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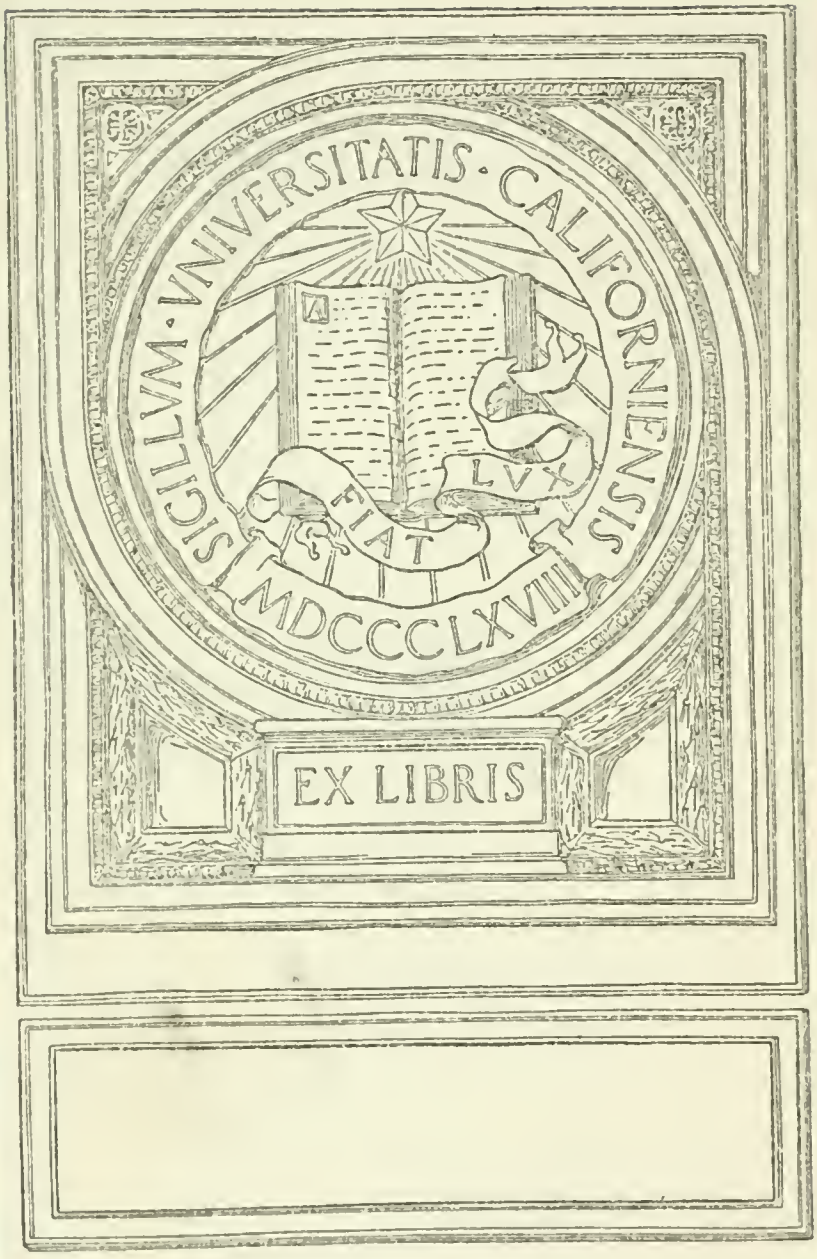
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MacTERNAN PRIZE ESSAYS,

No. I.

prós Gaedealac.

IRISH PROSE,

BY

REV. PATRICK S. DINNEEN,

PUBLISHED FOR

The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language.

DUBLIN:

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1902.

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MacTernan Prize Essays, No. 1.

TRÁCTAMA
AR SON DUAISE MIC TIGEARNÁIN—I.

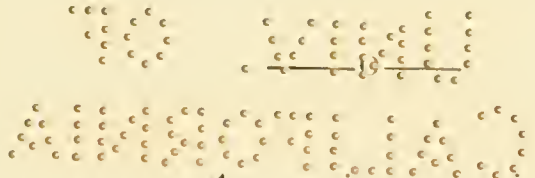
PRÓS GAEDEALAC.

Tráct i nGaeoilg, maille le n-a airtriugad
i mBéarla, agus foclóir.

leis an

Athair Pádraig Ua Duinnín.

Ughdar "Coimaic Ui Conaill," "Cille hÁirne," 7c.



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Cumann buan-coimeádta na Gaeoilge.

i mBaile-Átha-cliath:
le
M. H. Gill 7 a Mac, i sráid Ui Conaill.
1902.

MacTernan Prize Essays—I.

IRISH PROSE,

AN ESSAY IN IRISH WITH TRANSLATION IN ENGLISH AND A VOCABULARY,

BY

REV. PATRICK DINNEEN,

Author of "CORMAC O'CONNELL," "KILLARNEY," &c.

PUBLISHED FOR THE

SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

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PREFACE.

THE following Essay on "Irish Prose" owes its existence to the generosity of Very Rev. Fr. Stephen MacTernan, P.P., who placed a hundred pounds in the hands of the Council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, with a view to procuring two essays in Irish, dealing with the entire field of Irish literature. The vastness of the subject chosen, and the limitation as to the length of the Essay, made the task one of great difficulty. An adequate treatment of early Irish prose literature alone would require several volumes. A difficulty, too, which at first sight seemed insurmountable, arose from the entire absence in modern Irish of the technical terms which are the ordinary stock in trade of the literary historian and critic. But a beginning must be made in this direction, and aesthetic criticism must be cultivated in Irish, if that language is to make good its claim to be heard as a living speech amid the babel of European tongues. Indeed, there is no greater want at the present moment to the student of Irish, than a sound, sympathetic, literary appreciation of Irish literature, whether ancient or modern. No literature with which I am acquainted requires more exceptional treatment or more careful handling than

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ours. Ancient Irish literature stands alone, at once the relic and record of a distinct, unique and isolated civilization. It would be uncritical to judge "The Bruidhen Da Derga," for instance, as one might judge the Æneid. It bears, indeed, marks of distinct kinship with the Plays of Æschylus; but it is far less important to dwell on its remote resemblances to the great classic masterpieces, than to study carefully and sympathetically the work itself. Modern Irish literature, both prose and verse is unique and isolated, and refuses to reveal its beauties to those who approach it with minds set in fixed grooves by the reading of modern European writers, and with a stock of conventional phrases drawn from manuals of literature.

A distinct and isolated literature connotes a distinct and isolated civilization, and a distinct and isolated race. We cannot study the characteristics of a race or civilization if we come to their literary monuments with a stock of pre-conceived conventionalities. Our literature must be taken as a whole, we must study its rise, development and decline. We must trace the marks of unmistakable indentity that it reveals at different periods, we must study it in the concrete, as it is the direct outcome of periods of peaceful prosperity or of religious enthusiasm, or again, of a national cataclysm of unexampled violence. Whether Irish literature, taken as a whole, is inferior, say, to German or Spanish literature taken as a whole, is a question that may interest the literary theorist, but it is a question, that to

my thinking is far less important than this: what are the distinct features of Irish literature? What does it tell us of the historic mind of our race? What message does it bear us across centuries of political turmoil, of religious zeal, of fire and blood? It is the voice of vanished generations of our forefathers. It has its faults and weaknesses, no doubt, but a critical study of it will reveal rare beauties of style and language, and a genuine, enthusiastic, overflowing, human sympathy, which, if carefully fostered, is calculated to act on the present generation as a refreshing breeze from the bosom of the west.

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—o—

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—

Na Sean-Úir-Sgéalta i Scoitchiann.

Ciallruigeann prós, nó caint sguirte, i Scoitchiann, gach aon tragar sgríbinne ná fuil i meadar. Do réir na bríog seo áirmhigtear oibreacha seanchar, geinealach, agus úrlabhra coitchian na ndaoinead i measg oibreach prós. Ach tá brígh eile leis an bhocal ná tógann an mhéid sin air sad isteach. Ciallruigeann sé sgríbinn nó oráid ceapruighte le gliocas litrigeachta is ná fuil fuinte i meadar; agus do réir na bríog sain, ní áirmhigtear oibreacha thráchtar air na réilteannaib, nó air algebra, i measg oibreach prós.

Is léir gur féidir d'obair prós beith fuinte le gliocas mór litrigeachta, agus is deimhin ná fuil ó n-a lán díob ach meadar chum beith 'n-a laoidhib. Ins na haltaib seo leanas thráchtfaimíd, an chuid is mó, air an bhrós litrigeachta.

Is ró-dheacair an obair thrácht air prós Gaedhealach, óir is ró-dheacair teacht air an mhéid atá le fagháil de. Tá an chuid is mó do sgríbinnib Gaedhealach gan cur i gcloid fós. Tá siad sgaiptighte ins na leabhailannaib

IRISH PROSE.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD ROMANCES IN GENERAL.

Prose, or "unbound" language, signifies in general every kind of writing that is not in metre. According to this signification, works of history and genealogy, and the common speech of the people are reckoned as prose. But there is another signification of the word that does not extend it to all these. It signifies writing or discourse conceived with literary skill, and which is not composed in metre; and according to this meaning, works treating of the stars, or of algebra, are not reckoned amongst prose works.

It is plain that a prose work may be composed with high literary skill, and, indeed, several such works only want metre to make them poems. In these chapters we shall treat chiefly of literary prose.

It is very difficult to treat of Irish prose, as it is no easy matter to reach what is extant of it. The greater part of Irish writings is yet unpublished. They are scattered throughout the great libraries of Europe, and

mórla ar fuaid na h-Eorpa, agus tá úrmóir dá brúil i gcloid díob i n-ifrleabraib ná bíonn a dtairteal ar na daoinib i gcoitcíann, act amáin ar an aor foglumta. Ní hé sin amáin, act tá an prióir litrigeacta ceilte, foluigte ins na leabraib lám-sgríobta féin, i dteid gur deacair iad do folátail, an fad atá cloimicide geimealaig, is a leitéidide ins gach aon ball. Is fíor, leis, gur tug na scoláirde Gaedealaca a bprríom-aisde do'n prióir do ciaob-sgaoilfead na cruad-focail Gaedealaca atá le fagbáil ins na sean-leabraib, nó do tabairfad eolas dúinn ar nósaib ar sinsear, nó do réitéodach gach cruaid-ceist dár seanchas, nó do tabairfad cunntas cinnte ar sean-liosaib is ar sean-fotsiachaib na tíre, is gur séanadar na húis-sgéalta, na táinide is gach triáct eile a bí sunnte le gliocas litrigeacta. Uime sin adéarfaid an léigteoir neamtuigseanach, ar léigead na leabar sain, gur b'sin é an fagar litrigeacta bí ar fad agamn, agus ag bualad a láime ar an "Chronicum Scotórum," d'fiafróchad sé díot: "An é sin an fagar litrigeacta atá le tairbeánad i nGaedilg agaib? Má's é, ní fiu é d'foglum ná duad ar bit d'fagbáil uaid."

Tá prióir mar an "Chronicum Scotórum" ins gach aon teangain 'san Eorup, cid nach ceart prióir litrigeacta do glaodach air, taob le taob le sgéaltaib is stáitaib lán do bréagtacht is d'iomáigeacht, is cuirta le céile go bríoghmar, gasta, suaimeantamail. 'N-a teannta sin is mait an comhairle ar an litrigeacht go brúil cunntas

the greater part of those pieces that have been published is confined to magazines, not within the reach of the people in general, but only of the learned. Nay, further, the prose pieces of literary value are stowed away and concealed even in the manuscripts, so that it is difficult to find them, while chronicles and genealogies and the like are to be found everywhere. It is true, moreover, that Irish scholars gave their first attention to prose works that would serve to elucidate the difficult Irish words that are to be found in the old books, or that would throw light for us on the customs of our ancestors, or that would unravel the vexed problems of our history, or that would give an exact account of the ancient forts and ruins of the country, and that they avoided the romances, the accounts of cattle spoils and the other tracts that were composed with literary skill. For this reason the unskilled reader, on reading their works, would imagine that we had no other kind of literature but this, and he might ask you, placing his hand on "The Chronicum Scotorum," "Is this the only sort of literature that you have to show in Irish? If it be, then, it is not worth studying or being at all concerned about."

There is prose like "The Chronicum Scotorum," though we should not call it literary prose, in every language in Europe, side by side with tales and tracts full of beauty and imaginativeness, and composed with skill, force, and spirit. Besides, it is a good sign of our literature that we have an account of our ancestors as

ċoṁ cinnte aṗ aṗ ṡinṡeaṗaiḃ aġainn ṡ tá le léiġeaḋ ’ṡan “Ċṗonicum Scotóṗum,” ’ṡan “Leaḃaṗ Ġaḃála,” ṡ i n-a leiṫéiṙiḃ. Ḋeaṗḃaiḋ leaḃaṗ ṫá ṡaġaṗ ġo ṗaiḃ na ḋaoine ṫáiniġ ṗoṁainn cliṡte ċum ġaċ níṫ ḋo ḃain le n-a noúṫċaṗ ḋo ṡġṙíḃaḋ. Tuġaiḋ na leaḃaṗ ṡeo, leiṡ, a lán ṗeaṡa ḋúinn aṗ neiṫiḃ ḃaineaṗ le n-aṗ liṫṙiġeaċt, bíoḋ naċ liṫṙiġeaċt iaḋ ṗéin.

Aċt ní ṗáġann ṡam ġan liṫṙiġeaċt ṡinn, aġuṡ táiḋ ṡcoláiṙiḋe na hEoṙṗa anoiṡ aġ luaḋ aṗ ṡean-liṫṙiġeaċta, aġuṡ ’ġá ṗiáḋ ná ṗuil a leiṫéiḋ ḋá haoiṡ le ṗaġḃáil ’ṡan ḋoṁan.

Is miaṁ linn-ne, ’ṡan ṫṙliġiḋ aṫá ceaṗuiġṫe ḋúinn, ṫuaiṙiṡġ éiġin ḋo ṫaḃaiṙt aṗ an bṗṙóṡ Ġaeḋealaċ, aċt ní ṗéiḋiṙ ḋúinn é ġo léiṙ ḋo ṡġṙíḃaḋ, ṡ ḋá bṙíġ ṡin ní’l aġainn aċt ṗoillṡiuġaḋ éiġin ḋo ḋéanaṁ aṗ an ġcuiḋ ṡ ṗeáṙṙ ḋe, ṡ iaṙṙaiḋ aṗ an léiġṫeoiṙ é ḋo léiġeaḋ ḋó ṗéin.

Is iaḋ cáilṡe coiṫċianna an ṫṙean-ṗṙóiṙ Ġaeḋealaiġ ná neaṙt ṡ ṙaiḋḃṙeaċt íoṁáiġeaċta, ḋaṫaṁlaċt ṗoillṡiġṫe ṡ ceaṙtaċt ṙáiḋṫe. Tṙiáċtaiḋ a lán ḋáṙ ṡean-ṡġéalṫaiḃ aṗ neaṙt ḋṙaoiḋeaċta; maṙ ḋéanann an ḋṙaoiḋeaċt ḋéiṫe ḋo ḋaoiniḃ, ṡ cuiṙeann maiṙe ṡ ṗuiṁneaṁ ṡ óiġe aṗ ṡean-ḋaoiniḃ cṙíona, ṗoiṙḃṫe, ṗanna; maṙ ḋéanann ṙíoġ-ḃṙuġ aoliṁaṙ, ṗaṙṙiṅġ, ioḷḃiaḋaċ, i n-a mbíoḋ mná uaiṙle, ṡṙéiṙeaṁla aġ ól ṡ aġ aoiḃneaṙ i ṡeoṁṙaiḋiḃ aeṙeaċa, ḋo ḃoṫáiníṅ ḋoṙċa ḋeataiġ. Aċt ṡ ġeall le ḋṙaoiḋeaċt ṗéin maiṙe ṡ áiḷne na n-úṁṙ-ṡġéal ṡo i ṙaiḋḃṙeaċt, i mḃṁaṫṙaiḃ bṙíoġṁaṙa, ṡ i n-íoṁáiġeaċt. Aġ léiġeaḋ na n-éaċt

exact as that which may be read in "The Chronicum Scotorum," in "The Book of Invasions" and such like. Such books prove that the people who came before us were skilled in investigating all things relating to their country. Besides, these books though not themselves literature, give us much information pertaining to our literature.

But we are not, on that account, without a literature, and the scholars of Europe are at present drawing attention to our ancient literature, and proclaiming that, for the age in which it was written, it has no equal in the world.

We propose in the space assigned to us to give some account of Irish prose, but we cannot investigate the whole of it, and therefore, it only remains for us to give some description of the best portion of it, and to beg the reader peruse it for himself.

The common characteristics of early Irish prose are wealth of imagery, brilliancy of description and propriety of expression. Many of our old authors describe the power of wizardry; how it transforms men into gods and imparts beauty and vigour and youth to weak, withered, and feeble old age; how it converts a dark, smoky cabin into a royal mansion, bright, spacious, rich in viands, where fair, noble dames drink and enjoy themselves in halls of airiness. But the beauty and splendour of these romances, their richness of forceful language, and their imagery act like magic itself. As we read these wondrous events we are treading

ro dúinn, ir é fód cuimhe na hÉireann atá fá n-ar gcoraibh. Glaire an féir, cuimhiacht na gcraob ir na dtor, an t-aer ciúin, cneasda, foghanail, an cnocán, an fánaid, an bán focair, ró-ghlas, na móinféir bhreágta, bláthmara, an caire mear, binn-ghlórach — cuirid rin uile i n-uimhl dúinn go bhfuilmíd ag riubal ar bántaibh mine réidhe Cille Dara, nó na Míde, nó i gcomhgharacht do Baile-Átha-Cliath, mar a bheicimíd na boith-donnta dá luarghaid fíorraide le gaothaibh, nó le hair Eamain Macha, nó timcheall Chruachna Meidbe.

Ní gan eolas, leis, atáimíd ar na fearaibh ir ar na mnáibh do bhaileann iomann ins na n-úis-ghéaltaibh seo —fir chroda, cuirata, árd-mheanmacha, fearghacha, ullamha cum maitheacas do dhéanamh do namhaid; mná áilne, mairgeanla, foilbhre, ghleannmara, lán-abaidhe. Imeasg na cuideachta sain, ir léir dúinn go bhfuilmíd ar fód na hÉireann, agus i bhfocair ar ndaoineadh tíreamhail féin. Act ní hionann an tseo atá oibte ins na sgéaltaibh ir tá i ndiu. Do hoileadh na fir seo le cleasaibh fiadhaigh agus do chleachtadar anfó ir cruadhtan bhuidhne ir comheargain. Maidid úimhóir dá saoghal rá dhíon na sséidhe. Bíonn siad ag cúrsáil na gcoillteadh, luighid síos ar bhuachaibh ghlasa na n-abann. Téid siad ag seilg ar leithghib Chláir Luimc, ir cluichid an fiadh ir an faolchú, ir ní le gadaraibh ná le ceoltaibh thompaidhe, act le mire a gcos. Ní gan sgiath ir ga a bíd i gcomhnuidhe, ir bíonn fothrom catha síorraidhe le héirteacht 'n-a dtimcheall.

Ir taraid lúthmar iad na mná leis, agus ní ag baile

on the fragrant Irish sward. The verdure of the grass, the fragrance of the boughs and of the shrubs, the calm, pleasant delightful air, the hillock, the slope, the level, verdant pasture, the beautiful, blooming meadows, the rapid, sweet-sounding stream, all these remind us that we are treading the smooth, level plains of Kildare or of Meath, or in the neighbourhood of Dublin, where we behold the fierce waves ever a-rocking by the force of winds, or beside Eamhain Macha or round Cruachan of Maev.

Nor are we unacquainted with the men and women we meet in these romances — brave men, strong, highspirited, wrathful, ready to forgive an enemy; beautiful, splendid women, cheerful, merry, vivacious. In such a company, we perceive we stand on Irish soil and with our own countrymen. But the state of the people in these romances is different from that of the people of to-day. These men were bred to be proficient in the chase and they habituated themselves to the difficulty and hardships of war and conflicts. They live the greater part of their lives in the open air, they range the woods, they lay them down on the green margins of the rivers. They hunt on the plains of Clár Luirc, and they chase the deer and wolf, not with dogs and the music of trumpets, but with their fleetness of foot. They are never without shield and spear, and the din of battle is ever heard around them.

The women, too, are active and vigorous, and they

fanann riad. Ní gan fíordaíde ir fíol bheag a bíonn riad, acht ir mó atá a nodhcar ar laraibh a gclaon-siorg ná ar éadaigib péadhlacha cum cloídhe na bhradhuighe reo do fhladadh. Atá deifir eile idir na daoinib reo ir ar ndaoinib féin. Tá an tír i n-a gcoimhuighio neamfhleadhach. Ní amháin ná fuil eagla oidhche fiomh amharaibh na n-eachtrann, acht beidh ar uaidhib a gcuid feidhge ar deidhg-fhiuchadh tsearna na mara go bhféibhtibh ir daingnibh Alban. Do bí, fós, a n-úrlabhra féin aca, ir níor ghabadh dóibh beith ag bhfiotaidheacht i mBéarla a naimhad.

Acht cuidheabh athfhuighadh iongantach ar na neithibh reo go léir le dhaoidheacht ó'n ughdar. Athfhuighean sí na fir ir na mná so, ir déanan sí laochra ir bain-tighearnaighe, nó déithe ir bain-déithe díobh. Ní le hiomháighe focal déantar an t-athfhuighadh sin, acht le neart foillrighthe iongantaigh i n-a gcuidheabh gearra ar an domhan ar fad cum dul i gcomóradh leo i dtsiéine ir i léigh-mhaire. Tá gach éacht, gach curadh, gach cheach, gach tóir, athfhuighthe le cumadh dhaoidheachta an ughdair. Tugadh na gairgiodhaigh cuairt móir-dtimcheall na gcoillteadh coimh héadaibh, adhaidh leis na fiadhaibh, ir dúirighio fiúd ar a bhaltighthibh, ir beidh oidhche fuil a nithe i bhfad. Ir áidh, dathamhail, mairfeamhail iad na cuiridh reo; cuidh fhacht ar achaibh, ir fhuarghlaid maighdeana bíonn i ndaoi-bhidh. Ir cosmhail le fothom na stoidhme 'san ngeimhreadh coimhgheach fuaim a nga ag gabháil ar a céile. Tá a lúth cadha coimh fiadhain le glór na fiadh-conn mar

do not stay at home. They are not without silks and speckled satin, but they trust more to the light of their fascinating eyes than to pearly robes, to win the hearts of the hunters. There is another difference between these people and those of our own day. The country in which they live is independent. Not only are they not afraid of the attacks of foreigners, but they sometimes go across the sea in seething wrath, to the mountains and fastnesses of Alba. They possessed, moreover, their native speech, and they had no need to stammer in the dialect of their enemy.

But all these things undergo a wonderful transformation, through the magic power of the author. That magic power changes those men and women into heroes and noble ladies, or into gods and goddesses. It is not by imaginativeness of language that this transformation is wrought, but by means of wonderful description, in which the whole world is pressed into service to furnish comparison for them in valour and in beauty. Every great deed, every journey, every spoil, every pursuit becomes transfigured by the author's magic charm. The heroes range over the woods as swiftly, as vigorously as the wild-deer; these they awaken from their dens, and catch before they have run long. These warriors are tall, handsome, beautiful; they subdue giants, and release maidens who are kept in captivity. Like to the noise of the storm in the wild winter is the noise of their spears, as they crash against one another. Their battle cry is as wild as the roar of the angry

bunro gan faoiseamh ar Inis Oairbre. Is mar deimhin adhanta dá réidheadh le gairbh-ghaoith a bhfeargas lá an díoghaltais. Ní do réir cleas coimhlaic, mar chleachtas i nDún Iadh, do cúmtaidhe a dtigearna. Níor chleachtadar Lámhach díreach, focair, ó ionad foluighthe, acht fearann le céile i n-aghaidh a namhad i n-a mballaibh beo-abaidh daonna. Leomhain do b'eadh iad, chomh láidir, chomh meanmach le gairgibh na Tuaithe, is nár b'fhéidir a gcuidhachtadh ná a meisneach do shárughadh i dtáir ná i n-úir-ghéall.

Má tá dealmadh oirr i dtaobh aontachta is ionnarachta na litriughthe Gaedhealaighe i n-íomháighthe is i nuadhmhlacht lonnraighe ó thúis go deireadh, cuir i gcomórtas na húir-ghéalta is fine atá againn leis na hamhráinibh do cúmadh 'san Mumhain 'san t-ochtmhadh haois déag. Tóg mar bun comórtais marbhe is úir-bhreághthacht ban. Is cinnte nár léigheadar filidhe na Mumhan riamh "Tógáil Bhuirne Dá Dheirga," ná "Tám bó Chuailgne," ná fós "Tochmarc Emire," acht 'n-a thaobh sin is ionann nách mór an mod foillrighthe atá le fagháil 'sna n-úir-ghéaltaibh seo agus i n-amhránaibh Aodhagáin Uí Rathaille is Eoghan Ruaidh Uí Shúilleabháin. Ní head amháin go bhfuil dealbhain le céile aca mar a bhuighfeá iomlán táirbhthe aoibhne, ciodh go mbeadh a n-ughdar fáir-dheighilte ó n-a chéile, acht annso is ionann na smuaintibh is an mod foillrighthe, is ionann a n-íomháighthe álainn ag triáth tar bharr nádúrtha is daonna, is go cinnte ag cur síos ar léinbharr ban.

waves as they break without ceasing on Inis Dairbhre. Like to a kindling fire excited by fierce winds, is their rage on the day of vengeance. Their ranks of battle were not formed according to the military tactics in vogue at the present day. They did not practice straight, steady shooting from a hiding place, but they stood together in the face of the enemy, as live, quick, human walls. Heroes were they, as strong, as high-spirited as the champions of Troy ; heroes, whose valour and daring are unsurpassed in story or romance.

If you be in doubt as to the unity and indentity of Irish literature in imaginativeness and brilliancy of colouring from first to last, compare the oldest romances we possess, with the songs which were composed in Munster in the eighteenth century. Take as the basis of comparison, the beauty and loveliness of woman. It is certain that the Munster poets never read "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," or "The Cattle Spoils of Cooley," or yet "The Wooing of Emir," nevertheless, the style of description to be found in these romances is almost indentical with that to be found in the songs of Egan O'Rahilly and Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan. It is not merely that they resemble one another, as beautiful passages might do, whose authors lived widely apart from one another, but here the thoughts and the style of description are the same, the splendid imaginativeness in describing natural or human beauty, and especially in describing the comeliness of woman, is also the same.

Is dóig linn-ne gur gloiria dá céile i mod foillriġte, amhlaidh Eoġan Ruad agus úr-ġéalta mar "Tóġáil Bhuidhne Dá Derga," ná a bhfuil nuadh is áilne d'aon litriġeacht eile 'san Eoruip—ná Shelli agus Beoulf, ná Goethe agus an Nibelungenlied. Acht cuir i gcuimhne go bfuil foillriuġadh iongantach na seanuġdar fo leacuiġte i n-úr-ġéaltaibh fada, deaġ-fuinte, deaġ-cúmta, táidhe i bprióir nó-ġleannta. Acht 'san t-oidhche hadh deaġ, agus timcheall na hamsire sin, do b'éigin cocall filidheachta do chur ar uġdar, is a aigneadh do ġlóruġadh le dian-feisg dántamhail sul a bfuiġfeá an foillriuġadh céadna uaidh. B'éigin a meabhair do chur ar leit-meisge le cuirm nó ġliadh nó éadh nó foghmadh. Ní gan troighmidh fiadhaine filidheachta do luiġeann a aigneadh ar machtnamh ar ríoġ-mhaise nádúrtha nó daonna. Do ġlóbh an seanuġdar i bprióir focail, chuim, mhaoidhe, acht b'filidheacht an prióir sin, cionn ná fuil dé fuinte i meadhar. Do mhair dé i n-aimsir focail, chearta, agus do bí bádh aige le bheáġtacht. B'é prióir a úrlabhra nádúrtha, agus is iadh cáilidhe an ġnóis sin ná neart, rochruiġeacht is léir-íomáiġeacht.

Má's mian linn an t-aigneadh Gaedhealach d'feicsint 'n-a ġlóir nádúrtha féin, gan cur ortha ar bith le smacht tar saighse, ní fuláir dúinn an seanphrióir Gaedhealach do léiġeadh. Do mhair na huġdair do bí againn le déidheanaiġe i n-aimsir bhuaidhealta; ní fuil dé d'fonn oidhche ġlóbadh i n-aon-chor gur milleadh an t-anam aca le bhiadh is le buile, is gur lag fearg a gcloidhe, agus i

It seems to us that the songs of Eoghan Ruadh and romances like " The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," approach nearer to one another in description than what is ancient and modern in any other European literature, than Shelley and Boewulf, than Goethe and the Nibelungenlied. We must bear in mind, however, that these wonderful descriptions of the ancient authors are embedded in long, shapely, well-constructed romances, written in splendid prose, while in the eighteenth century and about that time, it was necessary to rouse an author to poetical enthusiasm, and to excite his mind with the frenzy of song, before he could be got to produce similar descriptions. His soul must be first touched with grief or love, jealousy or envey. Not without the wild rush of a poetical storm does his mind contemplate natural and human loveliness. The ancient author wrote in calm, steady, majestic prose, but that prose was poetry, though not composed in metre. He lived in a calm, refined age, and he had an affection for beauty. Prose was the natural vehicle of his thoughts, and the characteristics of that prose are strength, sobriety and imaginativeness.

If we desire to see the Irish mind in its own congenial state without its being influenced by foreign oppression, let us read ancient Irish prose. Our recent authors lived in troubled times, they had no inclination to write at all, till their souls were crushed with grief and frenzy, and till indignation lit up their hearts, and in their

n-a laoiḋċiḃ—cioḋ náṁ ċuṁṁiġeaḋaṁ oiṫa—atá cáiliḋe na ṡean-uġdaṁ go roiléiṁ le ṡeicṁint. Caiṫṁíoḋ an ionnanaċt ṡíoṁṁaiḋe ṁin na ṡean-liṫṁiġeaċta ṁ na nuaḋ-liṫṁiġeaċta do ċuiġṁint go ṁó-ġléineaċ, má'ṡ mian linn bṁeiṫ ċoiṁṫṁiom do ṫabaiṁt aṁ aṁ liṫṁiġeaċt go léiṁ, ṁ í do ṁeaġaḋ i n-aġaiḋ liṫṁiġeaċta na hEoṁpa ṁ an doṁain i gcoiṫċiann. Ṁ le congnaṁ ó'nnuaḋ-liṫṁiġeaċt guṁ ṡéiḋiṁ dúinn ciaoḃṡgaoileaḋ éigin oiṁeaṁnaċ do ċuṁ aṁ úṁ-ṡgéalṫaiḃ na ṡean-uġdaṁ. Míniġeann an ṫṡean-liṫṁiġeaċt a lán dá ḃṡuil neaṁ-ġnáṫaċ, do-ċuiġṡe i n-aiṁsáṁaiḃ ṁ i noáṁṫaiḃ na hoċtṁaḋ haoiṡe déag. Ní heaḋ náṁ oṡgaiḋ an liṫṁiġeaċt Ġaeḋealaċ í ṡéin amaċ, ṁ ná deaċaiḋ sí i ḃṡeaḃaṁ ṁ i noéine ṁ i ngéiṁe, aċt guṁab é an raġaṁ ṡeaḃaiṁ ṫiocṡaḋ aṁ ṫséan-aigneaḋ ṫséiṫeaṁaiḋ le neaṁt buaiḋeaṁṫa ṁ léiṁ-buile.

Níoṁ b'éiḋiṁ linn cuṁṫaṁ ceaṁt do ṫabaiṁt aṁ ṡaiḋḃeaċt ṡocal ṁ aṁ ṁoḋ lonnṁaċ ṡoillsiġṫe Eoġain Ruaiḋ ṁ Mic Ḋoṁnaill, ṁ ṡiliḋe na haoiṡe ṁin, muna mbeaḋ roiṁ láṁaiḃ agaṁn le léiġeaḋ, "Tóġáil bṁuiḋne Ḋá Ḋeiṁga," "Tám bó Cuailgne," "Tocmaiṁc Emiṁ," "Caṫ Ruiṁ na Ríġ," 7c. Ó aiṁsiṁ an úṁ-ṡgéil, "Tóġáil bṁuiḋne Ḋá Ḋeiṁga," go haiṁsiṁ Eoġain Ruaiḋ, ní'l aṁṁaṁ ná go ṁaiḃ tṁáṫ i n-aṁ ċuaiḋ aṁ liṫṁiġeaċt i n-olcaṁ, aċt níoṁ aṫaiṁiuiġ sí ṁaiṁ a cṁiṫ, agus aṫá sí 'n-aṁ meaṡg le déiḋeanaiġe níoṁ ṡaiḋḃṁe ṁ níoṁ lonnṁaiġe 'ná ṁaiṁ.

poems, the characteristics of the ancient authors—though they were unconscious of them—are plainly to be seen. We must understand clearly this continuous identity of our ancient and modern literature, if we desire to form a just estimate of our literature as a whole, and to weigh it against the literature of Europe and of the world at large. It is by assistance from the modern literature that we are enabled to offer some suitable explanation of the romances of the ancient authors. The old literature explains much that is strange and hard to account for in the songs and poems of the eighteenth century. It is not that there has not been a development in Irish literature and that it has not advanced on the lines of intensity and acuteness, but the advancement is that of a strong, gifted mind through the influence of trouble and frenzy.

We could not satisfactorily account for the wealth of language, and the brilliant descriptive style of Eoghan Ruadh and Mac Donnell, and of the poets of that time, had we not at hand to read "The Taking of Da Derga's Hostel," "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley," "The wooing of Emir," "The Battle of Ros na Righ," &c. From the age of Eoghan Ruadh, it is certain that there was a time in which our literature fell away, but it never changed its essential features, and it is with us in modern times, richer and more brilliant than ever.

an dara halt.

tógáil bruidne dá derga.

Labhramar cuar ar "Tógbáil bhuidne Dá Derga," agus dubhramar gur b'ionann a mod foillsighte agus mod foillsighte na n-annán do cumadh i nÉirinn tá céad go leith bliadan ó shoin. Is mian linn annso cuairt éigin do thabairt ar an úir-sgéal ghreanntá so atá cuirtha amach le déidheanaighe 'san *Revue Celtique*, is airtighte i mBéarla le Mitley Stócer. Baineann an t-eachtra so le húir-sgéaltaibh Con Culann is "Táine bó Cuailgne." Ach tá sé deighilte ó'n gcuid eile dor na sgéaltaibh seo. Atá sé leis féin fá leith, agus ní'l deamhadh gur árda an t-úir-sgéal é. Faghar i "Leabar na hUidhre" é, leabar do sgríobadh 'san t-aonmhadh haois déag, agus i "Leabar Buidhe Lecan," agus cuid de annso is annsúd i leabhraibh eile. Ach is deimin gur cumadh an sgéal i bhfad roimh aimsir an leabhair is árdaighe díobh so.

Tháchtann sé ar mhilleadh Conaire Móir mic Eatarscoil i mBruidhin Dá Derga. Árd-rí na hÉireann do b'eadh Conaire le n-a linn, is ní riabh a leithéid do rígh roimhe i dTeamhair, is do dhíbir sé comhrgeadh is eachtrann is léir-ghoid ar an tír ar fad. Ach d'éirghidheadar a coin-dhaltaidhe 'n-a choinnibh, is d'aontuighseadar le hImrgéal, ó Bhreatain, milleadh do dhéanamh ar duine

CHAPTER II.

THE DESTRUCTION OF DA DERGA'S HOSTEL.

We spoke above of "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," and we said that its style of description was the same as that to be found in the songs composed in Ireland one hundred and fifty years ago. We purpose here to give some account of this splendid romance, which has just been published in the *Revue Celtique*, with a translation into English, by Whitley Stokes. This story belongs to the romances relating to Cuchulainn and "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley," but it is widely different from the other stories and stands alone. There is no doubt that it is a romance of high antiquity. It is to be found in "The Book of Dun Cow," a book which was written in the eleventh century, also in "The Yellow Book of Lecan," and portions of it here and there throughout other books. But it is certain that the tale was composed long before the date of the oldest of these books.

It describes the destruction of Conaire the Great, son of Etarsceil in the Hostel of Da Derga. Conaire was overking of Erin in his time, and so great a king never reigned before him in Tara; he banished contention and strife and plunder from all the land. But his foster-brothers rose up against him, and they formed an agreement with Insgéal from Britain, that they

i n-Albain, ir annsain i nEirinn. Nuair do bíodar ag teacht go talamh na hÉireann, do bí Conaire ag fiubal le n-a buidin le hair Baile Átha Cliath, agus ag déanamh ar Bhuidin Dá Derga, ri Laigeann. Airigid an dá buidin fuaim ir fotrom a céile, ir aitnigid gan mearbail gur b'fhin i fuaim a naimad. Ba hiongantach é gabáil ir tógbáil Conaire, ir ni fiaf fé act i n-a "giola óg amulchach" nuair do foclaiged 'n-a rig i dTeamair é, act do cuiread geasa trioma, daingeana air, i gcár nái b'fhiarfe dó dul ó thubairt ir ó léimillead. Ir iad so na geasa do cuiread air:

"Ni thuidchir dearcal Temrach ocus tuaithbiul mBreg.

"Nir' tairmchter lat claenmile Cermai.

"Ocus nir echtra cach nomad n-aroche feach Theamair.

"Ocus nir' fagi i tig ar mbi eggna fuilli teined immach iar fumead ngréine 7 imbi ecnai dammaig.

"Ocus ní tiarfa fiut tri Derga do thig Derg.

"Ocus nir' fiagbaiter oibeirg ro flaith.

"Ocus ní tae dam aemma no enfir i tech forit iar fumead ngréine.

"Ocus ni a hurrlar augra do da mogud."

Ir léir go fiaf an t-áit 'n-a coimid ó thúr. agus an oiread fam geasa do léigean air, agus ná fiaf aon dul aige iad do feachad ar fad.

I gcúrsa an fséil do chuaid fé i n-aghaid na ngeasa so go léir, agus ba daor an díoghaltas do bained ar. Ir minic i fid an eachtra do chimmig fé ar na

should work destruction first in Alba, and thereafter in Erin. When they were approaching the land of Erin, Conaire was travelling with his companions to Dublin and making for the Hostel of Da Derga, King of Leinster. Both parties hear the noise made by the other, and they recognize without misgiving that it was the noise of their enemy. The conception and the bringing up of Conaire were wonderful, and he was only "a young beardless lad" when he was installed as king in Tara. But heavy, fast-binding *geasa* were put upon him, so that it was not easy for him to escape from misfortune and destruction. These are the *geasa* to which he was subjected:

"Thou shalt not go right-handwise round Tara, and left-handwise round Bregia.

"The evil beasts of Cerna must not be hunted by thee.

"And thou shalt not go out every ninth night beyond Tara.

"Thou shalt not sleep in a house from which fire-light is manifest outside after sunset; and in which (light) is manifest from without.

"And three Reds shall not go before thee to Red's house.

"And no rapine shall be wrought in thy reign.

"And after sunset a company of one woman or one man shall not enter the house in which thou art.

"And thou shalt not settle the quarrel of thy two thralls!"

It is plain that Fate was against him from the beginning, seeing that it permitted so many *geasa* to be imposed on him, and that it was out of his power to avoid them all.

In the course of the story he breaks through all these *geasa*, and heavy was the vengeance inflicted on him. Frequently, as the tale progresses, does he call to mind

ɡeaṙaiḃ ṙeo oo ḃí maṙ ṫṙomuiɡeaċt aiṙ, ṙ aṙ ouṙ 'n-a n-aɡaiḋ oó ṙ mmc oo cuiṙeaḋ ı n-uṁaiṙ oó le neaṙt ṫaṁɡaiṙeaċta ɡo ṙaiḃ milleaḋ ṙ tubaiṙt 'n-a ċoṁaiṙ. Ir ṫṙuaiɡṁéileaċ é ṙɡéal an oeaɡ-ṙíoɡ ro, aɡ oéanaṁ maiṫeaṙa oo'n ṫṙaoɡal móṙ-otimċeall, aɡuṙ le linn ɡaċ maiṫeaṙa aɡ bṙuṙeaḋ ṫṙé n-a ɡeaṙaiḃ ṙ an t-áɡ oá ċeanɡailt le ṙlaḃṙa iaṙṙaiṁ ná ṙéaoṙaḋ a bṙuṙeaḋ. Ní'l ṙɡéal ná eaċtṙa le ṙaɡḃáil ı leaḃṙaiḃ ná ı mbéal na ṙeanċaiḋe ċoṁ ooilḃ, coṁ ṫṙuaiɡṁéileaċ le ṙuṙṙe ṙ coṁeaṙɡaṙ an ċuṙaiḋ ṙeo le n-a áɡ oocṁa ṙém, ṙ é ṙá ḋeoiɡ aɡ tuitim ɡan ṫṙuaɡ ɡan taiṙe ḋó. Ċiḋeaṁ ṙé ṙém ɡo ṙoiléiṙ ɡo bṙuil ṙé aɡ ouṙ aṙ a aṁleaṙ; ṙ 'n-a ḋiaiḋ ṙin ní ṙaɡann ṙé ann ṙém bṙuṙeaḋ a ɡeaṙa oo ṙeaċnaḋ. Bí a ṫoil ṙó-laɡ. ṙ bí an ṙomaḋ oo ɡeaṙaiḃ maṙ ṫṙomuiɡeaċt aiṙ. Ba ḋóiɡ leaṫ ɡuṙ ċuiṙeaḋaṙ na ḋéiṫe Conaiṙe aṙ an ṙaoɡal ċum ceaṙ maɡaiḋ oo ḋéanaṁ oe, "quoties voluit fortuna jocari." Ní ṙaiḃ a leiṫéiḋ oo ṙíɡ ṙuaṁ ṙoṁe ṙin aṙ ṙeaḃaṙ ṙ aṙ ċoṁṫṙomaċt:

"Ir na ṙlaiṫ ataiṫ na ṫṙí baṙṙ ṙoṙ emo .i. baṙṙ ḋiaṙ 7 baṙṙ ṙcoṫ 7 baṙṙ meṙṙa. Ir ma ṙlaiṫ aṙ chombmo la cach ṙeṙ ɡuṫh aṙaile ocuṙ beṫṙ téṫa menochṙoṫ aṙ ṙebaṙ na cána, 7 in ṫṙiḋa 7 in chán-comṙaic ṙaiṫ ṙechmon na hEṙenn."

Aċt ṙ é ṫṙuaɡ an ṙɡéil ɡuṙ b'é an ṙeaḃaṙ céaḋna, aɡuṙ an ċoṁṫṙomaċt neaṁ-ɡnáṫaċ oo meall é ċum ṙliɡeaḋ a ḋonaiṙ. Bí ré oo ɡeaṙaiḃ aiṙ ɡan ṙíoṫċám oo ḋéanaṁ ṙoiṙ beiṙt oá ɡéiḃleaċaiḃ, aċt níoṙ léiɡ a

these *geasa* which weighed him down, and as he breaks through them, he is often warned prophetically, that destruction and misfortune are in store for him. Pathetic is the story of this good king, doing good to the world around, and on the occasion of each good deed breaking through his *geasa*, while fate binds him down with a chain of iron, which he cannot break. There is no tale or narrative to be found in books, or from the lips of story-tellers, so sad, so pathetic, as the wrestling and struggling of this hero with his own hapless Destiny, and his falling at last without regret or pity. He himself perceives clearly that he is on the path of misfortune; but at the same time he feels unable to avoid breaking through his *geasa*. His will was too weak, and there were too many *geasa* pressing heavily upon him. One would imagine that the gods sent Conaire on earth, to make of him a laughing-stock "as often as Fate wished to make merry." There never before was a king to match him in goodness and justice:

"In his reign are the three crowns on Erin—namely, crown of corn ears, and crown of flowers, and crown of oak mast. In his reign, too, each man deems the other's voice as melodious as the strings of lutes, because of the excellence of the law, and the peace and the good will prevailing throughout Erin."

But the pathos of the story consists in this, that it is his goodness and his unwonted justice that lure him to the path of his misfortune. He was under *geasa* not to settle the quarrel between his two "thralls," but his

daonnacht dó gan dul ar aéirdeacht do déanamh eatorra.

Ní dóig linn gur féidir a lán do'n sgéal so do sárughadh i lonnaicht foillsighthe, ar i sairdbheacht focal, agus ar dealbhamhach gur mar so do sgríobhadh Eogan Ruad dá marbhadh ré i n-aimsir an uasail. Cuimhnidh síos anois beagán d'fíor-thorac an sgéil —

"Bui an ainm a ainegda for Emann, Eochaid Feidleach a ainm. Doluid seachtur n-and dar Aenach mBreg Leith, conaccai in mnai for ur in tobair 7 cia chumhdéil airgit co n-ecoir de or acthe oc folcud al- lunga airgit 7 ceithri heoin oir sunsin 7 gleorgemai beccai di chairmiogul choicriai hi forbaircuib na lunga. Briat car coicria foloichain aicthe. Duallbai airgdidi ecoirsibe [milech] de or oibinnin isin briatt. Lene lebur chulpatach ar i chotutrlemon dei shitin uaimde fo deisin liud or imbi. Tuagmila ingantai di or 7 airget for a briumaib 7 a forimnaib 7 a guallib isind lene di cach leith. Taitned sna in gnan cobba fodeilg doma feriaib taidleach ind or sunsin ngréin arin tritiu uaimdi. Da thuli n-oibuidi for a cind, frge ceit bun ndual ceachtar nde 7 mell for gach cind cach duail. Ba cormail leo dath ind foilt sin sa bainn n-aileatar hi ramhad, no sa deisiu iar ndenam a datha.

Ar and bui oc taithbiuch a suilt dia folcud . . . Batar gilthir sneachta n-óendidhe na di doit 7 batar maethchoiri 7 batar deisithi sian slebe na da gnuad nglan aili. Batar duibithi dumme daeil na da malaich. Batar mand 7 sriar do nemannaib a deta i na cend. Batar glaithi bugha na di shuil. Batar deisithi saitaing na beoil. Batar forardda mine maethgela na da gualand. Batar gelglana sithfota na meda. Batar fota na lama . . . .

goodness made him go and make peace between them.

It seems to us that a large portion of the story is unsurpassed for brilliancy of description, and wealth of language, and it is probable that it is in this wise Eoghan Ruadh would have written did he live in the author's time. We quote here a little of the very beginning of the story:

"There was a famous and noble king over Erin, named Eochaid Feidleich. Once upon a time, he came over the fairgreen of Bri Léith, and he saw, at the edge of a well, a woman with a bright comb of silver, adorned with gold, washing in a silver basin, wherein were four golden birds, and little bright gems of purple carbuncle in the rims of the basin. A mantle she had, curly and purple, a beautiful cloak, and in the mantle silvery fringes arranged, and a brooch of fairest gold. Marvellous clasps of gold and silver in the kirtle on her breasts and her shoulders and *spaulds* on every side. The sun kept shining upon her, and the glistening of the gold against the sun, from the green silk, was manifest to men. On her head were two golden yellow tresses, in each of which was a plait of four locks, with a bead at the point of each lock. The hue of that hair seemed to them like the flower of the iris in summer, or like red gold after the burnishing thereof.

"There she was undoing her hair to wash it . . . White as the snow of one night were the two hands; soft and even and red as fox-glove were the two clear, beautiful cheeks. Dark as the back of a stagbeetle the two eyebrows. Like a shower of pearls were the teeth in her head. Blue as a hyacinth were the eyes. Red as rowan berries were the lips. Very high, smooth and soft-white the shoulders. Chalk-white and lengthy the fingers. Long were the hands . . . The bright radiance of the moon was in her noble face; the loftiness of pride in her smooth eyebrows; the light of

Soluppuiroiuo inn erce ina raeiragaio uithochail uailli ina minmalgib juithen, ruiighe ceachtai a da jug jorc. Tibin ainnuia ceachtai a da gnuad co n-amlid ino tibren do ballaib bith choicha co noeiigi fola laig 7 aiaill eile co foluf gili gneachta. Bocmaeiroachid banamail ina gloi cem foruo n-innalla acci, tochim jugnaidi le. Ba ri tha ar caemaem agus ar aibeam agus ar coiam atconnaicadair ruili doine de mnáib domain. Ba doig leo beo a fidaib di. Ba fina arbieth "cuith cach co hEtain." "Caem cach co hEtain."

Ni'l flige againn annso tiácht ai bieágtácht na bruidne; ai a cuid feomha aeieaca aoibne, ai challacht uaral, meanmac Conaire, ai a léigi-inaire ir ai a ffréimeamlacht, ai a caoine ir ai a mórdacht, ai na céadtaib do tuit le n-a láim i gcumangiacht coimrgaigi, ai na cuiadaib do ġoin ir do mill ré dá coraint féin gan bruġ, ai a áġ doéma féin, ai tiuaġ a léigi-taitea, maigi éigeann ir aitéeann ré deoc ir gan aoinne 'ran bruidin cum a íota do múcad, maigi do faoifad aon deoc amáin é ai lán-tuile a tubairte, ir gan an deoc fain le fagbáil, ná fóir ai bargad ir millead ir dóġad ir léigi-bruiread na hoidée sin. Ba dóig leat gur b'í an Tiae do doġad ir do leagad amír le fluaġtaib na n-eactrann:

"Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando
Explicet, aut quis posset lacrimis aequare labores?"

———:o:———

wooing in each of her regal eyes. A dimple of delight in each of her cheeks, with an amlud (?) in them at one time of purple spots, with redness of a calf's blood, and at another with the bright lustre of snow. Soft womanly dignity in her voice; a step steady and slow she had, a queenly gait was hers. Verily of the world's women, 'twas she was the dearest and loveliest that the eyes of men had ever beheld. It seemed to them (King Eochaid and his followers) she was from the elfmounds. Of her was said—"shapely are all till (compared with) Etain." "Dear are all till (compared with) Etain."

We have not space here to treat of the beauty of the Hostel; of its airy, delightful chambers, of the noble high-spirited party of Conaire, of his beauty, of his loveliness, of his gentleness, of his majesty, of the hundreds who fell by his hand, in the press of conflict, of the heroes he wounded and destroyed while defending himself in vain from his own woeful fate, of the pathos of his bitter thirst, how he cries and clamours for a drink while there is no one in the hostel to quench his thirst, how even one drink would save him from the flood of his misfortune, and how that drink was not to be obtained; nor yet of the crushing, destroying, burning and great wrecking of that night. One might imagine that it was Troy, that once more was burnt and pulled down by hosts of strangers.

"Who can unfold the slaughter of that night or the death, by narration, or who can its troubles equal with tears?" *

* The text and translation of the passages quoted in this chapter are taken without any alteration from the *Revue Celtique*, Vol. XXII., Nos. 1 and 2.

An Treas Alt.

Mir-sealta Baineas le Com Chulainn.

Is mar a céile Cú Chulainn mar na fean-fgéaltaib Gaedhealacha is Aiéil i mbeagt áirde d'eactraiódib Gréigeacha. Maireann Cú Chulainn i n-a lán do fean-fgéaltaib Gaedhealacha 'n-a chuiad oiródeaic, is 'n-a laoc cat-buadach; agus i n-a lán eile díob is é prímmíleadh na n-éact ar a dtrácfar é. 'N-a thaob fain ní dia ná deaman Cú Chulainn act dumne daonna. bíod go dtagann atarruigad iongantac air ó uair go huair le neart éactach éigin draoidheacta. Is fiadain, feargach, fíochmar i gcathaib 'f i gcomlann é. act ní gan taire, gan tuaigmheil a chroidhe. Is é chuiad Cúigid Ulad é, agus glóir Eamain Macha, is cú coranta Chulainn. Ní churfid laochra ná crumhuigad daoinead eagla ná uamain air, agus is trom é béim a chuid airm is tuirfeann a láime i láir comhrac.

Cíod nár ba deaman é féin, léigmíd —

"Guba gairfetar imme boccánaig ocar banánaig ocar genti glinni ocar demna a eóin. Daig da berid Tuatha Dé Danann gairm immirium combad móti a grián ocus a ecla ocar a uisad ocar a uisamain ineac cath ocar in cac cathroi in cac comlund ocar in cac comrac i teigid."

Ní aontuigmíd i n-aon-chor leis na hugdaraib a déarfad nach daonna an chuiad so. Ní'l i gCon Chulainn, a deirid, 'nuair a bíonn fearg is craos air, is 'nuair a

CHAPTER III.

ROMANCES RELATING TO CUCHULAINN.

Cuchulainn, in the old Irish stories, is like Achilles in a certain body of Greek tales. Cuchulainn lives in some of the old Irish stories as a noble hero, a victorious champion, and in others he is the main heroic figure in the feats described in them. Still Cuchulainn is neither a god nor a demon, but a human being, although a strange transformation takes place in his person from time to time, by some wondrous magic power. He is wild, wrathful, vehement in strife and conflict, yet he is not without softness and pity. He is the champion of the province of Ulster, the glory of Emhain Macha, the guardian hound of Culann. Nor heroes nor assemblies of the populace put him in fear or trembling, and weighty is the stroke of his weapon and the onset of his hand in the thick of the fight.

Though he himself was not a demon, we read that, "There shouted around him Bocanachs and Banánachs, and Geniti Glindi, and demons of the air. For the Tuatha Dé Danann were used to set up their shouts around him, so that the hatred and the fear and the abhorrence and the great terror of him should be the greater in every battle-field, in every combat, and in every fight into which he went."

We do not agree by any means with those authors

ċuṁeann ṡiu a ṡéaċaint na laoċṗa ċum báṗ, aċt an ḟṁan bṗeáḟ, lomṗaċ, laṁaṁail, aḟ cuṗ a teaṗ i ḟcém, aḟuṗ 'nuaiṗ a ṫaḟann an t-aṫaiṁḟiḋ éaċtaċ aiṗ le neaṁt a "ṁaṗtṗaiḋ" ní'l ann aċt an ḟṁan ċéadna ṗá ḋub-ṗḟamallaiḃ, ṗ ṗá úṗ-ḋoṁċuḟaḋ ċeoiḟ. Ṗ laḃṗaiḋ na huḟoaiṗ ṡeo aṗ bṗeacaḋ an lae tṗé néaltaiḃ na ṗṡéiṗe, maṗ ċoṁalaċt do Ċoṁ Ċulaiṁ. Aċt ṗ ḋóiḟ liṁ-ne ná ḟuil aon ḟaḃaḋ do ḟaṁluiḟeaċt na ḟṗéiṁe ná do ḋub-ṗḟamallaiḃ neiṁe aḟaiṁ ċum éaċta Ċon Ċulaiṁ, maṗ a bṗoillṗiḟṫeaṗ ḋúiṁ iad 'na húṗ-ṗḟéaltaiḃ, do ṫuiḟṗiṁt. Ní'l i n-eaċtṗa Ċon Ċulaiṁ aċt ṗḟéal móṗ-ċuṗaiḋ do ċoṗnaiṁ a ċúiḟeaḋ ó amaṗaiḃ na bṗeaṗ nÉiṗeannaċ óṗ na ceiṫṗe cúiḟiḋiḃ eile, ṗ ḟo ṁaiḃ a éaċta dá n-aiṫiṁ aḟ báṗdaiḃ uile na tíṁe. Ní ceaṗt ḟṁan ná ceo ná ṗḟamaill do ṫabaiṗt ṗṫeaċ ḟan ṗáṫ, aḟuṗ ní'l i n-úṗ-ṗḟéaltaiḃ a baineaṗ le n-aṗ ḟcuṗaḋ ṗáṫ ná áḋbaṗ ḟaṁluiḟeaċta dá ḟaḟaṗ. Ní heaḋ ná ḟuṗ ṁneaḋ ḟníoṁaiṫċa leiṁ ná tiḟ le duine ḋaonna do ḋéanaṁ ḟan caḃaiṗ ó ḋéiṫiḃ, nó ó ḋeaṁanaiḃ, aċt ní ḋéanann ṗaiṁ ḟṁan ná dia ḋe. Bí dṡéil ḋaonna ḟo leoṗ—aṗ ṫaoḃ a aṫaiṗ aṗ aon tṗliḟiḋ—aċt cuṁeann Pallaṗ lomṗaḋ ḟlóṁaṗ 'n-a ṫimċeall, i dtṁeo ḟo ḟcuṫiḋ ṗluaiḟṫe le heaḟla dá aṁaiṗc, aḟuṗ neaṁtuiḟeann ṗí a ḟuṫ, i dtṁeo ḟo dtaḟann aṁaḋ aṗ buṙḋm na Tṁae, ṗ ḟo dtuiteann a ḟcuiḋ aiṁ aṗ a láṁaiḃ le ṗuaim a liúṁe.

Ṗ ṗíoṗ éaċtaċ maċḟníoṁaiṫċa Ċon Ċulaiṁ, aċt ní ḋéanann ṗaiṁ dia ná ḟṁan ná taiḃḃṗe ḋe. Ní ṁaiḃ ann aċt leanḃán 'nuaiṗ ċuṁ ṗé ionḟnaḋ aṗ románaiḋṫiḃ óḟa

who assert that this champion was not human. Cuchulainn, they say, when in a rage and fury, and when even his very look puts heroes to death, is nothing else than the fair, brilliant, blazing sun, sending its heat afar; and when a strange transformation sets in on him, on account of his "distortion," it is only the same sun underneath black clouds, and in an eclipse of mist. These authors speak, too, of the day dawning through the clouds of the air, as represented by Cuchulainn. But it seems to us that we have no need of similitudes of the sun or of the dark-clouds of heaven, to understand the exploits of Cuchulainn, as they are revealed to us in the romances. The story of Cuchulainn is that of a great hero, who defended his own province from the attacks of the men of Erin of the four other provinces, and whose feats were rehearsed by the bards of the country. It is not just to introduce sun, or clouds, or mist, without cause, and there is neither cause nor reason for similitudes of the kind, to be found in the romances that pertain to our hero. Not that he has not performed feats which surpass a human being's power, without help from gods or demons, but he is not, therefore, a god or a demon. Achilles was fully human—on his father's side at least—but Pallas sheds bright effulgences around him, so that hosts tremble through fear on beholding him, and she strengthens his voice so that terror seizes on the Trojan band, and their arms drop from their hands at the sound of his shouting.

The boyish exploits of Cuchulainn are truly marvel-

cúmte an míoġ. Do ċuġ céad go leiṫ díob iarmaṫ ar é do mairbeaḋ, aċt níor b'féidir leo fiu é do ġoiṫuġaḋ. Gluaiseann sé 'n-a noiaiḋ, agus tuiteann caogad díob le n-a láimh, agus stríocaid an ċuid eile óó. Ní fada sé an tsáṫ fada aċt cúig bliaḋna d'aois. Do fuair sé éaċta níos iongantaiġe ó bliaḋain go bliaḋain, agus do fiṫ a ċáil ar fuaid na dúṫċe ar fad. Tá cuntas air an gcuiseaḋ so i n-a lán d'úis-sgéalaiḃ. aċt is iad so na sgéalta a baineas leis, ar is feárr a bfuil aiṫne. "Tóġáil Bhuiḋne Dá Derga," "Táin bó Cuailgne," "Caṫ Ruis na Ríġ," "Serglige Conculainn," "Fleo Bricrenn," "Toċmarc Emir." Ní'l aon sgéal díob so ċoṁ briaġ. ċoṁ bríoġmar le "Táin bó Cuailgne." Úis-sgéal cuiseaḋeaċ is eaḋ an "Táin" go bfuil dóṫain aon litriġeaċta nó teangan 'san doṁan ann, úis-sgéal lán d'eaċtraiḋiḃ aoiḃinne, agus d'éaċtaiḃ i n-a bfoillsiġeann cnoḋaċt is meanma mór-ċuiseaḋ. Cnoḋ gur sgéal págánaċ é, ní'l mí-ċneasṫaċt ná mí-náduir ar éaċt ná ar ġníoṁ de. Annso is annsúd táid sraiṫe foillsiġṫe le faġḃáil ann ċoṁ háluinn, ċoṁ lonnraiċ is ġeoḃraiḋe i litriġeaċt na Roṁa. Tá an ċaint boṁb, fairḃir, is na bruaṫair bríoġmar. léir-mhíle, is mí fulaing do'n léiġeoir fuiṁ do ċur i n-éaċtaiḃ is i ngníoṁaiṫeaiḃ an sgéil so. agus go mór-mór i gcnoḋaċt is i meanmain. is i mór-ċroiḋeaċt Con Culainn.

Tá Cúigeaḋ Ulaḋ ag fuirse i gcoṁmaiḃ na gcúigeaḋ eile, agus is é Cú Culainn fál coṁanta Cúigiḋ Ulaḋ; is é gleacaiḋe a ḋaoineaḋ i n-uċt an baoġail; is

lous; but he is not, therefore, a god, or the sun, or a phantom. He was only an infant when he astonished the young hurlers of the king's court. One hundred and fifty of them attempted to put him to death; but they did not succeed even in wounding him. He pursues them, and fifty of them fall by his hand, and the others submit to him. At that time he was only five years of age. He performed still more wonderful feats from year to year, and his fame spread over the whole country. There is an account of this hero in several romances; but the romances pertaining to him, that are best known, are "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley," "The Battle of Ros na Righ," "The Sick Bed of Cuchulainn," "The Feast of Bricru," "The Wooing of Emir." There is none of these tales so beautiful, so forceful as "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley." "The Cattle Spoil" is an Epic worthy of any literature in the world, a romance full of delightful episodes, and of feats in which the valour and high spirit of great heroes is depicted. Though it is a pagan tale, there is neither coarseness, nor unnaturalness in feat or event recorded in it. Here and there, it contains descriptive passages as beautiful, as brilliant, as are to be found in the literature of Rome. The style is luscious and rich, the words forceful and melodious, and the reader is constrained to take an interest in the feats and events of this story, and above all, in the valour, the high spirit and the large-heartedness of Cuchulainn.

Ulster is struggling against the other provinces, and Cuchulainn is the wall of defence of the Province of Ulster; he is his people's champion in the breast of danger, he

é a lomlaḋ folaiṫ i ndoiṁċeaċt fléiḃe, ir a gcomaiṁce ḋín, ir a gcíann bagaiṫ i n-aġaiḋ a naṁaḋ. Ir geall le haontuġaḋ muinntire na hEorpa uile i gcoinnib Napóleon aontuġaḋ na gceiṫre gcúigeaḋ i n-aġaiḋ Con Culainn, aċt gur mó oibriġeann an Cú ġlorḋe fin le neart a ċolna féin ná mar ċeann uiriaḋ ar fluaiġtib. Cuireann comlaċ aonfir áṫar ar a ċloiḋe. Sárniġeann mór-ċuraḋ 'ran ló é; aċt an fad a bíonn ré ag pléiḋ leis an gcuraḋ fain, tá neart ag fluaġ na bfear nÉireannaċ gluaiseaċt romra ċom fada agus ir féidir leo. Aċt ní flán ná folán laoċ ná curaḋ 'n-a ḋiaiḋ. Ir fíor go deimin ná cuireann ré Fearġus ċum báis, aċt ní'l fonn ar Fearġus buan-ċomlaċ do ċur air. Ir iomḋa cat ir comheargaḋ ar a dtriáċtann an "Táin," aċt ní'l éaċt 'ran sgéal ir feárr ċuireas i n-uṁail dúinn nósa cheasta an n-aiṫreaċ, a ndeaġ-béasa, ir a ndaonnaċt 'ná comlaċ aonfir Con Culainn ir Feidiaḋ ag an Áṫ.

Coṁ-ḋaltaiḋe do b'eaḋ na curaiḋe seo do hoileaḋ le Sgáṫaiġ ir Aoife, aċt go fiaḃ an Cú i bfad níor óige ná Feidiaḋ, agus anoir, cioḋ go bfuil cloiḋe na beirte ar léin-laraḋ le lán-feirg i n-aġaiḋ an comheargaiḋ, ní ḋeaċaiḋ báiḋ a gcoṁ-ḋaltaċair i bruaiḋe aca, agus ir geall le briáṫruḃ gliáḋaċa iad ag teagṁáil le n-a ċéile ar maidin lae an comlaic, ir ag sgaraḋ le ċéile i gcomair na hoiḋċe, go bfúiġte, leomte, tar éis furmoire ir anfóiġ an comheargaiḋ. Ní ḋóiġ gur sgíoḃaḋ sráṫ ná úr-sgéal fiaṁ

is their radiant light in the darkness of the mountain, he is their shield of defence and threatening staff in the face of their enemy. The league of the four provinces against Cuchulainn, is like the league of the people of Europe against Napoleon, only that that great Hound works more with the strength of his own body, than as the chief of hosts. A single combat delights his heart. One great hero a day satisfies him; and while he is engaged in fighting this hero, the hosts of the men of Erin proceed in their forward march as far as they may. But, nor hero nor champion does he leave whole or sound. It is true indeed that he does not slay Fergus, but Fergus has no desire to prolong the quarrel with him. The "Cattle Spoil" describes many a battle and conflict, but there is no exploit in the story that so clearly reveals to us the gentle spirit of our ancestors, their polished manners, and their humanity, as the single combat between Cuchulainn and Ferdiad at the Ford.

These heroes were foster-brothers who were educated under Scathach and Aoife, but the Hound was far younger than Ferdiad, and, now, though the hearts of both are burning for the combat, the affection cherished in their fosterage did not grow cold within them, and they are like loving brothers as they meet on the morning of the day of battle, and as they separate for the night, bruised and wounded from the pressure and turmoil of the combat. We think that there was never written a history or romance in which great heroes behave with such

i n-a n-iomċiaiḋ mór-ċuiaiḋe iaḋ féin leis an oiread cneasṫaċta is mór-ċroiḋeaċta. Is deimin ná fuil i litriġeaċt na Róimh ná na Gréige cuiaḋ coin huasal, coin meanmaċ, coin deaġ-aiġeantaċ le Coin Culainn. 'Nuair a ṫeagmuiġiḋ le ċéile ar bruaċ an Áṫa, cuireann Feidiaḋ fáilte fíor-ċaoin roimh an Coin. "Mo ċen do ṫuċtu, a Cuculaind," ar sé, agus tar éis mór-ċoda agallaim, luiġid ar comrac, agus um ṫriáṫnóna, tar éis tuirse is anfaiḋ an comrac, "Scuiream de fodain badesta a Cuculaind," ar Feidiaḋ. Do sguiḃaḋar ó ċéile, agus as so mar ṫriáṫtann an "Táin" ar ċaoine is ar cneasṫaċt a muinnteariḋair:—

"Bhaċeirides a n-airm uathu illámaib a n-araḋ. Tánic cáċ díb d'indraigid araile arr aithle ocas riabeirt cáċ díb lám das briágit araile, ocas ria ṫairbiri teóra póc. Ra bátar a n-eiċ in oen sceul in n-aroċi sin, ocas a n-araiḋ ic oen temid; ocas bo gníḋetar a n-araiḋ corrain lesṫa úrluaċra doib, go sruthaḋaitaib fri ngona sruth. Tancatar riallaċ icci ocas legis da n-icc ocas da leigis, ocas rochesidetar lubi ocas lorga icci ocas slánsen ria cneḋaib ocas crieċtaib, ria n-áltaib ocas ria n-ilgonaib. Caċ lub ocas cac lorga icci ocas slánsen ria beithea ria cneḋaib ocas crieċtaib altaib agus ilgonaib Conculaind, ria ronaicṫea comraind uaḋ dib das át riar d'Fhirḋiaḋ, na riabbraiṫir sin hEremid da tuitid Feidiaḋ lessium, ba himmaiccraiḋ legis da beraiḋ sain."

An daṫa lá agus an tres lá do'n ċomreigeas iomċiaiḋ na cuiaiḋe iaḋ féin ar an gcumaḋ gcéaḋna, aċt gur ṫuair Cú Culainn milleaḋ a naimeaḋ an ceaṫramaḋ lá do'n ċomreigeas, agus ḋá briġ sin gur sgaraḋar

gentleness and magnanimity. It is certain that there is not in the literatures of Rome or Greece, a champion so noble, so high-spirited, so fair-minded as Cuchulainn. When they meet at the verge of the ford, Ferdiad bids fair welcome to Cuchulainn. "Welcome is thy coming, O Cuchulainn," he exclaims; and after a long dialogue they fall to fighting, and in the evening, after the fatigue and turmoil of the conflict, "let us desist from this now, O Cuchulainn," says Ferdiad. They separated, and it is thus "The Cattle Spoil" describes the gentleness and mildness of their friendship :—

"They threw away their arms from them into the hands of their charioteers. Each of them approached the other forthwith, and each put his hands around the other's neck and gave him three kisses. Their horses were in the same paddock that night, and their charioteers at the same fire; and their charioteers spread beds of green rushes for them with wounded men's pillows to them. The professors of healing and curing came to heal and cure them, and they applied herbs and plants of healing and curing to their stabs and their cuts and their gashes and to all their wounds. Of every herb, and of every healing and curing plant that was put to the stabs and cuts and gashes, and to all the wounds of Cuchulainn, he would send an equal portion from him westward over the ford to Ferdiad, so that the men of Erin might not be able to say, should Ferdiad fall by him, that it was by better means of cure that he was enabled to (kill him.)"

The champions behave in the same manner on the second and third day of the combat, except that Cuchulainn had foreboding that the destruction of his enemy would take place on the fourth day, and there-

ó ċéile lán do buaidirt ir do bruighaid-chloide an tsleagh oidhche. An ceathramhadh lá tagann neart neamh-ghnáthach i gCoin Chulainn, agus athruighean a "riastradh" é go lán-iongantach go —

"Ror lín att ocas imrithi, mar anáil illéir, co ndeirna thuaigh n-uathmar, n-acbéil, n-iltaathaigh, n-imgantaigh de; go mba metithi ria Fomóir, na ria fer maga, in milid móir chalma, ór chind Fiadead i ceirt aidedi." Agus annsain torruighean a gcomrac i gceart. "Ba ré dliúr n-imairic dá riastadar, go ria comriacradar a cind ar n-uachtar, ocas a corra ar n-ichtar, ocas aillama ar n-immedón dar bilib ocas cobhradaib na sciath. Ba ré dliúr n-imairic da riastadar, go rid dluigred ocas go rid dloingred a scéith ó a mbilib go a mbrónti. Ba ré dliúr n-immairic da riastadar, go rid fillte dar, ocas go rid lurgadar, ocas go rid guaraigdedar a slega, ó a rienna go a n-eilenna, 7c."

An lá sain, do réir thuair na Con, do gonead Feidiad dar fóir, agus —

"Rabeirt Cuculaind risi da saigid arr a aithle ocas ria iad a da láim thairr, ocas tuargaib leirr cona arm ocas cona eirred ocas cona etgud dar áth fathaid é."

Ir geall le bean chaointe an cuiread buadhach úd ag caoi an laoich do leag ré, i riannaibh aoibhe, ir i milir-bhrón.

I ndeireadh na "Tána" tá triácht ar comrac iongantach idir dá thaobh—taobh geal-adhartach ó Connachtaibh, ir taobh donn a hUlltaibh—gur deacair a fágbail ar géire ir ar fíor-déine. Acht ní'l fhigse againn annso chum cunntas do thabairt ar an gcomrac sain.

Foillsigheas cneastacht ir maithe Con Culainn dúinn

fore they separated from one another full of sorrow and heart-felt regret on the third night. On the fourth day Cuchulainn assumes unwonted strength and becomes transformed after a very strange fashion by his "distortion," so that

"He was filled with swelling and great fulness, like breath in a bladder, until he became a terrible, fearful, many-coloured, wonderful Tuaig (giant), and he became as big as a Femor or man of the sea, the great and valiant champion in perfect height over Ferdiad." "And then commenced their fight in earnest. So close was the fight they made now, that their heads met above and their feet below, and their arms in the middle, over the rims and bosses of their shields So close was the fight they made that they cleft and loosened their shields from their rims to their centres. So close was the fight which they made that they turned and bent and shivered their spears from their points to their hafts."

On that day, in accordance with the Hound's foreboding, Ferdiad was wounded beyond relief, and—

"Cuchulainn ran towards him after that, and clasped his two arms about him, and lifted him with his arms and his armour and his clothes across the ford, northwards."

That victorious champion is like a lamenting woman, bewailing the hero he laid low, in beautiful stanzes of verse, and in delicious prose.

Towards the end of the "Cattle Spoil" there is an account of a strange conflict between two bulls—a white-horned bull from Connaught, and a brown bull from Ulster—a conflict it would be difficult to surpass in fierceness and sheer intensity; but we have not space here to give an account of that conflict.

Cuchulainn's mildness of disposition, as well as his

ſóſ, ı ſgéal eile dá ngaimteaſ "Toċmaiſc Emiſ," agus ſaġam tuaiſiſg a eagnaċta ı "Seiſiġliġ Conculaind." Do ċuit an cuiaḋ ſá ḋeoiġ ı gCaṫ Maiġe Muiſteimne.

Cioḋ gur móı an meaſ aṫá aı Conċubaſ, aı Feaſġus, ıſ aı Feiḋeaḋ, ıſ aı a lán laoċ eile aı a ḋtıáċtaıḋ na húıſ-ſgéalta ſo, ní cuıṫa ı gcomóıtaſ aoınne ḋíoḃ le Coın Culaınn. Ní'l cuıaḋ dá ṫıéıne ıſ dá ıeanmaın ı ſtaıṫaıḃ ná ı n-úıſ-ſgéalaıḃ na hÉıreann. Taıſbeánann ſé 'n-a ġnıomaıṫaıḃ ıſ 'n-a éaċtaıḃ féın cıoḋaċt ıſ meanma, cneaſtaċt ıſ caomeaċt aı ſınſeaſ ſul aı laſaḋ ſolaſ na Cıíoſtuıḋeaċta 'ſan tír.

———:o:———

An ceaṫramaḋ halt.

———

na sgealta fiannuigeaċta.

Is geall le maı a ċéile Cú Culaınn ınſ na ſeanſgéalaıḃ Gaeḋealaċa agus Fıonn Mac Cumaıll ı mór-ḃolg do ſgéalaıḃ nıoſ déıḋeanaıġe. Mór-ċuiaḋ do b'eaḋ Fıonn, ag a ſaıḃ ſıoſ ıongantaċ, agus dáı ġéıll-leaḋaı complaċt meaı, lúṫmaı, acſumneaċ, aı a ngaimtıḋe an Fıann, nó Fianna Éıreann. Mac d'Fıonn do

beauty, are described for us, also, in another romance called "The Wooing of Emir," and we get an account of his wisdom in the "Sick Bed of Cuchulainn." The hero at length fell in the battle of the Plain of Muirteimne.

Although Conchubhar and Fergus and Ferdiad, and many other heroes of whom these romances treat are held in high esteem, none of them is comparable to Cuchulainn. There is no other champion so brave, so high-spirited in the history or romance of Ireland. In his own deeds and exploits he reveals to us the valour, the high spirit, the gentle disposition, the mildness of our ancestors before the light of Christianity illuminated the land.*

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CHAPTER. IV.

THE FENIAN TALES.

Cuchulainn holds nearly the same position, as regards the old Irish stories, that Fionn Mac Cumhaill does in respect to a large body of later tales. Fionn was a great hero who was possessed of wonderful power of divination, and whom a strong, active, vigorous company, who were called the Fiann, or Fenians of Ireland, obeyed. Oisin was the son of Fionn, and the primal

* The text and translation of the passages quoted in this chapter are taken from O'Curry's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," Vol. III. Appendix.

b'eaḋ Oiṙín, ṗṙiom-ḟile na hÉiṙeann, aguṙ mac do-ṙaiṁ aṁáṙ do b'eaḋ Oṙgaṙ, náṙ b'ḟéidiṙ do ḟáṁuġaḋ i dtṙéine iṙ i gcṙoḋaċt. Bíonn Diaṙmaid Ua Duibne iṙ Caoilte Mac Rónáin go coitċiann 'n-a bṙoċaiṙ ṙiúd. B'éaċtaċ an ṙaoġal do ċaiṫeadaṙ Fianna Éiṙeann ag bṙuiġean, ag jut, ag ṙealg, ag cluiċeaḋ na gcaiṙḟiaḋ iṙ na bṙaolċon. Ní ṙaiḃ coill, ná gleann, ná ṙliaḃ i n-Éiṙinn i dtaoḃ amuiġ do Ċúġeaḋ Uladh náṙ ṫugadaṙ cuaiṙt ann. Ba mhiṁ go coṙ-éadtṙom iad ag jut aṙ ṙéiḋ-bántaiḃ Ċille Daṙa, iṙ níoṙ b'annaiṁ a ṙuṁeadaṙ móṙ-ṙealg aṙ ġoṙm-bṙuaċaiḃ Loċa Léin.

Cioḋ ná ṙaiḃ tṙuaṫ do b'ḟéile ná Fionn ṙéin—

"Dá mad óṙ in duille doṁn,
Ċuṁoṙ oi in caill,
Dá mad aiṙgeṫ in gealtoṁn,
Ro ṫiolaicṙed Fionn"—

ní ṙaiḃ ṙé gan ṙealg iṙ éad iṙ dṙoċ-aigneaḋ. Iṙ miṁic a bíonn na Fianna i n-aiad leiṙ i dtaoḃ a dṙoċ-aigniḋ i gcoṁmiḃ Diaṙmada. Fiu Oṙgaṙ ṙéin, ní ṁaiṫeann ṙé ṙocal do ċeann na bFiann.

Aṁail a dubṙamaṙ ag tṙáċt aṙ Ċoin Ċulainn, b'éaċtaċ iad mac-ġniomaṙṫa Finn, aguṙ iṙ beag áit i nÉiṙinn ná ṙuil ṙuan éigin i ndiaiḋ a láiṁe. Iṙ iomḋa ṙliaḃ, aṙ a ngoiṙṫeaṙ "Suiḋe Finn," aguṙ iṙ iomḋa áiḋán 'n-a bṙuil galán móṙ cloiċe aguṙ ṙuan a ṁéaṙ aiṙ; aguṙ ṙóṙ, ni'l baile i nÉiṙinn ná ṙuil a ainm aguṙ ainm a ċomṙlaċta go beaċt, cinnte i mbéal na ndaoineaḋ ann,

poet of Ireland. And Oisin had a son, Osgar, who was unsurpassed in strength and valour. Diarmaid O Duibhne and Caoilte Mac Ronain are constantly with these. Strange was the life led by the Fianna of Ireland, they fought, they raced, they hunted, they pursued the stag and the wolf. There was no wood or glen or mountain in Erin outside of Ulster, which they did not visit. Often did they run with light steps on the level plains of Kildare, and often did they hunt vigorously on the green margin of Lough Lein.

Though no prince surpassed Fionn in generosity—

"Were but the brown leaf which the willow sheds from it gold,
Were but the white billow silver, Finn would have given it all away"—

he was not, nevertheless, without rage and jealousy and evil disposition. Often are the Fianna in contention with him on account of his ill-will towards Diarmaid. Even Osgar himself speaks out his mind to the chief of the Fianna.

As we observed of Cuchulainn, the youthful exploits of Finn were wonderful, and there are but few places in Erin in which there is not some trace of his hands. Many a mountain is called "Suidhe Finn," and many is the height in which there is a huge stone "galán" having the print of his fingers on it; and, moreover, there is not a village in Erin in which his name and that of his company are not heard precisely and accurately

bíoð náṁ aṁṡeað ṁaṁ 'n-a meaṡg aṁṁ Bṁaṁ na Bomṁe ná Aoða Uí Néill.

Bíoð ṡséalta aṁ Fíonn ṁ aṁ Fiannaiḃ Éiṁeann ðá n-aiṫṁ ṁ na tiġtiḃ tuaṫa aṁ ṁuaiṫ na ðuiṫṫe tamall ó ṁom, aġuṁ ní ṁoṁ ðóiḃ fóṁ. Iomṁ na ṡséaltaiḃ Fionnuiġeaċta aṁ ṁ feáṁ a Bṁil aiṫne, áṁuiġṫeaṁ iað ṁo, "Oiðeað Comlaoiċ." "Caṫ Fionn Tṁáġa," "Eaċtṁa Lomnoċtáin an tSléiḃe Rife," "Cuṁe Maoil Uí Maṁaṁáin go ðtí Fianna Éiṁeann," "Tóṁuiġeaċt an Ġiolla Ðeacaiṁ aġuṁ a Ċapaill," "Bṁuiġean Ċeiṁe Ċoṁaiṁn," "Tóṁuiġeaċt Ðiaṁaða aġuṁ Ġṁáiṁne," "Aġallaṁ na Seanóṁaċ," 7c.

Ṁ fíoṁ go Bṁil ðeiṫṁi ṁóṁ ṁoṁ ṡséaltaiḃ maṁ iað ṁo aġuṁ na húṁ-ṡséaltaiḃ baineaṁ le Coṁ Ċulaiṁn. Ṁ aoiḃṁe an ċaiṁt, ṁ bṁeáġta an moð foillṁiġte, ṁ loṁṁaiġe an ðaṫaṁalaċt, aġuṁ ṁ uaiṁle, ðílṁe iað na cuṁaiðe ṁ n-úṁ-ṡséaltaiḃ Con Ċulaiṁn. Tá na ṡséalta Fionnuiġeaċta—nó cuið ṁaiṫ ðíoḃ—lán ðo ḃuað-ḟocaiḃ, cuṁṫa ṁ noiaið a ċéile le haġaið a ḃṁaiṁe, ṁ ġan ṁuiṁ ṁ n-a mḃṁíġ, aġuṁ ðo ċuaið a ġcuið caiṁṫe ṁ n-olcaṁ ṁ ṁiṫ na mḃiaðan, ṁ ðṁeo go ḃṁuiġṁeá ðeiċ ḃṁocal ṁ noiaið a ċéile ð'aon ḃṁíġ aṁáṁ ṁ ġcuið aca.

Ṁ ðóiġ ġuṁ b'aṁlaið ðo ðógað ġaṁṁað ð'ṁeaṁaiḃ cṁoða, aṁ aṁ ġlaoðað Fianna Éiṁeann, ċuṁ áṁo-míġ na hÉiṁeann ðo ċoṁaiṁ, ṁoiṁ aiṁṁṁ Naoiṁ Pádṁaiġ. Bí taiṁteal an ġaṁṁaið ṁiṁ aṁ ṁuaiṁ na hÉiṁeann aṁ ṁað aċt aṁáṁ ṁ gCúigeað Ulað. Ṁ ioṁġantaċ maṁ ðo ðóġ na ṡséalṁuiðe Cṁíoṁtuiðe ṁuaṁ eaċtṁaiðe na bFiann, ṁ maṁ

from the lips of the people, even where the names of Brian Boruimhe and of Hugh O'Neill are never heard.

Tales of Fionn and of the Fianna of Erin used to be recited in the houses throughout the country some time since, and they are not yet extinct. Amongst the Fenian tales which are best known, the following may be mentioned, "The Fate of Conlaoch," "The Battle of Ventry," "The Adventures of Lomnochtan of Sliabh Rife," "The Invitation of Maol O Mananain to the Fianna of Erin," "The Pursuit of the Giolla Deacair and of his Horse," "The Battle of Ceis Corainn," "The Pursuit of Diarmaid and Grainne," "The Colloquy with the Ancients," &c.

There is, no doubt, a great difference between tales like these and the romances that relate to Cuchulainn. In the romances of Cuchulainn the style is more pleasing, the descriptions are more beautiful, the colouring is more brilliant, and the heroes are nobler and more amiable. The Fenian tales—or a considerable portion of them—are full of adjectives placed after each other with a view to their sound, without regard to their meaning, and their style grew worse as years rolled on, insomuch that you may find in some of them ten tautologous words one after another.

It would seem that previous to the time of St. Patrick there was raised a body of brave men for the defence of the over-king of Ireland, who were called the Fianna of Ireland. This body frequented every part of Ireland except the Province of Ulster. It is strange how

do tugadar iarmhaċt ar lar d'aontuġaḋ le feanċar na hEaglaise. Fágánaiġ do b'eaḋ na Fianna, aċt níor b'aon díoġbáil a n-éaċta ir a ngníomhaiḃa d'aiṫmir do luiġt an fír-ċheirdiḿ, agus dá bríġ sin ceapann an seanalaiḋe Gaeḋealaċ gur fan Oisín ir Caoilte 'n-a mbeaṫaiḋ i bfad tar éis Caṫa Ċomair agus Caṫa Gabhra agus Caṫa Ollarba agus milite ir bargṫa na bFiann i gcoiṫċiann. D'fan 'n-a broċair áḋbar beag do'n Gnáiṫ-Fiann. Do fgar Oisín ir Caoilte le ċéile, agus i gcúrsa a fiubláide do buail Caoilte um Naoṁ Páirtraig. B'éaċtaċ an comne do bí eatorṫa. Bí iongnaḋ ar Páirtraig ir ar a ṁuinntir ar feicsint méid ir tréine ir calmaċta na gcurad úd. B'é an fean-faoġal agus an faoġal nuaḋ i noáil a ċéile, agus b'í an dáil ċneasta, ċaoin, ċeanasaċ í. Bí fonn ar Páirtraig éaċta na bFiann do ċloisint, aċt tar éis tamaill tá aṁrar aige gur docair dá díaḋaċt é, agus táinig dá aingil fóin-ċoṁéadta Páirtraig ċum an aṁrair fain do bain de, agus dubhradar leis fgéala na gcurad do ċur síos "i támlorgaiḃ filed, ocus i mbruaṫraiḃ ollamhan, óir bud garmuiġaḋ do drongaiḃ ocus do deg daṁaiḃ deirid aimsire eisdechta fhirna fcélaiḃ sin."

Tar éis an uilabhra sain fiubhaid Páirtraig agus Caoilte timċeall na hÉireann, agus ní'l riaṫ ná cnoc ná tulaċ naċ mór ná fuil eaċtra air ó béal Ċaoilte. Tar éis a dturas téiḋid go Teaṁair mar a bruil Oisín

Christian story-tellers exploited the adventures of the Fianna, and how they endeavoured to harmonize them with the history of the Church. The Fianna were Pagans, but there was no harm in reciting their deeds and exploits for the true believers, and for this reason, the Irish story-teller invents the fable that Oisin and Caoilte lived on long after the battle of Comar, and the battle of Gabhra, and the battle of Ollarba, and after the ruin and destruction of the Fianna in general. With them there remained a small number of the rank and file of the Fianna. Oisin and Caoilte separated from one another, and in the course of their wanderings Caoilte met St. Patrick. Wonderful was the meeting that took place between them. St. Patrick and his company wondered at beholding the stature, the strength and the bravery of these champions. It was the meeting of the old order of things and of the new, but mild, and gentle, and friendly was the meeting. Patrick was anxious to hear the exploits of the Fianna, but after some time he suspects that his piety would suffer from the recital, and his two guardian angels came to take away that suspicion, and they told him to set down the stories of the heroes in "the tabular staffs of poets and in words of ollamhs since to the companies and nobles of later time to give ear to the stories will be for a passtime."

After this discourse, Patrick and Caoilte travel around Ireland, and there is scarce a rath or hill or mound about which we have not got a story from the lips of

ɪomɒa, ɪ mar a bɒuil ɒleaɒ Teamɒaċ ar ɒuball, agus aiṫɒɪɒ Caoilte ɪ Oɪɒín o'ɒeaɒaiḃ Éɪɒeann ɒɪoɒnaɒta na bɒann, agus beɒɒ ɒɒ Éɪɒeann leo na ɒgealta ɒam, ar ɒgaɒṫaḋ ḋóiḃ, go cúig áɪɒoiḃ na hÉɪɒeann. Ó ɒom amaċ nɪoɒ ṫeɪɒ ɒgéal ɒɪonnuiġeaċta ar ɒgéaluɪḋe ɒuaɪn, ɪ nɪ ɒuaḃ baɪle ɪ nÉɪɒɪnn náɒ aiṫɒɪɒeaḋ ann ar ɪnnɪɒ na cuɒaɪḋe ar an láṫaɒ ɒɪn. Ɪ ḋóiġ lɪnn ɒém guɒ b'é beannaċt ɒáḋuaiġ ar ɒgéalṫaiḃ Caoilte ɪ Oɪɒín ḋo ṫug an oɪɒeaḋ ɒam ɒógaɒta oɒṫa ar ɒuaɪḋ na tíɒe; ar ɒɪn amaċ nɪoɒ ġaḃaḋ ḋoɒ na Cɒíoɒṫuɪḋiḃ eagla beiṫ oɒṫa ɪ ṫaoḃ na ɒgéal ɒo na bɒagánaċ ḋ'aiṫɒɪɒ.

'San úɒɒ-ɒgéal ar a ngaɪɒɪnṫeaɒ "Agallaɪɒ na ɒeaɒóɒaċ," ar ar ṫugamaɒ cúɪɒṫaɒ ṫuaɒ, ɪ ɪomḋa ɒgéal gɒínn, ɪ ɪomḋa ɒoɪllɒɪuġaḋ aoiḃɪnn, ɪ ɪomḋa ɒeaṅ-ċuɪɒɪne ar éaċṫaiḃ na bɒann, agus ar nóɒaiḃ na ɒeaṅ-aɪɒɒɪɒe aṫá le ɒaġḃáil; agus ɪ bɒeáġ, mɪlɪɒ, aoiḃɪnn an ċaɪɒṫ aṫá ann ɒóɒ. Ba ḋóiġ leaṫ go ɒuaiḃ meaḃaɒ ɪ cuɪɒɪne ag gaċ gleann ɒléɪḃe, ɪ ṫeaṅga ag gaċ ɒɒoṫán, agus ɒóɒ eolaɒ ɪ gcɒoɪḋe-láɒ gaċ ɒeaṅ-ɒoṫɒaiġ, ɪ go gcuɪɒɪo ɒɒaḋ a gcuɪo ɒeaṅċaɒ ɪ n-uɪɒaɪl ḋo Ċaoilte, ɪ go n-aiɒṫɪġeann eɪɒean go ṫeaṅgaɪɒ ḋaoɪɒɪa é, ɪ oṫɒeḋ go oṫuiġeaḋ ɒáḋuaiġ é.

Tá ɒgéal ɒɪonnuiġeaċta eile ar a bɒuil léɪɒ-aiṫɪe ag a láɪɒ; ɒɪn é "Tóɪɒɪġeaċt Ḋiaɪɒɪḋa agus Ġɒáɪɒɪe," ɪ n-a bɒoillɒiġṫeaɒ ṫúɪɒɪɒ éaḋ, ɪ ɒeaɒġ, ɪ cɒuaḋ-ċɒoɪḋeaċt Fɪnn. Cɒoḋ guɒ ɪɒóɒ-ċuɒaḋ Fɪonn, nɪ ɒuaiḃ Ġɒáɪɒɪe ɒáɒta le é beiṫ aɪċɪ maɒ ċéile, agus ḋo ṫóiġ ɒí Ḋiaɪɒɪḋ Ua Ḋuiḃne ɪ n-a ɪonaḋ. Taɒ éɪɒ a láɪɒ ḋo ġéaɒ-ċaṫuiġṫiḃ, tá Ḋiaɪɒɪḋ ag ɒaġḃáil báɪɒ ar ḋɒuɪɒɪ

Caoilte. After their travels they go to Tara, where Oisin is before them, and the Feast of Tara is being held, and Caoilte and Oisin recite for the men of Erin the exploits of the Fianna, and the men of Erin, on separating, take these stories with them to the five distant points of Erin. Thenceforward, no story-teller ever was at a loss for a Fenian tale, and there was no village in Erin in which what the heroes told on that day was not recited. It seems to us that it was the blessing of Patrick on the stories of Caoilte and Oisin that gave such great publicity to them throughout the country. Thenceforward, there was no need that Christians should be afraid to recite these stories of the Pagans.

In the romance which is entitled the "Colloquy with the Ancients," from which we have taken the above account, many pleasing descriptions, many reminiscences of the exploits of the Fianna, and of the manners of the olden time are to be found; the style is pretty, sweet and delightful. One would imagine that every mountain and valley had an intellect and a memory, and every streamlet a tongue, and besides, that knowledge dwelt in the very recesses of every ancient ruin, and that they tell Caoilte of their history, and that he translates it into human speech so that Patrick might understand it.

There is another Fenian tale which is well-known to many, it is the "Pursuit of Diarmaid and Grainne," in which the jealousy and rage and hard-heartedness of Fionn are brought clearly before us. Though Fionn was

Beanna Gulbain, agus d'féadfadh Fionn é do faighadh ó'n mbáidh dá mb'áil leis deoch uisge do thabhairt chuige. Tá Oisgan ag athchairt air an deoch do thabhairt uaidh, acht ní'l maitheas 'n-a ghlóir. Fá dheireadh tógann sé uisge ionn a dhá láimh, acht tuiteann 'an t-uisge d'aon-am uaidh. Déanann sé an cleas céadna arís, agus an tríomh uair ar teacht fá dhéin an othair dó, "fgar an t-anam le colainn Diarmada."

Tair éis bháis Diarmada, meallann Fionn Gráinne, is fanann sí aige go bás.

———:o:———

An cúigeadh halt.

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Tri truaighe na sgéaluigheachta.

Tá an deifriúdeacht so idir an litriugheacht fhrióis atá againn ós na cianaibh is an litriugheacht do cumadh timcheall aimsire Aodha Uí Néill, gur mhic a bhionn fhrós aimsire Uí Néill dubhach, bhrónach, doilbh, agus úmhóir do fhrós na sean-uaislibh láin d'áthas is d'aiteas. Do cumadh an fhrós fhada i n-aimsir na laoch ar ná fiadh eagla ná uathadh, is do chuir fhómpa éachta iongantacha is ghníomhartha laochair do dhéanamh, agus do mhúin na ghníomhartha fhada le meisneach is le meanmain. Suidhe áird-uighe chum feirtis is féasta is bainnse i hallaibh maiseamla;

a great hero, Grainne was not pleased to have him for a spouse, and fixed upon Diarmaid O Duibhne in his stead. After many sharp struggles Diarmaid is laid out to die on the top of Beann Gulban, but Fionn could save him from death if he chose to bring him a drink of water. Osgar entreats him to give the drink, but his pleading is vain. At last he takes up water between both his hands, but the water he lets drop from him purposely. He repeats the same trick, and the third time as he approaches the sick man, "the soul of Diarmaid goes out of his body."

After the death of Diarmaid, Fionn wins over Grainne, and she remains with him till death.

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CHAPTER V.

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THE THREE SORROWS OF STORY.

There is this difference between the prose literature that has come down to us from a remote past, and the literature created in the time of Hugh O'Neill and thereabouts, that the prose of O'Neill's time is often sad, sorrowful and melancholy, while the greater part of the prose of our ancient authors is full of joy and delight. That prose was created in the time of heroes who knew neither fear nor trembling, and who proposed to themselves to perform wondrous exploits and feats of bravery, and who accomplished these deeds with courage and

bíodh na báirdibh ag cantain le gléir ir le fír-bhneadh, agus líontaí cloidhe na n-uairle, idir fear ir bean, le hátadh le neart mhreachta a gceoil. Gluaisid gairgidhe dárach air rubhal rá gcarabh chum smacht do chur air atach mí-náireach éigin, nó chum bean uasal do réidhteach ó dhaoin-bhuidh. Tá réan ir ronas air an dtír air fad. Tá fuaim átair fhi i dtreabhaibh comhcargain ir i gcogadh na lann idir na laechibh seo.

Acht anoir ir amhlaidh, i mbeathaidh na ngairgidheach so, bíonn éachta thuaighmhéileacha 'nuair chuireann dhochmhaitheas ir fearg ir fhochmhaireacht fhóg donas ir tubairt air churadhaibh; ir ní gan úmh-ghéaltaibh thuaighmhéileacha atá an aimsear seo—ghéalta thaighidheachta fuinte go dearbha, agus ghlachtuighthe go líomhta. Táid na ghéalta so against i nuadh-eagal, acht ní féidir gan fhios na sean-aimsire do mhothughadh idir na nóraibh, na shuaimhibh, ir na dúlibh cloidhe ir fhi idir na foclaibh féin, go mórmhór idir na laoidhibh beaga atá annso ir annsúd ghairighthe thíd gach úmh-ghéal. Thách tagh aimsir i ná fhaidh colas air laoidhibh Laidne, ná air ceol na hEaglaise, agus i n-a fhaidh déithe dá ndéanamh do laochaibh oirdhearca. Táid na húmh-ghéalta so, amhail, lán do thaise ir do thuaighmhéil, ir do fhír-chneachtach, i dtreo ná fuil a rámhadh le faghail i measg litridheachta na hEorpa do'n aimsir chéadna. Ir iad so na ghéalta thuaighe air ir réamh atá aithne, "Oidhead Clainne Lir," "Oidhead Clainne Uisnigh," ir "Oidhead Clainne Tuireann."

Dála "Oidhe Clainne Lir," ní dóigh linn go

high spirit. Over-kings sit down to banquets and festivals and marriage feasts in beautiful halls ; the bards sing with rapture and true melody, and the hearts of the nobles, lords and ladies alike, are filled with delight at the sweetness of their music. Bold champions fare forth under *geasa* to bring some stubborn giant under subjection or to set a noble lady free from bondage. The whole land is happy and prosperous. There is a sound of joy even in the ranks of battle and in the strife of spears in these days.

But now and again in the lives of these heroes there are pathetic episodes when the mischief and wrath and cruelty of a king bring misfortune and misery on heroes, and this period is not wanting in romances of pathos, —tragic tales, beautifully conceived and finely finished. We have these tales in a modern form, but one cannot fail to perceive traces of the old times in the habits and modes of thought described, in the aspirations and even in the words themselves, especially in the little poems scattered here and there throughout each romance. They treat of a time in which there was no acquaintance with Latin Hymns or with Church music, and in which renowned heroes were being transformed to gods. These romances are full of tenderness and of pathos and of gentleness of spirit, so much so, that in this they are unsurpassed in the literatures of Europe of the same period. The pathetic tales which are best known, are "The Fate of the Children of Lir," "The Fate of the Children of Uisneach," and "The Fate of the Children of Tuireann."

As regards "The Fate of the Children of Lir," it has

mbuaiḋeaḋ ruaiṁ air ar ċruaiġṁéil náḋúiṫċa ir ar ioṁ-áiġeaċt neaṁ-ċuiḃearaiġ. Bí ceaṫrar leanḃ ró-ṁair-eaṁail ag Liri—triúr mac agus mġean, agus ir í an mġean labrar do'n ċuid eile i ruiṫ an ṡséil. Ir ġeárr go bruair máṫair na leanḃ ro bár, agus ġur róir Liri a deaiḃṡiúr Aoife. Fuaṫann Aoife Clann Liri le fuaṫ lear-ṁáṫair, agus taġann toċt buile agus éada 'n-a broċ-ċroide 'nuair bíaṫann sí go dtuġann a fear fearc a ċléiḃ dóiḃ, agus ná cuireann sé sséir ná suim innte séin. Bí fonn uirre iad do ċur ċum báir, aċt níor b'féidir aoinne d'faġḃáil ċum an ġnoiṁ sin do déanaṁ. Le neart a éada do ġeárrfaḋ sí sháṫ a saoġal le n-a láṁ séin, aċt go moṫuiġeann sí laiġe a tola ir tairr mnáṁail. Ar an ġcuma so ir coṁail le mnaoi Mic Deirt í, ġabar a leaṫ-sséal séin náir buail sí buile millte ar Duncan mar ġeall ar an ġcoṁaileaċt do bí aiġe le n-a haṫair 'n-a ċodlaḋ. Ní'l i mbaoṫ-ġlóir mná Mic Deirt, agus i n-a mór-stoirm d'foclaiḃ ag ġlíoruġaḋ a fir ċum ġnoṁarṫa, aċt iarrtaċt ar a laiġe séin do ċeilt.

Aċt níor ṫairr d'Aoife. Lá áirṫe ċuir sí na leanḃ ag snáṁ ar Loċ Dairḃreaċ, agus 'nuair bíodar 'san uirge d'airtiġ sí 'n-a n-ealaiḋṫiḃ iad le neart driaoiḋ-eaċta. Annsain iarrtaid na healaiḋte daonna so ar a lear-ṁáṫair bríoċmair srár do ċur le n-a ġruaiḋ-cár agus do ċuir —

"Nó go ġoiṁiacfaiḋ an bean i ndeas agus an fear i dtuaiḋ . . . . nó go siaḃtaoi trí ċéad bliaḋan

never, perhaps, been surpassed for natural pathos and strange imaginativeness. Lir had four most beautiful children, three sons and a daughter, and it is the daughter that acts the spokeswoman for the others in the course of the narrative. The mother of the children soon died, and Lir married her sister Aoife. With a step-mother's hate does Aoife hate the children of Lir, and her bad heart is seized with a fit of frenzy and jealousy, when she suspects that her husband extends his soul's love to them and that he is neither interested nor concerned in herself. She intended to put them to death, but could find no one to commit that crime. Urged on by her jealousy she would herself cut the thread of their lives, but she perceives the weakness of her will and her womanly tenderness. In this wise she is like Lady Macbeth who excuses herself for not striking a deadly blow at Duncan, by alleging that he was like her father when he slept. Lady Macbeth's empty boastings and her storm of speech urging on Macbeth to the deed, are nothing but attempts to hide her own weakness.

But Aoife does not rest content. One day she put the children to bathe on Loch Dairbhreach and when they were in the water, she transformed them into swans by the power of magic. Then these human swans ask their cruel step-mother to put a period to their hard plight, and she put a period,—

"Until the woman from the south and the man from the north are united . . . . . until you shall

ar Loc Daimbreac, agus trí céad bliadan ar Sruit na Maoile, idir Éirinn agus Albain, agus trí céad bliadan i mBorrais Domnainn agus i nInis Gluaire Bréanainn." Atá áit éigin le fagbáil ar Aoife. Ní tig léi anois toradh a mhorcaire do tógbáil díob, act luigeadhgeann rí a gcuid aindóigh com mór agus ir féidir léi. Fágann rí aca a meadhair daonna féin, agus a n-úrlabhra Gaedhilge féin, agus neart ceol do jeinm com binn, com milis rin ná féadfaidh gluaigte fearrgaca, náireamla codlad do féanadh dá fáir-éirteacht.

Ir mó-ghéarr gur mothuigeadh annuigh na páirtibe, agus d'aithin Liar 'n-a aigneadh féin gur imneadh léir-ghnoth oirra, agus cuaidh ré gan stad go bruacaibh Loca Dairbreac; agus innistir na healaidhe daonna ann dó gur b'iad a cuid cloinne féin iad, agus ná fuil ré 'n-a gcumas an dreach daonna do ghlacadh arís. Ir í Fionnghuala an mghean a labhair:—

"Ní fuil cumas againn taobh do thabairt le aon duine fearda, act atá ar n-urlabhra Gaedhilge féin againn, agus atá 'n-ar gcumas ceol fír-éachtach do chantain, agus ir leor do'n chineadh daonna uile do fágail beith eirteacht leis an gceol rain; agus anaidh againn anocht, agus canfam ceol daoibh."

Ní fulaing do'n ceol so beith milis, rogach, do chur fuan ar athair buaidhreartha, chiúnte, ir é ag féachaint ar bheomhilleadh a cheathair leanbh óg comhair a fúil, agus ir dear an cuntas 'ran úir-ghéal so ruan an athair go maidin le taobh an fhuar-loca úd. Níor b'fada ó'n lá rain go

have been three hundred years upon Sruth na Maoile, between Erin and Alba and three hundred years at Iorras Domnann and Inis Gluaire Brendan."

But Aoife has some kindness left. She cannot now take from them the evil effects of her malice, but she diminishes their discomforts as much as she can. She leaves to them their own human reason and their own Irish speech and the power of discoursing music so sweetly, so melodiously, that angry, hostile armies could not refrain from sleep while listening attentively to it.

In a short time the children were missed, and Lir felt in his own mind that destruction had been wrought on them, and he proceeded without halt to the shores of Loch Dairbhreach, and these human swans inform him that they are his own children, and that it is not in their power to go back to their human shapes again. It is the daughter, Fionnghuala, who speaks :—

"We have not power to associate with any person henceforth, but we have our own Irish Language, and we have power to chant wondrous music, and listening to that music is quite sufficient to satisfy the whole human race ; and stay ye with us this night and we will discourse music for you."

That music must of necessity be sweet and soothing which put to slumber a sad and troubled father, who beheld the living ruin of his four children before his eyes, and it is a beautiful episode in this romance, that the father sleeps till morning beside that cold lake.

ᴅᴛáᴍɪꝺ ᴅíoꝺalᴛaꝺ cóɪɪ aɪ Aoɪꝛe, maɪ ᴅ'aɪꝛᴛɪꝺ Bᴏᴅb Deaɪꝺ le ᴅɪaoɪᴅeaċᴛ í ꝺo ᴅeaᴍan aeɪɪ.

Aꝺuꝛ anoɪꝛ ᴛoꝛuɪꝺeann ꝛaoꝺal ᴅoɪlb, bɪónaċ na n-éan ꝛo. Ba ᴅóna an ᴛɪeo bí oɪᴛa aɪ Loċ Daɪꝛbɪeaċ, aċᴛ annꝛaɪn ᴅo ᴛɪꝺ leo a ꝺcáɪɪᴅe ᴅ'aꝺallaᴍ, aꝺuꝛ ceol ᴅo ꝛeɪnn ᴅo ċuɪɪꝛeaḃ ꝛluaɪꝺᴛe ċum ꝛuaɪᴍ. Aċᴛ bí a ɪé caɪᴛᴛe, aꝺuꝛ ᴅo b'éɪꝺean ᴅóɪb ᴅul ċum aoɪꝺeaċᴛa aɪ Sɪuᴛ na Maoɪle. B'éaċᴛaċ é an aɪɪɪó aꝺuꝛ an ᴄɪuaḋ-ᴛan ᴅ'ꝛulaɪᴍꝺeaḋaɪ ó ꝛɪoc, ó Ḃáɪᴛɪꝺ, ɪꝛ ó ꝺaɪɪḃ-ꝛíon, aꝺuꝛ ɪꝛ bɪeáꝺ a ꝛoɪllɪꝺᴛeaḋaɪ é 'ꝛan úɪɪ-ꝛꝺéal.

"Cɪḋ ᴛɪá aċᴛ ᴛáᴍɪꝺ meaḋon oɪḋċe ċúċa, aꝺuꝛ ᴅo ċuɪᴍ an ꝺaoᴛ ɪé, aꝺuꝛ ᴅo Méaᴅuɪꝺeaḋaɪ na ᴛonna a ᴅᴛɪeaᴛan aꝺuꝛ a ᴅᴛoɪᴍán, aꝺuꝛ ᴅo lonnɪaɪꝺ ᴛeɪne ꝺealáᴍ, aꝺuꝛ ᴛáᴍɪꝺ ꝛꝺuabaḋ ꝺaɪḃ-anꝛaɪḋ aɪ ꝛaᴅ na ꝛaɪɪɪꝺe, ɪonnaɪ ꝺuɪ ꝛꝺaɪaḋaɪ Clanna Lɪɪ le ċéɪle aɪ ꝛeaḋ na móɪ-Maɪa, aꝺuꝛ ᴛuꝺaḋ ꝛeaċɪán an ċuaɪᴍ ċɪɪɪ-leaᴛaɪn oɪɪɪa, ꝺo naċ ꝛeaḋaɪɪ neaċ ᴅíoḃ cɪa ꝛlíꝺe, nó cɪa conaɪɪ a ᴛᴅeaċaɪḋ an ċuɪᴅ eɪle."

Sul aɪ ꝛáꝺaḋaɪ Sɪuᴛ na Maoɪle ᴅo ꝛuaɪɪaḋaɪ ɪaḋaɪc eɪle aɪ a ꝺcaɪɪaɪᴅ, aꝺuꝛ ɪꝛ éaċᴛaċ an ꝛꝺéal ná ᴛáᴍɪꝺ aoɪ ná báɪ aɪ Lɪɪ ná aɪ a ċomplaċᴛ le céaᴅᴛaɪḃ bliaḋan. Iɪɪ an ꝛaoꝺal ꝛo ɪ n-a maɪɪɪᴅ, ᴛá ᴅɪaoɪᴅeaċᴛ aɪ ꝺaċ nió, ɪꝛ ní ᴛaꝺann aoɪ ná ᴅeaᴄaɪɪ ná ꝺalaɪ aɪ ᴛíɪ ná aɪ ḋaoɪnḃ. Ní'l 'ꝛan ᴛɪaoꝺal ꝛo aɪ ꝛaᴅ aċᴛ ꝛíoɪɪ-óɪꝺe, ɪꝛ maɪꝛe, ɪꝛ úɪɪ-ḃɪeáꝺᴛaċᴛ.

Iaɪ ḃɾáꝺḃáil Sɪoᴛa na Maoɪle ḋóɪḃ ᴅo ᴛuꝺaḋaɪ a n-aꝺaiḋ aɪ Ioɪɪɪaɪ Doᴍnaɪnn, aꝺuꝛ ɪꝛ annꝛo ᴅo caɪaḋ oɪᴛa óɪꝺ-ꝛeaɪ ᴅo ċuɪɪ ꝛíoɪ cuᴍᴍᴛaɪ a n-éaċᴛ, aꝺuꝛ léɪ ɪó-ᴛaɪᴛᴍɪꝺ ᴍɪlꝛeaċᴛ a ᴅꝺoᴛa, aꝺuꝛ ɪꝛ ᴛuꝺᴛa ꝛá ᴅeaɪa

Not long after that date a just vengeance came on Aoife, as Bodhbh Dearg transformed her by means of magic into a demon of the air.

And now the sad, sorrowful life of these birds begins. Sad was their plight on Loch Dairbhreach, yet, there they could converse with their friends and discourse music which put hosts to sleep. But now their time was due, and they must perforce take up their abode at Sruth na Maoile. Surprising was the labour and hardship they underwent by reason of the frost, the rain and the inclement weather, and beautifully are these troubles described in the romance.

"Now, when midnight came upon them and the wind came down with it and the waves grew in violence and in thundering force, and the livid lightnings flashed and gusts of hoarse tempest swept along the sea, then the children of Lir separated from one another and were scattered over the wide sea, and they strayed from the extensive coast so that none of them knew what way or path the others wandered."

Before they left Sruth na Maoile they beheld their friends once again, and it is strange that neither age nor death came upon Lir and his party, though hundreds of years had passed. In this world in which they live, everything is under the spell of magic, nor age nor trouble nor disease comes on land or people. In this world there is only perennial youth, and beauty and loveliness.

When they left Sruth na Maoile they proceeded to Iorras Domnann and here they fell in with a youth who wrote an account of their adventures, and who was delighted with the sweetness of their voices, and it is to

gur annram gluaireann umaigte an ceud uair ó béal Fionngualan, agus go n-iarrann sí ar a deartbráthair géilleadh don t-saoi Dia. Tar éis a dtriéimhe beit caitte annram fillid cum Sít Fionnachaird, mar ar bhatadar go mbeadh

"Lig go n-a teaghlach, agus a muinnteir uile," act "is amlaid fuaradar an baile fás folamh ar a gcionn, gan act maol-práta glasa agus doireadha neanntа ann, gan tigh, gan teine, gan tsleibh."

Fá deireadh teagmuigid leis na Criortuidtibh, agus fillid ar a gcuid daonna arís. Act do cuir na bliadanta oidhe, agus is crionna, doirbhe, fann na sean-daoine iad anois. Bairtear iad, agus tuitid i rámh-codlad an bháis.

Is dóigh linn-ne ná fuil sgéal le fagbáil i mbí na litriugeachta Gaedilge com héachtach, com hiongantach le "hOidhead Clainne Lir." Tráchtann sé ar léir-bhreath na nór nÉireannach do tháinig le teacht na Criortuideachta. Cuireann sé i n-uimhl dúinn nár éirigid an Chriortuideacht 'n-ar dtír mar fár na haon-oidhche, act gur mall-céimeach, neamh-tabaid do fochuig sí 'n-ar measg. Is é challuigeann an fárach do fuaradar na héin iompa ar a bhfilleadh cum baile ná meat na nór brágánach is diaoidheachta, agus an deiridh nóra do bí idir an Sean-saogal agus an Saogal Nuadh i nÉirinn. Is é challuigeann an dúil do bí ag na héanaibh daonna do géilleadh do Chriortuideacht ná ullmacht nádúrtha na dúthche cum an cleireamh ceart do glacadh. is an buaidhreart réin do tháinig oidhe ná na héachta nádúrtha

be noticed that it is there for the first time that prayers escape from the lips of Fionnghuala, and that she asks her brothers to believe in the one God. When their period is spent here they return to Sith Fionnachadh, where they expected to find

"Lir with his household and all his people," but "they only found the place a desert and unoccupied before them, with only uncovered green raths and thickets of nettles there, without a house, without a fire, without a place of abode."

At length they fall in with Christians and they return to their human shape once more. But the years had told on them and now they are old, weak and withered. They are baptized, and sink into the quiet sleep of death.

It seems to us that there is no tale to be found in Irish Literature so strange, so wonderful as that of "The Fate of the Children of Lir." It deals with the breaking up of Irish customs that took place on the coming in of Christianity. It reminds us that Christianity did not spring up in our land as a mushroom growth, but that it is with a slow and steady step it advanced and settled down amongst us. The desert the birds found on their return signifies the decay of pagan and druidical customs and the vast difference that existed between the Old World and the New in Erin. The desire of believing in Christianity evinced by these human birds signifies the natural aptitude of the country for accepting the true faith, and even the very hard-

do chuir na daoine i dtreo an nuaid-theagairg do glacad. I dtorach an tséil fagmaoid riadhaic ar Éirinn na noiaoi, le n-a cuid aitir ir aoibhir, le n-a cuid criodhachta ir meanman. Ir fíor-fharraigthear atá ór comhair ar súl, acht bhfuid na drioc-chlaonta amach ann, ir dá dhuine fin déinteair deairg-fárach do'n fharraigthear fain. Ní fanann ann acht bhrón ir buaidheairt ir naigneas, agus i measg naignis ir buaidheairtha na dúithche aimhtheas ceol na Críostuidheachta chom cinn, chom milis le guth na cuaiche ar bheacadh an tsamhraidh. Ar dtúis ní puinn do ghéilleteair do'n cheol fain, acht i gcionn tamaill dúisigid cluig na hEaglaise an macalla ó ghleann ir chomair ar fuaid na tíre ar fad.

B'féidir, leis, go bfuil cosmhaileacht éigin 'san tséal so leis an tslabhraghleacht d'fulaingeadair ceithre cúigidhe na hÉireann fá dhaor-smacht na nGall, nuair nár fágadh puaime dá mbeathaidh náisiúnta aca, acht a dteanga dúthchais féin agus a gceol ró-mhilis.

Thaighidheacht dhomhain, dhoilb, fuilmeas ir eadh Oidheadh Clainne Uisnigh, fónaighthe ar feall neamh-thuaighnéideach. Atá ann cáilidhe na n-úsh-tséal, cidh go bfuil sé leachtaighthe i bhfiannaibh an tsean-chais, agus go bfuil caidheamh againn ór na stáitibh ar a lán dhe na daoinibh do theagmhaigeas ann linn, agus fós banneann sé go dlúth le beisteas úsh-tséal ró-fheidhmeamhail eile.

Do bí Conchubar, Rí Uladh, ag caiteamh fleidhe i dtig a fheanchaidhe, agus do fugadh inghean do'n tsean-chaidhe. Aoibh Cathbadh, an druadh, i dtaimgaireacht, go dtabhaidh

ships they were subjected to signify the natural calamities that prepared the people for the acceptance of the new doctrine. In the beginning of the tale we get a glimpse of the Erin of the druids and its joys and delights, its valour and high-spiritedness. It is a veritable paradise that is set before our eyes, but evil passions break out, and through their means this paradise is converted into a desert. Only sorrow and trouble and loneliness dwell there, while amid the loneliness and trouble of the land there is heard the music of Christianity as gentle, as sweet as the voice of the cuckoo at the dawn of Summer. At first little heed is paid to this music, but after a little time the church bells awaken echo from glen and cave throughout the whole country.

Perhaps also there is some resemblance in this story to the slavery undergone by the four provinces of Erin under the tyranny of the foreigners, when no trace of their natural existence was left them, but their native speech and their own delicious music.

"The Fate of the Children of Uisneach" is a deep melancholy bloody tragedy, founded on pitiless treachery. It has the characteristics of the romances, though it is based on historic truth, and we have historic knowledge of some of the characters we meet in it. Besides, it is closely connected with two other splendid romances.

Conchubhar, King of Ulster, was feasting in the house of his historian, and to the historian a daughter is born. Cathbad, the druid, declares in prophecy that she

mío-áṡ ıṛ milleaḋ aṛ Cúıgeaḋ Uladh aṛ ṛad, agus tugann ré Déıṁıne maṛ ainm uıṁe. Ómoıṡteaṛ í do ċoṁgbáil ṛá leıt ı noaltaċaṛ, agus aṛ ṛoċtaın aoıṛe mná ḋı, labṛann ṛí go ṛúnaċ aṛ an maıṛe doḃ'áil léı beıt aṛ an bṛeaṛ do ṛórṛaḋ ṛí. Deıṁteaṛ léı go bṛuıl a leıṫéıd ṛın d'óıg-ṛeaṛ ı gcúıṛt an ṛíoġ. Teagmaıd le ċéile, agus éalaıġıd aṛaon go hAlbain, agus téıd beıṛt deaṛbṛáṫaṛ Naoıṛe le n-a ċoıṛ. Tagann mío-ṛuaıṁneaṛ aṛ an ṛíġ, ı ndıaıḋ na mná maıṛeaṁla, agus laṛann a ċṛoıḋe ċum díoġaltaṛ do baınt aṛ na cuıaḋaıḃ. Acṫ cıa baınṛeaṛ an díoġaltaṛ ṛaın díoḃ? Ní hé Cú Ċulaınn ná Conall Ceáṛnaċ, acṫ ata áṫ éıgın le ṛaġḃáil aṛ Ṛeaṛġus Mac Róıġ, agus cuṛteaṛ go hAlbain é dá n-aṛṛaıḋ.

Tomuıġeann tṛuaıġṁéıl an ṛgéıl ı gceaṛt nuaṛ do ġṛíoṛann an t-áṡ Naoıṛe tṛé neaṛt tíṛ-ġṛáḋa ċum gluaıṛeaċt a baıle, ıṛ gan toṛaḋ do beıt aıge aṛ aṫċaıṛt ná aṛ bagaıṛt Déıṁıne. Ċuṛ Naoıṛe ıonntaoıḃ ı bṛeaṛġus, agus do mealladh é. Ní dóıġ go bṛuıl ı lıtṛıġeaċt aon ṛtáıṛ ıṛ bṛónaıġe agus ıṛ doılḃe ná beo-ċuımne Déıṁıne aġ ṛáġḃáil na hAlban dı:—

"Mo ċıon duıt a tíṛ úd ṛoṛ, agus ıṛ ıó-olc lıom tú d'ṛágḃáil, óṛ ıṛ aoıḃınn do ċuaın agus do ċalaḋ-ṛuṛt agus do maġa míon-ṛgoṫaċa, caoṁ-áılne, agus do ṫulċa taıṫneaṁaċa, taoḃ-uaıne, agus ıṛ beag do léıgeamaṛ a leaṛ tú d'ṛágḃáil."

Agus annṛaın leanann laoıḋ beo-ċaoınṫe, duḃṛónaċ, uaıgneaċ. Ní léıṁ-ṫaıṁgaıreaċt labṛaṛ Déıṁıne, acṫ

would bring misfortune and the destruction of the entire province of Ulster, and he gives her the name of Deirdre. Directions are given that she be kept apart in fosterage, and when she grows up to woman's estate, she speaks cryptically of the beauty she should desire in the man who would be her husband. She is informed that such a youth is to be found in the king's court. They meet, and both escape to Alba, and Naoise's two brothers go along with him. Unrest seizes the king through the absence of the comely woman and his soul lights up to take vengeance on the heroes. But who will thus avenge them? Not Cuchulainn or Conall Cearnach! But Feargus Mac Roigh shows signs of weakness and he is accordingly sent to Alba to fetch them.

The pathos of the tale begins in earnest when Fate urges Naoise through love of country to return home, disregarding the entreaties or the threats of Deirdre. Naoise trusts to Feargus and is deceived. There is not, perhaps, in literature, any passage more sad and melancholy than the live-lament Deirdre chants as she is leaving Alba :—

"My love to thee O Land of the East, and distressed am I at leaving thee, for delightful are thy harbours and havens, and thy pleasant smooth-flowered plains, and thy lovely green-browed hills, and little need was there for us to leave thee."

And then follows a sorrowful, lonely lay of live-lamentation. Deirdre does not speak in open prophecy,

ıṙ ɡeall le taıṁɡaıṙeaċt ɒıoċ-aṁıaṙ a ɔıoıɒe :—

"Do ɡıɒım néal 'ṙan aeṙ aɡuṙ ıṙ néal ṙola é, aɡuṙ do béaṙṙaınn coṁaıṙle ṁaıt ɒaoıb-ṙe, a Ċloınn Uıṙıɡ." aṙ ṙí, "ouı ɡo Dún Dealɡan, maṙ a bṙuıl Cú Ċulaınn, nó ɡo ɡcaıtıɒ Ṙeaṙɡuṙ an ṙleaɒ, aɡuṙ beıt aṙ ċomaıṙce Con Ċulaınn, aṙ eaɡla ceılɡe Conċubaıṙ."

Aċt nı tuɡaɒ ɡéılleaɒ ɒı, aṁaıl ɒo ċuıṙ luıt na Tıae neaṁ-ṙuım ı ṙaıɒtıb Ċaṙanoṙa.

"Ó naċ bṙuıl eaɡla oṙaınn, nı ɒéanṙaımío an ċoṁ-aıṙle ṙın." aṙ Naoıṙe.

Aċt téıɒeann a ɒıoċ-aṁıaṙ ı léıṙe aɡuṙ ı nɒéıne :—

"A Ċloınn Uıṙıɡ, ata coṁaıta aɡam-ṙa ɒaoıb-ṙe, ṁá tá Conċubaıṙ aṙ tí ṙeılle ɒo ɒéanaṁ oṙıaıb."

Aɡuṙ taɡann an coṁaıta ṙın ċum cınn, aɡuṙ ɒeıṙ ṙí, "Do b'ṙeáṙı mo ċoṁaıṙle-ṙe ɒo ɒéanaṁ ṙá ɡan teaċt ɡo h-Ēıṙınn."

'Sé bun na tıaıɡıɒeaċta an neaṁ-ṙuım ɒo ċuıṙıo Clann Uıṙıɡ ı n-aṫċaıṙtıb Ɒéıṙıoṙe. Aɡuṙ anoıṙ tá ṙıaɒ ɡıeamuıɡṫe ı ɒTıɡ na Cıaoıbe Ruaıɒe, aɡuṙ toṙ-nuıɡeann an t-áṙ. Nı ṙéıɒıṙ Naoıṙe ṙém ɒo ɟáṁuıɡaɒ aṙ ċıoɒaċt :—

"Aɡuṙ nó ɡo n-áıṙeaṁtaṙ ɡaṁṁ maṙa, nó ɒuılle ṙeaɒa, nó ɒṙúċt ṙoṙ ṙéaṙ, nó ṙıéalta neıṁe, nı ṙéıɒıṙ ṙıoṁ ná áıṙeaṁ a ṙıaıb ɒo ċeaṁaıb cuṙaɒ aɡuṙ caıt-ṁıleaɒ aɡuṙ ɒo ṁeaɒaɒaıb maola-ɒeaṙɡa ó láṁaıb Naoıṙe aṙ an láṫaıṙ ṙın."

Aċt nı ṙáṙta 'n-a h-aıɡneaɒ bí Ɒéıṙıoṙe :—

"Daṙ mo láṁ, ıṙ buaɒaċ an tuṙaṙ ṙın ɒo ṙıɡneaɒ lıb. aɡuṙ ıṙ olc an ċoṁaıṙle ɒo ṙıɡneabaṙ taobaɒ le Conċubaṙ ɡo bṙáṫ."

but her soul's suspicions resemble prophecy.

"I behold a cloud in the sky and it is a cloud of blood, and I would tender you a good advice, O Sons of Uisneach," she says "that you go to Dun Delgan where Cuchulainn is, until Feargus has partaken of the feast, and that you abide under the protection of Cuchulainn through fear of Conchubhar's deceit."

But her words were disregarded just as the Trojans disregarded the words of Casandra.

"As we are not afraid we will not follow that advice," says Naoise.

But her suspicion of evil becomes clearer and its expression more vehement:—

"Sons of Uisneach, I have a sign for you as to whether Conchubhar intends to practise treachery against you."

And the sign she gives comes to pass, and she says,

"It would have been better to follow my advice and not come to Erin."

The disregard of the Sons of Uisneach for Deirdre's entreaties is the foundation of the tragedy. And now they are held close in the Red Branch House, and the slaughter begins. Naoise himself is unsurpassed for bravery.

"And till the sands of the sea or the leaves of the woods or dewdrops on the grass or the stars of heaven are numbered, one cannot count or reckon what number there was of heads of heroes, of warriors and of bare red necks from the hands of Naoise on that spot."

But Deirdre is uneasy in her mind.

"By my hand, victorious was that sally which you made—and evil was your resolve ever to put your trust in Conchubhar."

Anoir léimid tair na ballaibh, ir beirid Déirdre leo, agus beidir faoi ar Conchubar go bráth mna mbeadh gur chuir an diabhal, as géilleadh do'n rígh, coigil le n-a gcrochadh. Tuitid Clann Uirnigh, agus éagann Déirdre ar uaigh Naoise. Mallachtuigeann an diabhal Eamhain, agus tairngaireann sé ná beidh fhiocht Conchubair go bráth i Ríoghacht Uladh.

'San úir-sgéal so ir léir gur b'é oibriughadh an áigh cinnte cloch-bun na dtaighidheachta. Tugtar iarrtacht ar an t-ágh fain do shéanadh, agus Déirdre dá bagairt gan faoiseamh ar Naoise, ir dá dhiúltughadh, acht ní géilleann Naoise dá glóir. Fíor-fáidh do b'eadh ar uairibh an diabhal, acht comhlionann sé féin mórán dá tairngaireacht, agus ir deallramhach ná riaibh fios aige go millfeadh an Rí Clann Uirnigh 'nuair do bain sé le diabhaltas a gcumas díobh. Acht tair éis a n-éaga, filleann an tairngaireacht arís air. Ir éactach é cumhacht an diabhal 'san sgéal so, a neart tairngaireachta agus cumas mór-chuiridhe do leagadh; acht ciodh cumhachtach é an diabhal, ní'l sé 'n-a chumas, an t-ágh do chídeann sé go dorcha ag teacht, do shárughadh.

Ní'l fhigse againn cum sgaoil-sgaoileadh do dhéanamh ar "Oidheadh Cloinne Tuireann," acht ir í an iomtaobh do bí aca ar an rígh do dhall an sgoidhe aca, ir do chuir ar a gcumas an t-ágh do bí rómpa do shéanadh.

———o———

And now they leap over the ramparts, and they bear Deirdre with them, and they would have escaped Conchubhar for evermore, did not the druid stay their valour in obedience to the king. The Sons of Uisneach fall, and Deirdre dies on the grave of Naoise. The druid curses Emhain and foretells that the descendants of Conchubhar will never reign in Ulster.

In this romance it is obvious that the working of certain fate is the foundation of the tragedy. An effort is made to avoid this fate and Deirdre is incessantly threatening Naoise with it, and drawing attention to it, but Naoise heeds not her voice. The druid was at times a real prophet, but he himself fulfils much of his prophecy, and it is likely that he did not know that the king would destroy the Sons of Uisneach when he deprived them of their strength by magic. But after their death his prophetic soul returns to him. Wonderful is the power of the druid in this romance; great his gift of prophecy, and his capability of overthrowing great heroes; but powerful as is the druid, it is not given to him to avert the fate which he sees coming on.

We have not space to remark upon "The Fate of the Children of Tuireann," but it is their trust in the king that blinded their hearts and that rendered them powerless to avoid the fate that was in store for them.

——o——

An Séiseadh Halt.

na hannála.

Do ṡgríobadh a lán do ṗrós álainn 'ran ṡeachtmadh haois déag, go mór-mór 'n-a thoraċ. Cuid go bruil "Annála Ríoġaċta Éireann" 'n-a ṡgrioṁc ar an nduítaiġ ar ṗad, ó ċéad-ġabáil na tíre, ir iomda ṡséal ṡleannmar, ir iomda tuairiṡg cata ir cunntar ar earboġ, ir ar ṡcoláire le ṗaġbáil ionnta, go mór-mór 'ran ġcuid ir déideanaiġe díob. Ir fíor ġur tóġadh an ċuid ir mó do na hannálaib ó ṡean-leabraib ná fuil againn anoir, agus ġur lean na huġdair ṡean-ċaint na leabar so, ir ġur ṡgríobadar ṗém i ġcaint aidbéireaċ, árda, neaṁ-ċoitċiann, ná tuigfidhe anoir gan duadh, ach 'n-a diaid sin, ir mise a ṡgríobann siad le brís ir fuiṁeaṁ ar ċogaidib ir ar ċleaċaib, ir ar an-bruid na h-Éireann. Ir dóiġ ná fuil aġ aon ċríoċ 'ran domhan an oiread ṡan ṡeanċas ir ṡcéal ir beathadh naoṁ ir ṗlait, an oiread ṡan tráċta tar ġaċ ar ġaib an tír, ir ar ġaċ ṡaġar neiṫe bí le ṗaġbáil ann—ar a huġdaraib ir ar a laoċraib, cuiṫa i ndiaidh a ċéile ó'n dtoraċ, bliadain i ndiaidh bliadna ir atá le ṗaġbáil ins na hannálaib seo, ó teaċt Ċaesair dá ṡíos lá roiṁ an oíle go dtí an bliadain 1616, d'aon Ċríoṡt.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ANNALS.

There was a large amount of beautiful prose written in the seventeenth century, especially at the commencement. Although "The Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland" are a chronicle of the entire country, from the first occupation of its land, there are many pleasant stories, many accounts of battles, and notices of bishops and scholars to be found in them, especially in the latter portion of them. It is true that the greater portion of the Annals were selected from old books which we do not now possess, and that the authors preserved the quaint old style of these books, and that they themselves wrote in a strange, antiquated, uncommon style, which would not be understood nowadays without difficulty; nevertheless, they often write with force and vigour on the battles, the spoils, and the slavery of Ireland. No country in the world, perhaps, possesses so much history and legend, so much of the lives of saints and princes, so much notice of what befel the country, and of all things it possessed, of its writers and heroes, so much of all these things, I say, arranged consecutively from the beginning, year after year, as is to be found in these Annals, from the arrival of Cæsair, forty days before the flood, to the year 1616 of the Christian era.

Is i nDún na nGall do cuireadh le céile an mór-obair seo, i gConbeint na mBráthar, "do chaith cortar bíoḋ agus fhuaḋáilme" leis na hUghdaraibh, agus is ann do chíoc-nuigeadh na hAnnála, 'san mbliadhain 1636. Aoeis Micheál Ua Cléirigh fém gur b'eadh an dara lá fichid do mí Ianuair, Anno Domini, 1632, do tionnsgnadh an leabhar so i gConbeint Dhún na nGall, agus "do chíochnaighedh isin gconbeint cedna an deachmadh lá d'Augusd, 1636." Goirtear air an obair seo go minic, "Annála na Ceithre Maighistir." Is iad sain Micheál Ua Cléirigh, Conaire Ua Cléirigh, Cucoigriche Ua Cléirigh, is Feardorcha Ua Maolchonaire. Brátharr d'Ódhe Naoimh Fhrancéis do b'eadh Micheál, agus do b'é ainm do ghlaodhaidhe air ná Tadhg an tSléibhe. Do rugadh é 'san mbliadhain 1575, le hais Béal Átha an Sionnan, i gContae Dún na nGall. Bí ré mar dhúthchar aige beith 'n-a chomaidhe, is ní riabh chomaidhe nuair i nÉirinn do chuir níos mó le céile dá seanchas is do beathadh a naoimh 'ná an bráthair bocht so, mar is é do sgríobh na leabhair seo leanas:—"An Réim Ríoghraidhe agus Naoimh Seanchasa na hÉireann" (1630), "An Leabhar Gabhála" (1631), is 'n-a dteannta sin do sgríobh ré seanachas nuadh i n-ar mínigh ré módhán do chuadh-foclaibh na sean-ughdar. Aoeis haithis go bruair ré bás 'san mbliadhain 1643. Bí caint Micil fém simplidhe, dear, mar foillsigheadh 'san seanfocal do chuir ré i dtosach na n-Annálach d'Fearghal Ua Gadhra.

Bí Cucoigriche Ua Cléirigh, duine eile dos na Maighistiribh, 'n-a cheann air an tsreabh do mhuintir Chléirigh

It was in Donegal that this great work was compiled in the Convent of the Friars who entertained and waited on the authors, and there these Annals were completed in the year 1636. Michael O'Clery himself says that it was on the 22nd day of the month of January, 1632, this book was commenced in the Convent of Donegal, and that "it was completed in the same convent on the 10th day of August, 1632." This work is often called "The Annals of the Four Masters," and these are Michael O'Clery, Conaire O'Clery, Cucogry O'Clery and Fearfeasa O'Mulconry. Michael was a brother of the Order of Saint Francis and he was usually called Tadhg-of-the-mountain. He was born in the year 1575 beside Ballyshannon in the County of Donegal. He was a hereditary chronicler, and never was there a chronicler in Ireland who compiled more of her history and of the lives of her saints, than this poor friar. For it was he who wrote the following books :— "The Succession of Kings" and "The Ecclesiastical History of Ireland" 1630), "The Book of Invasions" (1631), and in addition to these he wrote a new glossary in which he explained many difficult words in the old authors. Harris says he died in the year 1643. Michael's own style was simple and pretty, as is shown in the preface to the Annals he wrote for Ferghal O'Gara.

Cucogry O'Clery, another of the Masters, was chief of the tribe of the O'Clerys who were in Tyrconnell.

do bí i dTír Conaill. Do ghníodh sé, i dteanntaibh na n-Annálach, "Beatha Aodha Ruaidh Uí Dhomhnaill," agus is ar an leabhar sin a tógtar a lán do'n chuid dheireannach dhe na n-Annálaibh. Obair álainn, shuimeamhail is eadh "Beatha Aodha Ruaidh." Ní'l sé ar mhodh na n-Annálach, acht cuirtear le chéile le brígh is le tathag ó thús go deireadh. Ní húmhsgéal, leis, é, acht sgéal fuinnte le ceartas, sgéal áird is fola is catharghte, sgéal íshlighte na hÉireann, is a cuirtear i n-abhuidh. Tá caint an leabhair seo árda go leor, agus a lán fear-focal is fáidhte le fagháil ann ná tuigfidh aonach acht amháin lucht léighinn. Tá an chaint, leis, carta go leor, agus mórán di do-thuigsi. Atáid na sianna sió-fada, agus an iomad buadh-focal i ndiaidh a chéile iomnta, acht 'n-a dhiaidh sin is fadhmeamhail, buaidhreach atá an chaint ann, agus annsúd is annsúd atá sí ar lasadh le tear-aigneadh na bhfáidh is na bhfileadh.

Ag seo an tuairisg a thugann an t-ughdar so ar chogadh Easa Ruaidh —

"Do beatsat iarum an uchbhuinne for an slighedh na gairbhnamnaibh nammencsin 7 sid baoi do thiesi 7 do thiemeasc hi sruth na seanabann (amail sid ba bés di), 7 daneatagnaidhe na druim leice duibhlemne mar chonair coitchinn do thomhlogh 7 dan deneisde 7 do adhaigse na ngall dearbaidh airbeasta bid gus sid baidhedh ile dia fheadaibh dia mnáibh dia neachaibh agus dia ceaplibh, go ruice tiseadan an tsiochta i fudhomain Easa Ruaidh iadh, 7 arridhe riam gus an muir mór."

Besides the Annals, he wrote a "Life of Hugh Ruadh O'Donnell" and from this book a large amount of the Annals is taken. "The Life of Hugh Ruadh" is a beautiful and vigorous work. It is not in the style of the Annals, but composed with force and vividness from beginning to end. Neither is it a romance but a story told with truth and propriety, a story of slaughter and blood and sorrow, the story of the downfall of Ireland and her bringing into bondage. The style of this book is rather archaic, and there are many antiquated words and phrases in it which only the learned would understand now. The construction is, too, rather involved and much of it hard to follow. The sentences are too long, and too many adjectives are placed consecutively in them, yet the language is forceful and vigorous, and here and there it blazes up with the fire of the seer and the poet.

It is thus the author describes the Battle of Assaroe :—

"They then breasted that fierce unwonted torrent and on account of the strength and power of the current of the river (as was usual with it) and the difficulty of the very smooth surface of the flags as a common passage for the great host, and, moreover, from the weakness and feebleness of the foreigners, through want of a due supply of food, many of the men, women, steeds and horses were drowned, and the strength of the current bore them into the depths of Assaroe and thence westward to the ocean."*

* The text of extract from "Life of Red Hugh O'Donnell" is taken from Father Murphy's edition.

B'é Dubaltach Mac Firbisig an tsgoláire ba deireannaige do cuir geinealach na dtreab nÉireannach i n-eagar le fíor-fogluim. Do fugadh é i Leacan Mic Firbisig i gConntae Sligig, timcheall na bliadhna 1585. Bí a fhreagar roimhe 'n-a gcroinicibh, agus is le ceann aca do tsgríobadh is do cuireadh le céile "Leabar Lecain" agus "Leabar Buidhe Lecain." Do hoileadh Dubaltach 'san Mhuinain ré Muintir Doghagáin, agus ré Muintir Dabhoran, agus do chaith ré úimhir dá shaoghal fada ag cur le céile gach ar fan an tsrádh sin do ghenealachaibh na hÉireann. Ó'n mbliadhain 1645 go 1650, bí sé 'san Gaillimh, i gColáiste S. Nicol, ag cur le céile a mhór-obair, "Chaobha Coibhneasa agus Geneluigh Gaedha Gabála dár gaib Éire ó'n Aimsa go hAdhamh." 'San Gaillimh do bí cathreamh aige ar Ruidhi Ua Flaithbertaigh agus ar ughdar "Cambrensis Eversus," agus is mór an congnamh do thug sé dóibh araon. 'N-a dhiaidh sin do bí sé ar thuairtal ag Sir James Ware, ag airtheughadh agus ag léir-mhineughadh na sean-ughdar nGaedhealach go bár Ware, 'san mbliadhain 1666. Do marbadh Dubaltach 'n-a sheanduine 'san mbliadhain 1670, i gConntae Sligigh, is níor éirigh a leithéid do scoláire i nÉirinn ó shoin go haimsir Eoghain Ua Comhraidhe.

Dála mór-oibre Dubaltaigh ar genealach na hÉireann, is fiu an t-amhn do chuir sé uirthe do sgríobadh go hiomlán, óir foillsigeann sé dúinn bun na hoibre sin, mar do cheap aigneadh Dubaltaigh é. Ag seo an t-amhn:—

Dudley Mac Firbis was the latest scholar who arranged the genealogies of the Irish tribes with thorough knowledge. He was born in Leacan Mic Firbis, in the County Sligo, about the year 1585. His ancestors before him were chroniclers, and it was by one of them that "The Book of Lecan" and "The Yellow Book of Lecan" was compiled and written. Dudley was educated in Munster under the Mac Egans and the O'Davorens, and he spent the greater part of his long life in putting together what remained at that time of the genealogies of Ireland. From the year 1645 to the year 1650 he was at Galway at the College of St. Nicholas compiling his great work "The Pedigree and Genealogical Branches of every Tribe that invaded Ireland from the present time up to Adam." At Galway he became acquainted with Roger O'Flaherty and with the author of "Cambrensis Eversus," and great was the assistance which he rendered to both. After that he was hired by Sir James Ware, for translating and explaining the old Irish authors, up to Ware's death in the year 1666. Dudley was murdered in his old age in the year 1670, in the County of Sligo, and so great a scholar did not appear in Ireland till the time of Eoghan O'Curry.

As regards Dudley's great work on Irish Genealogies, it is well to write in full the title he gave it himself, as it reveals to us the object of the work as the mind of Dudley conceived it. This is the title he gave it :—

"Cuaoba coibneara agur geuga geneluiġ gaċa gabála dáil ġab Éire ó'n amra go hAdam (acc Fomoraiġ, Locclannaiġ, agar Saġaill amáin, láimh ó tanġadar dáil ttíri) go naomhfeanċar agur piém piograide Fodla fór agur fá deóiġ clár na ccummiġtear iar nuro aibġiorie na rlomte agur na háite oiroeagca luaiter irin leabarra do teagloma leir an Dubaltac Mac Firbiriġ Leacam. 1650."

Tar éir éaga an Dubaltaiġ, ní riaib fear i nÉirinn ag a riaib eolar cinnte ar fean-oliġtib na hÉireann, nó ag a riaib neart focail doirċa na fean-uġdar do cuaobġaoileaḋ. Ba mór an méala é gan amhar, agur ir náireaċ an rgéal le n-aitinn ná tagrann Sir James Ware riam dá ainm, cioḋ gur iomḋa fean-rgríbinn doirċa d'airtiġ ré ar Ġaeḋilg dó, ir gur mór an congnam do tug ré dó ċum a leabair do ċur le ċéile ir do ċeartuġaḋ. Filleann an feanċar ar féin. Fear eile mar an Dubaltac do b'eaḋ Eoġan Ua Coiraide. Ní riaib fear eile i nÉirinn ag a riaib an oiread rain eolair ar fean-litriġeaċt na hÉireann ir ar a fean-oliġtib. Ir iomḋa lá do ċait ré ag rgríobaḋ leabar car-doirċa na noliġte: do furi ré an duaḋ, ir fuair daoine eile an clú.

Atá oċt nó naoi n-oibreaċa eile, bunaḋaraċa nó aitrgríobta ó láimh an Dubaltaiġ, Sanarám. 7c. Ní'l i leabraib an Dubaltaiġ mórán do rrór bríoġmar, acc ta an oiread rain léiġinn iomta naċ ceart iad do ḋearmaḋ ná do léiġean i bfailiġe.

"The Pedigree and Genealogical Branches of every Colony that took possession of Erin from the present time up to the time of Adam, (except the Fomorians, the Lochlanns and the Sax-Normans, only so far as they are connected with the History of our own Country,) together with the Genealogies of the Saints and the Succession of the Kings of Ireland. And finally a Table of Contents in which are arranged in Alphabetical order the Surnames and Noted Places which are mentioned in this Book which was compiled by Dudley Mac Firbis of Lecain in the year 1650."

After the death of Dudley there was no one in Ireland who had an accurate knowledge of the old laws of Erin, or who could explain the difficult words of the old authors. He was unquestionably a great loss, and it is shameful to have to relate that Sir James Ware never mentions his name, though many are the old obscure texts he translated from Irish for him, and though much was the assistance he gave him to compile his works. History repeats itself. Another such man as Dudley was Eoghan O'Curry. There was no other man in Ireland who possessed so much knowledge of the ancient literature of Erin and of her ancient laws. Many a day did he spend investigating the difficult, intricate, obscure books of the laws. He underwent the labour and others reaped the fame.

There are eight or nine other works original or copied in Mac Firbis's hand, glossaries and such like. There is not in Dudley's books much forceful prose, but they contain so much learning that they should not be forgotten or neglected.

An Seachtmadh Halt.

Seachrán Céitinn.

Níl aon uġdar do ġnìnne an oileadh le Céitinn ċum léiġeann ar litriġeacht do ċongbáil beo i measg na ndaoineadh, go mór-mór daoine Leaṫa Moġa. Níor b'eadh gur scríob Seaṫrún feanċas ró-beaċt, ró-ċinnte, aċt gur ċuir sé le ċéile i n-aon bolg amáin na tuairisgidhe do bí le faġbáil ar Éirinn mar na sean-leabraibh. Ní raib tuairisg eile le faġbáil ċom deas, ċom fuinnte ar do leaṫ sé ar fuaid na tíre. Ní raib daoinne 'n-a scoláire foġanta ná raib eolas aige ar sgáil Céitinn, ar ní raib criocnuġadh déanta ar scoláire i scoil go mbeadh macasamail déanta aige do'n "Bhoiras Fearsa." I measg na dtuaṫach simplidhe ní leomhadh daoinne amhras do ċur ar an gcunntas ṫugann Céitinn ar ġabáil na hÉireann le Partolan, ar leis an gcuid eile do'n tsaeb sin tar leas. Ní leomhadh daoinne séanadh gur criméadh Gaedeal Glas le naṫair mhic, ar gur ċneasuiġ Maor a ċeadh 'ran Éigipt le seasaibh Dé. Biodar na daoine sealbuiġṫe d'fíunne na sgéal sin, ar bí a n-ur-mór 'n-a mbéal aca, ar ní raib dán ná laoidh gan tagairt éigin dor na mór-ġairgidhibh ar ar ṫriaṫ Céitinn. Ar dóiġ linn muna mbeadh gur sgríobadh an "Foras Fearsa" ná beadh cuimhne na sean-amsaire, ná ainmeaċa na sean-flaiṫ, ná éaċta na leoman leaṫ ċom

CHAPTER VII.

GEOFFREY KEATING.

No author has done as much as Keating to preserve literature and learning amongst the people, especially the people of Leath Mhogha. Not that Keating wrote a very accurate or critical history, but he amassed into one repository the accounts of Ireland given in the old books. There was no other record to be found so neat, so well constructed as his, and it circulated throughout the country. No one was considered a good scholar who was not acquainted with Keating's History, and at school no student was considered finished, till he had made a copy of "The Forus Feasa." Amongst the simple country folk no one dared to cast a doubt on the account Keating gives of the occupation of Ireland by Partholan and the rest of that band from across the sea. No one dared deny that Gaedheal Glas was bitten by a serpent and that Moses healed his wounds in Egypt, by the power of God. The people were convinced of the truth of these stories, and the greater portion of them were ready on their lips and there was no poem or song that did not make some reference to the great heroes of whom Keating makes mention. It seems to us that had "The Forus Feasa" not been written the remembrance of by-gone times, or the names of the old chieftains, or the exploits of the heroes would not have

abaiḋ i n-aiġneaḋ na ndaoineaḋ ir bíodaṁ leiṫ-ċéad bliaḋan ó ſoin.

Ir ſíoṁ, ġo deimin, ġo miaḃ na neiṫe ſeo i leaḃṁaiḃ eile ar ar ṫóġ Seaṫṁún iad, acṫ ní'l ur-móṁ dor na leaḃṁaiḃ ſeo le faġḃáil i ndiu. Do ċailleamar iad, ir tá an "Foṁur Feara" 'n-ar meaſg, ġan ſocal, ġan litiṁ aġ tearṫaḃáil uaiḋ. Tamall ó ſoin ir ar éiġin do bí duine uaral i gCúiġeaḋ Muman ná miaḃ a mac-ſamail do'n "Foṁur Fear" ġo ceanamail i gcoiméad aiġe. Bí ré aġ na daoiniḃ boċta ċoṁ mait leir na huairliḃ. Ir cuimin linn féin riġeadóir boċt do ṁair i nlaiṫar Ċiarraiḋe, náir mór i dteannta dóṫain na hoiḋċe do bí 'n-a ſeilb, do ṫairbeáin dom a macramail do Ċéitinn ġo ceanamail, carta i linn-éadaċ, ir ġan dul aġ páirte brieiṫ air, ná dioġbáil ar bit do ḋéanaṁ dó. Ba ġeall le leaḃar naoiṁta é ar a meaſ, ir níor ḋioṁaoin do bí an leaḃar ſain, mar ir blarta cruinn do bí tuairiſg ar ġaċ leaṫanaċ de i gceann an riġeadóra, aguſ ba ḋeacair áiṫeaṁ air ġo miaḃ focal acṫ fíṁne 'ran méid do rgríoḃ Céitinn ar Fenniuſ Fearraḋ, ar Þaitolan, ir an ċuid eile aca. Tá cuimne Céitinn fóſ i meaſg daoineaḋ náir léiġ, ir ná feacaiḋ miaṁ a ċuid raoṫair. Ir dóiġ leir a lán ġo miaḃ dṁaoiḋeaċt éiġin ar an nduine, nó ġur ó neaṁ do ṫáinig ré ċum cuntar ar ſean do ṫaḃairt dúinn. Ní mór an t-iongnaḋ ġur ċreid na daoine náir ḋuine daonna Seaṫṁún. Do ċreiḃ Ġallda do b'eaḋ é, acṫ 'n-a diaiḋ rin bí ré idir *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis.* Catoiliceaċ ó ċroiḋe amaċ

been half so fresh in the minds of the people as they were some fifty years ago.

It is true, indeed, that these things were to be found in other books, from which Keating extracted them, but the greater part of these books are not to be found at the present day. These are lost to us, while "The Forus Feasa" is with us, with not even a word or a letter wanting to it. Some time back there was hardly a gentleman in Munster who had not his copy of "The Forus Feasa" affectionately guarded. The poor people as well as the upper classes had it. I myself remember a poor weaver who lived in West Kerry who had little more than enough of food for the passing day, showing me his copy of Keating, which was fondly wrapt up in a linen cloth, while children were forbidden to handle it or injure it in any way whatever. He looked upon it as a sacred book. Nor did he possess it in vain, for that weaver had an accurate, perfect knowledge of every page of it in his head, and it would be difficult to persuade him that there was any error in any word Keating wrote about Fennius Fearsad, Partholan and the rest. There is a traditional remembrance of Keating still amongst the people who never saw or read his work. Many think that the man was under the spell of magic or that he came from heaven to give us an account of our ancestors It is not so strange that the people believed that Keating was not a mere human being. He sprang from a foreign stock, yet he was among those who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He was a Catholic of heart-felt sincerity,

Sagart, Doctúir Diadacta do b'ead é. Fear léigeanntа i Laidin ir i leabraib na n-Aitreac do b'ead é, ir cait ré a lán dá faogal 'ran bFrainc. Act 'nuair d'fill ré a baile tug ré é féin ruar ar fad d'obair na heaglaise le díograir iongantaig gur cuiread ruagairt rearta air, ir gur b'éigean dó dul i bfolac i gcumar doilb i nGleann Eatarlac. Ir é an ruo ir iongantaige i mbeatad Seatrún go bruair ré uain ir caoi ar na leabair do teartuig uaid i gcóir a feancair, do bailiugad an fad do bí rán ir ruagairt air. Do frubail ré go Connactaib ir go Doire, act ní mór do mear do bí ag fearaib Ulad ná ag Connactaib air. I gcionn trí nó ceatair do bliadantaib bí an "Foirr Feara" go léir cuirta i gceann a céile aige (1631). Do rgríob ré fós dá leabar diadha, "Eocair Sgiat an Aifrinn," agur "Trí Biorr-Gaoithe an Báir."

Dála an "Foirair Feara," tornuigeann ré ó'n bfiortorac, ir tagann anuar go 1200. Tá ré lán do feanriannaib i n-a mbailigtear ainmeacha na dtread do táinig go hÉirinn, ir i n-a gcuirtear le céile na héacta do bain leo. Tá a bfuil i bfiór de, leir, annro ir annrúd múcta le ainmeacaib taoiseac ir flait ir a gcriaob gemealac. Nior ceap Seatrún aon nid ó n-a meabair féin; gac a dtugann ré dúinn—na rgéalta, na heactriaide, na gabáltair na héacta ar muir ir ar tír—ruair ré iad go léir i rean-leabraib do bí rá mear ag ollamnaib ir fáidib. Ní rinne ré act iad do cur le céile ir d'aontugad. Dá mbead ré ag ait-

a priest, a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man versed in Latin and in the works of the Fathers, and he passed a good deal of his life in France. But when he returned home he devoted himself altogether to the work of the Church with astonishing zeal, until he was hunted and was obliged to conceal himself in a gloomy cave in the Glen of Aherlow. The strangest circumstance connected with the life of Keating is that he found opportunity while in a state of flight, to collect the books he required for his History. He travelled to Connaught and to Derry, but the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen paid little heed to him. He completed the whole "Forus Feasa" within three or four years (1631). He also composed two spiritual books, "The Key-Shield of the Mass" and "The Three Shafts of Death."

As regards "The Forus Feasa" it begins at the very beginning and comes down to 1200. It is full of old verses in which the names of the Tribes who came to Erin are mentioned and in which the exploits with which they were connected are recorded. The prose portion, too, is here and there over-crowded with the names of chieftains and princes and with their pedigrees. Geoffrey did not invent anything himself, what he sets before us—the tales, the adventures, the invasions, the exploits on land and sea,—he found them all in old books which were held in esteem by *ollamhs* and seers. All he has done is to put them together and reconcile them. If he were to re-write these things now, having

rgníobaḋ na neiṫeaḋ rin i noiu, agur a aigneaḋ lán do léigeann na hamrire reo, ni'l deaṁnaḋ ná go gcuṁreaḋ ré a lán díoḃ i leaṫ-taoiḃ, do bríg ná baineann riaḋ le fíri-feanċar. Aċt do rgníoḃ ré an "Foṁur Feara" tá geall le trí céad bliaḋan ó ſoin, agur ní hiongnaḋ ná riaiḃ an oiread rain aṁrair i dtaoiḃ fíṁne na n-éaċt ro an triáṫ rain. Agur ir maṫ an gcéadna atá an rgéal ag tíoṁṫaiḃ eile. Tá-a lán éaċt ir eaċtra i feanċar na Roṁa do ċreid na Roṁánaiġ go hiomlán i n-aimrir Virgil ir Oiḃid — ná fuil iomta aċt úṁ-rgéalta na bfileaḋ. Ar an nór gcéadna ni ġéilleann aon rgoláire anoir d'éaċtaiḃ Hengirt ir Horra agur dá leiṫéidiḋiḃ d'eaċtraiḋiḃ i feanċar na Breataine.

Aċt 'n-a diaiḋ rin, ní ceart a deaṁnaḋ go mbíonn bunaḋar fíṁne ṁr na rgéaltaiḃ reo do ġnáṫ. Níor ċúm na filiḋe rgéal ar dtúr gan deallraṁ éigin do ḃeiṫ air — *nec fingunt omnia Cretæ* — cíoḋ go gcuṁtear leir i riṫ na mbliaḋan, i dtreo ná haiṫneoċaiḋe é rá déiread. B'olc an ḃail ar tíri ná beiḋ úṁ-rgéalta do'n traġar rain cruinniġṫe ir mearḃa triú a cuid feanċair. Ba ċoṁaiṫa é ná riaiḃ file ná fáiḋ le rinfeariaiḃ i meaṙg a daoineaḋ, ir nári ṁóri aca a cáil ná a gclóri.

Ir álainn an díon-ḃriollaċ a ċuireann Seaṫrún le n-a "Foṁur Feara." O teaċt an daṫa Henrí anall ċuġainn ir rioṁe, níor ġaḃ ror ná ruaiṁneair na huġdair Sagrannaiġ aċt ag cur ríor briéaga ir rgéalta

his mind filled with the learning of to-day, there is no doubt that he would set aside a good deal of them as not pertaining to true history. But he wrote "The Forus Feasa" almost 300 years ago, and it is not strange that so little doubt was cast on the truth of of these events at that period. Such, too, is the case in other countries. There are many stories and wonders in Roman History which the Romans fully believed in the time of Virgil and Ovid, but which are only the romances of the poets. In the same way no scholar now believes in the exploits of Hengist and Horsa nor in such like wonders in the History of Britain.

At the same time it should be remembered that there is usually a substratum of truth in such stories. The poets did not originally invent a story without there being some appearance of reality in it. "The Cretans even do not invent all they say,"—though the tale is added to in the course of years, in such wise that one would not recognize it at last. It were not well for a country not to have romances of this kind amassed together and mingled with its history. It were a sign that there did not spring up for generations either a poet or a seer amongst her people, and that the people did not prize her honour and glory.

Geoffrey prefixes a splendid *Apologia* to his "Forus Feasa." From the coming over to us of Henry the Second and previous to that date the English authors never ceased from writing lies and disgraceful calumnies

aitire ar ar nóitcar. Siorrioid de Barra, Stanihurst, Camden, Hanmer, ir an tread fain uile—ní riaib uata act rinn do cuir fá coir ar tús, ir ó tein rin oita, rinn do marlugad i ttáitaib fallra. Agus tar éis ar breathann do baint dinn, ba bréagaige ir ba tarcaimige do biodar 'ná riam. Do tug Seathún fúta 'san dion-bhollach le fuinneam ir le feirg. Do ttoil ré ar a céile an riáiméir marluigteach do cuir an Barrach 'n-a leabar, níor fág ré puinn do Stanihurst gan réabad, ir trom é tuirrsaing a láime ar Camden ir ar Spenser. So deimin ir geall le gairgiodach mór éigin é — le Con Culann nó Aicill — a cuid airm gléasta 'n-a láimh, éadach plata ó mullach cinn go troigthib air, ir é ag gabáil le díogrias ir le dian-feirg ar na daoinib beaga ro do dealbuig éitheach i gcoinnib a dúthair, ir do marluig a muinnteir. Dá mbead ré ar mairtean i ndiu, thabairfad ré faobar bata dor na seanchaidib atá anoir rá mórr-mear, ar Froude ir ar Mac Amlaoim, ir ar Hume.

Adeir ré 'n-a dion-bhollach :—

"Ní'l staimde dá sgríobann ar éirinn nach ag iarraid locta agus toibéime do thabairt do sean-Gallaib agus do Gaedealaib bid; biod a fiadnuise rin ar an tsert do bein Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanihurst, Hanmer, Camden, Baeclid, Morron, Dabis, Campion, agus gach nuad-Gall eile dá sgríobann uirthe ó shin amach, ionnus gurabé nór beagnach an phrompolláin do gnid ag sgríobad ar Éireannachaib . . . . ir é do gnid chomad ar béaraib fo-daoinead agus caillech mbeag n-úrr-íreal ar thabairt maith-gnidh na n-uasal i ndeard-

about our country. Gerald Barry, Stanihurst, Camden, Hanmer and all that tribe only wanted to trample us under foot at first, and since that failed them, to insult us by fallacious histories, and when they took our land from us, they were more lying and insulting to us than ever. Geoffrey attacked them in the *Apologia*, with vigour and fury. He tore asunder the insulting rubbish Barry had put together in his book, he did not leave much of Stanihurst that he did not rend to bits, heavy is the weight of his hand falling on Camden and on Spenser. Indeed, he is like some great champion, like Cuchulainn or Achilles, his arms ready in his hands, clad in armour from head to foot, while he strikes down with zeal and fierce wrath those diminutive persons who gave false evidence against his country and who insulted his people.

Were he alive to-day he would belabour with his staff's edge the historians who are held at present in esteem, Froude, Macaulay and Hume. He says in the *Apologia* :—

"There is no historian who treats of Ireland that does not endeavour to vilify and calumniate both the old English settlers and the native Irish. Of this we have proof in the accounts of Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanihurst, Hanmer, Camden, Barclay, Morrison, Davis, Campion, and every other English writer who has treated of this country since that time, so that when they write of the Irish, they appear to imitate the beetle . . . . This is what they do, they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting

mao, agur an méid a baineas sur na sean-Gaedealaib do bí ag áitiugad an oileáin seo ma ngabáltais na sean-Gaill," 7c.

Is minic a gointeas an Heriodotus Gaedealach as Seatsún, agus is deimin gur mór a brúil do coimhaleact eatorta araon. Tá caint Seatsún deas, simplide, milis-bhiathach, mar caint "Adas an tSeancais." Séanaid araon baod-focail, neamh-bhíogmara, neamh-fáidhmeamla, act 'n-a n-ionad atá fuinneamh is tatac i ngac line dá stáitaib. Cuireid araon isteach na húis-scéalta baineas le n-a dtís, gan amhras do cuir as a bhfuinne. B'é Heriodotus an céad staighide do cuir seanchas na Gréigeach i n-eagar is i scuinneas, agus cidh gur b'fada 'n-a diaidh do sgríob sé, b'é Céitinn an céad seanchaidhe d'óiduigh is do ceasituigh i slacht, is i n-eagar seanchas na nGaedeal. Do bain na filidhe — na Gréigis is na Románaigh—a lán as stáitaib Heriodotus, agus 'san scuma scéadna dus Céitinn innbeas a nodhain dos na filidhib Gaedealacha, d'Aodhagán Ua Rathaille, do Seagán Clárach Mac Domnaill, is d'Eogan Ruadh. Act ní feicimíd díogbail i dtaob na fuinne, ná feagis cum naimad a tíre as an nGréagach. Bíonn sé ciuin, socair, séimh i scomhnuidhe i meas staighe is úis-scéil, *et quidquid Græcia mendax audet in historiis*, act ní léigfeadh an Gaedealach suainne do cheasd ná do cáil a tíre le n-a deasg-namad.

Obair léigeanta, deimin is eadh "Tuí Diogh-Gaoithe an Báis," lán do smuaintib diadha is do mhacnamh fadhm-

the illustrious actions of the nobility and every thing relating to the old Irish who were the inhabitants of this Island before the English invasion."

Geoffrey has often been called the Irish Herodotus, and, indeed, both closely resemble one another. Geoffrey's style is pretty, simple, smooth and harmonious, like that of the Father of History. Both avoid turgid, feeble, unsubstantial words, but instead there is vigour and strength in every line of their narratives. Both insert the romances that pertain to their country, without raising a doubt as to their truth. Herodotus was the first historian who gave a regular methodical history of the Greeks, and, though he came long after, Keating was the first historian who regulated and arranged in proper order the history of the Gaels. The poets, both Greek and Roman, drew largely on the accounts of Herodotus, and in the same way Keating gave food enough to the Irish poets, to Egan ORahilly, to John Claragh MacDonnell and to Eoghan Ruadh. But we miss zeal for his country and rage against her enemies in the Greek. He is ever calm, gentle, steady in the midst of history and romance, "and whatever lying Greece has the courage to put in her histories." But the Irishman would not let a particle of his country's fame and right go undisputed with her inveterate foe.

"The Three Shafts of Death" is a deep, learned work, full of holy thoughts and of profound meditation on human life and on its end. He has drawn with

eamail ar an beatairo naonna, ir ar a ċrioċ. Ir iongantaċ ar ṫóg ré ar fean-uġdaraib ir ar oibreaċaib na naoṁ, agus ir blasta tá an obair ar fad ioṁnte i leabraib agus i n-altaib. Ach ir trom, Laiṫeamail an ċaint atá ann ó ṫúir go deireadh, bíoḋ go bfuil rí lasta fuar annso ir annsúd le sgéal beag ġreannmar mar an eachtra fain ar "Mac Reccan."

Obair an-léiġeanta i nduaḋacht ir i nóramnaib na hEaglaise ir eaḋ "Eoċair Sgiat an Airrinn." Ní léir ṫúinn aon uġdar eile uirear an oirear fain do ṫuairisg ar neiṫib barear leir an Airreann, ċoṁ beaċt, ċoṁ cinnte fin i leabar tá méro. Ach 'n-a ṫeannta fain, tá an ċaint ċoṁ simplioḋe, ċoṁ ġreannta, ċoṁ binn, ċoṁ bríoġmar fain, gan baoṫ-foclaib ná fáiḋtib casta gur furasta d'aonneaċ é léiġeaḋ gur i nduil.

Ó aimsir Ċéitinn anuas níor sgríobaḋ a lán do prós bunaḋasaċ. Do cuireaḋ áḋbar eachtaire le ċéile agus sgéalta ar ġníomarṫaib aṫaċ, agus ní mór 'n-a dteannta fain. Do luiġeadar na huġdair Gaeḋealaċa ar fianna do múrgailt, ir ba mhilis, aoibinn a gcuid dán ir amrán.

astonishing fullness on the old authors and on the works of the saints, and the entire work is neatly divided into books and sections. But from beginning to end, the style is heavy and Latin-like, though it is occasionally lit up with a humorous story like that of "Mac Reccan."

"The Key-Shield of the Mass" is a work of great learning in theology and in Church Ritual. We do not know any author who gives such a full account of the things that pertain to the Mass, so exact, so accurate in a book of its size. But in addition to this, the style is so simple, so delightful, so melodious, so forceful, without turgidity of words or entangled expressions, that anyone might easily read it even at the present day.

From Keating's time onward not much original prose was written. A number of adventures and stories about the exploits of giants was composed but very little more. Irish authors betook themselves to the composition of verse, and sweet and delightful were the poems and songs they composed.

an t-ochtmad h-alt.

an naomhad haois déag agus 'n-a diaid.

Ní mór do sgríobad do phíor Gaedhealach i gcaitheamh na naomhad haoise déag. Bí an dream ag a raib neart é do sgríobad saothrach ag ait-sgríobad leabhar láin-sgríobta i n-a raib phíor ar laoidhe measgta trí n-a chéile. Ní raib act fíor-beagán ag a raib neart an Gaedhealg do léigeadh, agus ní raib puinn Gaedhilge dá clodhbualadh, i otheo ná raib fonn ar aonne a cuid aimsire do chaitheamh go neamh-chomhairleach ag sgríobad phíor bhunadharaig. Do cuireadh beagán bharántas le chéile ar modhaibhe beaga dá saghas, agus ní'l a dhilleadh le tairbeánadh againn do phíor bhunadharach i gcaitheamh an chéad chaogaid do'n naomhad haois déag. Tugadhar na daoine ar fad, idir léigeanntaibh is neamh-léigeanntaibh, an Gaedhealg suas cum báis. An beagán ag a raib eolas ainnte uighthi, is d'fhéadfadh í do sgríobad go blasta, níor chuireadhar line di i ndiaidh a chéile. Níor chuimnigh aonne aca ar feanchas nó eachtra nó sgéal gleanmhar do sgríobadh, gan obair fhallsamhnachta do bhac. Ní raib neart ag na daoinibh a leithéidhe do léigeadh, agus dá bhrígh sin níor b'fhiu d'aonne tabhairt fúthu.

'San am gcéadna, amhach, bí lán-thuile do phíor bhreágh neamh-choitchiann ar siubhal i measg na ndaoineadh. Ní gan locht do bí an phíor sin, go deimhin, act 'n-a diaidh sin, do bhainn a lán do cháilibh an phíor is fearr le faghail

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

There was not much Irish prose written during the nineteenth century, or during most of the eighteenth. Those who were able to write it, were busy transcribing manuscripts in which prose and verse were mingled together. Only very few were able to read Irish, and there was not much printing of Irish matter, so that no one was inclined to spend his time fruitlessly in writing original prose. A few "Warrants" were composed, and little things of that kind, but we have nothing further to show in original prose during the first half of the nineteenth century. People in general, the learned as well as the unlearned, gave up Irish as lost. The few who were well versed in it and who could write perfectly, did not compose a line in it. None of them dreamt of writing a history, or a tale, or humorous story, not to speak of a philosophical work. The people were unable to read such things and for that reason it was not worth anyone's while to undertake them.

During the same time, however, there was a great flood of beautiful, splendid prose in circulation amongst the people. That prose was not, indeed, without fault, but at the same time it possessed several of the good qualities of the best prose in the world. Many are the

'ran doman leir. Ir iomda teac ar fuaid na gcnoc i n-a mbíod táinte oidce fada gemmid ag éirteacht go hiomdail le scéaltaib Fiannuideachta ir le heachtaidib dá fagar — scéalta gliáda ir gairgid, éachta do dineadaib adaig ar muin ir ar tír, scéalta comearcain ir iomdaigála, scéalta diaoidheachta ir gearann.

Cia aca, do sgnóbad ar dtúr na scéalta so, nó iad d'aithris, i dtreo gur tangadar ar fad ó béal go béal, ir deaid go laid a lán díob i meodan na haoire gab tamall com fleamam, com mire, com roiléir, com binn, com ceolmar, com tatacach leir an bprióir ir feárr 'ran dteangain Fiancaig, agus ir dealbhamhach gur baineadh a lán dá ngairbear díob i nit na mbliadan le neart ríor-aithre. Do inotuig an t-aithreoir gur cóir dó a scéal do déanamh roiléir, ro-tuigte, gur cóir dó anro ir annsúd a anál do tabairt uaid le déine ir le fuinneamh, agus a laid tuaignéileach, docma ann d'aithris le dóláir ir le comairtaidib catuigte, ir níor b'iongnadh go bragad gach aithreoir an scéal ó'n té támig roime, atabhuigte beagán éigin anro ir annsúd, act go mbeadh sé níor fuinte, níor binne, níor bhíogmaire.

Níor b'annamh fós gur b'oiáideoir neamh-coitcheann an t-aithreoir féin, ir go laid sé lán-oilte inr na cleasaib le n-a gcuirteadh deora le súilib daonna, ir múscailteadh osnadh ir álad i láir chroidhe, agus ir minic do chuir sé an lucht éirteachta ag cnit le anfad, nó ag

houses throughout the country in which crowds were assembled during the long winter nights, listening eagerly to Fenian Tales and to stories of the same kind, stories of love and heroism, exploits performed by giants on land and on sea, stories of conflict and wrestling, stories of magic and of *geasa*.

Whether the stories were written down at the first, or recited so that they passed on from mouth to mouth, it is certain that many of them were, at the middle of the last century, as smooth, as sweet, as clear, as harmonious, as musical, as substantial as the best prose to be found in the French Language, and it is likely that a great deal of their roughness was eliminated in the course of years by constant repetition. The reciter felt that it behoved him to make his story clear and intelligible, that it behoved him here and there to draw his breath and to give a little rest to his hearers, that it would be advantageous for him to deliver the tragic occurrences, in the story with vigour, and to narrate what was pathetic and sad in it with sorrow and signs of emotion, and it was not surprising that each reciter should get the story from him who preceded him somewhat changed here and there, but better constructed, more melodious and more forceful.

Often, too, the reciter himself was an orator of uncommon powers and was fully versed in the artifices by which human eyes are made to pour out tears, and groans and pains are excited in human hearts, and often did he cause his hearers to tremble with fear or to

gol le buaidirt le n-a féadaint, ir le fuaim a gota. Agus fós, do togad dum aitins fgéalta fimplidhe, ná fiaib fió-dafta ná do-tuigte, fgéalta gan mórán mion-éadta ag dul tfiota. Sgéalta do b'eadh iad do'n trag'ar fo: do togad gairgidheach éigin, ir do cuireadh tfé éadtaib iongantaca é; ir minic do bíodh fé i dteanntaib éaga; ir minic i nolúit-comheargai le hatad úir-gliána, nó fá díaoidheacht, nó fá geara loc do daorgadh, nó bean éigin do bí ar fán do folátai. Ir minic do tagadh óg-bean urual do bíodh i ngliádh leir, dum cabhruigte leir. B'é cfíoc na neitead feo go léir gur cuireadh ar fiubal i measg na noaomeadh bolg mór fhíor nár buaidheadh fuath air ar foiléireacht ir ar binneas. Aomuigteas anoir go coitcheann ná fuil leitéid filidheacta na haimfire feo ar binneas le fagbáil, acht ir minic a deaimadtar go bfuil an fhíor 'n-a fligidh féin dom binn, dom blasta leir an bfilidheacht. Ní'l amhras ná go bfuil Goldsmith ar na hugdaraibh ir foiléire le fagbáil i mBéarla, agus ná fuil fé gan milseacht ir blas. Tá a lán do na fgéaltaibh dá dtagfaim dom foiléir le fhíor Goldsmith, agus a gcaint i bfad níor binne ir níor ceolmhaire ná a dtainic fin.

Do cuireadh beagán beag do na fgéaltaibh ar a dtiáchtaim i gcloidh le Pádraig Ua Laoghaire agus beagán eile le Dubglas de hÍde, agus féadfaidh an léigteoir a mheas féin do tabairt ar a foiléireacht ir ar a milseacht.

Ir fíor go deimhin ná fuil 'fan ur-mhór acht fgéalta as fiú i measg na noaomeadh dtuathach, agus go bfuil a lán díobh aidhéireach go leor. Acht ar uairibh tá mianach d'imrene bhíoghmar ir d'foillfiughadh lonnrach ag gabáil tfíota. Acht cibé méad a locht mar fgéaltaibh, ir

cry with grief by his very look and the sound of his voice. And further, there were selected for recital, simple stories which were neither too intricate nor too hard to understand, stories without many episodes, or by-plots running through them. They were stories of this sort: a hero was selected and put through wonderful feats; often he is at the point of death, often in close conflict with a hideous giant, or under the spell of magic, or under *geasa* to drain a lake or to fetch some lady who had strayed. Often a fair young lady who loved him came to help him. It resulted from all these circumstances, that there was put in circulation amongst the people a large repertory of prose which has never been surpassed in clearness and harmony. It is now generally admitted that the poetry of this period is unsurpassed in harmony, but it is often forgotten that the prose is in its own way as harmonious, as perfect as the poetry. There is no doubt that Goldsmith is one of the clearest writers of English, and that he is not without sweetness and propriety. Many of the stories to which we refer are as clear as Goldsmith's prose, and their style far more harmonious and musical than his.

A few of the stories to which I allude were printed by Patrick O'Leary and a few more by Douglas Hyde, and the reader can form his own judgment of their clearness and sweetness.

It is true, indeed, that the greater part of them are only folk tales circulating in country districts, and that many of them are ridiculous enough. But occasionally there is a vein of forceful eloquence and of brilliant description running through them. But whatever fault

fiu iad aile mait do tabairt dóib ar fon a foiléireacta ir a mbinnir.

Ní'l aon locht ar fhíor ir measa ná caint mó-mhór agus na fmuainte fuarach, neimh-bhíogmar. Ní'l an locht fain le fagbáil ar na fgéaltaib feo. Tá an caint ir na fmuainte oireamnach. Anoir ir airír, gan amhras, tá fgaot do bhuaidhraib i ndiaid a céile, do réir dhochnóir fean-uzdar áirde gan puinn bhíog ná tatais iontu. Act ní'l inr na pairtibh feo, act fé mar beadh chuinnigthe do cairdeafaib tuirseamla do tagann annro ir annrúd roimh fhuit luaimneach bíonn ag réidh-fileadh ó bhuaidh fléibe. Ní mór a bhfuil do fhíor foiléir, binn, milir-bhuadhach 'fan mbéarla. Tá an cuid ir mó de thom, neimh-ceolmar, do-tuigte. Ní mar fin do'n fhíor Fhiannach. Tá a lán dé binn, milir, ir coimh foiléir leir an ngréin, agus na fmuainte cuirte i gceann a céile ann go hóirdhearc flaithmar. Ní'l uaim féin i dtorach na haoire feo cum nuadh-fhíor d'abairdhearadh act fmuainte árda, neamh-coitcheanna do fhaidhmeadh leir an foiléireacht ir leir an bhneagr atá le fhfreagairt mar dhúthcar agamn, agus atá le fagbáil go flúirseach inr na fgéaltaib do chleachtadar an n-aithreacha ór na cianaib.

I mbit an chéad chaogad do'n naomhadh haoir déag do jhneadh airtheagadh go Gaedhilg ar beagán do leabhraib diadha ó'n mBéarla ir ó'n Laidin. Ní'l amhras gur b'é an ceann ir fearr díob fo an t-airtheagadh ar "Imitatio Chriftí," do jhnne an tathair Domhnall Ua Súilleabháin, timcheall na bliadhna 1822. Ir doig linn féin go bhfuil an obair feo ar na hairtheagthib ir fearr do jhneadh ar leabhar A Ceimpir jhaith, agus ir iomda teanga i n-a bhfuil fé le fagbáil. Ba dheacair an obair í, óir bí a lán do bhuaidhraib ir do fháidhtib 'fan

they may have as stories, they deserve much attention for the sake of their clearness and harmony.

There is no greater fault in prose, than bombastic language, with mean, trifling ideas. This fault is not to be found in these stories. The style suits the ideas. Now and then, indeed, there is a host of words marshalled one after the other according to the bad habit of certain old authors, without much force or substance beneath them. But these passages are like a collection of massive rocks that come here and there before a headlong stream, flowing freely from a mountain's brow. There is not much clear, harmonious prose in English. The greater part of English prose is heavy, harsh, and hard to understand. Not so with French prose. Much of it is sweet and harmonious and as clear as the sun, while the thoughts are marshalled in it in due order and propriety. In the beginning of this century, if we wish to bring new prose to maturity, it only remains for us to wed high, noble thoughts to the clearness and harmony that we have inherited for generations, and which are to be found abundantly in the stories our ancestors cherished for ages.

In the course of the first half of the nineteenth century a few pious books were translated into Irish from English and from Latin. Certainly the best of these is the translation of "The Imitation of Christ," which Father Daniel O'Sullivan made about the year 1822. It seems to us that this work is one of the best translations ever made of à Kempis's book, and many are the languages in which it is found. The work was a difficult one, as there were sayings and words in the Latin original that were not to be found in the people's

Laidin ná fiaḃ i mbéal na ndaoineaḋ le fada, ir náir b'fuirire d'fagḃáil ar leaḃfiaḃ.

Ní ceart dúinn deamhad do ḋéanamh ar Seagán Mac Éil, Árd-earbog Tuama. Do finne an fear oifi-ḋearc fain airtheagaḋ bharta ar an "Pentateuchon," .i., na cúig leaḃair atá i bfíor-ṫorac an tSean-Tairbeánaiḋ. Ir mór an thuaig náir léig ré d'Ua Mórḋa ir do Homer, ir airtheagaḋ do ḋéanamh ar an Sgríbinn Diaḋa ar fad.

Ní dóig linn gur fgríobaḋ aon fhíor ir fiu d'áireamh ó ohair Domhnaill Uí Súilleabáin gur cuireaḋ ar bun "Iarleabair na Gaeḋilge," ór cionn fiche bliaḋan ó fom.

Do finne "Cumann Buan-comhéadta na Gaeḋilge" a lán ċum an Gaeḋealg do múnaḋ inr na fgoileannaiḃ, agur ċum í do ċur ar aġaiḋ le neart céad-leaḃrán fimpliḋe. Acht ní fiaḃ mórán le fagḃáil ar a fiaḃ fonn Gaeḋealg do fgríobaḋ. Ba ḋeacair Seagán Pléimion féin do mealladh ċum leaṫanaċ fhíor do ċur le ċéile—cioḋ gur bharta, bhíoġmar í a ċaint.

Do ċait Connrad na Gaeḋilge torac a faoġail ag cairmirt ir ag furire le namhaiḃ na teangan úd, ir ní fiaḃ uaim aca ar fuiḋe fíor ir maċtnamh ar ohair litriġeaċta. Do bí aon fhear amháin, amac, ar fead na hairfire feo ná fiaḃ díomhaoin. Tá caint an Athar Peadar Ua Laoġaire ċom fleamhain, ċom milir, ċom bhíoġmar ir tá rí le fagḃáil i n-aon triát dár fearcar. Tá fhíor foiléir, milir, gheannta inr na mion-leaḃraiḃ atá curta amac ó n-a láimh, agur ní for dó fór, ó'r dealḃ go bfuil fuan a béil 'fa lán do'n Gaeḋilg atá le feicfint gaċ aon treaċtmain inr na páirtéaraiḃ. Fear aigeantaċ fgléirfeaċ, neimh-fhleaḋaċ ir eaḋ an tAthair Peadar. Tá aon loċt amháin agamn le fagḃáil ar a ċuid oibre. Sgríobann ré iomarca le haġaiḋ an

language for a long time back and which it was difficult to get in books.

We must not forget John Mac Hale, Archbishop of Tuam. That distinguished man made an excellent translation of "The Pentateuch" that is the five first books of the Old Testament. It is a pity that he meddled with Moore or Homer, and did not instead, translate the entire Bible.

We do not think any prose worth referring to was written since Daniel O'Sullivan's work until the *Gaelic Journal* was started more than twenty years ago. The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language did a great deal to get Irish taught in the schools, and to forward it by simple elementary books, but not many were to be found who were anxious to write Irish. It was hard to induce even John Fleming to put a page of prose together, although his style was beautiful and forceful.

The Gaelic League spent the beginning of its life struggling and contending with the enemies of that tongue, and its members had not time to sit down and think out literary work. There was one pen, however, which during that time was not idle. Father Peter O'Leary's style is as smooth, as harmonious and as forceful as any to be found at any period of our history. The little books he has produced, contain clear, melodious, beautiful prose. And he is not yet going to desist, as his style is plainly to be seen in much of the Irish that is to be found in the weekly papers. Father Peter is an intellectual, humorous, independent man. We have one fault to find with his work. He writes

aoiṛ ṛoġlumṫa, ṛ baiṁeann an níṫ ṛin an ṛṫiuṛ ṛ an taṫac aṛ a ċuiṫ ḃṛióṛ. Tá ṛúil aġainn ṛul a ṛġaṛṛam leiṛ ġo oṫaḃṛaiṫ ṛé obaiṛ éiġin ṫúinn ná beiṫ lán oo ṛiáiṫiḃ caṛṫa, aṛ ṛon na ṛġoláiṁiṫe, aċṫ obaiṛ ċuiṁṛeaṛ áṫaṛ ṛ móṛṫáil aṛ ḟíoṛ-Ġaeṫilġeoiṁiṫiḃ.

Le teaċt na nuaṫ-aoiṛe, aṁaċ, táiṫ na ṛġamaill aġ ṛġaiṛeaṫ. Tá luċt léiġṫe na Ġaeṫilge aġ ṫul i mḃṛeiṛ aġuṛ ṛ oeacaiṛ iaṫ oo ḟáṛaiṁ; ní ṫeiṫeann ġaċ aon ṛiáiméiṛ ríoṛ leo maṛ ba ġnáṫaċ tamall ó ṛoin. Táiṫ oiḃṛeaċa na ṛean-uġoaṛ ġo bliaṫaṁteaṁail tá ġcuṛ aṁaċ, ṛ cuiṁṛiṫ an níṫ ṛin ṛṛionnaṫ aṛ an aoṛ óġ ċum a ġcéimeann oo leanaṁain. Tá an oṛáma Ġaeṫealaċ 'náṛ meaṛġ aġuṛ ġlaoṫaċ aiṛ. Tá ġlaoṫaċ leiṛ aṛ ḃṛiór Ġaeṫealaċ 'ṛna páiṛéaṛaiḃ laeṫeaṁla ṛ ṛeaċtṁaineaṁla, aġuṛ ní ṛuláiṛ oo'n aiṛe tuġtaṛ anoiṛ oo Ġaeṫilġ inṛ na ṛġoileannaiḃ a ċuṛ o'ḟiaċaiḃ aṛ uġoaṛaiḃ leaḃaṛ beaċta, bṛiośmaṛa, miliṛ-ḃṛiaṫṛaċa oo ṫaḃaiṛṫ uaṫa. Aṫá óġ-uġoaiṛ, leiṛ, óṛ na cṛíoċaiḃ i n-a ḃṛuil an Ġaeṫealġ ṛóṛ 'n-a tuile, tá oṫaiṛbeánaṫ ṛéin ó bliaṫain ġo bliaṫain. Ní ṫéanṫaṛ oeaṁaṫ aṛ óṛáiṫeaċt, leiṛ, maṛ ṛ ṛṛiór óṛáiṫeaċt ġuṛ móṛ ṛ ṛiu é, aġuṛ ó ciúiniġeaṫ an ġuṫ Ġaeṫealaċ aṛ an aḷḷtóiṛ ṛ bṛónaċ maṛ oo ṁnneaṫ ṛailliġe ṫi. Le ṛaṫa ṁaiṁ, ṛaiṁíoṛ! tá an óṛáiṫeaċt Éiṁeannaċ aṛ ṛaṫ naċ móṛ i mḃéaṛla, aċt le cúṛla bliaṫan tá aṫaṛṁuġaṫ aġ teaċt aṛ an ṛaoġal. Ir ṛéiṫiṛ anoiṛ óṛáiṫ ḃlaṛṫa Ġaeṫealaċ oo ċloiṛint annṛo ṛ annṛúṫ, aġuṛ oo ṁéiṛ ġaċ oeaḷḷṁaiṁ, ní ṛaṫa beiṫeam aġ ṛiṫeaṁ le ṁéim óṛáiṫeaċṫa i nĠaeṫilġ, ṫoiṛ ṫiaṫa ṛ ṛaoġalṫa, aṛ a mḃeiṫ meaṛ aġ an ṫoṁan uile, ṛ náṛ ṁiṛṫe a ċuṛ i ġcomóṛṫaṛ le hóṛáiṫeaċt na ḃṛiannċaċ ṛ na nĠṛéiġeaċ.

too much for the use of students, and that circumstance takes the force and virtue out of his prose. We trust before he has done that he will publish some work, such as will not be crammed with cross-idioms for the sake of scholars, but a work such as will be a source of joy and pride to true Irish readers.

At the setting in of the new century the clouds are breaking. The readers of Irish are increasing in number, and it is becoming more difficult to satisfy them. Every rubbish will not content them as was the case some time ago. The works of the older writers are yearly being published and this will inspire the young with enthusiasm to follow in their footsteps. The Irish drama has come amongst us and there is demand for it. There is also demand for Irish prose in the daily and weekly papers, and, further, the attention now paid to Irish in the schools, will constrain writers to produce accurate, substantial, smoothly written works. Youthful authors, too, from those districts where there is yet a flood of Irish, are beginning to put in an appearance from year to year. Oratory, also, is not neglected, for oratory is a very valuable kind of prose, and since the Irish voice was hushed in the pulpit, it has fallen into sad neglect. Alas! the oratory of Ireland has now for a long peroid been entirely in English. But within the past few years there has come a change on the face of things. One can now hear a splendid Irish speech here and there, and in all likelihood we shall not long have to wait for a school of Irish oratory, both religious and secular, which the world will respect and which will bear comparison with the oratory of France and of Greece.

FOCLÓIR.

(*Contractions* :—*m.* = masculine; *f.*, feminine; *gs.*, genetive singular; *pl.*, plural, &c.)

acfuinneac, vigorous.

aónad, *m.*, a lighting up, a kindling; teine aónta, a kindling fire.

áóbar, *m.*, a number, quantity (chiefly used in Munster in this sense); áóbar beag, a small number.

ág, *m.*, prosperity, luck, fate (more usually written áó).

aiódéirfeac, strange, extraordinary.

amhlear, *m.*, misfortune (amh negative); dul ar a amhleas, to go on the path of misfortune.

aingeal fóir-choimhéadta, *m.*, a guardian angel.

áird, *f.*, a direction, point of the compass, district.

air, *in phrase*, le hair, beside, near. At page 21, line 3, *for* to Dublin, *read* beside Dublin.

airtrigim, I change; hence, change from one language to another, translate.

aitchim, I beg, beseech, clamour for.

áiteamh, act of persuading or convincing (used with ar).

aiteas, *m.*, delight.

amhach, however, nevertheless.

amas, *m.*, an attempt (to strike), a hostile attack.

anál, *f.*, a breath, breathing; anál do chaitheamh, to pause.

anróó, *m.*, hardship turmoil.

aoigeacht, *f.*, abode, lodging, hospitality.

aon-am, *m.*, one and the same time; d'aon am (*pronounced* dé n-am), of set purpose; d'aon ghnó is used in a similar sense.

aon-fear, one-man; comhrac aonfir, a duel, a single combat.

aontuigim, I harmonize.

aontughadó, *m.*, a conspiring together, a league.

áth, *m.*, a ford; atá áth éigin le fagháil ar Aoife, Aoife is in some way easy to deal with; some kindness remains to her.

athraighadó, *m.*, change, transformation.

athchairt, *f.*, act of beseeching.

báidh, *f.*, friendship; ní dheachaidh báidh a gcomh-dhaltachair i bhfuaire, the affection cherished in their fosterage did not grow cold.

bainnis, *f.*, a wedding feast.

baoth-ghlór, *m.*, empty boasting, idle prating.

bargaim, I wound, destroy.

bean, *f.*, a woman. In phrase idir fear agus bean, both men and women, bean is not declined.

bean ċaointe, *f.*, a lamenting woman, a professional keener.
beirim (with ar) signifies I seize hold of ; *also*, I overtake.
beo-mhilleaḋ, *m.*, a living ruin.
brataċaim, I judge, consider, expect.
brígh, *f.*, strength, essence ; dá bhrígh sin, from the virtue of that, therefore, owing to that.
bruighaḋ-ċroiḋe, *m.*, heart-felt regret.
buaḋaċ, victorious.
buaḋ-fhocal, *m.*, an epithet, an adjective,
buailim, I strike (as with a stick) ; *also*, I strike (across the country), *with* um, I strike upon, meet.
buan-ċomhrac, *m.*, a prolonged quarrel.
caiomeamh, *m.*, acquaintance, familiarity.
cáil, *f.*, appearance, quality, characteristic.
caint, *f.*, talk ; style, mode of expression.
cartha, entangled, twisted (of style).
ceann, *m.*, a chief ; ceann urraiḋ, a general of an army.
ceapaim, I conceive, plan.
ceap magaiḋ, *m.*, a laughing-stock (ceap, a block ; magaḋ, ridicule).
ceartaċt, *f.*, correctness (ceart, right) ; ceartaċt ráiḋte, propriety of words or expression.
ciallaighim, I signify.
cleaċtaim, I practise (make a practice or habit of), *and therefore*, I habituate myself to.
cloċ-bun, *m.*, a foundation.
cluiċim, I hunt.
cneartaċt, *f.*, gentleness.
coċal (coċall) *m.*, *primarily means* a hood, a magic dress ; *and figuratively*, enthusiasm for a thing ; cuir coċal air féin ċuige sin, be in earnest about that thing ; get enthusiastic over it.
comhċiġċeaċ, wild, strange, foreign.
coinne, *m.*, a meeting, a reunion.
comh-ḋalta, *m.*, one of a family of foster-children, a foster-brother.
comh-ḋaltaċas, *m.*, fellow-fosterage.
comhgarachd, *f.*, vicinity (comh and gar), i gcomhgarachd do, in the neighbourhood of.
comórtas, *m.*, comparison.
complaċt, *m.*, a company, a band of followers.
comhthromaċt, *f.*, equal weight, justice.
cor-éadtrom, light-footed.

cosúlacht, *f.*, likeness, comparison ; mar cosúlacht, as a representation (of, do).
craobhscaoilim, I explain (craob and scaoilim, I separate).
crann, *m.*, a staff, crann bagair, a staff to threaten with.
críostaíocht, *f.*, christianity.
croíocht, *f.*, valour.
croíche-láir, *m.*, the very centre.
croinic, *f.*, a record, a chronicle.
cruaidh-cheist, *f.*, a vexed problem, a difficulty.
cuirim, I put, place, set ; *with* síos and air, I describe : cuir síos air mná le haghaidh an, describe the beauty of women.
cumhangracht, *f.*, a limited space, press, closeness, difficulty ; i gcumhangracht comhraigh, in the press of fight.
cumhra, swee'-scented, fragrant.
cur isteach, interference with, influence over (air) ; gan cur isteach air le gnacht, without its being influenced by oppression.
dáil, *f.*, a meeting ; i ndáil a chéile, meeting one another.
daonna, relating to a human being, human.
daor-bhruid, *f.*, slavery, bondage.
dárach, bold, fearless ; *more usually* dáracht.
dathúlacht, *f.*, brilliancy, beauty (dath, colour), dathúlacht foillsighthe, brilliancy of description.
deagh-aigeantach, fair-minded.
deagh-bhéas, *m.*, a good habit ; *in pl.* polished manners.
dealbhúil, having the appearance of probability, probable, likely.
dearbhaighim I assert (solemnly, as a witness) ; do dhearbhaigh éitheach, who gave false testimony.
dearg-fhásach, *m.*, a barren desert (dearg *is intensitive*).
deasghnách, polished, fine, elegant.
deifriúlacht, *f.*, a difference (often spelled deithbhiúlacht).
déin, in *phrase* fá dhéin, towards (after verbs of motion).
diadhacht, *f.*, theology.
díoghras, *f.*, zeal.
díon, *m.*, shelter, cover ; fá dhíon na spéire, under the cover of the sky, *i.e.*, in the open air.
dlúth-chomhraig, *m.*, close combat.
dothain, *f.*, sufficiency ; go bhfuil dóthain . . . . . ann, in which there is a sufficiency *or* enough.
dráma, *m.*, drama, play.
droch-aigneadh, *m.*, ill-will,

droch-ċlaonta, *m. pl.*, evil passions (rarely used in singular, as a substantive).
droch-mhaitheas, *m.*, *used in the positive sense of* mischief *or* misdoing.
draoidheacht, *f.*, enchantment, magic, spell, wizardry.
druim, the back; *in phrase* dá dhruim sin, for that reason, on that account.
dubhrónach, sad, sorrowful.
dúil, *f.*, longing, desire: dúil chroidhe, a heart-felt longing or aspiration.
dul, *m.*, means, opportunity; gan dul ag páirte bheith aige, no child being permitted to handle it.
éachd, *m.*, a great or heroic event, an episode.
eagnacht, *f.*, wisdom, prudence.
éigim, I call out, shout, cry.
éitheach, *m.*, a falsehood, perjury.
fás, *m.*, a growth: fás na haon oidhche, a mushroom.
feirtear, *m.*, a banquet.
fíochmhairgeacht, *f.*, rage, cruelty.
fíorchaoin, hearty; an epithet of fáilte, welcome.
fiu, even; *in such phrases as*, fiu a féachaint, even his look.
fóghnaidhte, founded, established (on, air).
fógradh, *m.*, proclamation, advertisement.
foillsighim, I display, describe, illustrate.
foirbhthe, aged, having the effects of age (pronounced foirghthe).
fonn, *m.*, desire, liking; ní raibh ré d'fhonn orthu, they had no inclination.
fuaid, *in phrase*, ar fuaid, *also*, ar fud, throughout.
fuathaim, I hate, detest.
fuilmheach, bloody.
fuinneamhail, vigorous.
fuinte, kneaded, *hence*, worked up, put together (as a poem).
fuirse, contention with (le), friction, pressure.
fulaing, *in phrase* ní fulaing dúinn, we must.
gabadh, *m.*, want, need; níor gabadh dóibh, they had no need.
gairmim, I call; *with* air, I name.
galán, *m.*, a stone said to have been cast or hurled by giants; a "galán."
geal-adharcach, white-horned.
geall, *m.*, a promise, pledge; *in phrase*, is geall le draoidheacht, it is the same as, *or*, like magic.
geas, *f.*, obligation; geasa were conditions and obligations which must be carried out and discharged under pain of evil, *or at best*, unpleasant consequences *in case of failure*; bí sé do gheasaibh air, he was under obligations or *geasa*.
gleacaidhe, *m.*, a combatant, fighter.
gorm-bhuach, *m.*, a green margin.

ıaṛṛaċt, *m.*, an attempt; do ċuġadar ıaṛṛaċt, they made an attempt.
ioṁáiġeaċt, *f.*, imaginativeness, imagery.
ıomáṁaıde, *m.*, a hurler.
ıomċaṛaım, I bear; *with reflex. pronouns* mé féin, &c., I comport myself, I behave.
ıomṛaṛgáil, *f.*, wrestling.
ıonuṁaıl, eager, attentive.
Laıdmeaṁaıl, Latin-like.
Laoċar, *m.*, heroism.
Laoċra, a band of heroes, *a collective noun*; Laoċ, *a single* hero.
Laraṁaıl, full of fire, blazing, brilliant.
Leacuiġte, flagged over (Leac, a flagstone), entombed, buried, embeded.
Leaṫ, *f.*, side, part, direction; fá leiṫ, aside, apart; atá sé leis féin fá leiṫ, it stands alone.
Leaṫ-taob, *f.*, a side, direction; i leaṫ-taoib, aside.
Léir-ġoid, *f.*, extensive theft, plunder.
Léir-ṁaire, *f.*, brilliant beauty.
Léir-ṁillead, *m.*, complete destruction.
Líoṁṫa, polished, adorned.
Lonraċt, *f.*, a flashing brilliancy.
Lonradh, *m.*, a shining, brilliancy, effulgence.
Luaṛgaim, I swing, rock; dá luaṛgadh, being rocked.
macġníomhartha, *pl. of* macġníomh, a youthful or boyish exploit.
mall-ċéimeaċ, of slow and stately gait.
meadar, *m.*, metre (Latin metrum).
mí-ċneaṛtaċt, *f.*, offensiveness.
mıanaċ, *m.*, a vein: mıanaċ d'ımṛgne bhíoġmhar, a vein of vigorous eloquence.
míniġim, I reduce to a fine state, smooth out (*difficulties*), explain.
mío-nádúr, *m.*, unnaturalness.
mío-náireaċ, bold, audacious, stubborn.
mıoṛcaıṛ, *f.*, ill-will, malice.
mion-éaċt, *m.*, an episode in a narrative, a bye-plot.
mod, *m.*, manner, fashion; mod foillrigṫe, style of description.
mór-bolg, *m.*, a large miscellany (*of stories*, &c.)
mór-ċroıdeaċt, *f.*, great-heartedness.
mumnteaṛdar, *m.*, friendship.
muṛgaılt, *f.*, act of composing as verses (*literally* act of awakening).
naċ mór, almost.
nádúrṫa, according to nature, natural.
neaṁ-ġnáṫaċ unusual, out of the common, exceeding.

neamh-fhleadúach, independent, uncompromising.

neamh-thormhail, unprofitable.

nuaiú-eagar, *m.*, a new or modern setting.

Oiliim. I train up, education; do hoileadh le Sgathach, who were trained up under Scathach.

oireamhnach, suitable, fitting, adopted to.

oráidteacht, *f.*, oratory.

oráidteoir, *m.*, an orator.

rágánach, non-christian, pagan.

réiú, *m.*, act of struggling against.

rós. *m.*, prose, a word derived from the Latin, and of well-established use in Irish. Caint fhuirtheach is used in the same sense: it is opposed to what is arranged according to metre.

ruimn, *m.*, much, *used with negative*; ní ruimn, not much, little *or* nothing (It is an error to take ruimn as equivalent to *point, jot.*)

ráiméis, *f.*, rhapsody rubbish.

réidh-bán, *m.*, a level plain.

raidhbhreacht. *f.*, richness. Neart is raidhbhreacht íomáigeachta, abundance and wealth of imagery,

ranarán, *m.*, a glossary, a vocabulary.

raor, free, liberated; raor ar Chonchubar. free from Conchubhar.

ráth-chneartacht, *f.*, great gentleness of spirit.

ráthughadh. *m.*, excelling, overcoming. Ní'l a ráthughadh le fagháil, they are unsurpassed.

rean-chuimhne, *m.*, a tradition, reminiscence.

rean-fhothrach, *m.*, an old ruin.

rean-údar, *m.*, an ancient author.

sgéaluidhe, *m.*, a story-teller.

sguirtheach, loose, unbound. Caint fhuirtheach, prose, as distinguished from verse, which is bound up into lines and verses by metrical laws.

slachtmhaighthe. adorned, finished off.

snáith, *m.*, thread; snáith a fhaoghail, the thread of his life.

sor, *m.*, rest, cessation; ní sor dóibh fós. they are not yet extinct.

srár. *m.*, a period, limit of time.

sréamhlacht, *f.*, loveliness.

sréis, *f.*, heed, care; ná cuireann sé sréis inthe, that he heeds her not, is not interested in her.

stríocaim, I surrender, submit.

táin, *f.*, a flock, a spoil, a plunder; *fig.*, a story of spoil or plunder.

taire, *f.*, rest, quiet; níor thaire d'Aoife, Aoife had not rest, did not rest content.

taiṫeal, *m.*, journey, visiting, round, circuit; tá a dteaṫtal ar na daoinib, they circulate among, *or* are within the reach of the people.

taṁgaireacht, *f.*, prophecy; le neart taṁgaireachta, by the force of prophecy.

teanntá, *m.*, a prop; 'n-a teanntá fain, propping up that, in addition to that, besides.

teaṫ-aigneadh, *m.*, mental enthusiasm, warmth of soul; *properly* teaṫ aignidh.

toradh, *m.* heed, care, fruit, produce, result.

traighidheacht, *f.*, a tragedy.

treaṫ, *m.*, a battle, a skirmish, the array or ranks of battle.

tréitheamhail, accomplished, gifted.

truaighmhéil, *f.*, pathos.

uchd, *m.*, the breast; i n-uchd an baoghail, in the breast of danger, against danger.

umhail, *f.*, attention, ken; cuirid i n-umhail dúinn, they remind us.

ullamhacht, *f.*, readiness.

úr-dorchughadh, *m.*, an eclipse, a darkening over, an obscuring.

ur-mhór, *m.*, the greater part, the majority; *also written* formhór, and so pronounced in spoken language of Munster; *also sometimes* fromhór.

urradh, *m.*, a chief; *see* ceann.

At page 72, line 15, *for* béal átha an Shionnain, *read* béal átha Seanaigh.

NOTE.—In the name of the tract, "Tóghail bruidhne Dá Derga," *read* Toghail; and in page 17, line 20, *read* Destruction *for* Taking.

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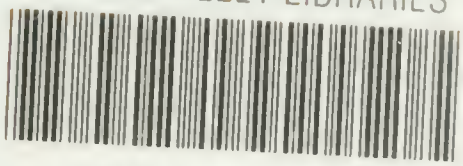
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