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A Gaelic Story by Archibald J. MacKenzie Bodaich Rolaisteach Gleann Na Suidheag Nuair a fhuair mi churachd seachad, na caoirich air an rusgadh, an spreidh air an cuir am fearachas, agus deise us boineid ur a cheannach do Sheonaid; thuirt mi rium fhein, "A bhodaich ma tha thu glic, 'se so an t-am airson na raimh a tharruinn a stigh agus cead iarraidh air Seonaid gu dol latha no dha air cheilidh do Ghleann Na Suidheag." Bha fios agam nach bu mhisde mo chas beagan do bhial briagha a thoirt dhi an toiseach. 'S ann air a shon fhein a ni an cat an cronan, agus thuirt mi: "A Sheonaid a ghraidh, nach cuir thu ort an deise ur 'sa bhonaid a fhuair mi dhuit feuch am faic mi de cho boidheach sa sheal- las tu leotha." "Ni mi sin," ars' ise. Ann an tiota bha i na culaidh agus gu firin- neach, ged 's mi fhin a tha ga radh, bha i sealltainn eireachdail. "Nach mi bhios leo- mach nuair a sheasas tu ri'm ghuallain 'san eaglais Di-domhnuich. Cha bhi te eile cho dreachmhor ruit ann. Tha thu cheart cho eireachdail an diugh sa bha thu an la? tha phos sin. Nach i Mairi an Dosain fhein an deagh bhan-taillear? Sin agad a nisd deise, 's cha ne na feilean beaga a chi thu air nigheanan an latha an diugh. Gu meal 's gu'n caith thu i. Gu dearbh 's mi a fhuair an deagh bhargain an latha a fhuair mi thu air da dhollar." "De tha thu ciallachadh?" ars' ise. "Tha gu'm be da dhollar a thug mi da'n t-sagart choir a phos sinn." "Stad ort," ars' ise, "cha robh sin cho math ris an bhargain a rinn mise nuair a fhuair mi an duine 's coire agus a's fhearr anns an duthaich a'n as- gaidh." "Fuirich samhach a Sheonaid, ma chluinneas Murchadh Boisgeil sin gheibh e bas leis an tamailt. Tha e tinn gu leoir on latha phos sin. Ach am bheil fios agad a Sheonaid, gu'm bu toigh leam latha no dha fhaighinn dhomh fhin go dol a cheilidh air mo luchd eolais am Baile na Suidheag. "De do bharail, an rachadh agad fhein agus na balaich air gach ni a chumail air doigh fhad 's a bhithinn air falbh?" "An ann a dol a choimhead do sheann lean- nan Mor nan Gag a tha thu? Chuala mi thu an de a toirt smuid air seinn a phuirt aice, 'So am baile 's a bheil a bhoile 's na fir an deaghaidh Mor nan Gag.' Ma 's ann cuiridh mise fios air Gille na Mogan tighinn 'nad aite fhad sa bhios tu air falbh. Faodadh tu falbh amaireach a ghraidh agus cha churam dhuinn go'n till thu." (Dh'fhag mi a' seinn air mo rathad:) Moch sa mhaduinn rinn mi gluasad, 'S thilg mi an t-seachaid air mo ghuallain. Thilg mi an t-seachaid air mo ghuallain, 'S thug mi bata do fhiodh cruaidh leam. Thug mi bata do fhiodh cruaidh leam, 'S a righ bu sgairteil bha mo ghluasad. The Yarning Old Men of Strawberry Glen As soon as I had finished the sowing, sheared the sheep, put the cattle out to pasture, and bought a new suit and hat for Jessie, I said to myself, "Old man, if you are wise this is the day to pull in the oars and ask Jessie's (Seonaid) permission to go for a day or two to visit the Glen of the Strawberries." I knew well that it would do no harm to speak sweetly to her before raising the matter, as it's for his own ends that the cat purrs. I said, "Jes? sie, my darling, won't you put on the new dress and hat which I bought for you, so that I can see how beautiful you look in them?" "I'll do that," she said. In a mom? ent she was dressed, and, truth to tell, though I say it myself, she looked elegant. "Won't I be proud when you stand at my shoulder



in Church on Sunday. There will not be another there as beautiful as you. You are just as elegant today as you were on the day we married. Is not Mairi an Dos? ain the fine tailor-woman? That, now, is a suit, rather than the short dresses you see on today's girls. May you enjoy and wear it! Indeed, it was I who got the bar? gain the day I got you for two dollars." "What do you mean?" she asked, "I mean that it was two dollars i gave the kind priest who married us." "Take it easy," she said, "that was not as good as the bar? gain I struck the day I got the best and the kindest man in the district free of charge," "Stay silent, Jessie, if Murchadh Boisgeil hears that he'll die of humilia? tion. He has been sick enough since the day we married. But do you know, Jessie, that I would like to get a day or two for myself to go to visit my acquaintances in the Glen of the Strawberries, "What do you think? Do you suppose you and the boys could keep everything going while I would be away?" "Is it to visit your nan Gag that you are yesterday, heartily 'This is the town in sion and the men aft' is, I will send word to come and replace You can go tomorrow, will have no worries old sweetheart Mor going? I heard you singing her tune, which there is pas- er Mor nan Gag,' If it to the boys of Mogan you while you are away, my darling, and we until you return." (I left, singing on my way:) Early one morning I set out Throwing my jacket on my shoulder Throwing my jacket on my shoulder And taking with me a hard-wood cane. Taking with me a hard-wood cane. And, King, how vigorous was my movement. King, how vigorous was my movement With each step the pace quickening.

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