach eadar céilidhean, àrd-ùrlar agus *The Cape Breton Club*. A bhar-rachd air a bhi math air na h-òrain, agus a' cur ri fìdhlearachd, bha Peadar riamh `na dhuine fad-shùileach `s rinn e clàraidhean ruidhle gu ruidhle air a' cheòl `s na h-òrain aig cuid dhan fheadhainn a b'ainmeile a bh'ann r' a linn. `Nam measg sin, bha Aonghas Siosalach, Uilleam Lamey `s sàr òranaichean a bhuineadh do gach ceàrn dha `n Eilean.

Air dhaibh thilleadh dhan a' Chùl anns na seachdadan, chum Peadar taic làidir an dàrna cuid ri luchd-ionnsachaidh `s luchd-rannsachaidh na Gàidhlig. `Na ghaisgeach gus an deireadh, `s gann gu robh tachartas àite sam bith far a robh nòs `s cànan a' tarraing sluaigh dha nach robh e dileas a chuideachd a chur ris. Cluinnear seinn Pheadair air na clàraidhean Òr Cheap Breatain agus Guthan Priiseil. Cluinnear tuilleadh dhe `n t-seanchas aig Peadar air An Drochaid Eadarainn: <http://androchaid.ca/3-bha-mi-raoir-gu-sunndach-sunndach> agus air Cainnt mo Mhàthar <http://www.cainnt-momhathar.com/speaker.php?sp=23&l=e>

A Bhi `Gan Cuimhneachadh `s `Gan Ionndrainn: Facal na Dhà `s an Dealachadh



Peadar mac Jack Pheadair `ic Caluim Ghobha



Micheal Eòin Chaluum Sheumais, Peadar mac Jack Pheadair `ic Caluim Ghobha & Maxie mac Dhòmhnaill Aonghais Iain Aonghais Eòin

Eòs Peadar mac Theàrlaich Eòis

Joe Peter MacLean

Chaidh Eòs Peadar Mac Illeain (Eòs Peadar mac Theàrlaich Eòis) a bhreith 's a' chùil air Cnoc Bhaghasdail anns a' bhliadhna 1946. 'Na bhriathran fhéin,

"Chaidh mo thogail air a' rathad eadar Baghasdail 's Beighe na h-Àird an Ear. Canaidh 'ad, tha mi cinnteach... pìos ann a sin, canaidh 'ad Rathad Màiri Eumain (ris). Thànaig 'ad anall (cuideachd Eòis Pheadair)), thànaig 'ad as Uibhist à Deas, An t-Seann Dùthaich. Uell, bha mo... muinntir m'athar, bha 'ad a' cantail gur ann a Fròbost ann a Uibhist à Deas a bha 'ad a' fuireach mun dàining 'ad anall. O, dhia... miosail air ceòl a sin (astaigh): seann phuirt air an fhidhill. Bhiodh m'athair a' seinn air an fhidhill, seinn phort air an fhidhill 's bhiodh mise... Thòisich mise còmhla ris bho chionn mòran bliadhna air ais. Bha mi sean. Bha mi ochd deug. Bha mi 'nam bhodach an uair sin, nuair a thòisich mi air seinn na fidhill."

Fhuair Eòs Peadar àrach is ionnsachadh òg air baile-fearainn 's an t-seann dòigh-bheatha. B' e a' Ghàidhlig an cànan a b' fheàrr le pharantan astaigh (gu h-àraid a mhàthair, Catriona n'in Eòghainn Aonghnais, Bana-Chaimbeulach mun do phòs i.) Gu dearra, 's e a' Ghàidhlig a bu mhotha gu léir a bhruidhnneadh na nàbuidhean a thadhaileadh gu tric gus céilidh dheanadh am fardrach far an cluinnte seann seachas, òran 's ceòl. Cha robh e 'na ion-gantas, matha, nuair a thànaig Eòs Peadar

gu inbhe, gu robh e 'na Ghàidheal an da rìreadh portmhor 's mór-spéis aige do gach cuspair a dhualchais.

Ged nach robh Eòs Peadar riamh 'na dhuine aig a robh beairteas arigid, 's e an duine sona nach iarradh ach a bhreith an dòigh phearsanta a bh'aige. 'Na tagraiche gaisgeil dhan a' Ghàidhlig - aig baile 's air astar - bha eòlas aig na h-uimhir air thall 's a' bhos. 'S ann ainneamh a bhiodh e dhith 's a' chunnas 's e 'cumail seanachais 's ciùil ris gach seisean bogaidh, céilidh, consurt agus cruinneachadh a bhiodh ann a ghabhadh ruigsinn le càr. Bithear 'ga ionndrainn air an taobh thall dha 'n Chuan Mhór cuideachd. Chan eil ann ach bliadhna on a thill e dhachaidh às Uibhist a Deas far an do ghabh e pàirt as t-samhradh s' chaidh aig Ceòlas mar fhear-teagaisg fìdhleachd.

Cluinnear ceòl Eòis Pheadair air an dà CD *Back of Boisdale* agus *Còmhla Cruinn*. Gheobhar tuilleadh ceòl is còmhradh Eòis Pheadair air An Drochaid Eadarainn, Ceap Breatainn: Loch Bhraas d'Or: <http://androchaid.ca/eòs-peadar-mac-theàrlaich-'ic-eòis-fidhlear-1>

Ged a bhios beàrn is bealach ann far a robh na laoiach seo 's a' chuideachd roimhe, 's e is gu ro luachmhor an dìleab a dh'fhàg iad as an déidh. Chan urrainn dhuinn ach ar taing a thoirt dhaibh.

"A h-uile là a chì 's nach fhaic."

Seumas Watson

Synopsis

The same day deaths of Peter MacLean, Rear Christmas Island, and Joe Peter MacLean, Boisdale have left the Nova Scotia Gaelic community in mourning over the departure of two Cape Breton notables. Peter MacLean, age 99, Gaelic singer of Barra ancestry, was born and raised at Christmas Island Rear in a household known as a céilidh house for song. A staunch supporter of Gaelic learners and researchers alike, his contributions include years of supporting Gaelic events and a substantial collection of reel to reel recordings of Nova Scotia Gaels he made while living in Boston. Peter's singing can be heard on the CDs, *Còmhla Cruinn*, *Or Cheap Breatainn* and the *Guthan Priseil* CD insert. He can also be heard online at Caint Mo Mhàthar An Drochaid Eadarainn in the Ceap Breatainn: Loch Bhraas <http://androchaid.ca/3-bha-mi-raoir-gu-sunndach-sunndach>

Raised in a Gaelic-speaking home at MacAdam's Lake, Joe Peter MacLean, 67, well known for his Gaelic style fiddling, avidly supported Gaelic cultural occasions throughout Cape Breton. He was rarely absent when Gaelic culture was the focus for a social gathering, or learning experience. Joe Peter recently finished serving as a mentor in the Gaelic apprenticeship program Bun is Barr for Office of Gaelic Affairs. His fiddling can be heard on CDs *Còmhla Cruinn* and *Back of Boisdale*. He also appears in conversation and playing on An Drochaid Eadarainn in the Ceap Breatainn: Loch Bhraas d'Or section for music and tunes: <http://androchaid.ca/eòs-peadar-mac-theàrlaich-'ic-eòis-fidhlear-1>.



Eòs Peadar mac Theàrlaich Eòis



Joe Peter MacLean & Paul Wukitsch playing a few tunes in the Tuning Room.

Tìr Is Teanga: THE NOVA SCOTIA GAEL AND THEIR RELATIONSHIP TO THEIR ENVIRONMENT

By Daniel MacDonald



Undeniably, the physical and natural environment has always played an integral role in the human experience. Though this role has been greatly diminished in a number of first-world cultures due to the industrial revolution and various stages of economic growth, it is still quite prevalent in agrarian and land-based groups. The Gaels have always had a deep connection to the land, dating right back to the Celt of prehistoric Ireland. When examin-

ing such a relationship, it must be understood that it has come to exist on a number of different planes. Apart from the obvious attachment to the physical landscape formed through agriculture, there are also socio-linguistic elements to consider resulting from a variety of cultural interpretations of nature that have existed throughout the history of the Gaelic people. This article will provide insight into these various cultural elements, particularly within the context of the song and storytelling traditions, and how, over time – along with an almost inherent respect and love of physical nature – they have shaped the perception and understanding of the world and its place within the conscience of the Nova Scotia Gael.

In order to fully understand the relationship that exists between Nova Scotia Gaels and their environment, it is necessary to first look at such a relationship in a historical context; that is, the relationship Gaels in general have had with their environment, from Celtic times. Being an agrarian culture, a connection with the land has always been present and pervaded almost every aspect of the ancient Gaelic lifestyle. This connection became most obvious in the druidic religion of ancient Ireland. As with many native cultures, the druidic belief system was focused on nature; both the reverence of its power and the teaching and understanding of its elements. In a very basic sense, druidism can be seen as the first vestiges of science among the Celtic peoples. Apart from relatively unknown religious duties, the druids were a learned group focused on astronomy, the telling of time, healing and the general understanding of nature. It has been suggested that it is from this group of individuals that the bardic tradition initially developed.

As an historically oral culture, words have always been important to the Gaels. It was believed that the power of the druids came from their words. Later, as the bardic tradition emerged, stories and poetry were seen, in some cases, as possessing prophetic abilities. The concept of song-making also suggests an inherent rather magical quality of words, something which just comes to song-makers through no help of

their own. In his book *Hebridean Song-Maker*, Thomas A. MacKean uses the phrase “*thigeadh ‘ad ‘gam ionnsaigh*” (they would come towards me) to describe this concept. He says, talking about his conversations with Skye bard Iain MacNeacail: “Firstly, the songs come unbidden, sometimes unexpected. Secondly, in some ways, he (MacNeacail) feels that composition has nothing to do with him; the songs come to him, rather than him making them. Thirdly, there is a sense of physicality about song-making.”

Perhaps one could say the ability of a bard is not the composing of songs, but the

As a society based on the oral passage of knowledge, the Gaels' concept of dùthchas includes a strong cultural element that is heavily reliant on symbolism and representation.

interpretation and understanding of this inherent quality of words in a way that makes it accessible to the general community. The way in which these words are interpreted presents a particular viewpoint based on certain beliefs, previous experiences and cultural acceptances. It draws not merely on the descriptive and geographical but aims to inform a community of a history and cultural significance while remaining loyal to the linguistic nuances which feature so prominently in the minds of the Gaels. Such historical and cultural conservation becomes even more important within immigrant communities, such as those which came to exist in Nova Scotia throughout the late 18th and mid-19th centuries. It also changed significantly in a number of ways from that of Scotland.

As noted in the work of Meg Bateman, the Gaels have always understood that some elements of nature cannot be controlled. This is known, according to

Bateman, as the desert – *am fàsach* in Gaelic – the unknown. If we consider the role of the bard proposed above, then it could be said that the bard serves as a form of medium between the unknown, uncontrollable *fàsach* and the domesticated world of the general population. As the formal bardic tradition declined, alongside many other Gaelic social conventions around the time of the Jacobite Rebellions – just before many of the Gaels immigrated to Nova Scotia – so did the traditional role of the bard within the Gaelic community. However, with immigration came a modification on this traditional role, subsequently dispersing the role of the community bard among the many immigrants who came and discovered sections of this wilderness. Though immersed in the history and cultural heritage of their homeland, these immigrant Gaels were also presented with a new landscape and are, in a manner of speaking, at the edge of a new history. The bards and *seanchaidhean* of Gaelic Scotland were entrusted with keeping the history and knowledge of their communities. Now, in a brand new world, this same tradition which cultural conservatism has maintained, falls to those who are among the first to arrive in this new land.

This new *dùthaich* becomes apparent in both the story and song traditions of Nova Scotia Gaels. In comparison to other Gaelic immigrant communities, such as those that existed in Australia and New Zealand, the Nova Scotia Gaels have a surprisingly small amount of stories that either originated in or are set in Scotland or Ireland, apart from the class of tales known as Fenian tales, a sort of epic reserved for specific individuals within a community. Though John Shaw did note a few from Joe Neil MacNeil, a highly-regarded *seanchaidh* from Middle Cape, Cape Breton County, the majority of stories that were told at *cèilidh* houses drew on very similar themes as those from the “old country” however were set within a Nova Scotian context. This was similarly true in the song-making tradition, where the lack of laments relating to the homeland were replaced by songs dealing with the landscape in which the Gaels currently found themselves. It is important to note that this does not mean

all songs or stories were written in a positive light. There are still many examples of the Gaels condemning and criticizing their new home, however even with these examples, the larger focus is on the new environment in which they find themselves and their relationship to the unknown *fàsach*.

The instinct one has when faced with the unknown is to name it. The manner in which something is named tells a lot about the background and cultural values of a person and their society. Again, considering the power of words in the Gaelic conscience, this naming process takes in more than just identifying a location. In his essay discussing natural influences on Gaelic poetry, John MacInnes notes:

The native Gael who is instructed in this poetry carries in his imagination not so much a landscape, not a sense of geography alone, nor of history alone, but a formal order of experience in which these are all merged. The native sensibility responds not to landscape, but to *dùthchas*. And just as 'landscape' with its romantic aura, cannot be translated directly into Gaelic, so '*dùthchas*' and, indeed, '*dùthaich*' cannot be translated into English without robbing the terms of their emotional energy. The complexity involved can be appreciated by reflecting on the range of meaning: *dùthchas* is ancestral or family land; it is also family tradition; and, equally, it is the hereditary qualities of an individual.

As a society based on the oral passage of knowledge, the Gaels' concept of *dùthchas* includes a strong cultural element that is heavily reliant on symbolism and representation. Just as is evident within the patronymic nomenclature and its ability to recall an entire family history, not just a genealogy, it is not enough to be able to physically describe the landscape. A description must include elements that detail a community's relationship to its landscape. Take, for example, a stream. The simple act of naming a stream as such does not go far enough to create a connection with nature. Many other factors must be considered, such as its location, its size and how the community interacts with it. Whether the community is a fishing community will impact on the importance they give the stream as well, and likewise if this becomes reflected in the *dùthaich* it will in turn inform outsiders of other complimentary elements of nature. If such a community is more interested in certain varieties of fish, a stream could be described as being full of or not having many of such fish. If one looks for the Gaelic equivalent of stream, at least four words will present themselves, each vary-



ing in regards to the amount of water running through the stream, its physical location, the manner and speed with which the water flows. It is on detailed descriptions of the *dùthaich* such as these that the storytelling tradition and, subsequently, the song tradition of the Gaels are based.

As time passed in Nova Scotia and the Gaels became more and more settled in this new world, their connection to the land grew stronger and stronger, with links to the country they left behind weakening. This was reflected in the oral literature of the various communities, much as it has happened in other Gaelic communities. As communities become more static, they expand their understanding and appreciation for the land in which they live. Due to the strong sense of cultural conservatism that is present amongst the Gaels, many elements of the "homeland" become part of the realm of *seanchas*. In this way they are still remembered, but are not as present within the minds of the community. A similar concept was noted by Seán Ó Tuama in Irish culture. He wrote:

It seems then that it is the sacred wedding of territory to chief – and by extension of territory to kin – which is at the heart of the passion for place in Irish life and literature. Parallel with this bonding, of course, was the bonding of each free family group with its own particular inherited land. Down to our own day each field, hill and hillock was named with affection. ...There is a sense in which place finally becomes co-extensive in the mind; not only with personal and ancestral memories, but with the whole living community culture. If one's day to day pattern of living is found good, the feeling of identification with its place of origin is accordingly enhanced. Community becomes place, place community.

As these tales of the old country fell further and further into the realms of history, they were replaced by recent equivalents discussing similar themes, but within a new cultural paradigm.

As those entrusted with the knowledge and *dùthchas* of their communities, the first bards and *seanchaidhean* that arrived in Cape Breton would be well-versed in the descriptive power of words. As there would have been no local sources to draw on when they first settled in Nova Scotia, the initial stories told would be ones from their home communities. However, as explained above, these would slowly give way to tales of local events that took place as immigrants grew more and more accustomed to their new lifestyle. Taking this to be true, a series of changes can be seen occurring within the Gaelic story and song-making traditions. These stories initially steeped in the heritage of Scottish Gaelic culture – for example, the Fenian tales collected by John Shaw from Joe Neil MacNeil – slowly became overwhelmed by local compositions involving the experience of the immigrant Gaels as they seek to gain a certain degree of control over their new environment. Once again, due to cultural conservatism present within immigrant communities, these older epics are not lost, however it comes to be that they are heard far less often in the *céilidh* houses than they once were. Similarly, it can be seen in the song tradition that songs which initially were written about the physical aspects of nature – written as the Gaels tried to describe the world around them and determine their place within it – are now morphing into songs dealing with more symbolic and emotional interactions between the Gaels and their environment. If we consider Meg Bateman's concept of *am baile* and *am fàsach*, it becomes understandable that as the edges of the domesticated land continue to expand, the focus shifts slightly from an outward perspective to one which is centered inward on the understanding of one's own community.

In the song tradition of Gaelic Nova Scotia, this becomes apparent through examples such as *A' Choille Ghruamach*, a song written by Tíre bard John MacLean shortly after his arriving in Nova Scotia in 1819, condemning the land in which he finds himself. One doesn't have to go beyond the first verse to notice how clearly descriptive this song is: "*Gu bheil mi 'm ònarachd 's a choille ghruamaich/ Fhuair mi 'n t-àite so'n aghaidh nàduir/ Gun thrèig gach tàlant a bha 'n a m'cheann.*" (Lonesome in the gloomy forest/ I've found this place to be so against nature/ that all of my talents I had in my head have abandoned me) Years later, songs begin to appear in praise of both nature as well as the various forms of interaction that the Gaels have with it. Songs such as *Moladh Albann Nuaidh*, by

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Aig Baile:

AN TUAGH LEATHANN - THE BROAD AXE

By Pauline MacLean

The axe has been an indispensable tool for centuries and comes in many forms to suit whatever task is asked of it. Armed with an axe and the help of neighbours and friends, the early settler could build himself a shelter in the forest he discovered when he came to Nova Scotia. As Margaret Bennett states in her book, *Oatmeal and the Catechism*. "The physically demanding tasks of felling enormous first-growth timbers and then squaring logs with a broad-axe became the subject of 'settler stories' among a people who had never seen an axe, far less swung one with accuracy." For many Gaels in Nova Scotia it meant working in cooperation with previous settlers until they became proficient in the use of the axe. Charles Dunn in his work *Highland Settler* says "...the pioneers cut and shaped all their building materials by hand with only the saw, adze and axe for tools. They developed a steady hand and a true eye, and found no difficulty in such delicate work..."

In general terms, a broad axe is a hewing tool for wood. It has a chisel edge, meaning it was sharpened on only one side and it was used to square off round logs or shape pieces of wood. The handles were not straight but slightly angled away from the log or piece of wood so the user's fingers did not get injured. This axe was made in two ways with the angle of the handle and the sharp side of the blade to suit both left and right handed individuals.

The process of squaring a log begins with removing the bark from the log. Lines were marked down both sides of the log using a chalk line. The chalk line was a piece of string or fine rope rubbed with chalk or a smut stick. The smut stick was a charred piece of wood rubbed the length of

the string. The line was anchored in a cut in the end of the log at both ends and snapped in the middle to make the line for cutting. A log was placed on supports to steady it and anchored with a log dog. Vertical cuts were made along one side to the depth of the lines and evenly spaced from end to end of the log. The Broad axe was used to chop horizontally between the vertical cuts and make that side square and smooth. The opposite side was squared, the log was rolled onto the square side and the process began again.

*Gu bheil an t-àite seo cho fuar
Nuair a thig an rèothadh cruaidh
Bheir e beàrnachan `s an tuaigh
Mur dean mi cruaidh
a teòdhladh*

Iain Dòmhnallach, Loch Laomain

*It is a place so cold
When the hard freeze arrives
It makes gashes in my axe
If I don't temper its steel*
John MacDonald, Loch Lomand

As the story goes, there was a marriage between a Presbyterian man and a Roman Catholic woman who eventually settled in Inverness County. By and by there was a child from the marriage. In those days there was no Presbyterian minister settled in the area so a traveling minister, Rev. Dr. McGregor, came to visit the family. He told



the wife that her husband had sent for him to christen the child and that the husband was willing for half the children to be baptized in her faith and half in the husband's. When she heard this she stated, "we may as well start now." She placed the child on the door step, picked up the broad axe and asked her husband which half he would prefer, which quite put an end to the discussion. While not the conventional way of using the broad axe, the threat was effective; the children were baptized in the Catholic faith. Rev. McGregor was active in Pictou, and visited Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton in 1818 and 1821, dating the oral history story to that time period. ☺

Pauline MacLean is the Highland Village's collections manager. Quoted verus: A' Choille Chruinn (Lumber Wood Song), *Beyond the Hebrides*, page 196. Photos from William Notman 180960 © McCord Museum and Highland Village Collection.



Alan MacLeod (Ailean mac Ruairidh 'ic Aonghais ic Dhòmhnaill 'ic Iain) demonstrates the use of a broad axe at the Highland Village.

MAR A THÒISICH IAD AIR TÌ AN IONA

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December 1929, Vol.2 No. 5

Ged nach eilean a th'ann an Iona an Ceap Breatunn, tha e air ainmeachadh air Ì, no Eilean Chaluim Chille. Thàinig iadsan a shuidhich ann á Barraidh; bhuineadh iad uile do 'n Eagalis Chaitligich agus b'ann do Chloinn Néill a' chuid mhór dhiubh. Tha còrr math 's sia fichead bliadhna on thàinig a' cheud fheadhainn ann.

Beagan bhliadhnachan an dèigh dhaibh tighinn, bha dà chàraid òg ri pòsadh: Ruairi Mór MacNéill ri Màiri Chaimbeul, agus Ailean MacFhionghuin ri Peigidh NicNéill, piuthar Ruairidh. Aig an àm sin, cha robh ach aon sagart an Ceap Breatunn, sagart Frangach a bha fuireach an Arichat: mar sin b'fheudar do luchd na bainnse a dhol do 'n bhaile bheag sin, astar leth-cheud mìle air falbh, gu bhi air am pòsadh. Rinn iad sin, agus o 'n bha aig an t-sagart ri dhol a thuath gu Cheticamp, thàinig e air ais anns a' bhàta còmhla riuth',

Am feasgar a ràinig iad air an ais, rinneadh a' bhainis agus dh'fhan an sagart anns a' chuideachd. An uair a bha i tighinn faisg air meadhon oidhche, dh'fhaighnich e dhiubh an robh ti aca. "Eudail 's a ghraidh!" B'e sin rud nach fhaca duine riamh 's air nach cuala iad uiread 's iomradh - uile ach aon bhean òg, NicLeòid á Antigonish a phòs Dòmhnall MacNéill a' bhliadhna roimhe sin. Chunnaic i sin ti air Tìr-mòr. An uair a thàinig i dh'Iona cuide r' a fear, thug i punnd anall leatha.

Bha am pasgan anns an robh an ti aice gun fhuasgladh fad na bliadhna, agus b' i fhéin an té a bha toilichte gum b' ann mar sin a bha e. Chaidh i 'ga iarraidh gun dàil, agus faodar a bhi cinnteach gu robh i glé phroiseil 'ga chàramh ann an làimh an t-sagairt. Chuir easn an ti an tarraing ann am pòit bheag an t-simileir faisg air a' ghrio-

saich, agus an uair a bha i mar bu leis, rinn e a' cheud riarachadh air fhéin 's air an dà chàraid. An dèigh sin, cha robh fear no té anns a' chòmhlan nach feumadh blasad air an deòh annsaich.

B' ann am mìos an Iuchair anns a' bhliadhna 1813 a thachair seo. Is iomadh balgaum blasda de 'n ti a chaidh òl an Iona, 's an Ceap Breatunn, o 'n oidhiche sin.

How Tea Became Fashionable in Iona

Although Iona, Cape Breton is not an island, it is named after I, or St. Columba's Island. Those that settled in that area came from Barra. They were Catholics and the majority of them were MacNeils. More than one hundred and twenty years has gone by since arrival of the first immigrants.

A short while after their arrival, two young couples were to be married; Big Rory MacNeil to Mary Campbell and Allan MacKinnon to Peggy MacNeil - Rory's sister. At the time, there was only one priest in all of Cape Breton, a French priest who lived in Arichat. Thus, it was necessary for the betrothed to travel to that small village, fifty miles away, in order to be married. They did just that, and since the priest was going north to Cheticamp, he returned with them in the boat.

The wedding feast was held on the evening that the couples arrived home, and the priest remained in their company. When it was growing near midnight, he asked the celebrants if they had tea. "Goodness, gracious." That was a thing that no one had ever seen, or heard mention of - except one young woman, a MacLeod from Antigonish who had married Donald MacNeil the year before. She had seen tea on the mainland and brought a pound of it with her when she came to Iona with her husband.



Her package of tea hadn't been opened for a year, and it was herself that was pleased it had remained so. She immediately went to fetch it, and you may be sure that she very proud of herself when she placed it in the priest's hand. He set the tea to steep in a small hearth pot near the embers. When it was ready to his satisfaction, he served the first portion to himself and the two young couples. Following their example, it was necessary for every man and woman present to taste this novel refreshment.

This episode occurred in the month of July, 1813. Many is the tasty swallow of tea that have been drunk in Iona and Cape Breton since that night. ☺

Translated by Seumas Watson.



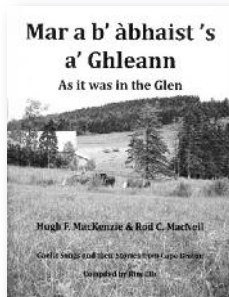
After the publication of MacTalla, Jonathan G. MacKinnon (Eòin Aonghais Chaluim) went on to provide small monthly Gaelic publication titled Fear na Ceildh. Digital copies of the papers can be found online at Nova Scotia

Archives: <http://gov.ns.ca/nsarm/virtual/newsppers/results.asp?nTitle=Fear+na+ceildh>

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PORT CRUINN: GILLEAN AN DRÒBHAIR

Seumas Watson & Pauline MacLean



A common jig attributed as a Highland composition, it seems to have appeared as a Northumbrian pipe tune before appearing in later collections. Noted in many tune books, with Irish equivalents titled as Munster Buttermilk and Behind the Haystack, many players have drawn on the *Skye Collection* for their setting. Gaelic words provided by the late Joe Neil MacNeil (*Eòs Nill Bhig*).

**Gillean an Dròbhair* is also titled as *Bodachan an Drannain*.

Gillean an Dròbhair

A h-uile dad `s nì ma`s fheudar dhomh innse
Gillean an dròbhair, gillean an dròbhair 2X
A h-uile dad `s nì ma`s fheudar dhomh innse
Gillean an dròbhair, gillean an dròbhair

'S iuchair na cisteadh am poca na briogais air
Gillean an dròbhair, gillean an dròbhair
Iuchair na cisteadh am poca na briogais air
Gillean an dròbhair, gillean an dròbhair

B'fheàrr leam fhìn gun tigeadh i suas
Gu faighinn mo dhinnear, gu faighinn mo dhinnear
B'fheàrr leam fhìn gun tigeadh i suas
Gu faighinn mo dhinnear, gu faighinn mo dhinnear

The Drover's Lads

I'll tell all, if I must
The drover's lads, the drover's lads
I'll tell all, if I must
The drover's lads, the drover's lads

The key to the chest is in his pant pocket
The drover's lads, the drover's lads
The key to the chest is in his pant pocket
The drover's lads, the drover's lads

I would prefer that she came up
So I would get my dinner, get my dinner
I would prefer that she came up
So I would get my dinner, get my dinner



Notation for *The Drover's Lad* can be found in *The Skye Collection of the Best Reels & Shathspeys Vol. 6 1887*, Paterson & Sons, Edinburgh, Scotland. This volume is part of the Joe MacLean Collection of Scottish and Cape Breton Music housed at the Highland Village.

Transcription and translation: Seumas Watson

Seinn fo Sgàil nan Geugan Uaine - Songs from the Greenwood

AN TÉ A CHAILL A GÀIDHLIG

By Seumas Watson

Quoting song verse as a way of underlining a certain point is a common practice in the run of Gaelic conversation. Citations of the song title *An Té a Chaill a Gàidhlig* (The Woman Who Lost Her Gaelic) remain heard occasionally to the present, usually in the case of social comment on one who seems to have replaced their Gaelic background with strident pretensions of refinement. *An Té a Chaill a Gàidhlig* is a Cape Breton composition. The inspiration for its making and some rare biographical information on its composer was provided by the late Evelyn Smith (nee MacDermid) an Isle of Harris descendant, of Wreck Cove. As the story goes, the home-sick song maker encounters a young woman, a childhood friend from his rural district, on a city sidewalk and greets her in Gaelic. She replies with the following verse:

*Fhreagair ise gu moiteil,
You're a Scotchman I reckon
I don't know you're Gaelic
Perhaps you're from Cape Breton
And I guess you're a farmer
You're too saucy for better
So I will not shake hands
And I would rather at present
Be going off, be going off*

In addition to the woman's English response, the song contains eleven Gaelic verses. Its air, as sung by the late Malcolm Angus MacLeod (*Calum Thormaid Aonghais Chaluim*) of Birch Plains, Victoria County can be heard on *Sruth nan Gàidheal*, <http://gaelstream.stfx.ca>. A text for the song is printed in *Gaelic Songs of Nova Scotia*, Helen Creighton and Calum MacLeod, pages 26 and 27. The melody is Mort Gleann Comhainn.

Beagan aithris a chaidh a chlàradh air an t-seanchas aig Oigrig Smiosach (Oighrig Shandaidh Choinnich Iain) mu 'n Té A Chaill A Gàidhlig

An Té a Chaill a Gàidhlig

Seumas Watson: An e ur seanair a rinn an t-òran?

Oighrig Smiosach: Chan e mo sheanair ach bràthair mo sheanair, *Murchadh MacDhiarmaid. 'S e tuathanach a bh'ann, ach cha chreid mi nach do rinn e saoirsneachd cuideachd. Bha baile mór aige le crodh, 's caoraich, 's cearcan 's éich."

SW: Cà robh am bàrd a' fuireach 's an àm?

OS: Uh, nuair a tha sibh a' dol astaigh dhan a' Bhra d'Or Bheag, a' cheud taigh air an taobh àrd dhan a' rathad, mus téid thu astaigh mar a tha 'rathad a' sgoltadh, ann a shin. Sin mar a bha 'ad a' fuireach... àite ris an canadh 'ad Millville.

SW: Carson a rinn e 'n t-òran?

OS: Tha mi cinnteach dìreach gur ann airson gun do ghabh e leithid do thamailt a rinn am boireannach a chaill a Gàidhlig. Bha e gu math crosda rithe.

SW: A' bheil fhios agaibh cò bh'innte?

OS: Chan eil. Chan eil. Tha e colach gu robh e gu math eòlach oirre nuair a bha 'ad a' fàs suas, ach bha i air pòsadh an uair sin. Agus nuair a thàinig i air ais, bha boireannach eil' innte.

SW: An ann a Boston a bha i 'fuireach?

OS: 'S ann.. An té a chaill a Gàidhlig...?

SW: Uh,huh.

OS: O, 's ann.

**Murchadh mac Iain. Rugadh Iain MacDhiarmaid anns na Na Hearadh agus thog e fearann ann a Còbh na Reag. Thànaig Iain gu Còbh na Reag an 1835.) - SW*

A Little on the Composer of "The Women Who Lost Her Gaelic"

Jim Watson: Did your grandfather make the song?

Evelyn Smith: It wasn't my grandfather, but rather my grandfather's brother, Murdock MacDermid. He was a farmer and, I believe, he did a little carpentry as well. He had a big farm with cattle, sheep, chickens and horses.

JW: Where did he live?

ES: Uh, on your way into Little Bras d'Or, the first house on the upper side of the road - before the road forks off there. That's where they lived, in a place called Millville.

JW: Why did he make the song?

ES: I think that just because he was so annoyed with the woman who "lost her Gaelic." He was extremely cross at her.

JW: Do you know who she was?



© Ellison Robertson

ES: No, no. It seems that he knew her very well, while they were growing up, but she was married then. When she returned (home), she had become another woman.

JW: Was she living in Boston?

ES: Yes...The Woman Who Lost Her Gaelic?

JW: Uh, huh.

ES: Yes, she was. ☺

Evelyn Smith gave her grand uncle's patronymic as Murdock the son of John. John MacDermid was born in the Isle of Harris. He took up land holdings in Wreck Cove, Victoria County in 1835. © Collected, transcribed and translated by Seumas Watson.

Harris Records Go Online

Northton Heritage Trust is happy to announce that the second instalment of their www.hebridespeople.com database is now available. The first stage was the publication of the emigrant database, and this has now been followed with the database for families connected with the Isle of Harris, Berneray and St Kilda.

The site works on the principle of purchasing credits, which will be familiar to those who have used the Scotland's people website. Entering a name will show all persons of that name on the database, their date of birth and parish of birth, and by choosing the appropriate entry you can find access directly to place of birth, parents (where known) date and place of marriage and death, together with a note of where that person appears in the census records from 1841 to 1901.

www.seallam.com

An Rubha Review

PUIRT-À-BEUL: THE VOCAL DANCE MUSIC OF THE SCOTTISH GAELS

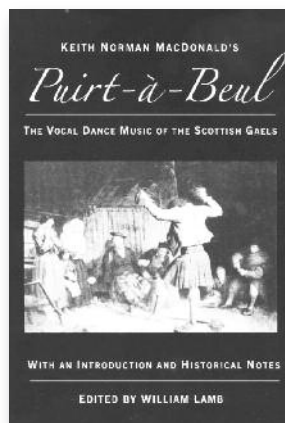
Edited by William Lamb

A book review by Seumas Watson

One's first attention to the newest edition of Skye native Keith Norman MacDonald's *Puirt-à-Beul* is pulled straightaway to an eye catching cover design illustrated with a mid-nineteenth century painting depicting an indoors Highland setting. There, a kilted laddie, bonnet in hand, engages in a sword dance to mouth tunes, and the Jew's harp, as a tartan garbed company watches on. The artist, Robert Ranald McLan (1803 – 1858), an interesting side note in himself, was an actor turned painter whose romantic portrayals of Highland folk have remained popular in postcard racks wherever Scottish souvenirs are sold. The McLan painting chosen for *Puirt-à-Beul* is titled Gilli Chillum, (a tune still sung - and played - in Cape Breton as 'Nam Amadan A Bha Mi Riamh.)

Originally published with sol-fa notation in 1901, *Puirt-à-Beul* is a collection of mouth tunes gathered and arranged by Skye native Dr. Keith Norman MacDonald (1835 – 1913). MacDonald, described as an able fiddle player himself, has left his mark on Gaelic culture as collector and editor of *The Gesto Collection of Highland Music* (1895) and *The Skye Collection of Reels and Strathspeys* (1887). Both collections remain in use to the present. Much less known, perhaps, is his *MacDonald Bards from Mediaeval Times* (1900). MacDonald also produced a number of medical books and articles during his career as an M.D. - postings that included time as a prison doctor in Burma. Located in Scotland latterly, he focused his interest on Highland musical expression.

For the student of Gaelic song and music, *Puirt-à-Beul* has informed dance singing since its initial appearance in 1901.



retrofit, containing valuable upgrades by way of editing and replacement of sol-fa with staff notation. There is no doubt that this printing will become a standard reference for the tradition's maintenance, hopefully in more than re-contextualized presentations.

Puirt-à-Beul's editor Dr. Will Lamb, School of Scottish Studies, has done a spanking job in rendering Keith Norman MacDonald's original collection into its 2012 issue. The latest edition is brought well beyond being a song primer, substantially expanded by its editing, musical notes and extensive commentary. Through an annotated introduction, Lamb raises additional questions for a fuller understanding of mouth tunes as Gaelic social expression and their anthropology. *Puirt-à-Beul* numbers an even two hundred pages with 116 Gaelic mouth tunes and three examples of Faroese dance songs for comparison. Along with a short biography of Dr. Keith Norman, improvements include English translations and well needed corrections to Gaelic spellings appearing in

With only one subsequent printing in 1931, well-worn copies of *Puirt-à-Beul* can yet be seen on the book shelves of Gaelic song learners. The latest edition of *Puirt-à-Beul* is a worthy

former printings.

A 1931 edition publisher's note, included with the 2012 text, remarks, "Dr. MacDonald collection of *puirt-à-beul* is the premier if not the only such collection ever printed." It is interesting to consider that the passing of 81 years has not produced a more varied volume derived of other field-work. Experience in Cape Breton perhaps tells us that hearing mouth songs required a particular context such as a related discussion of instrumental music, or a matter of humor. Other than their position outside the usual framework for convivial singing, the bawdy content of many mouth tunes, while sure to provoke a smile in certain company, is likely to meet with disapproval from conservative quarters. Therein lays, perhaps, a partial explanation for limited representations of the genre appearing in print. The latest edition of *Puirt-à-Beul*, however, may open the door for projects containing more of oral transmission's color and verve.

As the case may be, Will Lamb has given Keith Norman MacDonald's *Puirt-à-Beul* an anchored platform for reintroducing itself to singers and musicians. As well, he has raised for consideration the need for greater exploration of associations *puirt à beul* have in the antiquity of Gaelic Scotland's dance traditions.

On the subject of singing for dance, an adage comes to mind often quoted by the late Joe Kennedy of Deepdale, Inverness County, a Morar descendant and fiddler raised in a family of musicians coming down the generations: *Na trì nìthean a' s' àirde ann an ceòl: an guth, a' chlàrsach agus a' phiop* (The three most elevated modes of music (in order): the voice, the harp and the pipes). ☺

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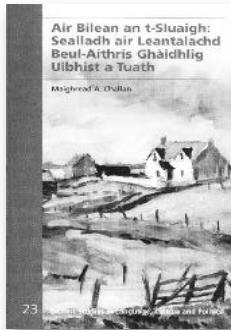
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AIR BILEAN AN T-SLUAIGH SEALLACH AIR LEANTALACH BEUL-AITHRIS GHÀIDHLIG UIBHISTA TUATH *A book review by Seumas Watson*



Ga tharraing às ranns achadh an tràchdais air an deach inbhe MPhil a leigiel dhi an Oilthaigh Dhùn Èideann, tha an leabhar smaoin-teachail seo aig Margaret Callan a' toirt dhuinn léirsinn air stàth 's smior beul-aithris Ghàidheil Uibhist a' Chinn-a-Tuath - 'nam beatha làitheil gu ruige suas ris a' Chogadh Mhór fa dheireadh. Ged 's ann air Uibhist a Tuath mar cheàrnaidh shònraichte, ('s i tìr a dùthchais fhéin), a tha a' bhan-ùghdar a' suidheachadh a h-aithris, aithnìchear 'na tuairisgeul àrainneachd shòisealta mar a tha air bhi ann an roinn do cheàrnan eile far a robh beairteas dualchais air tighinn anuas bho ghlùn gu glùn. (Chan e Gàidhealtachd Eilean Cheap Breatainn a bu lugha dhiubh siod). Chìthear cuideachd faileas air caidreabhachd choimhearsnachd "Cheil-teach" 's na làithean a dh'aom nuair nach robh innte mòran bheachd, na dedìn, air taisbeanadh ealain a chur air n-adhart mu choinneamh luchd-éisdeachd a fhuair an tiocaiden asteach aig an dorust. Eadar geur-shùil a thoirt air dol-sios an t-seann nòis am measg nan Tuathach, agus 'gar fiosrachadh air cho cudtromach 's a tha beul-aithris a thàdhadh nan ginealach a chéile mar chomunn, tha *Air Bilean an t-Sluaigh* a' toirt deilbh air gu dé a thachras nuair a bhios dualchas air chall agus nead na cuthaige 'ga chur 'na àite.

Mar gum bitheamaid an dùil ri neach-lagha a théid 's ruamhair, chan eil Maighread Callan a' geilleachdainn buileach do dh'fhiosrachadh sam bith gun cheist a chur air a dhligheasach - urram an eòlaiche ann na às. Air cuspair buaidh sgoil na Beurla air a bhi cur às dha 'n Gàidhlig mar lionradh conaltraidh 's a' chumantas, tha i a' sgrìobhadh, "Ged a bha mòran dhen luchd-teagaisg fileanta anns a' Ghàidhlig, dh'fheumadh iad an clàr-foghlaim nàiseanta a leantainn." Tha toradh droch rùn an fhoghlaim ud air aithneachadh am measg iomadach cinnidh aig a bheil an dualchas fhéin 'ga ghiùlain an cois mion-chànain chun an là an-diugh. A' toirt tarraing air sgoiltean aig a robh clàr-teagaisg Breatanach anns na deicheadan ro 'n Cheud Chogadh, tha Wade Davis, 'na leabhar *Into the Silence*, 'ga mhineachadh mar seo, "their real purpose was to infuse students with a certain ethos, a blind obedience to those of higher rank, a reflexive inclination to dominate inferiors, and, above all, the cultivated air of superiority so essential to the stability of the empire."

Tha *Air Bilean an t-Sluaigh* 'na eagarachadh ann an cóig caibideilean a chuireas bunait daingean fo mhian a' leabhair. Leanaidh iad air a chéile los gum bidh gach cuspair air a leasachadh aig an leughadair air cleith 'ga togail air co-theagsa sòisealta anns a bheil fiosrachadh air dualchas, susbaint bheul-aithris agus cion-fàth a seargaidh. 'S e 's co-dhùnadh an neach-rannsachaidh, gur ann a tha call dlùth-chomunn na coimhearsnachd ceangailte gu ìre mhór ris an di-bhrosnachadh a thànaig le crìonadh na Gàidhlig is sgathadh nan nòs caidreabhach a tha an eisimeil ri cànan.

Tha Mairead Callan a' dealbhachadh caitheamh-beatha thèril nan Tuathach mar shaoghal air a bhogadh an eachdraidh, cineadas, cànan is dualchas ann an ionad iomallach far nach deach gnàths an t-sluaigh a chasgadh aig cumhachdan ceannasach bho 'n taobh amuigh fad cheud gu àm nan Cogaidhean Móra.

Bu mhinig a chualas gearain nach eil gu leòr sgrìobhte mu shaoghal nan Gàidheal anns a' chànan aca fhéin. Neo-ar-thaing nach bidh an leabhar seo 'ga mheasadh luachmhor an iomadach àite agus ann an caochladh sheagh fad nam bliadhnaichean ri tighinn - sàr obair dha rìreadh.

Synopsis

Margaret Callan's *Air Bilean an t-Sluaigh* is a Gaelic examination of North Uist's oral tradition and its decline as a cornerstone for the collective expression of life and identity in a long lived-in place. Drawn from her MPhil theses work at the University of Edinburgh, she has built a lattice work of contextualized topics over five chapters, leading to salient conclusions on the changing face of community cohesion in the wake of pervasive language loss and the central role women have played in rural Gaelic society. A solicitor by profession, Margaret does not hesitate to raise questions on the assumptions of previous researchers in the field. Highly informative, and written in an excellent, accessible register of Gaelic, this outstanding social analysis, from an inside perspective, of a Gàidhealtachd community will be a primary reference over manifold interests for years to come. ☺

Fois gu Siorraidh - Dedication

This issue of *An Rubha* is dedicated to the memory of three friends of the Highland Village and Gaelic Nova Scotia.



Sadie (n'in Ruairidh) Iagain Ruairidh MacIntyre (nee MacLean) Gaelic singer, performer at Expo 86 and daughter of Margaret MacLean, Boisdale, a major song contributor to the Cape Breton Gaelic folklore Collection.



John Ferguson was a talented musician who charmed the audiences with his version of *The Waters of Iona* for many years while performing on the Highland Village Stage.



Raylene Rankin was a well known member of the Rankin Family and was a former board member of the Highland Village Society.

The Nova Scotia Gael continued from page 15

Allan The Ridge MacDonald, are great examples of this, creating links between nature and his perspective of it, according to the views of his own community.

The relationship between Nova Scotia Gaels and their environment is constantly changing, particularly among the initial immigrant communities. The great number of unknown features and experiences resulted in a rich story-telling tradition that differed from Scotland in a variety of ways. The increase in *naidheachd*, or small stories, and *seanchas* over *sgeulachdan*, or the longer more formal tales common in Scotland, gave way to a number of personal experience narratives describing how various immigrants came to understand their environment. Many of these further morphed into a rather strong collection of tales relating to the supernatural. Completely unknown experiences in the mind of the Gaels came to be represented as ghosts and apparitions. This belief in the supernatural, supported by a long heritage no doubt rooted in the pagan traditions of the druids, continues to be one of the many ways in which the *seanchaidhean* and bards interpret the world around them.

Many themes have been noted in regards to the Gaels' relationship with their environment. In his paper discussing this within the Scottish song-making context, Michael Newton makes mention of four

such themes:

S e mo bheachd gun do rinn an gnàthas seo leasachadh agus lion-sgaradh tro litreachas anns na ceumannan seo: 1) Ainmean-àite a' nochdadh ann an litreachas. 2) Bàrd a' labhairt ri dùthaich mar gum b' e duine a bha innte. 3) Còmhraidh eadar bàrd agus dùthaich (guth na dùthcha ga riochdachadh) 4) Còmhraidh eadar buill na tìre (gun ghuth mhic-an-duine ann)

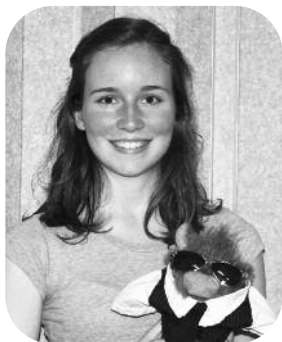
(It is my opinion that this convention created developments as well as areas of division throughout (Gaelic) literature in the following ways: 1) Place-names appearing in literature 2) A bard speaking with nature as if it were a person. 3) Conversation between a bard and nature (the voice of nature being present) 4) Conversation between elements of the land (without a human voice present))

Some of these themes can be easily identified within the Nova Scotia Gaelic community when one examines the song-making tradition. There are a number of songs written by Nova Scotia Gaels which involve conversations between the bard and various elements of nature, both plants and animals, as well as those personifying the land. A good example of a song written strictly from nature's perspective is that of *Òran do Bheinn Chlann Dòmhnuille*, written by Angus MacDonald of French Road, Cape Breton County. A number of these themes can also be seen to a lesser degree within the ancient Fenian tales and certain

accounts of the supernatural. It is by looking at themes in this way that it becomes apparent how Gaelic song-makers were seen to be mediums within their community; bridging the gap between the domesticated land of *am baile* and the unknown wilderness of *am fasach* through their interpretations and understanding of nature and its complexities while still remaining loyal to the nuances of the language.

When discussing the concept of environment and landscape in relation to a specific community, there are many facets which need to be explored and considered. As is apparent with the Gaels of Nova Scotia, language plays a large role in the interpretation of and interaction with such an environment. Their cultural heritage and strong oral literary tradition coupled with a certain degree of immigrant conservatism, shows that - although highly important and no doubt the stemming point for many of the other cultural manifestations - the physicality of the landscape is only one piece in a multi-layered relationship the Nova Scotia Gaelic community has developed with the world around it. ∞

Daniel MacDonald, while a student at CBU, held the Curatorial Assistant - Research position through Young Canada Works. Illustration by Jamie MacIntyre.



Summer Students:

Laura MacNeil, Matthew Moore & Caitlin Bennett



Best wishes to Marlene MacDougall who worked this past summer in the Gift Shop.

Comunn Clachan Gàidhealach na h-Albann Nuaidh/Nova Scotia Highland Village Society

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Volunteer Programmers - Quentin MacDonald & Meaghan O'Handley, HV Day Producers & James O. St.Clair, Candlelight Tour Guide.



Our People ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS & ACCOLADES

Tapadh Leibh-se Gu Mór

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

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Best Wishes

-We extend best wishes to: Catherine Gillis, Highland Village animator; Hector MacNeil, Highland Village board member;

and Florence MacNeil, wife of Highland Village board member Walter MacNeil. We wish them all speedy recoveries.

Symphathies

The Cape Breton Island cultural community experienced significant loss over the past several months with the passing of several great musicians and tradition bearers: Peter Jack MacLean, Christmas Island; Joe Peter MacLean, Boisdale; Raylene Rankin, Halifax; John Ferguson, Halifax; and Sadie MacIntyre, Boisdale. Also, Allison Buchanan (brother to Janet MacNeil, our administrative assistant) Charlie MacNeil (uncle to staff member Patty Gaudley) and Kathleen Campbell (sister-in-law to animator Pauline Campbell). Our hearts go out to all their families for their loss.

**Donations received August 2012 to March 2013.*



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



Join us and support the preservation and sharing of Nova Scotia's Gaelic language and folk life traditions by becoming a member of the Nova Scotia Highland Village Society. We are an incorporated non-profit Society and registered charity. We are made up of a membership which elects a Board of Trustees (from their ranks) to govern the Society on their behalf. Members can attend meetings; elect the Board; sit on committees; receive and approve annual reports including audited financial statements; receive *An Rubha*, our Gaelic Folklife Magazine; receive notices for events; and feel a sense of pride in contributing to Nova Scotia's Gaelic Culture. Membership is open to anyone.

General Memberships:

Individual: \$15.00* per year. **Family:** \$25.00* per year (one household).
** Income tax receipts are issued for general memberships.*

Membership Plus:

Individual: \$25.00* per year. **Family:** \$40.00* per year (one household).
**Membership Plus fees are not tax deductible and include 15% HST.*

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

- Free admission to the Museum (excludes special events & programs)
- 10% discount in the Highland Village Gift Shop

Membership - Ballrachd An Comunn Clachan Gàidhealach na h-Albann Nuaidh	Anim/Name: _____
	Seòladh/ Address: _____
	Cathair/Baile/City/Town: _____
	Cód a' Phuist/Postal/Zip Code: _____ Dùthaich/Country: _____
	Fón na Dachaidh/Home Phone: _____ Fón Aite na h-Obrach/Work Phone: _____
	Post-d/Email: _____
Regular Membership: <input type="checkbox"/> General <input type="checkbox"/> Family Membership Plus: <input type="checkbox"/> Individual <input type="checkbox"/> Family	
Return to: Highland Village, 4119 Hwy. 223, Iona, NS B2C 1A3 Fax: 902-725-2227 E: highlandvillage@gov.ns.ca <i>Eachdraid, Cànan, Nòs is Dualchas - History Language, Tradition and Heritage</i>	



Complete the Tune Campaign

Ensuring that cultural skills based on Gaelic arts and traditions continue to flourish with our youth in Nova Scotia.



The Nova Scotia Highland Village Society is pleased to present *Stòras na h-Òigridh* (Treasures of Youth) - a fund to ensure that cultural skills based on Gaelic traditions continue to flourish with our youth in Nova Scotia. The purpose of this fund is to provide 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, language, storytelling, song, and step dance.

We invite you to help us with this endeavour by participating in our "Complete the Tune" Campaign. We ask that you purchase one or more musical notes from "Michael Anthony MacLean's Birthday" - a march composed by Lucy MacNeil.

The Treasures of Youth fund concept was inspired by the enthusiasm of the late Michael Anthony MacLean from Washabuck, Nova Scotia, a well-known fiddler who always had a keen interest in assisting youth to further their skills in playing traditional Cape Breton music, especially the fiddle. The fund has been ignited by the sales of Michael Anthony MacLean's "Good Boy M.A.!" CD.

A downloadable brochure with details and a pledge form is available on our website, www.treasuresofyouth.ca. Donations may also be made online through CanadaHelps.org

www.treasuresofyouth.ca



Sixteenth Note \$50

Dotted Eighth Note \$100

Quatar Note \$200

or
Surprise Us!



Eighth Note \$500

Half Note \$1000

Treble Clef \$5000



AN Rubha

The Highland Village Gaelic Folklife Magazine

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