

AN RÙBHA

The Highland Village Gaelic Folklife Magazine

Vol. 14 No. 1



Naidheachd a' Chlachain
The Village News

Excerpt from Mac-Talla
Tàillear Beinn-a-Bhaohla / The Benbecula Tailor

Air a' Bhaile
An Sàbh Mór / The Pit Saw



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-grìomhail, tha An Drochaid Eadarainn a' cleachdadh teicneolais mar mhodh a lìonas beàrn far a bheil dualchas air tar-aisig o ghluin gu gluin 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.

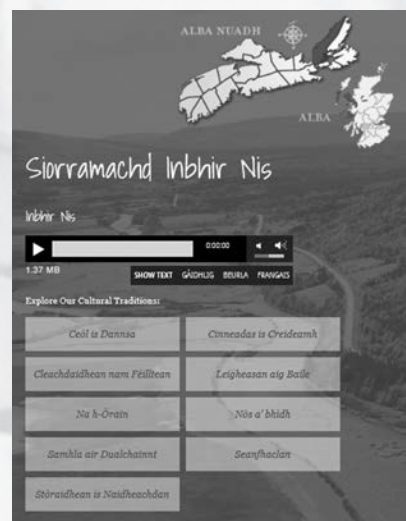
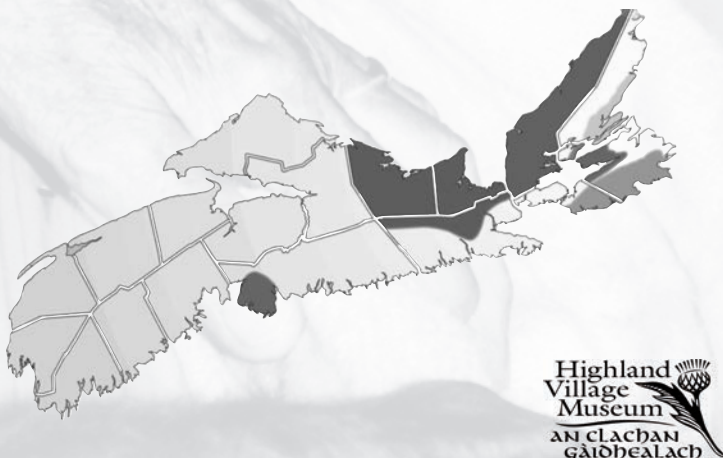
Air a' làraich-lìn seo, togar fianais air luchd na Gàidhlig tro an stòraidhean, òrain, ceòl is dannsa, dualchainnt, sloinntearachd, creideamh, nòs a' bhìdh agus leigheasan aig baile.

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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Front cover photo:

Animator Colette Thomas holding a bonnach which would have traditionally been cooked on a griddle over an open fire in our Blackhouse.

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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Abairt / Saying

*Oidhche Inid bithidh feòil againn,
 'S bu chòir dhuinn sin;
 Lethcheann circe 's dà ghràinmean eòrna,
 'S bidh gu leòir an sin.*

On Shorvetide night we will have meat,
 and so we should;
 The cheek of a hen and two grains of barley,
 and that will suffice

Gaelic words and expressions from South Uist and Eriskay

From the Director's Desk

AN GUALLAIBH A CHÉILE SHOULDER TO SHOULDER

Rodney Chaisson



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

Over the past year, we have made much progress towards those ends. We have advanced and evolved our first person (role playing) animation, a much more effective way to tell our story and engage visitors. We continued to grow our innovative outreach to the Gaelic learners' community through our annual *Stòras a' Bhaile* program and the evolving *An Drochaid Eadarainn* website, which enables transmission of Gaelic culture through an on-line virtual *céilidh*. Through our programming and marketing efforts, we saw an increase in our off the road (FIT) visitation, primarily Cape Bretoners (although we did see an overall decrease in visitation: cruise ships, school programs and facility rentals were down). Volunteer engagement also saw significant growth with a 106% increase in volunteer hours in 2013, especially with our *Ohidhe nam Bòcan*/Night of the Spooks program, and with students at Rankin School of the Narrows.

The progress and successes noted above are the results of the efforts and commitment of many individuals - employees, board members, and volunteers. We could not have achieved what we have over the past five decades without the contributions of each of those individuals. There is a Gaelic proverb that goes "*Clanna nan Gàidheal an guallaibh a chéile*" meaning "Children of the Gael, shoulder to shoulder" or "Children of the Gael, working in tandem." This is certainly a theme that runs through the history of the Nova Scotia Highland Village Society from the campaign to have Iona as the home of the Village, to the development of the Hectors Point site, to becoming a part of the Nova Scotia Museum, to the interpretive renewal and community engagement activities currently underway. Working together "shoulder to shoulder" has gotten us where we are today.

The day to day workings of the Highland Village happen largely through the efforts of our staff team. We are extremely fortunate to have a skilled, motivated, flexible, adaptive and dedicated staff. Individually and collectively they are committed to the vision and mission of the

organization, and work effectively as a team to ensure its on-going growth and success.

"*An guallaibh a chéile*" or "shoulder to shoulder" applies very much to our staff team, especially over the past two years as they responded to unprecedented human resource difficulties. During both the 2012 and 2013 visitor seasons, all aspects of the operation were strained (front-line visitor services and interpretation, maintenance, and management) as some of our employees faced critical health and personal issues. In all cases, the response of our team was immediate, adapting to these operational challenges and ensuring quality service to our visitors and community. I appreciate and value the contributions everyone has made during this period.

The future of the Highland Village is very much dependant upon the organisation's ability to sustain a workforce with the values demonstrated by our staff, as well as the skills that enable us to meet our operational needs (i.e. linguistic and heritage skills, content knowledge and interpretive methodologies, legislative compliance and organisational capacity). In the coming years, though our human resource challenges will continue as staff retire, our task will be to gather their knowledge and pass them along to the future generation of staff.

Fortunately, while there will be bumps in the road ahead, I know that our team of employees will continue to work "shoulder to shoulder" to ensure that the Highland Village maintains a path toward achieving its vision.

I want to extend our sincerest appreciation and best wishes to three fabulous individuals, with whom I have had the pleasure to work. These three retiring staff have left their marks with the operation and with everyone of us on staff. Jim Bryden has been our Manager of Operations since 2002. Gerry MacNeil has been our Senior Visitor Clerk since 1986. Jean MacNeil has been an Animator since 2001. We will miss them, their personalities, their humour, and their contributions to our success.

I also send our best wishes to two of our staff recovering from significant health challenges - Jim Watson, our Manager of Interpretation and David MacKenzie, our groundskeeper. We wish them both speedy recoveries. ☺

Rodney Chaisson is Director of the Highland Village.



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.

NOVA SCOTIA
MUSEUM



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 Genealogical & Historical Association, Interpretation Canada, Assoc. of Living History 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.

Mar is léir dhomh fhìn THE CÉILIDH, ANIMATION AND CULTURAL MAINTENANCE

Seumas Watson



Highland Village is charged with telling the story of Gaelic Nova Scotia's immigrant and descendent community's life and times. To that end, much deliberation is given to accurately balancing the tangible and intangible components of a narrative that advances over eras beginning in late 18th century Gaelic Scotland, up to the early decades of the 20th century.

Through a variety of artefacts and reproductions, the Village's collections address needs for material representations. These include 11 buildings, highlighted by tools, machinery and household accoutrements curated for period mode. Animating the Village's ethnicity is a more subtle challenge, requiring a social presence for drawing back the curtain to reveal what is intangible. One of our best proven resources for making intangible Gaelic culture accessible to visitors is the *céilidh*. As to what the *céilidh* is, however, may require some clarification.

For most of those participants in today's cultural offerings branded as 'Celtic', the word *céilidh* evokes the notion of mixed performances. The typical menu for entertainment includes a bit of dancing, instrumental music and, perhaps, a song or two. *The Gaelic definition of the word, however is simply a visit. (Céilidh -ean, sf. [in some places masculine]. Gossiping, visiting, visit. 2. Sojourning. 3. Pilgrimage. Dwelly: Illustrated Gaelic ~ English Dictionary).*

Visits, of course, come in a wide variety of situations. They can occur between neighbours chatting over the fence, or someone dropping by the house, workshop, or barn. A person can make a *céilidh* on a hospital patient, or show up during a break in the workday. The list goes on in its permutations. One thing the word *céilidh* does not include, at least in its original Gaelic meaning, is performance presented to ticket buyers seated in static observation.

Replicating a setting where Gaelic language and culture predominated is essential to authenticating the Gaels' group persona, who they have been and now are. Bringing intangibles to bear means articulating a community's time and place, custom, belief, wisdom system, kinship and traditional art forms. These domains inform the account of a people's being and interactions, otherwise dependant on the reports of observers and samples of their stuff. In a communally shared culture such as the Gaels, the visit makes for an excellent animation medium, at once convincing and inclusive.

The Highland Village *céilidh* house experience is a congenial environment for

exploring the Gaels' intangible culture. Visitors making a *céilidh* on weekly sessions at the Centre Chimney House become partners in reconstructing the word's intended meaning, while experiencing the ambiance of a Gaelic learning hall where tradition, discussion and news of the day are shared. In the company of others, the visitor is absorbed in surroundings described by the late Middle Cape *sgeulaiche* Joe Neil MacNeil, author of *Sgeul gu Latha/Tales until Dawn*, as remembered in his youth; *Cha robh daoine sònraichte na àraid 'gan cuireadh gu céilidh agus cha robh aca ri duais a phàigheadh airson fhaighinn astaigh gu céilidh: ach bhathar a' deanamh toileachadh riu nuair a thigeadh iad air chéilidh agus bha iad a' faighinn fàilt is furan. Agus bu choinneis cò thigeadh air chéilidh; co-dhiubh thigeadh aon neach na thigeadh dh'àireamh dhiubh...Bha feadhainn ann a bha math gu seinn òrain agus feadhainn ann a bha math gu aithris dhuain agus feadhainn a bha fìor mhath gu sgeulachdan. Agus bha cuid dhiubh bha math gu cluich ceòl agus bha cuid dhiubh a bha math gu dannsa. Agus bha fearas-chuideachd aca a bha cho math 's ghabhadh a bhith ann, tha mi 'n dùil. (No people in particular were invited to a house-visit, nor were people expected to pay admission to go to one; but they were happily welcomed when they came to visit and were extended hospitality. It didn't matter who came to visit, whether it was one person, or a number of people...There were those who excelled at singing songs and people who excelled at reciting poems and people who were outstanding story-tellers as well as those who were good musicians and dancers. So they had what I consider to be the very best of entertainment).*

Highland Village strives to bring the Gaels' history of diaspora and settlement in Nova Scotia to public knowledge by making the past come to life. In this backdrop, animating the Nova Scotia Gaels' story becomes a social purview, utilizing the intangibles that define a distinct ethnicity. Material objects add to the narrative, though with a quantifiable capacity to illuminate a people in their context as a cultural nation. The visit is an opportunity for visitors and staff to come together and bring a cultural nation's stories into sharper focus through its affective elements. At the same time, the convention of making a

céilidh serves the contemporary Gaelic community with a genuine occasion to participate in, learn from, and maintain its own customs and base of traditional knowledge. *Feuchaibh gun tig sibh air cheilidh. (See that you come and visit).* ☺

Mar is léir dhomh fhìn (My Own Viewpoint) is a regular feature. Seumas Watson is the Highland Village's Manager of Interpretation.

Tapadh leibh-se gu mòr



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:

The Nova Scotia

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



Government of Canada

through the Enterprise Cape Breton Corporation & Service Canada;



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

2013 ON AT HECTOR'S POINT

By Katherine MacLeod

The Highland Village strives to provide visitors with meaningful experiences as they explore and learn about the Nova Scotia Gael. In the spring of 2013, the Highland Village received two awards recognizing our work. The Council of Nova Scotia Archives presented us with the Dr. Phyllis R. Blakeley Award for Archival Excellence, recognizing the innovative use of archival materials for the website *An*

Drochaid Eadarainn. The website, launched in 2012, serves as a virtual céilidh, allowing visitors to use interactive technology to experience the social transmission of Gaelic language and culture. On the heels of the Dr. Blakeley award, Destination Cape Breton named the Highland Village the recipient of their 2013 Visitor Servicing Award at its annual Industry Day.

Community outreach continued with *Caidreabh na Tì* (pronounced cash-ur-uv nuh tee) gatherings, held on the first Tuesday of every month during the off season. These immersion sessions have proven quite successful, giving Gaelic-speakers an opportunity to meet with each other, exchange news of the day and discuss shared traditions. As well, the annual folklife school, *Stòras a' Bhaile*, was held in late July. The four day immersion experience was led by Dr. John Shaw and Mary Jane Lamond. The school's mission is to highlight Gaelic Nova Scotia's distinct cultural heritage, complimenting Gaelic renewal initiatives taking place around the Province.

On site the delivery of intangible Gaelic cultural expression was given a team approach in 2013 with the next generation of fluent Gaelic speakers. *Luchd-céilidh* (Céilidh Folk) *cleasaichean* (players) Shay MacMullin, Amber Buchanan and Carmen MacArthur brought their special skill sets of song, dance, story and music to the site twice a week. Cultural animation was well received by visitors who were given an opportunity to experience the Gaels' arts in an appropriate ambiance.

In addition to our normal programming, several events and lectures were held throughout the season. Opening day began with the annual *Fèill a' Mhuilinn-Chàrdaidh* - Cash's Carding Mill Day. Visitors were encouraged to partake in the day's activities and Charlie Cash was on hand to speak about his family's carding mill business. Next was Donald Og Day, which was held in conjunction with Louisbourg 300 celebrations. The Gaels' presence with British military operations during the fortress's era was marked by serving traditional food, demonstrations by the Louisbourg Militia and an afternoon céilidh. *Naomh Eòs is Deagh Bhiadh* (Traditional Gaelic Food Day) was added to this year's calendar to showcase cooking

presentations with samples of the Gaels' food fare customs in Nova Scotia. As well, the 2nd annual Gaelic in the Bow presentation was given by Danny and Mary Graham along with son Glen. This lecture series is in tribute to the memory of notable Gaelic-style fiddler Alex Francis MacKay. Celtic Colours often is always a busy week of workshops and demonstrations as it marks the official end to our season. This year the annual Joe Neil MacNeil Memorial Lecture was given by South Uist tradition bearer Rona Lightfoot. Her all Gaelic presentation provided an opportunity to have an immersive Gaelic experience with Rona and guest Màiri MacInnes.

Throughout the year, both on and off season, training remains an integral part of staff preparations. The recent focus on enhancing animators' first person personas has paid dividends in positive visitor feedback. Gaelic language instruction continues to be a core-training component for authenticating animation. As well, research and best practices in museology play's a key role in the way our houses and site are presented. In August, a few members of staff participated in a Best Practices trip to four heritage experiences in New Brunswick: Kings Landing, The Haunted Hike in Fredericton, Village Historique Acadien in Caraquet, and finally to La Pays de la Sagouine in Bouctouche. The week long trip provided staff with an opportunity to experience how other sites interact with visitors, present material culture, and created meaningful programming. After visiting each site, staff took the time to brainstorm ways in which the Highland Village can evolve our programming and strengthen our first person animation of Gaelic Nova Scotia.

While in Fredericton, Peter Pacey, who has worked with the animators over the past three years to develop their roleplaying skills, invited staff to partake in the Haunted Hike, part of his Calathumpians Theatre Company. Visitors are lead by guides in first person through the historic downtown where they are told the local lore through the use of both historical and fictional characters. There are set locations where exchanges occur and the group then follows a new guide. This type of exchange happened several times throughout the hike.



Staff and volunteers practicing for *Oidhcle nam Bòcan* - Night of the Spooks program

As a result of this experience and the use of guide exchanges, staff decided to revamp the our *Oidhcle nam Bòcan* - Night of the Spooks program. In previous years guides were not part of the story, but rather, were only responsible for leading their group from one building to the next. With the changes inspired by the Haunted Hike, guides were no longer in third person, instead they took on a first person role, and became part of the story. As the visitors started the tour they were greeted by guides in character along the path who would lead them to skits in the buildings. Additional vignettes were added along the path, increasing the experience and enabling the exchange of guides. The participants feedback for the renewed program were very positive.

The Highland Village would like to thank students and staff of *Sgoil Mhic Fhraing a' Chaolais*/Rankin School of the Narrows with whom we continue to have a wonderful working relationship. The school, in partnership with the Highland Village, offers students a Community Based Learning Program. This past fall nine students participated and successfully completed the six week program. The students had an opportunity to mentor with our staff to gain valuable work experience. Placements included the gift shop, the maintenance team, and throughout the site with the costumed animators.

As always, animation staff are to be cited for exceptional commitment to the interpretation of Gaelic life and visitor service. Their suggestions are innovative as they work diligently on all counts. Interpretation also owes a debt of acknowledgment to administration, site operations, archival staff and volunteers. The quality of Highland Village animation reflects their considerable support and input.

Sgeul ri Aithris / The Story Telling Tradition

RAGHNALL MAC AILEIN ÒIG AGUS AN COLANN GUN CHEANN

Collected by John Shaton from Dan Angus Beaton, Transcription and Translation by Tiber F.M. Falzett



Seo naidheachd air Ragnall mac Ailein Òig anist ma tà. Tha i fada. 'S e duine a bh'ann a bha thall ann an Albainn. 'S e 'dòigh a fhuair e an t-ainm Ragnall mac Ailein Òig—'s e MacLeòid a bh'ann ach bha dà Ailean anns an teaghlach: Seann Ailean agus Ailean Òg. Agus b'e esan mac do dh'Ailean Òg. Agus bha e air a' chunntas a bhith na

dhuine cho làidir 's a bha riamh an Albainn. Agus fhuair e sgoil agus an deoghaidh dha a bhith rèidh dhan sgoil chaidh e a sheòladh. 'S cha robh e fada sam bith a' seòladh dar a fhuair e a bhith na cheaptain air an t-soitheach air a robh e. 'S mar sin, cha robh ceann do dh'Albainn na port an Albainn nach biodh e a' dol astaigh ann, tha thu 'tuigsinn. Agus a bharrachd air sin ann a' Sasainn cuideachd, bha e dol thall fairis anns gach àite a bh'ann. Ach co-dhiubh, imiridh mi a bhith tighinn astaigh air a dhà no trì rudan—mun tig mi—mun toir mi dhut uile gu lèir ad.

Bha uamhar thall ann an Albainn cuideachd. Bha i eadaradh dà bhaile bheag—bha beinn eadar an dà bhaile agus bhiodh rathaidean goirid cross na beinne a bha seo bhon dàrna baile beag dh'ionnsaigh baile beag eile far am biodh daoine cruinn. Ach turas dhe na tursan, thànaig e 'staigh gu port ann an Albainn. Agus an uair ud bhiodh iad air a cur dheth lòd bathair far an t-soitheach air am bitheadh e agus an uair sin a' cur air lòd eile agus ghabhadh e uaireannan dhà no trì lathaichean dar a thigeadh iad astaigh gu port na h-uamhar ud. Ach an turas seo, dar a ràrnaig e 'staigh, chuala e gu robh dawns' air 's cruinneachadh ann a' fear dhe na bailtean beaga a bha seo agus bha e na dhuine singilte an uair ud, agus thuirt ris fhèin gum b' fheàrr thoil leis a dhol dh'ionnsaigh a' chruinneachadh—gum biodh ceòl 's time mhath aca 's bha ùine gu leòr aige. Ach an uair ud cha robh dòigh air travel-adh, ach a' mhòr-chuid dhen ùine 's ann a' coiseachd 's a bhitheadh iad.

Ach bha Colann gun Cheann ann an uamhar thall ann a' sìod ann an Albainn agus bha e deogh' uamhas uile cron a dheanadh, tha thu 'tuigsinn. Agus chuir esan—'s e an duine a chuir stad air a' Cholann sin gan a bhith deanadh a' chroin a bha e 'deanamh. Duine no boireannach no sion a rachadh seachad air a' rathad ghoirid a bha dol seachad air an uamhar aice bhon dàrna baile beag gus am baile beag eile a bha an ceum goirid dìreach a' dol seachad aig an uamhar aice—agus cha rachadh cluinneil mun deidhinn gu bràcha tuillidh. Bheir mi 'staigh trì no ceithir do rudan a rinn Ailean [sic, leugh 'Ragnall'] mac Ailein Òig 's na dh'èirich do Cholann gun Cheann, tha thu tuigsinn, leis an uamhar a bha seo.

Co-dhiubh, bha pìobaire ainmeil thall a's an t-Seann Dùthaich an toiseach. Bha e tighinn astaigh an toiseach agus rinn e murt agus chaidh a thoirt mu choinneamh a' lagh airson an cron a rinn e agus gu h-imireadh e pàigheadh air a shon. Agus chaidh a chomhairleachadh gu h-imireadh a chur gu bàs airson na rinn e. Ach thug an judge dha dà chothrom: dh'fhaodadh e—a' fear sin—am brìtheamh ghabhail, o chionn a bhith na phìobaire cho math, nan rachadh e 'staigh dhan uamhar [aig] Colann gun Cheann—nam pìobairicheadh e dhaibh 's gun cluinneadh iad amach dè bha e faicinn, air neo a bhith air a chrochadh agus gu' faodadh a roghainn a bhith aige cò dhiubh ghabhadh e.

"Uell" ars' esan, "[ma bhios] mise

*They were both so strong - each
was just as strong as the other.
And the fight lasted over an hour
and a half - a fearful length of
time. That's just how it was told
to me, that the fight lasted over
an hour and a half.*

crochte, bidh mi marbh co-dhiubh. Agus roghainnichidh mi a dhol astaigh dhan uamhar agus 'innse dhuibh—a' phìob mar a tha mi 'faicinn." Chionn bha iad cho fiosrachail air a' phìob a's an t-seann aimsir 's an t-seann dùthaich, gu rachadh aca, dìreach air a h-uile note a bha e 'cur air, innse dè bha e faicinn. Ach chaidh e 'staigh agus start e air a' phìobaireachd. Agus bha e 'g innse dhaibh mar a bha e faicinn cnàmhan dhaoine 's skullaichean—'s cnàmhan 's skullaichean astaigh ann am broinn a' sin. Dh'innis e an uair sin gu robh e faicinn a' Cholann gun Cheann a' tighinn far a robh e—gu robh eagal mòr air ach gu h-imireadh e innse mar a bh'ann oir nan tigeadh e 'mach, bha a' chaoch orra gu bràch co-dhiubh mur 'n cuireadh e crìoch air a' ghnothach. Agus bha 'n claidheamh air cuideachd, tha thu tuigsinn. Agus shin[có às a thànaig am port

a chluinneas tu glè bhitheanta air a chluith aig pìobairen na dùthaich a'seo air neo a's an t-Seann Dùthaiche cuideachd:

"Trua' a' Rìgh 's nach robh orms' trì làmh—

Dà làmh 's a' phìob 's làmh 's a' chlaideamh."

Agus bha iad a' cluinnteil a' phuirt 'ud ach sin a' rud mu dheireadh a bha e 'cluith dar a dh'fhairich iad a' phìob a' tuiteam agus dar a dh'fhairich iad sac uamhasach a' tighinn air mar gum biodh e air a squeeze-adh gu bàs. Cha d'fhàig an còrr amach 's cha deachaidh duine 'staigh. Cha venture-adh iad a dhol astaigh. Agus shin agad a nist mar a dh'èirich dhan fhear sin. Sin mar a fhuair iad amach — fhios agad mu dheidhinn Colann, na cinn 's dè bha 'staigh 's na bh'ann do chinn 's do skullasichean daoine a chaidh...a mharbh i astaigh am broinn sin. Ach co-dhiubh, shin agad naidheachd mar a th'aig a' phort 'ud dìreach.

Ach co-dhiubh, dar a bha Ragnall mac Ailein Òig anns a' phort a bha seo 's bha iad dol across bhon dàrna baile beag dh'ionnsaidh a' bhail' eile, start e ann agus cha deachaidh e fada sam bith gus an d'fhàig e gu taigh air taobh an rathaid. Agus bha seann duine a' sin na shuidh amach aig taobh an taighe 's ann 's an t-samhradh a bh'ann. Agus thadhail e a dh'fheòraiseachadh e dheth càit' an robh an dawns' a bha seo agus dè an t-astar a bha e bhuapa. "A hò," thuirt a' seann fhear a bha sin ris, "tha 'n dawnsa a tha sin seachd mìle no còrr às a' seo agus 's e astar mòr ri choiseachd tha sin. Tha fhios 'am,," thuirt a' seann duine ris fhèin gun e. "Ach tha rathad goirid," thuirt esan, "cross a' bheinn seachad air uamhar Colann gun Cheann. Ach chan eil e math dhut a dhol mar sin," thuirt esan. "Ma thig thu mar sin cha bhì thu seachad oirridh ro dhol fodha na grèine. Gheobh thu ann ro dhol fodha na grèine ach ma théid a'ghrian fodha," ars esan, "cha d'fhuair duine riamh seachad air ro dhol fodha na grèin." "Uell, 's dè an t-astar a tha cross a' bheinn?" "Chan eil," thuirt e, "ach mu dhà mhìle cross a' bheinn ach tha seachd mìle mu chuairt." "Uell, tha mise dol a dhol cross a' bheinn," thuirt e—thuirt Ragnall mac Ailein Òig. "O," bheirinn-sa comhairle ort', thuirt esan, "gun a dhol cross a' bheinn a dh'aindeoin dè cho fad' 's a tha a' rathad mu chuairt. 'S e a ghabhainn-sa," thuirt a'

seann duine ris. “O chionn,” thuirt esan, “bidh is’ as do dheoghaidh,” ars esan, “’s dh’fhaoidte nach tig cluinneil mu do dheidhinn gu bràcha tuillidh.” “Uell,” thuirt esan, “bidh sin mar a bhitheas. Tha mise dol cross a’ bheinn.”

‘S dh’fhalbh Ragnall mac Ailein Òig agus start e cross a’ bheinn ‘s cinnteach gu leòr bha a’ ghrian dìreach an deogh’ a dol fodha mun do ruig e an uamhar aige - Colainn gun Cheann. ‘S e boireannach a bh’ann an Colainn gun Cheann, boireannach mòr uamhasach a bh’innte. Ach, bha e air innse na’ rachadh i gu bràth a chur air a druim, tha thu ‘tuigsinn, nach biodh an còrr spionnadh innte, ach cò b’urrainn sin a dheanadh? Co-dhiubh, bha Ragnall air a cheum seachad an t-uamhar ‘s cinnteach gu leòr amach a thànaig Colann gun Cheann ‘s bha ‘n t-sabaid ann. Rug ise air-san agus rug esan oirrese. Bha iadsan cho foghainneach—bha iad cho foghainneach ‘s cho foghainneach ri chèile. ‘S mhair an t-sabaid sin còrr agus uair gu leth. ‘S e ùin’ uamhasach a bha sin. Shin fhéin mar a bha i air a h-innse dhomhsa, gun do mhair an t-sabaid sin còrr ‘s uair gu leth. ‘S bha Ragnall aice trì no ceithir do thrupan air a ghlùinean. Bha i cho teann ri sin air a’ ghnòthach a dheanadh air. Ach dar a studaigeadh esan air, “ma ghabh[as] mi sìos tha mi rèidh”, thigeadh barrachd spionnadh

agus neart ga ionnsaigh agus bho swing gu swing mu dheireadh thall am blow a’s an d’fhuair e air a druim i. Cha robh i an uair sin na bu làidir na leanabh beag dar a fhuair e air a druim i. “Uell, uell,” thuirt Ragnall. “Chuala mi uamhas mu do dheidhinn,” thuirt esan. “Tha mise ‘nisd thuirt esan, “dol gad thoirt leam,” thuirt esan, “dh’ionnsaigh taigh na dannsa.” ‘S thilg e air a mhuin i ‘s dh’fhalbh e. Cha robh aige ri ghabhail an uair sin ach mu mhìle, tha thu ‘tuigsinn. Bha e dol a ghabhail a’ rathaid a ghabh e cheana. Bha an Colann a’ sin aige ri tharraing air a mhuin ach bha e an deogh h dhorchadh o chionn mhair an t-sabaid cho fada, tha thu gam thuigsinn. Ach bha solas na gealaicheadh ann ‘s bha sin a’ deanadh feum dha a’ dol cross a’ rathad goirid.

Bha e ‘tighinn na bu tinne ‘s na bu tinne air taigh a’ chruinneachaidh. ‘S ghuidh’ ‘s dh’òrdaich ise ris-san gun a toirt dh’ionnsaigh an dannsa idir, gu taigh an danns’ idir i. “Chan eil mi ‘g èisdeachd ri sìon a tha thu a gràdhainn rium,” thuirt e. “Tha mise dol gad thoirt dh’ionnsaigh taigh na dannsa.” Agus mar bu tinne a bha e a’ tighinn air ‘s ann bu mhotha bha i guidhe ris gun a toirt ann. Ach ruig iad taigh na dannsa ‘s i aige air a mhuin. ‘S ars esan, “Tha mi ‘dol gad thoirt astaigh cuideachd.” “Uell,” thuirt i ris, “nì mise rud air uachdar an t-saoghail dhut, fhad ‘s nach toir thu ‘staigh dhan taigh dhannsa mi. Rud sam bith a dh’iarras tu, nì mi e.”

“Uell all right,” thuirt esan, “ma nì thusa ‘s ma gheallas tu sin dhomhsa, cha toir mi ‘staigh thu, ach nach till thu gu bràcha tuilleadh dhan uamhar ‘s nach cuir thu trioblaid air duine na air boireannach na air beat-hach gu bràcha tuillidh. Agus cho fad’ ‘s a

bhios saoghal nan saoghal, bho nach eil thu dol a chur trioblaid air duine tuillidh, tha thu dol gu bonn beinn uamhasach far nach eil ach uamhar do shuampuamhasach far nach biodh duine gu bràch ann. Sin far an cuir thu seachad do shaoghal air an taobh astaigh do

leth-cheud troigh square dhen mhaise’ tha seo. Agus anist,” thuirt esan, “ma gheallas tu sin dhomhs’, cha toir mi...” “Geallaidh mi rud sam bith,” ars ise, “ach gun mo thoirt astaigh.” ‘S bha sluagh an taigh’ uile amach ‘s a’ faicinn—ga faicinn agus, “All right ma tà. Bi falbh!”

‘S dh’fhalbh i ‘s bha i ‘coiseachd mu dhà troigh bhon talamh agus start i—sin agad càit’ a bheil an t-òran dh’ionnsaigh a’ latha an diugh. Bha i caoidh an uamhar a bh’aice ‘s far a robh aice ri ghabhail, tha thu ‘tuigsinn. ‘S bha i ‘gabhail an òrain:

‘S fhada bhuam fhìn tha bonn Beinn Eadairinn

‘S fhada bhuam fhìn tha bealach a’ Mhorbhain

‘S fhada bhuam fhìn tha bonn Beinn Eadairinn

‘S fhada gun teagamh fo bhealach a’ Mhorbhain.

‘S dh’fhalbh i agus cha deachaidh trioblaid a chur air duine riamh tuilleadh a’ dol seachad air ceum goirid air. Ach, ‘s e Ragnall mac Ailein Òig a chuir stad oirridh, tha thu ‘tuigsinn.∞

Ranald son of Young Allan and The Headless Body

Now [here’s a story about] Ranald son of Young Allan. It’s a long one. Ranald son of Young Allan was a man over in Scotland. The way he got the name Ranald son of Young Allan—he was a MacLeod but there were two Allans in the family: Old Allan and Young Allan. And he was a son of Young Allan. And he was reputed to be as strong a man as was ever in Scotland. He received an education and after finishing his studies he went sailing. He wasn’t long at all sailing when he was promoted to captain of the vessel he was on and, therefore, there was not a region nor port of Scotland nor indeed England that he wouldn’t be going to, you understand. He was going abroad to every place there was. But anyway, two or three things must be mentioned before I give the rest of the story to you.

There was a cave over there in Scotland, also that was located between two villages. There was a mountain as well between the two villages and a shortcut led across the mountain from the first village to the other one, where people would gather. Now on one occasion Ranald came into a port in Scotland and at that time they would be unloading goods and then would take aboard another load, and it would sometimes take two or three days once they had arrived at the port near where that cave was. But this trip, when he arrived, he heard that there was a dance on and a gathering in one of these villages. Ranald was single at the time, and he said to himself that he would truly like to go to the gathering



where people could enjoy music and a good time, and he had plenty of time to do so. But at that time there wasn't a way to travel—most of the time they just went by foot.

But there was a Headless Body in a cave over there in Scotland and it had done tremendous harm, you understand. And he put—Ranald was the man that put a stop to the Headless Body causing the harm that it had carried out. A man or woman or anything that would go past her cave on the shortcut between the one village and the other, right where it passed it—they would never be heard of again. I will add three or four things to the story that Ranald son of Young Allan did and what happened to the Headless Body, you understand, with this cave.

Well, at the beginning there was a famous piper over in the old country. It began with his committing a murder after he arrived there. He was brought up before the law for the crime he committed in order to pay the price, it was advised that he would have to be put to death for what he had done. But the judge gave him two chances: he could accept the sentence, since he was such a good piper, to go into the Headless Body's cave and to pipe for them so that they would hear outside what he was seeing within; or alternatively he would be hung. He could have his choice of which one to take.

"Well," said the piper, "if I am to be hung, I'll be dead in any case, so I'll choose to go into the cave to play the pipes and tell you with the pipes what I see." Since they were so knowledgeable about the bagpipes in the old times in the old country, they could just tell from every note he'd play on the instrument what he was seeing. And so he went in and he started to pipe. And he was telling them how he saw the bones of people and skulls in the belly of the cave. He told them then that he was seeing the Headless Body coming to where he was—that he was very scared but he had to tell how it was there since if he would come out he would have to face their fury unless he finished the job. Now he was carrying a sword as well, you understand. And that's how the tune came to be that you hear quite frequently played by pipers of this country or the old country:

"It's a pity Lord that I don't have three hands—

Two hands for the bagpipe and a hand for the sword."

And they heard that tune but that was the last thing that he played, when they heard the bagpipes falling and then an awful gasp coming from him as if he were being squeezed to death. Nothing more came out and no one went in. No one would venture going in. Now there you have what happened to that man. That's how they found out, you know, about the [Headless] Body and what was inside the

the cave in terms of heads and skulls belonging to those she killed. There you have the exact story of that tune.

But anyway, when Ranald son of Young Allan was in this port and they were going across from the one village towards the other. He started off there and he didn't go far at all until he happened upon a house by the side of the road. And there was an old man there sitting outside the house and it was summertime. And Ranald stopped by to enquire where this dance was and how far away. "Uh oh," replied the old man, "the dance is seven miles or more from here and that is a long way to walk, I know." The old man said to him it was. "Now there is a shortcut across the mountain past the cave of the Headless Body, but it's no good for you to go that way," he said. "If you come that way you won't get past it before sunset. You may arrive there before sunset, but once it sets," he said, "no one has ever got past it before the sun went down." "Well, and what's the distance across the mountain?" "It's only," he said, "about two miles across the mountain but it's seven miles around it." "Well, I am going across the mountain," Ranald son of Young Allan said. "Oh," said the old man, "I would advise against going across the mountain regardless of how long the road around is. That's the road I'd take," the old man continued, "because she will go after you," he said, "and most likely you will never be heard of again." "Well," said Ranald, "that's the way it's going to be. I'm going across the mountain."

And Ranald son of Young Allan set out and started across the mountain and sure enough the sun was setting before he reached the cave of the Headless Body. Now the Headless Body was a woman, a big terrible woman. But, it was said that if she were ever put on her back, you understand, she would have no more strength to do anything. But who could do that? Anyway, Ranald was just passing the cave and right enough out came the Headless Body and the fight began. She seized him and he seized her. They were both so strong—each was just as strong as the other. And the fight lasted over an hour and a half - a fearful length of time. That's just how it was told to me, that the fight lasted over an hour and a half. And she had Ranald three or four times on his knees. She was that close to finishing him off. But when he thought about the situation, Ranald said to himself, "if I go down I am finished"—and more strength and power came to him. And from swing to swing at last he delivered the blow by which he got her on her back. And she was no stronger than a little child once he had her on her back. "Well, well," said Ranald, "I've heard plenty about you," he said. "I'm now going to take you with me to the dance-hall." And he threw her on his back and set off. He only had about a mile left to go, you

know. He was going to continue on the same road he took before. So he had the Headless Body there carrying it on his back but it had already grown dark since the fight had lasted so long, you understand. But there was moonlight and that was a help to him as he went over the shortcut.

He was getting closer and closer to the gathering of folk. And the Headless Body was beseeching him and ordering him not to take her toward the dance-hall at all. "I am not listening to anything you are saying to me," he said. "I am going to take you to the dance-hall." And the closer he came to it the more she pleaded him not to take her. But they reached the dance hall with her on his back. And he said, "I am going to take you inside as well." "Well," she said to him, "I will do anything on the face of the earth for you, as long as you don't take me into the dance hall. Anything you ask, I'll do it."

"Well all right," he said, "I won't take you in if you do what I ask of you and if you promise me that you won't ever again return to the cave and that you won't cause trouble for any man, woman or creature ever again. And so long as the earth exists, since you aren't going to cause trouble to another person ever, you will go to the foot of a horrible mountain where there is nothing but a horrible swampy hollow where no one would ever be. That is where you will spend the rest of your existence: inside fifty square feet of this marsh. And now," he said, "if you promise me this, I won't take..." "I'll promise anything," she said, "just as long as you don't take me inside." And the crowd in the hall was all outside seeing her and, "All right then. Away with you!"

And she left and she was only walking about two feet from the ground when she started to—that's where the song you hear to this day came from. She was lamenting the cave she had and where she had to go, you understand. And she was singing the song:

Far from me is the foot of *Beinn Eadairinn*,
Far from me is *Bealach a' Mhorbhain*,
Far from me is the foot of *Beinn Eadairinn*,
Far indeed from *Bealach a' Mhorbhain*.

And she left and no person was ever troubled again taking the short cut past the cave. But it was Ranald son of Young Allan who stopped her, you understand. ☺

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Collected from Dan Angus Beaton by Dr. John Shaw. Transcription and Translation by Tiber F.M. Falzett Ph.D Candidate, Celtic and Scottish Studies, University of Edinburgh.

Illustration from Scottish Pictures Drawn with Pen and Pencil (1891) p.111

Fo na Cabair/Under the Rafters

A' TOGAIL FEARAINN - NEW SCOTLAND

Part two - By Seamus Waston

The first extensive settlement of Highlanders in Atlantic Canada was established in Prince Edward Island. The Glenaladale colony of 1772 was managed by South Uist landlord Captain John MacDonald of Glenaladale (Gleann Athaladail) It brought more than 200 Catholic Gaels to the island, then known as St. John's Island (Eilean Eòin), where they were settled in the district of Tracadie.

The year 1773 marks the Gaels' earliest significant settlement in Nova Scotia. Arriving aboard the *Ship Hector*, 179 passengers from Loch Broom (*Loch Bhraoin*), Wester Ross (*Taobh Siar Rois*) landed in Pictou Harbour in quest of acreage they could call their own. Most could not read or write, or speak other than Gaelic. Like their contemporaries who had left for the colonies and other destinations, the *Hector's* passengers' reasons for emigrating varied. In their case, emigration was voluntary - if an appropriate word for the fleeing of a socially and economically oppressed people, and not the result of evictions.

From the time of the *Hector's* landing until the mid-nineteenth century, a continuous outpouring of Gaels, primarily from the Hebrides and Western Highlands, took up land holdings in eastern Nova Scotia's counties. By the turn of the nineteenth century, the disreputable evictions, termed 'The Clearances' (removal of the native tenantry from Highland estates to make room for commercial sheep farms), had begun in earnest, peaking in 1855. A decline in the value of wool and mutton reduced the scale

of such clearances until the passing of the 1886 Crofters Act, which halted the brutishness of indefensible eviction on Highland estates.

The 1821 collapse of kelp processing upon which west coast dwellers and Hebrideans were particularly dependent for their livelihoods, added to the misery of the Highland peasant. Ashes from burned kelp were a main ingredient in the production of soap and glass, and much in demand on the European continent during the war years of the French Revolution. The kelp industry's downturn contributed to the escalating numbers of Scottish Gaels fleeing to Cape Breton and Nova Scotia from dire poverty and the crush of excessive rents. The cruelty of the evictions is well recorded in Gaelic verse.

*Chuir 'ad maoir aig dol fo' na gréin'
A chuir mo spréidh-sa mach dha
'n mhòintich
Bha 'n crodh ag geumnaich 's bha
coin a' leum riuth'
'S bha mi 'nam éiginn 's mi 'nam aonar.*

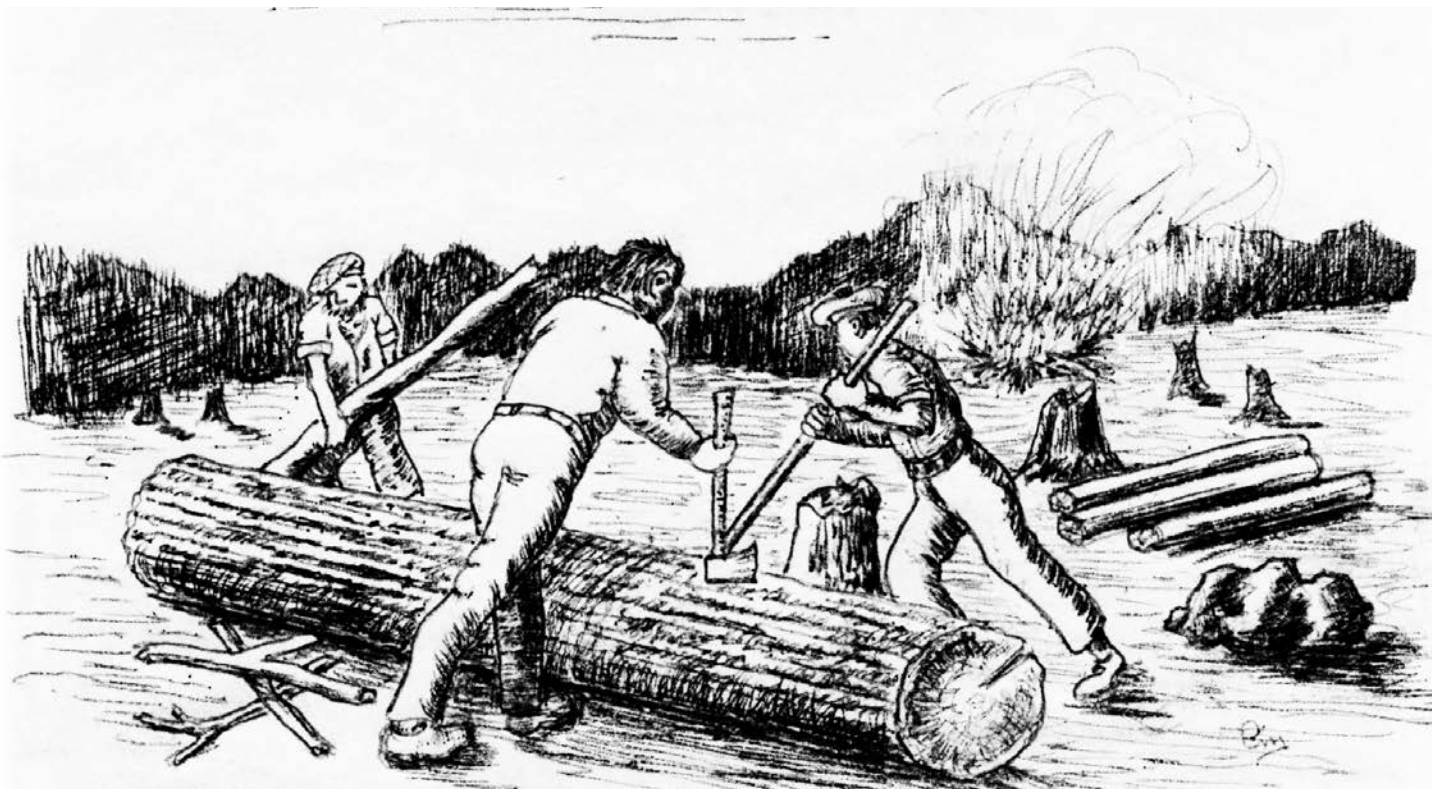
They sent the ground officers at sunset to drive my cows out to the moorlands. The cattle lowed as dogs leapt at them. I was desperate and alone.

-anonymous

By 1803 the approximate number of Scots in Nova Scotia lay between 8,000 and 10,000. According to some estimates about 22,000 emigrants of Scottish origin, chiefly Gaels, came to Nova Scotia between 1815 - 1838. By 1848, immigration from the Highlands had slowed to a trickle.

The extreme conditions endured in Gaelic Scotland during the time of emigration, however, have left an abiding memory that remains spoken of to the present. One such account was recorded from recitation of the late Dan Angus Beaton (1903 - 1996). His great grandfather Big Finley, a native of Auchluchair (*Achluachrach*), Lochaber (*Loch Abar*), emigrated in 1804. Finley's story of leaving Lochaber came down through Beaton family tradition.

Ach co dhiubh, mu 'n tighearna fhads a robh iad a' reantadh bhuaithe, 's e duine cuimiseach mosach a bh'ann agus tha mi deimhinnte às gu



robh Fionnla' tighinn dhan dùthaich seo co dhiubh. 'S e duine mór a bh'ann Fionnla' Mór. Bha e sia troighean 's seachd oirlich a dh'àirde do dhuine mór cruaidh a thomhaiseadh amach aig dà cheud gu leth punnd agus 's e duine mór a bhiodh ann a sin...

Ach dar a thànaig an tighearn a' dh'iarraidh a' rent, thuirt Fionnla' ris, "Feumaidh tu tighinn arithist," ars' esan. "Cha n-eil e buileach uil' agam."

"Uell," thuirt e, "biodh e agad an ath-thrup. 'S bi thu damainte cinnteach dé a' là a thig mi."

Ach thuirt Fionnla' Mór ris, "Thig a' leithid seo do là 's bi e agam. Gheobh thusa na bheil a' tighinn ort..."

Thànaig an tighearna air a' là cinnteach gu leòr. "Uell," thuirt Fionnla' Mór ris, "cha n-eil fhios agam a' bheil e uil' agam dhut, ach bi cinnteach gu bheil thu dol a dh'fhaighinn na bheil a' tighinn ort."

"Uell," thuirt an tighearna, "cha n-eil thusa dol a thogail teine 's an t-similier seo tuillidh," ars' esan, "gus a faigh mi a' cent mu dheireadh pàighidh a tha 'tighinn orm."

'S ge b'e an t-uisg a bha staigh 's an taigh, chur e às an teine. Bha i tràth toiseach an t-samhraidh. Tràth, tràth anns a' bhliadhna agus bha i fuar. Shin a' seòrsa cridh a' bh'aige nach leigeadh e leò an tein' a thogail.

"Tha sin all right," arsa Fionnla' Mór. "Gheobh mise dhut gu dé tha thu 'dol a dh'fhaighinn - na bheil a' tighinn ort." 'S chuir e na bha 'tighinn air do dh'airgead air a' bhòrd.

"Ach," ars' esan, "tha seansa gu bheil mórán a bharrachd air a sin a' tighinn ort!"

'S rug e air amhaich. Cuimhnich fhéin, a' chrog mhór a bha sin a' beireachd air duine mu 'n anhaich! Agus tharraing e air i 's spad e e dìreach cho spaidte 's a spadadh tu coilleach dubh...

Thànaig 'ad anall air an t-Sally. Bha e smart gu leor. Bha e 'na dhuin' ionnsaichte, làn sgoil. Thànaig esan anall 's cha deachaidh e fhaighinn riamh. Ge b'e dh'éirich dha 'n tighearna, cha n-eil fhios agamas. Ach cha bu toil leam a' slaic a fhuair e mu 'n pheirceall bho 'n fhear ud. Shin agad naidheachd Fhionnlaigh Mhóir a' fàgail na dùthchadh.

(Translation)

About the landlord while they were renting from him: he was a surly man and I'm very certain Big Finley was coming out to this country anyway. Big Finley was an enormous man. He was six feet and seven inches tall, a great, hardened man who weighed in at two hundred and fifty pounds.

When the landlord came to collect the rent, Finley said, "You'll have to come back. I don't have it all."

"Well, said the landlord, "Have it next time and be damn sure of the day that I'll

be here!"

Big Finley said, "You come on such and such a day and I'll have it. You'll get what's coming to you."

The landlord arrived promptly on the stipulated day. "Well, Big Finley said, "I don't know if I have it all here, but you're going to get what's coming to you."

"Well," said the landlord, "you'll never build another fire in this fireplace until I get every cent of what I'm owed."

He put out the fire with whatever water there was in the house. It was early in summer - very early in the year and cold. He wouldn't allow them to build a fire. That's the kind of heart of he had.

"Very good," Big Finley said. I'll get what's coming to you, what you're owed." And he put the money for the debt on the table.

"Oh," he said, "likely you've got more than that coming to you." And he seized the landlord by his neck. You think, that big paw grabbing a man by the neck. And he took aim on him and knocked him down like you would flatten a black rooster.

They crossed over on the Sally. He was plenty smart. He was an educated man. He came over and was never caught. Whatever happened to the landlord, I have no idea. But I wouldn't want to get the blow he got on the jaw from that fellow. That's the story of Big Finley leaving the country.

Upon arrival Big Finley joined his brother Donald in Prince Edward Island. Not finding land prospects to his liking, he and his wife soon removed to Cape Breton, crossing the Northumberland Strait in a small boat and coming to land at Finley's Point (Rubha Fhionnlaigh) in today's Mabou Coal Mines.

Unsatisfactory circumstances surrounding land acquisition bringing Gaels to Cape Breton is yet noted among many immigrant Gaels' descendants. Donald MacEachern (Dòmhnall mac Johnny Dhòmhnail Òig 'ic Aonghais), a native of Northside East Bay (Ceann a' Bheigh-a-Tuath), Cape Breton County, recalled his paternal ancestors coming to North America, Nuair a thànaig a' cheud fheadhainn anall: Cloinn 'ic Eachairn, Cloinn 'ic Bhaithris, Cloinn 'ic Illebharrath, 's Dòmhnall-aich, 's ann a Phrince Edward Island a thànaig 'ad. Thànaig 'ad anall ann a 1791. 'S bha cuid ann na bu tràithe na sin ann a 1771. Bha 'ad còig blianna fichead, tha mi smaointean, 's an Eilean mun dànaig 'ad anall do dh'Eilean Cheap Breatainn agus cha robh mórán 'nan coinneamh ach a' choille mhór. (When the first people came over: MacEacherns, MacVarishes, MacGillvrays and MacDonalds, they came to Prince Edward Island. They crossed over in 1791 and some were earlier than that in

1771. I think they were in the Island before they came across to Cape Breton and there wasn't much more to meet them but the wilderness).

A neighbour and first cousin to Donald, John Joe MacGillivray (Eòs mac Iain Alastair 'ic Iain 'ic Mhicheil 'ic Aoghmais) noted a similar experience in his own family, Bha 'ad às Mòrar agus thànaig fear dhiubh anall, Aoghnas, agus bha ceithir gillean còmhla ris. Thànig 'ad a Phrince Edward Island an toiseach 's thànaig 'ad an uair sin dhan Bheigh an Ear. (They were from Morar and one of them, Angus, immigrated with four sons. They went to Prince Edward Island first and then came to East Bay).

Granting of land to settlers was overseen by the Colonial Office in London. Acting on a 1790 order to deter the taking up of lands in Cape Breton, it was actually 1817 before freehold grants were commonly available on the island. Until that time, most Gaels living in Cape Breton were squatters on Crown land, or in some instances, had received grants for service in the military.

Procedure for obtaining a land grant began with submission of an application to the Lieutenant-Governor. The application was then reviewed and, if deemed acceptable, approved with the official's signature and stamp of office.

Qualifying conditions for the grant were specific for the land's cultivation, while its terms reserved all white pine and mineral resources for the Crown's use. In order to maintain a grant claim, in ten years' time the land holder was required to pay a quitrent at a rate of two shillings per one hundred acres. It was also necessary to demonstrate improvement to the granted property. These improvements included clearing and cultivation three of every fifty arable acres, keeping three cattle on every fifty acres of rough pasture and putting up a dwelling with minimal dimensions of twenty feet in length and sixteen feet in width.

Failing to fulfill these requirements, or inability to pay the rent past one year, resulted in forfeiture of the grant. Once the grant had been forfeited the land became available for purchase from the state. ☺

© Seumas Watson, Manager of Interpretation. Part three will appear in the next issue of An Rubha. Illustration by Jamie MacIntyre.



Adhaircean fada air crodh ann an Éirinn gus an ruigear iad.
Long horns on the cattle in Ireland until you reach them.

Sgeul gu Latha / Tales Until Dawn
Eòs Nill Bhig / Joe Neil MacNeil

An Rubha Photo Album:

An Clachan Gàilidhealach - Year in Review

1. Jim Watson and Marlene Ivey accepting the Dr. Phyllis Blakeley Award from the Council of Nova Scotia Archives. The award was presented to the Highland Village for its use of archival materials An Drochaid Eadarinn.
2. Rod C. MacNeil and Jim St.Clair receiving volunteer service awards from the Nova Scotia Museum Board of Governors. (L to R) *David William, a member of the board of governors, Laura Lee Langley, Deputy Minister, Rod C. MacNeil & Jim St. Clair.*
3. The Highland Village in partnership with St. Columba CWL, Municipality of Victoria County, and Grandona Legion Branch 124 presented a cheque to the Cape Breton Regional Cancer Patient Care Fund. (L to R) *Sharon MacNeil, Janet MacNeil, Tom MacNeil, Cape Breton Cancer Centre, Pauline Campbell, Rodney Chaisson and Paul MacNeil.*
4. Students from Sgoil Mhic Fhraing a' Chaolais/Rankin School of the Narrows who completed the six week community based learning program at the Highland Village. (L to R) *Ian Farrell, Alex Bonaparte, Hannah MacNeil, Lindsey MacNeil, Stephaine MacDonald, Maggie MacNeil, Michaela MacMillan, Jamie MacNeil & Willie Taillon.*
5. Destination Cape Breton presented the Highland Village with the Visitor Servicing Award for 2013.
6. Native Gaelic Speaker, Catherine MacNeil of Christmas Island joined participants of Stòras a' Bhaile for an afternoon of storytelling and songs.
7. Rodney Chaisson and NSHVS Board president Susan Cameron joined three retiring staff members for a photo. We would like to take this opportunity to thank Gerry MacNeil, Jim Bryden and Jean MacNeil for their many years of service to the Highland Village.
8. Members of the Louisbourg Militia visited the Highland Village as part of Donald Òg Day and Louisbourg 300 celebrations.





TARTAN: ITS HISTORY AND TRANSFORMATION

Vicki Qumiby - Part One



Many visitors come to the Highland Village expecting to see an abundance of plaids and tartans. They are aware of a strong association between the Scottish Highlanders and what is popularly perceived as their traditional attire. Some, those with Scottish ancestry, are hoping to see an example of a certain pattern that has been handed down through the generations to their family. Instead, they find

little to fulfill those expectations here in our representation of the Highlanders' pioneer life in Nova Scotia.

We may ask what makes tartan today such a visible symbol not only of the Highlanders, but of all of Scotland? How did it rise to such prominence in the minds of the public, and what was responsible then for the near-absence of it in the lives of the Gaels who immigrated to our eastern Nova Scotia shores?

Scotland could be viewed as a land with two distinctive cultures. Nicolay D'Arville, Cosmographer to the King of France, on a 1593 visit to Scotland, sums up the attitudes of the day: "Those who inhabit Scotland to the south of the Grampian chain are tolerably civilized and obedient to the laws and speak the English language but those who inhabit the north are more rude, homely and unruly, and for this reason are called savages (or wild Scots)."

Northern Scotland was separated by geography mountain ranges and islands, while the Lowlands shared a border and a language with England. The Highlands, however, were not only isolated physically, with a difficult terrain and climate, but the language was Gaelic. Religious and political views were different from the rest of the country, and an often struggling economy resulted in a poorer population. Transportation was difficult and only the most intrepid travelers visited the Highlands.

Whereas it was difficult for the Lowlands not to be increasingly affected by the English sphere of influence, Highland life, including Highland dress was protected by its isolation. And the style of dress that did become associated with the Gaels was the colourful checked, striped, and eventually, plaid length of wool cloth woven in the patterns we now know as 'tartan'.

The meaning of the word 'tartan' has changed over time. Originally, it referred to a type of light woollen cloth, rather than a pattern. It could be made from coloured threads woven into striped and checked patterns, or even be a cloth of one colour. In fact, what we would now understand today as 'tartan', does not appear in any accounts before the 16th century. Even the word 'plaid' has a confusing past. Now

often used as a synonym for 'tartan', "*plaid*" is the Gaelic word for 'blanket', suggesting that this was its original meaning in Scots English. 'Plaiding' was a Scots term for a coarsely woven twill cloth that could be either used for bed coverings as well as for garments. It could be plain white, a 'mottled' gray, or a 'tartan' pattern.

By around 1600, however, it becomes apparent that the word 'tartan' is referring to woollen cloth that is woven in a pattern of different colours. One of the first references to tartan as we think of it today may be from the travelling 'Water Poet', John Taylor in 1618, referring to the men at a hunting party at Braemar wearing: "...stockings (which they call short hose) made of a warm stuffe of divers colours, which they call Tartane; as for breeches, many of them, nor their forefathers, never wore any, but a jerkin of the same stuffe that their hose is of, their garters being bands or wreathes of hay or straw, with a pleat about their shoulders, which is a mantle of divers colours, much finer and lighter stuffe than their hose..."

Although the origins of the term 'tartan' is often disputed, the fact that it is already in use in Braemar at the time might imply that the word 'tartan' comes from Gaelic. It is thought that the most likely candidate is tarsainn, a word describing a pattern for textiles that has different colours crossing it.

The roots of tartan may reach back to the ancient European Celts-predecessors of the Highlanders. They were described by their Roman contemporaries as favouring striped and brightly coloured clothing and were skilled weavers and dyers.

Early descriptions of Highlanders leave little doubt that they dressed in a similar manner as their fellow Irish Gaels. D'Arville continues his description of the Scottish Gaels: "They wear like the Irish a large and full shirt coloured with saffron, and over this a garment hanging to the knee, of thick wool, after the manner of a cassock. They go with bare heads and allow their hair to grow very long and they wear neither stockings nor shoes..." Before the sixteenth century, descriptions are uncommon, but throughout the 1500's several detailed descriptions emerge as Western Europeans become more conscious of styles of dress and more curious

about the manner of Highland dress and customs.

In most accounts a loose, knee-length shirt of linen, or sometimes wool, often dyed yellow, or smeared with grease or pitch (giving it a yellow appearance), is mentioned. But descriptions of the plaid also begin to appear. Bare legs are still in evidence. However, in 1538, a list of the garments to be made for James V to wear on a visit to the Highlands includes 'Heland tertane to be 'hoiss', probably for making tartan trews (triubhas), a distinctive type of tight-fitting trousers.

By the end of the 16th century, there are more references to the Highlanders wearing plaids and developing a distinctive look. The mantle was evolving into a plaid. Irish writer, Lughaidh O'Cleirigh, describes a fighting force of Highlanders in Ireland in 1594: "They were recognized among the Irish soldiers by the distinction of their arms and clothing, their habits and language, for their exterior dress was mottled cloaks of many colours with a fringe to their shins and calves, their belts were over their loins outside their cloaks."

This is an early description of the *féileadh mór* (big plaid) that became the typical garb of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It was made of two loom widths (each width about 28-30") of wool cloth sewn together, and was long enough to be gathered at the waist, secured with a belt, with the rest of the length of cloth either looped over one shoulder, attached with a brooch, or used as a cloak. It could also double as a blanket when sleeping outdoors.

Another description of the plaid, including its practicality, was published in 1581 by a Stirlingshire historian, George Buchanan (*Rerum Scoticarum Historis*): "They delight in variegated garments, especially stripes, and their favourite colours are purple and blue. Their ancestors wore plaids of many colours, and numbers still retain this custom, but the majority now in their dress prefer a dark brown, imitating nearly the leaves of the heather, that when lying upon the heath in the day, they may not be discovered by the appearance of their clothes; in these wrapped rather than covered, they brave the severest storms in the open air, and sometimes lay themselves down to sleep even in the midst of snow."

A later description by Edmund Burt, an English tax-collector in Inverness around 1726, shows us that little has changed as far as the plaid is concerned and gives us a clue as to why the Highlanders preferred wearing the plaid instead of breeches or trews: "The common habit of the ordinary Highlanders is far from being acceptable to the eye; with them a small part of the plaid...is set in folds and girt round the waist, to make of it a short petticoat that reaches half-way down the thigh, and the rest is brought over the shoulders, and then fastened before, below the neck, often with a fork, and sometimes with a bodkin or sharpened piece of stick...In this way of wearing the plaid they have sometimes nothing else to cover them, and are often barefoot, but some I have seen shod with a kind of pumps, made out of a raw cowhide with hair turned outward..."

It is alleged the dress is most convenient to those who are obliged to travel from one part to another..., viz. that they would not be so free to skip over the rocks and bogs with breeches as they are in the short petticoat, that it would be greatly inconvenient to those who are frequently to wade through waters to wear breeches, which must be taken off upon every such occurrence, or would not only gall the wearer, but render it very unhealthful and dangerous to their limbs to be constantly wet in that part of the body, especially in wintertime when they might be frozen; and with respect to the plaid in particular, the distance between one place of shelter and another is often too great to be reached before night comes on, and, being intercepted by sudden floods, or hindered by other impediments, they are frequently obliged to lie all night in the hills, in which case they must perish were it not for the covering they carry with them."

And to conclude, a few shillings will buy this dress for an ordinary Highlander, who, very probably, might hardly ever be in condition to purchase a Lowland suit, though of the coarsest cloth or stuff, fit to keep him warm in that cold climate...The whole people are fond and tenacious of the Highland clothing."

The belted plaid was commonly referred to in the praise poetry and songs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries by the Gaels as *breacan*, from the root word *breac*, or speckled. References are made to it as the *féileadh breacan* ('plaid of tartan'). *Féileadh* comes from the word *éileadh*, meaning 'folding.' A later variation of the belted plaid was appearing by the eighteenth century. This was the kilt as we know it today, made from a single width of cloth, pleated about the waist, with no attached long plaid. It was known

as a *féileadh beag* ('little plaid'), or '*filibeg*' in English.

There are fewer descriptions of women's clothing, but the plaid again figures prominently as typical women's wear. On a 1636 visit to Scotland, Sir William Brereton gave an account: "Many wear (especially of the meaner sort) plaids, which is a garment of the same woollen stuff whereof saddle cloths in England are made, which is cast over their heads, and covers their faces on both sides, and would reach almost to the ground, but that they pluck them up, and wear them cast under their arms."

When William Sacheverell, Governor of the Isle of Man, visited the island of Mull in 1689, he wrote: "The usual habit of both sexes is the pladd; the women's much finer,



the colours more lively, and the squares larger than the men's...This serves them for a veil, and covers both head and body."

These plaids, or plaiding, could be of relatively coarse woollen twill cloth, woven in white or marled gray, or even tartan. They could also double as bed coverings. Women of high rank wore plaids of silk or fine wool lined with silk. Others wore worsted wool plaids. A long shawl like this was known as an '*earasaid*' or '*arasaid*', in English. The finely woven ones could denote high status. However, they were becoming less fashionable by the beginning of the eighteenth century and were eventually replaced by cloaks or shorter shawls by mid-century.

Highland culture placed a strong emphasis on appearance. Weapons were a part of this, as in the types of weaponry

being carried. But dress was also important, both in colour and style. The aim was to create an atmosphere of dignity and nobility. Bright red, for example, was often praised in Gaelic poetry. A bright red was a challenging colour to achieve with the dye processes of the day and, therefore, possibly a sign of a certain status. The many references both in poetry and in the writings of Highland observers clearly demonstrated that not just the dyeing of colours, but also the skill in weaving quality fabrics were well appreciated.

Tartan, as we know it today, is not plain, checked or striped cloth, but a 'plaid' pattern of square and rectangular blocks of colour formed by stripes of different widths crossing at right angles. The weaver threads the warp (lengthwise) threads on the loom in a certain order of colours. The weft (crosswise) threads are woven into the warp in an identical (or nearly identical) order. This creates a pattern, or 'sett' of squares or rectangles of either plain colour, or mixed colour. Great skill is needed to create a pleasing combination of colours, both in the weaving of the cloth and in the dyeing of the threads. The yarns are spun from fine, combed (worsted) wool, so that the threads are smooth and not so fuzzy that the distinction in colours should disappear. This creates a dense, weather-shedding cloth with a distinct pattern.

How were these plaids woven throughout the years? Although most weaving was done in the home or by local weavers, as early as the seventeenth century a new textile industry in places like Galloway and Glasgow was gaining a reputation. 'Glasgow plaids' were well known and available to any who were able to purchase them.

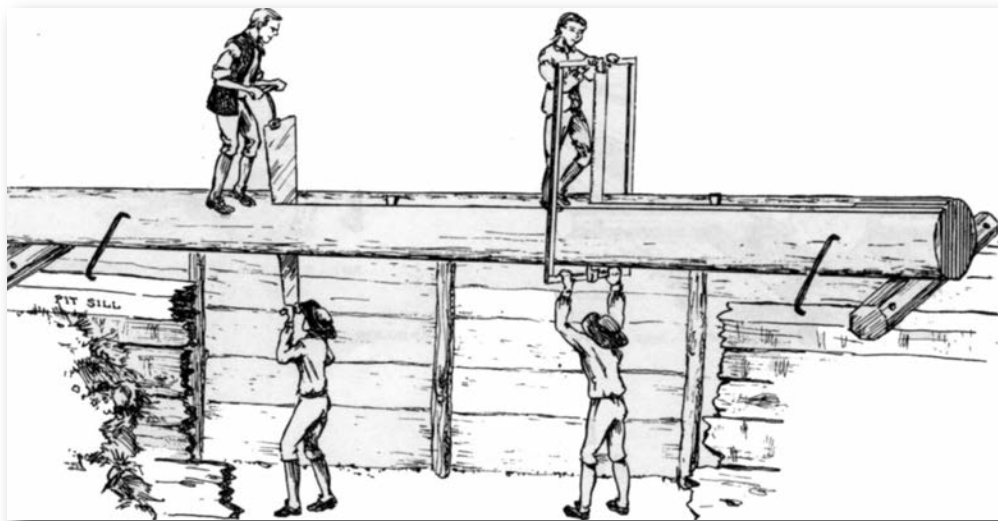
The wealthy could afford professional weavers who would produce high quality cloths, using dyes they had prepared themselves of both local and imported dyestuffs. But dyeing was also common in many rural Highland homes as well-most probably those homes associated with the weavers in a community. A weaver could be either male or female, although it was normally the male weavers who were retained by the higher classes. Skill levels varied and the local weavers might be paid with bartered goods or meal for their services. Women in each household often spun their own yarns to be taken to the weaver and, it is possible that some dyed their own wool as well. There are observers' accounts of even imported dyes, such as indigo (blues) and cochineal (pinks and reds) being prepared in Highlanders' homes.

The importation of foreign dyestuffs

Continued on Page 23

AN SÀBH MÓR - THE PIT SAW

By Pauline MacLean



A Dictionary of the English Language, compiled by Samuel Johnson and published on 15 April 1755, gives the following definition for a pit saw and the pit man:

The large saw used the two men of whom one is in the pit. The pit saw is not only used by those workmen that saw timber but also for small matters used by joiners.

The use of saws, of various kinds made of bone or bronze, can be traced back to Greece, Egypt and Asia. An image of a type of frame saw shows up in frescos in Greece. Logs had been previously split using wedges and hammers, following the grain of the wood and then hewn to get the correct thickness. The discovery of iron and steelmaking c. 850 BC improved the quality and use of saws.

While the first homes put up by our Gaelic-speaking ancestors in Nova Scotia were most likely built with round logs, contoured by the felling and broad axe, their predecessors, Loyalist and Acadian settlers had already become accustomed to using boards to build homes. Framed pit saws were used in the 17th and 18th centuries, as it was easier to forge the thinner blades they employed. The iron had to be tempered (heated and cooled) in order to be used. In the mid-1700s, new methods of casting steel made the unframed saw the preferred saw over the framed one. The 1796 will of Dennis Croneen, a native of Ireland, mentions two saws, one of which is owned by Jim Howe in Annapolis Royal. From the description given, it was the unframed pit saw.

The pit saw common to Nova Scotia was also called a whip saw. It was usually about

7 feet long, with a stationary handle at the top and a removable one at the end. They were often imported, although a blacksmith could make one if he had the equipment.

A pit was excavated, 6 to 8 feet deep, usually with supported sides - with a frame built over the pit. Two men controlled the saw. The pitman pulled down on the saw and the top man guided the saw along the saw lines. The blade of the pit saw cuts on the down stroke, with the chisel or rip teeth of the saw "set," or turned out a bit, in alternating directions to create a channel for the blade to travel in, perhaps at $\frac{1}{4}$ ".

The logs were prepared before sawing. Bark was removed, saw lines were marked on the log with a chalk, or charcoal line, and plumbed to make sure they were straight on the ends of the log. Often, the logs were hewn flat on two sides before the sawing so they would be stable and stay in place. Log dogs, metal pieces sharpened on both ends,

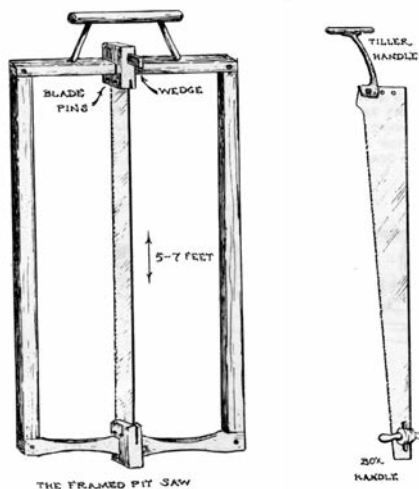
were used to hold the log in place. The saw was placed on the first line on the log. The pit man pulled down and the top man (or top dog) guided the saw on the line as far as the edge of the frame. Every foot or so, the top man stepped back to prevent being cut by the saw. This changed the angle of cut, so the angle of the saw marks on the board show it was cut using a pit saw. Several cuts were made to the far edge of the log.

When the saw was as far along as it could go at the end of the log, the saw was removed. The log was then adjusted on the frame so the cut lines were just beyond the frame and the saw handle on the lower end could be removed. The saw blade was inserted in the first cut already made, the handle replaced and tightened, and the process continued to the next brace. Each separate cut required the saw to be removed from the finished cut and inserted in the next one till the other side of the log was reached. Wedges were placed in the cuts to keep them open and prevent the blade of the saw from binding. The cuts were continued till they were about 6 inches or so from the end of the log that rested on the beam. The log was rolled off the pit and each board was sawed from the uncut end of the log using a hand saw.

Accounts of logs being prepared by way of the *sàbh mór* (great saw), also referred to as *pól sàbhaidh* (pole-saw), are still remembered by Nova Scotia Gaels, as noted by the late Jimmy MacKay (*Seumas mac Aonghais 'ic Iain 'ic Uilleim 'ic Mhurchaidh*), a MacKays' Kintail (*Dùthaich MhicAoidh*) descendant of Kingsville, Inverness County:

Mun deach muileann-sàbhaidh a chur suas, bha rud ann ris an abair iad pól-sàbhaidh. Bha sàibh fhad' aca agus làmh air gach ceann. Bha am maide a bha r'a shàbhadh le ceann dheth gu h-àrd is ceann dheth gu h-iseal agus iad 'ga shàbhadh air fad. 'S e obair shaothaireachail a bh'ann, tha mi tuigsinn. Ach ri ùine, chaidh muileann-uisge thogail agus chaidh am pól-shàbhaidh air chùil.

(Before sawmills were built, there was something called a pole-saw. They had long saw blades and a handle at each end. The log stick to be sawn was set up, an end up and an end down, and then they sawed it through. I understand that it was laborious work. Eventually, water mills were built and the pole saw was set aside.)



Pauline MacLean is the Collections Manager at the Highland Village. Images from *Home Building In Colonial America*, pages 38-39.

Tàillear Beinn-a-Bhaoghla
Desember 3, 1892

Bha tàillear uair ann am Beinn-a-Bhaoghla a bha anabarrach àbhachdach o làithean òige. An uair a bha e 'na ghille ag ionnsachadh na tàillearachd, thachair gu robh fear faisg air an àite ris an cainnte Dòmhnall Àrd. Tha e coltach nach robh "gille an tàilleir" (mar a theirt ris a h-uile gille òg a bhiodh ag ionnsachadh na tàillearachd) agus Dòmhnall glé réidh.

Coma co dhiubh, thàinig air a' "maighstear thàillear" agus air a' ghille a dhol do thaigh Dhòmhnail Àrd a thàillearachd. Ma bha gus nach robh ball aodaich eile aca ri dheanamh do Dhòmhnail Àrd, bha "còta mun cuairt" aca ri dheanamh dha co dhiubh.

An uair a bha an còta ullamh gu ìre nam putan, dh'iarr an tàillear air a' ghille ri teannadh air deanamh nam putan. Anns an àm, cha robh na putain cho furasda am faotainn 's tha iad anis. Mar bu trice, b'e an tàillear fhéin a dh'fheumadh na putain a dheanamh. Seo mar a bhitheadh 'gan deanamh: gheibheadh pios leathar, seann bhonn bhròig, ma dh'fhaoidte, agus ghearrtadh na bideagan beaga cruinne air cumadh putain. Dh'fhuigheadh criomag de 'n aodach mu gach bideig agus bhiodh iad 'na deagh phutain.

B'e cuid a' ghille a dheanadh na putain an leathar a ghearradh 'na bhideagan cruinne. Gheàrr an gille a' cheud phuatan, agus nuair a thug d' a mhaighstir e, thuirt a mhaighstir ris, "Tha 'm putan seo ro mhór."

"Cuireadh sibhse ann e mar a tha e. Bidh an ath-fhear na lugha," thuirt an gille.

Ach bha an ath-fhear glé bheag, agus thuirt am maighstir, "Tha am fear seo ro bheag."

"Cuireadh sibhse ann e. Bidh an ath-fhear na 's moth'."

'Se na bh'ann gu robh putan mór is putan beag mu seach anns a' chòta aig Dòmhnall Àrd.

Thachair an uair a bha an tàillear an déidh a chèaird ionnsachadh, gu robh e ag obair an taigh àraidh. Bha bean an taighe cho làn de dhroch amharas gun robh eagal oirre gun goideadh e pàirt de 'n t-snàth-fhuaghail. 'S e an rud a rinn i, chuir a' cheirsle shnàth anns a' chiste agus dh'fhàg i ceann an t-snàth aig an tàillear amach troimh tholl na glaise, agus ghlais i a' chiste, agus dh'fhalbh i air cheann-gnothaich dhi fhéin.

Thuig an tàillear glé mhath mar a bha a' chùis, ach cha do leig e dad air. Ach nuair a dh'fhalbh bean an taighe, bhris e an snàth. Agus mar a bha e leis an olc, thòisich

e air cur car de 'n ciste. Chuir e air a taobh i, agus chuir e air a ceann i, agus chuir e a mas os a cionn. Nam b'fhìor e fhéin, bha e feuchainn ri greim fhaotainn air ceann an t-snàth.

B'i seo a' chiste anns a robh a h-uile nì a b'fheàrr a bha staigh. Bha bainne agus uachdar agus ìm agus uighean agus min innte, agus na soithichean a b'fheàrr a bha an taobh astigh de 'n dorus. Bhristeadh na soithichean 'nan criomagan beaga 's chaidh am bainne 's an t-ìm 's an t-uachdar, 's na h-uighean 's a' mhin air feadh a chéile.

Nuair a thàinig bean an taighe dhachaidh, bha an tàillear 'na shuidhe 's a chasan bac air bac 's langan aige air gabhail òran. Ghabh a' bhean bhoichd iognadh an uair a chunnaic i nach do rinn e car obrach fhads a bha i air falbh.

"Tha eagal orm a bheag gun do rinn mi barrachd de chron na rinn de mhath on a dh'fhalbh sibh. Bhris an t-snàth-fuaghail ann an toll na glaise mun do tharr sibh a dhol amach, agus o nach robh toil agam a bhith 'nam thàmh gus an tigeadh sibh, chuir mi car na dhà dha 'n chiste feuch am faigh-inn greim air ceann an t-snàth. Cha do smaoinich mi gun robh dad 'na broinn a ghabhadh briseadh," ars' an tàillear.

Cha mhór nach do thuit a' bhean bhoichd às a seasamh nuair chuala i mar a bha. Bhuaill i na basan, agus thòisich i air ri tuiream 's ri caoineadh. Ma bha tìr innte, cha do ghabh i amharas meirlich air duine còir, ònrach gu brath tuilleadh. -Highland Monthly

The Benbecula Tailor

There once was a tailor in Benbecula who, in the days of his youth, was exceedingly inclined to jest. When he was a lad learning the tailoring trade, it happened that there was a fellow nearby who was called Tall Donald. Its seems that the tailor's gille, (as all boys were called who were learning to be tailors) and Donald didn't get along with each other very well.

In any event, it happened that the tailor and his apprentice had to go to Tall Donald's house to do some tailoring. If there were no other items of clothing to make for Tall Donald, they had to make him a wrap around coat.

When the coat was ready at the stage of putting buttons on it, the tailor told the apprentice to begin making them. At the time, buttons weren't as easy to get as they are now. Usually the tailor had to make them himself. This is the way they were made: a piece of leather was gotten, perhaps an old shoe sole, and it was cut into small round bits in the shape of a button. A little piece of cloth was sown on each one

and they made excellent buttons.

The apprentice's duty was to cut the leather into the round pieces. The lad cut out the first button, and when he gave it to his master, the master said, "This one is too big."

"Put it in the way it is. The next one will be smaller."

But the next one was extremely small, and the master said to the lad, "This one is too small."

"Put it in the way it is. The next one will be bigger."

In the end, Tall Donald's coat had a big button and a small button, alternately, (all the way down).

It happened, after the tailor had learned his trade, that he was working in a certain household. The woman of the house was deeply suspicious and afraid that he would steal a portion of the yarn. What she did was to put the ball of yarn in the trunk, leaving the end of the tailor's yarn sticking out through the trunk's keyhole, and she locked the trunk and went off on her own business.

The tailor understood very well how things were, but he didn't let on a thing. When the woman left he broke off the yarn. Being full of badness, he began tumbling the trunk about. He put it on its side, and he stood it on end, and he turned it upside down. He did this as though he was genuinely trying to retrieve the end of the yarn.

This was the trunk in which was kept all the household valuables. It held milk and butter and cream and eggs and meal and the best dishes in the house. The dishes were smashed to bits and the butter, eggs, cream and meal got all mixed together.

When the woman of the house arrived home, the tailor was sitting with his feet one on top of the other and bellowing out songs. The poor woman was surprised to see that he hadn't done a tap of work while she was gone.

Said the tailor, "I'm somewhat afraid that I did more harm than good since you went out. The thread broke in the keyhole after you left. Since I didn't want to be idle until you returned, I gave the trunk a few flips to see if I could get the end of the thread. I didn't think there was anything breakable inside."

The poor woman nearly dropped when she heard how things were. She struck her palms together and began keening and sobbing. If she had any sense at all, she never again suspected a good and honest man of being a thief. - Highland Monthly

*An excerpt from MacTalla, December 3, 1892.
Translated & Edited by Seumas Watson*

CRÒNAN NA LINNE MHUILICH - THE SOUND OF MULL REEL

Seumas Watson & Pauline MacLean

CRÒNAN NA LINNE MHUILICH.
SOUND OF MULL. Reel.

Athole Collection. J. B. C. & Co. 537. Vol. 1.

The Sound of Mull Reel, titled in Gaelic as *Crònan na Linne Mhuilich* is classified as a pipe reel. An old favorite of Cape Breton fiddlers, a good setting can be found on Brenda Stubbert's CD *Endless Memories*. (For more information online see <http://www.cranford-pub.com/tunes/CapeBreton/SoundMull.htm>)

This lovely reel appears in the Athole Collection in 1884, as noted here. Another setting can be found in David Glen's *Edinburgh Collection of Highland Bagpipe Music*, Part 9. (ca. 1903-1908)

The tune's long time currency in Cape Breton's Scotch music corpus is well attested to by the *port à beul* setting provided by Joe Neil MacNeil (*Eòs Nill Bhig*), late of Middle Cape, Cape Breton County.

[a' cheud char]
O, tha 'n tombaca daor
O, tha 'n tombaca tioram
O, tha 'n tombac a daor
Punnd air a h-uile gini

[an dàrna car]
Gini air a h-uile punnd
Punnd air a h-uile gin
Gini air a h-uile punnd
Punnd air a h-uile gini

Oh, the tobacco is expensive
Oh, the tobacco is dry
Oh, the tobacco is expensive
A pound for every guinea

A guinea for every pound
A pound for every guinea
A guinea for every pound
A pound for every guinea ☺

Notation for the *The Sound of Mull Reel* can be found in the *Atholl Collection* on page 45. This volume is part of the *Joe MacLean Collection of Scottish and Cape Breton Music* which is housed at the Highland Village. Gaelic transcribed and translated by Seumas Watson.

Mar Chumimhneachan - Dedication

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



Mairi ni 'n Streabhain
Dunn

Marie "Archie" MacLean, a fluent Gaelic speaker, worked in the Highland Village Gift Shop for 12 years retiring in 1994. She was also a mentor for Gaelic learners.



Eilidh bean Ruairidh Iain
Dhòmhnaill

Helen "Roddie John Dan" MacNeil, was a long-time Highland Village volunteer and co-founder of the Highland Village Pipe Band which was active in the 1970's.

Seinn fo Sgàil nan Geugan Uaine - Songs from the Greenwood

SEANN ÒRAN SEILGE



Peadar mac Jack Pheadair 'ic Caluim Ghobha

Whether a song made in Nova Scotia, or one of Old Country origins, the Gaels' relationship with the environment is a prominent element in their poetical tradition. Hunting was an esteemed past time among men and much associated with the pursuits of those having elevated social status. The symbolic importance of hunting is referenced in both story and song, often with the gun given a special designation, making it a close partner to the enterprise. The outdoors, particularly dramatic vistas framed in the mountains, glens and upland meadows of the Scottish Highlands, still inspire the contemporary song-maker. Such songs have been appreciated in Nova Scotia from the time of early settlement to the present.

The hunting song reported here, as sung by the late Peter MacLean (Peadar mac Jack Pheadair 'ic Caluim Ghobha) of Rear Christmas Island, is based on a setting found in *An t-Òranaiche* (see page 395, Matheson edition).

For an air and similar setting, see Norman MacLean (Tormad Pheadair Ruaraidh Ghilleasbuig) of Rear Ottawa Brook. <http://gaelstream.stfx.ca/greenstone/collect/capebret/index/assoc/HASH01b0/255cb4b1.dir/GF307i04.mp3>

Seann Òran Seilge

Fonn:

Seinn iuro bhinn o hò
Chall éile hò rò hò
Seinn iuro bhinn ò hò
Éile hò rò hò

1. Ach a Thòmais 'ic Uilleim
Bu tu companach munaidh
Anns na coilltichean urrad
Fhuair thu urram na seilge

(Thomas son of William you were a companion
on the moors. You were esteemed for hunting
in those (yonder?) forests).

2. Gura buidheach mi m' chéile
Thug' an gunn' á Dun Éideann
Dhomh-sa b' aithne do bheusan
'S cha bu léir dhomh do ghiamh

(I am grateful to my partner, the gun brought
from Edinburgh. I was familiar with your qual-
ities and couldn't see any fault).

3. 'S toigh leam àiridh nam badan
Far am b' éibhinn leam cadal
'S am biodh fasgadh ri gaillion
Aig aighean 's aig laogh

(I like the high ground groves where I enjoyed
sleeping. Where cows and calves got shelter
from the storm).

4. Agus frith nan damh donna
'S nan ceannardan troma
Leam bu mhiann dol 'nan coinneamh
Nuair a chromadh a' ghrian

(I like the pathway of brown and heavy antlered
stags. My wish was to meet them as the sun
went down).

5. Le chuilbhear caol cùbhraidh
Ann am achlais 'ga giùlan
Luaidh ghlas air a h-ùrlar
Bheir tuill ùr' air am bian

(With a slender barreled, fragrant gun under
my arm, containing grey lead that will make

new rents on their hides).

6. Spor thana, gheur dhùbh-gorm
'N déidh a glasadh 's a' dlùthadh
Chuireadh sradaid ri fùdar
Nuair a lùbainn mo mheur

(A thin, sharp, black and blue flint secured and
ready that would spark the powder when I
would bend my finger).

7. Mharbhainn dràchd agus lacha
Agus tàrmachan creachainn
'S earbag riabhach nam badan
Théid ro' 'n mhadainn 'na fiamh

(I would kill the drake and the duck, the ptarmi-
gan in the rocks and the speckled doe that
travels ghostly in the morning).

Recorded by Shamus Y. MacDonald for the
Highland Village Nòs is Fonn archival project.
Transcription and translation by Seumas
Watson. Photo from the Cainnt mo Mhàthar
Collection by Ryan MacDonald.

Highland Village Online Gaelic Resources



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CRAOBH A' MHATHAIN - EÒSAG NIC AN T-SAOIR THE BEAR TREE: JOANNE MACINTYRE

A CD review by Seumas Watson

Gaelic singing in Cape Breton is, for the most part, a social medium: something people do when gathered about, sitting in the house, the car, by the shore and so on. Sometimes people sing when no one else is in earshot, just to pass the time. There are stage performances, whether for purposes of tokenism at functions, or entertainment for seat buyers, of whom few are able to go beyond enjoyment of melodies and performance style, a phenomenon that perhaps hints at the continuing appeal of Gaelic song. Still, the real foundations of traditional Gaelic singing are most evident when people are engaged in exchanging songs, unencumbered by instrumentation, musical arrangements and performance standards exterior to the function intended for their composition.

Craobh a' Mhathain takes us directly to a rare glimpse of the Gaelic song world's natural environment. Its initial cut sets the communal tone with a field recording of Katie Margaret Gillis (*Ceataidh Peigi n'in Aonghais Dhòmhnaill*) - paternal aunt of *Eòsag Nic an t-Saoir*, giving the immigrant story of Rankin family antecedent John the General. Told in her native Cape Breton Lochaber Gaelic, his story has it that he was attacked by a sow bear while herding cows in what is now called Mabou Coal Mines. Having managed a difficult escape from his perch on a tree branch, he subsequently died from wounds inflicted by the bear's claws. The tree John the General climbed while fleeing the bear remained as a neighbourhood place of play, with its special significance, into the time of the reciter's childhood. Though no longer standing, its association with a dramatic pioneer incident has become one of the great family legends of Gaelic Cape Breton's early years. (See *An Drochaid Eadarainn* for a setting as told by the late Angus Gillis / *Aonghas Eòghainn Aonghais*, husband of Katie Margaret.)

With a note of authenticity struck, the tracks begin. There are eleven in all, mostly rendered acapella with occasional unobtrusive support from Gaelic-speaking piper Kenneth MacKenzie (*Coinneach Raghnail*), also reared in Mabou Coal Mines. Song choices reflect the Gaelic tastes of Inverness County with an eclectic mix of anonymous selections including *'S ann Di Luain Ghabh i 'n Cuan, Nach Muladach Duine Leis Fhéin* and choices of local compositions such as *Moladh Mhàbu*, (*rinneadh le Alasdair a' Ruidse*), and *Òran nan Dòmhnallach as Eilean*



a' Phrionnsa (Rinneadh le Mairi Thearlaich, Nic a' Phearsain). A gem among local compositions is *Marbhrann dha Athair*, an eight-line song composed by Alexander MacDonald (*Alasdair mac Dhòmhnaill 'ic Alastair*) upon the occasion of his blind father's death while outside in a storm.

Most of the songs are distinguished by the rhythmic swing that characterizes social singing in Nova Scotia and provides Gaelic learners with insights on how to sit and sing in the company of others. Among Bear Tree's traditional songs, a setting of *Có sheinn an Fhìdeag Airgid*, a '45 song, is of interest in its style of presentation, demonstrating the utility of such compositions for group participation in their singing.

(http://gaelstream.stfx.ca/greenstone/collect/cap/bret/index/assoc/HASH0179/0d935243.dir/GF182i05_183i01.mp3)

Along with other sources, *Craobh a' Mhathain* has made good use of archived sound recordings, in particular *Sruth nan Gàidheal*, containing a trove of original tradition bearers, whose voices contribute so much to contemporary virtual transmission. Liner notes, with a substantial contribution of transcriptions and translations from Effie Rankin, inform on the songs attendant stories, composers, other singers of them and sources for the songs in print and online. For those who are interested in the background to, or learning songs from, *Craobh a' Mhathain*, the accompanying notes make good *seachas* for *céilidh* house discussion by comprehending audiences, as was always the case.

Eòsag Nic an t-Saoir has given us a solid account of her own talents, along with a genuine presentation of Cape Breton's Gaelic song style. Another important CD

publication, *Gaelic Songs from the Bu Chaoin Leam Bhith 'N Uibhist - North Uist Tradition*, just brought out by Margaret Callain, author of *Air Bilean an t-Sluaigh*, from the archives of the School of Scottish Studies, gives us a chance to compare some aspects of the Cape Breton tradition with its Hebridean cousin. With twenty eight tracks, *Gaelic Songs from North Uist* offers eclectic selections from the islands composed and anonymous tradition, perhaps with a slight preference for locally made songs, delivered by a variety of local singers. Both CDs share in common the aesthetic for socially-based expression at the community level, with no design on recontextualizing for the concert stage.

It is clear from liner note credits that production of *Craobh a' Mhathain* has been a family affair, immediate and extended. Recorded on location in Cape Breton, at Highland Village in Iona and Lakewood Sound Studio, Point Aconi, its choral supported songs have drawn on *Eòsag's* children, siblings, friends, neighbours and supporters; a meaningful prompt for Gaelic Nova Scotia's cultural restoration initiatives from the days when song was king. ☺

*Bithibh eutrom is togaibh fonn
Cridheal, sunndach gun bhi trom
Òl deoch slainte na bheil thall
Ann an tìr nam beann 's na gleannan*

*Be light of heart and raise a chorus
Merry, spirited and carefree
Throw back a toast to those who are yonder
In the land of mountains and glens*

*Nuair a thèid an comunn cruinn
Bidh iad sìobhalta le loinn
Cliùteach, ciallach, fialaidh, grunn
Bheir iad caoimhneas do dh'fhear aineoil
-Bàrd Abhainn Bhàrnaidh*

*When the goodly company gathers about
Their civility is marked by grace
Acclaimed, discerning, hospitable and well
appointed
The stranger will be treated warm heartedly
-John MacMacLean,
Barney's River*

Job math Eòsag!

*Seumas Watson is the Highland Village's
Manager of Interpretation.*

BU CHAOIN LEAM BHITH 'N UIBHIST - GAELIC SONGS FROM THE NORTH UIST - EDITED BY MARGARET CALLAN

A review CD by Dr. John Shaw



From at least the end of the 19th century - a few generations after the Gaelic communities were established in Cape Breton - the performance of Gaelic singing in Scotland has existed on two planes which have only infrequently interacted. The first is the formal style of Mod singing competitions, Gaelic choirs, media performances and frequent local concerts employing a stage with separation between performer and audience, and formal or ceremonial dress for performers. When introduced to this variety of tradition, I can clearly remember the sense of sheer incongruity experienced as a North American during a visit to the outer Hebrides in the early 1960s, when at the conclusion of a memorable community concert conducted entirely in Gaelic, the audience to a man rose, sang 'God Save the Queen', and promptly left for home. The other, less formal, plane has a much longer history and will be more familiar to Cape Bretoners. The setting is the daily life in the communities, where performer and audience, physically and socially were closely associated and often of the same family. Such performances took place in the spaces where people lived and worked, wearing their everyday clothes, and were understood as an integral part of life. Extensive collecting of this 'central' aspect of Gaelic song was carried out in North Uist communities in the form of fieldwork recording by the staff of the School of Scottish Studies during the third quarter of 20th century. A good proportion of fieldworkers and performers such as the late Donald Archie MacDonald, Dr. John MacInnes, Rev. William Matheson, Angus John MacDonald and Fred MacAulay were Gaels with close connections to the island and a clear understanding of what was being recorded. Since

the days of the famous Gaelic field collectors John Francis Campbell and Alexander Carmichael from the mid-to-late 1800s, North Uist traditions have been overshadowed, justifiably or not, by those of the neighbouring island South Uist. Yet the catalogs of the sound archive of the School reveal that the number of recordings from the northern island is 90% of what has been recorded in its better-known neighbour.

By concentrating on the song of this one island in its variety and richness, the present compilation, in addition to being a valuable contribution on its own, succeeds in a complete and informative way in righting the historical imbalance. It is a pity that more of the contributors are not with us today to see the results. The 28 tracks cover a range of song from the interior life of the community expressed in humorous songs and satire, to the more pan-Gaelic love and homeland songs, performed from fireside to concert stage. In addition, song genres include waulking songs, *puirt-à-beul*, *canntaireachd*, satires, milking songs, cradle songs, local compositions and spiritual verse. The editor's choice from among the more than 500 recorded North Uist items in the School archive, I suspect, has been motivated by more than just a historical representation. For the Gaelic singer, all of the songs are worth learning and many should be included in the wider performance repertoire for Scotland. The homeland songs, for example, may seem to be highly regional through the references to place names, yet contain a deeply felt concept of locality with its associations and dedicated language that are universally Gaelic and readily understood by audiences. Likewise the satires, with the universality of their humor are also valuable for their deft and idiomatic use of language: an effective antidote to language impoverishment. Although the recordings drawn on are at least a half-century old - one or two of them recorded by Dr. John MacInnes as early as 1950 - the sound quality is to the same high standard evidenced in earlier recordings from the Tradition Series. Song texts, translation and notes are provided in the accompanying booklet, along with photos of many of the singers. The scholarly work is commendably accurate, with care taken to indicate departures in the transcribed texts from published versions, or from common grammatical usage. The notes for each song are helpful in throwing light on the meaning of the verses, and booklet concludes with a list of essential works on Gaelic song for additional read-

ing, as well as information for those wishing to pursue Gaelic song further through the School Scottish Studies.

The opening track, fittingly enough, is a homeland song from Hugh Matheson 'Uisdean Sheumais Bhàin', whose outstanding singing was featured in an earlier number of the series (Vol. 2 *Music From The Western Isles*) originally released in the early 1970s. It is a fine example of the power of Gaelic acappella singing, however effortless it may appear; those in Cape Breton familiar with their own traditions will understand the directness and immediacy in the singer's delivery. The Rev. William Matheson, originally of Malaglate and one of the foremost scholars of Gaelic song from the last century, provides a song from the island's seal lore; a humorous song concerning a rat (*Òran an Radain*) recalls satires on rats that have appeared in Gaelic repertoires on both sides of the Atlantic. Further exceptional performances are those by Mrs. Helen Morrison 'Eilidh Sheonaidh mhic Alasdair (bean Eòghainn Fhionnlaigh)' with the skillful use of ornamentation of the World War I song *An Eala Bhàn*, and by Ronald John McDonald 'Raghnall Iain Eòghainn Dhòmhnaill' of a local song composed by Angus McLellan of Tigharry, an important reciter of *sgeulachdan* (traditional tales) for field collectors. This last song provides an effective illustration, almost on a visceral level, of the importance of participation by those present by joining in the chorus. In one form or another, Cape Bretoners will recognize a good number of the songs. Both of the waulking songs, *Hé Mo Leannan*, *Hó Mo Leannan*; *An Cuala Sibh Mar dh'Érich Dhomhsa* have been recorded there along with the milking/cradle song *Tha bò dhubh agam*; likewise the more widely popular standbys *Guma slàn don ribhinn òig*, *Hóro leannain an cluinn thu*, *Thug mi 'n oidhche raoir 'san àirigh*, *A Mhàiri bhòidheach*, sung here in a style that clearly indicates the singers' awareness of content in the verses.

Bu Chaoin Leam Bhith 'n Uibhist makes more widely accessible the techniques and materials of a remarkable island singing tradition. It also complements *Air Bilean an t-Sluaigh* (Cló Ollsgoil na Banríona, 2012), Margaret Callan's innovative and insightful study of North Uist traditional singing. For its repertoire, information, and sheer enjoyment of listening it will be a welcome addition to the world of Gaelic song. ☺

Dr. John Shaw, Honorary Fellow, School of Scottish Studies, University of Edinburgh.



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Tapadh Leibh-se Gu Mór

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Congratulations

-To Sadie MacDonald, HV visitor centre clerk on the arrival of her first grandchild - Calder John.

-Highland Village is pleased to congratulate Rob Dunbar on his recent University of Edinburgh appointment to the Chair of Celtic Languages, Literature, History and Antiquities. Dr. Dunbar has familial roots in Cape Breton and has been a long time advocate for Gaelic Nova Scotia.

Best Wishes

We extend best wishes to: Jim Watson, Manager of Interpretation; David MacKenzie, Groundskeeper, and Hector MacNeil, board member. We wish them all speedy recoveries.

Sympathies

We extend our sympathies to the families of: Marge Gillis, Jamesville (grandmother of HV staffer Colette Thomas); Marie MacLean of Washabuck (retired HV staff); and Helen MacNeil, Barra Glen (leader of the former HV Pipe Band, wife of past HV President and long time volunteer Rod C. MacNeil, and mother of HV maintenance staffer Tim MacNeil). As well, Donnie Matheson, who moved the Malagawatch church up the hill. Our hearts go out to all their families and friends for their loss.

*Donations received February 2013 to January 2014.



Summer students Marc Campbell, Caitlin Bennett, Rachael MacNeil, Matthew Moore

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into the Highlands has a long history, over 1,000 years. Modern research has shown that many of the surviving plaids of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were dyed with cochineal reds, weld or old fustic for yellows, and indigo for blues and greens.

The romantic image of the kilted Highlander was initiated late in the sixteenth century. As Hugh Cheape states in *Tartan: The Highland Habit*, "By 1600 the dress of all men in the Highlands was seen by outsiders as a sort of exotic uniform in which tartan was the most distinctive element." At this time there was an opening up of the Highlands to more worldly influences. This was due to, not only the development of a cattle trade with the outside world, but also the beginnings of a period in all of Europe of increased interactions in trade, politics and religion. But the Highlands still remained a mystery to most of the world, including the Scottish Lowlanders into the eighteenth century. A curiosity by an outside audience which was by now much more literate, made the

writings of Highland observers even more popular. This would eventually pave the way for the immense success of the novels of Sir Walter Scott.

There is no real mention, however, throughout all the early years of observation, of a 'clan' tartan. The most often quoted account that might support such a claim is from Martin Martin, a native of Skye and factor to the Laird of MacLeod, who traveled throughout the Western Isles in the 1690's: "The Plad wore only by the men, is made of fine wool, the thread as fine as can be made of that kind; it consists of divers colours and there is a great deal of ingenuity requir'd in sorting the colours, so as to be agreeable to the nicest fancy. For this reason the women are at great pains, first to give an exact pattern of the plade upon a piece of wood, having the number of every thread of the stripe on it..."

Patterns for individual plaids were thought to have been preserved on pattern sticks, where the warp colours were wound in the order in which the pattern was repeated on the loom. Because there have never been any pattern sticks actually discovered, another theory is that Martin is

simply describing the common practice of the day of women transferring their measured homespun warp threads onto a large stick in a figure-eight pattern to preserve the order of the threads while transferring them to the local weaver to be woven.

Martin continues, "Every Isle differs from each other in their fancy of making plaids, as to the stripes in breadth and colours. This humour is as different thro' the main land of the Highlands in so far that they who have seen those places is able, at the first view of a Man's Plaid to guess the place of his residence." While this is sometimes referred to as proof of a standardized method of tartans being associated with certain families, most historians believe that he is merely stating that there is a preference for certain designs and colours by residents and weavers in different areas, not necessarily family members. ☺

Part two will appear in the next issue of An Rubha. Vicki Quimby is the textile consultant and animator at the Highland Village. Dèantle le làimh is a regular feature of An Rubha. Photo: Highland Folk Ways, I.F. Grant. pg. 320



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*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: _____

Fags/Fax: _____ Post-d/Email: _____

Check type: General Membership Individual Family Membership Plus: Individual Family

Return to: Highland Village, 4119 Hwy. 223, Iona, NS B2C 1A1 | Fax: 902-725-2227 | E: highlandvillage@gov.ns.ca
Eachdraid, Cànan, Nòs is Dualchas - History Language, Tradition and Heritage



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 Canada Helps.



www.treasuresofyouth.ca

In partnership with the Community Foundation of Nova Scotia.



COMMUNITY FOUNDATION
OF NOVA SCOTIA



AN Rubha

The Highland Village Gaelic Folklife Magazine

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