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leim a mhuc mhor a bha air chall orm fad an t-samhraidh agus dusan do uirceanan a mach as a thaobh. Sin agaibh far an robh am buntata." "Tha iad ag radh gu'n robh coille uamha- sach mor air an aite agaibhse, Sheiimais." "Bha sin air a charaid, mar a theid agam air a dhearbhadh dhutsa. 'Smath mo chuimh- ne air aon chraobh a bh'ann. Thug mi-fhin agus an Griasaiche tri latha gu gearradh mu'n do thuit i, agus nuair a bhuail i an talamh, chrith e cho mor agus gu'n do bhrist a h-uile uinneag a bh an tighean a ghlinne. Dh'fhalbh pios mor do bheinn Cobh Nan Piopairean a mach da'n mhuir, agus thuit Bean Dhomhnuil Shaoir a mach as an leaba urlair anns an robh i na sineadh." "Nach bu mhath an t-each a thameadh i," arsa Domhnull Sunndach. "Bha each aig m'athair-sa thaimeadh i gu ealamh," arsa Ruairidh Dubh, "agus chunnaic mis'e dean- amh gnìomh fada bu duillighe. Bha an t-ait aig m'athair air taobh sliabh suas on chu- an. Latha bha sid, bha mi-fhin agus m'ath? air a treabhadh leis an each mhor suas on chladach, Mu leth mile a mach on chladach bha tanalach air nach robh a bheag do uis- ge. Chunnaic sinn long mhor a ruith ro'n t-soirbheas agus a stuireadh dìreach air an tanalach. 'Co an t-amadan a tha na cheannard air a'n iuraich iad?' arsa m'ath? air. 'Tha e dol gu cuir ann an leaba as nach toir esan i.' Mar a thuirt b'fhior. Ghabh a long suas air an tanalach 's cha mhor nach do bhrist na cruinn dhi. Leag i- ad no siuil 's dh'fhiach iad gach inn- leachd a bha na'n comas gus a toirt :fer na tanalach ach cha ghluaiseadh a'n iurach. "Thainig an Caiphtein go tir far an robh sinn agus bha e ann an staid thruagh, an sileadh na'n diar mu'n chall a thainig air. Dh'fharraid m'athair dheth co as an robh e agus thuirt e gu'n robh e a Sasunn. 'Dh'aithnich mi sin,' arsa m'athair. 'Nam bu Ghaidheal thusa cha toireadh tu suas an cas gus a fartlicheadh e ort seachd tur- uis. Ach am bheil capall laidir fada agad air bord?' 'Tha,' ars easan. 'Bi falbh ma- ta,' arsa m'athair, 'agus faigh e deiseil. Theid mise a mach as do dheidh agus chi sinn de theid againn air a dheanamh.' "Dh'fhuasgail e an t-each on chrann-trea- bha, cheangal e na treasachan ris na clar- agan, leum e air druim a'n eich 's a mach a ghabh iad air an t-snamh gu'n long. Bha e muigh troimh an Chaiphtein; agus nuair fhuair e ceann a chapall cheangail e ris an amull e, agus thug e aghaidh an eich a mach da'n chuan. Chuir e na spuirean na thaobh, 's a mach a ghabh an t-each leis an luing gus na dh'fhag e i air uisge sabhailte. Sin agaibh a nisd each a bha laidir," arsa Ruairidh Dubh. This story, by the late Archibald J. MacKenzie of Rear Christmas Island (Gilleasbuig MacCoinnich, nach maireann, Cul Eilein Nollaig), is published with permission of his son, Archibald A. MacKenzie. The photo is from Allister MacGillivray's *The Cape Breton Fiddler*, available from the University College of Cape Breton Press. While this is not a traditional Gaelic tale, it contains several elements which indicate the strong influence of tradition. And when it hit the ground, it shook so much that it broke every window in the houses in the glen. A large part of Piper's Cove Mountain went out to sea, and Domhnall Saor's wife fell out of the floor bed on which she was lying." "Wouldn't it be a good horse that would pull her," said Domhnull Sunndach. "My father had a horse



that would pull her wonderfully," said Ruairidh Dubh, "and I saw it performing an act much more difficult. My father's place was on the side of a mountain rising up from the ocean. One day, my father and I were ploughing with the big horse above the shore. About half a mile out from the shore there was a stretch of shallow water. We saw a large ship sailing directly for the shallow water. 'Who is the fool who is in charge of that vessel?' asked my father. 'He is going to put her in a bed out of which he will not be able to take her.' As said, it happened. The ship sailed up the shallow and the mast almost broke off her. They lowered the sails and tried every device in their power to move her but the vessel would not move. "The Captain came ashore where we were but he was in a poor state, and weeping about the loss that had stricken him. My father asked him where he was from and he replied that he was from England. 'I knew that,' said my father. 'If you were a Highlander you would not give up the fight until you had failed seven times. But do you have a long, strong cable on board?' 'I do have,' he replied. 'Be off with you, then,' said my father, 'and prepare it. I will go out after you and we'll see what we can do.' "He opened the horse from the plough, tied the tresses to the frame, jumped on top of the horse and out they went, swimming to the vessel. He was out before the Captain and when he got the end of the cable, he tied it to the yoke and directed the horse's head out to sea. He put the spurs in his side and the horse took off with the vessel until he had reached safe water. That, now, was a horse that was strong," said Ruairidh Dubh. Archibald J. MacKenzie is the author of the History of Christmas Island Parish (1924), of which an updated edition is expected soon. The text came from Beaton Institute, U.C.C.B. The English translation is by Norman MacDonald, Sydney, a native of Skye now living in Cape Breton. (53)