

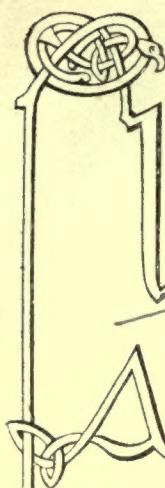


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Cuipm ēuřar a. ēapla īoř

Coğan



Leabhar

Leabhar an  
Áitáin Eogáin

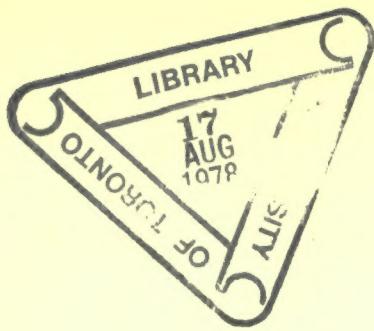
The O'Growney Memorial Volume

Agnes O'Farrelly.  
m.a.

DUBLIN : M. H. GILL & SON, LTD.

LONDON : DAVID NUTT, LONG ACRE, W.C.

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DO COMARBA

AN ATAR EOÍSÁN

1 SCATÁOM NA GAEÓILSE,

1 SCOTTÁISTE PÁDRAIS,

1 MUÍS NUAOAO.

DO-ÍNÍTEAR AN LEABHAR SO

DO CAIRSSÍN.



## PREFACE.

---

THE Story of O'Growney is the story of our language movement, and, had I felt justified in doing so, I would have written the original part of *Leabhar an Óstar Eogán* in Irish.

This book is meant for those in the Pale as well as for those in the Gaedhealtacht, and, unfortunately, its message could not reach them all in the language which is our common inheritance. The tale of O'Growney's life is for all the Irish people, both those who are with us in the New Ireland of to-day, and those who, like O'Growney, have gone on the ways of the stranger and whom Death will surprise, looking backward in hopes that even the last long rest may be with their kin in some "roilic" at home.

Father Eugene, the apostle of Gaeldom, came to us from the land of the Béarla and his mission was one of unity and brotherhood through the common language of the country. There is not a man or woman of Irish blood or sympathy who may not learn much from his example, and from the history of the movement so closely wound up with his life. To the bond that is between those who go to make up the Ireland about us,—the bond of a common country,—O'Growney would add that of a common language.

This is a solemn moment for Ireland. The slow and agonising movement of centuries has at last brought us from the four corners of the island, from paths that were tangled and out of roads that seemed to have no ending—this movement, that seems the guiding of Providence, has brought us to the grave of O'Growney, to a point where we may join forces: the Gaedheal and the Sean-Gháll and the Nua-Gháll; all working for the common weal.

History will yet tell of this day when we waited for the sun to go down on the old unnatural life of a divided Ireland, knowing no fear for the morrow's re-birth, when the North and the South may pay allegiance to the Cailleach Béara in the tongue of her youth and her hopes; the tongue that gave poetry to her love-dreams, the same tongue wherein she told of her woe, when the lamps of earth went out and left her by the shore in utter darkness.

Yet this book is not all in the tongue of the stranger. There is still a large portion of it in Irish. Some day, when O'Growney's message will be welcomed by all his people, the proud privilege may be given me of re-telling the story in the language we love.

Part I. of the O'Growney Memorial Volume contains a complete account of the Public Funeral from its inception to the moment when the final scene was ended at Maynooth.

Part II. tells of O'Growney and of his life-work, and, unlike most life-stories, is not the reflex of one mind-attitude alone, but contains the views, whether in Irish or in English, of many who knew him intimately, and who understood his aims and his ideals. From the variety of these sketches the reader can get a better idea of the real man than from the most detailed narrative written by any one person.

Part III. brings together Father O'Growney's literary remains—various in subject and method of treatment, in a form accessible to all.

The book is fully illustrated, several portraits of Father O'Growney at different periods of his life being included, as well as photographs and sketches of the different places connected with him, and portraits of those who were prominently associated with him or with the public funeral.

No pains have been spared to collect the fullest information and to make the book as accurate as possible in every detail. If I have succeeded in this respect my thanks are largely due to my friends both in Ireland and abroad, who assisted me generously and promptly, by placing letters and photographs at my disposal, and by writing me their recollections of O'Growney. There is no need to name them separately. Their best thanks, I feel, will be in the knowledge that they have helped to preserve the memory of one of the best of modern patriots, and to further the cause for which he lived.

I also thank the editors and publishers of the following publications for permission to reprint various articles which appear both in Part II. and Part III. of this Volume:—“*Impreabán na Saerilge*,” “*An Clárdeam Solair*,” “*The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*,” “*The Irish Rosary*,” “*The United Irishman*,” “*The Weekly Freeman*,” “*The Tuam News*,” “*The Record of St. Columba*,” “*O'Donoghoe's Magazine*,” “*The San Francisco Leader*,” “*Maynooth College Calendar*,” and “*The Belfast News*.”

In the matter of illustrations Mr. Patrick O'Growney had several of the Athboy photographs taken specially for the book, whilst Miss Alley and Mr. Peter Murray took the remainder. Father Flynn supplied the Navan photographs and Father Gilsenan got the sketch made of Baile-na-Cairge Parochial House. The frontispiece is taken from a photograph sent by Father O'Growney to the *Craobhán*, a short time before his death. Mr. J. P. O'Beirne, of the *Clo-Úthuamh*, took the excellent photographs of Maynooth, which are included. Mr. Stanley, of Westmoreland Street, gave permission for the insertion of two of his portraits, whilst Mr. Mac Googan, of the Science and Art Museum, allowed me the use of his own copyright photograph of Father O'Growney.

All these I thank sincerely, as well as the Cunard Co. who kindly lent their blocks of the “*Campania*,” and the “*Ireland*.”

*Above all, I warmly thank the friend who originally suggested the idea of **Leabhar an Astar Eogán**, placing material at my disposal and helping me in many ways.*

*This Book we have tried to make the genuine product of Irish Ireland. It is printed on Irish paper by Irish workmen, and is published in the Capital of Ireland. This, at the present moment, is not an easy thing to accomplish. The paper had to be made specially at the Ballyclare Mills, this being as far as we know, the first attempt to print an illustrated book of this description on Irish paper<sup>1</sup>. The design for the cover and two of the sketches were drawn by Mr. MacSweeney, whilst the remainder of the sketches were done by Mr. Fitzpatrick, of this city. The blocks for the illustrations were all made in Ireland, a large number by Mr. Fitzpatrick and the remainder by Mr. Lewis, of Dublin, and Messrs. Baird, of Belfast. The printing was done by the Cúl-Chumánn, a firm young in the art of printing, but old enough to have grasped the principle that underlay its foundation—that same principle which caused the earliest workers in the language movement to adopt **Sinn Féin** as their motto and their rallying cry.*

*That the author should face the risk of publishing is at present the only alternative to publishing abroad—yet it is an anomalous state of affairs that an Irish author should be forced to undertake work that does not come within the domain of authorship.*

*One word more—by printing abroad we might have given the Irish people a work which the critics would call more artistic; but we offer no apology for giving them the best that we can produce from purely native materials—believing that the first step in a nation's progress towards art is made, not when she imports bodily the art-work of other countries, but rather when she tries, however rudely, to fashion her own mind-creations.*

Úna ní faircheallais.

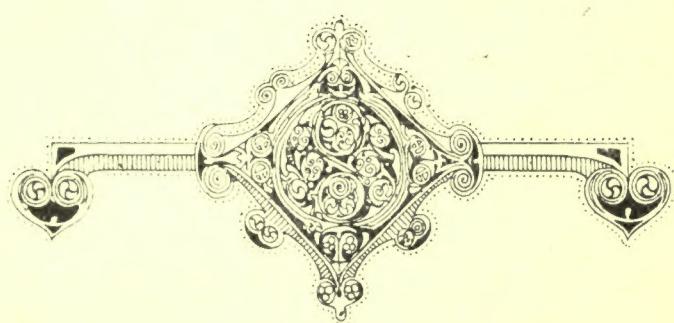
Do fiúl Sean-Íshaeðeat na Fórla.

Baile Átha Cliath,

Lá Bealtaine,

MDCCCCIV.

<sup>1</sup> *This does not apply to the edition de luxe, the paper for which was not procurable in Ireland.*



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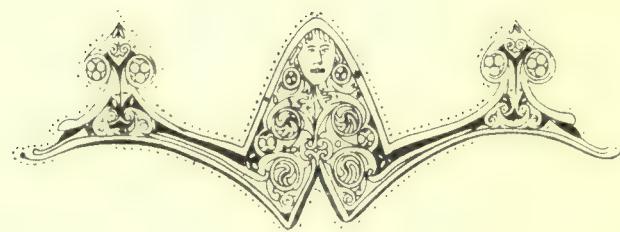
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## An broilac.



S 10MHD AODHAR TUG OPAINN "Leabhar an Aice Eoghan" DO CHUP LE CÉILE. TÁ AOR NA HAODHARAITH RIN, SAN AONAR, AN OLÚT-Baint DO BÍ AG EOGHAN UA BREATHAÍ LE CÚRP NA HÉIREANN DO CHUP API AGAIDI. 1 N-A BHFARRAETH RON, TÁ GO PAIBH RÉ 1 N-A RGOLÁIRE SHAEÓILGE ḡ SO NDEARNA RÉ OBAILP FÓSANTA LITRIÚDEACHTA I REANTEANGAIDI NA NHÆDEAL. ACHT 'R É AOR MÓ TUG FA NDEARPA OPAINN AN OBAILP DO SHABÁIL LE N-API N-AIP, É BEIT I N-A ÓEAGS-FOMPLA ÓUINN, ḡ SO NHÁIPTE DO'N AOR OG—ARTA-FAN IP EAÓ ATÁ API MUINNÍGIN I GCOIMAIPI NA LAETEANNTA EUGAANN. IP TÁ CIONN RON DO SHABAMAR OPAINN GAC A MBAINNEANN LEIP AN AICE EOGHAN DO CHUP 1 GCEILL DÁPI MUINNTIPI FÉIN COMÍ BEACHT RONLEIP IP DO BÍ IONAINN A ÓEANAMH.

Ír iongantae aír fad é an tAéair Eogán do bheit aír na daoninib ba éúise do éinig mórf-luaé na teangað cum náipíuntaéta na tíre do éongbáil riap ó'n mbáir, 7 cum Éipe do déanamh Gaeðealaé amuisig ír amaé. Ír ró-iongantae é gan éis, 7 a phad gup b' aír dtúcais an bhéapla dó— ait naéig scuala ré acht amáin fuaim teangað na Sagart go dti go pairb ré pápta fuaif go mairé. Naéig ait an phad é gup b'eipean 7 daomhain mar é fuaipi amaé aír dtúr tábhaéit na teangað cum anam do tábhaírt 'ra tír 7 i éairí éip báir do neáir éorainnlaéta?

Ír iomsgantaí iad rúigte an Tíseapna ḡní marí fánluigtheap do'n duine cinnteap Aigean. Bhí daoine ann ḡ a lán aca, leip, a pairb eolap aca aip an Ghaeölilg ó thúitcap. Mhearrfaidh duine go mbad uata-ran do buailfeadh amach éagaimh peapna teangaidh do chorpaint ḡ do fíoblaodh éum cinn. Acht níos b' amhlaidh do ceap Dia. Peap é an tAchtairí Eoísan naec pairb aige acht an Béapla i dtóraí a faoisail ḡ gan a bheit i n-ann an Ghaeödeals do labairt go dtí go pairb pé i n-peap naec mó. Bhí daoine eile ann ḡ airtó-meap oppia mar gheall aip a bfoighlium ḡ aip a ngeánpéirpeach. An oppia-ran fírté peap éum a éup 'n-a luighe aip an toiméan go pairb bpríos ḡ maitear 'ra teangaidh do b'í fa ói-meap leip na céadta do builéantaitb? Níos b'eadh, go deimhn! Peap do b'eadh é náip b'feap do éinneadh an foighlium do b'í i dtairisíodh aige; peap do b'í go huimh i n-a inntinn ḡ go híseal i n-a fúilibh fém. ḡ gan clú dá laigead aip. Bhí daoine ann, fóir, ḡ cail na criondaíta oppia ḡ an-trácht aip a ngsaoir ḡ aip a gceáill. B'férdirí gúpab i n-a mears-ran b'í peap na Ghaeölilge do chimeadó beo? Dap nroóis, níos b'eadh! 'Seo é marí tábla. Peap ós naec pairb aitne aig éinneadh aip, ír do-b'ran do b'í pé i nroáin an cat do éup ḡ buaird do bpríos; peap gúpab i ngsaoir fíor do'n toiméan b'í tuigre aige "táin iucáid a mhuinte go leip."

Peada a bheataidh ní pairí d'iomániom ap an nGhamhnae acht arbháin an teanga do eoraint ap an mbáir—fusaim na Gaeilge i mbéal na nuaointe do congáil ó thul i léig. 'S i an Ghaeithealg an rudo do b' annra le n-a époide g' é i n-a buaéaill óg ag gabáil an bóthar gac lá tarp cláir na Míde cum árto-rgoile Naoimh Phionáin. Ní pairí do rgeim aip acht i 'foghlaim nuaip do b' ré i n-a mac-léiginn i gColláirte Phádraig i Muile Nuaða, g' i n-a thiaró fin, nuaip do b' ré i n-a féiplíneac i mBaile na Caire. If beag rudo ap chuir ré fium ann, taoibh amuigh do'n teangaidh, an fad do b' ré i n-ollamhnaeit na Gaeilge i n-árto-colláirte eaglaise na hÉireann. Agus iр ap ron na teangaidh do caidh ré a pairí do neart g' do b'riog ainn nuaip do b' ré ag lóis a fhláinte tall i náisiúnta. B'í teanga a típe, gan amhras, priomh-cúnam a bheataidh g' b'í fóir ba éinn-tíocáir le n-a báir.

Ní raibh fad raoisíil ag an Áctair Eoghan. Níor fán ré go fuimeadó na ghléime cum a chuid oibrithe do tabhairt cum críche. Níor fán ré go dtí an meadhan-lae fém. I gceapáit-láir na maidne do chuid ré an fliúidí na fírinne acht ní gan rnor ag feabhar do chup aip an obair d'fhealaig ré uainn. Rígne ré ghnó a beataidh agus rin nuair do b'í ré i mbéal an báir d'fhead ré a pháid ón-a époide amach: "Táim-re éom fona roin i nac féidiril liom a chup i n-iúl 'n-a ceaptar." Dá mb'férdirí éan-puio 'ra dorían do bheit ag déanamh buaðairí uó nuair tainig an bár i n-a cheo 'r é do bheadh ag luighe aip. Gan a cíorr do bheit d'á chup i gscréasfóis a talairíth útcheair agus a eiréipise do bheit i mearsa na nGaeilgeoirí. Acht níor b'férdirí rin! Ba dual do bheit pápta agus a pháid nári ptaon ré ón obair pianach agus nac nuacláidh ré i n-éanáthair cibé puio tábla. D'airísh ré i gcomhnáidé lám Dé do bheit 'gá tréorúisád i dtaoisíb na teangeadó.

Níor mífde leir an dorían móír bheit i n-a agair. Óthi Dia ag curiúisád leir ag do fáruis ré an dorían. Níor mífde leir an troscaí-rláinte do bheit ag gabáil uó. Óthi an t-anam agus an inntinn aige níor láidre 'ná an cíorr agus rin. Níor mífde leir gan an nGaeilge do bheit aige ó tús a díse. Luig ré go fáruis meirneamhach aip i fóglum. Ní gan a roisfúisád fuaireadh ré gheimhinni, acht d'éiríis leir i nuacláidé na dáládó. Do fáruis ré a pháid i n-a comhne. Óthi fíriofar na laochair agus nuaomh do b'í ann 'gá fíriofar agus 'gá neartuigeadh i n-ainmteáin do'n tráosáil.

Tá túsí panna i "Leabhar an Áctair Eoghan." 'Sa gceáid roinn tráchtáir aip an roisfáid móír do b'í le feicim tamall gcaorach ó fom nuair tainig na fuaigíte uatháraíodha i dtéannta a céile le hónóir do chuirbeáint do'n trágaíft ós b'í ag filleadh a baile "i gcomhráinn cláir iptis" - onóir do chuirbeáint uó-pan agus do'n teangeal aip éairíte ré a chéapma aip an roisáil ro 'gá cumhádach. Óthi an troscaí aip ní do chup i gceáill do'n dorían go pháid móír-gluaireadach aip riubhal 'ra tús peo - gluaireadach daomhán atá tús éirí - nuaireácta ó chuirbeáint fuaim agus ó tróimh-éoclaibh na hinninníne. Óthi an troscaí do mórúisáil ghrádach agus muinntíre na hÉireann do'n Áctair Eoghan, biorú nac gcuala móír-cúid acaí trácht aip pianach go dtí rin.

Va tuair eiréipise na nGaeilgeal i an troscaí reo. Mar rin de, baibh lag an mairé dhuinn gan éunnítar équin do fíriofar 'n-a taois aip éor go mbéalt eolair agus na daomhán atá le teadáil 'n-aír nuacláidh aip an uile ní díreacáil mar tábla.

'San dapa curio do'n Leabhar innpítear do'n trálaí gac a mbaineann le beataidh an Áctair Eoghan do phéir mar fuaoramhais eolair aip agus rin bheir do chup leir. Tá cunnaitair ó daomhán eile aip 'gá gcuí agus gclóibh aip an am gceáidí. Ír amlair aip fura a chailídeach agus a chéile do chuirbeáint. Ní gabáil dhuinn a atáraidh go pháid ré do dualgair aip Éireannach éiginn an t-ionsaílán do chup le céile agus rin beataidh an Áctair Eoghan do leipíusád d'á muinntíre fém. Sin é atá déanta agaínn 'ra dapa curio do'n Leabhar.

Ní hÉigean dhuinn acht an oípeast leict-rgéas do gabáil pháin gcuí do mór d'áir fíriofar an Spáinnach do équinngasád agus énuasraíct do chup i n-eagair le hagair na hÉireannach. Aip fíriofar ré nuair do b'í ré 'n-a mac-léiginn do-bhéarla ré meirneac do'n aor roglumta agus aip fíriofar ré nuair do b'í an Ghaelgeal roglumta go beacáit aige, i ní cinnte go dtiubhá ré congnáin uóibh.

B'férdirí go dtiocfaidh aip "Leabhar an Áctair Eoghan" do fíriofar meaduigasád ghrádach agus muinntíre aip dtíre fém d'á dtéangeal agus do fían-nóraibh na nuacláidé chuidíomhainn. Má cuípeann riad tuilleadh fíreis i gcuí agus náriúntaíctha na hÉireann d'á bheir déimíte fáidh-burdeac do Óthi fa n-a tabhairt dhuinn an obair fém do chup i gceist.

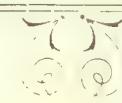


“A bheit ag teast tan tréan-muir  
Tan n-air go héirunn  
B' é b'fearr leir péimis  
So gcuimhde i gcuimh annro  
’n-a d'úiltig péim é.”—TÓRNA.

*MacCrimón*



## PART I.



# The O'Growney Funeral.

“ Οδοιπόρε, ομοιοπόρε, ομάδαδό,  
Σαοιμεαρ, φάιτε, φαιρρινζε,  
Ημίτιαδό, ιμπε ’γ ιαντε,  
Τά, το ιιαρ! ραν ιηρεαρτ ρο.”

# CHAPTER I.

## INTRODUCTORY.

“ Our fathers in their generation: ”



ONG ago, in a far Eastern land, there was a man who left his country and his kindred and the house of his father in obedience to a Higher Will. Passing from Ur of the Chaldees he stayed a little while at Haran, but finally settled himself in the land of Canaan, which was to be thenceforth the home of his race.

In the course of years his wife—the heaven-blessed Sarah—came to die, and straightway he bought from the Hittites, who owned the land, a field wherein was a cave that he might bury her, saying :

“ I am a stranger and a sojourner with you : give me a possession of a burying place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight.”<sup>1</sup>

And when the sons of Heth, to whom he addressed himself, offered him the choice of their own sepulchres he persisted in buying it “ for a possession of a burying place.”<sup>2</sup> Four hundred shekels of silver he gave “ for the field and the cave that was therein and all the trees that were in the field,” and there he buried his wife who was the mother of many nations, and in the fulness of time he, too, was laid by her side. Later on the son of their old age went the way of all the earth, and he, also, was buried in the cave in the field of Machpelah.

Years go by and the race has settled itself afar off in the Vale of Goshen. The fatness of the land of Egypt has drawn them thither from their famine-stricken home, and not one of Abram’s seed has remained near the sepulchre at Hebron in the land of Canaan.

Jacob is dying. His eyes are dimmed with age, but his mind is strong and active as in the days when he built the altar at Bethel.

<sup>1</sup> (Gen. xxiii., 4).    <sup>2</sup> (Gen. xxiii., 9).    <sup>3</sup> (Gen. xxiii., 17).

He gathers his sons about him, and this is the charge he lays upon them :

“ I am to be gathered unto my people, bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite ; \* \* \* there they buried Abraham, and Sarah, his wife ; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah, his wife, and there I buried Leah.”<sup>4</sup>

Solemnly and religiously, and with no undue haste, the twelve sons of the patriarch carry out his dying behest.

There are the forty days of watching ordained for such as are embalmed, and the seventy days in which the Egyptians mourned, and then, Joseph, his favourite son, approaches the King for permission to fulfil the oath : “ My father made me swear, saying—Lo, I die : in my grave which I have digged for me in the land of Canaan, there shalt thou bury me.”<sup>5</sup>

And the King gladly gives him leave, for an oath was a stern thing in those days when men dealt straight with their God. It was the youth of the world and the reality of things was in the thoughts of man, and all through the way of life he was filled with the solemnity of death.

At last, when all the days of mourning are fulfilled the exiles and Pharaoh’s people form themselves in a long procession and slowly bend their way from Egypt back to the grave of their people.

We can see it all again, that slow-moving mass that sets out from the fertile fields of Goshen, going northward with the flow of the Nile. The nobles of the King’s Household and his servants and the elders of his Kingdom are there, and all the people of Israel, except the little children, and all that appertains to Israel, except the herds and the

<sup>4</sup> (Gen. xlix., 29-31).

<sup>5</sup> (Gen. l., 5).

flocks. There are chariots and horsemen and camels, and all the long funeral train to follow, and from the mouths of the ancients we are told it is "a very great company."

The rivers are hard to ford and the hills are rough before them, and the desert tracks are hot and arid; but they are pledged by a sacred bond to pay the last rites to their dead.

The cavalcade must needs halt often on the march, but the words of the dying prophet urge them on: "In my grave which I have digged for me in the land of Canaan, there shalt thou bury me."

There is no faltering by the wayside, yet that great lumbering rear-guard is hard to move, and many days and many nights pass before they cross the Jordan. Here in their own land the fulness of their sorrow breaks upon the Israelites, and they pause to mourn over their forbear all the length of seven days of mourning. Then his sons bury him in the cave of Machpelah beside his father Isaac and his father Abraham, and their mission is fulfilled. Jacob is at rest among his own, and Jacob's children are free to go back to the business of life.

The soul of Jacob craved that his body be carried back to lie among the dead of his people, and not in the home of a stranger. Pharoah was kind to him and to his, but the blood-bond drew him to the grave of his kin. His bones could never rest in the stranger's land, though his children and his people have moved thither, and the strangers have welcomed them.

The pathetic account of the long funeral from Egypt home to Canaan is, perhaps, the earliest record of the longing within the exile's heart for a grave and a last undisturbed sleep in his own land.

Many generations after this, the race of Jacob coming back to live in the land which was promised them through the mouth of the prophet, bring with them the bones of Jacob's son for burial among his kindred. For the years of their wanderings, and

through all their hardships in desert places, the sacred relics of their ancestor were carefully guarded, until, at last, they lay them under the blessed clay of the Promised Land.

And so it has been all through the history of the world. The Grecians and the Romans made sacred the tombs of their ancestors who became their household deities. For them there could be no rest after death but near the bones of those who had gone before them.

But with no race has this feeling been so strong as with our own Irish race, for the Celts, above all other peoples, showed respect to the rights of the dead.

When the Pagan King Dathi is struck dead by lightning at the foot of the Alps as he leadeth his followers to the foray, his soldiers take on themselves the task of bearing his body home to Ireland for kingly burial. All the way through the Swiss land and by the Rhine valley they bear him—and westward by the Gaulish province, and across the sea in their poor little curachs, at the mercy of every wave in the great rough channel-way. Again they carry him over the plains of Munster in their own land, and through the Midlands, and over the sullen Sionainn and into the wide tracts of Ros Comain until they lay him down in kingly-wise at the Rath of Cruachan, —the same Cruachan where Meadhbh in the long-dead time ruled men with a rod of iron and coldly sent them out to die if she would have it war; the same Cruachan where she played the good old game of battles fought and men's lives closed, until the Queenship of the golden-haired beauty killed the heart of the woman within her.

At Cruachan, then, they lay King Dathi, and they play the funeral games, and all his people mourn.

Again the scene has changed with the many changing years. It is Iona. The prince of Irish saints, the impetuous, the warm-hearted Colm is dying. He sinned in his youth against his kindred, setting one man against the other in the heat of passion. Where he loved most, there was he struck by

<sup>1</sup> Gen. L., 5.

his God, for a soul-friend sent him an exile on the ways of repentance. It was his expiation to set the green, far-reaching waves that creep up the rocky island between him and the broad fields and the heathy hills that filled his boyish life; and what though his hands were red with blood, the soul-hunger of exile was enough to make him white and clean and fair even among the "fair unnumbered hosts" of Ireland's saints.

He is dying, and his face is lit up with heavenly vision, and "even when his soul had gone forth," says Adamnan, "from the tabernacle of his body the countenance remained so long glowing and gladdened in a wonderful manner by the angelic vision, that it appeared not that of a dead man but of a living one sleeping."<sup>1</sup>

In his humility the gentle Colm does not dare to ask that his bones may rest in Irish soil. The exile's fate is to be his in death as in life. It is part of the punishment.

But he is one of the "pároé," to whom is given to see what has not yet been, and surely with that happy vision, as the soul is leaving the worn body, is mingled the foreknowledge that it would be given him in the course of years to mingle his dust with the sacred dust of the holy land over those waters that shut him away from the longing of his heart.

Five hundred eventful years after the passing of Columba, and we see a great Irish warrior stretched on his death-couch in a little tent on the beach at Cluain Tairbh. He was a king for unity, and a lion for bravery, and a law-giver to his people. In his old age, already feeble and worn, he has sounded the war-cry again, and his people have rallied around him in one last effort to break the power of the long-haired Lochlannaigh, who came as pirates and stayed as rulers. Even now they are crushed and fly in broken ranks beyond the Tolka. But Brian of the Tribute is wounded even unto death, and already his soul is at the gates: "I am to be buried in Ard Macha," he says \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Vita Adam., L. III., c. 23 (translated by Douglas Hyde in the Literary History of Ireland, page 189).

"Go this night to Sord (now Swords), and desire them to come to-morrow early for my body, and to convey it hence to Damhliag of Cianan, and then let them carry it to Lughmhaigh (Louth), and let Maelnuire Mac Eochadha, and the society of Ard Macha come to meet me at Lughmhaigh."<sup>2</sup>

From the shore of Ath Cliath they carry him to the north-west in funeral guise, with all respect and solemnity: the soldiers he led to battle and the monks he befriended, and the people he ruled so wisely—all mourning over the great dead, until they lay him within the Cathedral City he has himself enriched.

Do they know, these people who bear the patriot Brian to his long home; do they know that with him they bury the hopes and the unity of a nation? Do they know that the spirit of Ireland weeps over that grave, for the heart is quenched within her, and her mind is turned to the quick-coming time when the waters will overwhelm her, and "the stream of God pass over her soul"? <sup>3</sup>

Well may Mag Liag sing, as they close the grave over the Irish king,

"Meipg aet a pooman i n-a-tharó",  
and yet again:

"Caointeach ait aic i p o mup  
Táim' glaoró páleam fuaip.  
Cioipuro pola po-óeags, fuaib.  
Comápa daip Óthpalain na mbeann  
An ni apstap mpt Ópreann."

Yet eight hundred years and the last sad century had passed its meridian. The nineteenth century we shall remember in Ireland as a time of hopes ever rising and ever crushed; aspirations repressed until the world within, for the time, became small and mean; of young ideals, beautiful in the dawn, but sternly thrust back into the heart before the frowns and the grave wisdom of experience. It was as the English poet has it:

"Blossom and promise of blossom but never a fruit."

And the wonder is that in the following age the blossom yet lingers—still it blooms

<sup>2</sup> The War of the Gaedhil with the Gaill. Edited and translated by Todd, page 201.

<sup>3</sup> M.S. <sup>23</sup> Royal Irish Academy—fol. 54 (H. & S. Cat.)

and blooms and never withers. But that is only the prelude to the story.

It was in the early sixties and away on the Western Pacific coast one of the MacManus people had come to die. He was in the '48 rising in Ireland and they called him a rebel and sent him out to his death in Van Diemen's Land. But he escaped to California where he lived a freeman but an exile, and when Death came upon him he died with the hunger of the exile in his heart. And his brother-Irishmen in that far country sent his body home all the long way that it might lie in the heart of Ireland. With him they sent a guard of honour where only men whose ideals were those of the dead MacManus found a place. Of these it is well to note that one is yet alive in far Louisville. The Irish through the States and at home turned out in their thousands to honour the dead patriot and these demonstrations in the great cities of America and again in Ireland over the coffin of Terence Bellew MacManus had no little part in the revival of national spirit, and in the rise of the Fenian movement.

There were many Irishmen then in the States who cherished silently the bitterness of the failure in '48, and there were many Irishmen at home whom the trend of things at the time of the rising had prevented moving hand or foot, and who only waited for a sign of union among their own people to again cherish hopes for Ireland. To these Irishmen, abroad and at home, the grave of MacManus was, as it were, a rallying-point and a symbol of courage. The spirit of the Celt had not died at the Union, nor with the famine, nor left him a helot in the land that was his fathers', and it was whispered again over the hills and at the cross-roads that he was ready to dare once more for the dark-eyed *Roisín Dubh*. Aye, and to die if need be—for the yoke was a cruel one that held him to the foreigner.

It was a day of pride for Ireland, and Dublin was joyous under her mourning when

they carried MacManus to Glasnevin. It is of no account to us here that the cause was foredoomed to failure. They felt then only the fulness of the heart in the beginning of things when everything is possible and the accomplished fact has not yet settled its dead weight on the mind. We, looking back, can see the fact in its littleness, out of all proportion to the high ideal of the '65 men—but when they walked behind the coffin of one who fell for Ireland, the sound of the muffled drums seemed to call them to freedom long-delayed. There was no thought of failure; no doubts, no fears. Brave, reckless Irishmen! Nor was it all in vain. Facts are but the conquerors of the moment. Ideals are immortal.

Many others there were, too, in these latter years that we could not leave to rest with the stranger. Curran and O'Connell and Smith O'Brien, and Barry Sullivan and Duffy, but the longest of all long funerals down to our time was that of MacManus forty years ago.

Yet in our own days we have seen a longer and a greater one—a funeral that stretched still a thousand miles further, and whose significance was deeper than even that of the great demonstration which welcomed the clay of the so-called rebel to the mother soil.

From the very borders of Mexico the men of his own race have brought Eugene O'Growney's remains by land and water home to Ireland, and with all love and reverence they have laid him for his last long sleep in Maynooth.

The great public funeral of the Irish priest was the vindication of the cause for which he lived. It was the people's answer to the appeal which his life, and the lives of men like him, made to all that is best within the Irish heart. There was no uncertainty in the voice that bade O'Growney welcome to his own. It was the voice of Irish Ireland, the new land that has sprung up about us and caught us in the magic of its enthusiasm; the new land where there is so much of the old land and the old people—this twentieth-

century Ireland that has thrown off the crust of Angloism and discovered the beauty and the wonder of the mind-life of our fathers.

Kindly and sadly they welcomed the bones of their priest-brother, but even in the "caoin-eadh" we heard a note of triumph and we knew it was for the cause that had seemed a lost cause before O'Growney and his comrades banded them-selves together for the revival of Ireland's language, which alone may bring back Ireland's self-respect.

The ideal of MacManus and his comrades was a noble one; O'Growney's was yet nobler. The one would save Ireland by material means; the other would go yet beyond and save Ireland through herself, — through her soul. "First conquer thyself." There, in a word, is the text of O'Growney's life-sermon it is the whole burden of the Gaelic League propaganda. It is the noblest appeal that can be made to a nation, as it is the noblest appeal that can be made to the individual. "First conquer thyself": it is a mind-appeal, a call to the intellect; not such a call as takes the fancy of an idle crowd on a summer's day, not such a call as depends for its success on the mouth of the orator nor yet on the music of the poet. It is a

call to reflection and the sober wisdom of reason; and no one who loves Ireland but will be proud that she has answered the call and is fast learning to look within, undeceived by the allurements of a cheaper way to freedom.

O'Growney was one of the first to realise that an Ireland, with her gaze fixed inward, can never be conquered, never be absorbed;

whilst an Ireland that does not look to her mental development, and purge away the foreign sores, must surely, and soon, sink into the larger nation by which she is encompassed on all sides — for all that she may hold her own senate and distribute her own monies.

Ireland can never be free except in body, until she enters into herself and absorbs the spirit of the past. Then and then only can she attain to that "self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-con-



FATHER O'GROWNEY.

From a Photograph taken by A. R. MacCormac a short time before Father O'Growney left Ireland.

trol" which alone lead life to sovereign power.

Such in fine was O'Growney's message, and still its echo grows louder and louder, though the messenger is silent and the shroud has wrapped him coldly from us. For the sacred fire of inspiration never dies and the heart and the brain of a patriot were never given in vain.

## CHAPTER II.

### HOW THE FUNERAL CAME ABOUT

"Bíomá m'peacht-Laoi ari éamaine mo chéile ná páin,  
ná tipp éags ré foisim, ná éineadó gráin."



OR four years Father O'Growney lay in a lonely grave on the slope of the broad sea near Los Angeles. There was but one friend from Ireland by his death-bed, a pupil who revered him in the old days at Maynooth, and whom chance had sent there before him, to meet the dying priest and to smooth his last painful days. Laurence Brannick's interest in the language would be in itself a bond of friendship between them. Twice at the Alma Mater he had been First of First of his Class in Irish, and during all his college course there he had done his share of work for the language. At the end Father Eugene laid upon his young friend many sacred obligations, all of which he faithfully performed. He it was who closed the dead priest's eyes; nor did he think his mission done until at last he stood beside his coffin before the altar in Maynooth.

Many a long chat they had together in the grounds of the Hospital as the elder man waited for the end. They talked of the

language and of the movement, and of the workers at home, and then, one day they came to talk of the approaching death.

How strange it all seems. A few years before, one of them was but a lad in the big Irish College at home, and the other, still young, was his teacher and his friend. Death in those days must have seemed very far off; but to die with the stranger and to lie away from Ireland—that was never thought of. Yet here they are under the palm trees on those beautiful autumn evenings, with a southern sun glinting through the leaves, and they talk about death as about something they are already familiar with and have long since ceased to dread.

"Where would you like to be buried?" The question is put hesitatingly and in reverence. "I'll be buried here," said Father Eugene.

In the depth of his humility he never thought of a public funeral, nor did he think himself of such importance that his

body should be brought home.

The answer is noble and simple, but it is an evasion. "I'll be buried here." If he spoke the wish of his heart he would have said as he said in Irish just



FATHER O'GROWNEY.

(From a Photograph taken a short time before his death).

ten years before when translating Davis' beautiful lines :—

“**Ní heád!** ař taois Chnuic Eipeannaig  
Iř i mbuaile gtaip—náp leatan i;  
Óip iř mait liom břaonaú o bapp na gephann,  
Ní mait liom na rionta, aet eiteoř fann.  
Ó! merðreac le duine tout riop 'ra geph  
'S é cinnte go mb' amháis do cuippríde é.”

But Eugene O'Growney's modesty was too great to allow him to go any further than merely point out what was going to happen.

It is certain from what is known of his real feelings in the matter of an exile's grave, that the dearest wish of Father O'Growney's heart was to be buried at home. As early as '95 he wrote to Dr. Hyde from Arizona: “Má beirfeann an Óealtaine ořm beo, iř ořea go dtiocfaid ař air go nEirinn. Iř břioſmair an rean-focal: 'Srápta Dě cugainn, iř bár i nEirinn'; níop mait liom bár 'fagħbāl aet i meařs na nHaerbeat;” and, not very long before his death he said to a friend in Arizona: “I would give all I ever saw to be buried in Ireland.” But he was not one to place the burden of an expressed wish on his young friend, alone among strangers in the far Southern Capital. Instead he contented himself with the prediction of what was likely to happen. It was only one more sacrifice of his will to God—one more oblation to his country.

I shall let one of those who were with him at the end tell of the last passage :

“Sisters' Hospital, Beaudry-avenue,  
“ Los Angeles. Ca., 19th Oct., 1903

“ Father O'Growney, of whose death you have already been notified by telegraph, asked me to write you giving a few details of his last illness and assuring you of his complete readiness and contentment to die. He had been failing steadily from his arrival here from Phœnix, Arizona, the end of last July, and six weeks ago it was found necessary to perform an operation (to relieve the lungs). . . .

“ Such relief was experienced that the

patient began to hope for a period of comparative comfort, but four weeks later recourse had to be had to the same treatment. A period of great exhaustion followed, and the physician decided that instead of occasional operations of this kind with the resulting attacks of weakness, it would be better to insert a drainage tube permanently. Last Wednesday week a portion of two ribs was removed, and the tube inserted. Father O'Growney rallied satisfactorily for a couple of days, and hopes were entertained that he would soon be on his feet in tolerable condition. On Saturday, however, he sank rapidly, received the Viaticum, and announced his conviction that recovery was out of the question. He told me to say that, feeling how useless his life for some years had been, he was contented to die. He maintained throughout an edifying calmness, and never failed to the last moment to greet all visitors with a reassuring smile and a pleasant word. The struggle was maintained till the Angelus last evening, during which he passed away. A few minutes before six o'clock, a young priest who had been staying with him took his leave to go to supper, when Father O'Growney rousing himself said to him:— ‘No one should despair of the mercy of God, even at the last moment. I am so indescribably happy that I cannot express it.’ Five minutes later he was dead. He never lost consciousness up to the last breath, nor the serenity of manner and countenance that has made his death altogether exceptional in the history of the hospital, and which has had a most salutary and even sanctifying effect on the physicians who attended him. One of them, Dr. Ainsworth, saw him at 5.30 o'clock yesterday evening, was met with a most pleasant greeting, and this morning told me he had never seen anything like it. He could not, he said, understand how a man could meet death so placidly.

“ Further details of the funeral, &c., will no doubt reach you through other channels. His life and death here were such as to reflect

credit on the old college he was so proud of, and his memory will linger long among those he edified."<sup>1</sup>

Thus passed yet another of the many beautiful simple souls that have gone from Ireland; and, dying thus, they buried him, after a Solemn Requiem Mass in the Cathedral, in Calvary Cemetery out in the fresh country breezes. On a hill-side within sight of the wide sea they buried him, his head towards Ireland, and his feet to the west. "A sloping lawn" it was, "and not too wide" the very spot he would have loved if it were in Irish earth. They laid him down then some miles from the rush of the town in what is known as the Priests' Plot, and Irish men and women will remember the generosity of Bishop Montgomery and the priests of this Southern Diocese in giving a grave to the priest from far-off Ireland who died amongst them.

Around that grave four years ago there were many Irish priests and some foreign ones, yet no one present, except, perhaps, Laurence Brannick, foresaw that the oaken coffin would ever come to light again, nor did they dream that the rest of the dead priest would be disturbed before the last trumpet.

There were a goodly number of the laity, too, at that first little funeral. It was orderly and decent, but there were not many tears, for we have not much heart left in this sad world for utter strangers. Yet it was a beautiful

grave in a fair sunny place where the soil was dry and warm, and they had lined it round with greenest boughs, and then they scattered flowers over our sagart. And Ireland thanks them for it.

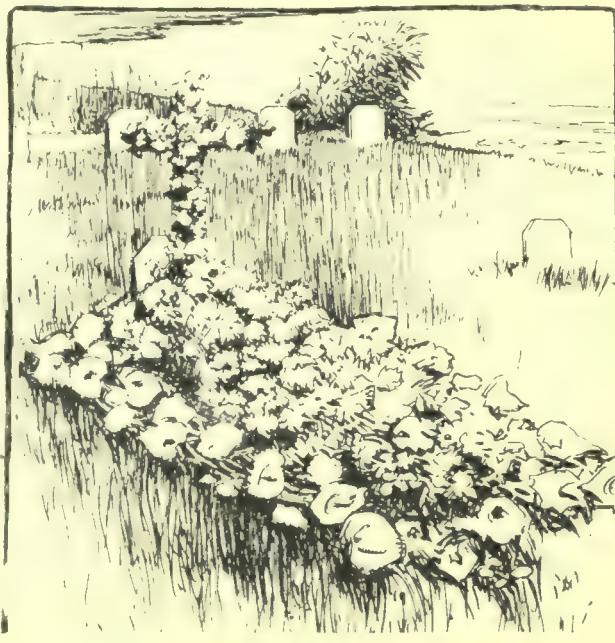
"Six members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians," says the *Clárdeam Sotuip*<sup>2</sup> referring to that first funeral, "were the pall-bearers. The new Gaelic League badge was worn at the funeral by Mr. John J. Bodkin, editor of 'The Los Angeles Tidings' and Mr. L. T. Brannick, the companion of Father O'Growney's latter days and his former pupil. Father Barron of Santa Monica, a Maynooth man, preached a touching funeral sermon. Messrs. Cunningham and O'Connor of the Ancient Order of Hibernians carried out the funeral arrangements."

Of the sermon preached by Father Barron, who knew Father Eugene intimately, the only record we have, unfortunately, is the quotation given by Mr. Brannick in his Paper read be-

fore The Newman Club, of Los Angeles, last year:—"I have the honour," said the preacher, "of being the only priest present who studied in the same College with our beloved brother. On the lips of our Bishop and of all the priests present there are words of regret that Father Yorke cannot be here to tell of his love for Father O'Growney, and of the work done by our departed brother. Father Yorke was probably his best and most beloved friend. . . . This young priest who has

<sup>1</sup> *An Clárdeam Sotuip*, November 25, 1889. (This letter is evidently from one of the Sisters at the Hospital in Los Angeles).

<sup>2</sup> Nov. 19, 1899.



THE GRAVE AT LOS ANGELES

passed from us was only 36 years of age. He had great intellectual attainments, and was able to hold his own in a school in which were many intellectual giants. In an address in Dublin last summer, where the name of Father O'Growney is a household word, Father Yorke spoke of Father O'Growney as a noble priest and true patriot."<sup>1</sup>

No sooner was Father O'Growney dead than his friend, Laurence Brannick, flashed the sad news home to Ireland.

"O'Éas Eoghan ua Íarnáin.

an Úranchasach."

On the morning of the 19th October, 1899, they heard the message at Dublin and Maynooth, whence they again sent it to the scattered Gaelic Leaguers through the length and breadth of Ireland. "Fuaif an tAiltair Eoghan bár! So níneana Dia trócaire ar a anam." That is how the heavy news came to me one beautiful October evening away among the Breffni hills. How the little things of life connected with sorrow fix themselves in the mind, and stick there! I can see as clearly now as then the face of the little messenger boy as he came to us over the fields with the fateful yellow envelope. Fuaif an tAiltair Eoghan bár! The sun went on shining and the little boy looked bright and smiling, for all that he had brought such woeful news. Poor child! he is no longer unconscious of the mysteries about us, for he, too, has since gone his own long journey. But to turn again to the real story.

At home the news was received with a burst of unaffected grief:

"The climber dead on the hillside  
Before the work is done."

Father Eugene's personal influence was a big factor in building up the revival movement at its beginning; and his death, in his very prime, could not be other than a severe blow to the association that represented his life-work. Apart from that, he was loved for his own earnest self, and the grief that manifested itself all through the ranks of the

Gaelic League was not solely the grief that is felt by a people when a great man of their race and a worker is lost to them.

At Mount Melleray where they knew Father O'Growney well they gave expression to their sorrow:

"Nowhere was the news of our beloved Vice-President's death received with greater sorrow than at the Monastery. All that day it was the subject of sad conversation and of silent intercession; at night the whole assembled members offered the Rosary for his eternal rest. Later a meeting of the branch was held, at which the Rev. Director spoke with deep feeling of Father O'Growney's noble life and work. He told how close had been the friendship between himself and Father O'Growney, how frequent their exchange of letters, and what interest Father O'Growney had always taken in that branch. To him Melleray with its crowd of monks, its seven times daily chanted Office, its daily Solemn Mass, its noble library, its great school, where so many of the hope of Ireland were taught to love God and learning and their mother-land, reflected the vanished glory of Clonard, or Bangor, or Lismore, or Clonmacnoise. Around its walls when he paid his first visit to the monastery he had heard with delight our native speech in ordinary daily use. In its church, for the first time in the south, he had heard its moving accents delivered from the pulpit, and marked its power on the hearts of an Irish congregation. His heart dilated with joy and pride. He found that Irish was not then taught in the school, he pleaded that it should be, and his earnestness and enthusiasm were irresistible. When finally, after he had left Ireland, he learned that the classes were at work and that a branch of the League had been regularly constituted, he lost no time in showing how much he was gratified and how highly he valued the example set to the other schools of Ireland. From that day to the day of his death, and it might be said even afterwards, for his last letter arrived when it was known he was no more on earth, he maintained

<sup>1</sup> See Part II. Paper read before the Newman Club by Laurence Brannick, p. 176.

the warmest interest in the work of the branch, and cherished the highest hope in its influence.

"A Requiem Mass was celebrated for him at which all the members attended and received Holy Communion for his eternal rest.

"On one of the Sundays in October the Rev. Director took occasion to speak at length in his Irish sermon to the people of Father O'Growney, telling them of his devoted life sacrificed in the cause of God and Ireland. Never was the Irish language more fittingly employed in panegyric than in that of one who had so nobly and unselfishly served it, and when the discourse concluded the Rosary was again recited for the departed soul with earnest devotion, all joining, at the Director's request, in reciting aloud the final prayer—  
Se d'fhuasairt Dia rofar na bpraithear d'á anam."

All over the country meetings of the Gaelic League were held to express the universal feeling of loss among the workers for the language.

Four years ago, at the time of Father O'Growney's death, the language was a very faint influence in the country. From the moment he died it would seem as if he watched over the cause and made it prosper, sending back his blessing to the little office in O'Connell Street, and to the Irish men and women who worked with him.

"The influence of a life like Father O'Growney's," says the *Clárdeamh Sotuir*, just a fortnight after his death, "springs afresh even from the grave. Our organiser tells of a teacher in the west, who, reading of Father O'Growney's noble and self-sacrificing labours, with tears in his eyes, threw the paper on the table and vowed that he himself, henceforward, would do his part for the revival of the language. 'Everywhere I go,' continues Mr. Concannon, 'Father O'Growney's name is spoken with affection, and many a man like this one already mentioned has been stimulated by reading of the work which he has accomplished.'"<sup>1</sup>

A few days after the burial at Los Angeles Mr. Brannick wrote of the death of his friend to the "Clárdeamh Sotuir":—

"Lor Angeles, California,  
24 Deireadh Fómáir, 1899.

"Do luéid Connachtana Gaeilge, leigheoirí 'An Clárdeamh Sotuir' i mo éagáin Tomáir Ua Conceanáin.—Tá ríseal dubhrónach le n'innriacht agam, aét b'fheidir go bhfuil 'fíor agairbh éeana é ón teachtaireacht teintreacáid do éamh me go Connacht na Gaeilge. Tá an tAiltair Ua Spáinniáin caitlín. Fuaip rí bár ag orbuitéar na Seatais i bhprócaireac (ban mhaigheal) ra gceatair peo tráthnóna Dia-Céadaomh ag an rí a élos an t-oictíneach lá deag doe'n m'í peo. Beannaítear túilí Dé le n'anam!

"Táimic rí anufo ó Áiríordáin i mbáil agur ó ríom go dtí an éadaí peactháin do meabán-fóisímar b'í a fláinte maiti go leor, aét, darb iudóis, b'í rí le trí bhuachaill agus, go han-tas. Anuimí támic tinnear eorúde móí air ó énáipán uirge a b'í 'n-a leat-taoibh. D'éigean do na dochtúraibh ceann do énáimí a taoibh a ghearrfaidh agur poll beag a déanadh Uaigárd an t-uirge 'leigean amach. Dia-Máirt pinn-easáid é ro. B'í rí ag déanadh go deas, go déanamh go han-deas, go dtí Dia-Satáin. Anuimí d'éigus rí go dóna, agur, mo érach, níos támic rí éinse p'fín aipur go deo. B'í a éall agur a meabáis airge go dtí uair a báis. Cumhneadháid mé go bhfáid aip na focláibh déiríreanaíca dubhaingt rí liom nuair d'írlis mé aip mo ghlúinibh ag taoibh a leabáta agur phós mé a láim. Anuimí d'áitíos rí a láim or mo éionn agur tús rí a beannaítear dám ag páid 'n-a bhráid fin. 'Beannaítear Dé leat.' Ag an rí a élos tráthnóna Dia-Céadaomh, go ríseacáil b'í élos fáilte an Aingil ag bualaibh, d'ímtig a anam naomíta or an éoláinn i gcuain rí leip ó 'Baile na nDingeal' anufo go baile na n-ingeal i bpraithear Dé. Tá 'fíor agam go mairt go páid a anam comhseal leip an rneacáta air báis an trléibhe. B'í ghnáth móí do ag gac uile dhuine d'á páid aitheáca air 'pan baile móí ro. Tá an-cúimhne p'fín 'n-a bhráid; b'íotu finne le céile beagnaí 'c uile

<sup>1</sup> *An Clárdeamh Sotuir*, Nov. 25, 1899. <sup>2</sup> *Id.*, Nov. 4, 1899.

tráthnóna ag fuithe faoi éann móí ag caint i nGaeilge faoi ari oteanga féin, faoi Éirinn, faoi Muirg Nuadáin (ann a phairb mé ag fochlum faoi le rá bláthánam) agus 'é gile nuto, aét, faimíor, faimíor géar, ní labhrócaití ré aon focal níos mó. Bí Árdo-Aifreann annro thó; bí an t-earraghs Mac Somairle ag pié rasapt ari fad ann, bí roépárd bheag aige ag cimreacáil i ghoilis na caighdeán é i n-uaig tionsa ari gáé taoibh le bláthanna úra bheagáin ag duilleogáin slára.

"So dtuigíodh Dia na pláitír thó.

"Caitífidh mé a pháid naéi maipre aibh ré i bhráth dá leigearáid na dochtúraí thó féin, marp Bí an eanapán uirge ag goilleáin go móí aibh agus dá laghnáid. Bí a fhios riu aige, agus faimíor go mba piocair a báip é.

"Míre le haitéinéala móí ari fionn an té atá imníte uainn.

"LABRÁS ÓBRANÓS  
(L. T. Brannick)."

On the same date writing to "Fáinne an Lae" he says:

"Lor Angeler, Calipoma.  
"Deirfeadh fógsmair,  
"A ceiríte ficeadó, go.

"A 'Fáinne an Lae'—Tá neart eolair ne nGaeitheal imníte uainn, imníte go deo i mears na péalt atá ag roillriúgád aibh ag gcionn. Tá an tAiltír Eoghan Ua Íarainn eallte. Bhuaigh ré báip annro i dtáinín corseptice i bhráth ó n-a thír féin. Círe sláir na bfiann, i bhráth ó n-a muimintí agus a éairíodh (aét mé féin a bí 'mo mae leiginn faoi i nÉirinn). Tá tuinn móra uaithe na mparaí ruainníse ag caimeadó faoi anóet, agus mná ríbe Caisleán an Aiceáid i gComhaictaibh, ag ríleád deörí ari a fion (má tá a leitírí aibh ann), agus na gaothanna riabáine atá ag dualadh ari an tráth timcheall Áirinn ag déanamh a ngearpán leir an oirdéan mar gheall ari an dubhrón atá ari an nGaeilge binn. D'éag ré annro i nOrbuidéal na mBán Riochalta o' Óró na Caisleáinéata, tráthnóna Dia-Céadóin, ari a ré a éleg, Deirfeadh fógsmair, a nocht déag. Bí ré cláiríte le fíradamh

<sup>1</sup> Caisleán Solais, November 18, 1903.

fada (leir a dó ná a tráth de bláthantaibh), aét, timcheall mí ó foinc támair eanapán uirge taoibh iptis i n-a cláiríodh, agus b'éisgean do na dochtúraíb 'oibríuighád' aibh, agus poll a ghearradh ann leir an uirge do leigean amach. Bí ré i n-a bláth riu ceapt go leóp go dtí an círgeadáil (Dia-Satáin) ag annpairn o'Éirísh ré go hanndona, aét mairp ré go dtí Dia-Céadóin. Bí Árdo-Aifreann annro thó, bí earraghs ag pié rasapt aon, agus cimreacáil é inp an goilis annro (Dia-hAidhne) i n-uaig tionsa le bláthanna ag duilleogáin slára. Dubairt ré liom-pa na focta téidéanacha Gaeilge do labairt ré le haon duine beo. "Sílim naéi maipró mé éar anóet, beannáet Dé Leat."

"Beannáet Dé le n-anam!"

"Míre le haitéinéala móí,

"An Óranógaé ari Cír Clainne Muirí"

"L. T. BRANNICK."<sup>2</sup>

A month later there was a Solemn Requiem Mass for Father O'Growney in New York. Here is the official account:

"A Month's Mind Memorial Mass was celebrated in St. James' Church, Harrison Avenue, New York, November 20, for the Rev. Father O'Growney. The Rev. William P. McQuaid was celebrant, the Rev. Denis F. Lee, Deacon, and the Rev. J. J. Baxter, Sub-Deacon. At the conclusion of the Mass a eulogy was pronounced upon Father O'Growney by the Rev. Michael P. Mahon, of Cambridge. The eulogy was given in Irish at the request of the Boston Philo-Celtic Society."<sup>3</sup>

Father Mahon spoke as follows:

"'Ib beannúigte na mairb a fáisair báir 'fan Tíseáinna; ari ro amach anoir, atáirp an Spiorad, ír péidíp leó comhnáidé ó n-a gheáram: óir leanann a n-oirbhe iad.'—Órlaistíra ari leabhar taibhseáin aillteoirí Eóin.

"A éairíte!—Támuirí cíumháigte le céile éum iordáirí an aifíunn do éisí fuaidh ag Dia le fíradamh ari oibríeáil atá tóigte ari ari mears. Támuirí cíumháigte go bhrónaí, mar

<sup>2</sup> "Fáinne an Lae," November 18, 1899.

<sup>3</sup> Id., December 16, 1899.

an gceádána, aét pór umáil do bheiteamhánar neamh-rgspúitunge aéil-éagnach Dé, a tús aige féin i n'óige, an rriopairt neamh-éalgaid ionraicírin, a rugne an oiféad oibhre éum ruar-árhoingé a cinnid Éireannach féin, tré n'íarraíte neamh-éuirpeada, le poillriúisadh do'n toimhneán ailtneáct agus binnear agus blar teanganáin éappa na hÉireann—teanganan na naomh, agus na raoir;—agus le tarbheáin aóth a móri-luairé a mears Deaglai an tpean-traoishait, agus an traosnáil laitriúis marí an gceádána, agus a neart éum rítaire círe agus eiperimh do éamhnuisadh agus do miniuisadh, ní amháin i nÉiginn, aét i phioigítear iarráipéada na hÉiginn. Is geappí a thairp pé; ip mór an obair a rugne pé; ip mó ná rin an obair tionscnuis pé. I mbriathraibh an Seiptíúin Uíathá 'rugne pé iongantair i n-a bheatair féin;' agus, imre rin, ip piú é a moladh go binn, agus a fompla do éonghbáil ór aip gcomháit. So dtuigsear Uíathá an mireasadh agus an rún d'aingean uafal d'úinn a chuit oibhre do éonghbáil aip bun, agus a leanaíte go comhiontaid, éum árho-otóir aip gheimid, éum méaduingsé píopl-eolair an toimhneán agus móri-ghlóipe Dé uile-éumáitais.

"Ír ó Státa iarainc aír uaire glibháil a támh—mar gur ó bun ríreire ropeá na hordóe—an ríseal againn go raibh an tAiltair Cois an Oileáin imíte uann go deo, agus iñ le ceapt-eolais aír aír gcaill, agus anfhor ó bionnneáctair aír gcaiorde, a éinipmíte beannaíte Úe le n'ianam.

” Do pugadh Coigean O’Hearnáin a bhí ar an lá  
 Ásta-Uirthe, i gContae na Míre, ré an bhuachaill  
 deas ‘f’ fiú ó fom. Ní raibh Saoránach ag  
 a stáip ná ag a mátar; go denim, ní raibh  
 ‘fíor’ aige i n’oige go raibh a leitέirte do  
 teangeamh ‘fan traois’ é agus ait. Dét nuaip  
 a fuair ré amach teanga náiprúnta ann, a  
 buain le hEigíunn, toruighe ré gan moill ‘gá  
 foighlum, ‘gá foighlum’ ag leabharb, ag páipréap  
 i nDÉ-Cliat tré ‘f’ munaibh i, agus ón mhuinniú  
 tré an oileán a labhairt i. Is iomána mi agus  
 páite a éait ré i nDÉ-Connacht, i gContae na  
 Gaillimhe, agus i gCócais, agus i nDún na  
 nGall ‘gá foighlum’ ón bpobal a labhairt i go

blarosa. Táir againn go mairt cia an dul ar aghaidh a gheigne ré, cia na leabhrá do ruspiorb ré le heoláir na teangan do éabairt do daoninib eile; agus táir againn cia an ondúr a tuigeadh ó, nuair a ceapadh é i n-eagairtóirí ap 'Iuir-leabhar na Saeóilse,' agus, táir a eirí rin, nuair a cimheadh é i gceataoirí na Saeóilse i gcoláirte Árdo-Céiméadach Muirghe-Bluaíadach. Caoth éinighe ap tús ré rún a épíordé agus iomlán na mbliantúnta gearra a ceap Dia ó, do fhaoradh agus do fóinseatachnúsgád na Saeóilse. D'airí leir a cothuigeadh, marí bí ré tip-éigíadach. Agus marí gheall ap an spáid a bí aige do ríaróis agus iplabhrád go coitceann. Bí fíor aige go bhfuil an Saeóileas 'n-a teanganairí comh pean 'f' naé féidiril le dumh ap bith, le teanganairí ap bith, inmheáct dumh cia an t-am i n-aois an domhain ap clóp i an éadaí uaire; gur labhrád i timéíoll aimpriú Érioptera, agus le clainta pojme rin, i phios-aictíib na hOireantan, na hAulbanach na Fíannince; agus gur ériú a mhinig Naomh Pádraig dár rinnipír an epiórdeamh Catoiliceach. Uime rin, marí gheall ap áppaíte na teangan, agus ag congbáil i n-a éumíne na milte leabhar Láimh-ruspiorbta 'fan teanganain' rin i nÉirinn, agus ériú an Éigíair, if mairt a éinig ré naé bhfuil epiúrúsgád ap bith comh láidir le foillseachád gur b'í an epiórdeamh Catoiliceach atá anoir i nÉirinn, an epiórdeamh céadna a tús Naomh Pádraig dár rinnipír. Bí fíor aige go mairt gur féidiril teanganáca an domhain do lóigr éum aon bunaídar amháin agus go bhfuil 'fan ní po' deimhniúsgád an-mór ap aontúdaí an éimirí daonta; marí an gceadna, ní pairb ré gur eoláir naé bhfuil ní ap bith comh cumaé-taé éum aontúdaíte náriúnta do éotuigeadh agus ríriúlaito náriúnta do congbáil beo 'ná aontúdaíte teangan. Bí róil aige go mbéaú an Saeóileas fór apír 'gá labairt i ngeáil uile pojme d'oirleán na hÉireann' i go mbéaú Éireannais tréir an meádon rin cumaé-taé le céile, aontúigéite, agus uime rin comh tréan, comh neartmhar gongnóthóirí gsanbuitheacar do'n domhan faoipre a dtíre.

"O! a cairde, ba mór, ba bheag an fear é  
an tatair Ó Siadháin! Feabhas an fhiú is

deacair a mear! Tá ríomháití uainn go deo, aét tá an mian a baint a chorpóireann-áit mears: agur so gcothuisíodh Dia a rriopairt uaral i ghearróidib na nÉireannaíc go deireadh an traoisail. Go dtugairt Dia glórína bplaitear duit, a Óstaip Ua Bráinna, agur so dtugairt Dia, a cairde ionnuine! an beannaict céadta dhuinn féin, i n-aithn an Óstaip agur an mic agur an Spriopairt Naomh. Amen."

At this time the Gaelic League in Ireland had not adverted to the possibility of bringing the body home. Poor in money and resources, the workers in Ireland felt that in carrying on the work that Father O'Growney had at heart they would best meet the wishes of the dead priest. "The exile's dearest wish," says the *Cláróam Sotuip* at this time, "was denied to Father O'Growney—death and burial in holy Ireland. This was the crown of his sacrifice. How many an Irish exile has sighed forth that longing wish, since first the stream of exiles began to cross the wide ocean—Spártá Dé cuiginn agur bár i nÉirinn! A year or two ago the Gaelic Journal printed verses made by a poor emigrant who went from the Glens of Antrim to America in the Famine times:—

'Dá mbeirt agam féin aét eot 'r dá nám  
Go dtéaróinn ag ionraim ari an tráinam  
A' rúil le Dia go rriopairtín ríán  
'S go bpríosinn bár i nÉirinn.'

But if it was not willed that Father O'Growney should die in Ireland, it is some consolation for us and was doubtless a consolation for him, that fond Irish hearts were near him in his last hours, and that fond Irish hands were to lay his remains to rest."

The question of bringing the body home was raised by Mr. Brannick in private letters, and in America the idea was at once taken up warmly in Gaelic League circles. We read in the records of the weekly meeting of the

Boston Philo-Celtic Society, just four days after Father O'Growney's death: "Superintendent Galligan gave notice of motion to appropriate a sum from the funds of the Society to defray the expenses of sending the remains of Father O'Growney to a final resting-place in his native land."

The Irish-American papers took an early interest in the matter, but owing to a wrong interpretation of Father O'Growney's reply to Mr. Brannick's question as to his own wishes in the

matter, they were inclined to let the subject rest. "The wide-spread sorrow" says the *Irish World*<sup>2</sup> "which has been expressed at the death of the unselfish, self-obliterating Father O'Growney—a veritable martyr in the cause of the salvation of Ireland's ancient speech, fittingly attests how cherished among Gaelic workers are his many valuable contributions for their benefit. Like the secret

tears which Moore, in his beautiful song, invests with the attribute of keeping Emmet's memory green, the works of Father O'Growney, in the hands of enthusiastic students, are an unfailing reminder of the debt which Ireland owes this gentle priest.

No better monument can we erect to his memory than that which zealous youths may supply in the noble performance of the duty of learning to speak the Irish tongue."

At this point a letter from Mr. Branick appeared in the *Irish World*, and was thence copied into the Irish papers:—

" Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 23rd, 1899.

" DEAR MR." FORD.—In reply to Major M'Crystal's telegram (20th Oct., received after returning from Father O'Growney's funeral), asking what disposition was being

made of Father O'Growney's remains, I replied: 'Buried to-day in Los Angeles at his request.' Before his death I asked him about many things, in case he should die, which was a rather delicate subject to speak on. He said he would be buried here. I feel sure,



however, that his wish was that he be buried in Ireland, and that his reason for saying this was that he had no means left to provide for the sending of his body to Ireland.

"Owing to his great humility, he would not

even think that his remains would be sent home by his loving countrymen. I was thinking that it would be only paying a small tribute to so great a man to send his body to the land of his birth; but still I knew him too well to mention this, and tried to find out his wish indirectly. He was speaking of his illness in Arizona, and made some remark about his being buried there, whereupon I asked: 'Would you like to be buried in Arizona?' 'Oh, no; I will be buried here,' was the reply. This is the only request that he made to be buried in Los Angeles.

"One evening, a few weeks before his death, as we were talking on some Gaelic matter, he suddenly said: 'I wish I could go to Ireland,' meaning if he had strength enough. I thought then his longed-for visit would be in the interest of the language he loved so well. Now, however, I think it may be the yearning of his heart to be once again back in far-away Ireland, so that his bones might rest in her virgin soil; and these words may be the expression of the foreboding of death to a poor wandering exile, for, like the Jew of old, his heart was always turning to his loved city, Zion, that is set in the western seas. I am strengthened in this latter opinion by what he said on the same day—'I will try and say Mass towards the end of the week, for I must try to make as good use as I can of the little time I have.' I did not pay very much attention to these sayings, for I could not believe that his end was near.

"This was after the fluid was extracted from his side the first time, and for a week or more he was remarkably well. But the thought of the membrane becoming filled again and the inevitable operations were always hanging like a black cloud over his mind, and, alas! it came to pass.

"He said Mass on Saturday, September 23rd, 1899, for the first and last time in three years.

"I have been asked in many letters if he expressed the desire of being buried in Ireland, and now I have given you and your

readers an honest rendering of his conversations with me on the matter. These may not be in some cases the exact words, for we spoke in Irish. As I have said, it was a delicate thing to be talking coolly about a man's immediate death while he was still alive: so, after all the talk, I said—' *Níl baoghaí opt. te congnáim Dé*' (there is no danger of your (dying) with God's help). He answered—' *Tá baoghaí opt. nō ari Ó Duine ari bhit a bheath éom tag i p. atáim-pe*' (there is danger to me or to any one who would be as weak as I am).

"This conversation took place the evening before the operation was performed which was the immediate cause of taking from our midst one of the purest Irishmen of the present century, and one of the noblest souls that ever dwelt in the heart of mortal man: and, Irishmen, it is our sacred duty to bring to Holy Ireland—the land for whose honour and language he martyred his young life—the precious bones of Father O'Growney, whose memory, as long as Gaelic lives, will never be forgotten at the Irish fireside, or at the fair or market, on mountain or moor. Very sincerely,

L. T. MACGLYNN BRANNICK."

This letter may be said to have initiated the movement which ended in the solemn ceremonies at Maynooth on the morning of the 27th September last.

The idea conveyed in Mr. Brannick's letter was warmly taken up in Dublin. In the issue of "*Fáinne an Láe*," containing the letter, this note appears:—

"No Irish exile has yet found a country so fair that its delights could blot out the recollections of the little Island of Tears. His heart has never found a joy so great that it would not leap with fresh delight at the assurance, 'Your resurrection shall be in Ireland.' Perhaps it does not matter where a man's bones may happen to lie, but we are hopelessly old-fashioned on this point. Few

Irishmen or Irishwomen will be ready to believe that Father O'Growney had any desire to rest in far-away California.

"To him, as to myriads of his people, the resting-place was one of necessity and not of choice. That is evident from the account of Mr. Brannick, than whom no one had a better right to express an opinion regarding Father O'Growney's wishes. It would be, as he says, no great tribute to his services to take home the mortal remains of one who had served his nation so well. The question is one which should not require to be flogged into the thoughts of his fellow-countrymen. If they have any respect or affection for the language to which he devoted his life they will not hesitate long in deciding upon the final resting-place for his ashes."

In America the "Gael" took up the suggestion, and, at the instance of the Gaelic League Convention held at Chicago,<sup>1</sup> started a Fund for the purpose. In time 1,500 dollars were subscribed, but just then an unfortunate division occurred within the Gaelic League in America, and for the time-being the matter rested in abeyance.

Last year the Gaelic League Convention held in Philadelphia<sup>2</sup> appointed Rev. P. C. Yorke, State President of the Gaelic League in California; Rev. Richard Henebry, Ph.D.; Rev. J. K. Fielding, National Chaplain; and Major O'Donovan, National President, as pall bearers in connection with the funeral of Father O'Growney, and to them the Gaelic League of America confided the charge of

<sup>1</sup> August 26, 1901.

<sup>2</sup> October 6, 7, and 8, 1902.

making the necessary arrangements and instructed them to act in conjunction with the Gaelic League in Ireland.

Later on Father Yorke, finding himself unable to go to Ireland, appointed Mr. Laurence Brannick to act in his stead. No more fitting selection of a substitute than the friend of Father O'Growney's last days could have been made.

By a unanimous resolution, the National Executive entrusted the arrangements for the funeral in California to the Executive Board of the Gaelic League of that State. This body, on receipt of the permit to disinter from the next of kin, and the other necessary papers, empowered Mr. Brannick to make arrangements for the despatch of the remains.

After many preliminaries and much correspondence with the Executive Committee here in Ireland, and with Dr. Hyde, it was at length arranged that the funeral take place in the September of this year, and that the grave should be at Maynooth. September was fixed upon as the time when the students are re-assembled after the long vacation. Maynooth is a cold place without its six hundred young sons of Columba, and it would not do to bring *an tAthaí Ceoíán* home to Ireland if his "mic-leighinn" were not there to welcome him.

At length all the arrangements, both in America and in Ireland, were complete, and the news that the disinterment was about to take place was wired home, and we waited for the solemn moment when the Irish-Americans would confide the sacred remains to Father O'Growney's brother-workers at home.



## CHAPTER III.

### THE DISINTERMENT AND THE BEGINNING OF THE LONG JOURNEY.

"Craobh copanta an t-áluáin mo luan-ríomhaoi náomh é  
Óa t-pearsaíocht éomh lusáit 'fan tuamba gléasach."



N the morning of Wednesday, the second day of September, the grave in Los Angeles Cemetery was opened in the presence of Mr. Laurence Brannick and several other friends of Father O'Growney. "Upon opening the grave," said Mr. Brannick, "we found the wooden coffin in which he was interred, dry, but the nails were rusty, so that it was easy to take apart. We found him in the same calm repose as when we saw him last—with his hands folded on his breast and between his fingers the beads and crucifix, which were placed

there by Sister Angela. The body was in a fair state of preservation, and the full beard still covered the face, whilst the purple vestments in which we robed him were but slightly discoloured. After lifting the coffin out of the grave we took away all of the old coffin, except the board on which the figure lay. Then without moving a hair on his head or disturbing his rest, we placed the board inside the new casket, which was

draped with lace and satin, and it was then sealed and prepared for the long trip of seven thousand miles to Maynooth College."

The casket is of enamelled steel, the best that Western America could supply. The head panel is ornamented with a gold and silver wreath of primroses and lilies, and the foot panel with a large gold and silver crucifix. The lid is fastened with twenty-six screws, each sunk in an escutcheon and then covered with a gold cap. In the centre is a gold plate with the name engraved in Irish.

In this beautiful casket then they gently placed the precious remains, and beside him they deposited documents in Irish,

Latin, and English, certifying to the identity of the body. "We never disturbed a hair of his head, nor broke his rest," said Laurence Brannick.

Afterwards the remains were brought to St. Vibiana's Cathedral within the city, and, as the casket rested before the altar, there were many who came to say a prayer, and who wished vainly that they were going home



THE CASKET.

with the priest who came to die amongst them, that they too might have a grave in far-off Ireland.

The Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. P. J. Harnett, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles. He was assisted by the Rev. William Quinlan as Deacon, and the Rev. George Donoghue as Sub-Deacon. The Rev. Father Kaiser, was Master of Ceremonies. The Right Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, Bishop of Los Angeles, occupied the throne. Present in the sanctuary were the Rev. John J. Clifford, S.T.L., the Rev. Henry O'Reilly, the Rev. Joseph Barron, the Rev. Michael MacAuliffe, the Rev. P. J. O'Reilly and others. At the conclusion of the Mass, the Bishop recited the last prayers and gave the Absolutions. Then the priests, singing the Benedictus, preceded the casket as it was reverently carried down the church to the door of the Cathedral. Mr. Laurence Brannick, President, and the other officers of the local Gaelic League were the chief mourners.

The Pall-bearers were: M. J. MacGarry, J. H. Clancy, John Kearney, John J. Bodkin, Christopher Hickson, J. P. Coyne, Hugh J. Smith and John Clinch.

The Honorary pall-bearers were: Edward Tynan, State President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians; Joseph Scott, of the Newman Club; Patrick P. Scott, President of Division No. 1 of the Ancient Order of Hibernians; Richard J. Dillon, Grand Knight of the Los Angeles Council, Knights of Columbus; David O'Laverty, President of the Knights of Robert Emmet; Patrick Doyle, Hon. Henry C. Dillon and Philip O'Brien of the Gaelic League.

Their children, in the days when the dead toiler's dream will be a dream no longer in Ireland, will proudly call to mind the part which these men took in honouring O'Growney and all O'Growney represents; nor could I refrain from naming them and the many others who were associated with the long, long funeral.

A day and two nights they kept the casket lying in State in that far southern town, and then they bade Father Eugene God-speed and left him to the care of his young friend. Alone but for his charge, Laurence Brannick travelled the thousand miles which lay between him and San Francisco. Here is the picturesque account of Father O'Growney's home-coming given by *The Leader* of that city, when the journey had just begun:

"It will be a solemn spectacle, this long funeral, starting from the busy city of Los Angeles and ending in the little cemetery by the quiet cloisters of Maynooth. Under those elms many a time he sat and meditated on the things of eternity. There he had hoped to be buried. Now from the uttermost shores the kindly Irish of the Irish will bear him over land and sea and lay him to rest among his own people, that his resurrection may be with Patrick and Brigid and Colm Cille and the unnumbered hosts of the Saints of Eire.

"In restoring to the mother country the bones of Eugene O'Growney, the Irish of California are performing a duty of piety and patriotism. These relics are too precious to lie on a foreign shore. They belong to Ireland. Therefore, it is meet and just that the Gaels in California, their children and their children's children, should deem it a high privilege to give back to the motherland this sacred deposit, that his grave may become as a shrine to his people, and that among them may go out that spirit which led him to devote his short life

'Do cum gáloipe Dé, agur onóra na hÉireann.'

"That this undertaking is now coming to a satisfactory ending through the generosity of the Irish of California is a cause for pride. The only contribution from the outside was the sum of \$118, received from the Gaelic League of Chicago, through the Rev. J. K. Fielding. The readiness and spontaneity shown by organisations and individuals were

remarkable. It shows what a hold Father O'Growney's name has on the hearts of his people. He was a young man when he died, he was never a strong man, he was not a brilliant speaker, and abhorred public life; but quietly, persistently, indefatigably, he did such work for Ireland as no man had ever done. If the Gaelic League, to-day, is the greatest power in the country, if the Irish people have realised what nationality means, and have set themselves earnestly and seriously to win back their language, which is their nationality, it is due to Father O'Growney.

"Like John the Baptist, he was, in his day, a voice crying in the wilderness; but, as in Maynooth they will stand round the open grave, when the chanting of the Canticle of the birth of that same John will rise like the sound of many waters, to the Irish heart will come the thought that also in Eugene O'Growney was fulfilled the angel's prophecy: 'and he will go before in the spirit and power of Elias, that he may turn the hearts of the children to their fathers to prepare unto the Lord a perfect people.'"<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER IV.

### SAN FRANCISCO.

Áct mo érreal & mo érálóiteacht,  
Mí mo beataid atáirge,  
Áct tu ro' nálaeán eanáin  
Róipíom' íp pomáit atá an fáilte



On the Sunday morning following the disinterment, the train containing the funeral car arrived in San Francisco where it was met by Father Yorke. His last meeting with O'Growney was in the warm southern land before he left for Ireland four years before—and now, they meet again:

Fróipíom' íp pomáit atá an fáilte.

For nearly a week they paid honours to the remains in the City by the Western Sea. The casket lay in state at the Hall of the Red Branch Knights, whither the Irish emigrants thronged to show all respect and reverence to one whose name only they knew in life.

The hall was draped in black cloth drawn into folds by rosettes and streamers of white. At the head of the casket there was a crucifix,

and beside it stands of burning tapers. Over the casket was draped an American flag, and in the centre there was a heart-shaped wreath of immortelles, finished with a broad white satin ribbon, on which was the single word "UAPAT"—deeply significant of the noble-hearted one who is for ever at rest. This suggestive offering came from the Father O'Growney Branch of the Gaelic League. Over the foot of the casket the Irish flag hung in folds, whilst near the breast plate there was a cross and wreath of purest white blossoms, placed there by Father Yorke, his school-day friend.

A guard of honour from Company A., Irish Volunteers, under the command of Captain Filgate, was posted around to keep watch over the dead. This guard, which did continuous duty until the funeral, was composed as follows:—Captain H. P. Filgate, Sergeant C. J. Collins, Sergeant

<sup>1</sup>September 5, 1903.

T. J. Kenny, and Privates P. S. O'Looney, Timothy Mahony, Thomas Keating, Timothy Shea, William Hudson, Michael O'Neill, Patrick Purcell, M. Shaughessy, Patrick Crowe, and P. Connolly.

All the afternoon of the day on which the Office for the Dead was to be chanted, groups of people came quietly in and stood in solemn silence around the coffin, or knelt to say a heart-felt prayer for the soul of Eugene O'Growney.

Long before the evening-hour announced for the Office the hall was crowded to over-flowing. Priests and Brothers: men prominent in public life in San Francisco and adjoining towns; officers of the Irish and Catholic societies of the city; well-dressed women and poor toilers from Ireland: little children and workmen from the docks all came to do homage to an Irishman and a priest on his way to Ireland.

"The Office of the Dead," says the *Leader*, "was chanted by the Rev. E. M. O'Looney, of St. Charles' Church, the Rev. M. J. Clifford, of Mission Dolores, and the Rev. P. S. Casey, Pastor of St. Peter's Church. The lessons were recited by the Rev. John Nugent, Pastor of St. Brendan's Church, the Rev. Eugene Sullivan, and the Rev. John Smith. It was a sight not often witnessed in this city, and one which deeply affected those present. About thirty priests were in attendance, and took part in the solemn service.

"When the Office had been concluded the assemblage knelt and joined in the recital of the Rosary. The Rev. John Nugent, Pastor of St. Brendan's Church, officiated. The prayers were recited in Gaelic, and it was noticed that there were very few who were unable to respond in the sweet mother tongue. The Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary followed, also in Gaelic. It was a striking object-lesson of the progress made in the revival of the language to see so many children

of the Gaels asking the mercy of God for the repose of the soul of Father O'Growney in their native tongue. Many there were who were affected to tears. All were deeply impressed.

"With the recital of the prayers in Gaelic, the services came to an end. The priests slowly marched by the casket, and the honoured remains were left to be guarded during the night by the volunteers."<sup>1</sup>

Next morning large delegations from the Irish Societies escorted the funeral procession on its way from the Red Branch Hall

to St. Mary's Cathedral, which was placed at the disposal of the funeral Committee by Archbishop Riordan. The streets were lined by crowds and many heads were bared as the solemn cortege passed to the sound of the Cathedral bell, tolled at intervals.

Laurence Brannick, the National Pall-bearer, walked by the hearse on that historic



ARCHBISHOP RIORDAN.

march through San Francisco, and beside him were the honorary Pall-bearers, Rev. P. S. Casey, Pastor of St. Peter's Church; the Rev. E. M. O'Looney, Acting Pastor of St. Charles' Church; the Rev. P. MacHugh of St. Anthony's Church, East Oakland; the Rev. Eugene Sullivan, of St. Joseph's Church; the Rev. T. Brennan and the Rev. Father Smith; Connor Murphy and T. J. Mellott, who represented the Gaelic League of California at the National Convention in Philadelphia; Daniel Fitzpatrick, of the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians; Jeremiah Deasy, of the Celtic Union; James J. Canniffe, of the State Executive Committee of the Gaelic League of California; J. S. MacCormack, representing the St. Patrick's Day Convention of 1902; Thomas O'Connor, of the O'Growney Branch of the Gaelic League in California; John Mulhern, representing the Knights of St. Patrick; Joseph P. Kelleher, of the Gaelic Dancing Club of the Gaelic League of California; and Owen B. O'Reilly, representing the Knights of Tara. Colonel J. C. O'Connor, James C. Nealon, Peter J. Dunne, Laurence Walsh, Peter J. Curtis, R. C. O'Connor and Michael Casey, represented the individual Pall-bearers.

As the casket was borne up the Cathedral steps, the escort formed in a line on either side, whilst the band played Chopin's Funeral March. The chief mourners were the Rev. P. C. Yorke, Laurence Brannick and the State Officers of the Gaelic League in California.

There was scarcely standing room in the large Cathedral so dense was the crowd as the flag-draped casket was carried up the aisle and laid in the chancel, the choir singing all the while. "His head rested towards the altar," says the *San Francisco Chronicle*,<sup>1</sup> "that he might face the people to whom, at his ordination, he undertook the responsibility of administering the rites of the Church and preaching the Gospel. The casket was surrounded by lighted candles, set

in draped holders. The altar too was draped in black cloth, tied back with broad white ribbons."

Then they sang Mozart's beautiful Requiem Mass, and at the offertory, Cherubini's "Veni Creator"—"but," says the *Examiner*, "as spiritual to the mind as the musical office for the dead, was Father Yorke's eulogy of his deceased friend and class-mate."

"**MY DEAR BRETHREN:** We come to-day to pay such honour to the memory of Eugene O'Growney as is paid to few men. He arrived a stranger in this State in search of health, he lingered for four years, he died and was quietly buried. Now after a lapse of another four years we take up his remains and carry them over land and sea that they may lie in peace among the dead of his own nation.

"Men may ask why this signal honour should be shown Eugene O'Growney. His very name is unknown among them. He was a young man when he died. His paths lay not in the glare of publicity. He was a student, a scholar. Yet thousands and tens of thousands are watching this funeral to-day with wet eyes, and are saying from sad hearts, *Beannact Dé te n'anam*—The blessing of God on his soul.

"The answer to this question is found in the life work of Father O'Growney. In a short time he achieved much and his achievements remain. His career was short, but it was like the blast of a trumpet among the hills,

Its echoes roll  
From soul to soul  
And grow forever and forever.

"After the love of God comes the love of country. That man must indeed be insensible to human emotions whose heart does not beat faster at the thought of his native land. It has been the high privilege of the Irish people that Faith and Fatherland, joined by God in their thoughts, have never by man been put asunder. More than any other people they have felt the heart-smart of exile.

By the shores of the seven seas their weary feet have worn the paths of sorrow. But they have never been exiles from the faith. They have walked in the valley of the shadow of death, but they have feared no evil because the God of their fathers was with them. His rod and His staff have been their comfort. Under every sky they sought shelter beneath the wings of the God of Israel and forgot that they were homeless because of the exceeding sweetness of the House of the Lord.

"The alliance between Earth and Father-land, between religion and patriotism, which has been so characterised by the people of Ireland, has been a most precious factor in the life of the Irish at all times. In evil times the government of their country passed into foreign hands, and the full power of a strong and unscrupulous master of fate to destroy them utterly from the face of the earth. The story of that long struggle is a household word. It can still move men not of our race to stern indignation, and in the dark days of old the thought of it was the keenest incentive to our ancestors to battle on, hoping that God would not be angry forever, and that some day the labours of the Patriots would bear fruit and

the blood of the martyrs would not always plead in vain. For half of the long period of that struggle Irish religion was the shield that sheltered Irish nationality. The English Church and the English government came hand in hand to enslave Irish souls and Irish bodies. The fortune of war gave the English government control of Irish life and property, but loyalty to God still held their souls free. The English could plunder, could starve, could cut to pieces the bodies that perish, but over the soul they had no control. Religion taught the Irish to call their souls their own, and as long as the soul remained Irish under the sanction of religion there was little danger but that the bodies would be Irish too.

"Nationality is a complex concept. It is to the country what personality

is to the individual. How many constituents go to make up one person—blood, breeding, gifts of mind and body, environment, education, religion, speech, complexion, character, social standing, fortune, opinions, politics and a hundred more. In the same manner is one nation differentiated from another, especially a nation like the Irish, whose territory was an island and whose blood was so ancient and so



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pure. She stood indeed alone among all the nations of Western Europe, proud of her language, her customs, her laws. The civil power of Rome passed in pomp by her doors, but she sought no lesson in Roman ways. The religion of Rome came to her and she received it; but religion is supra-national, and the human part of it that was specifically Roman made no impression upon her development. The Danish storm burst upon Ireland as upon the rest of Europe, but when the clouds broke the Irish nation still remained untouched by Danish life. Then came their successors, the Normans, and Ireland made the Normans more Irish than the Irish themselves.

"In the sixteenth century another element enters the problem. The new foreigners began to arrive and to constitute themselves a separate race under the shelter of a new religion. Then for the old inhabitants the Catholic Church began to bear the brunt of the fight for nationality. The old order was passing rapidly away. The native chiefs and leaders were flying over sea. The people were as sheep without a shepherd scattered on every hill. Now there can be no nationality without a sense of authority and of organization. It is this that preserves that feeling of self-contained unity which creates the national personality. In Ireland the only authority that did not speak with an English voice was the Catholic Church, and the only organization that did not need the motive power of British bayonets was the priesthood. The enemies of Ireland were the enemies of the Church and the persecutors of the Irish were the persecutors of the priesthood. Moreover the Irish Church was sprung from the common people, and the Irish clergy were bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. Hence it came to pass that in the popular mind Church and priesthood entered into the place left vacant by the destruction of the ancient national organization and the flight of the men of station to foreign parts.

"Thus it happened that owing to the

vigorousness of Irish nationality and the barrier created by religious persecution and the conservative influence of the Church, Ireland even at the date of the Act of Union was in soul a distinct nation from England. 'Aliens in blood, in language, in religion,' they were described by their English enemies, but that they were aliens to England proved that they were true to their own old national idea.

"About the beginning of the last century, however, a great change came over the Irish outlook. It would not be true to ascribe it to any one influence, for several influences were working together. In the first place, the new foreigners or the English colonists who had been planted in Ireland began to have differences with the mother country. Then the Continental disturbances and the American revolution taught the English government to relax the severity of religious persecution. Consequently a number of Irish Catholic laymen found that careers were opened for them under the English law and they used the English speech and the English parliamentary methods to remove the disabilities which still lingered. A certain public life grew up in the island, but it had its roots not in the past of the old nation. It was English in methods and in thought and in speech. The people seeing their leaders whom they loved using these English ways began to imitate them, and finally to despise those that still clung to the old speech and the old customs of the Irish nation.

"It is not necessary for me to describe the growth of this change, my brethren; we ourselves have lived through it and have been the instruments by which it was brought about. The establishment of national schools, the great famine, the emigration to America, the improved methods of communication, all conspired to a result which you now see, the disappearance of the ancient Irish nation, with its language, literature, music and customs, and the assimilation of the people of Ireland to England and America.

“That such a consummation was not most devoutly to be desired entered into the minds of very few of the Irish race at home or abroad. We knew little or nothing of our past, and our future seemed to be bound up with the successful application of English or American methods to Irish problems. In religion we still clung to the old faith, but even in religion we had learned to sit at the feet of the great English converts whose names glorify the ecclesiastical history of the nineteenth century.

“What now is this change that is coming over the thoughts of the Irish people? Whence this breeze that is rippling the face of the waters? Even here in America we are conscious that there is a new stir in the air, as when in the morning the sun wakes the birds to song and we hear on the streets the footsteps of men hurrying to work.

“Ah, my brethren, in that casket lies the dust that once was the heart of him who heard through the centuries the call of the Gaedhil and bravely set his face to follow in the paths worn by the saints and scholars of Mother Erin.

“There are those who know not how to read the signs of the times, and consider this movement in Ireland for the Irish language an agitation of cranks and a foolish attempt to stay the wheels of progress. What do the living among the dead? The Irish language has perished; let it rest in its tomb. There are more important matters to claim the attention of the race. Why waste energy in the impossible task of trying to create an enthusiasm for the parts of speech?

“And yet, dear brethren, this was the sublime service that Eugene O'Growney rendered his people, that he saw and was able to make others see that the whole existence of the Irish race is bound up with the Irish language. A language is the soul of a people, and when a language dies the soul of the people dies with it. Eugene O'Growney understood that to let the old language go was to betray the cause of nationality and to stultify our great

struggle for the faith. There might be a free Ireland, there might be a prosperous Ireland, there might be an Ireland Catholic from sea to sea, but it would not be an Irish Ireland whose progenitors were the missionaries of Europe, but rather an English colony come to its full estate.

“And, understanding this truth, it is to the honor of Eugene O'Growney that he devoted his life to its service. There is many a man full of great ideas whose hands are empty. Eugene O'Growney had to begin at the beginning. He had to repatriate himself in his mother tongue. Well I know the zeal, the devotion, the perseverance, the contempt for difficulties he displayed in the accomplishment of that task. And when he had succeeded he was not content to enjoy the fruits alone. He made it possible for others to do as he had done. No doubt in the great spread of the movement the methods he invented may be superseded and the books he wrote may pass out of use, but his name will ever be remembered as the founder of modern Gaelic and the unselfish guide that led thousands back to the true idea of their nationality.

“And herein too lies his claim upon us, the children of the Gaedhil. There were greater scholars than he, and, perhaps, more ardent lovers of the language. But to them it was an intellectual recreation to be indulged in the learned seclusion of archaeological societies. For Eugene O'Growney the Irish tongue was the tongue of the Irish people. Therefore, it was among them he studied it, and it was for their sake he wrote his books, and it was to evangelize them he co-operated in the founding of the Gaelic League.

“He did not live to realize that he had turned the tide. When he was ordained no sane man in Ireland believed that the Irish language would survive the first half of this century. Only fifteen years have passed by, and now he goes home to be received in state by marching thousands of disciples in a land where the old tongue is heard on the lips of





children in thousands of schools, from Aran of the Saints to the Gates of Dublin.

"The spirit which he created grows stronger day by day. The Irish people have learned the lesson that to preserve their national identity they must preserve their national language. They have learned, too, that if they are to take their place in the intellectual world they must think and write in the tongue of their forefathers. The bishops again and again are giving it as their opinion that to stay the bleeding wounds of emigration, and to preserve the morality of the people, the revival of the old tongue is the chief means. For a hundred years England has been building the English language as a Chinese wall round Ireland, to cut her off from continental thought and Catholic activity.

"And now, dear brethren, the time has come to resign this sacred deposit to the motherland that bore him. Priest and Patriot, he symbolizes the Irish union of Faith and Fatherland. Often he said to me that the movement for the Gaelic revival would never become a success until it was seen that at the bottom it was a religious movement, and that the best interests of the Church were bound up with its advancement. Let us hope that as we send him back to lie in the cemetery of that college whence come out the vast majority of those that serve at Irish altars, the presence of his remains will be as an inspiration to the clergy of Ireland to keep in mind that they are the children of the Irish saints, and that they are not as the wild vine grafted upon a foreign stock. May they remember the rock from which they were hewn, and the pit out of which they were digged. Already many of them have done noble service in upholding the burdens that Eugene O'Growney laid down. But may his home-coming now be as the signal for the sons of Aaron when the Ark of the Covenant was lifted up for the march, and the Lord arose and His enemies were scattered. And, as for us here, our State has been honoured by holding him for a few short years. Our

circumstances are different, and our hopes cannot be the same as the hopes of the old land. We are part of another nation. Even as Ruth we have resigned our native country. This people is our people; this land we serve living shall receive us dead. But blood tells, and to the sixth and seventh generations blood will call unto blood. Therefore, my brethren of the laity, let it be your care that not only you have a share in Eugene O'Growney's work, but that your children and your children's children forget not the race from which they sprung. And you, my brothers in the priesthood, as you now restore our brother's body to his native land, pray that a double portion of his spirit may rest on us. He was a holy priest and a true lover of his people. Here we have been set by duty to walk as sentinels on these the outermost battlements of the Church. Here, when the relief comes, we shall find our resting place far from the fair hills of holy Ireland. But a day will dawn when land and sea will give up their dead. On that day may it be given to us to stand before God's throne with our own people—with the saints of Erin whose names are writ large on the pages of history, with the saints of Erin who are known only to God—the humble folk who starved and died rather than deny their faith!"

Those who were present say there was not a stir as Father Yorke closed his panegyric. They were mostly Irish, those who listened to him, and every word was an appeal to their Irish hearts. There is no doubt that the passing of O'Growney will be a red-letter day among the Irish in San Francisco.

The last prayers were recited and final benediction given by His Grace, Archbishop Montgomery, who with Archbishop Riordan was present during the ceremonies. Then the casket was borne down the Church and again placed on the hearse, whilst the organ completed the service. The escort formed into line, headed by a squad from the League of the Cross Cadets. Behind marched

the various Irish Societies of San Francisco: the Gaelic League: the Ancient Order of Hibernians, with the Ladies Auxiliary: the Knights of the Red Branch: the St. Patrick's Alliance: the Knights of St. Patrick and the Celtic Union.

Thus did the Far West pay tribute to the humblest of God's priests, a man who worked unceasingly for Ireland through the short days of his life, without ever a thought of honour or reward.

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## CHAPTER V.

### CHICAGO.

"Fear him then from the west  
Clasped to my heart to rest."



GAIN from San Francisco, all the long way to Chicago, Lawrence Brinnick was the only mourner. At home all Ireland, all Irish Ireland that is—was eagerly marking the progress of the year past, and the watchful eyes of the world. On and on still they came within the shadow of the mighty Rockies, 'as except a gem can opum a cente.' Then upward through the defiles, where solitude has not yet lost a fortress, and over and under the awful ranges frowning in their grandeur from the eternal heights. They out into the open, wide-reaching like a great sea, with stretches of primeval forest, where the underwood is lost in the long tangled grass that owes nought to man. Still further, and stretches of cultivated soil dotted with log huts, and here and there a cheerful group of farmhouses, intimate that they are back from the ruggedness of nature into the "busy haunts of men."

At last they reached Chicago, where there was a deputation of representative Irishmen, headed by the Rev. J. K. Fielding,

at the Station to meet them. The remains were conveyed in funeral procession to the Cathedral of the Holy Name, and there laid in State until the morrow. And the little



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children who have Irish blood in them, we are told by Father Fielding, came there with flowers to strew the coffin.

Again there was a solemn High Mass of Requiem for the soul of the exile, and again the Bishops of the Church came to do honour to O'Growney.

The Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Andrew J. Morrisey, President of Notre Dame University; Rev. B. P. Murray, of St. Bernard's, was deacon; Rev. Thomas F. O'Gara, Wilmington, Illinois, sub-deacon; Rev. H. O'Gara MacShane, Master of Ceremonies; and Rev. T. M. Kelly, of St. Elizabeth's, Assistant Master of Ceremonies.

The panegyric was preached by Rev. Thomas F. Judge, of St. Finbar's, Editor of the "Review of Catholic Pedagogy," who was Professor of Logic and Mental Philosophy in Maynooth College when Father O'Growney held the Chair of Irish:

"One last wish did Jacob express as to lay at the point of death in the foreign land of Goshen. He had just uttered his sublime prophecy that the sceptre should not pass from Judah nor a ruler from his thigh until the coming of the Expected of Nations. Then, turning to his children, he charged them, saying—'I am to be gathered unto to my people; bury me with my fathers in the double cave, which is in the field of Ephron the Hethite, which is over against the field of Mamre in the land of Canaan.' When the days of mourning were past Joseph went to Pharaoh and said to him, 'My father made me swear, saying: Behold I die, thou shalt bury me in the sepulchre which I have digged for me in the land of Canaan. Now, therefore, let me go up, I pray thee, and bury my father, and I will come again.' And Pharaoh said, 'Go up and bury thy father, according as he made thee swear.' And so he went up, and with him there went all the ancients of the house of Pharaoh and all the elders of the land of Egypt and all the house of Joseph,

with his brethren and his father's house; only their little ones and their flocks and their herds they left in the land of Goshen, and he had also in his train both chariots and horsemen, and it was a very great company.

"What a striking analogy is traceable between the scenes and events depicted in this Biblical narrative, and the circumstances of the present occasion! Father O'Growney dying amongst the exiled children of the Gael, who found a hospitable home in the United States when driven from Erin, as Joseph and his brethren and their sire found a home in Egypt, when compelled to leave Canaan, expresses a wish like Jacob to be buried in his native land. In every city of this Republic, where the children of the Irish *Diapora* have settled, this teaching appeals to every tender response. At length the funeral cortège moves along this "golden" bunting at the great City of the Pacific Slope, the metropolis of the Middle West, and the capital of the American continent, the cathedral of the West, where the ceremonies to mark the solemnity of this unique occasion are to be performed. It is to the United States of Irish birth and lineage, to the memory of a life of stainless virtue, grand achievement, and still grander aspiration. When it crosses the ocean the Irish people in the cradle land will lovingly and reverently welcome it in the City of Dublin, and accompany it to its destination, within the hallowed enclosure of Maynooth College, in the shadow of the battlements of the historic fortress of the Geraldines, and not remote from Bodenstown Churchyard, where sleeps the last sleep the Irish hero, whom O'Growney most honoured and loved! Peace, rest and happiness eternal to his gentle soul! His epitaph will not be that which the poet Keats directed to be inscribed on his tomb—"Here lies a man whose name is writ on water."

<sup>1</sup> See Part II., "Introductory and Supplementary," p. 103.

"And yet, what an opportunity the moralist might find in Father O'Growney's career and early death for depicting the vanity of human wishes? The cause to which he had pledged his life, truly a holy and a noble cause, which combined the loftiest patriotism with the best religious interests of the Irish people, had made substantial progress through his efforts. Others had essayed before him to arouse Irishmen to an appreciation of the value of Gaelic ideals, but in vain. Each of them was as a *vox clamantis in deserto*, the voice of one crying in the wilderness. But before the energy and enthusiasm which he brought to the task prejudices were dissipated and difficulties disappeared as snow melts before the heat of the noonday sun. Stimulated by success, he must have often conjured up in the fine frenzy of his Celtic soul a vision of a regenerated Ireland, and put himself the question, 'Shall mine eyes behold thy glory, oh, my country?' But, alas! his fate was like that of Moses, who, after years of struggle and privation in the desert, was destined to die on the very frontier of the Promised Land, after having gazed on its beauty and fertility from the heights of Mount Pisgah.

"There was, however, one priceless guerdon awarded Father O'Growney in the fullest measure, namely, the confidence, esteem and affection of his countrymen, without distinction of political party, and, I might almost add, without distinction of creed. What was the secret of the charm, the fascination and the magnetic influence that he exercised on Irishmen the world over? It lay in the fact that he was a Celt in every fibre of his being. He surrendered himself, heart, mind and conscience to Irish sentiments, ideas and principles. Love of the old land took up the harp of his life and smote all its chords, till the chord of self passed trembling out of sight.

"Even as a priest of the Most High, loyalty to his country's cause was identical with the supreme unifying principle and the sublimest influence of his career, for he divined that true Irish patriotism is historically and

psychologically a part of the religion of the Irish people. No Irishman, therefore, could associate with Father O'Growney without feeling the head fountains of his Celtic character mysteriously touched, until unsuspected emotions commenced to surge through his bosom, submerging every petty feeling and ambition of his soul.

"A man of such full-orbed personality could have little in common with the abstract Irishman, the one, namely, who thinks that the regeneration of Ireland is merely an agrarian or a political question, or an agglomeration of the two. To his philosophic mind, these were but superficial aspects of the real problem, and the interests which they cover, however important in themselves, were but secondary and derivative in character. His message to his countrymen, if it be permitted to paraphrase a great text of Holy Writ, may be summed up in the words, 'Seek ye first true Gaelic ideals, and all these things shall be added unto you.' He believed that to attempt to cure a man of paralysis of the brain by changing his wig would be as reasonable as to try to cure the ills of Ireland by external or material means. Every great and enduring advance in the welfare of nations and of humanity at large has been spiritual at its inception and at its root. Every living thing grows and develops from within; non-living or inorganic objects increase by addition or secretion on the surface. Among the species and varieties of living things themselves, perfection is graded according to the extent to which the agent's functions are determined by an intrinsic principle. Man stands at the summit of the scale of terrestrial life, because he dominates and regulates his actions by ideas in his own intellect. Hence, to regenerate any people, means, primarily, to infuse a nobler stock of working ideas into their souls. Triumph over material obstacles will irresistibly follow. No Jericho was ever so fortified that its ramparts would not collapse before the clarions of thought. Ideas, true or false, good or evil,

are the most potent forces in existence. Alexander the Great is only a name, his empire only a memory, but his master Aristotle is still a living force that influences the actions of men and shapes the legislation of nations. The Commonwealth of Cromwell did not last for a generation, while the sensuous philosophy of John Locke and the ideas of Adam Smith in his 'Wealth of Nations'



REV. THOMAS JUDGE.

continue to make England a nation of shopkeepers and imperialistic highwaymen.

"To Father O'Growney, therefore, the paramount interest of Ireland was that it should be governed by Irish ideas. He believed that his country was being Anglicised, not so much because its laws were made in Westminster, as because the ideals, standards and aims of English life were fast becoming the ideals, standards and aims of the Irish people. He felt that the protests of the Irish Prometheus against the galling yoke of Eng-

land were so continuous and vociferous that they made him deaf to the clanking of the chains which he had forged for himself. And, in reality, if the Irish people voluntarily nurture their mind and fancy on thoughts and images borrowed exclusively from English literature, if they regulate their dress by English fashions, if they gladden their festivals with English songs and ballads, if they permit their markets to be monopolised by English fabrics, and if they acquiesce in the banishment of the old tongue from their schools by the English language, what can foreign domination do more to rivet the bonds that fetter the grand old Celtic spirit? To enfranchise that spirit, to set it free in order that it may follow its native impulses as it followed them of yore in the Halls of Tara, on the plains of royal Meath, and in the cloisters of Clonmacnoise—such is the aim of the Gaelic movement to which Father O'Growney devoted all the energies of his gifted soul.

"The chief medium in which the national spirit becomes incarnate, in which it lives, and moves, and has its being from age to age, and preserves its unity and continuity through all the vicissitudes of the nation's history is the language of the people. The reciprocal influence of the soul and body in man is an appropriate symbol of the relationship that exists between a national language and national character. The inflexions of the nouns and verbs, the particles used to convey subtle shades of meaning, the contrivances for euphony and rhythm, the variety and richness of the rhymes, even the *timbre* of the words themselves and their arrangement in sentences are shaped and determined by the mental traits of a people as truly as a statue is fashioned by a sculptor, according to the ideal in his mind and fancy. This is what is meant by the genius of a language. One cannot speak a foreign tongue idiomatically, unless one first learns to think and feel like a foreigner. Thus a language once organised exercises an immense influence on the sentiment and modes of thought of those who speak

it. It is this incontrovertible principle which the Traditionalist philosophers exaggerated when they claimed that all our ideas originate in speech. When a language is not only an everyday organ of communication but the key to a literature that embodies the best traditions and voices the truest destiny of a people, it is evidently an indispensable factor of nationhood. The ancient tongue of the Irish people, itself one of the most perfect known to philologists, enshrines a literature that addresses itself to what is noblest and most characteristic in the Celt - to that power of realising the unseen, so closely allied to the supernatural gift of faith, to that innate chivalry which makes womanly virtue and wifely honour incommeasurable with the gold of Ophir, to that patriotism which is synonymous with love of country in the highest and holiest sense of the term love of the home-land, the theatre of the great events of our race's history, love of the Green Isle where every mood of the Celtic soul is expressed in the seas that surge around its coasts, the majestic rivers that cross its plains, the streamlets that fill the glens with liquid music, the meadow woodlands that ring with melody, the silent mystical lakes that reflect the lovely contour and colouring of the mountains. Love of the fatherland where, in the quiet lonely churchyard around which cluster such hallowed memories, our ancestors, and it may be our parents and kinsmen, and the friends of our youth, lie buried.

"A twofold task confronted Fr. O'Growney when the idea of the Gaelic movement began to leaven his soul. He did not lisp in Irish as the poet Pope is said to have lisped in numbers in his infancy. English was his home language, and he stood on the verge of manhood when he commenced to learn Gaelic as he would a foreign tongue. In studying it he did not rely wholly or even mainly on books. Year after year he spent several weeks in Inismeadhon, Aran, the fishing villages on the coast of Donegal, the hamlets of Brittany, amid the Highlands of Scotland, and the se-

cluded villages of Wales, in living contact with the people who preserved somewhat of the ancient language and traditions. He was thus enabled not only to expand the boundaries of Celtic philology, but also to familiarise himself with the proverbs and folk-lore, the racial wit and humour, the pleasantries and pathos, the lingering remnants of customs of sept and clan among the scattered children of the Gael. Having become by tireless industry the greatest Gaelic scholar of his time, there devolved on him, in pursuance of his chosen life-work, the duty of inaugurating a propaganda of the Irish language. His great erudition and splendid literary gifts eminently qualified him for the composition of learned works that would have made his name a household word in the universities of the world. But the Gaelic movement was national and popular, and therefore, having a single-minded devotion to its interests, he addressed himself to the masses of the people. He prepared for their needs and adapted to their capacity his Easy Lessons in Irish, easy indeed for the learner, but more laborious for their author than ambitious literary enterprises would have been. Patriotism never inspired a nobler or wiser campaign for the emancipation and elevation of a people.

"But, alas! the eager yearnings and incessant strivings of this sleepless soul undermined a constitution never robust. The sunny shores of Southern France, or the lovely valleys of the Pyrenees, were suggested as places where he might regain his strength. But he declared, that if separation from his native land was imperative, he would make his sojourn among its sons in the United States. In the climate of Arizona the flame of life shone more brilliantly for a short time, but anon it began to flicker until, in the very prime of his manhood, it was extinguished. *Consummatus in brevi expletivit tempora multa.* Far from the land of his affections, from the relatives who idolised him, from his colleagues in Maynooth who loved him as a brother, he laid down his life for the cause to which

he had pledged allegiance and rendered unfaltering loyalty.

"One of the most thrilling chapters in the history of our race records how a venerable Irishman, exiled in the Island of Iona during the sixth century, was wont to look yearningly across the western sea, and to soliloquise about his beloved Erin, 'where the songs of the birds are so sweet, where the scholars sing like birds, where the young are so gentle, the old so wise, and the maidens so fair to wed.' He used to bless his native land again and again. 'Seven times may she be blessed,' was his cry. 'My heart is broken in my breast. If death comes to me suddenly, it will be because of the great love I bear the Gael.' How often, during the closing days of his life did Eugene O'Growney, dying in distant Arizona, turn his thoughts to the land of his birth, which he never again could see in the flesh. With what fervour did he pray God to bless her and revive her ancient glory? Truly might he say, like Columba in the Island of Iona, 'If death thus comes to me in the flower of my youth, when all the blooms of my life are fragrant with promise, it is because of the great love I have borne the Gael.'

"The words with which Emmet, in Moore's famous melody, apostrophises his native land, would be equally appropriate on the dying lips of Father O'Growney:

'Oh, blest are the lovers and friends who shall live,  
The days of thy glory to see,  
But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give  
Is the pride of thus dying for Thee.' "

His Grace Archbishop Quigley and Bishop Muldoon were present in the sanctuary and gave the final blessing.

When the service had concluded the remains were reverently borne by Irish hands from the Cathedral. The Irish Societies of the City headed by a platoon of police escorted the hearse to the Lake Shore Depot for the journey to New York.

E. Deady, J. Brennan, J. O'Grady and J. Mulhern, formed the guard of honour, whilst

the Very Rev. Dr. Dillon, Peru, Illinois; the Rev. Francis J. Reynolds, Aurora; the Rev. M. S. Gilmartin, Holy Angels' Church; the Rev. John F. Ryan, St. Mel's Church; the Rev. P. J. Hennessy, St. Jarlath's Church, and the Rev. J. O'Brien, Joliet, Illinois, were the active Pall-bearers.

The honorary Pall-bearers were:—P. F. Holden, National Secretary, Gaelic League; Joseph Mulhearn, State Secretary, Illinois Gaelic League; John O'Grady, State Treasurer; Daniel J. Ryan, President Gaelic Athletic Association; P. J. O'Sullivan, County President Ancient Order of Hibernians; P. Shelley O'Ryan, member of the Board of Education; P. B. Flanagan; Joseph P. O'Donnell; P. Dever and John J. O'Mahony.

I do not offer any apology for inserting the names of the honorary Pall-bearers, nor indeed of anyone who comes by right into the story of the long funeral.

From Chicago onwards Father Fielding shared with Mr. Brannick the duties of National Pall-bearer.

The big city by Lake Michigan might, perhaps, have taken more regard of O'Growney's passage homeward, but the fervour and the earnestness of those who took part in the funeral would, perhaps, go far to cover the shortcomings of even a bigger place than Chicago. Just as I write I notice at hand a copy of a new paper issued there of late. It is called the *Liberator*, and seems to be manned by the same men, or at least, men with the same spirit, as those who took pride in doing honour to Father Eugene. This would seem to be the appropriate place for a short sketch of the homecoming and of Father O'Growney taken from that paper. In itself it goes far towards vindicating the Irish Ireland spirit of Chicago:

"A labour of love has been completed. A lover of Ireland, and one of the best beloved of Ireland's sons, is to be laid to rest under the green sod of Erin. The Gaelic League has, thanks be to God, and loyal

friends of Irish Ireland, succeeded at last in overcoming all obstacles to its patriotic undertaking. Any one who has known or read or heard of Father O'Growney (and who has not?) can easily conceive how his heart in the last throbs of death longed for a grave in Holy Ireland! But his was an humble nature. Great and brilliant as he was, it never occurred to him that any one would bother with his remains and carry them back to the dear old land. And yet, gentle Gael that he was, he must have felt that his people loved him; for all their feelings, failings, passions and hopes were known to him. We should like to think that, even at the last moment, his Creator permitted him to see into the future, and to get a glimpse of the mighty outpouring of love that in a few days will mark the progress of his funeral from one end of this great continent to the other, across the broad Atlantic, and from the Cove of Cork to Ireland's stately Capital, until it pauses before the sacred walls of famed Magh Nuadhat.

"It is not necessary for us to say anything here of his life and labours. Every reader of this paper is familiar with them. But it is well that his position in the Gaelic Revival should be made clear. He was the father of it. He made possible the Gaelic movement of to-day. Greater scholars we have had, but none so practical as he. Bright minds have preserved for us treasures of ancient lore in

the white hosts of the Books of Erin, but they never taught us to read them. They could not reach us through the mists of Anglicization which had enveloped us. But Eugene O'Growney was one of ourselves; he understood the difficulties that beset English-speaking students to whom the Irish tongue was as that of a foreigner. He sympathised with us—led us by the hands, as it were, and though our progress was slow at first, and we stumbled often, lo! at last we held up our heads and saw the light. We came into the possession of our own. How hard the young priest struggled in his mission is best told by the cruel sickness that came upon him and claimed him for the grave, because he had spent himself in our regeneration. Father O'Growney died for Ireland. He brought about our national salvation, and Irish Ireland looks upon him as the first martyr to her cause.

"May the dews ever freshen the grass over your grave, Father Eugene. May the sun perpetually warm the 'daisy quilt' about you. May the feathered songsters of Erin carol for you from beechen-bough and white-thorn hedge. May the gratitude and love of the Irish people be poured out to you in fullest measure for all time, and may God's Beatific Vision be your portion, with Patrick and Brigid and Columcille, forever and forever!"

"The Liberator," Chicago, Vol. I., No. 5.



## CHAPTER VI.

### NEW YORK.

"Behold upon the mountains the feet of him that bringeth tidings; that publisheth peace."



**N**EW YORK they formed a Committee to arrange a great demonstration of the Irish there in honour of O'Growney, and to give him a last God-speed from the gates of the West. All the Irish Societies were represented, and the following address was issued on the 11th of September, a week before the arrival of the remains:

"TO THE IRISH RESIDENTS OF  
NEW YORK:

"The remains of Father Eugene O'Growney, the eminent Gaelic Scholar and Author of 'Easy Lessons in Irish,' will arrive in this city on their way for final interment in Irish soil, Thursday evening, the 17th inst. Here the last honours which the Irish race in the Empire city can pay in reverence to his memory will be given. The casket will have passed from its temporary resting-place in Los Angeles to San Francisco where all honours that loving Irish hearts can contribute will have

been given. Chicago also will have paid its tribute of respect to his remains by magnificent outpourings. It remains for New York to equal, if not outrival, these centres of the Pacific Coast and the Middle West in demonstrating their love and respect for the memory of one who in the very prime of manhood gave up his young life that the Irish tongue might live.

"Ireland has had many martyrs who freely sacrificed their lives that their country might occupy its place amongst the nations of the earth. They strove by force of arms to achieve this, alas! unaccomplished end. Father O'Growney saw clearly the fact that Ireland, speaking in anything but its own native tongue, could not properly voice its national life and aspirations. He found the voice of Ireland almost dead. By heroic effort, involving the sacrifice of his own life, he resuscitated and gave a new strength to that voice, a voice, which now peals forth in the mouth of an Irish Ireland, the reawakened soul of the Gael.



MAJOR O'DONOVAN.

It is for this Irishmen pay him honour.

"Arrangements have been made by the Gaelic League in America and by the Gaelic League in Ireland, with the consent of the O'Growney family, to remove the body to Ireland. The funeral train will arrive at the Grand Central, and the remains will be transferred from there to the Cathedral, Fifth Avenue, which has been placed at the disposal of the Committee of Arrangements by Father Lavelle, acting for Archbishop Farley, escorted by a guard of honour of the Irish Volunteers and deputations from the local Gaelic branches. The body will lie in State in the Cathedral in charge of a guard of honour, chosen from the Irish Volunteers and the various branches of the Gaelic League in this State, the Cathedral being thrown open to the public, as Father O'Growney's name is a household word among all sections of the Irish people. Suitable arrangements have been made so that all may pay their last respectful tribute.

"On Friday evening the various bodies will form in procession at the Cathedral promptly at 8 o'clock and march to the pier where the body will be placed on board ship for the voyage to Ireland.

"The body will be taken to Ireland in charge of P. C. B. O'Donovan of Philadelphia; Rev. J. K. Fielding of Chicago, and Laurence Brannick of Los Angeles.

"Father O'Growney's motto when living was 'For the Glory of God and the Honour of Erin.' For this he laboured; for this he died. Let his countrymen in New York adopt this motto and show by their presence on this occasion an appreciation of, and testimony to, his services. Such lofty motives should inspire all his countrymen to honour his memory; and we call upon them by their presence and active co-operation to make this

final demonstration a fitting farewell from the land of his adoption to the land waiting to clasp him once more to its breast.

P. C. B. O'DONOVAN,  
President, Gaelic League of America.

J. P. LYNCH,  
President, Gaelic League of New York.

JOHN J. O'LEARY,  
Secretary, Gaelic League of New York.

Daniel F. Cohalan.	M. J. Jennings.
Peter MacGinn.	Edward P. Gilgar.
P. J. Daly.	Edward C. Sheehy.
John J. Curtayne.	John Lee.
John Devoy.	Charles J. Crowley.
D. J. Naughton.	John Lenihan."

At the Great Central Depot the funeral train was met by Christopher O'Growney, a younger brother of Father Eugene; Major O'Donovan, President of the Gaelic League in America; President Lynch of the Gaelic League of the State of New York, assisted by a Committee from the various Gaelic League Branches; Daniel Colohan, representing the Clanna Gaedheal; Mr. Richardson of the "Gael;" Major E. T. MacCrystal, President of the Gaelic Society; Daniel O'Hanlon and other representatives of the Ancient Order of Hibernians; M. J. Jennings, Peter MacGinn, David J. Naughton and other representatives of the United Irish-American Societies; Major Charles J. Crowley, Major Gilgar, and the whole Board of Officers of the Irish Volunteers.

Major O'Donovan and Mr. O'Growney here joined Father Fielding and Mr. Brannick as pall-bearers. The latter, as near relation of Father O'Growney and the special representative of the custodians of the "Gael" Fund, was made the bearer of a message from Mr. Richardson to Dr. Hyde and the Gaelic League in Ireland. Mr. Richardson confided the money subscribed through his paper

towards the funeral expenses to the President of the Gaelic League on condition that it be devoted to the erection of a monument over the grave at Maynooth. This condition the Executive Committee in Ireland afterwards accepted whilst passing a special resolution of thanks to the Editor of the "Gael."

Soon after the arrival in New York a procession was formed, and the remains were brought to the Cathedral, where the casket was met by the Rev. Thomas F. Murphy, the Assistant-Rector, and two acolytes.

Again the coffin was borne by Irish hands to a catafalque erected before the altar of the Coleman Memorial Chapel, where Father Murphy read a Service for the dead. Afterwards the congregation joined in the Rosary which was said in Irish by M. A. O'Byrne. It is noteworthy, and in itself a tribute to the success of the dead priest's work, that for the first time in this great Cathedral in the Empire City, the men and women of his race raised up their voices in prayer in their own language as they waked him before the Altar of God. Surely he heard it, and he knew, and he blessed them kneeling there.

Throughout all that night the body was guarded by representatives of the local Gaelic League Branches and by relays from the Irish Volunteers, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and the Sixty-ninth Regiment; the watch being relieved in the early hours by fresh contingents.

Next morning the casket containing the body was placed on a catafalque facing the High Altar. Rev. Dr. Michael J. Lavelle, Rector of the Cathedral, celebrated the Solemn Requiem Mass, assisted by Dr. Charles MacCready, Rector of Holy Cross Church; whilst Father Murphy was deacon, and Father Lewis, sub-deacon. Father Cuniffe, C.S.S.R., delivered the funeral oration both in Irish and in English :

"A Chleirige Urramaeá agus a Chriordaróidé ionmhuine: Inp an leabhar rín Eccliaráití-cúr téigtear na briathra ro: 'Féad pagairt

mór a fármh Dia i n-a laetib, agur a fuaireáit ceapt.'

"Fághann na briathra ro de'n Síniobtúir Diaða a bpreiteamhantair i bprearra an trághairt uafal rín a bhus a cíorp toirtaib imp an airge ñu tall, 'r é rín le páib, an tAitair óirdeanach Eoghan Ó Hamána.

"An t-ártúiseann uaim a éputúiseadh ñaois, a Chriordaróidé ionmhuine, go bfaighann m'uistíapartáir a comhionadh imp an pagairt clipte reo a bfuilmiti intiu ag onóruiseadh a chumhne naomha?—an pagairt uafal ro a d'ioitbhuis a beat a luacimair aip ron Ua, a tighe, agur aip ron teanga ña n-ghaeáeat? Meapairgim naé bhus ré rín maetanae agam a ñéanaid, marp tá an pobal mór fainring reo in mo comhair intiu le omór a meap a tairbheánaid do cíopp uafal an Aitair Ó Hamána: marp tá piar eimte ó n-a beataró gseal gteigead go piabh pé go denimh i n-a pagairt mór, sup fáraig pé Dia i n-a laetib, agur aip uairi ñéirdeanach a hár sup píreáam é ceapt agur tairneamhach i látair a éputúiseadhóra.

"An t-ártúise aipri-peimeadé ro do onóir le n-a tairbheánnamh ríb-pe ampreo intiu buri ngráid oon' trághairt cíp-éiríáinair, ní fuil ann aét pi-ñeag-éirio de'n onóir oon-labairt a rín a brionnfar Dia aip of comhair an domáin, imp an lá mór na gceanntar, 'r é rín le páib, lá an bpreiteamhnaip, an lá a gceapfar le céile rinn i n-aompeáit le gáe meád do phiocht ñáidh agur ñeaba. Aip an lá rín cluippíod gáe dhuine a bheit ñéirdeanach, glaearáid ré a luacraoítar, mara nól oile, náipe nól onóir fiosfaráid, a péir a gniomháit a.

"Aip an lá mór rín nuairi fuaigstóideard Dia leabhar an bpreiteamhnaip, agur nochtóideáid Sé potta na hionóra, reicefirb ríb aip an polla rín amhneáda na bpreiteamh go tonnraí; aét an bpreiceap aip, amhneáda na n-imprí, na piog, nól na bpreionnra a bí ag muobáitad le cráor i n-a ríad agur a mi-éceapt?—ná ríor amhneáda na gceannair cumaraé a bhus a gáe raoisalta dears le fuil a n-ioitbhairt? Ni reiceap go eimte. Aét aip an lá mór rín na gceanntar, nuairi a bhear gáe rún agur peacaid atá anois i dtairge, agur gáe deas-

Íníomh, teip, nochtúigte ór comhaimh rún an doimhín, feicfimíodh i litriúb níos tonnphuigse 'ná spáinn an meathoin-lae ainnm aip nádúr umhaill Eoghan Ó Spáinn ag duladh le stóipe.

"A Chriúordaróidh óilre, tá ríb ainnm reo go bhronáid te omóir bup meap a taibhseáin do'n mhaibhán óirbhéareap mar a dhúbair go páibh pé 'n-a faoisgat, típ-spáidéach móir-dileap; go páibh pé 'n-a ríotáipe clípte léigeantha foistiméar, agus go han-tóicéarú an Saoránach i clípte de'n aonar a bhuilmithe ann; agus fóir sup leápmearaigh pé onóirí aip muintirí na hÉireann.

"Dét tá dhúbair eile fóir a Spáimear bup meap agus bup níspáid, 'r é rún le páib, go páib an tAiltíp múnuséad Ó Spáinn 'n-a faoisgat gheanamhail a rún.

"Ní fíor é go bhfuil eorúid gaeil Éireannach óilip pprioguigte le uppram do faoisgat Dé, mar aitá 'fíor aige, a péip mar dhúbairt Nuaomh Chriúoroptom, go bhfuil an faoisgat mar a chéad-áipe móir cumhálaí ó Dio, le cumhácta Dé, an deasach a faoisgáil ó n-a fíoracháibh, agus fóir leip an scumhácta aifreannacháin rún le go bhfuil Dio péim uinéil rúá gur ag táplúgáin anuas o neamh aip an altóirí imp an Áifíunn, Dhúbairt Nuaomh Uíbhriain leip do faoisgat.

"D'áitig an Tígeáin ríb op chionn fíos agus impíri, op chionn aingeal agus aifreannacháin;" agus tá pé eiminte nádhe bhuil spáimír aip bhré faoigalta le euri i gcomórtar le tonnphuigse an tráisait.

"Ní iongantair, ná bpríos rún, go mbéasó rún ann reo intiu go bhronáid, ag déanadh meamhnuigte onóraí aip bup faoisgat múnuséad a rún, Eoghan Ó Spáinn.

"Rugadh an tAiltíp Ó Spáinn aip an 25ú lá de Lughnasa, 1803, i mbuilete Palláman, i gContae na Míde. So seapáir héir a bheipte fuaidh a cheap-pimpiú go hAit-Durde. I gcaill an baile rún tús inntleácht ptuamáin Eogham Óig sealláint aip léigeanann éag-ramalaí le teacht. Do bhrí 15 bliana rún mar aip fíor aige aip aon focal de'n teangaird Ó Spáinn. Imp an am rún do chuala pé feap aitheann dair b'ann Seagán Ó Sontail ag caintiúcháin imp an teangaird rún. Do bhrí fuaim

na cainte mar pprioguigte do'n óig-féar Ó Spáinn. Dealbhúigte le nuairdeáct an écipte reo 'n-a fmuaineadh, do páib pé go ndéanfaidh pé é péim mar maigírtíp aip an teangaird rún, agus tá an éinneamhán roiléigigte sup éuir pé an rún rún i bpríomh.

1. D'fimíodh an aima ro éig a deag-mónideáct meamhráidh go páib aige Saipim ag faoisgtaid, agus le átar móir go mbéad Eoghan 'n-a faoisgat, éuir a cheap-pimpiú é ag Coláipte Nuaomh Fiannáin, imp an mbliadhain 1870, an áit aip ériúilneadh pé a chéamháile ondúp. 1 n-íap rún éuaird pé i gceasadh ran nádúr-éoláipte i mbliadhain 1882.

"Deir Impreabhar Mairge Nuaodh (ptáipe céadáin) linn: 'I bprao ip bhrí pé fóir mar mae léiginn do taibhseán pé cláon an-eas-ramalaí do'n Teangaird Ó Spáinn, agus do ptuamáin pé i go han-tóicéadach.'

"In-áimpír na huamaéata do éadé pé an ampeas go coitíontta i n-áit éigim Saoránacháibh, go háilé i nOileán Áirinn, i gCuan na Faillimhe, i n-áit a páib pé faoi móir-fomóir le spáid tuatais ná n-óiteán.

"Do réamhsgéad é i faoisgtaid imp an mbliadhain 1803 agus i n-áidéar seapáir eimíteadh é n-a fíoracháin go Muilinn gCeapáil i n-a óir rún eimíteadh go Baile na Cappairge é, 7 aip aip aip mar orú i gCathair na Saoránach i gColáipte Mairge Nuaodh.

"So goirid n-a thiaró reo, aip aomáin feapáin i n-a foistimír coigí an tAiltíp Ó Spáinn a bhrí 'n-a foiltriúigteóir i n-íap Seagán pléimíon aip 'Impreabhar ná Ó Spáinn' So eiminte, ní páib aon duine éomh feileannáin leip, agus go deapáistí ní páib feap aip bhré, muna mbéadh feap ann le neaptaid aitheann agus rún do-élaíordte, a chéasadh aip péim an obliogáid móri bhrí rún i n-a páib a bualgair nuaibh meaigírtíp; mar aige le déanadh, cuma 7 gilearaíd Spáiméir, léigteáilí, agus leabhrá eile Saoránach mar an gceádta.

"Cáip an méar rún do bhrí pé bualgair aip pé dileagáin a tabhairt i níseáil bliadhain, i láthair mac léiginn na coláipte, aip léigeanann Saoránach agus aip fean-tuigteibh.

"Faoi an ualaé a éiní an obair éagairílaé ro air an Aitair O Spháinna do bhrí a pláinte riob go huile, airí thóruí gur iarrí rí agur fuaír rí fósí bhuadha c' n-a dualghairib iní an mbliadhain 1894. Do feidh rí go tapairí aig an tír reo le muinigín neimhneácl a' t'athnuadh a neart éailte. Airí t'árluigíodh do iní an gcaitairí reo, do fuaír rí comháin rioghamail o Cumann na Gaeilge an bhaile móir reo, Nuacht Éabhrac; agur le lútgáire móirí do ghlacáin aírín é le honór in-áirí gCill Naomh Alfonsois, 'tabhairt do céan mile fálte.

"In-iar ro do ériallais rí riap go Cailipomha i' go hAiprona, airí muinigín i n-aigárd muinigne a pláinte d'athghnóthuigíodh iní na páigíunaib tíortha úd. Acht, fáraoir! —bí a muinigín neimhneácl, marí bí na dualghairí fataéamhla a tóis rí air fénim riomhphéar, agur a éiní rí o bhríomh le n-a móir-údúill marí faois-tocailt dá pláinte. Leir an éifeacht, náp b'férdirí le leigear, láis, ná aep é foirbmúigíodh aír.

"Lá i n-díarú lár bí gpután na bealtu ag traoéan uair. I n-a laethíb déiseanácaí ríspíobh rí éagam go cráimíar ag páir liom go páibhrí comhphreobh le tinnearf 'r nácl-éireanachab rí an tAifíonn a céileabhráth níor mó, ag iarríairí opm é cumhnuigíodh iní an fórbairt Beannuigé. Iní an Déiseanú thí, 1899, do éalaon rí do'n do-foireanta. Déag rí i Ríagál na Trócaire, i mbaithe lóir an gheal, ag toimhreab a anima gléasal iarrteach i láthair a Chputuigéóra.

"A Chpíordaróte, intiu t'ádúil faoisalta an Aitair iníupmíng O Spháinna i' n-a lúnge fuaír, toirtse, iní an aipge úd t'áll i níbhrí geomairí, le beirt iomáiníte faoi láthair capitanaícaí tráinna na fairsinge móirí, le beirt leagsta riob go ciúin, go dtí lá an bpeiteamhain, iní an talamh iní a Chputuigíodh rí air feast a faoisail.

"Measúigim naé bhrí aigsear air bít maictanácaí agam le riob a dealbhúigíodh go bhrí na dhuile lúadáin aír iní níbhrí geomairí, le beirt iomáiníte faoi láthair capitanaícaí tráinna na fairsinge móirí, le beirt leagsta riob go ciúin, go dtí lá an bpeiteamhain, iní an talamh iní a Chputuigíodh rí air feast a faoisail.

aige go mait, nár gáé ghrádúigéóra na hÉireann, gur le linn Teangead na nGaotháil a éiní airí bun go mbéaróidh Éipe airí marí náiríún imeachas na náiríún.

"Do ghrádúigíodh rí an Gaeilge marí connairc rí a háilneáct agur a binnearf, agur rí go páirí rí marí eocair le píorúigíodh cruaibhí na pean-teangta éigí. De'n fírinne reo tá eputúigíodh agaínn, de bhrí go bhríil catáomh-eáca Gaeilge bunáitise i móráin Árdo-Choláipti iní an Céiríair é cum léiginn agur Teangead Gaeilge a éiní i bhríomh.

"Do ghrádúigíodh an tAitair O Spháinna an Gaeilge faoi bhríordúigíodh a Chpíordom Chatoileacáis, marí bhrí hi an teanga iní i n-áirí peannmónuig Naomh Pádraig an Soisgeal beannuigé aír fíorípíbhs Páigánaícaí, ag cup an Chpíordom Chatoileacáis airí bun i nÉiginn. 'Bhrí hi teanga pean-Éireann i' nuaír bí an Chpíordream rí go nuaír. Áirí píste 'gur air naomh, air nglóirípe 'gur air scilú.'

Agur bí an tAitair O Spháinna púnta— 'I'fóillpíugíodh do gáé nead go mbaineann iní do,

Marí an Cailíní fíor a fíorbhí rí, naé bhríall-eóðaí rí go nead.'

"Agur naé n-éagairí rí faoi duláiní ríspíúppraícaí ná fuaír ríspíúntar, marí 'rí teanga Naomh Pádraig i' Naomh Óriústóe 'r Coluim-cille.

"Go minne, fíorbhí an Gaeilge do'n Eagsair air feast laete nuaír a bí rí marí fealtóir ag dul ag an Aifíonn, nár a beirt marí Chatoileacáis, nuaír a bí eisibhreacá iarrínn aig comh-oirbíugíodh le trioblóimíde Spháinna ag dealbhúigíodh duláiní ríspíúppraícaí leir an gChpíordream a péabhadh ag cíorúntíb na nÉireannaí.

"I gceapáilí an móro de géilleannáint comh fada agur comh uatháraí i nÉiginn, le n-a géilleacá aigur a fíorbhála doisíte, no ríspíúrta; le n-a fíorbhála fíorbhála, fuaírtá, no cíoráta, fíorbhúigim cia an éaoi air b'férdirí do Éireannaigib a beirt uilear do Chpíordream Naomh Pádraig? Fíorbhúigim air dtúr go páirí riad uilear tré Sphártá Dé; agur, 'n-a triail iní, tré eadairgairde na Maigdine; man,

an uair náe páib aca eill ná réipéal ná  
ragair, d'iompuigeadh riad gae teacáin agus  
bótháin n-a béis map eill, an áit aí tóibh  
riad fuar ag Dia na Slóibe an Paróipín  
ráipteacáin n-a dteangeaird fóm, teanga binn  
éanáití agus na gaeibhlé le néal na cráibh teacáin.  
Agus thír eadairgurde na Magdóine, éinig  
Dia na tróscáire anuas oppa ó físeáiní, agus  
an grápta a béis síp-víleap do'n Ériu teacáin  
beannuigte go deo.

In English the preacher gave a brief resumé of Father O'Growney's life. He said finally:

"Next to God Father O'Growney loved Ireland and her language, for he well knew that by a revival of the Irish language he would restore the lost prestige of his country, and place Ireland again among the nations. He loved the Irish language because he saw its innate beauty, its mellowness, and its wealth of literature, for it serves as a key to unravel the oriental languages."

At the conclusion of the Mass Archbishop Farley pronounced the Absolutions.

The body remained in the Cathedral until the afternoon. During the day thousands of people filed past the casket, and among them a man who served Father O'Growney's first Mass. "Nearly every priest of Irish blood in New York and the neighbourhood," says the *Gaelic American*, "visited the Cathedral to pay their last tribute of respect to the dead priest and scholar. The Gaelic League of

New York sent a special invitation to every priest in the archdiocese."<sup>1</sup>

The disappointment in the city was keen when it became known that the officials of the Cunard Company notified the local committee in charge of the arrangements, that the body would not be taken on board if there were any demonstration which would draw the attention of passengers to the fact that there was to be a coffin on the ship. It is an old-world superstition which says it is unlucky to travel in the same vessel with a dead body, yet here in a new land it crops up in our own day and finds expression in the mouths of busy officials—men whose business it is to take heed of facts rather than sentiment. And, further, the superstition is acted upon. All the arrangements having been already made to travel by the Campania, there was nothing for it but to yield. Some there were who counselled waiting for another vessel, but it was finally agreed that the procession be abandoned sooner than upset all the arrangements made for the funeral in Ireland.



ARCHBISHOP FARLEY. the greatest Irish parade ever held in New York. The Irish Volunteers of the city, and from Brooklyn,

New Jersey, and West Chester, eight hundred strong, had been ordered out to form the guard of honour. The Gaelic League and the Clanna Gaedheal had their organisations in readiness, and the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians by a unanimous vote had decided to put that great body in line, and the United Irish-American

Societies had all arrangements made in connection with the numerous bodies they represented. Everything pointed to a great send off from the Eastern Shore. But it was not to be, and quietly Eugene O'Growney left the busy city where, nine years before, he had landed unnoticed in the crowd.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### THE OCEAN JOURNEY.

"Wild wind and surging sea  
Bear him again to me."



HERE was not much of excitement during the six days voyage homewards. The ever-changing interest of the waters, rough enough at the beginning, was not enough to fill the hanging time of the thousand passengers on board. At sea, notwithstanding the twenty and one devices to keep sameness from becoming monotony, the sight of a passing vessel or the advent of a strange sea-bird is welcomed as a novelty. That is, if the mind is not already pre-occupied. But for these four whose mission was one away and apart from the interests of those around them, they talked of Ireland and of Father Eugene, and always they seemed instinctively, as they tell us, to face the land that was towards the rising of the sun.

For all that his dust was coffined in the heart of the good ship they knew full well that his great spirit had gone abroad, permeating the life of his people.

Out on the water with only the big green waves in ceaseless turmoil about them, as they poised between land and land, they went over and over again the changes that had come over Ireland by reason of the new spirit that was born into her in the days that are with us now. And all apropos of Father



THE "CAMPANIA."

Eugene; how he had toiled and slaved for her—for her and for her cause. Nor had he met with ingratitude: Ireland is never un-

grateful.' Her sons and her daughters were rising to do him honour and to show their love. How great that honour was to be they had yet to learn.

All this they talked of as the *Campania* moved her great length to the splash of the water and ever they came nearer to that Ireland O'Growney loved.

The story of their mission to Ireland somehow leaked out in spite of all precautions, and now and again an English or American fellow-passenger used to come up to the pall-bearers with an I-know-all-about-it air to assure them good-naturedly he was not going to make any fuss. But these whispers were kept from the bulk of the passengers, and, above all, from the nervous ones. It was with a feeling of relief to the delegates all the

same, that the ship drew near the Irish coast, leaving the long stretches of water behind them, until at length, when only three hundred miles remained to be covered they sent a Marconi message before them to the watchers on the shore: "O'Growney is nearing the land of his love." That was all, but it stood for much to Irish Ireland.

In Dublin they waited for the news, and at the Cove, and at Maynooth, whilst with every movement of the great propeller O'Growney was borne nearer, and yet more near, to the mother earth that waited to receive him, nearer to the rest that was to be one unbroken sleep till there be no more of time nor of the things that are of time.

"Dearest and best  
Nearest my heart  
A deep grave is made."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE PREPARATIONS IN IRELAND.

"A baintpháist é goibh na foirda  
Stáinair feapta ó'n spáinn-got."



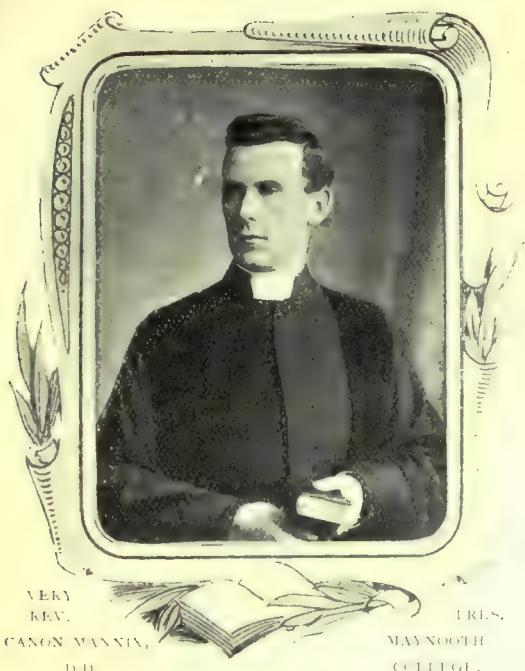
MEANWHILE preparations on a wide scale were going on at home. Irish Ireland would give much to welcome in the flesh the young priest who is the personification of her ideal. But God would not have it thus, so they prepared instead for a great public funeral to honour his memory, and mark yet another stage in the history of the Revival.

The Gaelic League took up the idea with enthusiasm, leaving the details of the arrange-

ments to a special sub-committee, consisting of Mr. O'Daly, the General Secretary of the League, Mr. Moonan, Mr. Casey, and all the Priests on the Executive Committee.

One of their first duties was to consult with the authorities at Maynooth as to the preparations to be made there for the reception of the remains. The then Vice-President, but since elected President of the College, the Very Rev. Canon Mannix, D.D., entered fully into the Spirit of the Gaelic League in choosing Maynooth as the final resting-place for his old colleague, at the same time promising every assistance in his power. That Dr. Mannix's co-operation was whole-hearted events proved; and, later on, the Committee expressed their sense of obligation for his assistance. Mr. H. P. Bell was appointed

<sup>1</sup> Since writing these lines I notice in one of Father O'Growney's own articles the words:—"nì phair na hÉireannach neamhmadrae nò tuimhuróeal phair neadh a' obairg ari an ari an t-áipe (Ireland was never unthankful to anyone who worked for our country).



ceann-urraidh or marshal, with Messrs. Butler and Ingoldsby to assist him in his arduous work. No one unacquainted with the interior working of a large organization can realize the labour entailed by a public demonstration of any sort, but above all in connection with a funeral, where the order must be perfect to secure the decorum and solemnity due to the occasion.

Numerous meetings of marshals and stewards took place during the week, and on the Wednesday evening they held a conference of delegates in the City Hall for the purpose of finally revising and completing the arrangements.

This meeting was, fittingly enough, presided over by John MacNeill, Vice-President of the Gaelic League, the man who first conceived the idea of founding the Gaelic League. The following letters received by the General Secretary were read:—

Bishop's House, Queenstown,

21st Sept., 1903.

DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 19th inst. was delivered here to-day.

As a matter of course, I shall allow the remains of Father O'Growney to be placed in our Cathedral while

they rest at Queenstown, and I should be pleased to be informed by your Gaelic League if there is anything else they wish me to do to show respect for my former colleague in Maynooth College and my dear friend.

Yours faithfully,

ROBERT BROWNE,

Bishop of Cloyne,

Mr. Patrick O'Daly, Hon. Secretary.

Cairpleán uia Liatháin,

Comháid Coimseáge, 21ú Meánóid Póisíneáin, 1903.

A pháipreis a dhára—níl aon pháisaití faoi phoiblíte aodh me féin. Tá an pháisaití a bhí am éannta inisíte agus níos déanaí agus i níneadh fóir. Ní d'óid liom go dtiocfaidh ré go Dhomhnálaí. Mí bion aip mo iúmar aul go dtí an Chóth. Maighair, aodh ní féinig an phoiblíte fíosairí gan pháisaití éigin ann le heagla go dtiocfaidh glaotháid ola. Tá glaotháid ola tagairte éisgiam anois níos déanaí agus eaitheamh an glaotháid uí fhreagairt láethanta.

Ba jót-máistí liom, níodh naé iomgána, bheit agus poibhlaiti an aistí. Eogán na mb'férfini dom é. Tá púil agam go mbeartó epiúinniúchád móí ann.

Is mó an épertheamaint atá ag dul do n aistí. Eogán ua Spáinni mapí gheall aip an obair ní mar atá ag dul d'aon duine eile beo na mapí.

Muna mbeart é in beartó an obair ann i n aon éor. Ní phair aon duine eile beo do thabhairfaidh agairí aip an obair níos a éis peipean agairí níp é ná do leabharfaidh mapí a lean peipean vi go dtí gupí éairí pé a chéintí ná tóinim agus go dtí gupí éairí pé a anam pé d'fheireann mapí gheall aip a fachtaí.

Gan amhras ip é Dia fein do rípuic e éin a Leitirí ne faothaí a théanam agus an faoigil mór n-a iomhá.

Tairbeáman ran go bpóil Láin Dé ran obair agus gan amhras a éuapártai thabhairfaidh aip Dia do mór na fáilteoirí mapí gheall aip a fachtaí.

Ba éasaití do gáé duine atá ag duanam na hoidhre fóir aip an faoigil po mórneáid a glaotháid agus a éiúinneamh i náigine go bpóil an tuaspártai céadma n-a éorí féin.

Mór do éaspa,

peadar ua laoighaire.

I bhróitíleáid 'na Dáiríb Muimhneacham, agus an dára lá fiúeata de im September agairí iníon agus a 1903 bl. plána do'n Tícheapáin.

A Dhúine Éorí—Táim ag a dhéarbhúigháid túuit go pháistí gup an Chóth ann agus éasaití aip ceann na mbaoinne atá ag teáistí ó Sappna Nua Leitir an roépáin. Dáirí níos déanaí agus a 1903 bl. plána do'n Tícheapáin.

A Dhúine Éorí—Táim ag a dhéarbhúigháid túuit go pháistí gup an Chóth ann agus éasaití aip ceann na mbaoinne atá ag teáistí ó Sappna Nua Leitir an roépáin. Dáirí níos déanaí agus a 1903 bl. plána do'n Tícheapáin.

Meir,

RISTEIRTE DE henebrie.

The Chairman in his own earnest way explained<sup>1</sup> that the meeting was called for the purpose of making known the general arrangements for the public funeral of the late Father Eugene O'Growney on Sunday, and giving those representing various public bodies in Dublin an opportunity of falling in with the arrangements and discussing them so far as was necessary. No words were required from him in reference to their dead friend, Father O'Growney. He himself had such a close personal connection with Father O'Growney that he could hardly trust himself to say anything. They all knew Father O'Growney's work

it was written large on the public life of the country. Father O'Growney sowed the seed and they all saw what it had grown to. Notwithstanding illness, O'Growney persevered in his work for Ireland, with the result that his constitution

broke down completely and he developed the disease which ended with his death. They might, therefore, say that Father O'Growney gave up his life for his country. During the whole of his illness he never relaxed his labours. There was not an Irishman with a spark of Irish feeling in him who would not do all that lay in his power in order to honour the memory of such a man. It was Father O'Growney's wish to die, and, if possible, to be buried also in Ireland. That

was not, however, possible. Now, after a long interval, by the good offices of the Gaelic League of America, his body was being brought to rest in Irish soil in the cemetery of Maynooth College, near the scene of his own labours. It was to be hoped that all who admired his work would endeavour to attend the funeral procession on Sunday. Some of the arrangements were already made known, and one of the secretaries would read the full details before the meeting closed. The remains were expected to reach Queenstown on Saturday. They would be met there by a deputation from the Gaelic League of Dublin, and also by the Gaelic Leaguers of Cork. They were expected to arrive at Kingsbridge about 5.45 on Saturday evening, when an informal reception would take place. Referring again to the funeral procession, he appealed to everyone

ceard-úparáid na Soéparóe.

taking part in it to observe the utmost decorum and the orderliness appropriate to such a solemn occasion. He hoped that, as far as possible, all bodies having engagements of one kind or another on Sunday, especially hurling and football contests, would endeavour to postpone them. The remains of Father O'Growney would be accompanied to Ireland by representatives of the Gaelic League of America—amongst others, by Major O'Donovan, President of the League in the States, and Mr. Laurence Brannick. A meeting

<sup>1</sup> *Freeman's Journal*, September 23rd, 1903.



HENRY P. BELL





DELEGATES FROM THE COISDE GNOtha WHO BOARDED THE "CAMPANIA."

17. 45.

AGNES O'FARRELLY, M.A.  
(Member of the Cork Gnotha).

JOHN MACNEILL, B.A.  
(Vice-President).

PATRICK O'DALY  
General Secretary.

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.  
(President).  
EDWARD MARTYN  
(Member of the Coisde Gnotha).

would be held on Tuesday evening in the Mansion House Round Room, at which the American delegates will be present. Those delegates would take the opportunity of bringing a message from the Gaelic League in the States, and of giving the Gaelic League in Ireland from themselves a very straight message also. He hoped that as many as possible would attend that meeting.

Mr. Bell then explained in full detail the arrangements for the funeral procession. These arrangements had been most carefully considered in the light of all the knowledge that was available and of all the experience which had been acquired in connection with the Language processions of the past couple of years. The punctuality and orderliness of the procession would depend entirely on the loyalty with which those arrangements were observed and carried out by the bodies taking part in the procession. In the first place, he wished to say that there would be no formal procession on Saturday evening, but the Gaelic Leaguers of Dublin, and others who would desire to show their respect for Father O'Growney's memory would attend at Kingsbridge for the arrival of the train about 5.45 p.m. The remains would lie in the Pro-Cathedral on Saturday night, and at 1.15 on Sunday the funeral procession would start. It was essential, therefore, that all the sections should be in their places not later than 1 o'clock. The order of the procession and the arrangements at the Broadstone Station and at Maynooth would be published fully in Saturday's papers.

Mr. T. Kelly, T.C., asked would any representation be made to have the publichouses in Dublin kept closed until about 4 o'clock.

This suggestion was received with general approval, and subsequently, on the motion of Mr. T. Smith (Cleaver Branch), seconded by Mr. J. Brady, a resolution was unanimously adopted requesting the proprietors of all licensed premises and clubs to keep their houses closed until 4 p.m. on Sunday, in order to aid in the proper carrying out of the funeral

procession, and to enable the assistants in those houses to take part in the solemnities.

Another resolution was unanimously adopted, on the motion of Mr. Butler, seconded by Mr. Murphy, requesting all football and hurling clubs to postpone matches arranged for Sunday.

The procession, it was decided, would be divided into seven great divisions, each with its own stewards, as follows:

- (1.) *Ronn na teangeol* (Language) B. O'Higgins, J. Griffin, P. O'Hehir and J. Dorney.
- (2.) *Ronn an oideachais* (Educational) P. J. Rooney and D. Houlahan.
- (3.) *Ronn na scileap túit náiprúnta* (Athletic)—J. F. Gibbons and H. MacCarthy.
- (4.) *Ronn tucht na meáchanáctica* (Temperance) E. Higgins and J. Maxwell.
- (5.) *Ronn na nvoéantúr* (Industrial) Messrs. Clinch, O'Looney and Sheehan.
- (6.) *An ronn éortééann* (General) P. J. O'Brien.
- (7.) *Ronn na gaeumann n-áiprúnta* (Representative) J. Fogarty.

Votes of thanks were passed to the Most Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Cloyne, the Rev. Father McEntee, Pro-Cathedral, and the Rev. Dr. Mannix, Vice-President of Maynooth College, for their assistance, and to the Lord Mayor and Corporation for granting the use of the City Hall for the meeting.

The Requiem High Mass on Monday will be celebrated by Rev. Father MacGinley, a lifelong friend of Father O'Growney as student of Maynooth College, and afterwards his colleague on the staff. The down train from Dublin on Monday morning will stop at Maynooth so as to enable clergy and others who wish to be present to attend.

On Sunday a special train will run from Wexford, and all the branches of the Gaelic League in that county will be represented.<sup>1</sup>

Next day the General Secretary called a meeting in Cork to complete the Southern arrangements, whilst the deputation from the Coiste Gnotha left for the Cove. Everything was ready and Dublin waited.

<sup>1</sup> Condensed from the Press reports of the meeting.

## CHAPTER IX.

### AWAITING THE "CAMPANIA."

"A dtáin Eoghan na n-áinann  
Taoi ag capaó aír éapí failte."



OR some of us the first sight of the beautiful Cove was on that late September morning as we watched for the Campania that was still far out at sea with its precious burden. From Cork, with its graceful bridges and long sweeps of bright city life on by the bank of the Lee, one could think himself in the land of the "sidhe," as the sun danced itself into flashing clusters on the water, and the silver stretches of the river twisted among the red-gold of the woods. "Sure God was pleased with man when he made Cork," remarked one old priest years ago, as we looked out of a railway carriage window at a bleak flat stretch of Midland. At the time I did not think there was much in what he said, knowing him for a Corkman, and like the rest of us apt to centre all that is fair in nature and good in man around the roof-tree. "And sure God was pleased with man when he made Cork," I repeated to myself as we neared the Cove, feeling sorry that the sea must soon bound in the view.

For a long time we waited down by the Quay and under the shadow of the quaint old town on its shelving tiers, and the great Cathedral on the highest bank above looking out to the West like a beacon to the home-comers. We had time and to spare to look around us at the wonderful bay and its sad little island, where men used to wear out the long days and the long years in the loneliness and the shame of an atonement, which is the human penance man puts upon man. Time there was, too, to see the beautiful sea-port in

its sheltered angle shut in between the hills and the sea, with its curious old lanes and covered archways, reminding one of those mediæval towns that still stand firm in the plains and on the coast of Normandy.

And we had time also to note the other watchers who came to greet Father Eugene as he touched Irish soil.

There were the Meath men: his own brother *pátorais*, and his cousins the Darcys,



*pátorais ua Gráinna.*

at whose house he used to stay when he studied at St. Finian's. With them were Michael MacKennna, Father O'Growney's

earliest and most steadfast friend, and Thomas O'Daly of the "Meath Chronicle," who has done more than due share in making his work practical in Meath.

Near them was Dr. O'Hickey—*An tAontú Micheál*, as he is known to those who love the language—the friend and successor of Father Eugene, and one who worked with him in the early days of the League. With him was Dr. Mannix, a colleague of Father Eugene, who had come to represent the Alma Mater at the funeral. One more there was from Maynooth—Father Coffey, a man of a younger generation of Irish revivalists and a Meath man.

And there, prominent and beloved, was the Craobhín, who had come all the way from Ratra, and Eoin MacNeill, both friends of the old time and sharers with *An tAontú Micheál* of Father O'Growney's labours.

Edward Martyn, too, though not one of the older workers, none the less earnest in his devotion to the Gaelic League, and *Próiseas Ua Dálaigh*, the kindly, never-tiring General Secretary, Seán Ua Conaill of Cork, who has since become a member of the Executive, and Father Augustine, the best worker in the county "Coiste," in his Franciscan habit.

Fionán MacColum, the chief organiser for Munster, and Domhnach O'Leary, the Cork organiser, were the centre of a group of Corkmen whom we did not know, but amongst whom we heard were C. O'Shea of Cork, and C. G. Doran of the Cove.

Several priests joined the waiting groups: Fathers Murphy, Coghlan, Fitzgerald, and Stack, all from the North Parish; Fathers Cahalane and Flannery from Mitchelstown, and Father Madigan from the Cove itself: and, later on, T. F. Kiely from Carrick-on-Suir, with a crowd of other workers, both women and men. Many of the men wore crape bands, whilst the women were mostly dressed in mourning.

At last, about two o'clock, the Campania was signalled off the old Head of Kinsale, and before long we were all on board the

"Ireland," a special tender generously given by the Cunard Company as a mark of respect to the dead.

That day and the succeeding one were warm and cheerful, like a breath of after-



THE "IRELAND."

summer. The air seemed soft and caressing after the winter harshness of the past few months. Looking back, as we moved out into the harbour, the beauty of the old Cove fascinated us: the clustering houses, some of them flung, as it were, in air: the gables and chimney stacks all tangled together, just as the eye caught them: the many nooks and angles filled with sunlight, and the high wooded background topped by the Cathedral turrets.

It was a day that filled one with the joy of living, yet our mission was one of death. The same oft-repeated story, as old as the prophets, of the mingling of death and life in the many-changing slides that make for us the vision of day! And so for Ireland: the death of her builders does not always mean for her the sorrow of despair. There was much of joy and pride in the home-coming of O'Growney, whilst that she grieved for one true man the less:

For he marks the height of the nation's gain,  
As he lies in his harness dead.

So we crossed the bar, with the flag flying at half-mast, and made for the open sea, leaving the bay some miles behind.

As yet the "Campania" was not in sight, so the little vessel lay for some time poised on the big waves of the Atlantic. At length the huge Liner was seen as a speck on the horizon; then her two funnels became distinct, and

soon her whole outline appeared bearing rapidly down upon us ; her decks crowded with passengers of every nationality. O'Growney coming to his own ! One would not miss that moment for worlds ; the little Tender riding at anchor out on the swelling waves with no motion but the rise and fall of the water beneath ; the kindly Irish faces, grave, yet glad ; priests and people, men and women, all turned eagerly to the west. In front, on the broad outline of waves, her huge bulk half sunk in the water, the "Campania," with her thousand souls on board, rushing quickly and smoothly towards us, like a sentient thing from some strange world beyond. Closer and closer the great vessel came, then, slowing up, she stood out to seaward.

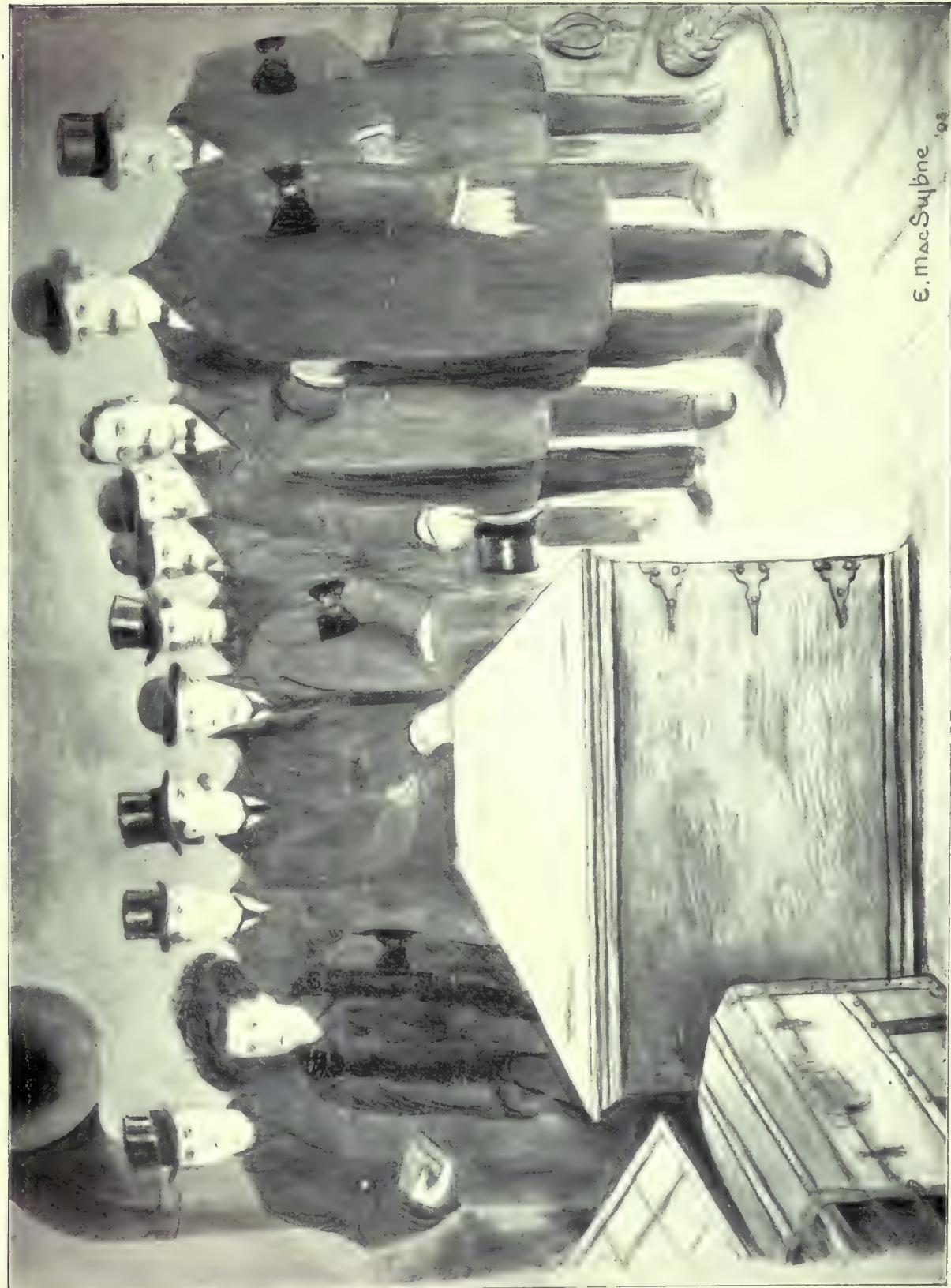
The American pall-bearers we recognised by their crape bands as they came forward to the rail to wave a greeting, and the Irish delegates bared their heads in salutation and in reverence to the dead.

We were soon on board the Campania to welcome our American friends and receive the sacred charge. All was excitement and bustle : strangers meeting in wonder for the first time ; old friends grasping hands and sobbing with joy ; a whirlwind of words and explanations : a very Babel of voices, confused in the noise of the throbbing machinery ; the returning emigrants on the lower deck feasting their eyes on Ireland and watching the second Tender which came in our wake : sailors rushing hither and thither ; the officers issuing commands ; a very crowd of emotions and expressions chasing each other in quick successive flashes. It was a time indescribable in its mingled feelings ; but ever present was the pride and the sadness of our Sagart's return. There in the midst of all was the casket in its massive case of oak clasped in copper, and with bated breath we watched them move it into the Tender.

Then we gathered around what remains to us of Father Eugene, and we turned our faces from the West, for the West had given up to us what was the holiest and best beloved of all her great Dead.

The little vessel was set free again, and the waters began to rise between us and the Campania ; and as the faces of those on deck became dimmer, and at last faded away, the Campania became but a memory and as a vague dream. The reality for us was centred in the great coffin beside us, and as we kissed the sacred wood, the shrine of our patriot priest, we gave a warm Irish welcome to the poor cold clay that could no more return the greeting. There were strong men—and it was no shame to them that they cried salt tears over the body of *an tAthaí Ógáin* as the water bore him to the clay of Ireland, just like those of his kin who wept around. One there was from far Ath-buidhe, on the plains of Meath, and often he had carried him as a little boy over the Yellow ford, and he had taken him on his knee betimes, and told him the beautiful tales of old Tlachtgha and Rathmore and the neighbouring plains of Tara. And now that he had come in death he found it hard to repress the grief that was in him, for Irish nature will have its way.

Three hours we were abroad on the water that September day, and, as we neared the shore, returning, the crowd thickened on the deepwater quay. We could see the bishop of the old See of Cluain Uamha standing with bared head, and, near him, *An tAthaí Peataí*, best-known of Southern Gaedheals. Dr. Henebry, whom Father O'Growney used to speak of as the soundest of native scholars, was beside them, with Father Nashe and a crowd of Munster priests. It was easy to distinguish the tall form of John Sweetman from Father Eugene's own land of the Pale, and Dr. Lynch who has made gallant little Ballyourney the stronghold of the language. Donnchadh O'Lehane, another of our workers was there too, whilst the Chairman of the Urban Council and his colleagues and the townspeople, had come out to give Father Eugene the earliest *Sé* to *beata* a date as he touched Irish soil.



GROUP ON BOARD THE "CANVAS" RETURNING FROM THE "CANVAS" SKETCHED FROM A SNAP-SKETCH TAKEN BY FATHER TELLING



## CHAPTER X.

### AT THE COVE.

“S a Dhia naé neóraé gúilt,  
Díláethib foila lúine,  
ré éarach an neóraíde aноéct,  
i gcomhráinn cláir iarris.”

T last he has come to us that he is with us again, he will bring the from out the sea. At last the blessed clay of his own island is under him; and, as his comrades grasped each others hands, you could hear the murmur of thankfulness, “Tá ré agaínn aír deiseasó tigí! ” “Airiú! iр nominat atá an páinte, Atáir Eoghan! ” Soon the outer coffin was unscrewed revealing a mass of flowers—the American wreaths and crosses. In silence they uncovered the beautiful casket beneath, each one straining for the first look at the coffin which concealed the sacred remains. Then they raised it to the open hearse in waiting, and soon the funeral started up the long sloping height to the Cathedral.

Everyone was kind in connection with the funeral arrangements for Father Eugene. First, it was the Cunard Company; then it was the Custom Officers; now it is John Charde of the Cove who generously carries out the funeral arrangements free of charge; later on, it was the Great Southern Railway Company. Luck seemed always to follow the meek young priest from the first happy day he turned his heart to Irish Ireland. Luck followed the work of his hands and his brain; and, now

that he is with us again, he will bring the pat ón Ríg.

There was not much of order in that first



MOST REV. DR. BROWNE, BISHOP OF CLOYNE.

little procession which followed the hearse at the Cove. There were no marshals; no fixed ranks. It was spontaneous, unexpected. The whole town had turned out just as they were -bishop and priests and people -all mingled as one in the funeral. Old men, who were soon themselves to hear the call beyond, tottered along leaning on younger arms; women in coarse shawls, with babies in their arms, must needs come to pray for the soul that has passed; bare-legged *gascons* and *gearrchailes* walked proudly beside their elders; whilst little children, unconscious of death, ran in and out amongst the crowds. Nor was there any dearth of well-dressed people, both men and women; for this was Ireland the Ireland that is of every class.

Up the winding roads, and still upwards, climbing ever until we faced the big Cathedral. Soon the bishop appeared at the front door in full pontificals, attended by acolytes, and there he received the body.

The casket was then borne to a catafalque before the High Altar, which, with the Chancel pillars, was draped in black and the Bishop recited the *De Profundis*. Thankfully, after their long journey, the American delegates saw O'Growney safely resting on Irish land and surrounded by his own.

*Speret Israel in Domino!*

Surely the long watch of Israel is nearly spent and the God of Israel has sent her such a sign as when the bones of Jacob went back to the promised land.

Many of the people remained when all was over to pay respect to the dead priest; kneeling in groups to pray where prayer was hardly needed; or pausing to look at the Irish inscription, as, one by one, they passed the casket—yet in silence, awed by the nearness of Death.

Again in the late evening we gathered together in the Cathedral Church on the hill-top. Beautiful and glowing it seemed to rise out of the darkness as we toiled up the slope to the Special Funeral Service. Solemnly they chanted the first Nocturn of Matins, followed by Lauds of the Office for the Dead, the Most Rev. Dr. Browne presiding. The Rev. Dr. O'Riordan, of Limerick, assisted in the choir, with Rev. T. Madigan, Administrator, and Father O'Connor and Father O'Donohoe, of the Cove, as well as the other clergy present in connection with the funeral.

Then from the choir *An tAthair Peada* came forward in his white surplice, biretta in hand, and, passing the altar rails, walked down the aisle towards the pulpit. We held our breath. *An tAthair Peada*, the magician of words; the weaver of idiom that flashes on our consciousness in half-forgotten memories that have come to us from the dead and gone of our race. *An tAthair Peada* who stirs up ways of thinking that were dormant from the time of our grandfathers; “a remembering of vanished things” that were in our blood as part of our being, and we knew not. No wonder we were moved. Some of us had met the kindly old priest for the first time

*An tAthair Peada*,  
REV. PETER O'LEARY.



that day, and now, to hear him preach the funeral oration!

Yet he does not impress one in the beginning. He is matter of fact, you think, going direct to the root of things and dealing with actualities in their nakedness, pitilessly, and without regard to the garment of custom—you are, perhaps, disappointed. Then you begin to realise vividly the word-pictures of the preacher. Slowly you recognise the hand of a master. It is all so simple—an oft-told tale; but it holds you by the power of the words which weave it, and the straight clear vision of the teller. It is not an oration in the usual sense of the word. It is a narrative, and we do not pause to think of the preacher. It is what he preaches—his message, that fixes our mind. It is the picture which appeals to us rather than the artist who unconsciously sinks his personality in his work.

Here is what *An tAiltír Peataír* said:—

“A Daoine muinteoirí: Táimí go leir cinniúigthe anfó anoch. Cao éinge? Cún onóir 'tábairt do rágairt mait. Ír ceapt onóir a tábairt do mair biond gur fáiltí a faoighil do dhéin ré obair mór mait. Niop b' é toil Dé faoighil fada 'tábairt do. Niop tuigíodh do tair leat na haimriúe ir gnáth a tábairt do'n duine ap an faoighil ro. Ác 'ra méid aimpriúe a fuaip ré dhéin ré obair atá cón mór, cón mait, cón patáin, cón tairbheac, agus dá gcaitáin ré na ceiste píodh blian 'gá cup cún tairse, gan aon lá biond do leogaint uaró.

“Tá cíur agaínn cún onóir 'tábairt do i n-éagmhuir feabhar na hoidhre. Nuair a éimníg ré ap an obair a déanamh agus nuair a tús ré agaird uipí tús ré agaird ap muro a bainfadh ríad ap aon feair eile ac ap féin. Ni pairb feair eile beo tábairfadh agaird an uairiín ap an muro gur tús ré agaird ap.

“Peicimír cao aip gur tús ré agaird. Bí muíntir na hÉireann go leir an uairiín, amuic agus i mbaile, rocaip go daingean ap aon níodh amáin. Bí ré buaile i gceac 'n-a n-aigne

ná pairb níodh ap bit ag teacáit idir iad agus aon tóigait cinn 'fágairt doibh féin ná dárthiocht go deo, ac an Ghaelúinn. Ír i an Ghaelúinn, dár leó, a b' 'gá gcoimeád ríor. Dá bphéadairidir an Ghaelúinn a caiteamh uata agus an Déapla 'Slacád 'n-a h-inéad, beath an faoighil ap a dtoil acu. Béidír ábalta, dár leó, ap aghaird a tábairt ap gnótaibh an traoighail agus ap a gceapt féin a baint amach inr gac rágair gnóta, pé taobh 'n-a dtábhairfóir aghaird ní pé aicme daoine beath ag bhrúct opéa. Tuigíodar go mait nári pó-faoránádeac an gniomh doibh an Ghaelúinn a caiteamh uata agus an Déapla 'Slacád 'n-a h-inéad. Dá bdeacraítear a fuaipadair an Ghaelúinn a caiteamh uata, is éad ír mó éainig fuaic aca do'n Ghaelúinn; agus dá bdeacraítear a fuaipadair an Déapla ó fógluim ír ead ír mó a éainig upaim acu do'n Déapla agus d'úil acu ann. B'fín iad na daoine go pairb ap an Ailtír Eogán Ua Síomána a chur 'n-a luighe opéa go pairb dearnárad acu dá déanamh, go pairb a n-ainmleap acu dá déanamh, an fadhbhearr do b'fearán a b' acu go mbadair ag déanamh a gceoistíe díctil cún é 'caiteamh uata, agus dá dtágaí leó an fadhbhearr fán do caiteamh uata ap fad go mbeath déanta acu, opéa féin agus ap a phlioct, olc ba meara, fágóidí ba tróime, leipírghriof ba mífórtiúil-aighe 'ná mair a dhéin annrmaítear Sarana pian opéa! Bí aip rúile na ndaoine d'orgaílt agus a tairbeáint doibh nári fíead annrmaítear Sarana a baint dhoibh pian ac maitairí eappáit, agus go mbadair féin ag déanamh a ndíctil cún a n-aigne do cpeacád, cún a n-aigne d'fágáilt fuaip fólam. Bí aip a tairbeáint doibh conur mair nári b'fearán cíordce náriún do cup fé coir i gceapt go dtí go scuipí a haigne fé coir, agus conur mair nári b'fearán náriún na nGaeál do cup fé coir an fad a beath aigne an náriún ríor-Gaeálac, agus nári faoighil do'n aigne gan beidh ríor-Gaeálac an fad a beath an éaint ríor-Gaeálac. Táil 'n-a coinníl rír aipír, bí aip a léiriúgád doibh connur mair a beath an láim uachtair glan, amuic 'f amach, ag Sarana ap Éirinn dá mbeath an Ghaelúinn

imteighe agur gan i mbéal an Éigeanais acé an Béarla bpriste. Bí aip na neite rin go léip do chairbeáint agur do máine agur do eup 'n-a luigé aip a n-aigne do Óaoine go pairb a n-aigne rocaip acu 'n-a coinniú, do Óaoine atubairt leip go tuig agur go mideáontac, ná pairb aon érial le n-a éaint, gur b'fearán 'fíor acu féin go mór ciacu ba chairbriúige óibh Sæluinn a bheit aca ná Béarla bpriste, dá oilear é, a bheit aca; gur bheas an mait do duine Sæluinn a bheit aige mar congnamh do éun plíse mairéadait a Óeanamh amach do féin.

"Ír Láidir an cpoisde, agur ír Láidir an aigné, agur ír Láidir an rgaip, a bí ag an bpréar a tuis agaird, lom típead, aip a leitcériont rin doibh agur aip a leitcériont rin do Óaoine. Ní féadfaidh ré go deo an beart fán a Óeanamh mar a mbeadh gur rpprioc Dia éinighe é, agur mar a mbeadh gur tuis Dia an neart do éinighe. Nuair a b'í eisín doibh 'n-a rppriocadh éun na hoibhre bí Lám Dé é rppriocadh éun na hoibhre bí Lám Dé ag cabhrú leip agur mara mbeadh fán ní beart aon mait 'n-a raoctar. Ní féadfaidh a bheit. Ír amlaird a bpríppad ré a cpoisde agur bpríppad ré a pláinte agur cionróid' ré a raochal, agur rin a mbeadh do báip a raoctar aige féin ná aí aoinne eile.

"Do bpríppad ré a pláinte agur do cionróid' ré a raochal, ac, molaí le Dia, tá rocas ionsgantac dá báip fán agáinn go léip. Tá atáin aigné tagairte aip muintir na hÉireann go léip, amuic agur i mbaille. Tá upair tagairte ag gac aoinne do'n Sæluinn. An muintir a labhran i tá an mear ceapta opta. An muintir ná ful fí aecu tá a bpróimhóir ag Óeanamh a ndíil éun gneama 'fágair aipir uipri. Tá ré daingean anoir i n-aigne an uile duine agáinn a Óinean maecthamh deaghtac i n-aon éor aip an rgeal, go mbainítear go léip ag dul aip mulaic aip scinn amu go dtí gur iompóidh comhailp agur teagars agur máine agur raoctar agur bár an Ótar Óeagan aip an mbóthar gceapta aipir rinn. Dá bpríppad ré ead atáimid cionnighe anro aonach, i láthair na cónáin fán, éun na hiondára ír dual do 'chabairt ó cpoisde do'n

tragaíp mait go bfuil a énáma rinte iptis inti.

"Cao 'n-a taoibh, atéarfaidh duine, do muinntír na hÉireann a leitcériont de Óearpháid a Óeanamh i n-aon éor muinnti. Náir éor go dtuigfaidh aoinne, ó tuisce, gur b'i an Sæluinn an pairbhear a b'uaiple a bí ag clana Sæthal Larmuic de'n cpeirdeamh? Ná pairb ré poileáip le feirpoint, dá mb'í an cpeirdeamh féin é. Gur b'i an Sæluinn, i dtéannnta gprápta Dé, do coimeád beo é i gcpoisde na ndaoine i n-ainmtheibh an éigilis ba' Óine, ba maliúighe, ba tisobláidhe dáip himpeadh muinnti. Cíuipdairíb éun an cpeirdeamh a baint díobh? Cao pé ndeáip an Óearpháid mara rin? Cao a tuis an taircainne go léip aip an nSæluinn? Go mór mór óir na Óaoine gur ceapta óibh an upairm íp mó bheit aca dí?

"Ír mó cíuip a bí ag dul éinighe, a pobul. Nuair éigis muintir Sápana i gcoinniú dliúighe na hÉagairle íp é céatú aip a Óine uairle agur Rí Sápana 'ná na mainiuptír agur na combintí do pobair. Togadair le Lám Láidir an talam a bain leip na manais agur leip na mnáibh muigalta, agur pé olmatar eile a fuairiadaip íp na tigíibh diaidh. Anfan bí válta gac aon biceannnais opta. Bí rgnanna opta ríp a' fágair, le himteacáit na haimpíre, dliúig na hÉagairle i bperíom aip Sápana aipír, agur anfan go mbainífi díobh an talam agur an pairbhear a tógaídar le Lám Láidir. Bí 'fíor ag na biceannnais go mait dá gcuippi dliúig na hÉagairle i bperíom aipír, go scaitiptír an pairbhear bprádach d'airíoc Láitcheac. Tugadair 'n-a n-aigne ná beroíp raochal coisde ó baochal an aipir rin a bheit le Óeanamh acu go dtí go mbeadh an cpeirdeamh rgnoroda glan acu amach a Sápana agur a nálbain agur a hÉipinn. D'éigis leó mait go leóp i Sápana agur i nálbain, ac do bí ag teip opta a cíuip féacaint aip muintir na hÉireann iompáil ón gceirdeamh. Óineadair a ndíol le mealláid agur le tataint agur le cimilt baire. Ní pairb aon mait óibh ann. Anfan dúbhadair le muintir na hÉireann a roga bheit aca, an cpeirdeamh do réanaid ná rgnorodaint le n-a gcuio pairbhear raochalta. Do glac an

Éireannach mar pocha ríseáramaint le pairbheas raoigelta níor túrge 'ná mar a ríseárfad ré le pairbheas na ríseáramaint. Ni haoinne amáin ná beirt a glac an pocha ran, ac an éoitéantac go léir. Ni pairb aé fotáine anro agur anfud o'iompuis. Ni bhuair na biceamhnuis locht níomhóir ari sin. Is acu o'fan an pairbheas a baineas do'n Éireannach. Féidir leis an t-údar ari sin. Ni fírinne an épeitorim níomhangean i gceistíde an Éireannais. Doibhis ghráta Dé ní-láidir 'n-a époisde. Ni féadfaidh ré fírinne an épeitorim do féannas, ré bár a bhean le fulang aige ari a fion. Do cuipeas na céadta éun báir. Ni pairb aon mait ann. Bí Éire éomh rada ó iompair agur bí sí pian. Ni heaú, ac níor fia, dá mb'férdir é. Do neartuis teaghas-pompla na ndaoine a cuipeas éun báir epiúde agur agus na ndaoine do páistí beo.

Anran is eadh fíocáin is muintir Sarana ari an ngníomh éipilis ba meára, ba maliúcháin, ba éalte, ba bhoibhláidh dárthim náírún pian ari náírún eile, gníomh náírún éumhinn páisínais na Róimh ari a leithead a théanamh nuair a biondair a th'íarairt an épeitorim a thírsgiu, i dtuarrach aimpriú. Dubhaint muintir Sarana le n-a céile, ó bí muintir na hÉireann éomh ceapaite sin ari bár o'fágair níor túrge 'ná féanfhorair an épeitorim, ná pairb aon rudo do b'fearáil a théanamh 'n-a dtuarrach agur iad go léir do chup éun báir, gan feart, bean, ná leanb acu o'fágair beo ari talamh na hÉireann. Níor éaint gan éireacáit an éaint. Dein páipement Sarana d'fág éun na cainte 'chup i ngníomh. Do cuipeas amach airmáil Sarana, oíriodar Catapaic Lúndum. Do cuipeas anro anall go hÉireann iad agur duibhneadh iad Éire do ríseárad ó taobh taobh agur gan duine de phlioctháid 'fágairt beo 'ra n-oileán! Do deimead an ríseárad. Do deimead é go dtuarrach. Níor ríradh ré go dti gur teip ari na ríseáramh a tuisle ndaoine 'fágair le marbh. Bí Éire folamh ó thaoine anran, ac pé fuinglach beag díobh a bí i bpolas i gencualb agur i gcoiltib. Anran do cuipe-

eadh fíosra amach 'sá pairb le ndaoine i Sarana agur i hAlbain go pairb an épeitorim Gallta glacairte ari agur go pairb d'fhláim ari ari. Ni pairb talamh a ndóthain ari le páistí ann. Tánadar go tapair, 'n-a gceádtair agur 'n-a miltib. Cuipeadar fúca ari a pártacht inip na talamhnuis bpreáistír pairbheas a bí fágair folamh i ndaing na ndaoine a cuipeas éun báir. Déarrfaidh aoinne anran go pairb an ríseárla ari a dtuarrach ag muintir Sarana i dtuarrach na hÉireann, ná pairb aon teip ná go mbeadh Éire Gallta a dtóthim ari ari, agur náir baoisgal éorúe ari ari go mbeadh aon páistí ag d'fágair an pápa ari aon éup i gceádtair a théanamh iúrtí.

"Ach bí Dia ag féadaint ari an obair go léir. Díreac nuaip a bí an ríseárla rocaip ari an gcumha ran do tuairiut juro mórán teaghas amach, juro ná pairb bláthair eoinne ag aoinne leir. Na ndaoine iapaetá a bí rocaip ari talamh na hÉireann i n-inéad na ndaoine a cuipeas éun báir, éamhais aicidh éigim ghrána, éimhíteas opta. Do tuiteadar leir an aicidh sin mar a tuitear éomh tuig ran náírún fán fliúis d'fhláibh inip na poilgib agur go scáití iad do éup fé talamh ra n-áit 'n-a dtuittidír. Féidir leis an t-éigíon iad 'fágair op eionn tailimh, mar ná biond aoinne dá muintir beo éun iad th'áthlachad. Bí é opta an ríseárla é gur éipis an mero a bí beo díobh agur gur teiceadar le n-a n-anam abaire go Sarana ná go hAlbain, agur go pairb talamh na hÉireann folamh aipur ó thaoine.

"Nuair a bí an ríseárla ari an gcumha ran do pháimis go pairb a láin d'oiríseacáib aipur agur de pháisíodairib Cúmil agur a dtuarrapadail gan díol leibh. Is n-inéad aipgíodh a thábhairt d'fhláibh, mar ná pairb an t-airgead ann chuirge, is é rudo a deimead 'ná talamh na hÉireann do phaint opta. Ni pairb aon mait 'ra talamh d'fhláibh, Ni pairb aon fionn ari a bproimh. Teacht éun cónmhuighe ari. Dá bpreáidír an talamh do chup is é tháinphair leibh. Níor b'fada gur tuig na hÉireannais a bí i bpolas inip na enocairib go pairb iapaír opta. Tánadar eun folair. Do cuipeas an talamh, a gcurid tailimh éimh,

éuča aip cíor. O'oirípígsdáip an talam agus tóioladáip an cíor. Cuirí Dia an piat opta i dtíreó, tapí éip an éipilis go léir éun an chéirdeamh do múačad, go piab, laiptis de dhá céad go leit bláin ó'n am pan, náoi miliúin de Chaitilicisb tilíre i nÉirinn. Bí Éipe cóm daingean 'ra chéirdeamh, agus dliis an Pápa cóm daingean i nÉirinn, agus dhá mba ná doiptí aon bhráon pola piáin mar gheall opta. Ní headh aé níor daingine.

“Aé do éuimníg muintir Sápana anfhan aip feist eile éun na nÉipeanae a bhrígsiúad. Ómeadáip dliigte náip fás ag an Éipeanae aon tráthar oibre le déanamh aé obair na páinne. O'áptous rín an cíor aip an dtalamh. Ba gheár gup rús an cíor leip an uile bláipe de topad an tailimh aé an ppáta. U'éigsean an uile Spáinne de'n aghair a bhrí éun an cíora 'déanamh, agus an uile bláipe de'n im. Ní piab ag na daoine le n'íte aé an ppáta. Bí daoine turgionáe a ann agus conacatáip contabairt. Do labhratáip agus do ruspíobdáip go háirt agus go tian. 'Má éagan meatlugat aip an bpráta,' aip piato, 'beró gopta i nÉirinn agus gheabairt na daoine bár!' Níor cuipreadh rúim 'n-a gcaimte. Na daoine b'fágsaí báir n'eadh teaptuis ó muintir Sápana. Táinig an duib aip na ppátaí agus fuairt na daoine bár 'n-a miltib—fuairt éctipe miliúin diobh bár!

“Anfan do déin muintir Sápana gníomh cóm Spána díreac le gníomh Éamhail. Na daoine a Bí aí fánsaí báir do'n ghortad do tapaisceád rúp uibh aé an chéirdeamh do phéanadh. Slacatáip mara roga bár b'fágsaí níor túirge 'ná mar a slacfóir an rúp aip an gcomhgil rín. Do cheip aip muintir Éamhail an chéirdeamh a múačad le ful. Ceip aip an muintir a táinig 'n-a dháis an chéirdeamh a múačad le rúp. Fé déipe tlapé tall, nuairt ba leip ná déanfaradh ful an beart, agus nuairt ná déanfaradh rúp an beart. Bí daoine garta i mbairle Áta Clíat agus cuigadáip 'n-a n'aighe go mb'fíordí go ndéanfaradh feall an beart.

“Seo mar a cheapadáip an feall. Bí áptóibh ag muintir na nÉipean piáin i rgolairdeáct. Dúibairt an feallaire i mbairle Áta

Clíat: ‘Tabairfimíodh rgoileana Óib. Leoigrímidh órainn gup aip maita leibh é. Meallfimíodh ó'n gcheirdeamh iad leip na leabhráib agus leip an rgolairdeáct.’

“Do cuipreadh fuair na rgoileana. Táinig an t-aor óg go léir ipteac inp na rgoileanaib. Do ghuairt an aimpíp. Níor mealladh an chéirdeamh uainn, aé ip bó-beag ná gup mealladh uainn an piad ip feáip a Bí agaínn i ndiais an chéirdeamh, an rgíat éoranta ip tréire a Bí agaínn aip aip gcheirdeamh lárnuic de Spárta Dé Féin, an Gaeltuinn. Deiré mbliana ó rín Bí an Gaeltuinn cóm himigte rín ná piab aon tráit ag aoinne go bpréadófi i 'éimeadó beo. Bí rí cóm himigte rín, agus Bí aighe ná ndaoine cupta cóm mór pan amú leip an rgolairdeáct Halla, ná piab aé fot duine ná déarphad gup b'feara imigte i 'ná beo feapda. Na daoine ná piab aon focal di 'n-a mbéal acu, Bí móráil opta mar gheall aip. Na daoine go piab rí acu, ní atomócaidíp i.

“Nuair a Bí an rgéal aip an gcuimh pan, ip ead éuir Dia i gceoilidh an trábaírt rín go bprí a énáma anfhan rinté fa cónpáinn rín ip aip gcomháip aonóct, éipise agus aghairt a tabairt aip an nGaeltuinn agus i 'faothair agus gan leogaint di imteáct aip fad aip an raoisal. O'fheagairi ré an glaoiú. Tuis ré aghairt aip an obair. Obair mairbhusghead a b'eadh i. Ba gheár gup tuis rí aip a pláinte. Níor rtaon ré. Do bprí rí a pláinte. Níor rtaon ré. Níor rtaon ré coróde go dtí gup marbh an obair é. Tuis ré i n'aighe cad é an piabóirear a bheadh cailte ag Éipe da n-iméigeadh an Gaeltuinn. Tuis ré i n'aighe náip ceaprt trácht i n-aon éor aip anam duine i gcomhpairt leip an piabóirear pan.

“Táimíodh cuimhneáct anfho aonóct éun onóra a tabairt do mar gheall aip an obair a déin ré agus éun onóra 'tabairt do Dia na glóipe a éuir 'n-a chroíde an obair a déanamh. San amharc tá a chuaipártail go maic aige aonair ó Dia inp na plátaip, aé 'n-a taobh pan ní mirde báinn gurde le n'anam agus a iapairt aip Dia róilip agus fuainear píosuirdhe 'tabairt do.

“Sap a rgapairmidh, meapairn gup ceaprt dúinn aip mbuirdear a gábháil go duitphactac

Leir na pip maita a tóig a cnáma ar an uais  
tall ar an taobh eile de'n érinne agur tús  
iobh anall anro iad go talaí na hÉireann,  
tarb na maité milté tipe agur tarb na milté  
milté uirge, cún iad do chup 'n-a luigé i gceanné  
beanúigé na hÉireann ag feiteam le hair-  
eipiúge.

“Só dtuigairidh Dia bár naomha agur air-  
eipiúge glórínaíap tóinn go léir!

“Tarb éir onóra 'tabhairt do Dia; tarb éir  
onóra 'tabhairt do'n trágaír ro a tús a anam  
ar ron na hÉireann; tarb éir onóra 'tabhairt  
dor na peastaibh maita a tús eúgáinn abaité  
é, is ceapt tóinn cuimneamh ari ari níorúnté  
fém. Tá ré ceangailte i láthair Dé ar an  
uile duine atá ag éirteacht liom anro anoché  
an Saeltuinn o'fóglum láiríreac, mara bhríl  
ri aige céana, agur i 'comháid beo 'n-a béal i  
scaiteam a phaoisait. Mara níodhfar é rím  
níl 'ra n-onóir go léir aé rotamáir.

“Abhráimír go léir anoir an Córóin Muirí  
pháirteac le hanam an Átar Coisí an Ua  
Graimha.”

It is finished. The Rosary, led by an tAthair peastaibh, is recited, and, with a last prayer, we pass out into the darkness, filled with the misery of the life of our people in those sad dead days an tAthair peastaibh has brought back to us. The little every-day events of that time of unspeakable woe are what make the reality of the mind-picture he has called from the “vasty deep” of past centuries.

After the bright lights of the Cathedral Sanctuary we seem to have stepped into utter blackness. Then as we grow accustomed to the contrast, we note the twinkling lights out in the harbour, and beyond, and at our feet, and on the slopes around. We seem as if poised in air, with no connection between us and the little world below—an abyss of darkness comes in between.

“Is this Ireland, or is it Tír na nÓg?” says the Craoibhin.

“It must be Ireland,” replies one of our American friends, “for in the other place they would surely have an elevator.”

That is enough to break even the spell of our Irish dreaming, so we retrace our way down the winding roads and queer little alleys until we find ourselves in the midst of a hurrying crowd in the street below—a happy-go-lucky, merry crowd it seems to us; bustling after pleasure, laughing, chatting, singing, smoking, strolling in and out of the gaily-lit bazaar which seems a feature of the Cove. There is a band playing at intervals under the many-coloured Chinese lanterns and gay flags in the grounds just opposite the hotel; and now and then you can hear the musical rhythm of their own Irish from the boys and girls passing by, or, yet again, it is the quick, rushing French, or the deep-mouthing German, as a group of foreign sailors stroll about among the crowd.



REV. RICHARD HENEBRY, Ph.D.

It reminds one of the continental sea-port towns, but with more of heartiness, more of enjoyment; and yet—“Wait till morning,” says John MacNeill; and only then we re-

member. The pity of it for all those gay Irish hearts, and for that festive gathering, "for the wind passeth over it and it is gone."

In the morning early, as the great cathedral bell rings solemnly on the height, there is weeping and parting and the long embraces that can never be renewed. The unutterable sadness of that morning, as the Tender, with its human burden ploughs out towards the ocean Liner! Yesterday we jealously took back the bones of one of our exiles; to-day we see them go in their hundreds, and we ask each other how long. It is even part of the business of life at the Cove to watch them go, and the passage of a few hundreds more or less excites no comment.

Instinctively we turn towards the hill, and we think of him who lies before the altar awaiting his burial. They are going still from us; yet Father O'Growney and his friends in the Gaelic League worked hard that they might remain to Ireland. And this glorious September morning, whilst he comes back like a conqueror to his people, they hurry away as from a fever-stricken land.

Is it that the seeds they sowed are but yet in the flowering time? We do not despair of the harvest when the grain is but a milky juice, and even before the first streak of gold has crossed the corn field; nor do we think when the blessed little floweret peeps out on the potato-stalk, before ever the black mould

of the ridge has been hidden, that the famine year has come again to Ireland.

Neither do we fear for the time when the message of the Gaelic League will have sunk into men's hearts, and they will find content in the home-land, and the Cove will be deserted — but one will murmur, at times, to think of all the stout-hearted girls and boys we shall lose before then.

The bell is tolling deeply and we turn away to the cathedral of our native Colman where the bishop celebrates the Requiem Mass in presence of all the delegates and the townspeople.

Later on the funeral is again formed outside the Cathedral and they bear the coffin from the shrine of Colman and lay it on the open hearse half-buried in flowers. All the local bodies, from the Gaelic League to the Urban Council, have sent official delegations. Once more the pall-bearers take their place beside it as we walk slowly down the steep incline, with lines of thousands bringing up the rear. On through the little town which looks sad enough with its half-closed shutters and

deserted air; on to the Station where a special funeral van is waiting. Again the casket is enclosed in the oaken case and prepared for the fresh journey. There is much hurrying to and fro. Some of our friends, Doctor Lynch amongst the number, are unable to accompany us, but they are at the Station to see the last of our sagart and to speed him towards the north.



## CHAPTER XI.

### THE JOURNEY TO DUBLIN.

"Béiró fómait íp ceó aír póláire íp halla,  
San teinte teó san tóippi aír lapaú."



ON every thing is in readiness, and a little before midday we move away from the sea-line. Then, faster and faster, and soon we are at rebel Cork, which must have slept late into this autumn day, for the Station is well nigh deserted. Save for the ticket-collector and a few porters running about, there is no trace of excitement, no unusual stir on the platform. There are a few of the best of the language workers from Cork with us in the train from the Cove, and a few more now join us—but this is not the welcome we had anticipated for O'Growney at the Southern Capital.

Yet one figure we notice; it is a lady<sup>1</sup> dressed in deepest mourning. She walks slowly up the platform towards the funeral car. Then reverently she stoops to kiss the sacred casket and turns away with tears in her eyes. The simple pathos of the action strikes us all the more from its solitariness in the big Munster capital.

Wondering what has come over the fair

<sup>1</sup> This lady we afterwards learned is a namesake but no relation of Father O'Growney.

city by the Lee where as good Irish men and women are to be found as any within the four provinces, we pass on into the great plains of the South.

At Mallow "*Oíra thíb*" is the first salutation we hear—It is from our friend Thomas O'Concannon, the Ard-timhíre of the Gaelic League come all the way from the black North to join us.

"*Sé bhrónaíc íp bhrónamh an lá é an lá iníu, buíðeaíar te Oíra,"* remarks Tomás Bán, calling to mind his last meeting with Father Eugene over five years ago, on his way home to Ireland. It was away on the Pacific coast, and the light of death was already in the young priest's eyes, whilst the other was full of life and gladness to think that he was on his way to the brave little island in the west.

Here Father O'Leary has perforce to leave us, and as we watch his fine face and listen to the rapid flow of Irish as he talks to Douglas Hyde on the platform,

THOMAS O'CONCANNON.

we feel that whilst he is spared the language is safe in the homes of Munster, and inwardly we pray that time may not deal hard with our warm-hearted Southern priest, nor blunt his pen nor still his voice.



At Mallow too, Dr. Barrett, President of St Colman's College, Fermoy, has regretfully to leave us. Dr. Barrett, who had been a colleague of Father O'Growney's at Maynooth, has likewise accompanied us from the Cove.

At Ballybrophy Junction we are joined by Father Lee, another member of the Coisde Gnotha, who, though unable to be present at the ceremonies at the Cove, has made an effort to pay one last honour to Father O'Growney.

At Maryborough we see more friendly faces on the platform, and recognise James Casey of the Executive, and Arthur Griffiths, the editor of "The United Irishman," both busy men who have hurried southward at the earliest moment.

It is like a day in early summer as we pass through the Midlands, right into the heart of Father Eugene's own Leinster province to the North East; then outward, facing for the sea at Ath Cliath. The sun beams warmly on the glasswindows and around the sides of the train, and over the fair Irish land, glad at the home-coming of a hero. The autumn woods glowing in many a shade of brown and olive seem fit garlands to brighten the old worn earth. Onward still until the sun begins to sink and the shadows of the wooded country lengthen in a milder light. At last there is a glimpse of the people's great Park without the city walls, and then the chimneys and black roofs of the city itself, and, in a network of railway line, we slowly enter the station, where a great crowd await in silence.

"On Saturday evening," says the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, September 28th, 1903, "the remains of the Rev. Eugene O'Growney the distinguished Gaelic scholar and writer, whose name is indissolubly associated with the Irish Language Revival Movement, arrived in Dublin. In obedience to the general desire of his sorrowing countrymen

they were brought, reverently and lovingly, from distant Los Angeles, whither this gifted and saintly young Irishman journeyed in 1894, in a quest for health, which, unfortunately for Ireland, was not destined to be successful. Far from his native land, away from his own people, but still engrossed in a great national work, dearer apparently to him than either health or life—the work of reviving and saving the ancient language of Ireland—Father O'Growney died, a victim to an illness which his strenuous and unceasing labours undoubtedly helped to aggravate. His death brought grief to the sea-divided Irish race. It was the cause of deep regret to his exiled countrymen in the States, who, inspired by his example, dreamed of the time when Ireland would again, from shore to shore, speak the indestructible language which was universally spoken of old in the Island of Saints and Scholars, and which survived all the vicissitudes of a cruel conquest. His death was a blow to the hopes of his countrymen at home, and it brought many a bitter pang to the hearts of the young men and women of Ireland whose enthusiasm in the language revival movement his burning zeal in the same cause had fired to fever heat through the length and breadth of the land. They mourned his early death in a far-off clime. They wept in spirit beside the lonely new-made grave which imprisoned his ashes beneath the shade of the Californian palms on the distant shores of the Pacific. During the four years that have elapsed since Father O'Growney died, the feeling and the longing among his countrymen that his remains should be brought to Ireland slowly took shape and gradually grew and increased until at last, through the generous co-operation of the Irishmen of San Francisco, the ardent wishes of his devoted countrymen have been realised."

## CHAPTER XII.

### ARRIVAL IN DUBLIN.

"Comráid an éaga oft, mo léan, mar bhíat  
ír do pobal ro' éagmúir go lá na mbíat"



EVERYTHING is in order and in perfect readiness in the Capital, under the careful marshalling of Henry Bell, the ceann-urraidh, but there is only to be an informal reception this evening ; all energies are concentrated on the great buidheansiuibhal of the morrow. Nevertheless, there are hundreds on the platform and thousands waiting outside.

"For fully an hour prior to the arrival of the train," says the Dublin *Independent*,<sup>1</sup> the appearance of the assemblage at the station denoted to the casual spectator that the occasion possessed more than ordinary interest, while at the same time the subdued and reverent demeanour of the crowd indicated that its office was one of a more than usually melancholy character. When the train steamed into the station, the platform and approaches thereto were occupied by large numbers of admirers of the patriotic priest. As the engine slowed up the manifestations which presented themselves on every hand forcibly brought home to the observer the conviction that all alike were of one mind in the expression of their grief for the loss of the gifted priest, who was now at last to find his earthly resting place beneath the shadows of his own Alma Mater. The scene was in many ways touching and pathetic, but none the less suggestive of confidence in the vitality of the regenerative influences to-day operative towards the creation of a new and self-reliant Ireland, in which the life-work of Father

O'Growney can claim to hold a prominent place."

All heads are uncovered, and all eyes are turned towards the funeral van, to the front of the long line of carriages. An tAthair Eoghan is in Dublin at last—in the busy friendly capital which the Craoibhin has called the stronghold of Irish Ireland. The young workers, the sinew of the movement, free from business this Saturday afternoon, are crowding about his remains—eager to catch a first look. It is well! How the dead priest must bless them standing there ; the sturdy hurlers with their crape-draped camans, and the brave-souled girls who toil night after night in the Branch Classes, as teachers or learners—all his children in the mind-battle which spreads steadily hour by hour, draining the life-blood of many, but winning the cause that is the cause of unity and strength for the Gaedheal.

There are many familiar faces in that crowd. An old friend of the language, and its stay in the Northern capital, Doctor St. Clair Boyd, is there all the way from Belfast, and near him Alice Milligan. Mary Killeen we notice close at hand with a group of other Executive members all dressed in deep mourning,—John O'Hogan and Caireal MacNeill and Seoirse O'Muanain and Eamonn O'Neill and Father MacEnerney and Thomas Hayes. Pádraic MacPiarais is with them, and Tadhg O'Donoghue and Joseph Lloyd. Most of them are workers who toiled in the language movement side by side with Father O'Growney. Stephen Barrett, too, *Stíofán* who guards the League funds in the days of her prosperity no less carefully and jealously than he did in Father Eugene's time when a

<sup>1</sup> September 28, 1903.

cheque-book was unknown to the young League or its treasurer.

The Cumann na nGaedheal is also represented through its Executive and through the Liverpool Branch, whilst the Celtic Literary Society, the Clann na hEireann and the Old Guard Union have all sent their delegates.

Two of Father O'Growney's class fellows, Father O'Kieran, of Monaghan, and Father O'Farrell, of All Hallows, we notice among the crowd.

The Christian Brothers, the friends of the people, have sent representatives, whilst the well-known figures of Father Nicholas and Father Peter from Church-street, as they join Father Augustine from Cork, remind one that the Friars have not lost all their old strength in the land.

One there is, too, who has since changed her name for a western one—Eibhlin Drury, familiar as a worker in the London Gaelic League; with Mrs. Wyse Power, equally familiar in Dublin, and equally hard-working; Eibhlin Ni Dhomhain, too, who loved the language, *bait ó Óra níppi*, and worked for it, when the language was not fashionable, especially among women. J. F. Drury, the hon. secretary of the Cork Coisde Ceanntair, has travelled with us from the Cove, and J. R. Heffernan joined us at Tipperary. There, also, is Denis Lynch, a hard-working Dublin Gaelic Leaguer, and T. Barry the no less hard-working secretary of the well-known Branch in the plains of Cuailgne.

Father O'Growney's sister, Miss Molly O'Growney, with several relations, stands on the platform near the hearse, and David Quaid and W. Cole—but I cannot go on naming names, for soon the sun will go down and it will begin to darken in the west.

The Cuchulain hurlers make a guard of honour around the coffin as the outer oak covering is removed, and with breathless interest the onlookers see the beautiful casket revealed. Then with their locked camans the hurlers form a laneway through which the coffin is slowly borne to the hearse.

The mourners fall in behind and the procession moves into the street where the thousands who anxiously wait outside join the ranks.

In no very settled order, but without any confusion, we move down by the southern quays; a long, long walk—the city's length—towards the Cathedral, hundreds joining us on our way. It is a strange, a pathetic sight; the copper-tinted lights of the sunset on the water of the Liffey; the graceful bridges; the beautiful, softened outline of the Four Courts beyond; the rushing trams; the noise of life all around; and, in the midst of all, the lonely funeral procession moving slowly towards the house of God. Capuchins in their long brown habits and corded girdles; men of the world who have hurried away from their business to the call of an ideal; women who have the cares of home awaiting them, but who have brought out their little children that the dead patriot's blessing and the blessing of his cause may be on their household.

And all the time the short autumn twilight is setting in; and soon the colours go out of the sky, and the water grows darker, until just under O'Connell Bridge it looks a gloomy black. As we turn into O'Connell Street they are beginning to light the lamps, and to brighten up the shop windows.

At last, after winding down some dark little side streets, we are in front of the Cathedral. It is perfectly dark now. The only patch of light comes in a blinding glare from a side door leading to St. Kevin's Chapel. At first we can see nothing for the light; then we catch a glimpse of white surplices as the priests file out, followed by acolytes with lighted candles.

Once more the casket is lifted out of the hearse and borne up the Cathedral steps. The remains are solemnly received by Father MacEntee, the Administrator of the Cathedral, and as they are borne into the Chapel the priests recite the Office for the Dead. The representative delegates follow to see the

coffin placed on the catafalque prepared for it. The chapel is draped in black and looks funereal enough in the sombre light of the tapers around the coffin.

The liturgy is concluded at length, and Father Flavin turns to us, speaking in Irish, and asking us all to say a prayer for rest

to the soul of our Sagart. Kneeling we recite the prayer, nor is there one of the delegates present who does not answer in the language *An tAiltair Eoghan* would have loved to hear.

So with an "Agnus Dei" and a "Sé do Beata, a Mhuire," we leave him to the care of Saint Kevin.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### FUNERAL PROCESSION IN IRELAND'S CAPITAL.

"Céad fáilte a gaeil eorúcheasomh an taoisighseach cum  
ruain  
Ari scéalaí feaire, ari mbíortha ip ari fáilte ari

  
T was a day fitting for the return of a conqueror among his own ; bright and warm and festive, with never a blast of the coming winter to chill us, nor a breath of wind to disturb those garlands " which love hath arrayed."

Early in the morning there was a Requiem Mass in the little chapel where the coffin rested. Long before noon the streets were filled with hurrying crowds, as the contingents began to gather. Every now and then you could hear the train whistle as some one or other of the Meath or Wicklow "craobhacha" entered the city, or the muffled sound of a drum as they marshalled into order. The "ceann-urraidh" himself could be seen moving hither and thither with his two assistants, all wearing broad purple armlets with crape rosettes. The stewards of the various sections, distinguishable by their narrow purple armlets with white rosettes, were already busy at the stations assigned them endeavouring to get their divisions into order.

Soon a large number of the Executive Committee, each wearing a broad crape armlet with a saffron rosette gathered about the

League rooms, with the President and one of the Vice-Presidents.<sup>1</sup>

But there was one we missed from among us ; one kindly, beaming face ; one great boyish heart ; one who was beside us in many a fight. Scarce need to name him. Poor Father Anderson ! He is dead, but the John-street schools remain as a "leac-chuimhne" to one patriot who saw into the heart of things, and who began straightway to lay the foundation of the future, just as another philosopher advised us of late, in the cradle of the people.

One of the later Gaelic Leaguers—and here I may remark that many of our best workers are those of the later school—the practical common sense of the old priest guided him to the work that lay next him, and in doing that work he feared no enemy and he lost no friend.

He was with us at the Language Procession

<sup>1</sup> The list of Members of the Coisde Gnotha present is given thus: Mary Killeen, Mary Butler, Agnes O'Farrelly, Douglas Hyde, John MacNeill, John Sweetman, Father Lee, Cathal MacNeill, James Casey, Father MacEnerney, Edward Martyn, Eamonn O'Neill, Thomas Hayes, George Moonan, John Hogan, Seamas O'Kelly, and J. J. Doyle (best known as *Beirte Feáin*) ; and the officers of the League: Padraig O'Daly, General Secretary; Stephen Barrett, Treasurer; Patrick Pearse, Editor "An Cláróeam Soláit" ; Joseph Lloyd, General Editor; Tadhg O'Donoghue, Editor *Gaelic Journal* (the "file" of the Gaelic League), and J. O'Kelly, Manager, "An Cláróeam Soláit."

last March. "Arn't we proud of them?" he remarked joyously, as the hurlers passed us, four deep, with shouldered camans. "God bless them," he added, with a tear in his eye

The digression comes in incidentally as we honour our dead. There are many who have joined Father Eugene these latter months, for the Year of the Big Wind has been hard on us at the Gaelic League.

It was a good representation of the Gaelic League there met together. From the extreme north, and the south, and the west, they had come; many of them men burdened with the affairs of life but they would not fail to honour *An tAthair Eoghan*.

There were some from Maynooth too,<sup>1</sup> but best-known and best-loved of them among Gaelic Leaguers was *An tAthair Miceáat*; he who has turned into a vital reality Father Eugene's dreams of what Maynooth might be, God willing it so: *An tAthair Miceáat*, now as always in our movement, standing for strength and honest purpose.

Near him was Father O'Connell, Irish Professor at Fermoy College, who as a Dunboyne student filled the post of lecturer

<sup>1</sup> The Maynooth representatives at the Dublin Procession were Very Rev. Dr. O'Hickey, Very Rev. Dr. Coghlan, Father Coffey, and Father MacCaffrey.

in Irish at Maynooth the year Father O'Growney left for America.

One tall figure, head and shoulders above the crowd, we recognised at a glance, and the old workers for the language recognised it too, as that of O'Neill Russell. Talking to him, and attracting general attention by his picturesque Irish costume, was Mac Giolla Brighde,<sup>2</sup> whom everyone knows as a friend of the language movement.

The remainder of the story of that day's celebrations I shall leave largely to the Press of Dublin to tell. The outsider sees things in their due proportion, rather than one in the inner ranks. I have read no more graphic description than that of the *Freeman* in its leading article the following day, nor one better fitted to convey the impression left on the mind of the general onlooker by the funeral march.

"We question if there has ever been seen in the Irish capital,"

says the *Freeman's Journal*, "such a significant procession as that which passed

There was no lecturer in Irish at Maynooth the following year, no one being available from the Dunboyne House. The third year Father O'Growney resigned the Irish Chair and Dr. O'Hickey was appointed.

<sup>2</sup> The Honourable William Gibson.



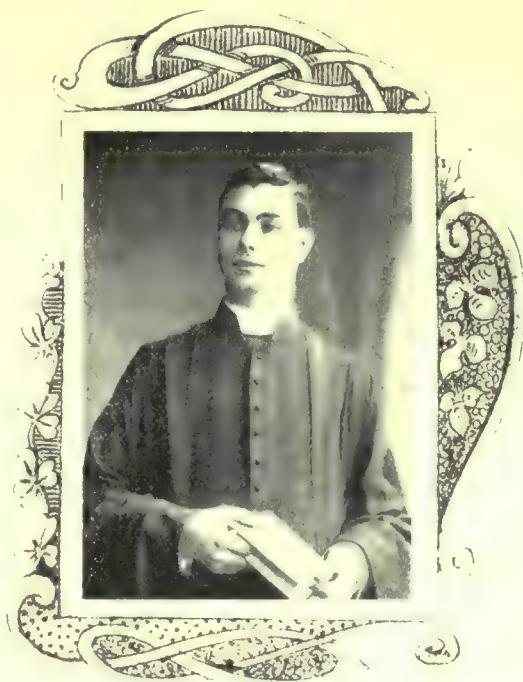
VERY REV.  
DR. O'HICKEY.

through the streets of Dublin yesterday behind the remains of Father O'Growney. What Father O'Growney had done for his people, needed not to be said at his graveside; it was there in the long line of children, and young men and women, which stretched for miles behind his coffin across the city. There were two funerals in the Irish capital with which Father O'Growney's is comparable—Parnell's and Terence Bellew MacManus'. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, as the world goes, was a much greater man than the humble Professor of Gaelic at Maynooth; but what a contrast between the tributes paid by Ireland to the remains of the two patriots. Duffy was conveyed to his last resting-place amid the regrets of a generation that is passing away; Father O'Growney was triumphantly carried to the Broadstone by a generation that is only growing into manhood, and that is breast-high for his ideas and ideals. The Parnell funeral was one intense sob for a great leader gone in his prime, and the MacManus funeral was a political demonstration meant to give the warning note to the Fenians; but yesterday's solemn function took the character of both. It was a requiem and a tocsin combined. The long line of mourners was conveying to the grave the man who re-created the idea of a new Gaelic nation; but it did not think of the dead. Davisung passionately of a priest who, in 'the proud year of '43,' was indicted, with O'Connell, for his devotion to Ireland, and who, like Father O'Growney, died in harness, and in the midst of his work for the Motherland:—

Ululu! ululu! Kind was his heart!  
Walk slower, walk slower, too soon we shall part,  
The faithful and pious, the Priest of the Lord,  
His pilgrimage over, he has his reward:  
By the bed of the sick, lowly kneeling,  
To God with the raised cross appealing,  
He seems still to kneel, and he seems still to pray,  
And the sins of the dying seem passing away.

That was the feeling of thousands yesterday about Father O'Growney. He came from the people, he worked for the people, and by the people he was accompanied to his last

rest. It is curious to reflect, too, that his remains came from far away California, as MacManus' did, and after years of an earlier burial. The idea in both cases was the same.



REV. FATHER COFFEY  
One of the Maynooth represented at the C. C.

MacManus, the dead Young Irishman, crystallised the ideas of the Fenians. Father O'Growney, the dead Gaelic Leaguer, whose whole life was given to the Gaelic cause, was the very embodiment of the hopes and ambitions of what has come to be known as 'Irish Ireland.' He was one of the first, if not, indeed, the very first, to strike the note of the new time; and within the walls of the grey old College, he inspired many a young Irish cleric with a love for Ireland of a kind so intimate and so beautiful that it seemed almost sacred in comparison with the patriotism of the platform and the market-place:

The sun set; but set not his hope:  
Stars rose; his faith was earlier up;  
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,  
Deeper and older seemed his eye:  
And matched his sufferance sublime  
The taciturnity of time.  
He spoke, and words more soft than rain  
Brought the Age of Gold again.

In the day in which he did his great work, Father O'Growney was unknown except to his pupils in Maynooth, to a few Gaelic scholars, to a hundred or two of Gaelic enthusiasts. Then ill-health overtook him, and he sought rest and health in another country. He did not look for fame; but in his retirement on the far shores of the Pacific, when it might have been thought that he would have been forgotten, his name became in Ireland familiar as a household word. We all learned, fortunately, in this case not when it was too late, what we owed to the late Gaelic Professor at Maynooth. Father O'Growney became as well known in Irish schools and Irish homes as the Catechism or the Simple Arithmetic; and his 'Easy Lessons' became as popular as the most fascinating detective stories. Who can realise what this modest priest, without the slightest fuss or boasting, has done for Ireland and for her ancient language? It is incalculable. And how pleasant it was yesterday to find that Dublin and Ireland and the Gaelic League, fully realised the debt. Nothing about the procession was so beautiful as the enormous proportion of children who took part in it; nothing so impressive as to see the large number of Catholic clergymen who walked after the great patriot's coffin. Father O'Growney was worthily carried through the Irish Capital. The honour it did him was well won. He deserved the best tribute his nation could give him; and it gave it to him yesterday, with reverence and admiration and most deep affection."<sup>1</sup>

Scarcely less comprehensive in its view of the situation is the article in the *Independent* of the same date:

"After ten years of struggle, many vicissitudes and not a few triumphs, the Gaelic League was summoned yesterday to do reverence to the memory of one whose few years of vigorous manhood were given over in absolute self-abandonment to the service of Irish nationality of the nobler order. The

humble priest, gentle and diffident in manner, but light of heart through the long and trying ordeal of waiting for the stroke that might at any moment fall, never lost confidence in the triumph of the cause to which in the first enthusiasm of his youth he declared his allegiance. And his trust has, in part at least, been vindicated. The four years that have passed since Father Eugene O'Growney yielded up his last breath in distant California, have been for the Gaelic League years of almost uninterrupted progress. To the imagination of the people the new ideal is taking shape. Their hearts, too, are being stirred in a way that the most fervid zealot of four short years ago would scarce have dared to hope for. Looking at yesterday's great funeral procession, noting the elements of which it was made up, regarding the character and mien of those who marched in it, one could not shut out the thought that in this parade there was a something of peculiar impressiveness that not all the art of the expert in organisation could impart to it by mere skill in marshalling so mighty a host. There was an all-pervading earnestness that none could mistake.

"It was this mark of solemn earnestness that distinguished yesterday's procession from other like parades that have passed through the streets of the metropolis. Only a week before greater numbers<sup>2</sup> were to be seen marching along the thoroughfares where was enacted the tragedy of 1803. None could say that that demonstration lacked aught that could add dignity to an avowal of fidelity to the principle of Nationality. To make that avowal was the purpose of the men who came from near and far to honour the memory of the patriot-martyr, Robert Emmet. No such force of attraction, however, could be adduced to explain the remarkable gathering of yesterday. Father Eugene O'Growney, though of their own generation, was unknown to the

<sup>1</sup> Some hold that the O'Growney funeral was larger in numbers than the Emmet Centenary Procession, but that is, after all, a minor point.

vast majority of those who took part in the singularly impressive proceedings. His remains were committed to earth four years ago, some six thousand miles away from his native shores. Five years of wasting strength, but ceaseless labour, had preceded his relinquishing of earthly ties. That most fruitful period of his short life had been spent in exile. The hundreds of thousands of students to whom his name was familiar through his writings, knew little or nothing of his personality. But none the less deep was their gratitude to him who had first led them to the study of the language of their fathers. Their consciousness of all this had meant to them, and all it might mean to their country, drew them to join the concourse of mourners.

"The O'Growney funeral was a magnificent demonstration of the strength of the Gaelic spirit in Ireland, while being, at the same time, a touching tribute of affection and respect to the memory of one of the chief agencies in the creation of the National ideals which now victoriously oppose the further Anglicisation of Ireland."<sup>1</sup>

We were soon assembled at the Pro-Cathedral where an impressive religious service took place in presence of the chief mourners, the delegates, the Lord Mayor, and a large number of the Corporation. Father Flavin, attired in soutane, surplice and stole, pronounced the Absolution, assisted by Father Flanagan, the President of the O'Growney Branch of the Gaelic League, and Father O'Farrell, President of the St. Malachy's Branch. The students of Holy Cross College, Clonliffe, chanted the "Libera me."

To his own Royal Province of Meath was given the honour of bearing Father O'Growney's remains. Fourteen stout men, picked from the Athboy, Kilskyre and Dunshaughlin Hurling Clubs carried the casket to the hearse. With the coffin on their shoulders they passed between the lines of the Holy Cross students who had previously fallen into position between the street and St. Kevin's

Chapel, making a path among the vast multitude who stood with uncovered heads on the steps of the church.

A large number of priests followed the casket out and into the street, reciting prayers for the dead. Then Father Flavin, accompanied by the cross-bearer and acolytes, standing on the foot-walk, recited a Pater



PATRICK DARCY.

A Cousin of Father O'Growney and one of the Chief Mourners.

and three Aves in Irish, whilst the people took up the responses solemnly in their own language.

At the exact moment appointed the signal was given and the long procession started, headed by the Athboy Hurling Club, who marched with draped camans. All through the streets the hurling clubs maintained the strictest order, keeping the passages clear with locked camans until it came to their own turn to join in the ranks. The York-street band followed the Athboy Hurlers, playing at intervals Beethoven's

<sup>1</sup> *Daily Independent*, Monday, September 27th, 1903.

"Funeral March," or the "Dead March in Saul."

The Meath Branches of the Gaelic League came next, the Athboy and Rathmore Branches leading. Both the Meath Branches and, indeed, nearly all the delegations that day included a large number of women. Father Eugene, from what is known of his views on the subject, would have liked to see the thousands of women who took part in the funeral procession, knowing it for an earnest of the success of the movement. Someone remarked that day—as devoted and unselfish a Gaelic Leaguer as we have—"that the bright and varied colours in the young girls' dresses spoiled the effect of the marching ranks, and the pity was to introduce this want of harmony." Father Eugene, I am sure, would not have thought so: he would have looked into the coming time and heard many an Irish mother re-telling the tale of the O'Growney funeral to yet unborn generations. He would have seen many a national hearth kindled that day; and mindless of externals, he would have heeded only the unity of heart beneath.

The Navan Branch followed under Father O'Farrell, well-known in Meath as a forceful worker, both in the Language and the Industrial revival. Then Kells, Trim, Old-castle, Dunboyne, Stackallen, Warrenstown and Dunshaughlin Branches; the rear-guard of Meath being brought up by the Mullingar men. From Mullingar too there came a Brass and Reed Band which attracted attention by the rendering of a new and impressive "Dead March," specially composed for them for the O'Growney funeral.

At this point and whilst the front part of the procession is moving slowly from within the shadow of the Cathedral, it may not be amiss to quote from the Press as to the general order, both within and without the ranks:—

"The display was remarkable in its dimensions, orderliness, and impressiveness. It was so distinctly Irish in character as to

strengthen the hopes of those who cherish the idea of Ireland a nation, and it was well calculated to disappoint the expectations of those who may hope that Ireland can be either coerced or coaxed into the position of a mere British province. The stranger standing in the streets of Dublin yesterday, and observing the huge procession as it wended its way along in perfect order, its draped banners inscribed with the language of the Gael, would be tempted to exclaim, 'This is, indeed, a nation, though in bondage.' Young and old, men and women, boys and girls, priests and laymen, rich and poor, were all represented in the ranks. A noteworthy feature of the gathering was the strict punctuality with which the various contingents took up the stations allotted to them whilst the procession was being formed. Each contingent, as it came along in excellent time, proceeded to its allotted place in the ranks. All were in readiness to start at the appointed hour, and not a moment was lost in responding to the Marshal's signals to advance. The muster at all points was watched with very general interest on the part of the public, who assembled in large numbers, especially in O'Connell Street and on Eden Quay, to see the sections line up preparatory to starting on their somewhat lengthy detour through the principal portions of the city to the Broadstone Terminus. The sight was, certainly, one fully calculated to arouse an interest commensurate with the solemn and pathetic function of the day. There was a splendid gathering of Gaelic Leaguers, the Dublin branches, in particular, turning out in great strength, whilst the provincial branches were also well represented. The place of honour in the ranks, as was but to be expected, was accorded to the Meath branches, who sent strong delegations to represent them. Each contingent of the Gaelic League was headed by its own banner, displaying its motto and locality. The banners were all of moderate size, in accordance with the regulation made in advance that no large banners should be

carried in the procession. The prevailing colour of those distinctive emblems was green, though, in a few instances, other colours were noticeable; but all the colouring was suitably toned down by having the banners, in every

instance, heavily draped with crape, some being draped along the edges, whilst others were entirely covered with the sad and gloomy emblem of mourning. Crape armlets were everywhere in evidence amongst the Gaelic Leaguers, many of whom wore, in addition, attached to their armlets, small pendants of white

ribbon having stamped upon them the likeness of Father O'Growney. The general display was of a most subdued character, and, in tone, fully in consonance with the feeling which animated all ranks of the procession."<sup>1</sup>

In describing the details of the funeral procession I must depend also, in a great measure, on the newspapers.<sup>2</sup> It is obvious that, for many reasons, long lists of names must be avoided. At the same time, for the interest of a future day, the names of those most prominently connected with the funeral are given all through the account.

Immediately following the Meath Gaelic Leaguers came the Dublin Branches, making

a fine muster with their draped banners, covered with Irish inscriptions. As was fitting, the O'Growney Branch, preceded by its banner bearing on the front a portrait of Father O'Growney, took the first place. Next came the Brian Boru Branch, Phibsborough Branch, and then, in the order named, the St. Laurence O'Toole Branch, the Central Branch, with its banner bearing the motto of the Gaelic League, "Sinn Fein, Sinn Fein Amháin"; Keating Branch, headed by a banner displaying the arms of Munster on a field of azure. Kilmacanogue Branch (Co. Wicklow), walked with the Dublin contingent, immediately after the Keatings; Clontarf Branch, with a deputation from Dollymount Irish Class, coming next, and then Holy Cross Branch, Dundrum, with Foresters' Band; St. Brigid's Branch, Cabinteely; Lusk Branch, with hurlers' contingent; Milltown, Rathmines, St. Kevin's Branches. Dundalk Branch came in here, with a deputation from the Young Ireland Society, Dundalk. Then came St. Teresa's Branch, Clarendon-street, preceded by a white banner bearing a representation in relief of the Saint, and suitably draped; St. Malachy's Branch, Marlborough-street; O'Reilly Branch, York-street; Mount Argus Branch; St. Mary's (Haddington road) Branch; Drumcondra Branch, with banner bearing as a device a Celtic cross, accompanied by St. Patrick's band, Drumcondra; St. Brigid's Branch, Francis street; Cleaver Branch, John's-lane; Inchicore Branch (Workingmen's Club), bringing up the rear of this part of the section.

Over each of the leading ranks of these bodies banners draped in black crape and bearing the names of the branches in Irish were held aloft and formed a very picturesque spectacle as the procession moved on its way. More than thirty of these branches passed, before the hearse, carrying the remains, came into view. The funeral car was almost covered with wreaths, all with inscriptions in Irish. Noticeable among these were those

<sup>1</sup> From the "Freeman's Journal," September 22nd, 1903.

<sup>2</sup> Portions of the reports from the various newspapers are paraphrased, and portions of them again are given verbally, now from one journal and again from another, as they appeared to be appropriate. All is woven into a description, with the writer's own remarks interspersed. It is impossible by any system of quotation to acknowledge indebtedness to the Press except in this general way.



JOHN DARCY

A Cousin of Father O'Growney and one of the Chief Mourner

from Athboy, the Executive, the Columkille Branch, the sisters and brothers of Father O'Growney, and Miss Alice Milligan. Beside it, on either side, walked the American pall-bearers—the Rev. J. K. Fielding, the Rev. Dr. Henebry, Major O'Donovan, and Mr. L. J. Brannick, the delegates of the Gaelic League in American. Around the hearse in addition to the pall-bearers was a bodyguard of thirty-three members of the Athboy Hurling Club. Immediately after the hearse were the members of "An Coisde Gnotha," including the Irish pall-bearers.

The chief mourners and the representatives of Maynooth followed.

Then came ten of Father O'Growney's class-mates, who were there that day to honour their dead friend. They were : Rev. Thos. O'Donnell, Vice-President, All Hallows College; Rev. Michael O'Farrell, All Hallows College; Rev. Thomas Mockler, St. John's College, Waterford; Rev. W. Delany, C.C., Coone, Bagnalstown; Rev. W. Foley, C.C., Ballynacally, Co. Clare; Rev. Richard O'Connell, Vice-President, St. Flannan's College, Ennis; Rev. Denis Flynn, President, St. Finian's Seminary, Navan; Rev. John Begley, C.C., St. Munchin's, Limerick; Rev. John O'Reilly, C.C., Tournakady, Baile an-robhair; Rev. Lorcan O'Kieran, C.C., Magheracloone, Co. Monaghan.

Some of these, as we can see, must have come at great inconvenience from far parts of the country.

The Boys Brigades of Church Street, York Street, and Rathmines which followed, presented a very picturesque appearance in their pretty uniforms, and excited wonder and admiration among the spectators by the readiness with which they obeyed the military directions of their officers, and the precision with which they marched and performed the simple manœuvres required of them. Each of the three brigades was accompanied by a Brass and a Fife and Drum Band. The Church Street Brigade mustered a thousand strong, under the command of Col. Tierney, Lieut.-

Col. Montford, Major Egan, and Captain and Adjutant Griffin ; the York Street boys were a hundred strong, under Captain Corrigan, and the Rathmines Brigade numbered five hundred, and was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Daniels and Major and Adjutant Martin. The boys of the Christian Brothers' Schools and of the National Schools of the city, the students of the Training and other colleges in the city and provinces, came next, with the Cumann na nGaedheal branches. The Daughters of Erin, wearing Celtic brooches tied with crape, marched in strong force, followed by the Clann na hEireann, the Celtic Literary Society, the Celtic Association, and various other societies. The Christian Brothers' boys made a magnificent display, their participation in the impressive event, under the direction of their teachers, giving another illustration of the genuinely national atmosphere in which they are being brought up by the teaching community to which Ireland is so deeply indebted. The Christian Brothers' boys numbered altogether about two thousand. In addition to the city day-schools, the O'Brien Institute, Fairview, and the St. Vincent de Paul Orphanage, Glasnevin, which are also in charge of the Christian Brothers, were represented, and the cheerful and smart appearance of the lads was evidence of the care which they receive from their kindly foster-fathers. The Gaelic Athletic Association presented a fine manly appearance, and the marching of the hurlers with lowered camans excited admiration for its military regularity, as these fine athletic young fellows made their way towards the place of muster. The members of Temperance Organisations, the Irish National Foresters, and Friendly Societies, too, mustered in good numbers. Many of the Foresters wore the Robert Emmet costume, and presented a very picturesque appearance.

Next in order followed the representatives of city Trade organisations, and prominent amongst them were the Dublin Silk Trade,



Rev T. O'Donnell, C.M.



Rev Richard O'Connell



Rev. W. Delaney



Rev. John Begley, C.C.



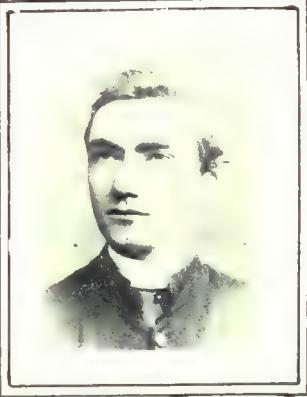
REV. LAURENCE O'KIERAN, C.C.



Rev. Thomas O'Farrell



Rev Thomas Mockler



Rev W Foley, C.C.



Rev Denis Flynn



Rev J. O'Reilly



the Slaters, the Bakers and Confectioners, the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, the Dublin Pork Butchers, and the Kingstown Labourers' Society. Those taking part in the procession wore mourning rosettes of different devices. A notable feature in the procession was the presence of a large number of Catholic clergymen who came from all parts of Ireland. Several of them walked with the branches of the Gaelic League of which they are members. About twenty members of the Dublin Corporation, headed by the Lord Mayor and the High Sheriff, walked in a body after the Trades representatives, and then, forming the rere of a splendidly-arranged and most impressive procession, came a number of cars, and behind those the vast crowds that lined the streets fell in and followed the cortege to the Broadstone Terminus.

The route appointed for the procession from the Pro-Cathedral to the Broadstone Station was Marlborough Street, Britain Street, O'Connell Street, Westmoreland Street, College Green, Dame Street, Parliament Street, Grattan Bridge, Capel Street, Britain Street, Rutland Square (west), Granby Row, and St. Mary's Place. Crowds of spectators assembled all along the way, gathering in increased numbers at particular points of vantage. Their demeanour was most orderly and respectful, and was sympathetically responsive to the whole tone of the demonstration. There were enormous crowds in the neighbourhood of the Pro-Cathedral and in O'Connell Street. It seemed at first as if the procession would experience a difficulty in getting along; but when the marshals advanced, the people immediately made way, opening a passage through which those participating in the procession, and who marched five deep, made their way without difficulty.

The solemn music of the bands, to which the processionists marched slowly; the numerous draped banners, and the serious and respectful attitude of processionists and spectators alike combined to render the scene a most

impressive one. When the hearse containing the remains of Father O'Growney appeared in sight at any given point the men amongst the thick lines of spectators made ready to take off their hats, so that along the whole long line of route the coffin passed between rows of bareheaded spectators. The procession shortly after entering O'Connell Street passed by the premises of the Gaelic League, which were gracefully and appropriately draped. O'Connell Bridge, College Green, and Grattan Bridge are favourite points of observation on the occasion of public pageants. They were also availed of to view the procession, large numbers taking up their position there. An idea of the length of the procession may be gathered from the fact that when the rear of it was crossing O'Connell Bridge the head of it had passed through Capel Street and was entering Rutland Square by way of Britain Street, the line covering the vast stretch of ground lying between the two points over the route already mentioned.<sup>1</sup>

Unusually large numbers also assembled in the vicinity of the Broadstone Station, awaiting the arrival of the procession. Here most admirable arrangements were made to preserve order and to secure a clear way for the procession. Several bodies of hurlers lent their services, and, linking their hurleys, formed barriers, inside which the spectators were not allowed to go. The public, recognising the wisdom of the arrangements in the interest of order, cheerfully co-operated in their observance. The Metropolitan Police at this and other points also acted with admirable tact in keeping order, but the chief part in keeping order was taken by the Hurling clubs. The regularity with which everything proceeded was most creditable not alone to those who organised the procession and to those who participated in it but also to the vast crowds of spectators.

On the arrival of the head of the procession

<sup>1</sup> It has been stated in the Press that the procession was over four miles long.

at the gateway of the avenue leading to the Broadstone Terminus the advanced ranks separated, and lined the roadway on either side, the hearse, followed by the pall-bearers and mourners, being thus afforded a clear passage to the station, which was entered at about 3.15 o'clock. Members of several of the Gaelic League branches then marched

into the station by other gates to travel to Maynooth in the train bearing the coffin. The majority of the other contingents marched past the Broadstone, the bands still playing their solemn music, and entering Farrell Lane dispersed to their various destinations by way of Constitution Hill.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### MAYNOOTH.

“Páistí na n-éan ór na gceagaibh go rúbáis  
Ag impealt e spéire te truaig  
Is fáilte na n-géas go dromaid ag tuathair  
An t-áit é cum a pháistí eis neig.



THROUGH the lines of lowered caravans we passed into the station, where, after a brief delay, the coffin was removed from the hearse

to the outer

oak case, and was placed in a special coffin carriage piled with flowers. About five hundred people travelled by the special train including all those who were immediately connected with the funeral ceremonies.

Soon we were in sight of the grey old college walls. On the platform the Vice-President, accompanied by the late Vice-President, now Bishop of Clonfert and a large number of the College staff,<sup>1</sup> in soutane and

surplice, waited to receive the remains, whilst through the green of the hedge towards the road one could catch a glimpse of the white surplices of the long line of students who waited in settled ranks outside. Mr.

Moonan, on behalf of the Funeral Committee, formally introduced

the representatives of the Gaelic League and the relatives of Father O'Growney. The casket was then taken from the outer oak shell and the fourteen chosen Meath men proudly shouldered their burden which was carried to the hearse in waiting.

MacDonald, Very Rev. Dr. Fogarty, Very Rev. Dr. MacRory, Rev. Father Walsh, O.P.; Very Rev. Dr. Hogan, Very Rev. Dr. Lennon, Very Rev. Dr. Forker, Rev. Father Gilmartin,

Rev. Father MacGinley, Rev. Father Harty, Rev. Father Bewerunge, Rev. Father Morrisroe, Very Rev. Dr. Luzio, Rev. Father Mulcahy, and Very Rev. Fathers Walsh and Rosister, C.M., Spiritual Directors.



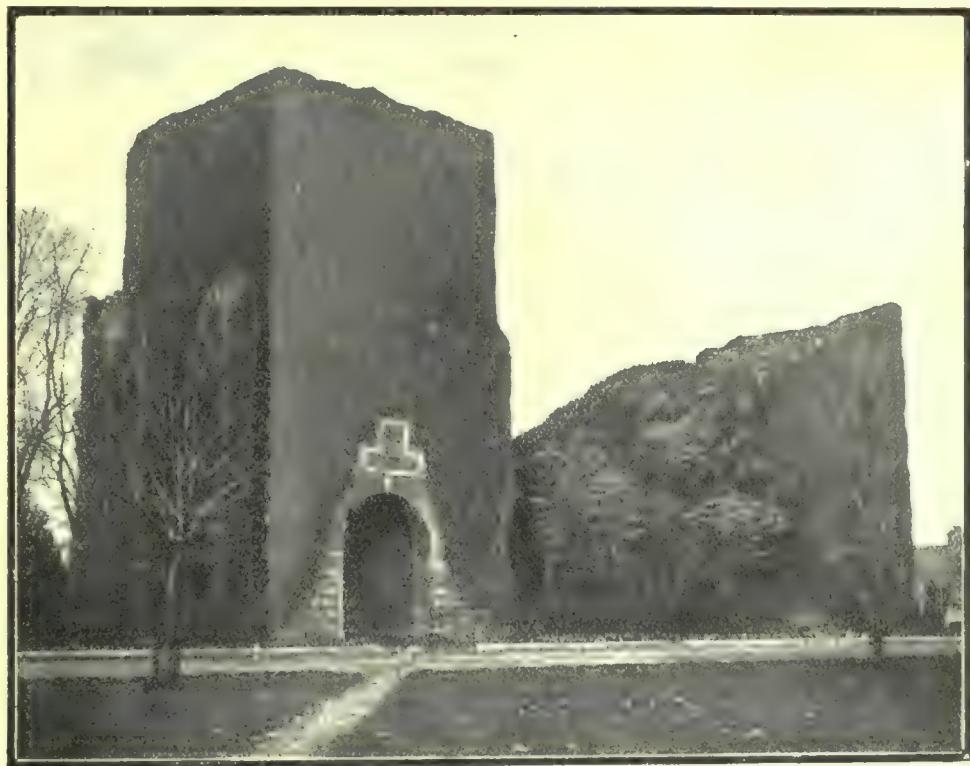
MOST REV. DR. O'DEA,  
Bishop of Clonfert.

<sup>1</sup>The Superiors and Professors at the station in addition to those who took part in the Dublin procession, were:—Very Rev. Dr.

Meantime train after train steamed into the station and the crowds poured out in thousands to mingle with the other crowds of Kildare and Meath men who had come across country to meet the funeral.

Again the hurlers kept order, but this was no easy matter in the narrow road packed with a dense throng. The procession started at a quick pace, the horses being restive at the unusual commotion. But the

lege, and we held our breath for wonder at the sight. I see it now as then. The huge castle walls to the right, dark with ivy that glistens in the sunset. The tower and the ramparts where the Geraldines fought many a good fight till betrayed by their own; and in the distance beyond, the College, newer to the life of the country, but a thousand times more momentous than ever a stronghold of Hiberno-Norman. There is no look of mourn-



A VIEW OF MAYNOOTH CASTLE.

pace became slower as we wound up the bridge until, at length, the whole huge gathering paused as the noise of yet another train was heard in the distance. Not one of those who loved the cause should be denied their share in the great funeral.

On again towards the village, the students and priests in front singing the "Miserere" in harmony.

Suddenly we turned a sharp angle in the centre of the village leading towards the Col-

ing under the crimson of the passing day—except, it may be, for the dark yews within the gates—those old, old yews which have seen the passage of Father Eugene as they have seen the passage of Celt and Norman and Saxon. From those gates nine years ago, he came out with the hand of Death already upon him—now he enters as a hero, to whom Death is but a faint remembrance and a dream.

It all comes back in a flash—the long line

of white-robed priests and acolytes marching under the great cross.<sup>1</sup> The hurlers with lowered camans; the black horses of the hearse with their nodding plumes; the Gaelic League Branches with their crape badges that somehow had lost the look of mourning: the Craoibhin and Eoin MacNeill walking solemnly beside the coffin of their dead comrade: Father O'Kieran beside me, to whom Maynooth brought back a host of memories all connected with O'Growney: Michael MacKenna and Patrick O'Growney, with Dr. Henebry and the American delegates, all following close behind, and over and above all the sound of the "Miserere," rising and falling, until, as we entered the gates, the Psalm had ended.

In silence we moved through the grounds until we approached the front of St. Mary's. Here the students had already ranged themselves behind the black-draped pulpit in the centre of the gravel area. Then they sang the Benedictus, and, as the coffin was placed on the bier near at hand, they gathered around and sang a "Cóineadh" over the remains.

## I.

Céad fáilte ó gaeil eorúde róimh an laoé  
"Tigseáet éum rúain.  
Ár gceád searf, ár mbírón, ír ár fáin-eorúde,  
Ár fáisgeart raoir-éan rómh, ár faoi rámh-mairt  
ruaire,  
Ár n-éairgítheadh tóis uainn ár mbuaileadh,  
Fáilte na n-éan ap na gceádair go tuibh,  
As impreacáit a tréite te truair,  
Ír fáilte na ngéas go déanaid as ualaúd  
An laoé éum a péitíteap a uair.

## II.

San rtaon lá ná orúde gup meácató a bhris  
D'oiríbhs ré dá tig éppa aoiúinn;  
Ír dípi do tig ré gaeil rmaimead dá eorúde,  
Dípi bhearrad ré beata 'gup mite,  
Ná ril íp ná rmaoin gup caillte a faoisai  
Síb gup cláirdeadh é go luat ó n-a faoitap

<sup>1</sup> The cross bearer was a Meath man, Patrick Smith, of Kilskey.

'S iao an laoéraó 'r mó bhuairdear go minic  
an éraobh,

Iao tuitear i dtóraí na bhrisghe.

## III.

Na bhrónaé a éorúde 'rtig an tráit rím do  
rgaon

A long tág an taorúe anonn uainn,

Na bhrónaé do b'fágáil báir toidh go faon

1 bhrat ó n-a tig spáisíomair tútear.

Cúig bhrónaé tuimh go ríon é, gup fáis rinn 'n-a  
luigé é

1 gceád ó n-a muinntir 'r a éuallact.

Náir tágard 'fírinn Dia ap mhaor-failtíge cláon  
Náir tágard i n-éirinn a uair.

## IV.

Déantap uairg d'ap gceád-éan go doimhinn  
teatán péir

1 bhrót úp fionn-éan na hÉireann;

So mbéirid trácht glinn na glé-mairtine 'rilt  
éirí an bhréar

Águr mion-rgota 'fáir ann 'n-a gceádachair.

Ní cheaptóea leacth ó n-ap n-éairgítheadh tréan

ná a rgéat-pan i nglan-máimor spéannta,

Máiréadachó a éal i gceádachib na ngláeádeal

An fáidh bhearrap trácht uighe do'n tréan-máim.

This English paraphrase gives some idea of the original :—

## I.

All hail to the Chief who comes home to his rest,

Priest of all priests, our sagart a ruin,  
Our priest of the gentle ways, our sage deeply-learned.

Our hero who takes from us woe.

Oh! sad is their welcome, the birds on the boughs,

The birds on the boughs chant thy riches of heart,

And the boughs, too, are swaying and whisp'ring of thee.

Whilst we make thee a grave for thy rest.

## II.

Without rest day or night till his strength ebbed away

He toiled for his bright land of story;

Hers was his heart and every thought of his soul,  
 And his life, too, a thousand times over.  
 Do not think, do not think, that in vain was that life,  
 Though soon, all too soon, he was snatched from his toil;  
 Most often the chiefs through whom victory is won  
 Are the chiefs who fall first in the fray.

## III.

Oh ! sad was his heart when the land of his love  
 Sank in the wave as his bark sped away ;  
 Oh ! sad was his heart when his eyes failed in death  
 So far from the land where his heart ever lived.  
 For ever we'll mourn that we left him in death  
 Far away from the friends and the people he loved.  
 We pray thee forgive us our cold-hearted delay.  
 That but now in Erin we're making thy grave.

## IV.

For the love of our hearts let us make a deep grave  
 'Neath the sward of his own native Erin,  
 Where the bright dew of morning will glisten above  
 And wild flowers without number will bloom ever there.  
 No monument needs he, our chieftain brave,  
 Nor storied marble to tell of his fame:  
 His name shall live in the heart of the Gael  
 Whilst the stream flows down to its ocean grave.

The whole mass of the procession had filed into the square as the students of his own College *caoined* over the returned body of O'Growney; and the men stood with uncovered heads, as the wailing chant was echoed and re-echoed in melancholy notes from the walls around. It was all inexpressibly sad and touch-

ing in its simplicity. It brought one back to the island homes of the west, and to the little wakes on the clay floor of the kitchen where they raise an *oéón* over the dead ones—such wakes as Father Eugene had seen in Inis-meadhon. It was a beautiful thought inspired the young Dunboyne Priest,<sup>1</sup> who wrote the Marbhna; and as we listened we blessed him in our hearts for his happy foresight of the fitness of things. We knew very well who had co-operated with him, turning the words of the poet into a reality. God bless the German priest<sup>2</sup> who has always been friendly to the Revival Movement, and who is now one of our active workers.

During the pause which ensued when the last notes of the "Caoineadh" had died away, Dr. Mannix conducted Father Seaghan O'Reilly of Tourmakeady, one of Father O'Growney's class-mates at Maynooth, to the pulpit in the centre of the gravelled space in front. The vast crowd, both priests and people, pressed closer round. The preacher paused a moment as if collecting his energy, then, glancing at the coffin, he began :

"Super scis istuc... et propositum est vobis in mittendo."

"Bí tuisfead agam éap na peanóirib do túis mo tlapáluéit mo muinte go leir

"Coéair na hoibrithe reo, a Éamhre, na bhráidra tóipeadáin, poitéipe reo; coéair beatháil an Átar Coisían iad, agus cláir a míniúche. Dain iú an míniúchád suna feairí do túis peipean eáir éinití na nGaeilgeat 'ná marú do tungsgeadair na peanóirí agus tlapáluéit a muinte i, agus níl ciatl aip bit le n-áir geuro oibre intiu, agus níl ionann fáin aét an oibreád reo amadán.

"Ír píos-múnic do Éamhlaí agus 'Gá ráid suna mór an lá le hagairt Éigeanann a leitáro reo ná a leitáro riú do lá. Aét, do mo bhréiteamhnaír moíomhail píom, 'r é an lá intiu an lá is mó ronar agus dócas rám éipis aip Éiginn

<sup>1</sup> Father O'Kelly.

<sup>2</sup> Father Bewerunge, Professor of Sacred Music at Maynooth, who harmonised the "Miserere" and the "Benedictus" specially for the O'Growney Funeral, and the "Magnificat" sung later on at Vespers.

Ó'n lá úto fad ó, nuairi do lar Naomh Pádraig an teine Cárga aip énóe Sláine. An lá sin fad ó, táinig anam i nÉirinn, agus buri tuairisínighé an Spioráid Naomh an teine úto. Teine do-mhúeta i nÉirinn i, mite glór do Dia, aét ní huionann sin i a pád náp b'férdir le n-a larairi dul i meirbhe ná i Láige. Tíos comáistíle Naomh Páid óa Úrsgiodaíl Timotheus i sciumhne Ógáin annpeo—admonco te ut resuscites gratiam quae est in te per impositionem manuum meorum. 'Té sin, an Spára do b'ann, do tuisceadh do thábhachtach Páid, O'at Laraid, do Laraid aip air, aét-nuair, marí is bhus do'n focal Spáisíre aonáiceáper. Agus fíoromhúile a taispíugád Ógáin pán iníonu so gcluinnimh Naomh Pádraig 'sá fuaigreád o'Éirinn en Spára do fuaigreád o' Dia i ré n-a Láimheach pán, O'at Laraid, i an teine nícheann re i gceoilre éinriú na nÍseáidéil do Spioráid agus do gormhaistír fuaigreád, agus, do mo bharáinil-re pán, sin go díreacé aitá 'sá bheanamh ag Éirinn annpeo iníonu.

"Ní tíos linn gán a móruighéad iníonu gup cimeád aip leitit Ógáin pán. Ógáin is óeáid i reo Éireannach i sciumhne Ógáin, pé ole maite linn é, go raibh oispeacht mórluataid éinriú agaínn, agus gán meap ná beann agaínn uipíti, aét oifeadó 'r go mbur ó éinr marla agus náipe Ógáin i, agus go díreacé eion a habamair ag cairteamh na feirbhe úto faoi n-ápi gheoraib, agus ag faltairt uipíti, gup glan dá pán do b'í larairi teinead Cárga Pádraig ag



FATHER JOHN CROWLEY.

éalóid aip 7 ag dul i gcaiteamh i n-ápi meaig, riúd 'r gup d'oirí le daoinib díperte gupab amhlaidh b'í ri ag éipge ní buri gile 'ná aputamh.

"Níl puto aip b'í 'pan dooman i piongantairge 'ná a phobachtach daomh do meallaí, munab é an t-dúil b'ios acu go minic i n-a meallaí pán é. I pionntuail 'gup fuaimeacád, pácta an ní é an reáchain. Fágann p' duine raop ó inniu é i

etó náe p'fóir do Ógáin te húgdaonáir b'íteach gán a chuid aithreacra pán anoir agus aipir go mb'fóir do b'fóir 'c uile puto aip feabhar, ná go b'fóir eion-failliúise aip bun annpeo ná annfíú, aip a fion sin, is annamh is minic leip puto aip b'í do éilp, ná a píseáil do éireacra d'fílaemh aip maectnamh ná eor do éinr do pán, i n-a aithneachad do b'fóir, is pionntuail 'gup feapáit linn uile an doipéadar 'ná an rotup. Agus is dá éinr i gceill gupab e an rotup d'áiltír an ébhoradair, aitá, gup teine a luaráitear go riopairtear leip na húgdaonáir náomhá análuigé, mar tuair deallphair agus b'fóir aibidáile, mar comártá sléipre agus sláine, mar sléap slanta 'c uile fóirí falcáir, aét go mór-mór 'c uile falcáir níomhig sláinte.

Aip n'fóir, ní p'fóir a fóruigád do comártá. Agus is níme sin atáim ag tabhairt aitá laraid teinead Cárga Pádraig aip a b'fóir aip bun agaínn annpeo iníonu, mar gup deagóil liom gup pár d'oiríte, cpeanta reacmall, agus pár roillpíste, slanta intinne na tíre an obair-tomáinamh.

Lae reo. Ìr aip éigim naé bfuilginn ionnam pén teine énáin ppiopadála do tabairt uipí, dá éup i scéill gup teine i aip enámais an Aíap Eoghan a slanfar agur foirbheiscear agnead na nGaeitheal.

“ Do bí an típ aip reacphán. Aip níosig, ní gan a minuigád pén do bí rím, ná gan a leit-rgéal bphiosmáip of comair. Dé agur an traoisail. Aict rím júid aip leit—bí rí aip reacphán, ciall leip nō gan éeill, dallta leip an bpháinein buidh mór milleadh agur buidh deacra rgaoleadh aip bít, dallós na hinninne. Dallós naé leigeannd do'n intinn a bhráit ná a mótuigád ná a éperdeamaint go bfuil rí pén dall, ná go bfuil an júid ip luighe do bít ná o'earbharó uipí pén éagachas, go cinnle, aip deacair a leigear. Óip éup i gceáip gup péríodh éor a bít é, ip dá haindeónn pén do píor ip éigean a déanam, ní hé amáin gan tuairiséal, gan buirdeacar, aict go lu-mhime, fáraor, tré anphó agur geafad agur giorraíodh raoisail. Mar rím pén, t'oilé, fuit an feair feair píuteóilte do'n intinn gáilteáis ósan a pháit tuispim aige tair na reanóirib agur éap luét a muinte go leip.

“ Anoir, ní hé atá fum, beartá a raoisail t'airíp ná do deargadh aip a éente. Do píor na phíseád rím, ní móran do bheadh le pháid dá éabó. Buidh seapáip an phae raoisail fuaipí ré, aict i n-acair geapáip do éamhionn pí am phada. Ìr é píteáin a bheadáin, agur an obair do bí faoi. Óra dá éup i gceáid t'í, pí é buidh mian liom t'fhorghaibh amach beagán, do píor map éeapaim i mo báramail pén é. Agur ní píodh rím do déanam gan leápsur éisín do tabairt píor aip an raoisail do bí ann in pan típ reo éom gáil tair n-aimpíp pén agur píodh bhuadan ó fom.

“ Buidh duibh, bprónaibh, an uair i n-éiginn i. Ìi tréadairde agur tréadairde an laptair 'ran uair—Seagán bprónaibh móri Mac hÉil. Fácas do 'c uile duine gup cailleadh agur gup cimpeadh teanga na hÉireann in 'ran uair map aon leip. Agur buidh éuma rím leip na daonibh, ná, go deimhin, 'r é ip éup òam a pháid náir éuma, óip do bfeapáip i bprao leibh é, an

méid acu aip b'feap doibh aip aon éor go phair a leitáeo de teangaird ariamh ann, juto náip b'feap dá n-úpmóir.

“ Ìi cataoiriù Hædilge 'ran scoláirde móri reo, aict, má bí, ní fáca tú ariamh doil magaird aict feap a muinte agur feap a foighlamh. Aip níosig, bí a phioct aip. Ní phair duine de céad ag tabairt aípte aip bít aip an nGaeilge, aict ag leanamaint do éraothaibh oideacair a phair uppaim ná meap éigim oíche. Agur ag caiteamh a mbriodh agur a n-acairim ag comhlint le éeile aip éoríp na hinninne. Aip éoríp éilí agur gáimha bónibh pén, níl naé iongnasó.

“ Agur, dá pípibh, buidh doibh aip faoi gan ruim éigim do éup imp na geallairiú uí. — A feabair do bí a phíor agaínn uile a mheád buidh éilí aip mac-Léiginn é, a bheit le phaoi aige go bfuaim pí duair i Muig Nuadáin. Ìr amairiù duine intleáctae a mbéad obair aige aip an scéil rím, — a phíor aige a mheád do bhoí meap aip feap na hinninne, imp an scoláirpoe — amuiris aip futo a tioigóire, — gup meap mapéannas, comhartheacáe é freiríp, do leanaíodh do'n feair rím go lá a báir, agur foirbheiscead uibh, do leatéamaird aip eáe.

“ In-a aípuigád do bpratáibh, b'í Maig Nuadáin an áit le do éilí ‘éup’ le “ t'ainm do déanam,” map do tuisceáidh aip, ní le gan a déanam: óip bí an oá éabó do'n píodh. Óa gaeoéinigéaduile duine a píom ann gan buidh éigim do gnotháin, ní bítí ag rím le taoisach uairí píodh ó fom amach. Agur dá n-éigseád le n-a fhamail rím do duine bocht éeapáibh aip níor aip bít 'n-a diaidh rím, agur é amuiris 'n-a phasáid, ip amhaird éocfaidh píle imp na daonibh, amair 'r go mb'áibh grianfuisce é. Agur do b'í an déad éeipt ag eáe aip a éente—eia an éiail é reo, ní ead ip bpríos òibh, ní ead tá mo duine bocht aip a éoríp, ní ead tá uair, ní ead ta aip? Náid ead naé bfuairiù reipean taoisach ariamh i Muig Nuadáin. — Náid leibh rím do éeapáibh naé píodh do ceannar ná cumas aip bít do bheit ann? Agur ead tá ag tabairt aip bheit ag iarráid teaté amach aip a blaorás anoir? Ní píodh naé glan aip a éeill atá pí ag dul, go bpríoribh Óra aip an truaigán bocht!

1 ríoméit íp gup tréan an toil agur gup móí an mórneacé do teaptóideas ó fágapt ós nō meádon-aorta le híppraéit do éabairt faoi puto ap bit feapda, muna páib do fíeala ap go ndeapna fíealpsead éigim i pít a phíme i Muig Nuadat. Muna mbéad, 'r é meaptaoi i n-a éeapt dó, turise riop i Úspolad, i gán bheit ná bapamail do bheit aige ap tadaid.

"Rud eile annpín acaitphíobaircinniúsgaibh — ná mbiorú tuine faoi éal na Saeóilge, 'r é faoiltí naé mbiorú pat ap bit aig i gclionn tadaid eile. Agur níl peactháin ó éuala mé feap 'sá éup i n-iongnáit an gcleo i an tóiginn móí peo do bheit ap buan faoi tairibh an Aithíon Ógáin pém. "feap," ap reipean, "naé bhuairt cluá ná buairt ariam i puto ap bit aét 'rón nSaeóilge amáin." Aonair, ní le ríocmeap ná le heapúppairt atubairt an feap út pín, óigí ba feap piş-éneapta é, agur buirtheadé do'n Saeóilg, aét i e teamh pean-ghnáitseáit píomhante.

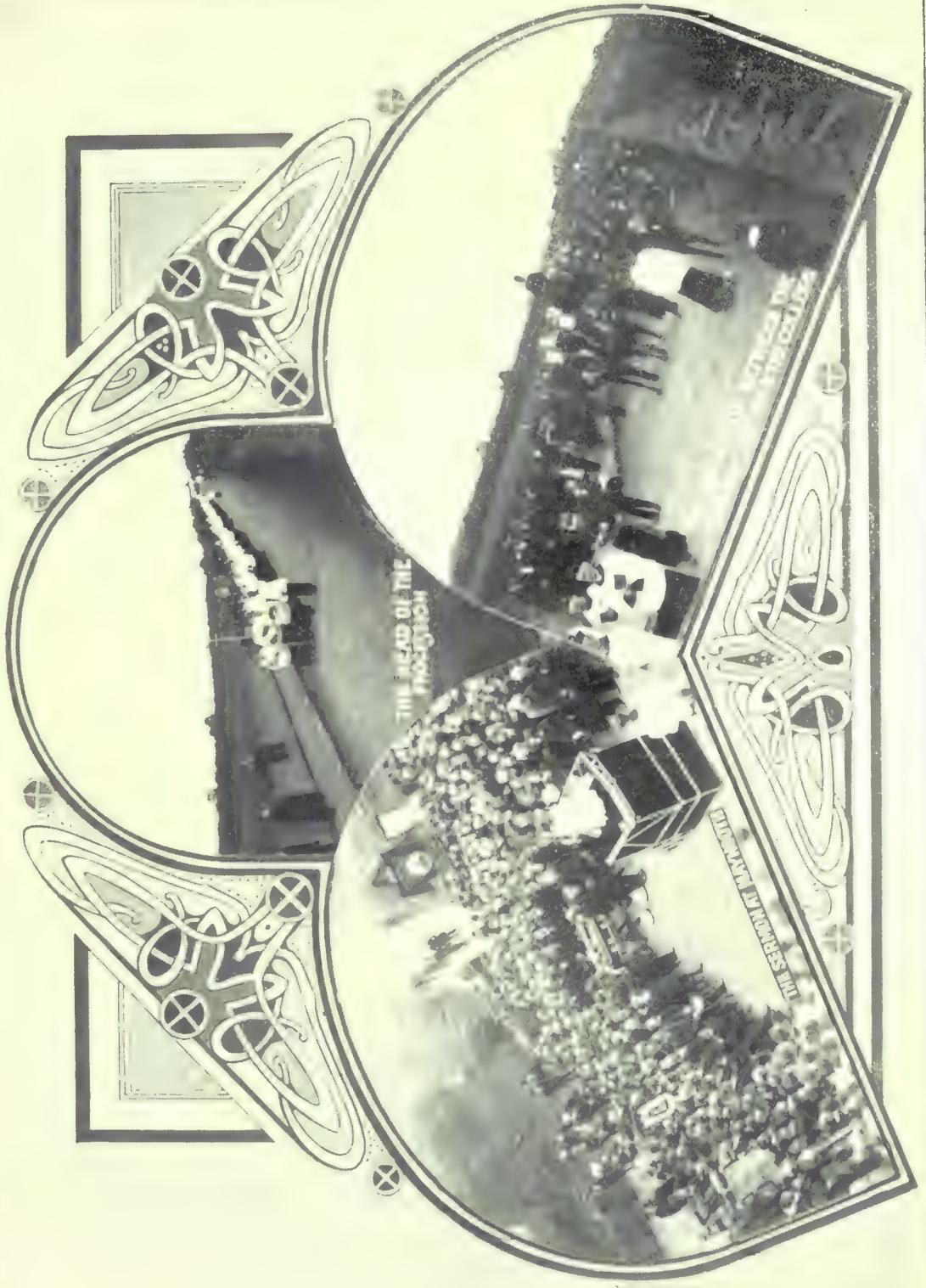
"Aét ríp do gheperoti ná dá n-aitintí gup feap móí-tuigreanaé, ná feap ba móí oitseádar i cílair é an Saeóilgeóir, buidh cuma pín agur eáit na Saeóilge do bheit aig. Caitteád ré go páib puto éigim buan-óp-cionn leip, caitteád ré go páib phairtum, ná eor, ná capair éigim i n-a éanltheadé, caitteád ré gupab ariam an tuine é, agur rípeir do éup i níó lomhí ruairí, níomhain, iarrgeúltadé leip an nSaeóilg. I gheurí íp go mbiorú an dá éigis eallte as an nSaeóilgeóir do éanltheadé ré túpla agur ní biorú túpla aige dá bapp. Do milleád eáit na Saeóilge an éinti eile dá éliú ap fad. Dá mba daor glan deapás do bí ann, aét gán Saeóilg bheit aige, béal ré ceapt go leorí, ná, ap a Laigead, do phácaib ap ó éal amadán: aét dá mbéad iomlán an eólair aige, agur ainn na Saeóilge do bheit aig, buidh leorí pín leip an iomlán do milleád.

"Sín marí do biorú an ríseal, agur, fáraoir, íp móí buidh mian liom dá hípeadainn a páid nád amhlairí atá ré go fóill pém, mariorí le curio móí de na daonib. Agur íp uime do-ghním beagán comhairle aig, dá éup i gceáill a meara do bí ré do éanltheadé ap tuine inntleacáit, a dícheall do bheanáin faoi comhair a cluá pém,

nó, ap a Laigead, bheit ap a comháid ap éal na Saeóilge; agur do'n leit eile, a meara d'ioibhaint do bí ré, dubh-ópum do éabairt do pín uile, agur bualaib amáe ap leit ap copán do pém. Sin d'oitse go dípeacé marí do punne Eoghan óg Mac Con Íarnna. Íp ríos-áití do b'aitnír dó gnáth-bapamail Muighe Nuadat agur gnáth-meas na típe ap fad ap na duair-eannairí agur ap an nSaeóilg, aét ní do péip an ceapta pín do cum ré a comháid ná do Sáib ré a pún. Do mótiúgs ré a atáphuigád te gne ag glaotháe ap—gut an am' atá tápt, gut Éipeann agur a naom, gut Dó na hÉipeann agur ní deapna ré moill ná comhairle aét umluigád agur beannuigád dó, agur fíorúm agur fomór do gheallamáin dó — óip do tuisg ré niop mó ioná na peanóirí, niop mó 'ná luéit a múnite go leip.

"Do érom ré ap an nSaeóilg d'fóglaim: agur do éorád a phoibhreigte i a bheanáit, niop b'fada go páib ré gán méir gán mac-bapamail i n-eolair ap an teangeal. Buidh cuma leip ré Sean-Saeóilg ná Saeóilg laeteamail na nílaomé é, go dípeacé do péip marí teagmád ré i n-a bhealaé. B'ionann dó Saeóilg na gCéitíre Máisírtíj ná ríseal fíomhurtheacáit. In-a éinti laeteanta fóthma biorú Ára faoi n-a éorairí go dípeacé ip marí go mb'ann do fúgadó agur do tóigeadó é. Do rípiobh ré ceitípe ailt ap Árainn imp an 'Iúspileabhar' agur, do mo bapamail, niop rípiobhád oípeadó agur puto amáin ó fom i leit, buidh glé canamaint ná, buidh pharta leagan 'ná iao. Béaróidteap as eaint ap "Saeóilg ón gcliaibán," "Saeóilg ó bheanáit," agur as eainteán ríocmeapá i aitípe ap Saeóilg "na Scoláipí," aét pín é an tAithíon Ógáin i n-a hípeagruigád beo buan ap an méir pín uile. Íp copáil náp éuala ré gut ná blap na Saeóilge ariam go páib ré or cionn fiée bliadán d'aoir, agur bí na ceitípe haitt út rípiobhád aige ful maíp fílán a éanlgs ip fiée dó.

"Bí ré i ndáin ag Dia dó annpín a éanltheadé do na heapbogairb 'n-a Oide Saeóilge i Muig Nuadat, agur tuisg ré uéit ap an obair dá pípib. Bí a éinti mac-léiginn aige le múnad, bí an tIúspileabhar aige le cup i n-eagair





go miopasmail, b' i re ag ullmhusaó na "Léig-eann Réirb," glan ar a céann, gan congnamh ar bith le faighbáil aige ar leabhar ná ar béal duine, acht é féin d'á meilt agus d'á n-oidhrusgaó amach d'ó féin, agus ar a mbeirt pérí aige 'c' uile peacthain, pheirín; agus le linn na hoibhre rin uile, agus i lár a leitheadte rin de dhéiríp. B' i re ag ruspioraó d'á go faighbáil agus ag freagaird na milte litriaca or speal. Ar nuaig, d'éirig an obairi pór-thian aip róimh i bhrad, ní naé iongnaó, óir, eion a phaird te neart agus de bhris i n-a inntinn, b' i éolann go lag, éiotrheolaí d'á phéir, mar b' urd minic le n-a leithead aghaidh. Do éilip a fláinte aip fa thoirí, agus b' éigeand do neoirí aitheantaí do ghabáil éinighe ar Éirinn; d'imeis ré róimh phaird do'n Oileán Íir, agus ní phaird i gceinneadh do Éirípe 'fearceál' ó fin amach. D'oidhrus ré leip, d'ainmdeáim a fláinte bhrúite; do ruspiorb ré ailt ar mullacá a éeile do na páipéaraibh micfamila agus peacthainíla i gceúppaird na Saorilge go riopairde. Do éinigibh ré riap comphreagaird le 'c' uile céann d'á éinti éairíte mar céana epiam; ní théadaith ruspír aip aét ag obair, agus é le bhrúinnibh bair. Mairid amán do ghuair mór féin litriú uaire—ní phaird innti aét linn ná d'ó, agus a 'énaipe Saorilge' féin—Seo énaipe na Saorilge,' aip reipean, 'cait i mbriollaí d'ó éonta é.' B' i re 'ran uair agus mire 'gá leigean' rin. D'éag ré i bhrad ó Éirinn, agus cuimpeadó é i dtalamh náir éineálta leip, agus do lusg-eataip a énáma ann ó róimh go dtí anoir. Agus phlaónaire mórsgaileadh inntinne cinniú na n-ghaedeal níor b' féidirí 'faighbáil a b' feapú' ná a tairí bheit aip aip i n-ap mears, agus na phluaise mórpa seo aip 'c' uile céairí i n-Éirinn, agus ó éairíte gaoiúibh Neimh. Bheit cuimhneadh 'n-a dtiméadaí—l' r' é féin i' aúthar i' mór leip an mórsgaileadh rin. 'S é a éirid oibhre féin atá ag a phréamh.

"Agus anoir is mitic beagán do phád do taobh a chéile agus a cálúideachta. Agus cuimh i n-a n-úr-chorád a tháontaítear d'á go riopairde, lágach, gheannmhar, riupairc, agus go deimhín d'á n-abhrusginn, go riampasmail,

rúgaí. Níor b' féidirí le ríol ghrinn ná gáipe bheit aip fud na coláirde i ngan-fior u. Agus b' fin é an gheann d'á rírib, a éirid-pean ghrinn—dúileannach, géar, briosmáir, blaroda. Gan d'áth gangairde ná upéide aghaidh ann. I maocht is nád phaird dhronaí aip b' urd mór ghean d'á spáid d'ó 'ná na daoitéidh boéta bhoí d'á ghabháit-eádha gáipe ar leip na bapamhlaibh bheagáda, mórtóálacha do bhoí aic a ghearr céille d'acfainne póm. Is iondha uair do éinig ré éirid agaunn ag liathraí aip lár a gáipeadh paor focal éigin tréan, mór. Éairgeanáit, adeiríte le duine éigin d'á fhamail rin—duine boéid do phaor d'á phaird ré 'gá phád' rin leip an oibreádha rin de phan-gliotar ná d'á féidirí le cuimhe daonta a aimidéadáit do éagadóraó ná do éinig paor deara. Agus an méadu rin go nádúrpé a níor lúsa d'á maidir le phion-uimhlaí d'á ghrádála. Ní féadfaradh duine 'faighbáil doibh' feapú cumhne 'ná é aip an ngáidh-focal ná Naoimh Alibiptin—humilitas casum a. s. it, quia in im- evit ná a phor ag an uimhlaí ead aip leagan ann, do bhris gurab i'p an bhráin bhor. Acht eadairphéar a phád ampreo, gurab uimhlaí d'á bi ann, agus nád bhréigíuist uimhla. Is maocht do éinsi ré gur mallaingéar an té éairítear a miumhaisin i nduine. Níor maocht ré aghaidh é do bheit ná d'úireaphaird aip a céill póm go phaird ré ós. Is phiosmáit do éinsi ré gur ghráas liat eall agus tuisge duine—cavum sunt enus hominis—l' gur maocht is féidirí le duine aibhídeach inntinne do bheit aige d'úireaphaird pean-aorpe agus phion-uimhlaí d'á bheit ann mar aon le n-a bapamhail póm agus le ghrinn-bheileannar aip na peandóibh agus aip lucht a muinte. Ní phaird ríseád ná d'riugall aghaidh aip labairt ná ruspóibh amach or eomhú i'p an oibreádtaip, uairí aip b' urd a phacar do gur b' uaim i'le maocht éigin do théanamh do'n Éiríp a phaird ré as obair aip a ron. Ní hé a béal a leigint a éirid macántair aip féin, agus ag phád,—'ná fuisginn ionnam póm,' ná 'ná lámh-ócainn,' ná a leitheadó eile d'umha bhrádais go ntuibhán. Ní hé a uimhlaí d'á béal aige-pean 'gá maorideamh acht an méad do b' uairde le phád. D'éagad ré rin gan 'i gceadó duit-re' d'aon neacá; óir ní phaird ré ag rúil le tadaí.

ó'n toíman bhréagach aír mait leip an bhréas agus an bhréigíocht, agus aír b'fhuathair leip an fírinne.

" Ár an bhréamh céadma—ar an bhríinne do bhrí ann—úrphár dhuil eile dá chaitheád, dhuil naé fear, b'fheriú, do móran, agus naé minic éinítear i leit an Achar Eoghan, aéit phu é a báinear go riopparóid leip an bhríor-umhaé—níor mairi duine le n-a linn buri epróda inntinn ná ba dhaingne comáiple 'ná é. Níor éigis ná gup empeád i n-a gádáth móran; bí ré pór-ós, pór-luigheád, pór-mór ar dealaé na bhráirear agus na bhríriphre le n-a gádáth pín, níor b'fhiú leobaint ná bacáth leip. So denim i'rbhriúis garbh aír éigim do bhríor leu go mairt a leitíeo ann éop a' bhrí. Aéit ná n-círeádach ná go scéinípíde i n-a chomhí i ngnóide na Gaeálise, 'r anprín o'fheiréad éad é an fagair pín do bhrí ann. Aéit níor b'fhiú le haontúine bacáth leip i n-Ísaeális boile 'r pha laethantaibh úd. Dáibh leóir leóir mágao fáire, doibh pór mairt fagair an ronn oíche i mairt tadháil inntíte le n-a bhríormhat agus a oícheáit do corrásach. Fháid aír an bhríteach pín, oíche, agus uisce pín, agus abair liom éilte aon t-athairíoch. Impreocádú mire báit—Atá go mairt cumhacht leip na peanóirí agus éap luict a muinte go leip ag an fagair uispol ós a bhríil a cháimhnpín an gcomhá pín."

" Saogat é pín atá as dhuil i'raoigaltacht go hiontageád. Tá pmaointe úpa aír teadáit aír bhrí agus luict a leonta pín as gád aon leu, eudo leu go mairt é go roiléip 'n-a mbriúreas aír a mheácaró rompa, eudo eile leu go roillup aír piúseáct an doiréadaír aníor. Tá an Círeideamh 'sá laigáth agus 'sá laigdúisáth, na pean-córam 'sá bhréigean, na pean-teoirí anna 'sá píobádó; tá an toíman aír meirge le píap-mhúinísm aír pín agus píap ag teadáit aír an mhúinísm pín 'é uile lá. Agus i n-a láí pín uile is aír éigim má tá neart ag na deas-thaoimh pín aír luagsáin agus aír meapbhall inntinne. Tá na pean-géibeanna grátha do éeangail cléip agus daomhna na hÉireann le céile ag fagbáil a gcuimhne pín de'n bogad coitceann ná, aír a laigeád, t-áchar 'sá píspúnta i'raoigíam pín.

uigáth agus 'sá scup i'ra éann na meádá, aír fheadaint a mbriúise go géap.

" Ceirt agam oíraibh, a chúirtde mairt pín,—bhréamhnuigíodh uair amach aír na pluaigstíb móraí pín, aír n-a gcomháisáth i gceann a céile ó na ceitíe gaoitheib timéall cónpa fagairt óis, timéall cónpa tóigeadh aníor aír uairgéalltumhais agus tuigáth annpheo éap na tiopeáib agus na bhríontib le ballaibh áirithe cinnibh ilip na n-Ísaeális—í abhráid liom anprín, éilte hasa de'n dá éadair feapair le greamhaigéas agus le gáim do congáil aír gádáth na nuaomhne, eadair an Achar Eoghan ná éadair luict o'fheiréara agus fáilíse na Gaeálise. Aídearíomh libh gupí fúfurra an fheaghsaó: 'r i'ra éadair i'ra cinnite le n-a ngrád do ghnóidean, a tuilleamh. Bhréamhnuigíodh éapta aír an pluaig pín, agus abhrúigíodh libh pín má éig libh, gupab ealta baochtáin iad náé feap doibh eadair t-á aír bun aeu, ní eadair ta fúda. Uaodhar agus anam na n-Ísaeális 'ra mbainte 'súp i gcoigrípeáid iad, agus pór éadair annpheo ag tabhairt onóra do chumhae fagairt óis, náé mairt fíor ag a tír pín eip. Agus eilte éilte a iontakán? Ó, a bhríis riopparóid na fírinne, ní póróidí do maircach ná do b'áitach! Ioncoitnuisáth fírinne agus doibh—na n-Ísaeális do b'ead an fagairt pín, agus do b'áitach do'n Ísaeális a éirte pín. *Magnificat veritas et pravaletib.* Ír mó i'ra fírinne—t-ácharíodh pín i n-uaistíag. Dáibh fírinne aon pín an t-áchar Eoghan, fíor-éoráilteach anam' a chinnibh b'áitach, agus tá leip aonácht aír talamh éomh mairt agus aír neamh.

" Tá gádú fúar a érthíodh, ionróidí a énáma tilpe go dtí a gcomháidé fápta bhrítheanaid. Tá mheá an Uile-cumáidteach inp aír obair ó tír go doileáid agus a pór go bhríil ré i n-áir meáras aír aír, agus 'n-a luigé, fáoi theoirí, 'fán aon áit de'n toíman do b'annra leip pín 'ír mó tairbhe do'n obair do b'annra leip. Ni póróidí le n-a luaithealóid annpheo gán beit 'n-a fíor-análuisáth do na pinnfeapair le teadáit. Ni póróidí fíor fheadaint aír a uairgéall cumháisáth aír a uairpleáct, agus aír a fíle éig pín ruap a fúar agus dá Dia agus dá tír b'áitach. Béid a gáit ag cogáin aír aír éoráin na gaoithe, b'áit aonlaitheacar a énáma 'n-a gnat-cumh-

neacán éumpa ag bpostuigad aitpíre aip píim,  
T'sá folláruigad a feabas do éuis ré sun-  
ab é ir riop-Saedeal ann an Saedeal marpear  
agur oibhisear do éum glóipe Dé agur onóra  
na hÉireann—a feabas do éuis ré reacáir  
na peanóipib, reacáir tuáit a muinte go téip."

The old walls seemed to stare down at a gospel and a language until lately new to Maynooth, as it was new to Ireland, "Super senes intellixi." A blinding flash of light on a text old when Maynooth was unthought of—a reading unknown, till of late, in the philosophy of her halls—yet it was only the bringing home and the giving of a local

habitation and a name to the inspired words. Did Father Eugene hear; did Father Eugene know that a new Maynooth was arising, and that the young spirit within her that answered to his spirit had found a voice over his coffin that day? It had begun in the "Caoineadh," and it ended in the words of the prophet:

"Bhí tuigint agam t'ap na peanóip, do  
éuis mé t'ap tuáit mo muinte go téip."

The day was darkening fast as ten of the young students raised the coffin on their shoulders and bore it westwards to the Chapel, whilst the procession followed to the great front door. Here most of Father O'Growney's Gaelic

League disciples had to take a last farewell of the remains and hurry away to the city. Comparatively few could find a place in the beautiful chapel which is essentially a community chapel.

Up the aisle they bore the precious casket, until they laid it near the altar, where, thirteen years before, Eugene O'Growney had solemnly vowed his life to God. The vow is kept and the fight is over, and now he lies at the very feet of his God. He may rest there in security; he has nothing to fear from the lightnings. His face will be turned to him only in love, for God, even before and beyond Ireland, was ever with O'Growney in his dreams.

Kneeling there behind the coffin, as six hundred young voices are raised to Heaven in the Vesper Psalms it seems as if the



INTERIOR OF MAYNOOTH COLLEGE CHAPEL.

beautiful inspirations of the old-time prophets ring out full of promise to a people that have been faithful to Him beyond even those who wept in Babylon—nor ever doubted that he would build up the walls of Jerusalem. The dominant note that lingers on the ear in all the solemn Church service for O'Growney is one of hope and courage to the weak—“Ecce non dormitabit, neque dormiet, qui custodit Israel. . . . per diem sol non uret te: neque luna per noctem.”

Israel may sleep, but the God to whom Israel has given her heart bides the time when He shall “give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of weariness.”

It is well for the soul that we are getting back to the earlier practice of the Church in praising God by song. The cloud of the Puritans is passing from the Christian world, and again we dare raise our voice to God in chant and harmony as He bade man do when earth was young, and as oldest tradition tells us they worship about the Throne. These mediæval monks, now sneered at as droning chanters, must have realised how the music of the human voice, more especially in chorus, puts the soul in the very mood for prayer—away and beyond the things of to-day, out into a purer atmosphere where immortal thoughts may live.

Meanwhile the sound of those glorious Psalms fills every inch of the cloistered Church and comes back in echoes from the roof and the gallery.

“Si ambulavero in medio tribulationis, vivificabis me: et super iram inimicorum meorum extendisti manum tuam, et salvum me fecit dextera tua.”

Then the rich fulness of the “Magnificat,” God's own exaltation of the humble spirit in man.

What strikes one always in the services at Maynooth is the freshness of the voices—always the voice of youth and fervour. Men come and men go, and the toilers in the vineyard grow old, but Maynooth is ever young.

One thinks of the prophecy of the fairy-woman from Magh Mell, when she spoke to Condla Ruadh—“Your form will never wither—the flower of its youth and its beauty for ever radiant.”<sup>1</sup>

The Vespers draw to a close: “Et lux perpetua luceat eis.” Soon the final “Amen” dies away, and after a pause, we all join in the Rosary. Fittingly enough it is the Bishop of Clonfert, a former colleague of Father O'Growney, and until lately Vice-President of the College, who leads the Rosary in Irish. It is a very storm of pleading reiterated in all simple earnestness, until Heaven must at length incline.

Thrice happy are they who believe that their love and help can follow the dead beyond



THE CASKET LYING BEFORE THE ALTAR.

the grave. With them there is not hopelessness in death, nor utter woe, for the hand of their friendship can stretch far into the unknown.

Thus, in the darkness of evening, and with a last prayer, we turn away from the white-robed singers who hold the beautiful wake of O'Growney, and somehow we feel instinctively that here there is much of hope for

<sup>1</sup>“ni épinfa do velb—a hoitiu, a halvi co bhrat bhuirneacé.” (Leabhar na hUinéni, l. 120.)

Ireland. Down the aisles the old-time sacred words seem to fill the air: "They shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolation of many generations."

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE OBSEQUIES AND TEMPORARY INTERMENT.

"I will ransom them from the power of the grave: I will redeem them from death."



“A cunnat̄ mairt̄ aip an rochein̄ is na p̄áipéar̄-aib̄ int̄m̄” remarked “Seán Ó Feáin,” next morning as we took our seats in the train for Maynooth.

“Tá, muī,” replied Tomá̄ Ó hÁin.

“Amanc̄ aip r̄in̄,” said Father Mac Enerney,

as the train moved out of the Broadstone, and we began to exchange the vapours and fog for the many shades of green made fresher by the light rain of the night before. We read:—

“It was amidst a public pageant which typified the massed embodiment of his principles, the national perpetuation of his teachings, and the strenuous advance towards his ideals, that the earthly remains of Rev.



FRONT OF MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.

Eugene O'Growney were borne yesterday through Dublin towards the accomplishment of his dearest dying wish. After four years, his last desire will to-day be gratified when his coffin conveyed yesterday to Maynooth College amidst a triumphal yet saddened parade of the Gaelic forces, which he, more than any other man, conjured into revivified life after centuries of death-like lethargy—will be laid to rest in the quiet burial ground of his beloved Alma Mater. It was fitting, indeed, that the journey to his tomb should have been the occasion for the rally round Father O'Growney's bier of a great bodyguard of that legion of Ireland's sons and daughters for whom the master mind and the patriotic instinct of the departed priest had opened up an alluring, yet long-neglected, phase of national life and thought.

"The Gaelic League was the dominant factor in the funeral of its father, as Father O'Growney undoubtedly is entitled to be regarded. The offshoots of the various literary and artistic organisations and others which, although of different origin and aims, have yet assimilated the ideas at the root of the Language Movement, made a magnificent muster, under the aegis of the parent Association. The procession was exclusively a manifestation of Irish Irelandism. Every item in the enormous elaboration of impressive obsequies struck the key-note of the Irish language. From the moment when the coffin was laid in the hearse outside the Pro-Cathedral amidst the responses of the simple prayers by the assembled people, in their native tongue, until the delivery of the funeral oration by Father O'Reilly in cultured and eloquent Irish at Maynooth, all was imbued with the Irish idea, as inseparably associated with the spread of the National tongue. The banners fringed with crape displayed Irish inscriptions, very nearly to the exclusion of anything English, while native feeling underlay the inward sense and the outward insignia of the whole demonstration. The procession, although drawing its first inspira-

tion from a sense of profound grief for the death of the gifted Sagart who gave back to his country her language, opening up to the Irish people's eager acceptance all the marvellous lore and traditions of their fathers, was something more. The sorrow was tempered by time, and it was a militant march of a renascent, reawakened people, stimulated by the memory of one of the greatest pioneers of the new era. It was a public and a proud manifestation of our separate entity in a distinctively National sense. 'One in name and in fame are these sea-divided Gaels' seemed to echo and re-echo in the ranks.

"A striking feature of the procession was its unbounded comprehensiveness—sturdy Gaelic Leaguers, elders, men and women in their prime, and youths were interspersed with long contingents of children, little ones just beginning to lisp the elements of Irish from the O'Growney text-books. Young and old seemed to be drawn from all classes and conditions of town and country life—it was a popular procession, the like of which in extent, organisation, and earnestness has rarely paid posthumous honour to an exiled countryman."<sup>1</sup>

"*ni fuit daogar an*," said the General Secretary. "If only Father Eugene himself were here to read it."

"If he were here," remarked Father O'Kieran, "as like as not he would not read it. He would just go on working, and let outside influences shape themselves."

Then Father O'Kieran told us stories of the old days at Maynooth when O'Growney and he were keen on the track of the language, living above all scorn, following what to them was the right, and what the world, then ignoring, has since marked with approval.

"We made a solemn resolution," said Father Laurence, "to spend the recreations and walks only with Irish-speaking students, and, for this purpose, we arranged certain batches. He kept his word:—I didn't," he added, half in humour and half in regret.

<sup>1</sup> *Daily Independent*, September 28, 1903.

Maynooth was soon reached, and in a little while we were in one of the long cloisters awaiting the hour for the Solemn Requiem Mass. All the College Professors were there, with the Vice-President and about two hundred priests from every part of Ireland. The chief mourners were present also, and a small delegation from the Gaelic League, including the President and the Vice-President.

Later on three Irish Bishops, the Most Rev. Dr. Clancy, Bishop of Elphin; the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dea, Bishop of Clonfert; and the Most Rev. Dr. Gaffney, from Father O'Growney's own Diocese of Meath, joined the assembled group, and, with them, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Higgins, Bishop of Rockhampton, a Meath man too, and, like Father O'Growney, a thinking patriot.

Then we took our places in the College Chapel which was draped in black for the funeral ceremonies. We were fortunate,—the Craoibhin and the other members of the Coisde Gnotha, in being assigned the little Tribune over the altar, whence we had a perfect view of the Catafalque and the Sanctuary.

The white-robed students filed in, and slowly the chant of the first Nocturn began, then the Lauds of the Office for the Dead, the Bishop of Meath being the officiant.

Never will men speak again as those old psalmists spoke; never will the human heart be probed in its desolation as in the words of



MOS. REV. DR. CLANCY, BIS. OF ELPIN.

Job. For thousands of years men have sung the same strange prose-poems and still they thrill us with the power and the concentration of fervour that we look for in vain amongst any but the giants of thought.

At the conclusion of the Office the "Missa Solemnis de Requiem" was celebrated by one of the Deans of the College, the Rev. Father MacGimley, a close personal friend of Father O'Growney, and one to whom he refers constantly in his letters.

The Deacon was the Rev. E. O'Daly; the

Sub-Deacon, Rev. P. Casey; and the Master of Ceremonies, Rev. P. Kiernan, all three from the Diocese of Meath.

The Bishop of Elphin pronounced the Absolutions, whilst the Bishops of Clonfert and Rockhampton were in the choir.

All the students to the number of six hundred joined in the ceremonies.

When the last prayer was said, twelve of the college students bore the casket from the church to the hearse outside, all present following in double file. Then the procession was re-formed, this time, perhaps, in more solemn guise. All the priests bore lighted tapers, whilst both they and the students were in surplice and soutane. The bishops wore full pontifical robes. The pall-bearers walked on either side of the casket, whilst the chief mourners and delegates fell in behind.

The bishops and priests and students all walked in twos in front, chanting the funeral services, as the procession moved slowly round the grounds. Then the heart-chilling black plumes of the hearse, and the long file of mourners behind, prominent among them, a Chevalier of the Holy Roman Empire,<sup>1</sup> in his golden chain and rich insignia. The line of white-robed figures stretched round the angle of the grounds, ever lengthening, but with motion almost imperceptible. It was a strangely affecting little funeral walk.

<sup>1</sup> Chevalier Bergin.



Yesterday was the people's day—the day given over to the outpouring of a nation's love; to-day belongs to the Church, calm, and stately and beautiful; no hurry, no bustle, only the solemnity of prayer, and the graceful ritual for the dead.

Still on they move, the tapers flickering in the fresh morning breeze and now they pass by the Calvary Cross that marks the way to the new-dug grave; not yet, a *Δταὶς Εοσῶν*—not yet will your rest be there, till we raise for you such a Church as Enda or Colm raised to God in that old saintly Ireland you loved. We would make of your grave a shrine for the yet unborn ones who will reap in the harvest field of your sowing, and bless the unknown hand that tilled the fallow land and scattered the tares. Not yet:—

*In Paradisum deducant te angeli* . . .  
*in David domo pueri sui* . . . .  
*et tu puer, propheta altissimi vocaberis* . . .



REV. FATHER MAC GINLEY.



ENTRANCE TO THE COLLEGE CEMETERY, MAYNOOTH

[p. 84.]

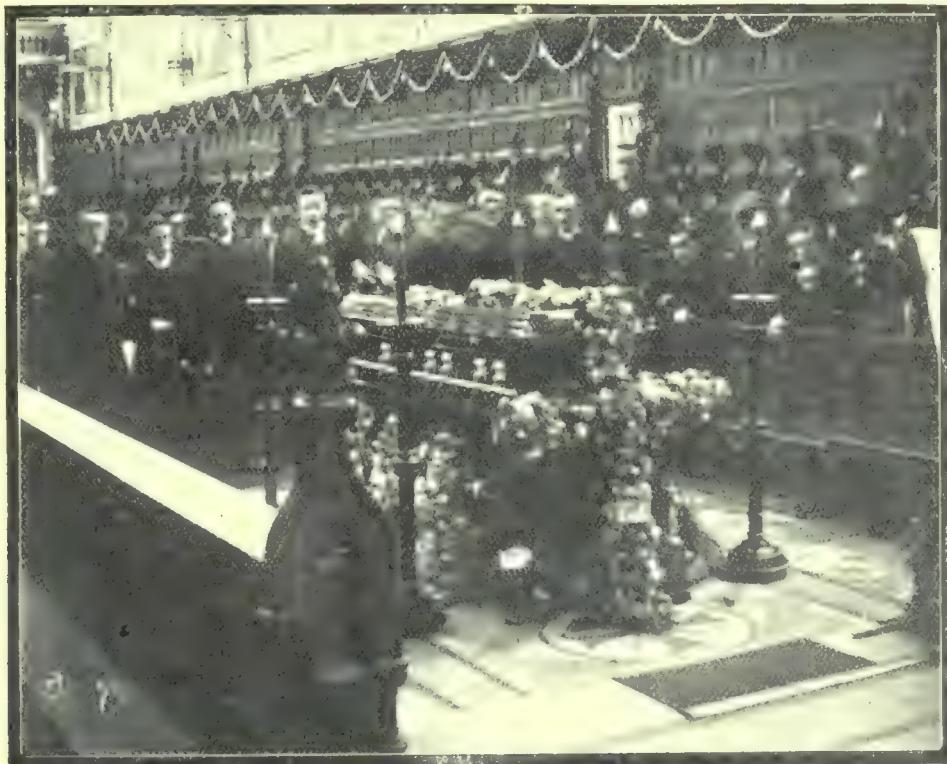


illuminare his qui in tenebris et in umbra mortis sedent."

Not yet ; but you are not with the stranger now. These are friendly voices, many of which you knew and loved when life was in you and Maynooth was your home. They will watch

Again the Maynooth men raise the coffin, bearing it to the catafalque prepared for it in the tower.

The last solemn note of the Office dies away, and the Craoibhin advances to the casket, stoops and reverently kisses it—not



THE CASKET IN STATE.

From a Photo taken by one of the Coisde Students at the funeral of the Late Dr.

you well, and their care would follow you into another life if such help were needed.

Still chanting, the procession winds out of the square and round the church to the great tower, whose summit seems to reach upward until the last tapering point is lost as in a cloud

without tears. One by one, the members of the Coisde Gnotha present and the old friends of Father O'Growney, do likewise for the last farewell.

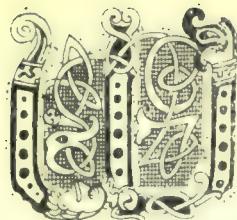
Then, turning away, we leave him to Maynooth and to God.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE GRAVE AT MAYNOOTH.

“Sasapt ba néamhráid éclóid  
B'úinnt íp ba tráth meóin.”



E had intended to bury O'Growney in the fresh turf and under the green sod of Ireland

- Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew,
- The matted grass-roots might trickle through.”

His grave was, indeed, partly dug at Maynooth. We saw the heap of brown loam and the square-cut sods piled up in the cemetery the day of the funeral. It was near the grave of another Irish scholar, and a Meath man too, Father Paul O'Brien, who held the chair of Irish at Maynooth just a hundred years ago—a man whose songs are unforgotten with us, and of whom Eribín, our Breffni seanchaídhé, the last of a good old Irish-speaking family, tells us stories without end, as if he lived only yesterday.

But just as the clay was turned there came word to Maynooth and to the Gaelic League that Irish America would not have it so, but rather that the casket containing the remains should remain in the sight of a New Ireland, as bringing it into more direct touch with the memory of the dead patriot.

At Maynooth they fell in with the idea, offering the basement of the church tower as a place of temporary interment; and those of the Gaelic League

connected with the funeral arrangements at once saw the fitness of the suggestion though for sentimental reasons it had been at first arranged that literally he should lie in the mother earth.

In opportune time the “Gael” collection reached Doctor Hyde, and then arose the question of the exact form which the proposed monument would take, so as to ensure that the beautiful casket would still be visible, when, in after-time, the grave would become a shrine, and a place of pilgrimage. Several proposals were considered, but for one reason or another, it was found they were all unsuitable. Then at Maynooth, on the day of the final funeral, Dr. O'Hickey suggested that the most appropriate mausoleum over one who was steeped in the spirit of older Ireland, would be a little chapel on the exact model of the primitive Irish Churches. The casket, which would rest in the centre of the

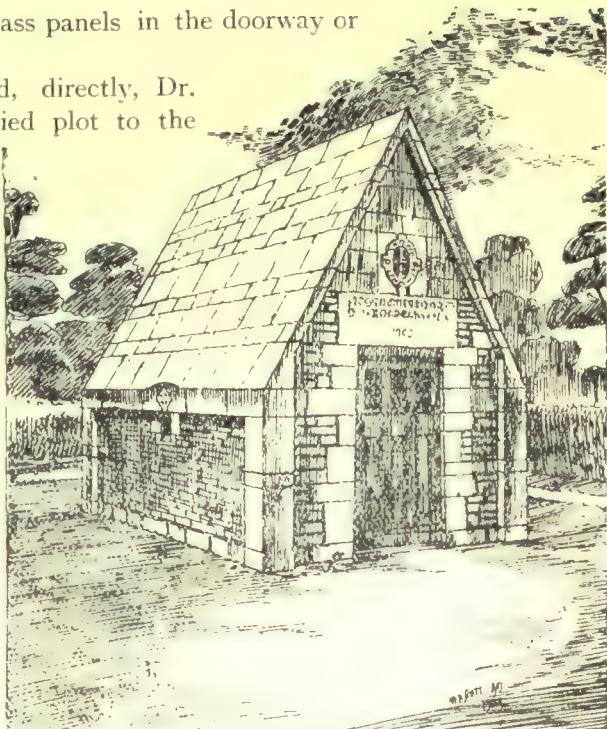


SITE OF GRAVE.

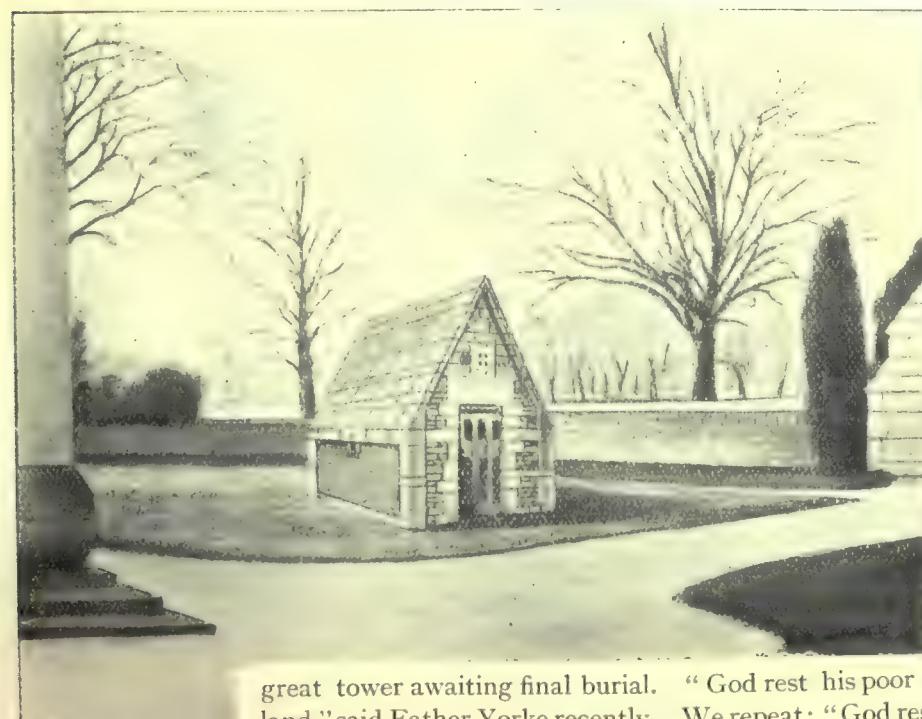
building, could be seen through the glass panels in the doorway or in the little window openings.

Everyone liked the suggestion, and, directly, Dr. Mannix offered the use of the unoccupied plot to the right of the cemetery for the little building, an offer which was gladly accepted by the President of the Gaelic League and the members of the Executive present. Maynooth could do no more to honour O'Growney. The arrangements as to the exact plan were left by the Gaelic League to Mr. Martyn and Dr. Hyde, and out of several designs the subjoined sketch was chosen. It is by Mr. W. Scott, the well-known architect who designed the beautiful new church at Spiddal, a church which may be said to represent the first genuine attempt at the revival of pure Celtic form in Church Architecture.<sup>1</sup>

In addition to the sketch there is a photograph of the plot in Maynooth cemetery where the church will soon be



PROPOSED TOMB.

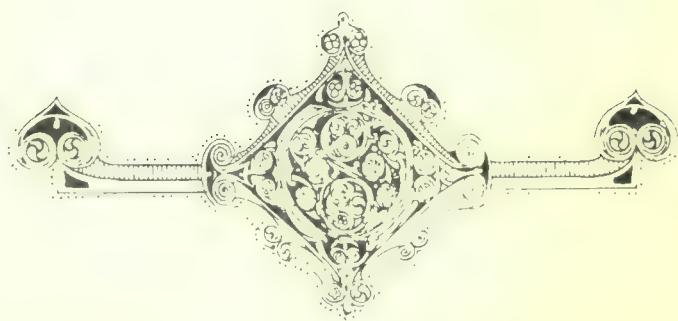


great tower awaiting final burial. "God rest his poor worn body in Ireland," said Father Yorke recently. We repeat: "God rest him in Ireland!"

erected, and a sketch of the mausoleum as it will look "in situ." This sketch has been made by a competent artist, from a combination of both pictures, keeping in mind the exact proportions between the measurements in both cases.

Meanwhile O'Growney rests in the

<sup>1</sup> The dimensions of the Memorial Church will be:—Internal dimensions, 11 feet by 6½ feet; External dimensions, 14½ feet by 10 feet; height to apex of roof, 13½ feet.



PART II.



*Eugene O'Growney  
of the Gaelic League*

**Memorials of O'Growney.**

"Mā būvime etū 'nā conāč."

## I.

### INTRODUCTORY AND SUPPLEMENTARY.



SHALL not here tell in full, or in ordered sequence, the life story of Eugene O'Growney, believing as I do that it were better done by reproducing the sketches, appreciations, and reminiscences that appeared at the time of his death and since. These will tell much of what is known of him, and in the words of those who knew him, worked with him, and lived with him. His life will be best interpreted by what they wrote, each from his own special standpoint. My object here will be, rather, by filling in gaps and touching on minor aspects of O'Growney's life, to throw further light at various points on his character and work, and thus unify the material in the following articles. This I am enabled to do from numerous letters of Father O'Growney, and several other documents placed at my disposal, to which the writers of these sketches had not access.

Other interesting articles have been written on Father O'Growney, but their substance overlapping in a great measure the matter contained in the articles here included, I have either omitted them entirely, or quoted in these biographical notes such extracts as give fresh interest to the subject. Wherever possible, I allow Father O'Growney's friends or his letters to speak for him.

#### I.

"O'Growney was a great man," said Father Yorke in a recent letter: "we are too near him to see how great he was."

The truth is he was one of those grand simple characters which are so well-balanced and evenly proportioned that we find it hard to catch hold of an angle, or to point to any marked peculiarity. It is only lesser men, as a rule, who developed out of

bounds in one direction or another, are the delight of the interviewer when living, and, dead, give ample material to the biographer. This is somewhat of the idea Father Michael O'Hogan, a bosom-friend and class-fellow of Father O'Growney, had in his mind when he said in answer to some questions:—

"It is difficult for a person who knew Father O'Growney so long and so intimately as I did, to say anything very striking about him. Yet it is not exactly the familiarity of the valet, which undermines the idea of greatness in the master; but the absolute humility and simplicity of Eugene O'Growney make it a matter of difficulty to those who knew



FATHER O'GROWNEY IN HIS STUDY.

him best to realise that he has become great and famous at all."

The same difficulty confronted Michael MacKenna when we questioned him about his young friend: "To look at him," he said, "none would think he was the man he was at all. He had not a trace of swagger or pretension."

"Knowing him as well as I did," said Father O'Kieran, "it is difficult to choose what to mention and what to omit, it is not easy to make any particular side of his character stand out prominent."

Recognising this fact at the outset, I shall pass on to the early influences that moulded O'Growney's young mind in the years of his childhood and early boyhood. Here, as in the story of many another great man, his mother takes the chief place. A woman, gentle and beautiful, and filled with the spirit of old-time courtesy, Margaret O'Growney was an ideal mother, one well-fitted to shape the thoughts and the dreams of a child given to introspection from his early years. From her he learned his first lessons in patriotism, and from her too he inherited that broad and tolerant mind which distinguished him in after years as a really great man.

"The chief influence on his early life was his mother," says one of his Maynooth class-fellows, "I never heard him make more than a casual reference to father, or brothers or sisters, but of his mother I heard something almost every day: her sayings, her opinions, her character. Indeed, if ever I have the good fortune to get to heaven, I should know his mother without an introduction."

The home where O'Growney was born and where the mother's influence was first breathed upon him, has passed away as though it had never been. On a foggy day in late October I saw the site of the house in company with Michael MacKenna. The fence by the roadside has been made out of the walls of the house, and a fir plantation grows where the house once stood and back into the angle of the garden. The long

dank grass was drooping from the constant rain, and the moss on the stones looked black and dismal and slimy. It was all inexpessibly sad and dreary, and only by an effort could one call up the picture of the bright homestead in the long ago—the sweet mother, and the thoughtful child, unnoticed in the group of children—the home that was in truth the birth-place of the Revival that warms this grey old land.

Tlachtgha, with its mystic memories, was the other great influence on the child-life of O'Growney. The Queen of Royal Seats, with its proud swelling slope, overshadowed his home, and to the boy, as to the older poets of his blood, it was an inspiration and an ever-recurring source of wonder.

"Tlaet a tutae aroa uar

Fog am brió mói pi eo po ephaer."<sup>1</sup>

sang the medieval bard as he recalled the kingly associations of the place—but it was only in after years O'Growney came to know of the *Book of Lein* and the other records of Tlachtgha's chequered story.

"There can be no doubt," said Michael MacKenna, as we stood, later on, on the highest rath where Druid hands, long forgotten, kindled many a sacred fire, "that the early associations of his native place made a great impression on Father Eoghan in his young days, and had a great deal to do with turning his mind to the study of the Irish Language."

"How could it be otherwise," he continued, as we watched the great lakes of mist in the far-reaching valleys from Sliabh na Caillighe to the sea. "Look at the broad stretch of Tara before you, and up yonder are Slane and Dowth and New Grange, and here, near at hand, is Trim. Just beside you below is the Teamall Cuimhne, and there at our feet is the Ath Buidhe, which ran almost at his very door. He wanted to know how these places came by their names, but we could not tell him, for in those days we knew only the *Sacsbearla*."

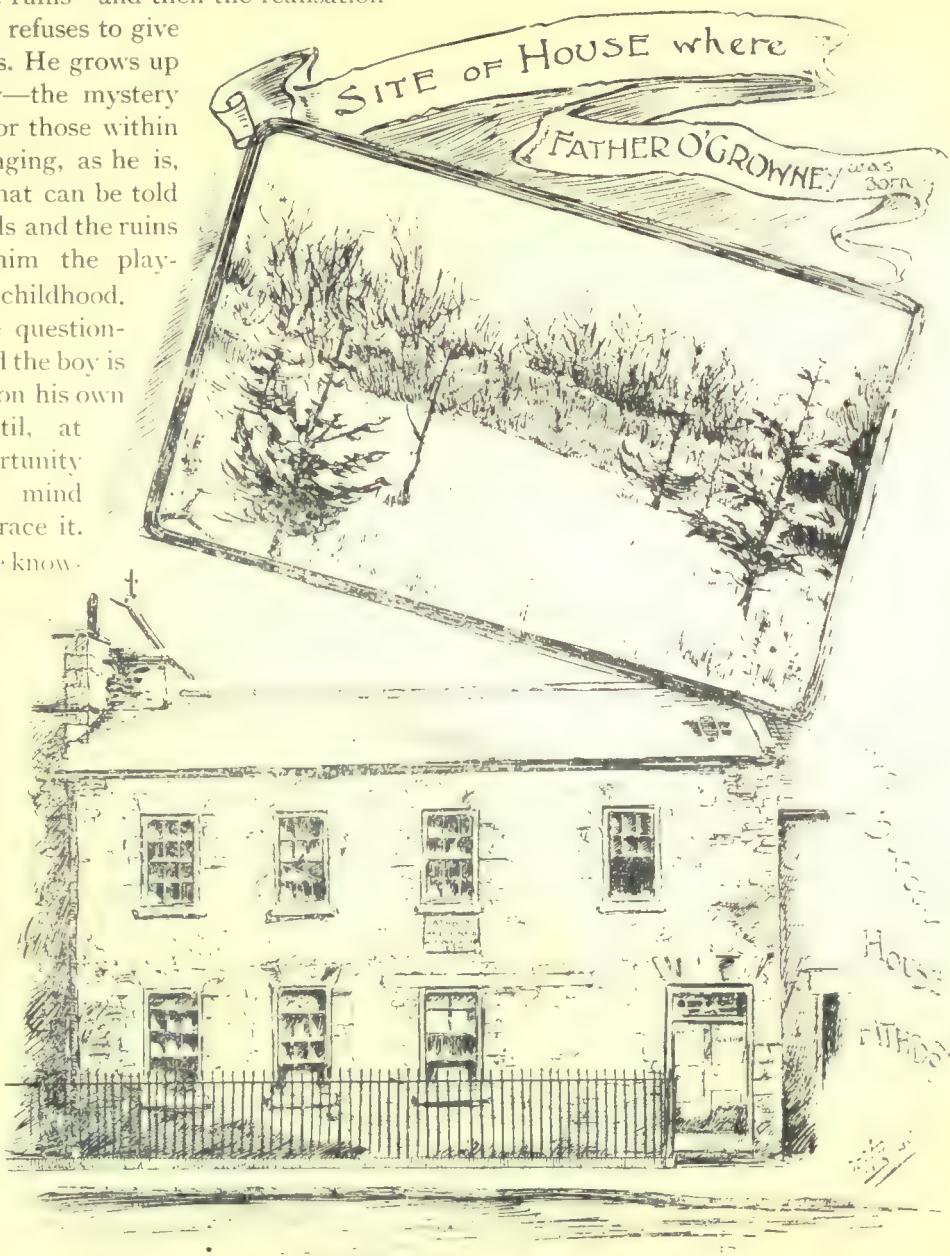
<sup>1</sup> *Leabhar Leacain*, 2586—"Dínoeancup."

It all came to us vividly there and then—the child-mind eager to know who raised the mounds and who fashioned the caves and who built the ruins—and then the realisation that the past refuses to give up its secrets. He grows up in a mystery—the mystery of Irish life for those within the Pale—longing, as he is, to know all that can be told him of the hills and the ruins that are to him the playmates of his childhood. For long the questioning is vain, and the boy is thrown back on his own thoughts, until, at last, the opportunity offers to a mind ready to embrace it.

One day the knowledge comes to him that there is a way—for such as he a toilsome way back into the past—the way through the tongue and the mind that are steeped in the things of the past. We know the rest. He led the way into a land of Druids and Saints—he led the way, and Ireland followed.

"And then, when he did come to know the why and the wherefore of many hidden things," continued Father O'Growney's friend, "he never let slip an opportunity of

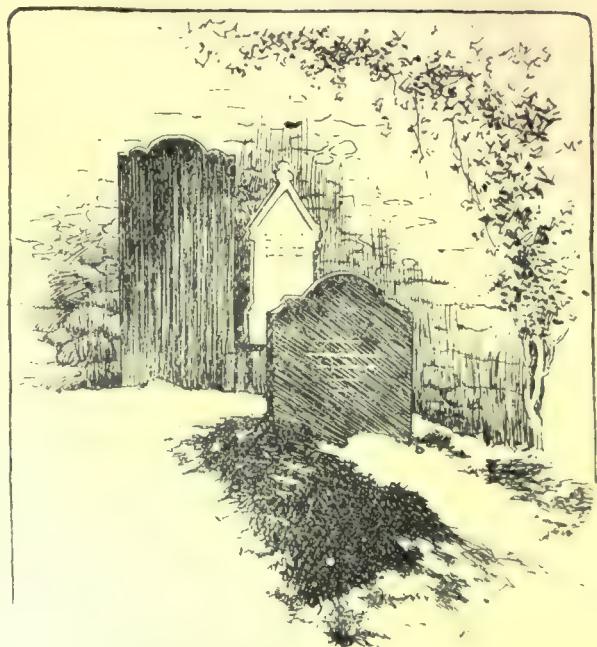
acquiring knowledge. In the August of '84, for example, there was a meeting of the Antiquarian Society on the very spot where we



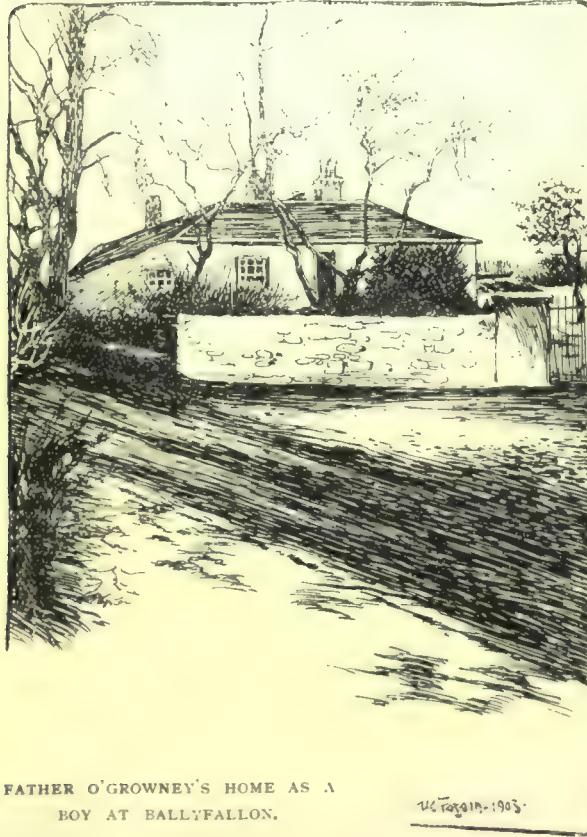
stand—the same meeting for which he wrote the paper on 'The Hill of Ward.' Eugene, as I then knew him, was a little late in arriving and when he and Mr. Thomas

Mullen joined us, Michael Cusack was delivering a speech in Irish. He immediately produced his note-book and, elbowing his way through the crowd, kept jotting down any new idioms that struck him. From the very beginning he was a ceaseless, untiring worker, missing no chance, however small, of learning something of what was to be, ultimately, his life-mission."

Beyond the river and still in sight of Tlachtgha we saw the home of O'Growney's boyhood, a house which has since fallen into the hands of strangers. It is in the lands of Ballyfallon, and not far from the place where Father O'Growney was born. To the other side of Tlachtgha we could see in the distance a later home at Dressogue. A mile or two further on we came to the ruins of Rathmore—where, within the still beautiful



THE O'GROWNEY BURIAL GROUND.  
(Within the ruins of the old Church of Rathmore).



FATHER O'GROWNEY'S HOME AS A  
BOY AT BALLYFALLON.

1903

walls of the old church, the O'Growney family are buried. Michael MacKenna has already referred to the interesting history of the place, and Mr. O'Kelly has written on the same subject in his article on O'Growney in *The Gael*. "The Church," writes Mr. O'Kelly, "is dedicated to St. Laurence the Deacon, who in 261 A.D. was broiled to death on a gridiron at Rome. Within its dismantled walls at least four famous Irish families lie buried. An inscribed slab on the south wall shows where the illustrious Plunkett family, which gave its saintly Primate to Ireland's martyr roll, sleep their last sleep. Close by is the tomb of General Bligh. At the opposite end rest the bones of generations of a branch of the Maguires of Fermanagh, and in close proximity is the tomb of the O'Growney family. Calm, quiet, unobtrusive, ivy-crowned, this tomb seems just such a recess as Father O'Growney himself would have selected for his last repose."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Gael*, April, 1902

By-and-by we reached the cheery home within the village of Athboy, where Father O'Growney spent his holidays in his later years and where his brother and sister still live. There we heard many stories of the old woman, still living, who used to nurse him as a child at Ballyfallon, and of the old man nicknamed "Rack," who has been a faithful follower of the family—first as a workman with Father O'Growney's father and later with his brother. He is now, as one can see, almost past his labour, but no mention of the O'Growney home can be made without a reference to "Rack," who has become part

old man, loved to listen to his stories, though "Rack" knew no Irish, and spent much of his time with him in the old days. Both he and Nelly Murray are proud of Father Eugene, whom they think of still as the quiet little boy they used to take on their knee at Ballyfallon when he was yet under his mother's care.

Near at hand is the church where Eugene O'Growney was baptised, and where, in the porch, is the holy water font, placed there to his memory by his brother priests of the diocese. Further down the street, the old schoolhouse, where Father O'Growney became a pupil in the April of 1868, stands ruinous and forsaken beside the handsome new buildings where the present generation of Athboy children go to school. We would give much for a glimpse within those old walls thirty years ago. What was the master like, and what the pupil? Were there any day-dreams even then, or was the terrible ferule *en evidence*? But the stones are dumb, and the broken windows frown down upon us. The little daily scene here played in the drama of that beautiful life is shut away from our sight, and we must perforce turn to what we know for certain of those days when he first came in contact with the living language of the people.

"It may be of interest to know how Irish was brought under his notice first," says Father O'Hagan in a recent letter. "As he told me the story several times himself, it can be put down as genuine. When he was a boy he one day saluted one of his father's workmen in the fields, and to his surprise the answer came in a strange tongue. He asked another man standing by what the first man had been saying, and he was told it was Irish. He told me that at that time he had not the slightest idea there was such a language, and he thought the workmen were joking him. However, the incident set him thinking, and he asked others about the



"RACK."

and parcel of the household. Father O'Growney, who had an affection for the

matter, who informed him to his astonishment that there were actually books written in the unknown tongue of the poor workman. Thus his curiosity was whetted, and soon began that career of Gaelic study which, first arousing the Maynooth students from their apathy and neglect of the subject, soon made its influence felt through his own labours, and through them, wherever Maynooth priests were to be found over the habitable globe."

The story of the Bible shown soon afterwards to young O'Growney by his father's friend, Michael MacKenna, is too well known to be gone into here. As to his trouble in getting the few native speakers left in the parish to speak Irish to him, Mr. MacKenna writes: "he had plans of his own for overcoming their reluctance, and when they would turn back to English he coaxed them as if they were relapsing sinners."

## 2.

Of his life in Navan we know chiefly through his early friend, Father Denis Flynn, now President of the College where they spent so many school-boy days together. Father Flynn was Father O'Growney's classmate, first in Navan, and afterwards in Maynooth, and they were ordained on the same day. It is worth noting here that out of a class of some sixteen who formed the first class in St. Finian's in the year 81-82, four were selected for the Maynooth Matriculation at the Annual Concursus. Father O'Growney, Father Flynn and two others. All four were admitted to Maynooth where they remained close friends for two years, until one of the number ceased to be an ecclesiastical student. Towards the end of the Collegiate course, Mr. Joseph Kennedy, one of the remaining three, died, and thus Father Flynn is left the sole one of Father O'Growney's class-mates in his native diocese,

As a day pupil at the seminary, Father O'Growney stayed at his cousins, the Darcys,

a few miles out in the country. At this time he used to ride or drive to school, and, no doubt, acquired that love of horse-riding which remained with him through life, and which, in Arizona, probably accelerated the end.

"As a boy here," writes Father Flynn, "he was remarkable for his intellectual acquirements. In the particular business of his classes,—Latin, Greek, etc., he was much in advance of any of his time, nor did he confine himself even then, to what would have been regarded as more than enough for any boy. He read largely, and as early as his seventeenth year, when he sat side by side with me, he devoted a considerable time to the study of Irish. The result of every examination, half-yearly and otherwise, was that he was easily at the head of his class. He accomplished nothing very exceptional at the Intermediate. If I remember rightly his highest distinction was a book prize, but then he began his studies at a comparatively advanced age, so that he competed as an over-age student."

As to young O'Growney's wide taste in reading, referred to in Father Flynn's remarks, it is, perhaps, the one circumstance of his home life which marked him at this time from those about him. He read voraciously, and often, for want of the books he would choose, he had, perchance, to read whatever came to hand—novels, short stories, serials in the weekly papers, articles by second-rate writers: in fact, what we would call "literary trash" of every description. Living as he was, in a remote country place and away from public libraries, he had to choose between reading nothing and perchance letting the imagination starve, or reading what came to hand. "He read everything, good, bad and indifferent," said his brother Patrick when referring to the subject.

Such a course of reading might have a deteriorating effect on most minds, giving a false standard of literary art, and a false impression of men and things. At all events, it

would be a dangerous experiment. With O'Growney it was far otherwise. The "trash" served its purpose better, perhaps, than a course of dialectics against weak and silly literature. His shrewd common-sense rejected what was false, extracting at the same time from the rough ore of fiction the hidden good that is in everything—"There is a power that shapes our ends."

Even so early as his boyhood O'Growney's mind began to free itself from its surroundings, and to rise superior to circumstance. An important factor in the further development of his character at this time was the more regular college life which he entered upon when he took up his residence as a boarder in the Seminary during the last year of his Navan course. Of this time Father Flynn writes: "He was the mildest and humblest of boys, and, though naturally very retiring, he could amuse all of us with a fund of humour which he could display to the best advantage either in giving his experiences or recounting some anecdote picked up in his desultory reading. He was a most even-tempered boy, and I think I scarcely ever saw him perturbed except when something was said by way of joke or otherwise to disparage his leanings towards the old tongue. I may say at the same time, even in this respect he was most tolerant towards those who differed from him."

It is a curious fact, and one which has been commented on by Mr. O'Kelly in his article on Father O'Growney in the *Gael* some time ago, that, though he passed a very creditable examination in the Senior Grade Intermediate, O'Growney did not present Irish as one of his subjects. Irish not being one of the regular college subjects, he might have had a difficulty in presenting it in the Intermediate, or again, he might have been diffident of testing his self-acquired knowledge.

Up to this time O'Growney was as strong

as the average boy who devotes himself to study, but now his health began to give way—not that he was suffering from any particular complaint, being only what the neighbours called "delicate." As to the cause of this delicacy, there is only one story forthcoming, and I give it in the words of my friend, Father Considine. It is a ghost story constantly told by Father O'Growney himself in explanation of the bad state of his health :

"While he was yet a student in Navan his parents changed their residence, and when he came home on vacation he was sent to a small room in the top of the house. He awoke during the night and saw a tall figure in white beside his bed. He acted



NELLY MURRAY.

[Sic page 95]

like any boy by covering his head with the bed-clothes and praying fervently. After some time he looked again and saw the figure in the same position. He addressed it, and the figure moved a little. He then gave an awful shriek, which his mother heard, and when she came she found him in a swoon and teeming with perspiration. The next day he met a man who was employed by the former occupants of the house, and he told him that this room was considered to be haunted, and was always locked up and never put to any use. He always said that his bad health dated from that night."

I have already alluded to the circumstances under which young O'Growney matriculated at Maynooth, but a further interesting fact in this connection is that he and Peter Yorke (as he then was) entered Maynooth together. "I met Eugene O'Growney," writes Father Yorke, "in Maynooth in 1882. We went up in September, I think, to stand the examinations, and we both passed for Legie, he being the senior of the Freshmen. The first recollection I have of him was when we conjointly, on the morning after our arrival, performed an action until that time unheard of in Maynooth, and of which Father O'Growney used often say that it was a wonder it didn't cause the collapse of the New Chapel. We had both gone in for the Intermediate Senior Grade, and it happened that the results were published the day we got into Maynooth. We were, of course, extremely anxious to know how we fared, and after breakfast we spied one of the most dignified of the Professors walking up and down by the New Chapel reading the morning paper. In the innocence of our hearts and not realising what a formidable person a Maynooth dignitary was, we asked him for the loan of the paper. Never to my dying day will I forget the look of stupefaction that came on the poor man's face; but fortunately he was so astonished that he silently handed over the paper and our curiosity was satisfied. Only in after years

did the two of us realise what an awful action we had committed."

We can imagine how Father Eugene's sense of humour was aroused in after years by the recollection of the "grave and reverend Senior," perplexed before the onset of two daring freshmen.

The fullest account of the early years of Father O'Growney's course at Maynooth we have both from Father Yorke and Father O'Kieran.

"During that first winter," continues Father Yorke, "my recollection of O'Growney is that he was studying Irish. I think it was that year the Gaelic Journal was published. In the Tuam 'batch' John O'Reilly<sup>1</sup> was an enthusiast. I remember he was at that time compiling an Irish Dictionary. After a great deal of red-tape we got permission to subscribe for the Gaelic Journal. I remember O'Growney was very keen after O'Reilly because of the excellence of his Gaelic. There certainly was in that winter quite a lot of interest in Gaelic."

"In the Philosophy and Theology years, 1883-1885, in St. Joseph's Division, I have not much recollection of his Irish studies, beyond the fact he then told me, I think, that he had so arranged the 'batches' after supper that he had Irish speakers every evening from different parts of the country. He told me in Phoenix afterwards that from the beginning he had made up his mind just to get up enough class-business to pass, and give all the rest of his time to Irish."

On this latter point all Father O'Growney's Maynooth friends are unanimous. "In Maynooth," says Father Flynn, "he neither sought nor coveted any distinctions, and, with the exception of the Irish *Solus*, I believe he got none."

"When he came to the College," writes Father O'Kieran, "there was a good deal expected of him, having done very well in

<sup>1</sup>This is the Father O'Reilly who lately preached his friend's funeral oration at Maynooth.

the Intermediate. The average Maynooth student of that time<sup>1</sup> formed his opinion of the ability and character of his fellow-students from the one sole standard of the College prize-lists. Growney took no prizes, and never tried to, hence he soon came to be looked on—except by the few who really knew him, and who themselves judged by other standards—as a man of no account."

superior distinguishing mark over his fellows.<sup>2</sup> There was no doubt he was very clever, and could have captured high prizes in his classes, for, though his devotedness to Irish and his continuous bad health were always obstacles in the way of any kind of persevering study of theology or philosophy during the year, he had a marvellous capacity for making up the year's work for an examination in a very



STUDY HALL, ST. FINIAN'S, NAVAN.

See page 97.]

Father Michael O'Hogan, another classmate, bears out these remarks fully, at the same time giving a clear idea of O'Growney's mental trend at this critical time of his life. "He had no ambition as a student," he remarks, "except one to become a perfect Irish scholar, and that in my days in Maynooth would not serve very much to give one a

<sup>1</sup> This is not an idea confined to Maynooth students, nor indeed to students of any particular time. The majority, naturally enough, judge by the fixed standard at hand.

short time, and with this very brief spell of preparation he invariably succeeded in being called to the class-piece, which meant that he was one of the few selected to write a special piece competing for the prizes. Again, to show the utter want of ambition in the man, outside his own beloved Irish, he scarcely ever troubled to write the piece at all."

The concluding sentence gives us an insight

<sup>2</sup> Again the text of Father O'Reilly's sermon, *Super Senes Intellexi*, etc., p. 73.

to the real O'Growney—not the hero of the public funeral, the sagart of the people—but the calm, self-sacrificing student of the days when the language was in disgrace; the patient toiler working doggedly in the face of every obstacle, ignoring or overcoming prejudice by sheer force of will; standing alone, or almost alone, in his college, an intellectual pariah, and all for sake of an ideal. It is a proud but a pitiful recollection. A man with a breadth of mind unequalled among his fellows, and with a conquering will and the perseverance that is of genius, stepping aside whilst others won the coveted prizes of the Alma Mater which meant glory for the time and usually distinction in after life. Unperturbed he stood back from the arena, and his hand-shake was the warmest, and his congratulation was the heartiest, as he greeted the first prizemen returning in triumph from the platform on Distribution Day, and all this when he must have felt the power that was in him, and knowing that he, too, might have been the Luke Delmege of the moment. For there is a sore temptation at times, say what we will, in the triumph that is echoed from many voices—the applause of the “many-headed multitude”—all the more when a man abstains, unlike Coriolanus, from hugging his virtue in self-reward. The really great man rises beyond the triumphs that are of passing time, and works for the things that are immortal, though to him they may not bring immortal fame.

“All his ideas,” Father O’Hogan goes on, still writing of O’Growney, “were with regard to Irish. He made arrangements with native speakers to walk with him during the recreations to speak solely in Irish, and two nights each week I was allowed to walk with them to listen to their talk.”

The earliest of Father O’Growney’s letters we can trace is dated 1883 from Maynooth, and is in Irish throughout. It is addressed to Michael Hogan, who seems to have shared his enthusiasm for Irish from the very beginning of the Maynooth course, and is chiefly

about the Language and the Ogham inscriptions. This letter, written when a mere boy, reveals the mature judgment of a thoughtful mind on the differences between the Runic writings of the Teutonic races and the Ogham characters of the Celt. The average boy in the second year of his scholastic course would, we take it, be more interested in the probable place of his name on the prize-list at the end of the session.

These were years of quiet up-hill work among his fellow-students, work that did not show much result for the moment, but which told in the long run.

“I spent a good part of the Vacation of ‘85 in Aran,” writes Father Yorke. “O’Growney came down there to study on the spot, and we were thrown a good deal together. I remember one day the two of us spent all the Irish at our command, and not a little of our temper, in trying to extract the Gaelic for ‘round’ out of an old woman we met on the road. She hadn’t a word of English, and we drew circles in the dust and asked her the names of them, but we couldn’t get anything but *roundánche*, which O’Growney already knew. He wanted the native adjective, and I don’t know that he ever found it; but he would take infinite pains hunting for a word.

“In St. Mary’s second year’s theology 1885-’86 he was more and more absorbed in the Gaelic.”

Irish teaching was at that time at, perhaps, its lowest ebb in Maynooth. In the ecclesiastical centre, as in the rest of Ireland in those days, they were busy in the attempt to assimilate the ideas of the outside world, and the native hall-mark was shunned as provincial and uncouth. Nor can we blame them too heavily for what was not the sin of their generation nor of ours—Maynooth was blinded by the dust of a folly and a prejudice that might well have passed with our fathers. But, as in nature, the terrible decree has gone out that nothing dies in the to-day; nor its sins, nor its follies; so this moral suicide of the past

was in our blood, and the shadow of its guilt was over the land—over all the land from sea to sea. Nor could Maynooth avoid reaping in that harvest which is borne by the whirlwind from the dead yet living force we call the past.

In very truth, so far had the tradition of Irish Scholarship passed from the great ecclesiastical college, that in O'Growney's student days there was no Professor of the Language there. One of the Dunboyne students was each year appointed as Lecturer in Irish. Students could only attend the Irish classes during one year at an advanced stage of their course, and even then, except in the case of the students from a few Irish-speaking dioceses, the attendance at the classes was purely voluntary. Within this limit even, they were allowed to choose between what was called the advanced class in which some real work was done, and the beginners' class, where there was opportunity given to do very little. As a rule—I have these details from various fellow-students of Father O'Growney—no student joined the Irish class of his own accord, except the few, now and again, who were impelled to it by pure love of the subject. These were known as "volunteers," and were seldom taken seriously in the sense in which an earnest student of any other language would be taken in an academic centre. In Father O'Growney's year there were three volunteers entered on the rolls—Michael Hogan, Laurence Kieran, and Eugene Grownay—and all three joined the senior class.

"It was only in his fourth year in Maynooth—his second Divinity year"—writes Father O'Kieran, "that the bulk of even his own class-fellows came to know anything of what was in him. Up to this time only the Irish-speaking portion of them appreciated him at something near his real worth. Of his influence with this section of the students from the beginning, one finds strong evidence in the list of subscribers to the *Gaelic Journal*, which was about to be started when he came

to Maynooth. Among the original subscribers we find about a dozen students of the Junior House, not one of whom, probably, would have subscribed except for him."

To the bulk of his fellow-students Eugene O'Growney's exceptional grasp of intellect first became known in debate. One day in the fall of '85 there was a mild sensation in college over an announcement affixed to the notice-board and signed by O'Growney's friend, Laurence Kieran. This notice was an invitation to the students of the class to meet for the purpose of forming a Debating Society. With the aid of Peter Yorke, on whom, with Father Kieran, the work afterwards fell, the Society was established. The meetings were held twice a week, and the students took an active interest in the work from the start. Grownay, as he was then called, soon came to be recognised in debate as a man of peculiarly sound judgment and wide reading, and before the Society was long in existence he rose to a high place in the esteem of his class-fellows.

"The summer of '86," Father Yorke goes on, "he was again in Aran, where we were together. He had realised that it was a waste of time to remain in *Ímp móř*, as it was contaminated too much with English, so he had determined to return to *Ímp meádon*. That autumn I came to America and did not see him again for nearly nine years."

So much for Father Yorke. Later on we shall note how the current of things brought the friends together again, the spaces of the intervening years being filled with grave work for both.

The following year—1886—O'Growney founded in Maynooth an Irish Society,<sup>1</sup> of which he was not merely the leader, but the very life and inspiration. All the members, with two or three exceptions, were native Irish speakers, and during the two years of its existence the Béarla was banned. The work done was partly class work and partly

<sup>1</sup> Father Conroy, of Letterfrack, was the first elected Secretary of this Society, and from its inception kept the minutes in Irish.

social ; lessons and debates being interspersed with Ceilidh gatherings, the first faint beginnings of the Renaissance that has given rise to the sturdy League of St. Columba.<sup>1</sup> One of Father O'Growney's friends tells humorously of his experiences in the Irish Society, "when," he says, "Growney tried hard to keep me from being known for the fraud that I was. I used occasionally to speak a few words or tell a short story in Irish, when he had carefully coached me beforehand—but with very poor results."

At this time O'Growney, as he now signed himself, used to go fairly often to Dublin and was in touch with the workers in the language movement. It is easy to see from his letters and references that he shared the desire of most young literary people to come in contact with men of learning or genius. O'Growney's inclination this way was mostly towards Irish scholars. It was a proud day when he first met Father Denis Murphy. On the same day he met Wakeman. The event is recorded in Father O'Kieran's diary, which, because of the extent to which it deals with O'Growney and his projects, was, in a sense, O'Growney's diary. The date is November 21, 1886.<sup>2</sup>

"Growney in Dublin to-day. Was talking to Father Denis Murphy, who is bringing out O'Clery's life of Red Hugh O'Donnell; and to Wakeman, who is also bringing out some new book."

On St. Patrick's Day of the following year there is a further entry :

"Fr. Denis Murphy gave us a call to-day. A middle-sized, middle-aged, common-sense style of a man, with a patriarchal beard on him." I had never met him before. Growney had."

Seaghan Fleming, the veteran Irish scholar,

<sup>1</sup> The Most Rev. Dr. Browne, then President of Maynooth College, looked with favour on the new movement among the students, and encouraged their patriotism by giving them every facility for coming together.

<sup>2</sup> The extracts from Father O'Kieran's Maynooth Diary I give word for word in the telegraphic form in which they were hurriedly written down at the time. Half the flavour would be lost otherwise, and I thank Father O'Kieran for permission to use them in this way.

was perhaps O'Growney's language movement hero all through his student days. In one of his letters to Father Maurus<sup>3</sup> of Mount Melleray he remarks :

"An tâ do bî mé ag teact a bairé ó Mag Nuadáin, éait mé tamall im bairé óta Ciat, ag tânaig S. Pléimonn anall cùgam ag bî comhráid ag cupán tae againn."

There is a certain note of elation in the reference, the keen pleasure we feel in coming into close contact with people whose ideals are the same as ours.

To return to Father O'Kieran's diary : there are various entries which show the intimate relations between the friends and the keen interest the one excited in the other. Under the 23rd February, '87, there is a note :

"Growney came in after dinner—was telling me about Cusack's new paper—*Celtic People*—organ of Gaelic Athletic Association. He looked in Gill's through a few articles—O'Curry of course—in Webb's Biography. Says they're very fine ones."

And, two days later :

"Growney is in fine health after his vac. I never saw him looking so strong since he came to the house. I was walking with him on new walk to-day. Saw first daisy this year there—beds fine masses of crocus blooms, and along side next hedge crocuses and snow-drops peeping up everywhere through the grass. I've got a queer notion to-day that Growney has grown taller of late. I'm almost sure of it—but I suppose it's 'on my eyes it is.' Men don't often give a jump at three or four and twenty."

Again returning to the same subject on the first of March, there is an interesting entry :

"In batch with Growney to-night. I had to talk up to him more than I used to. This so strengthened my notion that he had got taller that I told him my opinion. He looked ashamed of himself for being caught growing so late in his life—as if he had been taken at some very childish piece of work, but when

<sup>3</sup> Rev. R. Phelan, now Prior of Mount Melleray.

he got over that, he admitted that he had grown something over half an inch during his seven weeks vacation. He happened to measure his height the day after he went home, and the increase from that time was so noticeable that the people at home got him to measure again before he came back."

They talked of everything under the sun in these "batches," and the entries vary from a discussion on the over-taxation of Ireland, or the literary merits of the latest book, to a reference to the little black berries the children string on grass stalks in the bogs.

"I surprised Growney and Macken and Butler by describing the blue-black pea-sized berry that I knew as a bilberry. They told me bilberries are red. Butler described my bilberries 'hurts.' They all knew moonogs, and called them by same name."

On the 18th April in the same year there is a note about the Bodenstown walk, which took place the day before, and a groan over the general stiffness of limb which prevailed as a result. A few days later we come upon an entry which set us on the trail of a curious discovery

"Finished my scribble about Bodenstown walk. Growney tells me 'sheugh' and 'glug' are good Irish words *peoē, glug*." An enquiry elicited the confession from Father O'Kieran that it was he, and not O'Growney, who wrote the account of the visit to Wolfe Tone's grave.

This was a shock to some pet theories. We had worshipped, in common with most of those who wrote of O'Growney, at the shrine of that other patriot's grave. Like them we were caught with the fervour of the writer of the "Walk," and impressed with the beauty of the sadly-clinging ivy.

We might have been warned by the reference to the "braes of Ulster," and to the graveyard of Drumsnat—the Drumsnat of the *Cinn Troma Snaecta*, which O'Curry, with his uncertain knowledge of topography outside his native district, speaks of as a mountain, whereas it is a very fair and fertile valley between low limestone hills.

Yet the error was a natural one on our part, seeing the sketch had been already printed as Father O'Growney's, and as such accepted in general.

The mistake came about simply enough. "I had," says Father O'Kieran, "a number of friends abroad who were very hard to satisfy in the matter of letters from Ireland—one in Italy, two in France, some in England, and, most voracious and insatiable of all, Peter Yorke, who had lately left us for America. I used to try to appease them by scribbling one long letter, copying it on a gelatine machine which belonged to the Society, and making it, with a few personal notes added, go round the whole lot of them. That 'Walk' letter was one of them. It was a mere school-boy scribble with a good deal of school-boy slang in it, which, of course, was never meant to come under the eye of anyone but the few friends to whom it was sent. Even in his most free and easy conversation Father Eoghan never spoke a word of slang in his life. Though he could tell a good story and enjoy a good joke better than most people, there was a dignity of both thought and expression about his speech such as I have never known in any other man combined with such simplicity and unaffectedness. Besides the slang,<sup>1</sup> there are bits of stilted bombast in the letter which was put in for the special amusement of Peter Yorke, in playful mimicry of the grand style affected by a good many of the students in the classes senior to ours in Maynooth at the time. That rhapsody about the ivy was not deliberately bombastic, though it is nearly as luxuriant as the ivy itself. The style of the old *reancarðe* breaking out unconsciously, I suppose." "The only thing about the letter," Father O'Kieran concludes, "is the strange fact that Father O'Growney thought it worth preserving through so many years. His doing so may have been due to his friendship

<sup>1</sup> There will, no doubt, be a great many "I told you so's" over this confession, and the public will be quick to discern the school-boy slang.

for the writer or to his agreement with the sentiments expressed in it."

This led to the further question as to what were Father O'Growney's own views on Tone.

"What were his views on Tone?" Father O'Kieran repeats. "Just my own! We were not long in Maynooth together till I introduced him to Madden's 'United Irishmen,' Tone's 'Memoirs,' Hay, Teeling, and practically everything in print of what I may call the 'Ninety-Eight' literature, and everything in book form of the Young Ireland literature. He on the other side introduced me to O'Curry, O'Donovan, Petrie, Reeves, and what I may call their school, and to the Irish language. My views were that Irishmen should work to make Ireland Irish and free—not a province, no matter how prosperous—and that they should never aim at anything lower, even if it took many generations to attain. *Father O'Growney's views were exactly identical.*"

In view of this interesting statement, by so close a friend, the article, which was already set up among Father O'Growney's original work, was allowed to stand. Though the accident is not an unique one in literary history, the fact that the sketch passed for years as the work of another, and that, during the life of the writer, is somewhat curious. "At the time the sketch was printed in the *United Irishman*," says Father O'Kieran, "I commenced a letter to the Editor, telling the truth about it. I was too busy to send it off for some weeks. Then I let it pass for the time."

The "Walk to Wolfe Tone's grave," which was published by Michael MacKenna in all good faith as Father O'Growney's, was sent by him from Maynooth to his old friend. The MS. is a "graph" copy of Father O'Kieran's handwriting—but, in lieu of an explanation, and being in the habit of receiving long, descriptive letters from O'Growney, Mr. MacKenna naturally concluded it to be original. Before passing from the diary

which led to this discovery, I shall note a few more entries touching on O'Growney's life in the latter years of his stay at Maynooth. On November 2, '87, we read :

"Growney told me yesterday that Father Conway, of Carraroe, has asked him to join in translating Maynooth Catechism—to go out to his place on the Xmas vac. He'll go."

On the 11th of the same month, there is a lament for one out of the Tuesday night "batch," who had just left Maynooth to join a Religious Order, to which is added :

"I had no batch at all like it, with M—— and Growney and C——. I nearly always found it pleasanter to listen than to talk in it; what I haven't to say of many batches, and what from me is the highest praise possible—God be with you, C——!"

On the 16th December there is a reference to a mutual friend whom the little group in Maynooth always kept fresh in their thoughts:

"I read the Office for some days past for Yorke, who is to be ordained tomorrow."

O'Growney's first visit to Mount Melleray was in the August of '87. The place seems to have made a profound impression on him, and in after years he loved to repeat his visit to the peaceful convent on the southern mountain side.

From Melleray he proceeded to Ring, and in the autumn, a few weeks after his first visit, he wrote to Father Maurus expressing his keen delight at the state of the little Irish-speaking village which he had visited in the meantime. He was loud in his praise of Mr. Foley, the National Teacher who had taught the young generation to read and write their own language. The people, he remarked, rich and poor, were in no way ashamed to speak Irish, and both the priests preached the Gospel in the language of the people. Speaking of his health in this letter he says "Táim-re com láoráilte beart." Then, showing the industry which always characterised him in his search after the very marrow of the language, he proceeds to enquire about several Irish words and their exact shade of

meaning. “*Ar aifis tú ‘mairidh le’* (=quod attinet ad) *muam?* I nDún na nGall ‘ré  
deirtear, ‘A dtaca liom-ra dé,’ nád éom  
achrannac céatna.” Having discussed various other words, he concludes by apologising for intruding on the inner life of a monk by so many questions; “but I know,” he says, “that, like Brother Michael O’Clery, under God you love our old language.”

This was the beginning of a close friendship and an unbroken correspondence between O’Growney and his Irish-speaking friend. On his death-bed the young priest roused himself to send one last message to the monastery.

In the August of '88 O’Growney writes: “*Indiu rsgriobhaim cùgat mar gheall ar gur  
bliadain ó máirpeas do cuimh mé atáne opt an  
céad uair, ní nacl n-éaloċair ar mo cuimhne  
go péid.*” There is enough of sentiment in the thought to save O’Growney from the charge of being matter-of-fact.

This is how Father Maurus writes of him: “*Bi ré ar an duine ba énearta, ba gteoirí  
et ba éairdeamhla do b'férdir d'fagáint. Tá  
fior ag an raoisal ar a ḡaeḋbealtacht. Tá  
eir cùram a anma ba hi an ḡaeḋvíl an rúd  
ba giorra ólá ébordé.*”

In the meantime the young student was working away in the Irish Society in Maynooth, and keeping up his interest in everything connected with the Language. He denounced constantly among his fellow-students the National Education Board for their attitude towards the Language, especially with regard to the native-speaking children who could not speak English. “He used to tell us a story,” says Father O’Hogan, “about a poor little child he met coming out of one of the Aran schools crying bitterly. He asked her in Irish the reason of her tears, and she replied that the Inspector was in the school and she had been put out for not answering. She could not answer, she said, because he questioned her in English, and she did not know what he was saying.”

Among modern languages, O’Growney’s interest, in his student years, was not confined to Irish. In '86, his second Divinity year,

he began to study German, of which he gained a book-knowledge. In Scotch Gaelic, where he had only the difficulty of bridging over the local differences between it and the parent language, he was quite at home. Father O’Hogan tells of how one day, when a student, O’Growney went into Corless’s for dinner, and was surprised to hear two gentlemen talking Irish at a table near him. One of them he recognised as a friend, and so joined in the Irish conversation. The three chatted for a considerable time, never using English, and afterwards he was surprised to discover that the stranger was a Scotchman, and had been talking all the time in Scotch Gaelic, which Father O’Growney had followed perfectly, but had not recognised it as such.

But the language which he loved best, after Irish, was Greek. For two years and a half Father O’Kieran and he read a weekly newspaper in Modern Greek—and though neither had had any preparation except through their knowledge of Classic Greek, they had very little trouble in following it after some initial effort.

All through his Maynooth course O’Growney kept up a correspondence in Irish with all of his friends whom he could induce to reply in the same language. To one of them who had undergone a severe operation, he is peculiarly sympathetic: “*Caitriú  
tú beic an-lag tarp eir an gceannra agur  
na péine cùs ré (an doctúir) óuit. B'férdir  
le Dia go ńfotlamóctar an áit tinn trí an  
briopra ro.*” Twelve years later a somewhat similar operation ended his own life.

Notwithstanding his cheery reference in the letter to Father Maurus, O’Growney’s health was very broken during the latter years of his stay in Maynooth. In a letter to Father O’Hogan dated from Dressogue in the January of '88 he remarks: “*Tá mire  
mar bior muam—ar an liorta*<sup>1</sup> (*uaċċa*)

<sup>1</sup> The references to the upper and lower lists, Father O’Hogan explains, are references to the many times he was sick in the infirmary. The upper list, or infirmary, was for those very seriously ill, and the lower infirmary for those less seriously ill.

nó iocair) lá ná ór gáe uile feachtáin. Bí mé ar an luasta uactair rui táinig a baile, le tri feachtáin, inar an reompa céatáin i n-a pháis turas anuaidh agus ór an tatair ua Críostom ag teacht ar cuairt eugam go minic."

"The disease," Father O'Hogan says, "from which he suffered as a student, and which I suppose afterwards proved fatal, was a form of consumption of the stomach. It is sad to see, even in these early days, his references to the sickness which finally killed him."

There are constant and affectionate allusions in O'Growney's letters about this time to Father Crean, who was then a dean in the College and who sympathised with the work of the young student, and once or twice there is mention of Father Judge, who, strangely enough, was to preach his funeral oration away by the shores of Lake Michigan.

Though the last year of the Maynooth course is looked upon as the most trying time to the ecclesiastical student, the burden does not seem to have weighed heavy on O'Growney. "Tá bliadán bheag agam-ra i mbliadán," he says, writing to Father O'Hogan, who was then on the mission, "ní fuit mórán agam le déanam—ní déanam é i gceáir ar bith agus táim ag obair go níos mó ar an nGaeilge." Further on he speaks of learning Welsh: "Bí mise go minic ag rád liom péin go bprófuméidéann an Bpreáthair ppreipim, acht meapaim gup feapp tám anoir leanúnach do'n Gaeilge aráin go ceann rsgatáin eile. An bliadán ro éugann, le congnam Dé, nuaip nac mbíodh na teangeolaíomh-rsgriouca Gaeilge le téigeadh agam, féadamh mo ndícheall a déanam leip an mbpreáthair agus le Gaeilge na hAlban."

In the April of that same year he made the acquaintance of Richard Henebry, a student in St. Joseph's or the middle Division. The separation between the three Divisions in Maynooth, strict enough at present, was even more so fifteen years ago, and it was quite an adventure, as Dr. Henebry

now humourously describes it, when the younger student slipped a letter into some convenient place where O'Growney found it. Not the iron laws of college discipline could keep such enthusiasts apart, and immediately some means were found to convey a reply from St. Mary's to St. Joseph's. In this first letter O'Growney expresses his gratification at hearing from him, though he does not yet know him even by appearance, but reproaches him gently for writing in English. He would write to him often, he adds, if it were not that he would probably be going up for the Irish *Solus* that year—(O'Growney helped to adjudicate—though non-officially) and it would not do to have any communications pass between them in the meantime. "Nuair a bhíodh an obair min níos déanta agat," he adds, "tornóémuit ag rsgriobhadh ná céile." Then he projects a plan for mutual help in the study of the Language. "Ir féin, teip," he concludes, "go scarrfáireáid ná céile rinn i meap agus rleibhíte an Cumpaig—tá daonimh nádúr leiticeáid an-gháinn; marp min eaitpimíte meap móra a bheit agáinn ar a céile."

Then follows a second letter, in which he congratulates him on winning the *Solus*.

Though O'Growney was admitted to Deaconship in the summer of '88, he was not sorry he had still another year left before entering on the responsibility of the priesthood. "Tá bliadán eile agam, buirtheáil le Dia, le hollmhusaodh i gcoimhna rsgairteáctas," he says, writing to Father Maurus a little later on, when it was arranged he should spend the coming year as Assistant-Dean or Prefect in Navan Seminary; "i níot na haimpreip min ag munaodh Gaeilge agus a leiticeáid min i n-éamainn i' r eadó bheit mé."

The duties of his post in Navan left him leisure to contribute a series of original articles in Irish to the *Tuam News*, as well as several anonymous notes to various magazines, such, for instance, as the one on "Pre-Christian Ireland," in the *Ecclesiastical Record*. During the same year he began

to contribute to the Gaelic Journal. “*Tá ait beas liom-rá i gclóid i gceáin an céird iarr eite*,” he writes, with pardonable pride, to Father Maurus, “*táim aon-éarróibhreac ar, de bhris gurab é mo céird iarracht ’rún iarrleabhar é.*” This contribution took the form of a few grammatical notes, headed “Useful Jottings,” and afterwards incorporated with the little Grammar. The letters written from Navan to his friends are very cheerful, and his health, he says, was excellent—as good as it used to be in his younger days as a student there. As a thinker, O’Growney’s views, at this period, though peculiarly wide for his experience, are still fettered, naturally enough, by the conventional groove into which a serious professional course of study tends to lead the mind.

The following summer he returned to Maynooth for the solemn Ordination in the college chapel on St. John's Day. He went up to the altar a boy—a boy filled, it is true, with ideals and sobered by the wisdom of deep thought—yet, withal, a mere boy; he came back from that long prostration with the cross of manhood on him, and feeling already in his soul the strength of those who share with the Master the burden of the world's sin. In the language of his people, the Irish Priest commemorates this day of days on his Ordination Card:

3.

Pausing here between the two great phases of O'Growney's life, the time may not be inopportune for a glance at the man himself—the outer man as he was known to the crowd—the inner man revealed only in his life-work and in his communion with a few intimate friends.

In appearance he was rather tall and slightly built, with drooping shoulders and a soft expression of face—what has been described as a deprecating look. All through his Maynooth course, his friends doubted if he would live to finish it. "Bad health dogged him all along," says Father O'Daly, a friend of his on the mission in his native diocese, "so that he was unable to study and utilise the commanding ability all recognised he possessed." In Maynooth, as a student, he never took any exercise except walking, and at no time in his life did he care for any form of athletic exercise except horse-riding and cycling. Horse-riding he was fond of up to the end, and sometimes when he was in very poor health in Maynooth he used to say, "if I had a good gallop on a horse it would leave me all right again." O'Growney's health never permitted him to join in the long walks which are a feature of the student life at Maynooth, and which are the occasions of many interesting excursions, such as the visit to Wolfe Tone's grave, so graphically described by Father O'Kieran. The time so saved he spent in the large library of the college, copying Irish Manuscripts.

In character Father O'Growney was practical—that is, he looked to the ways and means at hand to forward his great ideal. That ideal itself was, for the most part, looked upon as an unpardonable folly ; but somehow the matter-of-fact way in which the young student set to work disarmed criticism and set people thinking as to whether there might not be some common-sense behind the whole movement. It is only the man who preaches from the house-top that he is an idealist, who is refused a hearing in the long run.

—  
15eumine ap  
Lá Féile Eóin, 1889.  
an lá fuathar  
Grádum saghairt,  
agup ap  
mo céad-asprionn  
lá ap n-a máraé.  
—  
eoíon ua Íomána.  
"A tigearna ní fúi mé."

O'Growney was eminently practical, and set out on his life-task fully convinced that the world is overcome by patience. In non-essentials he was ever ready to yield to expediency. By some this policy was falsely construed as weakness. It was true strength. "It is a great mistake," says Father Yorke, "to suppose that Father O'Growney was a diffident and timid man. He had a shy appearance, but that was all the shyness was about him. His eye was as quick as lightning and as sharp as steel. He had his opinions, not only on Irish, but also on a variety of subjects, and they were by no means milk-and-water opinions."

About O'Growney's utter unselfishness all who knew him are agreed. Now, it is a story of how he put himself out of his way to visit a sick friend, and again it is an account of the reckless way he lent the books he prized most to his fellow-students. To this was added a frank open-handedness which was always on the look-out for some object of compassion. "Nothing," said Michael MacKenna, in speaking of Father O'Growney, "nothing could stop the flow of his generosity except an empty pocket." When he was a student in Maynooth he used to give recklessly of his pocket-money as long as it lasted, and we all know of the hundred and one expenses that crop up in college life, and we know, too, that overflowing purses are the exception, not the rule, among students. On one occasion Mr. MacKenna was made the medium for sending half a sovereign to the old woman who used to nurse him: "poor Nelly may want it," said O'Growney. "I don't at present—but," he added, "you must not say anything about it to them at home."

Father O'Growney's humour, or, more properly speaking, innocent drollery, was of such a nature as to make it almost impossible to give a typical story. "He had," writes Michael MacKenna, "a keen touch of dry humour, which was always very subdued. No one could listen more attentively to a

humorous story, and he had an inimitably droll method of telling one himself." Father Flynn hits off, perhaps, the exact nature of the faculty which O'Growney had for seeing the humour of a situation. "That wit," he writes, "for which he was so remarkable shone in repartee and in ordinary quiet conversation. While he had a fund of humour, it was more apparent as a setting off to the ordinary events of every-day life than as forming any distinct story or stories about him. I never knew one who, when he wished to amuse, could so quickly see the ridiculous side of a thing or had such a happy knack of embellishing it."

Yet there is one story Michael MacKenna told me which may serve, perhaps, to illustrate this elusive sense of humour in Father O'Growney. I give it in the narrator's words:

"On one of our pleasant evenings at the Hill of Ward I showed him a delightful passage in Sir Samuel Ferguson's Hibernian Nights Entertainments. It is in the First Series, pages 125 and 126. In the 'Captive of Killeshin' Sir Samuel gives us a glowing picture of the effect which the Irish Language had on some of the young English noblemen who came over here to serve in the armies of Richard the Second. He relates how the enchanting Irish eloquence of Una Ni Nolain, the Irish Chief's daughter, made Sir Robert FitzThomas exclaim: 'I feel that my tongue alone is English.' The young lady, who is in charge of her aunt, the Abbess, interprets a letter in Irish from her father to his captive, Sir Robert, and then a scene occurs. 'Dear lady,' cried the delighted youth, 'for such a moment I would barter the best year of my life, and deem myself happy in the exchange.'

"'What says he now,' demanded the Abbess. 'That he would rather serve us than the English,' replied Una, somewhat confused.

"'He uses many words for so simple a phrase,' observed the Abbess.

“‘The Saxon tongue is less expressive than ours,’ replied Una.

“‘True, true,’ assented the propitiated lady, ‘the Irish is, indeed, the most perfect, as well as the most ancient language in the world. The dialect of these strangers seems truly a most harsh and incondite jargon. I pray thee, soil not thy lips with further use of it, but let the youth depart.’

“FitzThomas, accordingly, retired, but with a step so exulting that one who had seen him enter could hardly have believed him to be the same man. The Irish he had acquired was put in immediate requisition, and the monk who had so anxiously sought an interpreter for O’Nolan’s letter was amazed to find the unsuspected progress of the ignorant Saxon.

“Father O’Growney’s comment on all this was characteristic ; he would remind you of a light-hearted gossoon going to say the *De Profundis*. ‘The story,’ said he, ‘would never fit the atmosphere of Maynooth, but I admire the lady ; and,’ he added, in his own drollly enthusiastic way, ‘is there an Irishman alive who wouldn’t?’”

To O’Growney’s patriotism there is no need to refer here. “Like John of Tuam,” says Michael MacKenna, “and like Thomas Davis, his one object was Ireland, and on that object he was as fixed as a pillar on granite. He did not believe much in an Irish Literature in the English Language, as a factor towards the making of a nation. What he strove hard for and what he longed to see, was an Irish Literature in the Irish Language, breathing an untainted Irish spirit.”

When we hear of a great man we want a glance at his study table. What did he read? What thinkers directed the trend of his thoughts? Unconsciously we aim at tracing his mental development, and that, it may often be, on pre-conceived notions. O’Growney was catholic enough in his literary tastes to upset all our theories as to the particular mind or minds which influenced him in his

life-work. Old Keating he held in admiration as a model of classical Irish at a time when Irish was a living expressive medium for mental activity. “He used to say,” writes Father O’Hogan, “that, as we find the best English in Addison’s ‘Essays,’ so we find the best Irish in Keating’s ‘Three Shafts.’”

The unknown medieval Irish writers he loved, though, in poetry, it would seem he preferred the modern ballads to the more pretentious verses of the older school. As a student in Maynooth he had a fair opportunity of comparing the manuscripts of both periods, and, even then he showed a leaning towards the living forms of the language.

Shakespeare O’Growney revered—who that knows human nature does not worship there? Even in his Irish articles he quotes from the shrewdest thinker among the Elizabethans. “How fearful and dizzy ‘tis to cast one’s eyes so low !” he writes, as the fiercely precipitous rock at Dun Aonghusa recalls to him the words of Edgar in King Lear.<sup>1</sup> In quoting freely from English and Latin authors, O’Growney followed the precedent of Keating and what is known as the older native school. In his letters there are occasional quotations from German authors, but to what degree of intimacy he became acquainted with the German mind it is now hard to ascertain.

The wideness of O’Growney’s taste in reading cannot be better illustrated than by the fact that two of his closest friends differ much in their views as to his favourite authors. “Father O’Growney had a great admiration, I remember, for Scott’s novels,” writes Father O’Hogan, “and he frequently alluded to characters in them.”

“The two writers in English,” writes Father O’Kieran, “whom he valued most were O’Curry and John Mitchell. He did not approve of all Mitchell’s actions, e.g., he always thought him unjust in his references to Duffy—but he considered him one

<sup>1</sup> Father O’Growney translates this passage in quotation, see Part III., § II., IX., *Ára na nAomh*, p. 289.

of the very greatest writers of English prose. Mitchell's 'Apology' he thought not equalled in its own line by any English writer except Swift. Of Carlyle, as a historian, he had a very poor opinion, but as an artist in word-painting he had a great admiration for him. His favourite novelist, English or Anglo-Irish, was George Eliot. Among the humourists he liked Sydney Smith best; after him, Thackeray and Lamb. Of the Americans he liked the 'Biglow Papers' and 'Sam Slick' immensely. He also liked the works of Hawthorne, Wendell Holmes, and some, but not all, of Bret Harte. But Franklin, I think, he liked best of them all. Montaigne he admired, and I also remember that 'Don Quixote' and the 'Chronicle of the Cid' were great favourites of his among Continental works. In Natural History the books he liked best were Waterton's Wanderings and White's History of Selborne, and that quaint gossipy little book, Watter's Irish Birds. Of the geologists he was very fond of old Hugh Miller. Among the Anglo-Irish poets his favourites were Ferguson, Mangan, and, of course, Davis."

It is curious to note Father O'Growney's admiration for George Eliot—an admiration shared fully and frankly by the author of "Under the Cedars and Stars."

Burns he always quoted from at the head of his "Waifs and Strays from the Islands," a series of songs and prayers and charms collected by him during his visits to Aran, and published in the *Tuam News* :—

"A chiel's amang you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it."

Referring to his friend, Michael O'Hogan's admiration for Savonarola, O'Growney writes in one of his letters: "An tórait tú ceannamh ar Sábhónapóla mar bhr? Bí ré páirte ar an bpáipéar an lá éanna go pairb an 'Sean-tuine bheag' úd Glaoiptone i Milan agus go ndeacláid ré iptimeáil riopha éum Deatadh Sábhónapóla le Villari (úgadh mór Easdaleas) a éannaíodh agus go pairb rluasg daomhne iptimeáil 'n-a bhaird."

His own views on this writer are not forth-

coming; but, in any case, we only see O'Growney's study-table during his student years, and before his ideas on men and things are fully matured. From his correspondence in later years, it is evident that he turned more and more from the garnered wisdom of other minds to "the quick forge and melting-house of thought," moulding his actions on the convictions within him—convictions all the stronger and more virile for that they were not toned down by the prudence of the latter-day economist, nor the wisdom of the political philosopher.

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As a priest on the mission—first at Mullingar and later at Ballynacargy—Father O'Growney began life in earnest. Shielded until then from contact with the actualities of things, he saw life through the softening medium of word-pictures. A barrack-town like Mullingar gives a rude awakening to a literary student, a man of ideals. But the more he saw of the sadder side of life, the more he turned to the hopes of the language movement for the renaissance of the people. Immediately on taking up his duties in Mullingar, he made the acquaintance of Douglas Hyde, whose "Leabhar Sgealtachais" (the first printed book in the Irish of the people) he had just reviewed. He writes to congratulate him on his patriotic labours, and to offer him any assistance in his power. Father O'Growney was quick to perceive that the tendency of such work was to help on the spread of the language among the people: "Ír mór, go deimhn," he writes, "an meap atá agam ar do leabhar mar gheall ar gur leabhar é a gcuairpíod na daomh rpeir ann." Immediately he turns the acquaintance to practical use by suggesting a correspondence with a view to mutual help. Writing a fortnight later, he says: "Ní truobháro liom aet lúgháir agus lúgháir trácht a déanaid leat ar aéiríannais agus neacáilais ar oteangan. Ír beag tuine oibrísear ar an nGaeilge dá rírib, agus ó comórtar agus ó compártáid ar

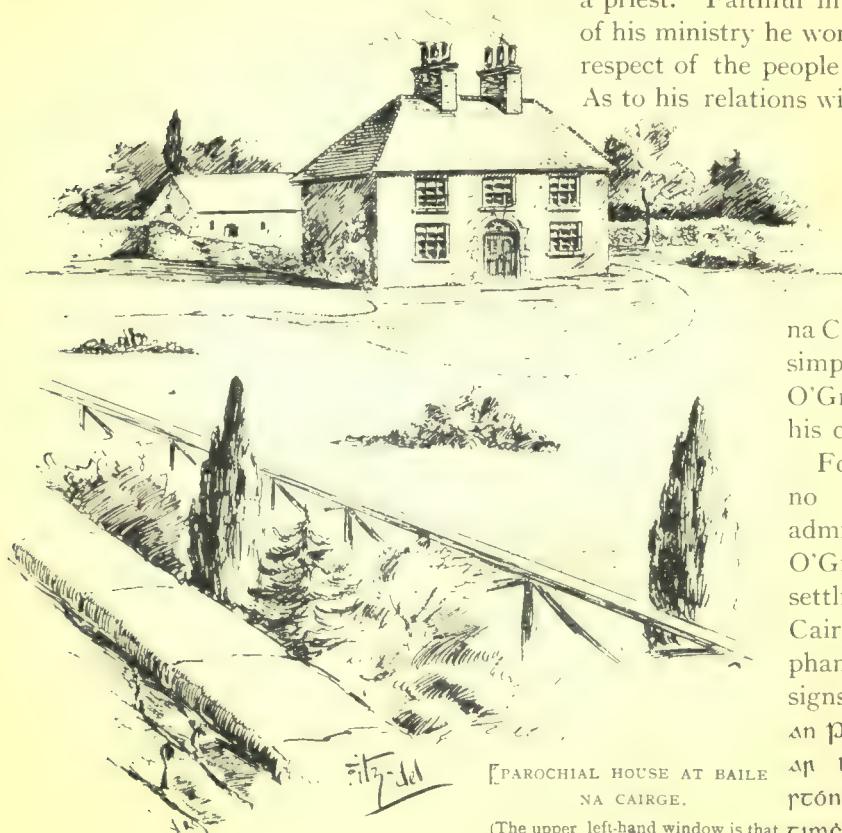
mbéarainn aonan is féidiril go bhfóigtheóimur ní éigin." Then he goes on to discuss in scholarly fashion various words and phrases queried in the letter of the *Craoibín*, as he was then best known: "Ní féidir liom aon bhéarainn do b'fhiú mear a tadhairt faoi cia aca 'ába' nó 'áma' baoi cóna óúinn a phád. Ári taoibh, tá an focal Láirne annis; ári taoibh eile, tá an focal Sángréiteac 'áb' noic éimíte in 'Punjaub' = 'cúig abainne.' Céitímito an ceirt t'fágáin faoi luéit na Sean-Gaeálge." From this arose an interesting interchange of views, chiefly on matters connected with the language and on the forms of the language itself. These letters Father O'Growney used to refer to playfully as the *táp buaile eadair-páinn*—and many a knotty question is there threshed out and disentangled: "Is it right," he asks, "to write Irish down exactly as we hear it? I would make a distinction. If the story-teller gave you good Irish throughout the story, without making any great mistake, put down exactly what he says, although you may be doubtful, now and again, of the correctness of what he said. But if he stumbled perceptibly here and there, it is my opinion that we should examine the doubtful places closely." In these days of folklore collection this is a peculiarly valuable opinion, bearing, as it does, the weight of Father O'Growney's well-considered judgment. Scarcely a letter, however serious the subject under discussion, passes without some humorous allusion. "Nuair fúid mé riór," he concludes after one of these word-wars, "teir an tuitír ro a cup i gceann a céite, bí mé trom tuippeac go leor, aet táp éir an allúir do éuir mé 'fan gcomhac neamh-fuinteac ro eadair-páinn, ní fuit pioe ag gábal rám.'" There was no point concerning the language which was not liable to be laid bare on the "threshing ground." Talking about the religious songs in which Dr. Hyde was particularly interested, he says: "So deirim biond dáonta mar ro ag teacht ó na filíóib Gaeálge i gcomháide—níor mó

ná aon tróigt eile o'fhiuiseáct." Now we get a touch of humour and the nearest approach to sarcasm Father O'Growney's charity ever allowed him: "So deiréannaé, is dáonta aitriúiseacáitó-címito, an éiúd ar mó acadéanta ag rean-biteannácaibh do éait a raoígal le níl é te noteap é t'iompruis faoi deiréadó." Then, having discussed the peculiarities of the poems themselves, he adds: "Cionn tú go mbreáthnúigtear ar na neitib ro ón point de réire epráibhceá—áct náé aintíaró ar oifreannáca?" Everything connected with Ireland was a subject of deep interest to him, and in a letter to the *Craoibín* (in the Béarla) he writes: "I want to ask you where I could get an account of fairies, pookas, etc. I saw on the papers that, speaking in Dublin, you made some allusion to Lang's theory of the origin of the belief in them" and so on of innumerable other things till they discuss the *locus* of the much-abused little word "tatty," familiar in Dublin from its use by the milkmen.

The correspondence with the *Craoibín*, begun in Mullingar, was carried on without interruption at Baile na Caire, where, to his great delight, the young priest was removed a few months after his ordination: "Here I am," he writes to Father O'Kieran in the December of '99, "in the nicest curacy in the diocese, from my point of view. Pecuniarily not very rich, say £120 for yours truly. Sure, it's plenty. A fine hilly country, very healthy, the parish small and compact—about 2,000 people in it. The P.P. is a man you would admire; a model man in every way. . . . In Mullingar you live in a palace, and all that, but I'd rather be here." Then he goes on to talk of the parish work and the two Book-Societies: "You'd laugh if you saw the catalogue. I am adding about twenty books to each just now, real rousers, of course (Jail Journal, Davis' Essays, Irish Minstrels, Penny Readings, I.-IV.; Speeches from the Dock, Gavan Duffy's book, Parnell Movement, etc.). If you have met with any good books tell me what they are." Then other details of the parish work which was

not, he says, very heavy: "Since I have come here my time was spent lugging off children to school. They never dreamt of going themselves. . . . Father Gilsenan is my neighbour, a walk of half an hour separates us. I have the bicycle and am getting a horse." The previous September he had spent in Aran where he preached two sermons in Irish, a fact duly noted with pardonable pride.

During the two years of his life at Baile na



PAROCHIAL HOUSE AT BAILE  
NA CAIRGE.

(The upper left-hand window is that  
of Father O'Growney's room.)

Cairge Father O'Growney began to find himself, as it were. It was a sudden and complete change from the constant intercourse of college life at Maynooth to the quiet of a country curacy. Thrown on his own resources he began to develop the power that was in him, and to concentrate his energy more and more on the one grand ideal. He still wrote for the *Tuam News*, and he contributed the much discussed

article on "The National Language" to the *Ecclesiastical Record*, besides keeping up his correspondence in Irish with his friends. He also edited the "*Síamra an Gheimhridh*," which Mr. O'Faherty partly dedicated to him. But, above all, he thought—he thought deeply; seeing into the root of the situation in Ireland. Afterwards when he took his place in Maynooth his ideas were ripe for action. Nor did this concentration of his mind affect his duties as a priest. Faithful in even the smallest detail of his ministry he won the affection and the respect of the people among whom he lived. As to his relations with his parish priest, his friend on the Mission, and one of his executors, Father M. O'Farrell,<sup>1</sup> writes: "Father Peter Murtagh, P.P., of Baile na Cairge, who died in 1892, simply worshipped Father O'Growney when there as his curate."

For Parnell as a leader no man had a greater admiration than Father O'Growney. Soon after settling down at Baile na Cairge he writes triumphantly, enumerating the signs of the times: "Féad an Pháinneileac an lá céana  
ar borth leis an nGla-  
rtónaċ! Féad é ag dul  
timcheall Sagran mar bhean  
Impire agus ar fean-náimhde  
ag comórtar le céile ag féacaint cia aca ar  
túirge agus ar mō a tairbeánaċ ondúr agus  
árho-mear vob."

When the political storm was raging soon after he moderated his views, but found it hard to reconcile himself to either side in the struggle. It was to his mind only a case of relative evil as between one party and the

<sup>1</sup> Eoin MacNeill and the Rev. Father Callary, P.P., Tullamore, were the other executors of Father O'Growney's will.

other. Whichever attitude one took the issue in either case, he felt, was injurious to Ireland: "I could not explain to my own satisfaction and, of course, still less to yours, what view I took of the crisis," he writes to Father O'Kieran in the January of '91: "the whole thing is enough to drive a man mad," he concludes, having summed up the situation in words powerful enough to bring back to us the memory of those sad days.

In the June of '91 Father O'Growney became acquainted with Eoin Mac Neill who wrote him for information about Aran, where he wished to study the spoken language.

"Is mór an t-áit a dhéanamh," he replies, "ná c' eisigh, Seapáinín (cruinn gur mór mo rpéir innti) ná aon-ír eile do éamh t'áit t'áit p'aim a'ct d'aimpír do t'abairt do teangeal do b'úitceair p'aim."

On Mr. Mac Neill's return from the islands Father O'Growney opened an interesting correspondence with this new recruit to the ranks of Irish scholarship—a correspondence only broken by his death. First he spoke as a stranger, kindly and encouragingly, about the language movement; then by degrees as he came to know him personally he grows warmer and speaks on a variety of topics, until, finally, he opens his mind to him in such a way as, I believe, he never opened it to any other man. At Baile na Cairge he lamented the want of time which prevented him from studying Irish in the thorough way he would have wished: "hard work of their own appears to be the fate of all who turn towards the Irish, but is it not so much the better?" "Like yourself, my time for Irish is limited to intervals snatched from a very busy life—one in which from the very nature of things no real method can be adopted." Continuing we come upon a touch of his peculiar humour: "Thanks also for your kind offer of being useful to me in Dublin. If the thing can be done vicariously I would ask you to go to some dentist and get a tooth extracted for me."

Already it was clear that someone must

relieve the Editor of the Gaelic Journal and willingly the young curate offered to assist him: "Poor Fleming won't be long in it (as we say)" he writes to Mr. Mac Neill, "more's the pity for Irish scholarship." At this period Father O'Growney was himself assisting the brave old man who, for years, almost unaided, kept up the standard of classical Irish, as handed down by the scholarly tradition of the Deisi.

With Eoin MacNeill, also, he started a discussion about Aran words and phrases, encouraging him in every way to keep up that keen interest in the language he had shown from the beginning and offering any help in his power. "As to any formality or etiquette with me, the idea is ridiculous *per se* and far more so if you knew my free-and-easy way of getting on."

Just then it was whispered that the Irish Chair would be re-established in Maynooth. The whispers are echoed hopefully in Father O'Growney's letters and in those of his friends. In reply to an appeal from Mr. MacNeill that he should be a candidate in the event of the chair being established, he writes: "If they decide to appoint a regular professor, and hold the chair for competition as usual, I shall have no hesitation in becoming a candidate, although I am here far happier than I could expect to be in Maynooth."

In a later letter, speaking of Monsignor Browne, then President of Maynooth, he says: "He has done a lot to improve Maynooth and I believe he has been at the bottom of this movement to establish a Chair of the 'Celtic' language." When it was finally decided to establish an Irish Chair, and before the details were arranged, he writes: "What I fear is that in a spirit of economy they may wish to amalgamate that Chair with a deanship, just as if a man who has a mania for the Irish, and who must necessarily be different from other men, could by any chance fill the place of a dean!" Then he suggests that Mr. MacNeill should himself follow up

the article on "The National Language" in the *Ecclesiastical Record* by a further article on similar lines: "I should wish to write a rousing supplementary article, but would rather cut off my hand than have people imagine I was doing so to bring myself



OUR LADY'S ALTAR, ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL, MAYNOOTH.  
(Where Father O'Growney used frequently to celebrate Mass).

forward for this Irish Chair." The article appeared in time, and met its due meed of praise. But by no one was it received more enthusiastically than by Father O'Growney: "Now I am not a flatterer; never was," he writes: "Let me tell you I don't remember when I read a paper with greater gratification. You may believe me or not, but I'll think as I please."

When the Irish Chair came to be established there was no second question as to the man best fitted for the post, and Father O'Growney was, by the unanimous vote of the Trustees, called to Maynooth. His personality, during the three years he filled this responsible position, was well before the public

gaze, and I can add little to what is already known of that period of his life. "I think few understood or cared to understand Father O'Growney," writes one of his Maynooth pupils: "He had to combat years of prejudice, and his unassertive nature was ill-fitted for the task. He was angry once, —when a clever student wrote his Examination Paper in Greek characters. But his anger was merely a travesty of that passion. . . . His memory is far more powerful than his presence was."

I have before me his correspondence with Eoin MacNeill and other friends during his professorship, and the saving of the language is always the chief subject of his thoughts. The *Gaelic Journal* was a heavy responsibility, and there are constant suggestions towards improving the circulation and getting in advertisements. In the spring of '94 we find the first reference to his declining health: "I am not at all well at present and for the past few days could not even write a letter. How unfortunate at this juncture—but it can't be helped." This remark is typical of O'Growney. The inconvenience of his illness to the language movement, especially to the newly-formed Gaelic League, is what troubles him most at a time when he must have begun to feel that his life would not last long. About this period he visited the League Rooms in College Green one evening, in company with the *Chaoi*, and was overjoyed to find three women present, and taking an interest in the meeting. Going up to one of them—Miss O'Donovan—he said earnestly: "Ni baogat do'n teangaird éomh radaí íp atá na mná ag curiúgaird linn." Early in June he writes to say that he is seriously ill and is about to turn over the *Gaelic Journal* to the Gaelic League, and to ask Mr. Lloyd to take up the Editorship. At the same time he asks and obtains a six months' holiday.<sup>1</sup> From

<sup>1</sup> Feeling himself stronger Father O'Growney returned to Maynooth after the ordinary summer holidays, but was soon forced by ill-health to obtain a year's leave of absence.

Ballyourney he writes to Mr. MacNeill towards the end of August, that his health is much improved, but a fortnight later, there is a letter dated from Athboy in which he says: "I must now settle all my worldly affairs. I am going to see Dr. Little, and if the doctors think it worth my while I shall go either to Australia or California." The doctors' opinion seems to have been favourable enough, for in October, he writes in a more cheerful tone from Maynooth; where he has again taken up his duties. This time he announces definitely that he has all arrangements made to go to California, that he was resigning class work on the first of November and leaving Queenstown on the 8th: "Say in the *Gaelic Journal* that I shall be away for six months." In the same letter he takes his friend gently to task for over-zeal in the work of the language: "You are taking too much work upon yourself." O'Growney's spirits rise as the prospect of renewed health grows nearer: "You will be glad to know I feel quite strong," he remarks, as he said farewell. He went full of hope, not knowing that he was indeed dropping out of the ranks for ever, but, in truth, his day's work was well done even in the morning time of life. Years before, he had pleaded that the patriots who fell working for Ireland should not be forgotten. In his own person the prayer and the prophecy were fully answered: "Nuair a thiofar lámha buaide, i láp atáir, píomró iñ luigíne an lae, deartar an upnuighe ag rífeap an deörí ap ron na laochean: agur 'fan am úr na Saoiinne atá ag dhuiridim i n-aici linn, bérí aor óg na tíre ag tabairt tuighe ap leabharlaibh déiréanaíoch na nGairgídeach a chroí an chroí mait, agus ag deargadh annaín lárnaí an tír-gáda i n-a gceoilteibh."<sup>1</sup>

## 5.

"In the winter of 1894," writes Father Yorke, "my friend, Father O'Growney, wrote

me that his health was bad and that he would like to come out to California. Of course he was heartily welcome, and when I met him at the ferry he looked so well that I could not believe there was anything serious the matter with him. He remained in San Francisco until January, 1895, and then took the place of the pastor of St. Francis de Sales Church, Oakland, who was going on a vacation. Here he caught a bad cold after a couple of weeks and in the end of February he left for Arizona."

Yet on his first arrival in the West it seemed to him that he had got a new lease of life. Writing to Eoin Mac Neill on the Twelfth Day, he says: "A man put into surroundings so new and attractive may be excused from writing sooner. You can figure to yourself a much stronger man than you ever saw when you met me before—the health, strength, spirits, appetite, etc., have all returned in great measure. The change is responsible for all that, and also the pleasant experiences of the last two months." Full of life and energy, he goes on to map out a full programme for himself: "I have been asked to speak in several places, and, of course, will do so. The climate here is very fine and suits me admirably. All the same, I look forward to returning to my work and to give you a hand." A little later he expected to return in the following July or August. At this time the Lessons were appearing in the *Weekly Freeman*; but Father O'Growney noticed a breach of a couple of weeks, and remarks: "Probably the snows on the Rocky Mountains are responsible for the delay. How little we can foresee! Who would imagine that snow on the Sierra Nevada would ever interfere with the Gaelic Lessons in the *Weekly Freeman*?" He kept well in touch with events in the Gaelic League world at home. "The February number of the *Journal* is fine," he writes: "Father O'Leary's *Seánóna* is a mine. In three or four years of such Nos. of the 'Iar-Teabhar' all the wealth of the language will

<sup>1</sup> See Part III., Section II., No. II., *an tSeán-blátháin*.

be gathered." Then he refers in the warmest terms to Mr. Close's generosity in paying the debts due on the *Journal*. Mr. Cleaver's death affected the exile: "We have lost," he says, "one of the best friends of the language."

When it became necessary for the invalid to move further South to an absolutely dry climate his spirits failed him somewhat. Writing from Tucson, Arizona, in the March following, he remarks: "It will now, I fear,

"I am curious to see what Dr. MacCarthy will have to say of modern Irish in his edition of O'Donovan. No doubt the Leviathans will have a battle when the book appears." In May he moved up the mountains to Prescott. "I am afraid," he writes to Eoin Mac Neill, "I can't leave this climate for several years. One lung is in a bad state. My idea is, if I am strong enough, to take a mission next October and to resign the Chair." The organisation of the *Feir Ceoil*



SANATORIUM AT PRESCOTT, ARIZONA.

be a long time before I can return to Maynooth, and, possibly, I may never return. As to the Lessons you have a free hand with them. Change or correct as you please." But this mood, so contrary to Father O'Growney's buoyant disposition, does not last long. In less than a month he expresses the hope to be able to resume work in Maynooth the following September. At the same time his interest in things Irish is revived:

made him uneasy as to the development of purely Irish music. "From what I see of the prospects of the *Feir Ceoil* I fear undue prominence will be given to the music (un-Irish) of men who happened to be Irishmen, while Irish music will have a second place." Referring to Dr. O'Hickey's efforts in behalf of the language as Diocesan Examiner for Waterford, he says. "Father Hickey's appointment is a splendid thing for Irish."

Living as he then did at the extreme verge of the Western Continent it is most surprising how Father O'Growney kept himself posted on the prospects of the movement at home. At every turn he was ready with sound advice. "Galway ought to be organised next," he writes Mr. MacNeill in the June of '95. "You will get all the help you need from Mr. O'Neachtain and Father Hayden. Try and get an Irish class re-established in Tuam College." Towards the end of June he writes again advising Mr. MacNeill to prepare a phrase book. "You will get ample help from Mr. William Byrne, Mr. Henry Sherlock, and Mr. Michael Conlon, all of Maynooth."

Nor does he neglect the work that lies at his hand in America. To encourage *The New World* of Chicago to start an Irish column he offers to revise for them the "Simple Lessons" for publication. Besides his Irish contributions, he began in various American papers, a series of propagandist articles which only ended with his death four years later. In the same year,—1895, a little book entitled "Gaelic incantations, charms and blessings of the Hebrides" appeared in Scotland containing several contributions by Father O'Growney.<sup>1</sup> In July he writes to Eoin MacNeill. "I spend the whole day in the open air on the back of a rampageous broncho." But this violent exercise soon brought him to the edge of the grave for in August he writes again. "It is impossible I should ever recover—as things are I cannot expect to live very long. How long it is impossible to say, the slow course of consumption being only part of the disease. There are bronchial complications of a serious character which make my life very uncertain indeed. Since May I have seen this, but am not cast down. **NI CÓIR TÓ GAEDEAL CÁRAORÓ AP DÍA.** I am casting about for money to publish the Third Part of the 'Easy Lessons.' I should like to have all Dollard's debts with

me cleared off before I die. If I had the debts paid I would transfer all rights to you for the Gaelic League." Nor does the proximity of death lessen Father O'Growney's interest in the language. There were rumours abroad that Maynooth would again consign Irish to the care of a lecturer. "No lecturer," he concludes, "ever did or will succeed in Maynooth. The students' attention is so taken up with the chief subjects that only a special man can do much in the other classes." A few weeks later, at a time when he expected his death hourly, he writes, "You must not think I am in low spirits or anything but cheerful. I have faith and hope enough to carry me on, and an Irishman as a rule, is not opposed to death, *nuair atá pé i nroáin dó.*" Almost on the same date he writes to Dr. Henebry to congratulate him on his recent appointment to the Irish Chair at Washington, adding many valuable hints for his guidance in his course of lectures. "Circumstances," he adds regretfully, "have always pinned me to very elementary work and even that is now practically over. My health is almost gone, and I can have no hope of ultimate or even partial recovery. If I live for a few months it will be the most. Let me recommend myself to your prayers, and as I can rarely say Mass now, let me ask you to offer the Holy Sacrifice for me."

The story of the foundation of the Irish Chair in the Catholic University of Washington is an interesting one, and may be here worth recalling. The project of establishing an Irish Professorship, though not then mooted for the first time, took definite shape at the Omaha Convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. On the eve of the Convention, Michael Cavanagh (an old friend) wrote to Dr. O'Hickey, then on the mission in Scotland, to make known to him what was contemplated. He told him that Dr. Shahan, who had previously had several conferences with him on the subject, had just left for Omaha; that he was to address the Convention in full session, to urge the matter upon them. He

<sup>1</sup> My attention was directed to this book by my friend Mr. Patrick O'Brien.

added that there was every likelihood that the Convention would pass a resolution binding the Order to found the Irish Chair, and imposing a *per capita* levy on all the members, with a view to raising the necessary \$50,000 (£10,000). Dr. O'Hickey expressed his satisfaction at the news, and discussed in a friendly way the names of various Irish scholars who would be suitable for the chair, if they were available. He was not then personally acquainted with Dr. Henebry, who had been for some time on a temporary mission in Manchester. He knew, however, something of his attainments from no less competent a judge than John Fleming, who had often mentioned him as one of the most promising Irish scholars of his acquaintance. Passing, therefore, from the other names, Dr. O'Hickey mentioned him to Mr. Cavanagh, telling all he knew of his qualifications. The whole matter was discussed in a gossiping informal way, and Dr. O'Hickey was surprised a couple of weeks later to receive a reply from Mr. Cavanagh, showing that prompt action had been taken on his letter. He said that immediately on Dr. Shahan's return from the Convention he had shown him his letter, and added that everything had passed off quite satisfactorily at the Convention; that Dr. Shahan was quite enthusiastic about the project, and that he was delighted to hear of one who seemed so well qualified for a Chair such as it was hoped to establish in the University; that the appointment, in case the Chair were established, would almost certainly be offered to Dr. Henebry and further that Dr. Shahan was himself about to write to Dr. O'Hickey on the subject. Dr. Shahan did write, and his letter fully confirmed what had already been stated by Mr. Cavanagh. It would take, he stated, about two years to collect the necessary funds; in the meantime, though not the appointing authority, he would be consulted about the appointment, as the Rector, who usually recommended, had put the matter in his hands. Subject to his furnishing satisfactory testimonials, he would,

he said, when the time came to appoint, recommend Dr. Henebry; but he asked Dr. O'Hickey, until he again heard from him, to observe *confidence* about the matter. After this, Mr. Cavanagh kept Dr. O'Hickey informed of the progress of events, but there was no further communication on the subject between Dr. Shahan and himself until late in 1894. Sometime before he left the mission, to take up his duties as Religious Inspector of Schools (October, 1894), he received a letter from Dr. Shahan, to say that, although the Fund had not been completed, it was sufficiently advanced to warrant action. The University, he said, had decided to proceed to the appointment of a Professor, and to send him to Germany for a full course in Old Irish and Celtic Philology. If there were no obstacles to his accepting the position, he would recommend Dr. Henebry. He then asked Dr. O'Hickey to communicate with Dr. Henebry (who had so far heard nothing of the matter), and to ascertain from him whether he would take the Chair in the event of its being offered to him; and further, to request him, in case of his willingness to do so, to cable to that effect at once, and to send his testimonials as soon as possible. Dr. Henebry, though surprised at the offer, accepted it without delay, and sent on strong testimonials from Stokes, Strachan, O'Growney, and many others. Very soon after this he was told to hold himself in readiness to proceed to Germany, but the actual appointment was not made until April, 1895.

It is not evident that Mr. MacNeill was ever a serious candidate for the Irish Chair, as has been somewhere stated. Many names, no doubt, were discussed at the University in a general way; and Eoin MacNeill's friends may even have sent his name forward, but he did not offer himself for the position, nor was there any question of competition between him and Dr. Henebry. As for Father O'Growney, it is almost certain that he never adverted to the Chair

for himself, nor is it likely it was offered to him. When the question was first raised, he himself held the far more important Chair of Irish at Maynooth. Later on, when the appointment was actually made, he was fighting against death in Arizona.

There is a letter of Father O'Growney's to the *Craoibín*, dated September 1895, in which he speaks of the condition of his health: "Tuit ruar 7 anuar, réin ruiscead 7 gnáth na heitinne. Marpín rámra anoir: aét ní duine gan docear mé fóir. Siúd suntas do'n ríseal rín mé." Then, urging him to take care of his health, he goes on: "Ní mór duine agam ón obair, aét níor beag beirt." In the same letter he thanks him warmly for an invitation to stay at Ratra—an invitation he was forced to decline, as he dare not leave the warm climate: "Níl mire te beirt aip an traoisal po i bhráin." Nor was Dr. Hyde alone in his generous offer. Some time afterwards, writing to Mr. MacNeill, Father O'Growney mentions that two priests from his native diocese of Meath had urged him to make his home with them. It is pleasant now to recall this kindly thoughtfulness, and to feel that the "flaitheamhlacht" of the old Gaedheal and the Sean-Gháll has not passed from the land.

The Lessons form the burden of most of O'Growney's letters to John MacNeill in the winter of '95-'96: "I see the Lessons are too easy," he writes. "I should have introduced the verb *is* and the demonstratives 'this' and 'that' in Part I. If the money is forthcoming, you ought to draw up a little book for speakers of Irish to enable them to read and write it." The *Gaelic Journal*, too, was his constant care: "Father O'Leary is delicious as usual," he remarks referring to a recent contribution in the "*Impreabhar*." He had then no hopes of returning to Ireland: "Is cinnseas an níod mo raoisal-ra fearrta," he writes about Christmas time. A month after he creeps out of a sick bed to send a number of new subscriptions to the *Gaelic Journal* and to recommend that it be placed for sale on the

Railway Book Stall at the Cove, where it would first strike the eye of returned Irishmen.

In reference to the Mullen Bequest, then in dispute, he says: "Another reason for congratulation is that the Bequest is made to T. D. Sullivan, a man who can be relied on and trusted."

In the meantime Father O'Growney wrote constantly to Dr. Henebry, giving him hints as to things American and the necessity for throwing himself into the popular movement: "You will have to admire everything American, otherwise you will become an outcast. Many things do compel admiration," he goes on, with a touch of his old humour, "but I think what you will most appreciate is the long vacation and the possibility of reaching Ireland in six and a half days from Washington." The following year he writes: "You will find the Americans a splendid people to work for, especially our own people everywhere. The men and women in the Irish Societies have warm, generous hearts. It is possible to form a great Gaelic League in America, and you are the man to do it." One last warning he sent: "Don't forget your fiddle and all the old airs you can get together." Referring to his own health, he adds: "Now that I can crawl round a little, I am thankful and contented and in my usual good spirits. If I am alive when you are coming, notify me and I shall see you get a proper reception at New York." Writing to Mr. MacNeill about the same time, he refers regretfully to the recent death of John Fleming, adding: "He had a wonderful fund of information, and I have never met him, even for a moment, without learning something from him. . . . Bí an báirín an dochar agam ó róin," he concludes with the air of a man quite familiar with death.

In the August of that year Father O'Growney was anxious to resign the Vice-Presidency of the Gaelic League, believing that a Vice-President living in Ireland could do more effective work for the movement. The Gaelic League refused to accept the resignation,

and this affectionate remembrance of him deeply affected the exile. He had already resigned the Maynooth Chair, and was delighted to hear that Dr. O'Hickey was among the candidates for the professorship in the coming October. Immediately he writes to him :

Dear Dr. Hickey. I must not say that we are too repelled now  
than I have been suspending the first class in Maynooth  
during the past year. And that the Chair has been declared  
vacant, I am delighted to hear, for were a candidate for it. I  
must tell you to say that I do not know anyone in  
Ireland or elsewhere as fitted in every way for the Chair as  
you are. With you the language, literature, history and all  
national studies have been life long studies, and since  
we found that the present Gaelic movement has been  
one of the foremost works, and helps in it! with your  
command, the modern language, and extensive knowledge of our  
ancient literature and the other language you will be able  
to make the induction of the college not only interesting but  
not pros but worth while so that the work of the Hall Chair  
will be a real one in the village and to native scholarship.  
I trust you every success and my only regret is that we  
can no longer meet together as we have done for  
so many years before you. —

He was so anxious about the matter that he requested him to cable the news. When he heard of the appointment he wrote immediately: "So mba fada mairpearr i oibhreodar tu ran geatais! Tabair aige tod' pláinte, i ná mill i leir an iománciaró oibhre ap dtúr." Some weeks later when he heard of the provision which the College had made for him, he writes to Dr. O'Hickey again: "Is teorann an céad punt ran mbliathain tuig an Coláiste Óam. Is fíal, pláiteamhán an duair i, go deimhin, i gan an iománpca aipse ag an Coláiste."

Immediately the busy brain of the invalid is filled with a new scheme of work, outlined by his successor, and he writes to Eoin MacNeill: "Father Hickey made a capital suggestion—that you should draw up a scheme of the declensions and conjugations, and that a number of us should fill up the skeleton. You will,

no doubt, have new ideas on this subject when you have finished Part IV." In November, '96, he writes: "Well, this beats all! Harvard University to lead in Gaelic. The progress of the movement is wonderful . . . .

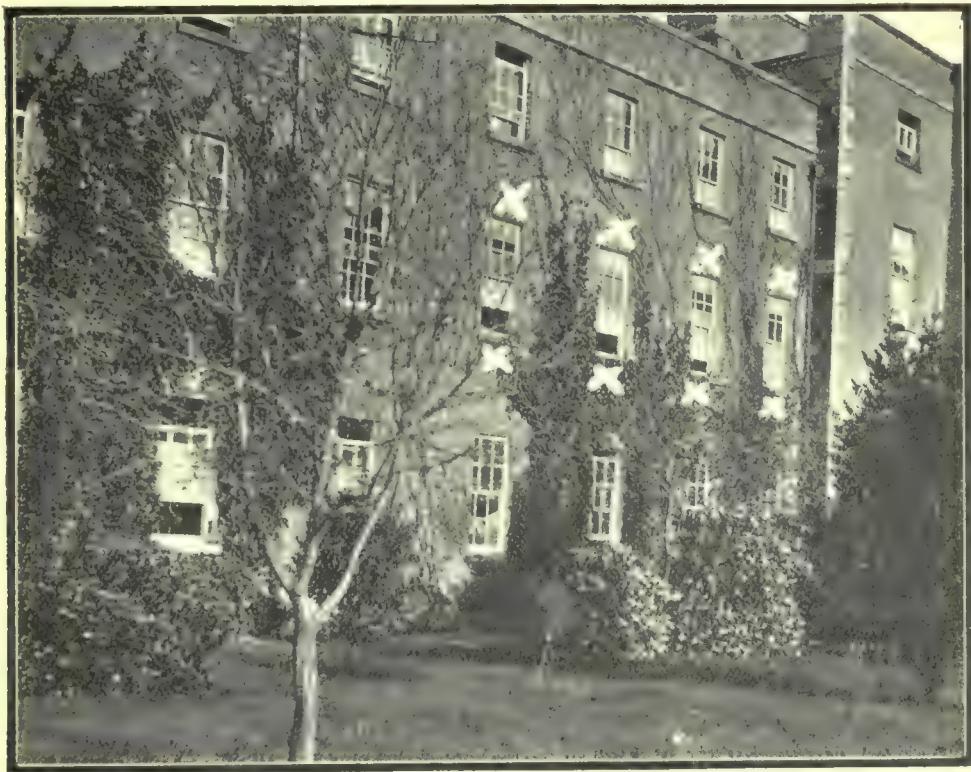
I have heard of the death of Patrick O'Leary. It will be hard to fill his place. Our knowledge of South-West Gaelic will be much less now." The consequences of his own ill-health were so serious in their effect on the movement that Father O'Growney finds a fresh cause of uneasiness in the fear

that his successor may break down. Writing to Eoin MacNeill, in December, he says: "In a letter to hand to-day, Father Hickey uses an alarming phrase, 'if my health holds good.' No one knows better than I do how unfavourable a place for health our Alma Mater is. I advised Father Hickey to be most careful of his health. His classes will badly require any study on his part, and his lectures on Archaeology. It would be a good thing if you could run down and see him, and you will be able to give him some useful advice. If he is at all delicate, do not encourage him to do

any special work. It would be a fearful calamity if he broke down, and some good-for-nothing got into the Chair. Such a one, if he got there, would live for ever, *bior& opmra.*" Writing direct to Dr. O'Hickey, he says: "Above all things, mind your health. You should take a lot of horseback riding. Your collapse would be fatal. My own health is very *coppac.*"

As remarked before, Father O'Growney had, from the beginning, an utter disregard

price was fixed for the books and some articles of furniture, Father O'Growney, writes: "You need not pay for anything until it is entirely convenient to yourself. The generosity of the College has given me all the money I need." The discussion of personal money matters galled him, and we are not surprised that he adds: "This is a very disagreeable business—*nunc ad meliora.*" Then he goes on to encourage him with regard to the work before him in the College:



FATHER O'GROWNEY'S SUITE OF ROOMS AT MAYNOOTH.  
(The Windows marked X).

for money. When Dr. O'Hickey took up his residence in Father O'Growney's old quarters at Maynooth, he wrote him from Prescott, offering him his Irish books, at practically any figure he wished to name: "You have only to indicate the price at which you would take any book, and if you want a good saddle, there ought to be one of mine in the stable." When this offer was not accepted, and when finally, a reasonable

"The students have not much time to study modern languages, but you will have up to twenty<sup>1</sup> studying Irish every year. The Simple Lessons were never intended for the use of a teacher. This, of course, I do not publish on the house tops—but it seems to me that the interests of the students through the country were greater than those of May-

<sup>1</sup> The number of serious Students of Irish in Maynooth is now nearer to 200 than to 20. Father O'Growney was not there long enough to turn the tide.

nooth alone. For the same reason the Lessons were not drawn up on a plan that should be theoretically perfect, but on a plan that seemed the most likely to attract students. In this they have succeeded, and now we can think of making the Lessons more practical, and incidentally, more difficult. You must bear in mind that all our publications have been, and must be, for years to come, of a provisional character. . . . . For Archæology I would recommend Anderson's book, and in Lord Dunraven's book you will get photos and descriptions of pre-historic forts, such as Dun Aonghusa. . . . . I am glad you are intimate with Father O'Leary. He is as honest a man as you will ever meet." The Lessons Father O'Growney now handed over formally to the Gaelic League, and I may remark incidentally that these little books<sup>1</sup> have since, in addition to the primary object for which they were prepared, been a steady source of income to the Organisation.

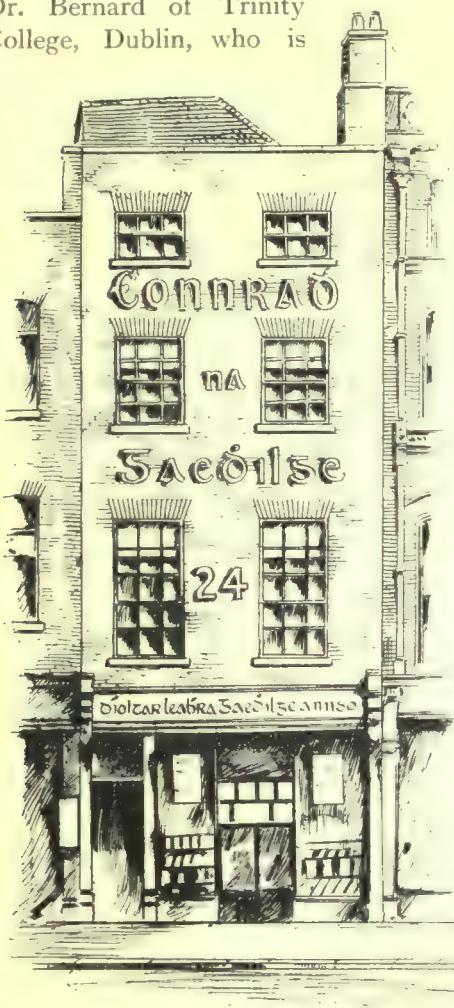
Towards the Christmas of 1896 Father O'Growney sent some contributions to the Gaelic Journal. In his letter to Eoin Mac Neill he adverts to the jealousy said to exist between two well-known Celtic Scholars: "Very strange how these great men 'gang aft aglee'." In the following February he felt strong enough to project an arrangement for the summer with Father Yorke. In urging him to spare a few weeks to join him in Arizona, he writes: "you will receive a right warm welcome if you come, and we will all go to see the Grand Canon and have a good time in the open air for as long as you like. You will, of course, have to pay your usual penalty of a few talks." In March there is a letter to Dr. O'Hickey, in which he speaks hopefully of himself and adds that he is sending his photograph. All through his letters Father O'Growney asks his friends for their photographs and always seems most careful in sending one in return. Getting his

photograph taken seemed to this most unaffected of men the most natural thing in the world. It would please his friends, he knew, and that was sufficient for him.

All through that summer his health seems to have kept fairly good. In the fall he writes to Father Maurus enclosing his photograph, in which he is wearing a beard. "Time, illness and the manners and customs of this great Western World," he remarks, "have made changes in me, but there should come a great change in my mind and my heart and my memory, before I could forget my friends at the Monastery." Congratulating him on the appearance of his recent Irish Book, he says: "It is a little gem! Then he goes on: "How I wish that other Catholic Schools would follow the example of Melleray, and give the old tongue an adequate place on their courses and in the minds of their students." In the same letter he mentions the visit of Father Concannon, of Meath, who had come from Nevada. A month later he writes from Phœnix to Father Yorke who was engaged in giving a series of lectures entitled, "Ghosts": "The Lord save us all. Here was I vainly imagining you were safely embarked on the Ghost business. I came here ten days ago, as it was getting too cold in Prescott; will stay here probably till Christmas. I hate to see a lot of dyspeptics and melancholy lungers going around, so, later on, I propose to cross the line into Mexico. . . . I am rather weak in health but I can still admit the existence of Providence." Then he goes on to discuss at length the exact position of the Gaelic League and the importance of getting some small financial help from America towards the publication of the Lessons at a nominal price. "What we should consider is, that under the League management more has been done in three years for the language than in any half-century before. Just see the programme in the September Gaelic Journal. Mac Neill is a splendid character in every way." Then he passes on to discuss what was always to him

<sup>1</sup> The index to Book III, as well as the whole of Books IV. and V. were prepared by Eoin MacNeill, who also presented his work to the Gaelic League.

an interesting question. "None of the old versions of Scripture in the Irish MSS. have been thoroughly examined yet. There is a Dr. Bernard of Trinity College, Dublin, who is



Oifig Chonnmhána na Saeóilse i mbáile Éta Cliat.

now doing something in that line. I am afraid that one question which can never be cleared up is that one of the ante-patrician Church in Ireland. As you know there are four or five ante-patrician Irish Saints, and probably St. Patrick refers to them when he says '*Omnis ecclesia quae sequitur me dicat Kyrie Eleison, Christe Eleison.*' It seems that in the 'rare old' times they said only Kyrie Eleison. . . . You will be prepared to get a shock when we meet. Most people take me for 50 or 55 years of age. Even the Fran-

ciscans took me for an old veteran Professor and had great veneration for me for a whole week—but I feel not old, and that is the point." Then as a gloss: "I had no idea of writing more than a page when I began this—you will re-echo it."

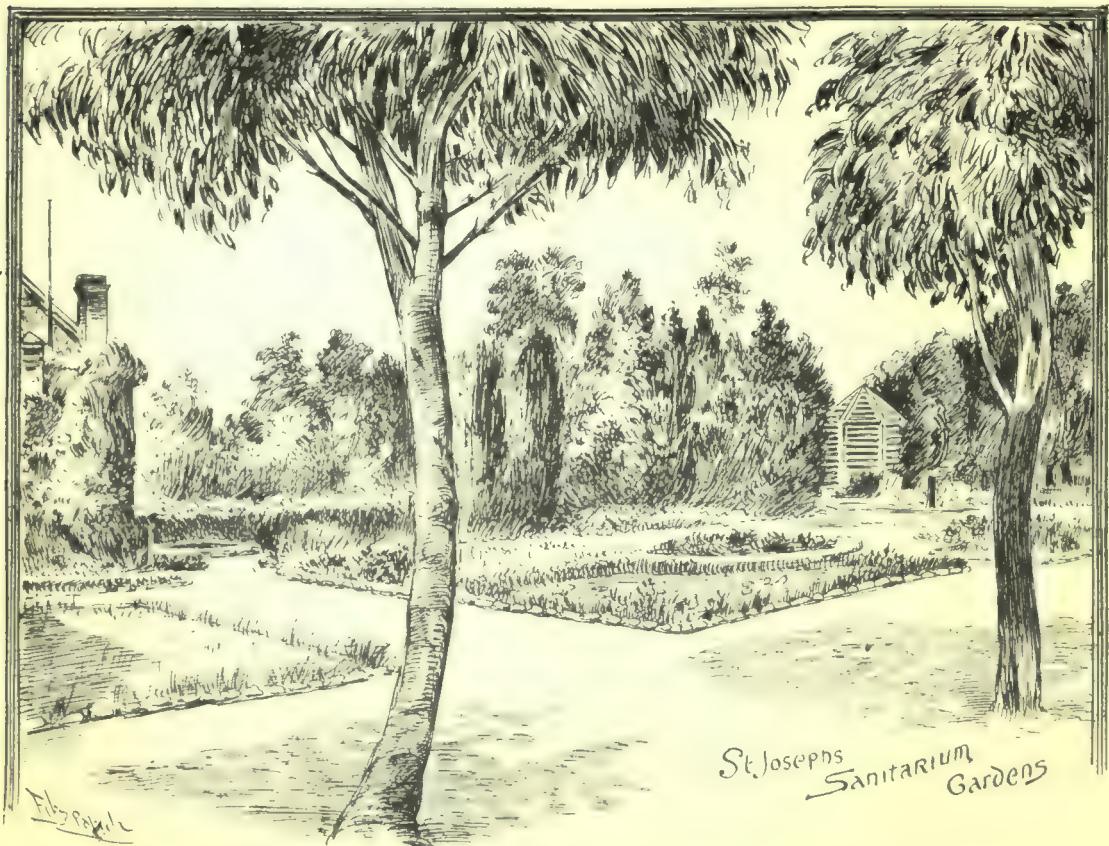
Father O'Growney's fund of good humoured gaiety is again evident in a letter to Eoin Mac Neill towards the close of the year: "An old Irishman in this hospital who had once been given morphine with dire results said, the other day, to the Sister in charge, 'Sister, don't give me any more o' them *Mártin* Pills.'"

Soon after, at a time when Father Eugene was not so strong, Thomas O'Concannon took a round of thirteen hundred miles on his journey home that he might see the kindly face of the poor invalid once more. I shall let him tell his story in the vivid flashes of his own tongue: "Óá luigé a pháib mo dhúine bocht, bí ré 'fíubal' rúar ag anuas ag fanaítear liom. Céat mé reacáitían beagnaí n-a foibhí. Tá an eirí bphreagaíta 'fíubal' a mhuir amach tuairim 15- tróig ón oifibhóeal ag fúisgeáid a mhuir riop faoi bun earrann móri ag cupi riop ari gáe róint ni bain leip an nGaeóig. Bí ré i gcomáinrde 'caint' ari minntíp Impreathóim, ari na pean-choimhí a mbíod na rísealta ag na hainmíón aca, na daomh a mbíod ré ag iarrgáipeáid leó anoir ag aipí, an méar éiffs a maphuiseáid ré fóm—'caint' na daomh le n-a céile, ag cup eáid riop eile naé iao. . . . Anoir ag aipí eapparóe copr-Éipeannaí do'n áit a mbíod Saeóileas aige; cumhúigim go pháib tímír aca faoi an gceann móri linn aon la amáin—eirean ag lérgeáid óróib, ag cup cupi na teangatór a gcomáin agus baileusáid airtíodh reabhadh na teangatór. . . . Nuair éiríonn riop an baile, ní fuit duine óá geappairde oípm naé bphriomhgeáid óiom goidé marí bí ré. Bí gean ag gáe duine aip—gáruír beaga na ríáin, nuair a'fheicteoir ag teacht é, ghearradhóir leó 'n a gceor i n-áirítear ag fíubailisóir le n-a taoibh—eirean ag baint ríoptír ag gheann an domhain aifte—marí ba hiongantac an fear te rpatalrdeáct é."

Not the least interesting part of Mr. O'Concannon's account of his visit to Prescott is the story of Father O'Growney's timely presence

at the death-bed of an Irishman who was hurt in a mine near at hand and was carried to the hospital. The man was dying, but no one could understand what he said until Father Eugene, coming up to the bedside, whispered a few words in Irish in his ear. The man opened his eyes and said: "'Atáim, is ragart Saeðealaclé tū.'" Then all was well and the Gaedhilgeoir made his peace with God before the soul left the poor bruised

me here. We had a great Gaelic time, and I can tell you ba binn leiom ná éan aír éraibh fuaim a chuid Saeðilge." "Níor b'fearann liom iud 'fan domhan ná b'ait ag dul leat go hÉirinn, aict ní péadaim, fáraon géar!" he writes to Mr. O'Concannon on the eve of his departure from America. Then he sent a solemn message to the Gaelic League, a message that will not soon be forgotten: "Círú tú muinntir na Saeðilge inf gáe uile



SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA (WHERE FATHER O'GROWNEY USED TO STAY OCCASIONALLY).

body. "Ó nádúir," continues Thomás Bán, "bain ré reo móran cainte arainn i'p minic bhoibh muro ag nádú go mba iongantae an iud ragairt a chuirtead go ceanntaip Saeðealaclá ancho 'ra mbaile, gan focal Saeðilge aca— go mba ní teanga na tíre a d'fhorghaileadh eisíteadh i anam na nSaeðeal."'

Writing home to Ireland of his friend's visit, Father O'Growney says: "I had a great treat in the visit of an Aran Islander to

áit, i' abair leó go léir go b'fuit obair mór, naomha le déanam aca, i' go mbéidé beannacht na milte i' na milliún de muinntir na hÉireann i' nuaibh doibh mar gheall aír an obair atá déanta aca ceana."

Still in close touch with the work at home, Father O'Growney, writing to Eoin Mac Neill early in '98, remarks: "There are many causes for congratulation: first there is the Drumcondra appointment, and then Part IV.

of the Lessons you have just brought out, which is the best book for learners ever printed." Going on to speak of the development of a prose style in the various Irish-speaking provinces, he says: "My idea is that a good speaker of Ulster or Connacht Irish who will take the trouble to learn what is provincialism and what is not, can write as fine a prose as, or finer than, O'Gallagher without any difficulty. . . . I hear most encouraging accounts of Father Hickey's success with the students at Maynooth. Everything seems to go well with the language. *asúr ba mheo.*" Referring to himself, he adds: "My health is very variable—such is the way with heart disease. I believe that all danger of dying from lung disease is now removed by the effect of the dry air of Arizona, and that only for the heart disease, brought on by the loss of two-thirds of the lung surface, I should be all right—*amach ar an t-áthairneán ipeall in iarr an n-óigreáig.*" In a letter to Dr. Henebry in the spring time, Father O'Growney alludes to the tree in the hospital garden, referred to by Tomás Bán: "I sit all day long under a pine-tree—and I find life very pleasant, even under these circumstances." To Father O'Kieran he writes: "I am glad to see you in the fight. Two more years of such success as the Gaelic movement is having and the future of the language is safe. I am no longer able to take an active part in the movement, as I find it hard enough just to keep alive. Of course, I do some little trifles, otherwise life would, I fear, seem very blank indeed." There was one subject on which Father O'Growney, for all his gentleness, always grew bitter. That was with regard to affectation or foppery, particularly in the way of imitation of foreignism: "You remember," he says, writing to Father Yorke about the complete Anglicisation of one whom they both knew well; "you remember — went in for being a bit aristocratic, and affected the English accent as she is known in the County —. He always showed a sense of superiority to the ordinary

home-spun Irishman. C—— and L——, both red-haired men, used to hold very strong views about such folk, whom they called the 'stirabout and champagne' party—meaning that they would gladly live all the year round on the humble stirabout so that they might appear as swells for a few days at some fashionable resort."

In the autumn of '98, just a year before his death, Father O'Growney wrote to Eoin MacNeill, as to the proposed amalgamation of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language with the Gaelic League, suggesting, curiously enough, the name, "United Irish League," for the new body. Referring to Pádraig's translation of a little dramatic sketch into Irish for the Letterkenny Aonach, he says of Irish drama: "Nothing can do so much good in Irish-speaking districts." Of the movement generally, he writes: "The Gaelic League wants money, and I have come to the conclusion that money can be got here, but only if you or Father Hickey come over for it." Then there is the pathetic acknowledgment that he himself has had to give up the battle: "Of course, I would go and collect it, but that is impossible. I cannot enter a train or carriage of any sort." At the same date he writes to his sister Molly: "The doctors tell me I could not stay in Ireland—at least for many years." And some months later: "I am surprised to see so many people, who were strong and well a year ago, pass away before me. I am not any worse than usual, but my heart is gradually getting weaker."

So late as May, '99, he writes at great length to Eoin MacNeill about the necessity for organisation in the League, and the best means of securing country representation; and on June the first to Mr. Lloyd: "I congratulate you most warmly on your May number of the *Journal*. The spelling is encouraging." And, as a last warning, he writes to Dr. Hyde: "The Gaelic movement has now reached the dangerous stage when it has no enemies, many admirers, and few helping

*friends.*" "While people," he goes on, "congratulate themselves that much is being done, as evinced by your books, articles, &c., and by the many threatened Gaelic publications, it must not be forgotten that the study of the spoken language, steady gathering of its words, idioms, &c., must be carried on by a continuously working agency."

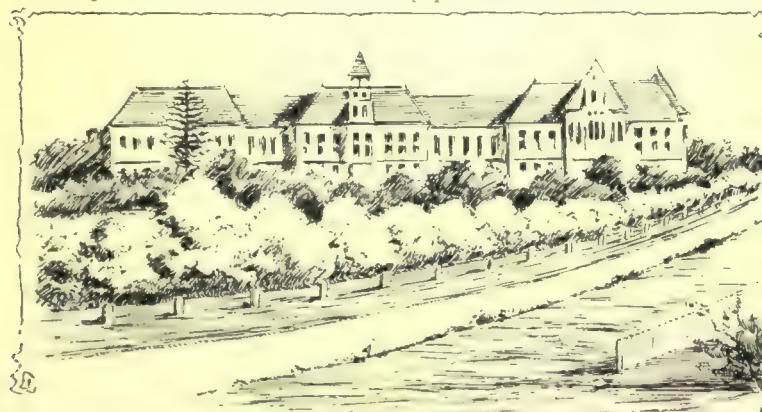
A short time before his death, Father O'Growney, sent Mr. Pearse a large and interesting collection of words and phrases gleaned by him in almost every corner of the Gaedhealtacht, including many names of birds in which he knew him to be especially interested. They were jotted down on odd scraps of paper and leaves from note-books, some in pen and some in pencil. Practically the whole of the collection was (and is still) unpublished: "Tá móran móir," he writes, "nó n-éadait gán ruspioradh riobh fóir. Ériuinnis mipe euro mairé ói tem' tinn. Bí enuairéach móir foireann agam nuaibh d'fágair Magh Nuadha, aet, róinior! go dóigeal nó do ruspioradh leir an ngeairt a bhrúinmóir. Anoibr, ó éapta tinn cláiróid mipe, i gcan fuit agam go dtiobfaró liom an méar atá fágta agam do éan fa neáip, tá mé d'agairc éigseart-rla, a éapá, éum naé geanttear iad." Here we have a revelation of the tireless industry which brought together what must at one time have been a large collection of Irish lore, and in a side-light we see the brave spirit of the worker who only passed on

the self-imposed burden in the very face of death. We note, too, with regret, that a great part of Father O'Growney's collection may have been destroyed or lost.

On the 4th of October, when the end was very near, the dying priest writes to Sister Veronica: "You will be glad to know that on the 23rd September and again on the 30th I was able to say Mass for the first time since Christmas Day, 1896. The improvement was the result of a slight operation which will have to be repeated." Then he adds the words: "*Good bye,*" which are underlined.

On the 7th of October, just before the final operation, he forwarded a Gaelic League badge to Father Maurus, sending his blessing to all the Fathers whom he knew, and to the Irish Scholars in the schools at Mount Melleray. The last letter in his handwriting bears the same date and is to his brother Patrick: "I am about to undergo a dangerous but necessary operation in a few days. If it be God's will that I should not survive it, I want you to pay what I owe the Sisters of Mercy, Phoenix (mentioning a small sum). Remember me in your prayers and have an odd Mass said for my intentions." Feeling that the end must be near, he waited for its coming, not impatiently, but without any fear.

The day before his death he dictated a letter to his sister, Sister Veronica: "I had to undergo a necessary operation, which seemed at first to be successful, but the shock to my worn-out system has been too great, and I have now probably only a few hours to remain in this world. I am quite contented and happy, and I know that you and all my friends will not forget me in your prayers." And he died happy, though an exile, for in his death-vision of a future Ireland he saw fulfilled in her the words of the prophet: "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders."



THE MERCY HOSPITAL, LOS ANGELES  
(Where Father O'Growney Died).



FATHER O'GORMAN AND HIS NURSE



## II.

### FATHER O'GROWNEY.<sup>1</sup>

BY REV. MICHAEL O'HICKEY, D.D., M.R.I.A.



O very many in Ireland, as well as to many, very many, of the scattered members of our race, no sadder or more heart-breaking news has come for many a day than the announcement of the death of Father O'Growney, which three days ago was flashed along the wires from the distant Pacific Slope. Far away from his cradle-land, from the land which claimed his undivided affection, has he fallen asleep in death. Far away from that land to which he gave such loyal and ungrudging service, for whose glory and renown he cease-

lessly laboured, in behalf of whose ancient language and literature he spent himself during his all too brief span of mortal existence, must his bones repose, must all that was mortal of

him await the resurrection. Thousands of miles away from his natal spot in Royal Meath his remains have ere now been consigned to the silence of the tomb; but, if gratitude and patriotism have not wholly died out of the Irish heart, his name and memory must permanently endure in Erin. To his incessant, untiring, enthusiastic, unselfish and self-sacrificing work for Ireland and her language is it due,



INTERIOR OF THE MACMAHON HALL.

it cannot reasonably be doubted, that he now fills an early grave in distant Los Angeles.

<sup>1</sup> Lecture delivered in the MacMahon Hall, Maynooth College, on October 21, 1899, and published in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, November, 1899.

Such as he it is that make movements. What he has been to the Irish language movement it is impossible to tell. What he effected for it by his steadfast and unwearying efforts, by his enthusiastic yet eminently practical and methodic work, no words could well exaggerate.

On this occasion, then, I do not think I need apologize for turning aside from the beaten track of my lectures from this platform to pay my tribute to Father O'Growney's worth; to give expression to my appreciation of his great and unselfish labours for Ireland; to lay a wreath, however poor and unworthy, upon his grave. As a fellow-labourer of his for many a year in the same field of national effort, but still more as his successor here, charged with the duty of continuing his work, I feel strongly that I owe this much to his memory. But these considerations apart, I do not think it too much to say that the students of the College may learn a useful and inspiring lesson from his life-story.

Father O'Growney never thought of fame. As unassuming as he was unselfish, dreams of greatness, the promptings of ambition, troubled him not. Ireland was his idol. The study of her language and literature was his passion. The movement for the revival, spread and perpetuation of the nation's ancient speech formed the focus of all his thoughts and strivings. To the effort which is being made to secure that Ireland's future shall be a genuine continuation, a rational development of her past, he rendered all the assistance in his power. To the ideal that inspires that effort he was devoted heart and soul, and as long as life remained all his energies were directed towards aiding to secure its realization. That ideal was as persistently present to him away in distant Arizona and California as it ever had been in Ireland. The fame of which he never dreamed came to him unsought. To-day there are thousands all the world over who revere his name, to whom his example and life-work have been an incentive to noble aims.

Father O'Growney was born at Ballyfallon, in the parish of Athboy, County Meath, on August 25, 1863. Hence, he was only thirty-six years when he passed away. His early studies for the priesthood he made in the Diocesan Seminary at Navan. It was during his student days in Navan, and when he was already in his sixteenth year, that he first became interested in the Irish language. Until then he was not aware, as he used himself to tell, that there was, or ever had been, an Irish language.<sup>1</sup> The language of his ancestors had not been spoken in his home, and of it he had never heard a single word there or elsewhere. He became aware of its existence in this way. Father Nolan and John Fleming contributed about this time a series of Irish Lessons to *Young Ireland*, a weekly periodical published from the *Nation* office. Of this periodical Father O'Growney had been a reader, and the moment the Irish lessons began to appear, and he became aware that there was a language till then unknown to him which had been for thousands of years the language of his race, he resolved that he should master it at any cost. So he set to work. After much searching he succeeded in discovering a few old people who spoke Irish, with whom he could confer on questions of pronunciation, and who could help him along in other ways. From those days on to the very end the Irish language and its restoration as the vernacular of his native land formed his principal substantial interest in life.

In September, 1882, he came to Maynooth, and on the 13th of that month he matriculated for the class of First Philosophy. During his college course, which extended over six years, he never enjoyed robust health; indeed, his health was oftentimes of the most indifferent character. This accounts for the fact that his course, though by no means undistinguished, was not as brilliant as his undoubtedly great

<sup>1</sup> In view of what Mr. Michael MacKenna has stated in an article contributed by him to the *United Irishman*, December 27, 1891, this statement must be modified. See p. 166.

talents had led his friends to expect. For him the severe and constant study which alone leads to brilliant scholastic successes was out of the question. To the study of the national language, however, he devoted himself with the greatest ardour. In the brief sketch of his life which appears in the history of the college, we read:—

“Whilst still a student he showed an extraordinary aptitude for the Irish language, and studied it with great care and perseverance. During his holidays he often spent months in the Islands of Aran, and in those districts of Connemara and Cork, in which the purest Irish is still spoken. He thus acquired a perfect command of the spoken as well as of the written language, and prepared himself admirably for the position he was subsequently to occupy.”<sup>1</sup>

It may here be added that his vacation tours, always planned with a view to perfect his knowledge of Irish, also embraced Donegal, Kerry, Waterford, and various other districts. The Irish class in the College was in Father O'Growney's student days placed in the Second Divinity year; and no wonder that we find him in 1886 carrying off the Irish *Solus*.<sup>2</sup>

In 1888, he completed his course, and returned to Navan Seminary, in what capacity I cannot at present say—probably as Dean or Professor.<sup>3</sup> On the 24th June, 1889, he was raised to the priesthood in the College Chapel here. Immediately afterwards he went on the mission, being appointed curate at Ballynacargy, County Westmeath. This was his only curacy, and the few years that he lived

<sup>1</sup> *Maynooth College: Its Centenary History*, p. 169.

<sup>2</sup> The *Solus*, so familiar to Maynooth men, it may be well to explain, is a special prize awarded for essays in special subjects. Whilst other prizes may be divided between two or three, a *Solus* must go to one, and hence its name. The subjects for which *Soluses* are awarded are the Dunboyne Essay (on a theological or philosophical subject), the Church History Essay, and Essays in Greek, Latin, Irish, English, French and Italian.

<sup>3</sup> Prefect of Studies.

at Ballynacargy gave him his only experience of missionary work.

He now threw himself with whole-hearted zeal and energy into the Irish language movement. Just then the movement was at a rather low ebb. It may be said to have begun in 1876. From the time that the Ossianic Society became defunct, several years before, until the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language was founded there existed no organisation specially charged with looking after the interests of the language. But in 1876, almost entirely through the great and unremitting exertions of Father Nolan, the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language was successfully launched. For a brief space hope ran high, and much enthusiasm was aroused. As an immediate result the existing provision, miserably and scandalously inadequate though it be, for the teaching of Irish in the National Schools was secured.<sup>4</sup> But the Society referred to, though still in existence, never took hold of the country, and to-day it has very little practical work to place to its credit. Beyond the publication of an incomplete series of elementary manuals, and of a few indifferently edited texts, it has done little to justify its twenty-three years of existence. It soon became but too evident that it was not the sort of body to create or direct a popular movement.

Even the Gaelic Union, an association founded in 1880, and since merged in the Gaelic League, though a much more enterprising and progressive organisation, did not succeed in making any very considerable impression on the public mind. All the same it accomplished some good work; so much do I, as one of its original members, and from first to last a member of its Council, deem it a duty to claim for it. It encouraged the teaching of Irish in the National Schools by awards of prizes to teachers and pupils. But its most important achievement was the

<sup>4</sup> Since the above was written the provision for teaching of Irish in National Schools (though still far from ideal) has been much improved.

founding of the *Gaelic Journal*.<sup>1</sup> This was, undoubtedly, one of the greatest services ever rendered to the Irish language movement. The launching of such a periodical in 1882—the same year that Father O'Growney entered this college as a student—was an almost heroic undertaking. Still the movement, though it commanded the services of the best Irish scholars of the time, and included in its ranks numbers of unselfish and thoroughly earnest workers, did not make notable progress. Indeed, after a time, it began rather to lose ground, and, between one thing and another, its fortunes were somewhat low when Father O'Growney began to take an active and prominent part in it.

Very soon he became one of the outstanding figures, one of the most potent influences, in the movement; and of those who have closely followed its fortunes since then, few will be found to question that to him is largely due the position which it occupies to-day. Whilst still a student he was a frequent contributor to the *Gaelic Journal*. Whilst on the mission he published, first in the *Gaelic Journal*, and later on as booklets, a series of modernized versions of *Tomáin Shneadógra* and *Mic Ríoga*, and other short early Irish tales. Then also he made, and published in the *Gaelic Journal*, translations of "The Wearing of the Green" and of "Auld Lang Syne," which, under the names *Caitreamh an Shaoir*, and *An tAim Faoi Ó*, have since acquired great popularity in Gaelic circles. During those years he laboured hard by his writings in the press as well as by private correspondence to call attention to the movement, to arouse increased interest in it, to induce as many as possible to join it and work for it. His most notable performance during those years was the publication in the *Gaelic Journal* of a series of four

<sup>1</sup> In the original list of subscribers, which I have before me at present, and which contains nine hundred and eleven names, I find Father O'Growney's name. The address given is "Dressogue, Athboy, Co. Meath." In a subsequent list, however, the address becomes "St. Joseph's, Maynooth College." [Father O'Growney's family changed when he was still young from Ballyfallon to Dressogue].—M. P. O'H.

articles on Aran, written in Irish. They were published under the title *Ára na Naoimh*. The articles named appeared towards the close of 1889 and in the beginning of 1890. Never have Aran and the Aran islanders been written of more worthily, not even by Petrie himself, than in the articles to which I have referred. Language and matter are alike delightful.

In September, 1891, Father O'Growney became, in succession to John Fleming, editor of the *Gaelic Journal*.<sup>2</sup> This put him at once in the very forefront of the movement, and gave him a vantage ground which he was just the man to avail himself of to the utmost.

Of the periodical for which Father O'Growney now became responsible, it may not be out of place to say something at this stage. As stated already, it was founded by the Gaelic Union. Its first issue appeared in November, 1882. Since then a vast body of published and hitherto unpublished Gaelic literature—folk-tales, folk-songs, proverbs, original prose and verse—has appeared in its pages. It contains, furthermore, extensive contributions to Irish lexicography and to scientific Irish grammar. Valuable old texts and masterly studies in Gaelic literature have been published therein, to say nothing of propagandist matter or of intelligence about the movement. The *Gaelic Journal* is now in its tenth volume, and a complete set of it forms an indispensable adjunct to the library of every serious student of our mother tongue.

From November, 1882, to August, 1884, it appeared as a monthly. Thenceforward until February, 1894, it appeared as a quarterly. But at that time the earlier arrangement was reverted to, and since then it has again appeared as a monthly.

<sup>2</sup> It may be well to add here that when Father O'Growney went to America in 1894, Mr. John MacNeill undertook temporarily the editorship of the *Gaelic Journal*. Later on it was absolutely transferred by Father O'Growney to the Gaelic League, whose property it has since been. Mr. MacNeill continued to edit it until recently. Its present editor is Mr. J. H. Lloyd. [Since this note was written there has been a further change of editors. The Editor at present is Taibh Ua Donnchada.]

Its first editor was David Comyn, still an earnest and effective, though unobtrusive, worker in the movement. In March, 1884, he felt obliged to resign, and was succeeded in the editorial chair by my dear old friend and tutor, John Fleming. Those who are at all interested in our ancestral tongue should never forget Mr. Fleming. Throughout a very long life he was an earnest, active and practical supporter of the claims of the Irish language. To further the cause of its revival, he laboured unceasingly and with the most single-minded devotion. In the very front rank of the Irish scholars of his time, he was a persistent and unwearying worker in the cause which was dearer to him than life. Few Irish books appeared during his time, the manuscripts and proofs of which did not pass through his hands. And what labour and pains he bestowed on their revision! Yet, his services in this way often passed without a word of acknowledgment. He did not mind. He only thought of the interests of his native language. There was no Irish language society of his time of which he was not an active member. The Ossianic Society, the Keating Society, the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language (in its early days), the Gaelic Union, the Gaelic League—he belonged to them all, did valuable work for them all. Never overburdened with this world's wealth, he freely gave of his means—oftentimes, as I know full well, to an extent which he could ill afford—in furtherance of the Irish language movement. From the first issue of the *Gaelic Journal*, he was its most frequent, valued and extensive contributor. Such was the man who in March, 1884, succeeded Mr. Comyn as editor.

He occupied the position for seven years. During those years he had frequently to write or otherwise provide almost the entire matter of the *Journal* himself. He conducted it with signal ability, and kept the flag flying until younger men were available to relieve him of the work. At length, the accumulating infirmities of age obliged him to ask that he

should be relieved of the editorship, and so, in September, 1891, he handed over the periodical to Father O'Growney.

Mr. Fleming has since passed to his reward. Peace to his ashes, and the light of heaven to his soul! He had many sorrows. He endured more trials than fall to the common lot. Those who in the ordinary course should have survived him predeceased him, and his home was left desolate. But all his trials he bore with magnificent Christian fortitude. A better man, a more sterling Christian, a man of simpler and more robust faith, I have never known. The language of our race never had a more ardent, fearless, outspoken, uncompromising champion, nor has the Irish language movement ever had within its ranks a more earnest, persevering, and



FATHER O'GROWNEY WHEN PROFESSOR AT MAYNOOTH

indomitable worker. For twenty years I enjoyed his intimate friendship, his entire confidence; and to his inspiration, example, and unfailing aid I owe far more than I can ever adequately acknowledge or repay.

Within a month after he had taken over the editorship of the *Gaelic Journal*, Father O'Growney was appointed Professor of Irish

in this College. His appointment took place at a meeting of the Trustees held on October 15, 1891. By the terms of his appointment he was required, in addition to the former duties of the Irish Chair, to deliver each year, before the College, six public lectures on Irish literature and archæology.

Here it may not be amiss to say a word or two about the College Irish Chair. The College, as everybody is aware, was founded in 1795. It had been seven years in existence before a chair of Irish was established: a somewhat curious fact, it may be observed in passing. One would have thought that a chair of the national language and literature would have been, especially in those remote days, amongst the first for which provision would have been made. Such a chair was, however, established on July 30, 1802, and its first occupant was the Rev. Paul O'Brien, who, like Father O'Growney, was a priest of the diocese of Meath. Father O'Brien held the position for eighteen years. He was a good Irish scholar of the old fashioned type, somewhat lacking however in exact and scientific knowledge, and rather given to the fanciful speculations of the Villancyc school. Judged by modern standards, his Irish Grammar is a poor production. But he, undoubtedly, loved the language of his ancestors, did good work on its behalf in the College, and was an active member of the Irish Language Societies of his time. His name appears in the list of members and officers of the Gaelic and Iberno-Celtic Societies, along with those of O'Flanagan, MacElligot, Haliday, and O'Reilly. Father O'Brien's successor was the Rev. Martin Loftus, a priest of the diocese of Tuam. He was appointed on June 22, 1820, and occupied the Irish Chair for eight years. Of him or his work I have been unable to glean any further particulars.

He was succeeded on August 30, 1828, by the Rev. James Tully, also of the diocese of Tuam. Father Tully occupied the Irish Chair for forty-eight years. His death occurred in 1876. Of Father Tully little

need be said. All over Ireland, and far beyond the shores of Ireland, there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of priests to-day who remember him, and who passed through the Irish Class during his time. He was, according to unanimous testimony, a man of great piety, a kindly, benevolent, charitable man, who effected much good in a variety of ways. But, alas! it is but too true that no one can lay to his charge that he ever did much for the Irish language. His tenure of the Irish Chair, covering nearly half a century, embraced the most critical period in the history of the language. But all with whom I have ever spoken on the subject agree that he did little to help the students in the study of their mother-tongue, to imbue them with a love for it, to send them forth to the mission animated with a fitting sense of the duty they owed it. When one recalls the lost opportunities of that half century, well *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Sad, very sad, it is, all the same, to think of what has been, and of what might have been.

After Father Tully's death the present Cardinal Primate became at once a Dean of the College and Professor of Irish. This double appointment was made on October 17, 1876. The change in the occupancy of the Irish chair promised fair for the fortunes of the national language in the College; but unfortunately Cardinal Logue's tenure of the Chair was of very brief duration. His Eminence was, on the 25th June, 1878, appointed to a Chair of Theology, and for the thirteen years that followed the Irish Chair was left vacant. The Irish Class, however, was still continued, but was taught by a lecturer selected annually from amongst the Dunboyne students. This arrangement was necessarily most unsatisfactory. It involved a new appointment every year, in itself a fatal drawback, not to speak of still more serious disadvantages, which need not be mentioned, but which must be sufficiently obvious.

Eventually came the dawn of a happier day. The Irish Chair was revived by the

Trustees on October 15, 1891. Their choice of a professor fell, as a matter of course, upon Father O'Growney. For the next few years he did the work of three or four men. The national language was at once placed upon a much more satisfactory footing than it had ever previously occupied in the College. Attendance at the Irish classes was made compulsory on all students of Rhetoric and Philosophy, whilst an optional class was established for students of Divinity. To all these classes Father O'Growney had to lecture. He had also to prepare and deliver the public lectures to which I have already referred. He had to manage and edit the *Gaelic Journal*. Furthermore, he carried on an extensive correspondence with people in all parts of the world who were interested in the Irish language. This I have the best reason to know. Though then labouring on the Scotch mission, I was in constant communication with him, and knew of all his undertakings and projects. For the use of his classes he began to compile textbooks. He thus prepared and had printed, although they were never published, an admirable summary of Irish Grammar, two parts of a series of Irish Readers, and one part of a Manual of Irish Composition. How he contrived to get through all the work he did at this time is a mystery.

His work on the *Gaelic Journal* and his correspondence was beginning to tell upon the outside public. Beyond doubt, he and John Fleming did an immense lot to pave the way for a genuine Irish language awakening. But credit where credit is due. There was

another man who accomplished very much in the same direction—a man young in years, but comparatively old as a worker in the movement. That man was Dr. Douglas Hyde. As a lecturer, both in Ireland and in America, he had succeeded in creating a good deal of interest in the movement. The time seemed ripe for the launching of an organisation of a truly and professedly popular and go-ahead character. All previous organisations had been largely, many of them wholly, academical; it was high time to see what an organisation with practical aims, and



THE MACMAHON HALL.

(Where Father O'Growney delivered his Public Lectures).

worked by popular methods, could accomplish.

On July 31, 1893, nine men, most of them young and practically unknown, held a conference in Dublin. That conference has become almost as historic as the more famous conference, of scarcely larger dimensions, that originated the language revival in Bohemia. Those present at the conference were Dr. Douglas Hyde, C. P. Bushe, J. M. Cogan (who has since passed away in a foreign land), Rev. William Hayden, S.J., P. J. Hogan, M.A. (now Fellow of the Royal University), John MacNeill, B.A., Patrick O'Brien,

T. O'Neill Russell, and Martin Kelly. The conference assembled at Mr. Kelly's house, 9, Lower O'Connell-street. Thereat was founded the Gaelic League, which has since become a world-wide organisation, including hundreds of branches in Ireland, England, Scotland, the United States, and elsewhere, some of them located in places as far distant as Montreal, San Francisco, and Buenos Ayres. At a subsequent meeting, Dr. Hyde was elected President, Father O'Growney Vice-President, and Mr. MacNeill, Hon. Secretary. Since then these three have been the real leaders of the Irish language movement.<sup>1</sup>

From a contemporary account of the founding of the Gaelic League, I may quote a few passages:—

“The idea of making our movement more popular and practical has long been in the air. It was put forward by Dr. Hyde in New York two years ago. Since that time it has been touched upon more than once in the *Gaelic Journal*. It has now at length taken tangible shape and found for itself a local habitation and a name.”

Then after giving an account of the preliminary conference, the writer proceeds:—

“It was agreed that the literary interests of the language should be left in other hands, and that the new organisation should devote

<sup>1</sup> “When the Gaelic League was founded in 1893, Father O'Growney was absent, I think, in Scotland, but he had been for some time previously in constant communication with a few others who, like himself, believed that the whole question of the national language required to be taken out of its academical surroundings, and brought to the hearths of the people. Immediately on his return he associated himself with the League, and induced many others to join it, including several of his colleagues in Maynooth. He also placed the *Gaelic Journal* at the service of the new organisation. He is, therefore, properly to be regarded as one of its founders. Dr. Hyde was elected President of the League, and has since been always re-elected. The Rev. Euseby D. Cleaver was elected Vice-President, in recognition of his generous help given to the teaching of Irish in the primary schools, on which he annually spent large sums of money. Mr. Cleaver died a few months after the Gaelic League was formed, and Father O'Growney was chosen Vice-President to succeed him, and retained that post till his death; but he deprecated his election at first, and renewed his protest several times afterwards. Indeed, at no time did he seek prominence or obtrude his personality upon others.”—*Reminiscences of Father O'Growney*. By one of his friends.—*Freeman's Journal*, October 21, 1893.

itself to the single object of preserving and spreading Irish as a means of oral intercourse.”<sup>2</sup>

I shall not here follow up the history of the Gaelic League. Like honey of Hymettus was its advent to Father O'Growney. But the office to which he was elected therein threw additional work upon one already overburdened. To the practical and detailed work of the League he ungrudgingly devoted himself, and amongst its members in its early days of obscurity and struggle none was more zealous and active than he.

In this same year which witnessed the founding of the Gaelic League, Father O'Growney was called upon to undertake still further work. As a result of a somewhat protracted correspondence which appeared in the *Freeman's Journal*, he undertook, at the suggestion of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, the compilation of a new series of elementary lessons in Irish, in which an attempt should be made to teach the pronunciation by means of a system of phonetics. In elaborating the phonetic system which he proposed to employ for this purpose, he received large and valuable assistance from the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh. The new course of Lessons was first published in the *Weekly Freeman*, and concurrently with their appearance in that journal they also appeared from month to month in the periodical which Father O'Growney himself controlled. In the *Weekly Freeman* and *Gaelic Journal*, they appeared as “Easy Lessons in Irish,” but when republished in book form later on the title was changed to *Simple Lessons in Irish*. Of these Lessons Father O'Growney published Parts I., II. and III. When no longer able to work upon them, Mr. John MacNeill undertook to continue them. Part IV. has long since appeared, and Part V. is at present on the eve of publication.

The compilation of the *Simple Lessons* was almost a work of genius. To say that they are a great improvement upon anything of a

<sup>2</sup> *Gaelic Journal*, November, 1893.

like kind previously in existence, is to say but little. They are, beyond all doubt, vastly, immeasurably, superior to any works of a similar character ever placed at the disposal of students of our language. They are a marvel of simplicity, clearness, order, and almost perfect gradation. Of the language and its phonology they display, elementary as they of necessity are, a perfect mastery. Their publication, on the whole, was probably the greatest individual service ever rendered to the Irish language movement. Compiled primarily and mainly for the use of those whom circumstances obliged to study without the aid of a teacher, they have been found just as useful by others more favourably circumstanced. Nevertheless Father O'Growney himself always said that if he had had a different object in view, he would have worked upon quite different lines. Thousands upon thousands of copies of his books have been sold. They have gone to all parts of the world. They have carried their compiler's name everywhere. They have made more readers of Irish, introduced far more people to the study of the Irish language, than all the other works that have ever been published.

It seemed that Father O'Growney was but on the threshold of a career of singular usefulness to his country, to her language and literature. But for some years he had, as has been already observed, been doing the work of three or four men. His health, always indifferent, now gave way altogether. On October 9th, 1894, he felt obliged to apply to the Trustees of the College for a year's leave of absence. He hoped that rest and change and a milder climate would so restore him that by the time his leave of absence had expired he should be able to resume his work. Unfortunately, this was not to be. He immediately sailed for America, where, on his arrival in New York, the Gaelic societies of the Empire City, Brooklyn, and the Eastern States generally organised a reception in his honour. He journeyed

leisurely to San Francisco, where he proposed to settle down. Soon, however, he discovered that the state of his health required a still warmer and drier climate. He, consequently, moved southward to Arizona. In that State he has since lived, sometimes at Prescott, sometimes at Phoenix, with occasional sojourns at Banning and Los Angeles in the neighbouring State of California. When his year's leave of absence had expired, his health had not materially changed for the better. He asked that it should be extended by a year, and his application was granted. Still, restored health refused to answer his expectations, and so he wrote to the Trustees tendering his resignation. On June 23rd, 1896, his resignation was accepted, and he was granted a pension by the College.

His life since then has been a lonely one, far away from home and friends, far removed from the scenes, the work, the interests that to him were all in all, without a single kindred spirit to commune with, save when, at long intervals, some friend of happier days, or some fellow-worker in the cause, paid him a brief visit. Such visits were necessarily few in that remote region. His situation was pathetic enough for tears. The victim of acute heart disease, he lingered on until last Wednesday, when the end came.<sup>1</sup> He died at the Sisters' Hospital, Los Angeles. A pillar of the Irish language movement has fallen! He who was in very truth a tower of strength to the cause to which he devoted his life is no more. His friends and his fellow-labourers in the cause have lost one for whom they shall mourn for many a day. Every sympathiser with the movement for the revival of our ancient language will henceforth grieve for one for whom he cherished a tender affection.

Though far removed from direct contact with the movement, Father O'Growney kept in touch with it to the last, and laboured

<sup>1</sup> October 18th, 1899.

as zealously as ever in its behalf. During the brief portion of each day which his physicians allowed him to devote to work of any kind, he occupied himself in writing letters to the Irish-American periodicals and journals in the interests of the movement. Scarcely an issue of the *Gaelic Journal* appeared that did not contain a contribution from his pen, usually on some disputed or unsettled point of Irish grammar or lexicography. He maintained a constant and voluminous correspondence with the leaders of the movement at home and in America. For all he had a word of encouragement, of praise, of counsel. His vast and extremely accurate knowledge of everything pertaining to the language was ever at the disposal of all who cared to draw upon it, and he was a singularly prompt and obliging correspondent. The vast influence that he wielded, in many cases over people who never saw him,—his earnest and indefatigable devotion to his ideal, his utter unselfishness, the singularly practical character of his enthusiasm, have often led me to link him with Thomas Davis in my thoughts.

In a notice of him which appeared about two years ago the writer observed :

“ There is no more familiar name in the Gaelic world than that of Father O’Growney. It would be difficult to exaggerate his great influence on the language movement. Modest, scholarly and retiring, he is one of those quiet enthusiasts by whom causes seemingly almost hopeless are pushed on to victory. He may be said to have consecrated his life to the cause of the old tongue which he loves so well.”<sup>1</sup>

Generous and enthusiastic as this tribute is, it certainly does no more than justice to Father O’Growney, to his influence and work.

Now that he is gone from us, it is pleasant and consoling to recall that he was spared to see the movement on which he had staked

all, whose final and complete success was far dearer to him than life, well advanced along the road to victory. His closing hours must have been cheered and made happy by the well-grounded conviction that that movement, which he himself did so much to create and consolidate, is bound to succeed—to succeed, at no distant date, beyond the most daring hopes of its originators, to press onward and upward to victory, complete and assured. Happy, assuredly, are those noble, generous, and unselfish souls, fired by a lofty ambition, inspired by high and ennobling ideals, moved by exalted aims for God or country, for whom life’s evening is not clouded by shattered hopes, whose sun does not set amidst forebodings of unrelieved gloom, whose lamp is not extinguished in nethermost darkness. May the great God be thanked and praised that such a fate was not Father O’Growney’s in his dying hour !

Father O’Growney was a man of most amiable disposition, of most winning manners, a kindly, warm-hearted, genial man. He was as unassuming and artless as a child; amongst strangers somewhat reserved, silent, and even shy; but amongst his colleagues and intimates bubbling over with fun and drollery. He possessed an extraordinary gift of humour; indeed, those who knew him best believe that in this respect he could not be surpassed. “ I have never known a man half so witty or with anything approaching his exquisite sense of humour,” observed one of his former colleagues a few days ago. No one was quicker to grasp the humorous element in an incident or situation; no one told a story with more racy, sparkling, mirth-provoking humour. He was a capital *raconteur*, a splendid specimen of the real Irish *Seanchaidhe*.

Of the ardent personal affection that he invariably inspired, I had abundant and striking proof during the summer vacation. His visits to the Aran Isles during his student days have been already referred to. Such visits did not end with his student days. He visited Aran more than once in later years.

<sup>1</sup> *Páinnne an Laoe*, Feb. 12, 1895.

Last July I carried out a long-cherished project of visiting Aran. In Inishmaan, one of the Aran group, I tarried for some weeks. I had been there scarcely a day when I discovered that Father O'Growney was simply worshipped by the islanders. He had been almost the first to sojourn amongst them in quest of Gaelic lore, the first to inspire that Gaelic-speaking community with a sense of pride in their racial inheritance. They regarded him as in a sense their own, and from morning till night they would talk of him in the most affectionate and endearing terms. How they pitied him away in distant Arizona, stricken down by illness, exiled from friends and home and native land, and how fervently would they pray again and again that God and the Virgin Mary might restore him to health, and send him back to Ireland! How ardent was their desire to see him once more, to welcome him again amongst them! The news of his death will make many a heart sad and sore the world over, but nowhere will it cause keener, more poignant regret, or a deeper sense of personal bereavement, than away amidst the Atlantic billows in rock-bound Inishmaan.

Father O'Growney was a member of the Royal Irish Academy. He was well-known to continental Celtologists, who admired and respected his ability and attainments. Many of them visited him here on their way to the Irish-speaking districts in the south and west. On questions of Gaelic scholarship they frequently sought his advice and assistance. In the preface to one of his books, Dr. Kuno Meyer of Liverpool, refers in warm terms of acknowledgement to the help which he had received from him. Amongst his class-fellows and contemporaries here were some who have since achieved fame, and not a few who, inspired and influenced by his example, have rendered valuable service to the Irish language movement. Amongst them may be named Father Yorke of San Francisco, distinguished as a journalist, controversialist, and

orator; Dr. Henebry, Professor of Irish in the Catholic University of America; Father Mockler, Professor of Irish in St. John's College, Waterford; and Father O'Kieran of Clontribret, the tireless and indefatigable leader of the language movement in Monaghan.

It is time to conclude. I should be glad to think that I had done anything like justice to the memory of my dear friend, my fellow-worker for so many years in the cause of our native tongue, my distinguished predecessor in the Irish Chair of our College. If I have failed, it has not been through any want of good-will, any want of appreciation of his character and work, any want of affection and reverence for his memory. My highest ambition is to continue his work here in the spirit in which he would have wished me to continue it, to give to the movement for which as I believe, he sacrificed his life, all the assistance I can possibly render it. His devotion to the language of his country, when as a student he dwelt within these walls, should be for all time an inspiration and a guiding light to the students of the College. I hope the lesson of his unselfishness, his zeal, his industry, his self-sacrifice, his patriotism, his high sense of national duty will not be lost upon them. Most heartily and sincerely do I hope that his example will spur many, very many of them, to earnestly strive to emulate his work for Ireland. I hope, too, that the glorious example of his life-work since he became a priest will not be lost upon the patriotic priesthood of Ireland. I conclude in the words of a note received from Dr. Hyde in reply to a telegram which I sent him on Thursday, announcing that his dear old friend and comrade-in-arms was no more. *Buitte t'fom t'fhuairgheileas oo tuit ar Chlannnaibh Saordeal mion. So noéana Dia t'fhuairt ar anam ar geapad!* 'A heavy woeful blow has fallen upon the Irish race this day. May God grant mercy to the soul of our friend!'

### III.

## REMINISCENCES OF FATHER O'GROWNEY.<sup>1</sup>

BY ONE OF HIS FRIENDS.<sup>2</sup>



THE first step that brought Father O'Growney's name before any section of the public was his taking up the editorship of the *Gaelic Journal*. Previous to this, during his vacations as a student in Maynooth, he had paid several long visits to the Aran Islands and other districts to learn Irish as it is spoken. Other students of Irish up to this time, who had made up their knowledge mainly from books, had been inclined to look down on the Irish of the people, and to suppose that nothing was to be learned from them. Father O'Growney's instinct told him that neither a successful language movement nor a resuscitated literature, was at all possible unless the language of the people of to-day was made the foundation of the work.

In Aran he chose Inis Meadhon (Middle Island) as his place of study. This island contains about 500 inhabitants, every one of whom speaks Irish. It had previously been visited by Professors Zimmer and Kuno Meyer, the well-known philologists and Celts, and by Mr. O'Mulrenan, who are still often talked about by the islanders. But it was Father O'Growney who established the reputation of Inis Meadhon as an Irish "summer school." The house where he usually stayed — Paidin Mac Donnchadha's, was playfully christened the Irish University by the then parish priest, Father Michael O'Donohoe, *Beannacht De le n'anam*.

In 1890 wishing to learn Irish from the lips

of the people, I wrote to a friend asking advice as to where I should go. My friend knew Father O'Growney, and wrote to him. He immediately sent me full directions how to get to Inis Meadhon. Here everyone spoke affectionately of him. I was often re-



FATHER O'GROWNEY IN HIS LATER YEARS.  
(His favourite portrait).

proached for not following his example by writing down all I learned. "Why," they said, "even when he was out in a boat his notebook and pencil were never out of his hand."

Since then something like an annual pilgrimage to the island has been established,

<sup>1</sup> John MacNeill, B.A., now Vice-President of the Gaelic League.

<sup>2</sup> From the *Freeman's Journal*, October 21, 1899.

and there is no month in the summer in recent years that does not bring numbers to spend periods, varying from a week to six weeks in this or the north island. All have the same object—to learn the living Irish language.

The first fresh stimulus that led to the renewed vigor of the Irish language movement was given by the Irish bishops when they decided to re-establish the chair of Irish in Maynooth. The significance of this event in the history of the movement has been too much lost sight of. At the time when the bishops, of their own motion, came to this decision, the fortunes of the Irish language had touched the lowest depths, and the number of those who spoke the language was smaller than at any known period of Irish history. In the ten previous years the number had fallen from close on 900,000 to less than 700,000, if the census returns are at all to be relied on. The movement on behalf of the language had almost been lost sight of. Think, then, how much it meant when the Irish hierarchy resolved to raise up the study of Irish once more in the chief centre of Catholic education? This auspicious resolve was correspondingly fortunate in its fulfilment. The revival of the Gaelic Chair just at this juncture when Father O'Growney was marked out as its natural occupant seems nothing less than a special act of Providence.

Meanwhile Father O'Growney had taken charge of the "Gaelic Journal." This periodical had been set afoot by the Gaelic Union in 1882, but the Gaelic Union as an active body had gone out of existence in the eighties, and its journal was carried on chiefly by means of a generous subsidy by the Rev. Maxwell H. Close, a Protestant clergyman. When Father O'Growney came into charge in succession to Mr. John Fleming, since dead, the "Gaelic Journal" made a fitful appearance at intervals of three months, more or less, and had about 150 paying readers, and another hundred or so who did not pay. By Father O'Growney's efforts the journal was

once more brought out as a monthly, and its circulation was run up to about 1,000.

About this time he commenced in the *Weekly Freeman* his famous series of Simple Lessons in Irish which at once attained widespread popularity. Over and over again I have heard people comment on the extreme simplicity of Father O'Growney's method. It is Gaelic in homeopathic doses. You learn the fundamental principles of the language, its pronunciation, and a vocabulary of several hundred ordinary words without feeling that you have learned anything. Perhaps not fewer than 50,000 individuals have been beguiled by these lessons into making some acquaintance with the language of their ancestors. The Archbishop of Dublin took the keenest interest in the preparation of the lessons, and it is believed that to his suggestion was due the adoption of the *key-word* device by Father O'Growney.

When the Gaelic League was formed in 1893, Father O'Growney was absent, I think, in Scotland, but he had been for some time previously in constant communication with a few others, who like himself, believed that the whole question of the National language required to be taken out of its academical surroundings and brought to the hearths of the people. Immediately on his return he associated himself with the League, and induced many others to join it, including several of his colleagues in Maynooth. He also placed the *Gaelic Journal* at the service of the new organisation. He is, therefore, properly to be regarded as one of the founders. Dr. Hyde was elected President of the League, and has since been always re-elected. The Rev. Euseby D. Cleaver was elected vice-president, in recognition of his generous help given to the teaching of Irish in the primary schools, on which he annually spent large sums of money. Mr. Cleaver died a few months after the Gaelic League was formed, and Father O'Growney was chosen vice-president to succeed him, and retained that post till his death; but he

deprecated his election at first, and renewed his protest several times afterwards. Indeed, at no time did he seek prominence or obtrude his personality on others. The "exaggerated individualism" that is set down as a leading trait of the Celtic character had no part in Father O'Growney. Both in Ireland and America he worked hard for the consolidation of the language movement on the lines of the Gaelic League, to which he was affectionately attached.

His appetite for work was extraordinary. At one and the same time he carried out the duties of professor of Irish in Maynooth, wrote a large instalment of his Lessons every week for publication in the *Weekly Freeman*, edited the *Gaelic Journal*, aided in carrying on the outside movement, and acted as adviser to everyone who wanted to know anything about the Irish language. A Maynooth professor told me that Father O'Growney's batch of letters received by each post nearly equalled all those received by the rest of the staff. To carry on his classes properly he was forced to prepare special text-books during the same period, and these books, both in scholarship and in method, excelled any previous works of the kind.

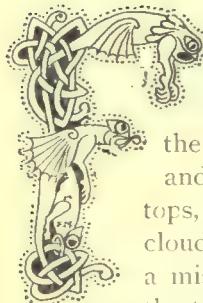
His manner was as gentle as a child's. He avoided contention. The greatest crank, the most hide-bound pedant could never ruffle his temper. Yet his character was firm and decided, and his tenacity both of purpose and of effort was remarkable. He had what many enthusiasts fatally lack—the saving grace of humour. Deeply in earnest as he always was, the humorous side of things continually appealed to him. He told me once that, when he was travelling in Scotland, a man accosted him, asking: "Are you the Rev. Mr. — of —?" "No," said Father O'Growney, "I am a Catholic priest from Ireland," "Are you from

Ireland," said the Scot, and added after a pause: "I'm told that Irishmen are great at jokes. Would you mind telling me a joke?" But to the great disappointment of the stranger, he declined.

In America, though for a long time he felt that the hand of death was upon him, he never lost his cheerfulness. He often sent a warning that the end might come at any time, but he said this as calmly as though he were writing of some ordinary event, and he went on to discuss the interests of what was dearest to his heart in this world, our native tongue, as a man might do who was absolutely heedless of death or danger. His efforts never slackened, even when his life hung by a thread. He was constantly writing to *The Gael*, the *Irish World*, the *New World*, the *Citizen* of Chicago, the *Monitor* of San Francisco, the *Providence Visitor*, the *Irish-American*, the *Boston Pilot*, *Donahoe's Magazine*, and some other Irish-American papers, and the theme was always the same, his object being to stir up interest in the struggle for the National tongue. Occasionally the *Highland News* of Inverness, had an article or a letter from him. A month seldom passed that some contribution of his did not appear in the *Gaelic Journal*. Up to the last he kept up a constant correspondence with his comrades in arms on both sides of the Atlantic.

I firmly believe that the work to which he put his hand will go on growing in power and volume until it permeates the entire social and educational fabric of Irish life, and that by its means this country will at length cast off foreign influences and alien predominance, as a sunny day casts off the fog of night. He is gone, and his loss is irreparable; but within one decade the seed he has sown has grown into a tree that will never be uprooted while Irishmen are Irishmen: —

## IV.

EUGENE O'GROWNEY.<sup>1</sup>

OR the past week there has been a cloud over Irish Ireland. North and South the black shadows are stretching and settling down from the hill-tops, even to the lowest glens. The cloud with its shadows came in a mist from the far West with the tidings of the death of a young Irish priest. Eugene O'Growney is dead! From distant California the news has just come over the sea, and to those who love the old language the story is heavy with woe.

To Meath is due the honour of being the birth-place of this distinguished Irish scholar, one of the pioneers of the movement for the revival of the Irish language. During his early student years in Maynooth he was remarkable for the earnestness and enthusiasm with which he applied himself to Irish studies. This enthusiasm never deserted him until the last. He found the Ireland of his youth totally indifferent to the language of his country. This spirit of carelessness it was the chief object of his life to combat, and, to a certain extent, his mission has sped well. Year after year, whilst a student at Maynooth, young O'Growney spent his summer holidays among the Irish-speaking people in the West and South of Ireland, and many are the stories the fishermen of Aran, and the peasantry of the South relate, of the kindly Irish heart of the "pale son of learning" who sojourned among them. After his ordination Father O'Growney returned once more to learn words of wisdom in the sweet old language of the Gael from the lips of God's

poor—for they alone, strange to say, have kept the heritage of our classic tongue.

The world, of course, in those early years, laughed at the young Sagart for an enthusiast and a seer of visions that were but airy clouds. The world always laughs at enthusiasts. They stir the humdrum respectability of practical people from its wonted calm. They sin against the commandment—"Do this, for here lies the path to ease and wealth." But in the light of success, views are changed, and now that the "airy visions" are being realised—now that the Gaelic League may be pointed out as the fruition of a life's work now that the tide is turning the world is not slow to place the name of O'Growney among those of the men who rise from time to time to mark the trend of their generation.

As Professor of Irish in the National College, Father O'Growney had a wide field of work, for in Maynooth the indifference to the national Language was as marked as elsewhere throughout Ireland. His hand-books of Irish and other works were produced at the cost of painful labour, owing to the neglected state of the written language. He smoothed the way for Irish students, but the penalty was a heavy one. His health was undermined, and his life was only prolonged by an exile of some years beyond the western mountains of America. Even there his pen was never idle in defence of the language he loved for its associations with everything that is distinctively Irish. He loved it as the language in which the old bards sang of war and feast and chase. He loved it as the language of the Druids of the Oaks, and, in Medieval and Christian times, of the saints and scholars

<sup>1</sup> From the *Meath Chronicle*, October 28th, 1899

of Continental fame. He loved it as the language of the great past—and because it was our very own, the growth of the Irish race, the development of their intelligence, the guardian of their mental endowments; and, perhaps, he loved it best of all because it was despised, a stranger and an outcast among our own people.

Father O'Growney is dead, but his work lives, and will live. He was a dreamer, but his dreams were such as brighten the hopes of a nation. His ideal was intellectual freedom, and this ideal may be ours if we will. We know that the world is the richer for his life—but, well-a-day, the Irish language is the poorer for his death.—A. O'F.

## V.

CÁIMÉADÓ AN ÁTÁR EOÍGHAN UA GRÁINNE<sup>1</sup>

TÓRNA CET

A Clanna Gaeálach an éioráid,  
Is doilis an ríseal 'ra tig,  
Plait na péile 'r na nuaig-éanáin,  
An ríseap tágseanta eam,  
An t-áthair Eoghan 'n-a luigé  
Seo fuair i gceann 'ra éitt.

Oé, oéón!

Mo éireadé ghearr agur m' amháin,  
Is lag a ríleap an tSámain seo  
Seo mbealtó do eorp bheaghs moúrmaill-pe  
Seo bocht agur go fann lag,  
Ag neartuigéad ríip an gheamhain gheal;  
Ná go mbéinn-pe réim go eannailte,  
Aéiltíopeasé, tigmh-éunt  
Ag ceapad mairbh-ramh tuit,  
A Áthair Eoghan ua Gráinnéig.

Oé, oéón.

Aéit ní mar a ríleap a raictar,  
B'fearr 'fíor ag Ríg na hÉireann,  
Moladh go deó le n'ainm,  
Is do ceap an t-ágaib,  
Is b'fearr róimh ní, do b'fearr doir' anam  
Einge ap an talam  
Seo glórípe ríoc na hÉireann,  
Ní ghearránta d'áinm ap a aétaib,  
Siúl mór an éall ap ghearr.

Oé, oéón!

A éirípe an éioráid 'r na páipite,  
Bí a fíor agam an Lá úd  
Seo páib ríseal éigim báirí éuigam,  
Mai do tairbhíseadó dhám tigí tráta,  
Seo geallúim piacaí i mbáirpeasé;  
Do éonnac-ra ceitíre cágá  
Ag teaict anoirí ó'n dtíráis éuigam;  
Do éonnac-ra ríamhail dhúb, neamh-éanáctasé,  
Mai b'fearr glórtaé éiríp-úibh ghránta,  
Ap leataibh tigrána Cláirí Luigé.  
Ba shoirio gur fíoradh an páib dhám,  
Mai taimig éuigainn an társ gurípt  
Seo páib t' anam áluinn  
I mears aingeal láirpeasé  
I gCúirt an Áthair Neamhda;  
Seo páib rí tairéir an traoisail reo' fágáint  
Ap a malaist do b'fearr o'áitpeasé;  
Agur Clanna Gaeálach dá bárr ram  
Seo buairdeapta, ghráibh-éunt,  
Oé, oéón!

Mo bhrípead éioráid is mo bhrón,  
Do doilisge linn ram mar ríseol  
'ná dtáinig riúam 'n-ap dtíreab,  
'S 'ná a dtiocfaidh anailis go deó;  
Ap ríseal 'r ap gceolagad gleoirib,  
Táirb tána na leórián,  
Orde béal-binn na n-ós,  
Taitneamh na ríeandóir,

<sup>1</sup> "Íriúleabhar na Gaeálach," Sámain, 1899.

Cearp copanta eoir  
 Teangeadh Feapantair Eoghan,  
 Sagart ba neamhrac cloch,  
 Uimhíl is ba thiacla meidin,  
 Náip taoibhuis an t-éiríteac mair nór,  
 Aict an fírinne d'fhiúilibh beoish,  
 An t-eipe do'n truaig 'i' do'n t-eipeóni,  
 Eolap leatan do'n aineóni,  
 Náip shráidhuis an raoisil ná a baocht-slióir,  
 Aict fliantír na Naomh is na n-íortha,  
 Táirí sin 'n-a luirge leat fán n-íortha,  
 San fagbáil aip a seapadó Éigíann, a Atair  
 Eoghan.

Oé, oéón!

Ní fuil poinn de rannaith na cnuinne,  
 Fa éuairí na ghléime gile.  
 'N-a bfuil euidh tá laisgead táirí gheiméad,  
 Naé neáirísc bheap gáé dume  
 Aip bhrágháil társ an hile  
 D'aoríte bláth de épamháit na coilleád  
 Caomhír go riop-suirte do chuitim  
 Fa fáisear an énámais bhuile,  
 Náip fáis go foill tú agamh-ne  
 Go bfuil símir caoi aip a chilleád  
 De'n eolap uait-pe a phiocadh,  
 'S aip mhuineadh go deó mair do phisír,  
 Ó'r tupa d'áluinn éinigé,  
 A Atair Eoghan, a cumanann.

Oé, oéón!

Mo dhíombáitír épioríde, 'i' mo léiri ghnírt.  
 Ní cloirfeap aipir tú, a éamháis.  
 Ag tadhairt comhaimle cille  
 Cum buanuigéte na gaeilge.  
 Ní feicfeap a chilleád péinteac  
 Ag teast uait aip gáé daor-éireann  
 I nírisleabhar na gaeilge.  
 Niop lusá an doisí aip tréime  
 Tá bhuair do épioríde bocht fénior

O'n mbreisíotaeac ro do pign' t'éiríteac.  
 A uain na poigíone 'i' na féile,  
 'Ná an doisí do éuair 'n-a géipe  
 Táirí lár epioríde na hÉireann,  
 Nuairí eualataír társ t'éaga.  
 Is é tús fír gan ailtí, gan éipim;  
 Is é tús mná ag ríataí a gceábholt;  
 Is é tús leanbháí ag bheicis;  
 Is é tús beiríosí ag ríspéacáis,  
 Ag bualaí 'i' ag bhrácaí a céile;  
 Do éuir an rísealgs gheim aip;  
 Do épit an rílabh go hneacáid;  
 Do bog is do pit na péalta  
 Anonn 'i' anall tpe 'n-a céile,  
 Do chuit an cláiríneac ó na rípeartait;  
 'S an gaoth 'n-a hanfáitce dá péireadó;  
 Is a éapa na n-aé iptis,  
 Cá bfuilseam do fáimait i n-aon éor?

Oé, oéón!

Taoi ríspáirta linn, a annraig na páipre,  
 Sup ónial duit an uinlaet 'n-a nteápnair,  
 Do ríeáid an t-ole do ghnáeac,  
 'S do taoibhuis an mairí mair fúbáilce.  
 Is a Óra na bpláitear, áilim,  
 Tpe n-aip fulaing t'An-Úa 'ra páir  
 Súipt.

So pháib anam aip seapadó láim leat,  
 I Riocháet na n-amgeal neamhóra.  
 Agur iarráim aip illiúire maitair,  
 Bí pháim lán de gspáraib,  
 'S go bfuil na cumáeta aici go láidir  
 Le n-a headair-suirte tráthair,  
 Ionad do do fóláthair  
 I mears na naomh-éainte,  
 Abraimír go leir "Amen."

I mbáile Átha Cliath.

6. II/1895.



éas an atar eos an ua gráma.<sup>1</sup>



Na Spáinni tar éip báirí o'fáisí. Táinig an ríéal dubhónaé ro tháinig an scábla tempríosé go dtí Connacht na hAodhán i mbáistí Áca Cíche. Diaprobáim an naomhú láideas. Ag lop angeter i gCádairbíne ip eadóriúideas an geata; beannaitéid te le n-a anam.

Rugadh an t-árdair Coisí an rian mblátháin 1863 i mbalbhaile Pollánáin i bPáirc an Dána Dúrde i gContae na Mí. Teaghlach agus cláraitheach go hfuil in oibreáid rian trácht air i gceann-annálaibh na hÉireann. Ní pairb sonaí Saeóideach as a stáir ne as a mórair ná in pairb aon fhios air idir báileanna i pa ceannais an móいちめéalt. Agus, do dhomaré a-pon réamh do éanatamair é do ráidí náé pairb fhios aige go pairb teanga Údaráisír fa leis an t-árdair aon copas muintir na hÉireann go mearachaito gur rothair Árdo-rgson Rínnéan rian Uamh 'ran mblátháin 1870. Ní phabtaír idir múineadh 'pa Éoláipte rian, aict, ní túirge bí a fhios as an fsgoláipe ós go pairb teanga Údaráisír fa leis aghaidh ná éisom ré Láitreachas ari a foighilim, agus é an éadaid leabhar a bí aige na ceaictáinna do ríspior Seagáin Pléimionn agus an t-árdair Eoin Ua Nualláin gup tóirnigh Young Ireland ari a gheup i gclóidí i dtóiríte na bliadáin 1879. Do bairilgeadh ré focail agus páirtíte annró ag annrú ó na fean-daoinib do bhuileadh uime i gceart-eamh a faoiinneachta. Aict ó náé pairb leabhair fíomháidhe oibreáinnaí aige agus an fagáil ari aon éor aige agus Údáine do múnfeadh Saeóideach d'ó, ní móir an fíordam do pígne ré ari dtúr.

Cuan ðré go Muig Nuadair 'fan bpóisí an  
1882, 7 d'fan ann ar feadh ré bliadair. Ag

foighlum Saeölse ip ead ba gnáthaise leir, saé aon uain a bhoíodh aige. Nuair bi ré ag teacáit éum deipidh a tágaima 'ra Coláirte, do tágadh euro de na rsgoláiribh éinse a gán fíor ag foighlum Saeölse uaird. Rígneadh rásapt de 'fan mbliadhain 1889, 7 'n-a dháidh sin cuimeadh riorthu go Baile na Caipnge le hair an Muilinn scípp é. Rígneadh feap-eagairt d'Impreabhar na Saeölse de cum cosanta le Seagán Pléimionn 7 é 'n-a rásapt inar an áit sin, 7 ar sin fuair ba tháine de na ceannais feadháma i gCúir na Saeölse é. San áit sin leir, ip ead do tóirnisiú ré aip éinit de ríapáistí na Sean-Saeölse do tágairt amach i nSaeölse nua, mar atá, "lomparán Maolte Óiginn," 7 "lomparán Síneadhúspára 7 Míle Riagla."

‘San mbliaðam 1891 fágat an tAertai  
 Coisan ‘n-a aonar i gCúram an Iuirteabhar 7  
 ‘ran mbliaðam eadoin do mhsneach Ottam le  
 Gaeilge do i gColáiste Mairge Nuadáin. Úi  
 aithearba teabhar oppa annraim 7 do rgsíos  
 reisean 7 do éuir i gclóð i gcomáir na mac  
 leiginn. Spáiméarí Gaeilge 7 riannnt de  
 teabharibh eile. ‘San mbliaðam 1893 do  
 éorainn re ap’ ‘Céadta Simplið Gaeilge’  
 do éuir i gclóð ‘ran Weekly Freeman 7 ‘ran  
 Iuirteabhar. Tátar ‘gá gceannac ‘n-a miltib.

Ué an tAchair Coisí an ba Lear-uaéatarán  
Connaithe na Gaeilge, ⁊ bí baint aige le  
mopán te buriomh léigearanta.

Do bī ré cap̄tānnāc aigeanta bēarac.

Ciordeamail plaiteamail geanamail  
nearnach.

Diabanta epráithteac lágac deilgmiéineac,  
Caontúthractaç ghean-cúirpeac léigearnta.  
Ní riabh ré uaiþreac uallaç réacsac,  
Miopúnaç epríordh-lúbaç éadomhári;  
Táir a béal reasb-églór ní léigeadh,  
Acht mar aingeal do mairi ari an traoigal ro.  
So dtuigairidh Dia an beata fútcain tá anam  
asgur go ndéanairidh ré tróscaire ari a maireann  
'n-a déirdh!

<sup>1</sup> From *An Clárdeam Solair*, October 28, 1899.

DEATH OF FATHER O'GROWNEY.<sup>1</sup>

**N** Wednesday, October 18th, Father Eugene O'Growney breathed his last at the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity, Los Angeles, California. *Deaṁraict Té a n-a-anam.* No words of ours shall attempt to voice the grief that every man and woman of true Irish mould must feel at the news of his early death in that far distant land.

Many centuries ago an Irish poet uttered the thought, than which no sublimer thought has ever been uttered of any nation by any poet :

“Ba mór ná abairt i ngeáid ipe,  
Coimhleat Dé gpt eipinn i ngl.”  
“Greater than tongue can tell in every age  
Has been God's design for Iriš t'imeaghl.”

In every true Irish heart this sublime thought is still enshrined. We still believe in the greatness and the wisdom of God's design, passing the power of tongue to tell. We still believe in the greatness of Ireland as an instrument in the hands of God. We still link together inseparably these two beliefs. Our faith in God and our faith in Ireland are fused into one. In the darkest hours of her fate, we have ever seen God's design in our nation's history, though the depth and wisdom of the designs are beyond our comprehension.

Throughout all the tearful ages, it is doubtful if Ireland ever knew a sadder year than the year 1891. In that year she beheld victory turned into disaster, unity into dissension, hope into despair. Such a cup of bitterness she had often drunk before, but always then at the hands of her enemies, this time at the hands of her own children. The triumphs of wrong have never daunted her,

her faith in God's design has been too strong for that. But this time the failure was wholly the failure of her own wisdom. It is well known to every reader of these words that in that time many Irishmen ceased to believe in the greatness of Ireland. Yet in that time we believe, and believe most sincerely, that the design of God towards Erin the mighty was clearly manifested.

The mind of a nation is moulded in her schools. If nationality does not live in education, it cannot live long otherwise. There never yet was a nation in whose educational systems there was less of nationality than in Irish education in the year 1891. If our schools were not wholly English in spirit, they were nondescript or cosmopolitan. They might glory in raising great lawyers for England, and statesmen to build up her Colonial empire, and writers to bring the vivacity and imagination and brilliancy of the Irish genius as tributes to her literature, and a legion of youths for her Imperial service, full of energy and capacity to serve or to command, and in pouring out the surplus of Irish brain and power on distant countries, even as if Ireland had no need of them. But one thing they did not glory in, nor do, nor dream of doing. They did not educate a generation of Irishmen, and it is in despite of them that the youth of Ireland are as Irish as they are. They did not look to the needs of Ireland and set themselves steadily to give her sons the traits of character they most require for her service—a patriotism built upon realities as well as upon sentiment, the spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of their country, of duty to Ireland first after God, of self-restraint, and the repression of mere personal ambition, and of self-reliance combined

<sup>1</sup> From *Ar Chlárdeamh Solair*, October 28th, 1899.

in due proportion with mutual confidence and fidelity—all these things with the view of making them better Irishmen and better men for Ireland. They did not teach Ireland's history, accepting the wily doctrine of her enemies, that a knowledge of her history could only tend to perpetuate her evils. They did not teach her language and literature, for no other reason than that from the point of view of a "good English education" the Irish language and literature were of no account either for the past or for the future. In all this they directly, if unwittingly, did the work of the enemies of Ireland.

For the Irish people, since Christianity dawned in Ireland, religion and education have ever been inseparable. The priest at present is the manager of the primary school, and most frequently the professor in the Intermediate and University systems. Hence for the mass of the Irish people the education of the priest deeply influences the education of the nation at large. That is why we believe that it was the special design of God—greater than tongue can tell—towards mighty Erin, that in the dark year of 1891 the Irish Bishops should have been inspired to inaugurate afresh in the great ecclesiastical college of Maynooth the chair of the Irish language, literature, and antiquities, and to appoint to that chair a young and modest priest, till then unknown to his fellow-countrymen, but this day lamented by them with one voice over the wide earth—Father Eugene O'Growney.

Eugene O'Growney was born in 1863 at Ballyfallon, near Athboy and the Hill of Tlachtgha in Meath. In his boyhood he knew nothing of the Irish language, hardly even of its existence. He made his first acquaintance with it at Navan Seminary, a

college which, it is worth remarking, was presided over early in the century by Father Eugene O'Reilly, a cousin of Edward O'Reilly, the Irish lexicographer. The idea of cultivating the Irish language must have taken complete possession of him, for when he went to Maynooth not only did he devote every spare moment to its study, but he obliged his Irish-speaking fellow-students to become his oral instructors. His holidays were spent in the Irish-speaking districts, chiefly in the now noted resort of Irish students, the island of Inis Meadhoin. His first published writing in Irish was, we believe, an account of his impressions of Ara na Naomh in the *Gaelic Journal*.<sup>1</sup>

He entered St. Finian's Seminary, Navan, in 1879, went to Maynooth in 1882, was ordained priest and appointed curate of Ballinacarry in the Meath diocese in 1889,



COLLEGE CHAPEL, ST. FINIAN'S, NAVAN.

and became Professor of Irish in Maynooth in 1891. Before this last date he took over the editorship of the *Gaelic Journal* from the veteran Irish scholar, John Fleming, whose health at that time had broken down

<sup>1</sup> Some of Father O'Growney's contributions to the *Tuam News* were earlier.

completely. In this position, like the youthful Brian, son of Cinneididh, he found himself the natural leader of the effective forces of Ireland against the host of the foreigners. The effective forces at his disposal, as a Brian's, were few and scattered, and undisciplined. But under him the *Gaelic Journal* became, like Brian's camp, the rallying point of all who were determined to try conclusions with the enemy.

His appointment in Maynooth, like Brian's accession to the kingship, at once placed mighty forces at his command. With the energy and yet with the modesty that characterised him to the end, he set about making the most effective use of his position. He drew up, with infinite pains, improved class-books for the students. His touch with Irish speakers and students made him feel instinctively what was wanted. Discarding the pedantic traditions that had so long encumbered the study of Irish, he referred all points of his teaching to the spoken language of the people. His watchword was "Simplicity." He never ceased to advocate "simple Irish" for the learners.

Meanwhile from the point of view of the public interests of the movement, he regarded the *Gaelic Journal* as the first fighting line, and set himself steadily to increase its influence and efficiency. The *Gaelic Journal* had been founded by the Gaelic Union in 1882, under the editorship of David Comyn. When the Gaelic Union ceased active work as an organisation, the Journal fell into obscurity, but continued to be published, being supported by the generous aid of the Rev. Maxwell Close.<sup>1</sup> The odd number of five issues appeared annually. About 250 copies were circulated, a great part of them to non-subscribers. Father O'Growney determined to make it a monthly, as at its origin, and by dint of vigorous efforts he obtained nearly 1,000 subscribers in a short time. The new

monthly series began with No. 49, in March, 1894. On its first page, its editor's two cardinal principles are stated in one brief sentence: "Preference will be given to *simple* Irish prose, modelled on the *spoken language*." The number of persons who could and would read Irish at the time may be judged by another sentence on the same page: "Nine-tenths of our subscribers are beginners."

Meanwhile Father O'Growney had himself taken a work in hand that in a short time made the readers of Irish more numerous than they have been perhaps for 200 years previously. At the instance of that long-time and zealous friend of the Irish language, Archbishop Walsh, he commenced to write a series of lessons in Irish, which in the pages of the "Weekly Freeman" attracted thousands of students. Owing to the success with which the motto of "Simplicity" was carried out in these lessons, they quickly superseded all previous books of instruction in Irish for beginners. Towards the end of 1894 the first set of Irish lessons was published in book form, entitled "Simple Lessons in Irish."

Soon after his appointment to Maynooth in 1891, Father O'Growney and a few friends came to the conclusion that to save the Irish language an organised public movement on a popular and non-academic basis was necessary, but it was decided to postpone action till the political excitement connected with the General Election and the Parnell crisis had somewhat subsided. It was not till July 31st, 1893, that the first definite step was taken. On that date, by mutual agreement, a few individuals met at 9 Lower O'Connell Street, Dublin. It was resolved: "That a society be formed, under the name of the Gaelic League, for the purpose of keeping the Irish language spoken in Ireland." Father O'Growney was unable to be present in person, but he was undoubtedly one of the initiators of the Gaelic League, and became immediately one of its most active members. He took part in founding the first provincial

<sup>1</sup> This kindly friend of the Irish language has lately passed from among us, οὐ ποέαναι τὸ τρόπαιον αὐτῷ αναμ.

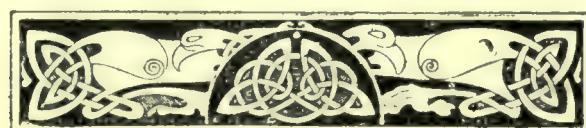
branch of the League at Galway, on the 24th January, 1894, at a meeting presided over by the Bishop of Galway. On the death of the first Vice-President of the League, Rev. Euseby D. Cleaver, Father O'Growney was elected Vice-president, and remained Vice-president till the day of his death. During all that time he laboured devotedly and incessantly to strengthen the organisation.

In the summer of 1894, under the strain of his fourfold duties as professor, editor, writer, and active worker in the popular movement, Father O'Growney's health gave away utterly. He fell into consumption, and in the autumn of the same year, before the first volume of his famous "Simple Lessons" saw the light, he was compelled to take his last leave of Ireland, and to go to California in the hope of saving his life. He but succeeded in prolonging it through a lingering sickness of five years, for a great part of the time in imminent danger of death. Yet his pen never became idle, and his zeal never slackened. He maintained a constant correspondence on all subjects connected with the movement on both sides of the ocean. Indeed, the success of the movement in America has been largely due to work done by him in hospital. Nearly every weekly and monthly Irish-American periodical received articles and communications from him from time to time.

On this side the *Gaelic Journal* hardly ever appeared without some contribution from his pen. At the same time he kept assiduously collecting materials for Irish dictionary purposes.

In the midst of his pulmonary illness he was attacked by a violent fever. Heart-disease supervened, and for more than a year death was literally hanging over him. Yet his letters and articles during all that time were those of a young and energetic man, full of courage and intellect, and actuated by one unwavering purpose—to save her national language for his country.

These facts alone show his strength of mind and will and character. With such qualities were combined unequalled softness and sweetness of disposition. It has never been heard of him that he gave cause of offence to anyone. He was cheerful and full of fun at all times. He was as modest as a little country child. He always thought least and last of himself, and seemed always ready to do as much for an individual, friend or stranger, as for the great cause he had at heart. Eight brief but fruitful years were his span of public life. As priest and patriot and man he deserves to hold for ever a loving place in Irish hearts. His example and his history may well become a simple lesson to us all.



## BÁS AN ÁTAR EOĞAN UA GRÁMINA!



CAOÍN! Is é ari ríallach  
cpáirtíte an rígeal dubaí  
dubhrónaí taimis cugáinn  
éapí ráile anall. Diarbhaoim  
an naomhá lá deas de  
Óeireadó Fósgáin, i., an  
tataip Eoigan Ua Grámina d'fágáin báir  
ag lóp angheler, i gCalafortíma. Taimis an  
rígéal ro éapí leap 'n-a teactaíreacht teintiúis  
thíos an scábla, agur mar do bì:

"Lóp angheler, " Calafortíma.

"Déas Eoigan Ua Grámina.

"Uíannagach."

Ní túirge fuairtar é ná do cuipeáid é cum  
na gceapáid ve Connraó na Haeóilge atá i  
ngallim, i gCóipeáis, i mbéalfeirfe, agur i  
Londain.

Is méala móri linn éas an Átar Eoigan.  
Deannaíct Dé le n-a anam. Ní feicfimíodh a  
leitíeo aipí go deo na nuaibh le méim is le  
meanma, le réimhe agur le poibheáip, le  
cpírdeam, le cpáibh, agur le caontúitíreacht,  
le raoítar agur le ríor-obaip, le réile agur  
le fairsinge, le ghearr-cúir, le léigean agur le  
foghlum. Do bì d'fearbair a peapáin agur a  
míne naéapí labair éinneacáid pian leis ná  
dtug re ppéir agur taithneamh do. "Sé páv an  
treanfocail áppa, " Láigneac lágsaé." Do  
b'íe rin do'n Átar Eoigan Ua Grámina. Feapí  
lágsaé do bì ann ó túr go deireadó. Mar  
rin do frit pian é ag a luéit aitíteantair ó  
naéapí b'fáigte óibh a malaírt ann. Ní  
feartar go deirmin cardé Óeánfaimid i n-a  
éagmúir. Is doilis do neáid an t-ímpíleabair  
ro do léigean feapta san an comháití caom  
úd, "E. O'G." do bheit ann go deo aipí. Feac  
a méadó de ghearr-cúir atá 'rna ceisteannaibh  
úd do cuipeáid fa clóid i Meadán Fósgáin.  
Sín é an ríu is deirdeanaíge do rípiob ré le  
nágardaí t-ímpíleabair na Haeóilge, agur is doibh  
go páibh an tinnear go trom aipí an uairi rin  
fém. Ait is é deireadó aip rípiob ré cugam  
is mó do éupí bhrón agur duairdeamh opim. Faoi  
ceann lae ná úd i ndíairidh tuiptíre a báir

do léigeanáid úam i bpráipéar laeteamhail. 'reaoí  
fuairtar ón bpróta cónaí de "Donohoe's  
Magazine, September, 1890," agur an peoláid  
rípiobáta aige réin airpe. Is deapáid uim  
supí aip leabharó an báir bì ré 'gá rípiobáid úd.  
Is é fa ndeapáid úd i éupí cugam, alt do  
cuipeáid inntí uairí réin, i., "The House  
that Jack built," agur bì enaire fuaidéantair  
te Connraó na Haeóilge 'ran Oileán Úir i  
bprátoibh inntí dá comháití, agur a láim  
mín, gheal, ghpáibh réin do éupí an énairé rím  
inntí. Is amhráid do b'fíu leir Uíapla do  
éupí aip "Mupéadó Uías agur Mupéadó Mór,"  
rígéim leanúinbhe do cuipeáid i gclóid 'ran  
t-ímpíleabair ro, agur m'ainm réin do luath 'n-a  
leit. Mo mille truaig náip fíradar mo buiréa-  
dar do éabairt do tré uítip! Tá rím éapí  
opim go lá na leac! Is deirmin supí rípiob  
ré go báir.

Ionáin láim:

San ríse do bpréactá an bán:

Dionáin nocha ríabair pian

Ait oípead le truaig san láim.

Dá mbéimh-pe im' filid, ní rtáofainn  
ciordeó dá éaoineadh. Ait págáin an gnó rin  
fa Tadg O' Donnchada, do pugne Miéan  
O Léagán do éaoineadh comh binn rin i Meadán  
Fósgáin.

Do meapar cunnítear ná tuairíteabair do éupí  
riord aip imteactair a raoíseil, ait ó Connac a  
pápuigadh ríam fa clóid 'ran "Clárdeam Soluir,"  
níor leanáir do'n rímuaineadh ríam; doipí nádóis,  
dá gcuimhne éigise ní ríofáin ait an  
cleap céadna do Óeánamh, agur san é 'Óeánamh  
comh maist, ó'r deapáid go mbéad opim naéid móri  
na focail céadna do gnáthúigáid, agur bap-  
pardeact do baint ait an "Clárdim" aip  
nóir aip bit.

Solair na bpláitear v'a anam 'ran bheataid  
mártannais, agur go páibh t-ímpíleapí Dé  
opainne, an t-íapmáir atá cosmaí le colamh  
san éann.

AN T-EASGARTÓIR.

<sup>1</sup> T-ímpíleabair na Haeóilge, Samhain, 1899.

## IX.

ANOTHER MARTYR.<sup>1</sup>

BY PATRICK D. O'QUIGLEY.



IRELAND has found another martyr in one who had been in our midst here in America for the past three years—one whose name is a byword in every Irish home—one whose name and fame and worth will live in ages yet to come—the late Father O'Growney, one of the best and

truest of all the true sons of Erin, whose noble life and brilliant intellect were unstintingly given to the cause which he loved with all the ardour of his pure soul: the cause which all thinking Irishmen hold and cherish so earnestly—the revival of the Irish language.

Never had St. Patrick a more faithful follower, nor has Ireland had a truer son. Well may the language spread, flourish, and live—a life of real worth has been given for its preservation.

To every child of Erin, but especially to those interested in the language movement, will the intelligence of his death in far off Arizona bring saddest of news. His deeds live after him. His work is imperishable. He has revived the Irish language, and in that has immortalised himself, and so his name shall be held in benediction by generations of Irishmen yet to come, who shall hymn in loving Gaelic accents the name of him who placed that mellifluous tongue in a healthful state of preservation, and beyond and above the reach of its foes to harm. He has finished his career of usefulness, and made the study of Irish possible

and comparatively easy, even without the aid of a teacher. True, he shall walk no more visibly amongst us, but he will continue in our midst by his books, his writings, and the forcible example of his entire life, and, above all, in that tongue he taught us to love and speak.

Father O'Growney, the devoted priest, the ardent patriot, the true unchanging friend, the lover of his country and race—yea, the well-wisher of humanity—has been called from his countless admirers, he who never made an enemy and never lost a friend.

A sun has set to rise on a more genial shore: a star has fallen from the stainless ranks of an ever loyal priesthood; a light has gone out; a pall of gloom enshrouds the "Emerald Isle;" the heart of the nation is sad, and Ireland weeps at the bier of her illustrious dead. His deeds shall live and his name will remain inseparably enshrined in Irish song and story, and in the hearts of our ever-grateful people. So long as a son or daughter of Erin remains on earth, so long shall the imperishable name of Father O'Growney be held in loving and living remembrance.

He has elevated the Irish character, he has set us to thinking and studying our country's history, has made of the Irish race better men and better women by teaching us throughout his entire memorable life to cling unswervingly to the national customs and traditions of our glorious country and tongue.

St. Paul's, Minnesota, Oct. 22, '99.

<sup>1</sup> From *An Clárdeán Solair*, November 26th, 1899.



IN MEMORIAM.<sup>1</sup>THE REV. EUGENE O'GROWNEY, M.R.I.A.<sup>2</sup>

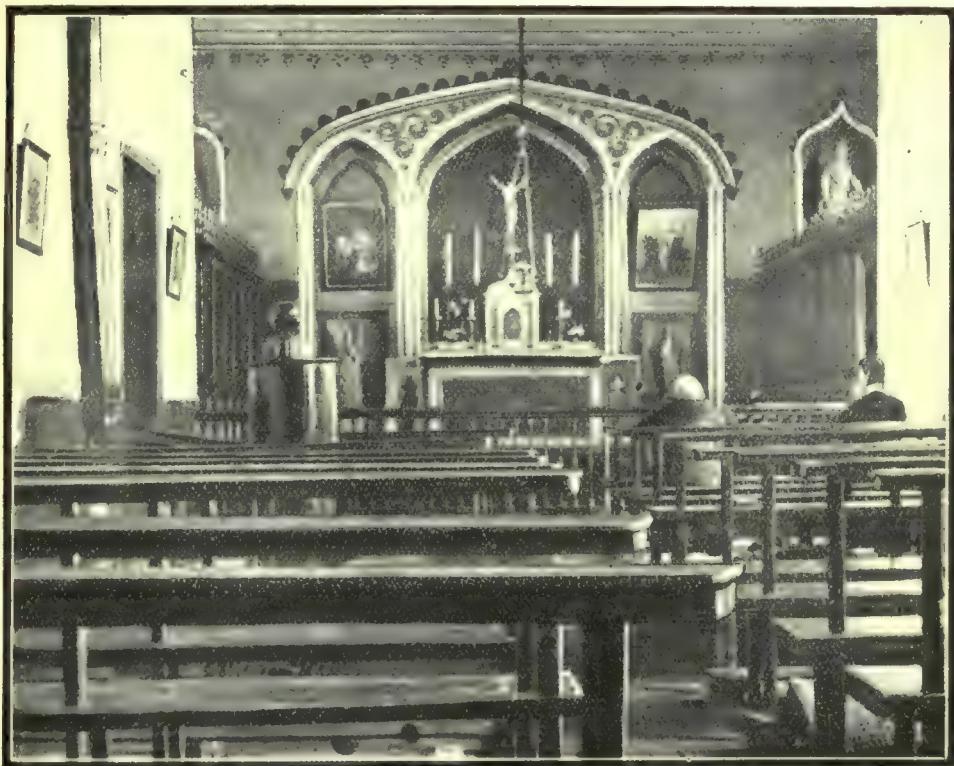
**T**is our sad duty to chronicle the demise of a former member of the College staff, which took place recently in the Sisters' Hospital, Los Angeles, California. We refer to the death of Father O'Growney.

The Rev. Eugene O'Growney was born at Ballyfallon, in the parish of Athboy, County Meath, on August 25, 1863. His early studies for the priesthood were made in the Diocesan

In June, 1888, he completed his course here, and in the following year, on the 24th of the same month, he was ordained priest in our College Chapel.

After his ordination, Father O'Growney went on the mission in his native diocese of Meath, being appointed curate at Ballynacarry, Co. Westmeath. Here he remained until his appointment as Professor of Irish in this College on October 15th, 1891.

The revived Irish Chair he occupied until



INTERIOR OF COLLEGE CHAPEL, ST. FINIAN'S, NAVAN.

Seminary at Navan. He entered this College in September, 1882, matriculating on the 13th of that month for the class of First Philosophy.

June 23rd, 1896, although for two years prior

<sup>1</sup>Calendarium Collegii Sti. Patritii Apud Maynooth, 1899-90.

<sup>2</sup> Died October 18th, 1899.

to that date he had been unable, owing to ill-health, to discharge his professorial duties. On October 9th, 1894, he applied to the Trustees of the College for leave of absence, and his application was granted. He went to America, first settling at San Francisco but removing later on to the milder and drier climate of Arizona. When his leave of absence had expired, he was obliged, owing to continuance of ill-health, to ask that it should be further extended. Time passed without bringing restored health, or without any appreciable change for the better, and, consequently, he felt that there was nothing for it except to tender his resignation to the Trustees. This course he accordingly adopted, and the Trustees, on June 23rd, 1896, accepted his resignation, and at their next meeting, in October of the same year, granted him a pension from the College funds.

Since then Father O'Growney has been a confirmed invalid. He has resided generally at the Mercy Hospital, Prescott, Arizona, or at the Mercy Hospital, Phoenix, in the same State. Occasionally, however, he tarried for a brief space at Banning or at Los Angeles, in the neighbouring State of California. In the Sisters' Hospital, at the latter place, he was sojourning when the end came.

Having given the bald facts of Father O'Growney's life, we can say little more in the space at our disposal. Indeed, there is little need to enlarge upon his life-work, or upon the renown that he won,—renown fully shared in by the great College to which he belonged, both as student and professor.

Father O'Growney did not speak the language of his country in childhood; he acquired it later in life, partly from books and partly by frequent and protracted sojourns in the Irish-speaking districts, especially in Inishmaan, one of the islands of the Aran group. During his student days in this College, he studied the language of his fathers with the greatest ardour and industry, and continued to do so to the very end. Small wonder, therefore, that he became one of the

best and most celebrated Irish scholars of his time.

He was for some years Editor of the *Gaelic Journal* in succession to the veteran Irish scholar, John Fleming. He was also a Member of the Royal Irish Academy. In the interests of the Irish Language Movement, he did much literary work of various kinds, and contributed much to various periodicals, but the compilation of the "Simple Lessons in Irish" has done more than anything else to make his name famous. Probably, this was the greatest single service ever yet rendered to the Irish Language Movement.

Though not present at the Conference at which the Gaelic League was founded, on July 31st, 1893, Father O'Growney was, nevertheless, one of the founders of the League. He was one of the foremost promoters of the Conference, and would have been present only that he happened to be travelling abroad when it assembled. He became soon afterwards its Vice-President, in succession to Rev. Euseby D. Cleaver, the first occupant of the position, who died a few months after the formation of the League. This position Father O'Growney retained till his death: indeed, at the time of his death he was not only Vice-president of the parent branch (Dublin Central), but also, under the new constitution, senior Vice-president of the whole organisation.

For some years past, Father O'Growney was probably the best-known and foremost figure in the Irish Language Movement. Nobody did more for it than he; nobody gave it more earnest, ungrudging, whole-hearted, unremitting service. The position of strength and promise which it occupies to-day is largely due to his heroic efforts in its behalf—efforts which, there can be little doubt, cost him his life.

The truer, higher, nobler, more comprehensive nationality—the nationality which does not look to political reform as meaning everything, but which takes cognizance of the life of the nation as a whole, which seeks to

continue and perpetuate the elements of that life, to hand on to the future undimmed and untarnished all the distinctive traits of our nationhood that have come down to us from the past—never had a more earnest and persistent apostle than Father O'Growney. He loved Ireland with a love stronger than death. He would make its future worthy of its past, a real continuation and a rational development of that past. He would have education in this land Irish, not only in name but in fullest reality. He would have us all speak the language of our fathers, and be thoroughly acquainted with our literature and history. He would have us all thoroughly acquainted with the past of our race, saturated through and through with its genius and spirit : and, to bring about what he so ardently desired, he laboured with unflagging zeal and devotion to his life's latest hour. Here, surely, was a true,

all-round, ideal patriot ! Here was a profound thinker, a man who thoroughly probed the ills of his country, who vividly realized the true needs of the nation, who saw that whilst Ireland was advancing and prospering politically, she was industrially, socially, educationally, intellectually and otherwise the victim of decay. God be thanked that we, in our time, have seen and known such a man ! The nation that produces a few such men in each passing generation need not despair. He has shed renown on his native diocese of Meath, and brought new glory to this College of Maynooth. As long as Erin survives, within her circling seas, and true Irishmen are nurtured in her green bosom, his memory will ever remain fragrant, his services to his country never pass into oblivion, his name be spoken with gratitude and benediction.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

## XI.

### FATHER O'GROWNEY.<sup>1</sup>

Gentle O'Growney, full of graces,  
By the dart of Death was stung ;  
Ardent lover of traditions,  
Worker for his native tongue :  
He adored the land of genius  
In its speech, and in its scene ;  
While the Irish tongue be spoken  
All his merits will be green.

On his grave's brink heavenly Virtue  
Weeps in silence pearls of tears ;  
Under brilliant crown of glory  
A majestic light he wears ;  
Above the grave will shine his goodness,  
All his actions, and his name ;  
His fair land will praise his greatness  
Under bright, transcendent fame.

Ancient language has inspired  
The bright labour of his age,  
Ireland's pride was noble O'Growney  
In his work, a nation's sage,

Heir of fame in his endeavour,  
Right of nation was his breath ;  
Celtic Race ! thou art in sorrow  
For thy guardian lost in death.

Who has served his nation better  
Than O'Growney, who did stand  
As a true devoted martyr  
For his nation, and his land ?  
As a faithful strong protector  
He did raise the Celtic Race ;  
Old Hibernia ! guard his ashes,  
Sacred be his resting place.

A Gaelic worker has departed,  
Now his spirit speaks from high  
With awakening inspiration :—  
“ Right doth flourish, right is nigh,  
It is stronger than an emperor,  
It is higher than his might ;  
My old nation ! guard thy language,  
‘Tis the frontier of thy right.”

MACHRAETH MON.

Llanfachraeth, Anglesey.

<sup>1</sup> A Welsh *blodendorch* (wreath) in memory of the Irish patriot-priest, by “ Machraeth Mon.”

## EUGENE O'GROWNEY AND THE REVIVAL OF IRISH.



THE recent death of Father O'Growney, far from home and kin, recalls to memory his life-long labours and strivings for the rehabilitation of his race. To his single efforts is owing, in large measure, the present happy condition of affairs in that the Irish people are awaking to a right perception of the principle of Nationality, and bestirring themselves to action upon it. To appraise his deeds at their merits, one must comprehend the world of vain illusions and inconstant flutterings from which his clear voice has called back his people and veered them to the forgotten track, whither alone their highest destinies may be pursued. The radical causes of Ireland's madness are remote to seek, wherefore it will be useful—and commendable, too, on other counts—to glance at the chapter-titles of its history, if, perchance, we may discern what has become of a one time Celtic land, and whence this Teutonic changeling.

There is an insular group in the Western Ocean of mainly two islands, a longer easternmost called Britain; and breasting the high main, a shorter westernmost called, amongst other names, Scotia. Both were part of the Celtic nation, were indeed the last organic survivals of a great folk-name, which had once occupied a southern middle zone of Europe, from Asia to the Atlantic, but whose identity had become absorbed through race mixture on the mainland. The people of Britain, in the matter of tongue, were closely joined to their kindred on the Continent, and may be held as an extension of the neighbouring Gallic tribes. Tested by that standard, Ireland differed from both. The British and

Irish languages stood to each other almost in the relation connecting modern English and German. A comparison of habits, institutions and culture reveals wider Irish divergencies. Because of the remoter geographical position of the Irish from the theoretical Indo-European cradle-land, an earlier period of arrival and occupation might be advanced for them; their sharp language bias, when the slow and Conservative rate of sound-mutation amongst the Celts is regarded, would prove long separation from their fellow kindred of Celtic stock, while their culture and temperament variants point to sojourn in different climes and to contact with other people. For nearer definition the material to hand is provokingly evasive. When we consider the total failure of direct testimony of such sort, as for instance, explicit historical mention from foreign sources, or a chain of Continental place-names that could be vindicated for distinctly Irish; and again when confronted by the native wealth of *origines* stories—that vague penumbra and borderland between the historical and the prehistoric where our eponymous ancestors, looming with a bigness beyond human, have their dwelling and real frontiers are not determinable—then we must confess that the provenance of our race, the path they journeyed, the time of their final occupation and what were the tribes they subjugated, are all matters dark to us. However, at the first dawn of historical light we find them enjoying such a high degree of culture, marked by such intricately organised social conditions and altogether endowed with traits so ingrained and peculiar that we may safely project the whole far back into the unseen time-distance beyond. And they have long inhabited the country, for the epigraphic

witness of the Ogham inscribed stones marks the inferior limit of what must have been an immemorial occupation. The Roman conquest of Gaul that extended to Britain lifts the veil from that island and affords us a glimpse of it as it is seen by its conquerors. The western isle wins only a scant reference, for the foreign light declines again, and we must await the beginning of native accounts a couple of centuries later. In the meantime the British, having themselves become Christian by contact with the Roman soldiery, and now with customs, institutions, and language, whereof the pristine Celtic cast had suffered serious modification through foreign influence, came over to Ireland and introduced Christianity. Of their efforts to make themselves understood, preaching in a patois half British, half Gaelic, even modern spoken Irish holds for us unmistakable traces. One of their number, a Romanised Briton, from the northern half of the island, united the Christian stations founded by his predecessors, carried a knowledge of the Faith into districts hitherto unvisited, and completed the work of national conversion. He was the Patrick of the Gael.

On the opening of the native records we find evidences of disturbance in the race-distribution of the Islands. The Scotti, or *ciniud Scuitt*, to give them their proper name, had passed beyond their territorial limits and established settlements in the Island of Britain, one occupying the western side of its northern half and the other the district now called South Wales. The former colony brought with it the name of the mother country, namely, Scotia or Scotland, a name which it retains to this day, even as its people still speak the Irish language. In some few things they have held a more tenacious grip of Irish tradition than those that remained at home, as witness the tribal system, the so-called Highland tartan, and the Highland pipes. The other, at best an insignificant settlement, accepted the British language and is, therefore, indistinguishable. In return

the British made descents upon Ireland and founded local colonies. There were the Cruithni of Antrim, the people who bestowed the name Salchóit upon a place in Tipperary and the Walshes of the Mountains in the barony of Iverk, in the county of Kilkenny. Every Irishman whose name is Walsh is descended from those British settlers, and the name in Irish is still *Bretnach*, the Britain. During the same interval the southern and eastern portions of Britain had fallen into the hands of certain Germanic tribes, and some of the displaced inhabitants were forced to seek a home in a promontory of France over against Cornwall. The district has ever since been called Brittany, and its people still speak a British dialect.

Those of the Germanic race-accession called themselves in their own tongue *Englisc* (the name Anglo-Saxon as applied to themselves or to their language was unknown to them). The British they called *Wealh*, that is the old Celtic tribe-name *Volca*<sup>1</sup> specialised to designate those who did not speak a Germanic language. To the Irish fell the task of converting the new-comers to Christianity, as the Welsh, whose memory of the conquest still smarted, and was even occasionally renewed by minor racial feuds, elected rather to leave them alone. Accordingly the northern English folk were converted by the zealous priests of St. Columb Cille's great missionary establishment at Hi. Of a kind with their first peaceful meeting was, for long centuries afterwards, the intercourse of the English and the Irish. Indeed, subsequent acts which engendered the bitterest hatred between the peoples called English and the Irish, though popularly attributed to the Germanic element in the English nation, were in their inception and for a long period of their continuance solely the work of the Normans. It is significant that we possess an Irish poem written by an English prince, who had found shelter during exile in Ireland and received his education in its colleges,

<sup>1</sup> Kluge, *Wörterbuch*, sub voce *Welsch*.

wherein he recounts the hospitality and kindness he had received in each of the four provinces of Ireland, whereas the great prototype of the vulgar book of the modern English tourists is the infamous *Topographia Hiberniae* of Gerald de Barry, a Norman priest.

From the ninth century onwards the whole island group was engaged in repelling the hordes of Northmen who infested the coasts and even effected permanent lodgments inland. When that element was finally disposed of, either by battle or by peaceful assimilation, the island of Britain, then called England, was profoundly disturbed by the invasion of William the Norman. A good gauge of the magnitude of the change wrought by this event may be obtained by examination of the English language before and after the conquest. After a century's breathing-space the Normans directed their attention to Ireland and made a descent upon that country in 1169.

A desultory conquest followed. It is curious that Ireland so long resisted the prowess and improved methods of warfare to which England had succumbed so quickly. More remarkable was the fascination exercised by Celtic civilization upon the strangers. The sons of feudal Normans discarded the traditions of their people, took Irish wives, and set their establishments in order for carrying on the business of Irish tribal chieftains. For at that time Irish Celticism was vigorous enough to absorb anything less than an annihilating incubus of foreign material. It must be remembered that whereas Britain was Romanized near the first century, traditional Celtic institutions sustained no serious check in Ireland until the twelfth, and even then their integrity was very little impaired. However, the meddlesome suzerainty of Norman England, the unremitting influx of foreign settlers and the policy of maintaining an armed Pale constituted perpetual sources of irritation, distracted the native forces and consolidated English power.

Then it was that the name Gall, once applied to the dreaded Dane, was transferred to the English. Unfortunately for Ireland, the course of political events in England brought about a religious change and added an envenomed element to the bitterness of race opposition. And that ingredient, howsoever the fact may be disguised for shame, or how cavalierly soever the contrary may be flaunted by English organs, has been the motive agent of England's dealings with Ireland ever since. Finally a wearying series of harassings and plantations ends with the raid of Oliver Cromwell, who formally finished the conquest of Ireland begun in the twelfth century.

The glorious reign of letters in Ireland from its prehistoric beginning to its violent extinction in the seventeenth century need not be dwelt on here. Irish labours at home and abroad for the propagation of religion and learning and the advancement of civilisation are well known, and are even now beginning to be grudgingly acknowledged, owing to the insistence of plain truth revealed by superior foreign scholarship. Irish books have long won a place beside the Greek, Latin and Sanskrit classics upon the study-tables of the learned. And they have not been slow to declare how grievous a loss human knowledge has sustained from the circumstance that the English should have elected to include truth as part-object of their ever-triumphantly successful policy of repression. And hence it is that the grateful acknowledgements of indebtedness to the Irish in these things, now abundantly set forth in many places, have not come out from those calling themselves by the English name.

About the time of Cromwell, the first stand in defence of Gaelic speech is to be chronicled. As the tale of Father O'Growney's life-tasks is a recital also of the coming steps of the neo-Gaelic revival, so there is a story of seventeenth century effort intimately blent with the labours of the Four Masters, of Dubhaltach mac Firbisigh and of Dr. Geoffrey Keatynge. The shock that culminated in the

triumph of Cromwell was a death-blow to the Irishry and all their name stood for. Their long inherited individuality having withstood the rude brunt of assailings re-urged with a long persistency, yielded sullenly to the power of conquest. Then the scholars of that day, with an infallible instinct for what was most precious, retreated to the last citadel, the heart of the nation, and defended her language. Thence ousted by the working of shameful laws, enforced by a grimly ready Executive, they retreated again beyond the sea and sought from Louvain, from Rome and from Paris to smuggle over intellectual supplies to the beleagured. A pattern of such noble constancy to a hope was never seen, nor ever so villainously thwarted. And so it failed. For the final overthrow of native power meant the decay of native schools, and the Penal Code proclaimed that it was either: accept English language, thought and religion, or remain ignorant. The Irish chose the latter alternative. Then all became dark, and for a couple of generations we have the spectacle of a folk who had enjoyed prehistoric culture, deliberately condemned to a state of illiteracy, and that by a stronger nation who had gained the very first knowledge and use of letters from them. Well, even if negative, it was at least a requital in kind.

There followed an order of things of which the present is an outcome. Condemned to perpetual ignorance or deny their fathers, they made a choice that seemed to them no sacrifice. However, with lapse of time and a couple of generations, the memory of the things of their fathers began to fade and a folk long in the use of them had an inborn yearning for letters. They saw the well-dressed and powerful ones of the land read and speak English, and that also told by contrast with their own helplessness and poverty. In this sad condition of artificially induced savagery, their highly elaborated tradition having fallen bodily away, their tongue lost all visible connection with a

literature; they began to regard it as a vulgar gibberish bound up with their miserable lot and somehow responsible for it. In such sort did they despise the things of hearth and home—merely a revulsion from the shabbiness of realism—that they hated all that was left of their own and pined for the commodities of the foreign people. Their father's books had ceased to be even a memory and now they craved for the books of the stranger. Geoffrey Keatyng died in 1644, Eugene O'Growney was not born until 1863, and they missed the course in the long dark span, without a beacon of light. For presently there arose a stealthy organised effort to learn English. The hedge schoolmaster was abroad. With him the deluded parents, generated in dungeon darkness, conspired to stamp out the only language the people knew, and introduce a strange one they knew nothing about. And herculean as was the labour and miserable the tools, they succeeded. Irish words were declared contraband. For every one spoken in the home the parents etched a notch upon a little tally-stick, which the poor child carried at a string round his neck. For its tell-tale reckoning he had to yield himself to a condign suffering on the morrow at the hands of an ignorant and ridiculously pedantic functionary who ruled in a ditch-side bothy amid all the concomitants of squalor. That tally-stick with its fetish terrors proved such an effective instrument that a revival of its use with reversed action might be commended to Gaelic Leaguers of our own day.

After about a century of such educational regime the governors of the land bethought themselves of giving some measure of teaching to their Irish subjects. A scheme for national education was drawn up and subscribed to by those who then held the destinies of the people in their hands. That nobody should ask what was the language of the new schools is a little astounding. Indeed, fully thirty years before, when the Government established a college at Maynooth for

the education of young men intended for the priesthood, nobody seemed to have doubted for a moment that the language of the place should be English. Irish ecclesiastics at the beginning of the nineteenth century had lost the clear vision of their forerunners at the beginning of the seventeenth. With Maynooth in full blast and a network of "National" schools all over the country teaching a foreign language, it seemed as if the Irishry had but scant hopes of withstanding such vigorous measures for their improvement. The children pattered a strange jargon at the fireside of week nights, the priest preached in it Sundays from the pulpits, and all persons who would be considered respectable spoke it. The leaders of the people had turned traitors. However, one man was found to raise his voice against the awful imposition, the man who has deserved best of Irish Ireland in this century; her own one faithful son in a supreme crisis, John, Archbishop of Tuam. But "*is maol guala gan brathir, is mall buille an aon-duirn;*" in a fight "bare is the shoulder without a brother, slow the stroke of one fist." When he died the Irish enemy may be said to have become an extinct species, and the last conquest was consummated.

England's tardy boon of education explains itself when we consider its resemblance to a certain gift horse of antiquity. Its avowed object was proselytism. In opposition to this intent the Christian Brothers established a system of primary schools. They also elected to teach English. A number of convent schools began to appear—devoted to the primary and higher education of Irish girls, and they, too, teach in English. Indeed, there are no more virulent nor effective opposers of everything Irish than those convent schools. Their main object seems to be to teach children committed to their care to speak English with an English accent. It seems a judgment upon them that parents having acquired a taste for this accent, now deport their children by wholesale annually

to England so that they may learn it at first hand. Thus those who are to be the future mothers of the nation are made wry-necked from infancy, and the very hearthstone, the foundation of a people's true nationality, is uprooted and overturned.

In the Intermediate Schools, it is true, a something called "Celtic" gets recognition as a subject on a footing with continental languages. As the Intermediate system itself transcends classification, the "Celtic" may safely be bulked with it. In the "National" schools the national language may be taught outside of school hours merely as an Extra, but only to pupils in the higher forms—that is to say, to those who are already securely transformed into English. Of the Training Colleges for teachers, some give Irish tuition, others, including at least one under popular management, do not. In some of the National, Brothers', and Convent schools Irish is taught, and some priests favour its use and do all in their power to preserve it. But the overwhelming majority of both school teachers and clergy accept the assumption that Ireland is an English province and act accordingly.

Politics also, though proceeding from the best of intentions, has contributed mightily to the disintegration of Irish Nationhood. The methods of politicians, too, have ever been vitiated by an illusion in that they seek to arrogate to the transient objects of modern political activity the exclusive title to the name of Nationality. Matters vaunted as of prime import succeed each other so rapidly that there is no interval for taking account of the supreme need. It has already been pointed out that the principle of racial hatred is an accidental and unnatural circumstance, and does not by any means constitute a secure and positive motive for Nationality. The present system of passive resistance was invented by O'Connell, who conducted his great meetings in English, and sustained his propaganda by an English Press in Dublin. The leaders of all succeeding movements have

copied his tactics. The Land League agitation has contributed its own share to the province-making. Those of us who remember the country twenty years ago and see it now can estimate the change wrought by a strenuous popular movement conducted in English. Those political movements have rendered incalculable service to the people no doubt, and the totality of the change cannot be laid at the door of the Land League, while there were, besides, such powerful concurrent agents as the educational and religious forces. But to it may be charged the fact that nowadays Irishmen utterly fail to take themselves in the absolute, that their faces are ever turned to London, and that they think and act with habitual reference to England.

Now, after a century of native energy exerted against our civilisation, the task of summing up our present state is a sad one. With the exception of the Irish-speaking counties on the northern, western, and southern seabards, Ireland may be regarded as blotted out. The almost total loss of the Irish nation to itself and to the world is the result. To those familiar with our still untainted people, and who possess some knowledge of their past, the loss is a poignant one.

A few years ago some young men, recognising the difference, set themselves to stem the tide of Anglicisation. They formed a society in Dublin, having for its object the promotion of the use of Irish amongst the people. Hitherto, Gaelic societies had contented themselves by purveying small quantities of literature to *dilettante* students. The men of the new society had a more practical concern. They recognised that enough of tradition still lived in the Irish-speaking districts to enable them to effect a junction once more with our neglected literature, and so raise up a nation having ideals of its own. One of the leaders in the new effort, and one who certainly did a man's work in furthering its aims, was Father O'Growney.

He was born in the Co. Meath in 1863. It is a curious gloss on the word "National" as applied to our system of primary education, that he passed through the ordinary curriculum of instruction provided by it without once having the slightest suspicion that Ireland possessed a national language. He first became aware of that fact after entering the Seminary at Navan to commence his studies for the priesthood. There he eagerly read all the books dealing with the subject that came in his way, and succeeded in acquiring a knowledge of Irish by private study. On coming to Maynooth he found many Irish-speaking fellow-students more fortunate than himself in having been born outside the English Pale. With their help he soon learned to speak Irish. His interest in the language begot a like interest in others, and in a short time he had conversation classes afoot. His opportunity was highly favourable. He had to his hand natives of the four provinces of Ireland, with abundant occasion for collecting all dialect variants of the spoken language in its present state, and he had besides free access to the great store of printed and manuscript books in the College Library. He spent his vacations in language pilgrimages to the various districts of Irish Ireland, thus acquiring a valuable collection of dialect material and a just appreciation of the Gaelic as compared with the English Irishman. Some few years after his ordination he was chosen Professor of the Irish Language in his own College of Maynooth. The Irish Hierarchy could not have made choice of a happier instrument for inaugurating the present noble endeavour of liberated Maynooth to undo the evil work of the black days under the Government. And when rapidly declining health forced him reluctantly to quit the field of his beloved labours, the same wise judgment did not fail them in selecting as his successor Dr. O'Hickey, one who is a thorough master of his craft, and justly appreciates the importance of his position in the pivot centre of Gaeldom, the

truly national and vigorous Maynooth of to-day.

Father O'Growney was splendidly equipped for his teaching duties. Knowledge, wit, and enthusiasm were his, and a consciousness of the sharp need for retrieval if Ireland would preserve enough continuity with its past to make it self-identical. Poor John Fleming, then coming near the evening headland and unyoking time, relinquished the editing of the *Gaelic Journal* to his youthful and energetic abettor. He at once re-modelled the management, extended the circulation, and made an effort to reach the common people. He set himself then to make good the almost total defect of elementary instruction books, and devised, with the concurrence of Dr. Walsh, the Archbishop of Dublin, a simple system of phonetic sound representation that has long since proved itself of the highest worth. The *Journal* became the organ of the Gaelic League, and both became energetic. Young Ireland was aroused, the principle "Language Makes the Man," was their forwarding cry, and the old English myth was roundly questioned. Wherefore thy being? Offshoots from the League spread over the country, both without and within the Pale, comrades in many a foreign land joined the line, and the wide-spread Gaeldom of to-day becoming conscious was aghast to find itself foreign to itself and alien to its forbears. At the cry of impending danger to the land, the flood rallied, returned, filled the arid places as by a tidal bore, and an Irish heart throbbed again in Erin. For luck it was not a rehearsal of the story of Caillech Bérre. She sat in her grey hairs a witherling, bewailing her plump days now that her ebb and eventide was at hand, so that she said:—

Céinmair aileán maha mair,  
Doinic tuile iapna tpirí;  
Íf mé ní fheirciu domái;  
Tuile tap éir aíebi.<sup>1</sup>

O, happy the isle of the great sea  
Which the flood reaches after the ebb;  
As for me I do not expect  
Flood after ebb to come to me.

The broad arrow of the highest cubit mark was well set in on the occasion of the address delivered in the Antient Concert Rooms in Dublin by Father P. C. Yorke, of San Francisco, last September. There in a torrent of eloquence such as no Dublin roof-tree has resounded to since the days of Flood and Grattan, he delivered his thrilling slogan to the clans of Ireland. It was a cry of the awakening, a shout of triumph for the Gael at his starting place, a fitting paeon for the re-birth of a Nation. The long overshadowed goal stood revealed in clear light when Ireland turned weary eyes thither and saw it. Then her pulses quickened, a flush of life came over her, welling even again from that old mysterious elixir source, and she is alert. No more like a hound that has lost both sight and trail need she range at fault, vexing the very welkin with bootless barking, but in a view hallo, and a quick run up, she bounces to her quarry. And when her blood is up, who may snatch it from her?

Still, in the joy of harvest-time we must not forget one who has borne the toil of seed-sowing. That shout from Dublin echoed over the earth, and reached the ears of one stricken to death on the Pacific Slope. Father O'Growney was lying in the Sisters' Hospital, at Los Angeles, nearing the end. He rejoiced to greet that day of rich fruition for his life-labours, but his heart quailed at the knowledge that he should never more see the land or the folk that had been the objects of his thoughts and his struggles. Columb Cille, it was said, was banished and laid under penance never again to look upon the soil of Ireland; so it is recorded he said:—

Fit fúil nglaír  
Féigear hépinn dap a hain,<sup>2</sup>

There is a grey eye  
That will look back over the shoulder at Erin,

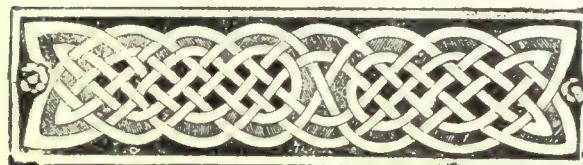
<sup>1</sup> Caillech Bérre, ed. Kuno Meyer in *Otia Merseiana*, the publication of the Arts Faculty of University College, Liverpool. Part I, 1898; p. 128.

<sup>2</sup> Lebor ne húrige, p. 5a, line 22.

as he set forth on his banning. The no less rigid decree of Death forbade Father O'Growney evermore to see the sun rise over his native plain of Temair, to hear the brooks sing at noontide, or listen to little children lisp the Irish tongue, the soul and spirit of his race—melody to him sweeter than all the music of the world. Then he turned his face to the wall and wept. The yearning of the exile had come upon him, a craving not to be appeased until Doom; the desire of his two eyes struggled with the bitterness of his lot, and in that tumult his heart broke. Since Columb Cille many an Irish soul has sent back to that land its supreme homage in the imminence of death; none with such longing as he whose grey eye

from the distant Pacific looked back over the shoulder at Erin.

But his spirit will not die. It will soar far to the West and be with the morning sun in Ireland. It will whisper to the children of his race—"Build ye up your nation, hoard ever each one of the fragments of your patrimony; therein lies your treasure, therein your right of existence, your title to stand as Irishmen before all the people of the world." And at his word the horrid darkness will flee from the land so that it will shine as in the old-time vision of an Irish Saint who saw it blazing up with one effulgence, even unto Heaven. And the poor wanderer in his lonely grave at Los Angeles will await his resurrection in peace.



### XIII.

#### MARÓNA AN ÁTÁR EOÍGHAN UA GRÁMINA.<sup>1</sup>

DOMNALL Ó SIOTÉÁIN DO ÉUM.

If le doláir epiordé agur aigheanach bhrónaé,  
Léigimíodh társ ag bhrí an leóthain-éig.  
An phionnra ragairt de maitíbh fóthla,  
An tAitáir Eoíghan Ó Gráminna d'Éas i gCállá-  
fóipne.

O'Éas ré, monuair, aét ní hé a chlú ná éail,  
Óigí marffidh fóir, muna eiontae eád,  
'Meágs oide, úgdaír, cléir agur dám,  
Béir a ann d'á gáipim go lá an bhráit.

Bhráit gáe mhuine do phigair, i' ná mbéarlaí,  
Óigí níl 'ran gceopp aét rgháitán rghléireac,  
Níl lán dhúin de loéan cláontaé,  
Tá clúdúisíte, tairgíste, beartuisíte i n-éad-  
tae.

Oc ! a éara, i' ná fada ó n-a gaoaltaibh  
Do chuit ag dtuimí i meádon a fáotair.  
Ollamh ceannraí, mo dhóir, tréiteasé,  
Do b'áit a éail i meágs na n-Healdealta.

Healdeal le Healdeal, agur upra i n-a gáidh  
námaid.

Mar phéalt ionnpaí, agur 'n-a mhuinteoirí  
tláit,

As rghníúlúsgaú eólair le cumann agur spáid  
Do teangaird na hÉireann, a marffidh go bhráit.

Seo bhráit tá intígte an cupaird ba tréine,  
Ó aimsípí Ollamh fóthla go teacht Seathrúin  
Céitinn,

Níl Sealgáin Uí Chonaill do rghníobh stáir na  
hÉireann,

Earrbog Ciarrartheas i laethíb Chomhail agur  
Capua an Léirírsgair.

Níl mé ag-dearfmád ag lón éor,  
Dochtúir Ó Gallchóubair, an reanmáisíre  
éacatae,

Ná a turisead do na ragairtaibh ag fud na  
hÉireann,

Ná a phionn-áitáir agur phionnra, Seán Mac  
hÉil geal.

Ba éorpnail é le Táisg Saeðealaí,  
Níl Eoíghan Ruad, an file faoibhac,  
Níl an tAitáir Domnall o'airtris éum  
Saeðilge,  
Beata Chriost de péip Tomáir A Céimípír.

Tréiteasé, tapaird, gan mairg do bhrí ré  
Súid i n-aigheanach ag teagairg na nuaointe,  
'San teanga fíanda do labhair ag rinnriú,  
Ag túr na haimléire do éorpnuis Nímpod.

Ag feodcaint uainn do éuaird ré ó'n phaoigil ro.  
Le cumácta an Aodh-Mic do bhuaduis an  
cléir ó.

Chraobh éoranta an trluais, mo luain-rghníor  
dáor é,  
Oíl érgearsaírt éomh luat 'ran tuamba gléi-  
seal.

Óigí is minic do guridh ré aip ron na hÉireann,  
Cum Dia do dealbhuis ré agur péaltan,  
Do cum an talamh, pláitear i' rpéarla,  
Do bhrí agur tá agur béal gan traoéad.

Aitíom agur guridim an Ríg-bean bláit gáe  
uair,

Agur a hAodh-Mic Chriost do faoi rhuocet  
Áthair ó'n gceantar,  
Anam an tréimh-éig do rghníobh na dánta fuaile,  
Do éairgeasó gan baoigal go phiosacht na ngráir  
ro luadair.

Ag ro epioc aip an tréacáit, ó taim i mbuaðairt,  
Ag clor dám an tríge-bean go cumáe, a  
gártá uail,

Sac a gcloíreann iad gurdeasó an tAitáir-mic  
tuair,

Anam an té do rghníobh é 'n-a phiosacht go bhráit  
'beit buan.

## XIV.

FATHER O'GROWNEY.<sup>1</sup>

BY MICHAEL MACKENNA.



N publishing these manuscripts<sup>2</sup> of the late Father O'Growney it may be of interest to the readers of the *United Irishman* to hear something of his birthplace, his home, and the scenes of his earlier years. It was almost under the shadow of ancient Tlachtgha, in Meath, that Father O'Growney, the most laborious, and certainly the most enthusiastic of all our modern Irish scholars, first saw the light. Although the place has been so long the frontier of the English Pale, it is to-day "unchanged in all except its foreign lords,"

The sun, the soil, but not the slave the same.

Father O'Growney's birthplace was called Ballyfallon from very early times. It was in very ancient times the scene of one of those great cattle forays, similar to that related in the "Tain Bo Cuailgne," or Cattle-spoil of Cooley, the scene of which was in the neighbouring County of Louth. The place has latterly received the abominably Anglicised name of Newtown. It is about a mile from Athboy on the Kildalkey Road, and but a few stretches of green fields southward from Tlachtgha. Close by runs the beautiful little Athboy River, from which the whole place derives its name—Béal-Atha-Buidhe, "the mouth (or opening) of the yellow ford." Tlachtgha, according to Father O'Growney himself, signifying the "place of beauty." On its summit are several pre-historic remains, consisting of Druidical raths in circumvallations and little mounds. According to O'Reilly and others it was the Chief Temple of Samhain in Ireland. This re-

nowned hill here in the centre of Meath competes with Aileach and with Tullaghogue, with Kincora, the Hill of Tara, and the Rock of Cashel, for the honour of being one of the most interesting places in the land.

That the historic associations of the place had, from the very outset, a marvellously inspiring effect on young O'Growney is evident from the activity of his research, as shown in the accompanying manuscript<sup>3</sup> and in the loving care and admirably sequential order in which he connects locally those stirring events in our national history. Every spot within miles of where he lived had for him cherished memories of the days of long ago. Hill, rock, road or river, street or lane—any place where the cause of Ireland has had a triumph or a sacrifice—had for him an abiding and peculiar charm, and he was always sure to investigate its history, or to make out any tradition in connection with it, especially the Irish name of the place. Near Tlachtgha are the ruins of a very ancient church, Teampall Cuimhne, "Church of Remembrance," usually called Member Church. According to local tradition, it received its name because it was there St. Patrick remembered where he left his books after one of his journeys. Father O'Growney had a great love for this ruin on account of its antiquity. Some distance south of where he lived lies Portlester, where Owen Roe O'Neill's army was encamped during the campaign of 1643. The townland next to him on the south was Frayne, supposed to derive its name from one of the early mythical stories of the "Pooka," and next in the same parish is Castletown, once in the possession

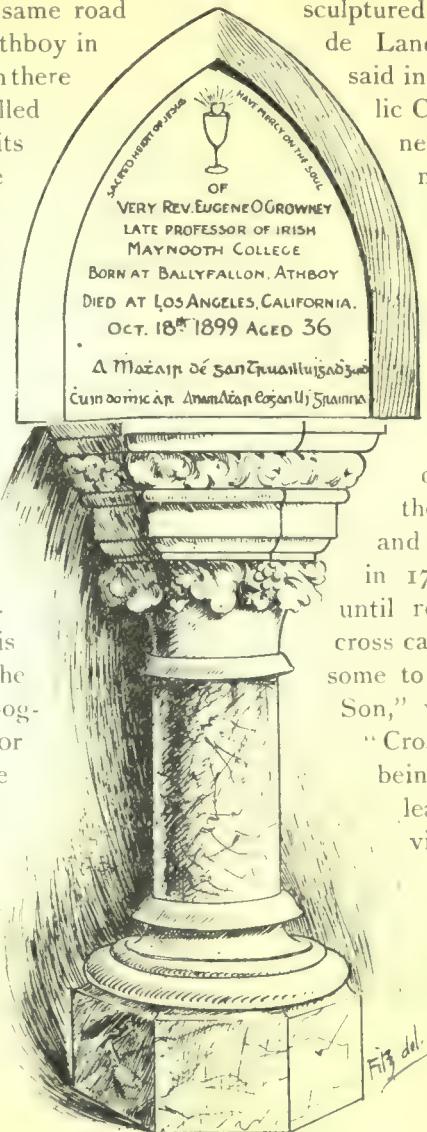
<sup>1</sup> *United Irishman*, November 23, 1901.

<sup>2</sup> The writer sent some of Father O'Growney's MSS. for publication.

<sup>3</sup> The writer at the same time forwards Fr. O'Growney's early article on the "Hill of Ward" to the "United Irishman" for publication.

of the Pierces, a family which in the early part of the last century gave a President to the United States. Further on the western side of Athboy is Martinstown, and on the principal road is Crois an tSugain, "The Cross of the straw rope." By this same road Owen Roe O'Neill entered Athboy in 1643. Before entering the town there is a place on the river-side called the "Oliver," so called from its having been the place where the horses in Owen Roe's army were let out to drink on the eve of the seige. (The termination of the word "Oliver" seems to be corrupt.) The Martinstown road leads into Connaught-street, in the centre of which was the old West Gate, where Mr. Bryan O'Callaghan's house now stands. However, it is not by this gate, but by the Bumboggan lane that Owen Roe is supposed to have entered the town. Nearly opposite Bumboggan lane is the Market House or Town Hall (probably on the site of the old Tholsel), where one of the men of '98, escaping from the battle of Tara was captured and hanged. Here on both sides of the street are great cellars formerly used for the storage of Spanish wine, which was then coming direct to Galway, Athboy having at that time special privileges as an emporium of the trade.

Nearly opposite the Market House stood from very ancient times a Market Cross, which the townspeople were obliged to bury long ago where it stood on the roadway, to prevent its desecration or disfigurement by some of the fanatics of those fearful times. Not far from



HOLY WATER FONT.

the Market House is the Protestant Church, on the site of the old Catholic Parochial Church, the tower of which is nearly all that remains. It is a structure of the 12th century. At its base is the elaborately sculptured tomb of its founder, William de Landers. Mass has not been said in it since 1542. The Catholic Church where Father O'Growney was baptised is a large modern structure, with a memorial font with an Irish inscription in honour of Father O'Growney at its entrance. Northward at a little distance is Rathmore, a parish long since united with Athboy, and on the way, on the very outskirts of the town is the "Mall," the site of the old yarn fair and the scene of a popular rising in 1798. On this Mall stood, until recent times, a small stone cross called Crois an Mhicin, said by some to mean "Cross of the little Son," while others say it signified "Cross of the little Bags," from being used by country people to leave their bags at to get provisions at a time when there was a plague in the town.

Further on the way to Rathmore is Cloch San Lorus, or Lorcan, the "Stone of St. Laurence"—the commencement of the parish of Rathmore. Rathmore, which derives its name of Great Rath from a certain mound, is said to

have been the residence of Nial Glun Dubh, monarch of Ireland from 916 to 919. The place was very long in possession of the Cruise and Plunkett families respectively, and some beautiful traditions exist relative to those families and their times. The ruins of their

castles and church are beautifully picturesque, and in the adjoining churchyard Father O'Growney's father and mother, his grandfather and several of his kith and kin

lie buried. His family were originally from Lough Crew, near Oldcastle, the native place of Dr. Oliver Plunkett, the great Martyr Primate.

## XV.

FATHER O'GROWNEY.<sup>1</sup>

BY DENIS A. McCARTHY.

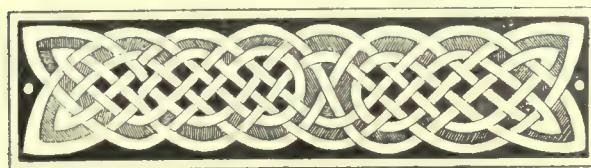
By the wash of the far Pacific,  
Alone in his grave he lies,  
Afar from the gleam of his native stream  
And the smile of his native skies:  
The turf of his tomb may blaze and bloom  
With the splendid flowers of the West,  
But 'tis all unmeet for his last retreat—  
He should lie in old Erin's breast!

Oh, his was the tenderest spirit  
Has ever from Ireland sprung!  
Can we think unmoved of the way he proved  
His love for the Gaelic tongue?  
Can we think unstirred of the deed and word  
Of the delicate form and frail,  
That strove to save from Oblivion's grave  
The language of Inisfail?

Ah, no—he is unforgotten.  
His worth shall never depart,  
The sound of his name awakes to flame  
The love of the Irish heart,  
But lonely there, though the place be fair,  
In that grave in the West he seems—  
He would love the best to be laid at rest  
In the green old Isle of his dreams!

From his tomb by the far Pacific  
Let us tenderly bear him back,  
O'er leagues of land from the foreign strand  
O'er the perilous ocean's track:  
Let us bring him o'er from a distant shore  
To the place where his people dwell,  
Let us lay him deep for his last long sleep  
In the land that he loved so well!

<sup>1</sup> Published in various American periodicals in 1902.



FATHER O'GROWNEY.<sup>1</sup>

BY MICHAEL MACKENNA.



LAST year when the *United Irishman* first published a number of Fr. O'Growney's MSS.,<sup>2</sup> I gave some account of his birth-place, his home, and the scenes of his earlier years.

I shall now endeavour to give some idea of his appearance, manners and habits, and of the curious circumstances which first led him to embrace the study of the Irish language with such enthusiasm.

Father O'Growney attracted but little notice, at least during his school days, in Athboy; he was a good, steady, sensible boy, but very few thought there was anything brilliant about him. Although very intimate with his father, I saw very little of him at this time, except to meet him and see him going to or returning from school. Afterwards he came to see me constantly; he began to ask questions; he wanted to know everything about Ireland, especially ancient Ireland. One day in 1877 he took up a very old Irish book—a Testament printed in Irish—and asked what it was; he had never seen an Irish book, or even an Irish letter before: he said he would give the world to know how to read it. It was an eventful discovery for him. Just then the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language published its first book. At the outset he was perplexed by the difference in the types, but he mastered the little book rapidly. His next step was to find out people who could speak Irish, and fortunately there were some good Irish speakers in Athboy at the time; but his

difficulty was to get them to speak Irish to him. He was a long time before he found out a way to start them; his plan was to entice them to give an answer in Irish to his question—a question always so framed as to get additional Irish words, which he would take down and use himself immediately again. He was a great listener, and set himself in downright earnest to catch the true pronunciation of the words. The first time he heard Irish spoken by a capable speaker, and one who knew how to interest a learner, was one day in 1878, when Johnny Gantly, a horse trainer, commenced a conversation with his father. The boy of fifteen became enamoured of the "softly sweet and winsome Irish tongue," so deftly spoken, and with such ease and rapidity. All at once he became still more firmly impressed with the idea that "a nation's speech is its soul and grace," and that if the people of Ireland would not re-learn their native language, and cultivate their arts, their music, and their literature, they would inevitably get further and further away from Irish thought and ways, and in the end they would not even know they had a country of their own to love, honour and defend.

Father O'Growney was tall and thin in appearance, with a soft dreamy-looking countenance, which assumed a peculiar change when speaking on any of his favourite subjects; he did not look the same person at all then. I never saw such a look in anyone's face before as I saw in his when he told me one day about a priest he met with, somewhere in the West of Ireland, who had himself painted the Stations of the Cross for his little chapel and named them in Irish. I

<sup>1</sup> *United Irishman*, December 27th, 1902.

<sup>2</sup> "The Hill of Ward" and "A Visit to Wolfe Tone's Grave."

never knew him to think so much of anything he saw in his travels through Ireland, as about that rare, but beautiful and blessed effort of a simple country priest to associate the faith and piety of his people with their own and their native country's speech.

Singularly enough he never spoke to me on a political subject ! Once he remarked incidentally that there was great ground lost by not trying more efforts to detach the Irish Protestants from the side of England,<sup>1</sup> and again, when taking up Mitchel's "Jail Journal" to bring home with him, he was reminded that it might make a rebel of him, " How do you know but I'm one already ? " was his quick and pleasant reply. Like Petrarch, priest and patriot, he was in every way " plain and venerably simple," with a longing, " a restless, unsatisfied longing " for his country's freedom, and to see her reclaimed from the dull yoke of her foreign speech and song. His was nothing less than a passionate fondness for the language and the literature of his native land. He believed that Irishmen should first be able to read, write, and speak their own country's language before they could even take a single step on the way to gain their independence. There is no instance in history of a people whose fathers had abandoned their native language, and who had themselves become inured to the usage and influence of a foreign tongue, being stimulated to make such sacrifices as a subject country must necessarily make in its struggles to be free. He believed that the people of Ireland would never hearken rightly to the call of Patriotism till it would be sounded again in the old tongue of the Gael. Without Irish poetry, music, and traditional story, the Irish people would never be their proper selves : native martial song was the nurse of Freedom in every land beneath the sun. Hence his very first effort was to translate<sup>2</sup> into

Irish Mr. T. D. Sullivan's " God Save Ireland ! " Mr. Fleming refused its insertion in the *Gaelic Journal*, but nothing could stop him. Forthwith he sent it to the *Tuam News* ; it appeared at once. The critics took it in hands. He noted everything they said, he said nothing, all he said was that " If Ireland is ever to have an anthem of independence it is in Irish it must be sung." This was in November, 1888. Five years later he wrote himself in the *Gaelic Journal* " *Ir i céad obair i m-deanta dhinn-ne an Gaeilgeach do congbair beo eisip na dtéallte* " — " Our primary object should be to make the Gaelic language live in the homes of the people." On hearing it remarked that it was Irish-speaking Irishmen who first learned to betray, his answer was, that it was always through the English language the temptation was conveyed.

Father O'Growney was an enthusiastic admirer of Michael O'Clery, the chief of the Four Masters, and the great annalist never had a more devoted imitator and follower than the young Meathman. He could talk for hours about this " saviour of our country's annals ; " all he wanted was some one to listen and then he would " tell o'er the tale to make the night less long ; " he would " trace the careful stages of the constant Brother Michael ; " tell of his weary wanderings by land and sea ; of his fifteen long years of labour " for the glory of God and the honour of Ireland ; " his travels through Ireland in search of material for his great work ; his journeys from Louvain to Ireland ; how he came and how he laboured ; what he suffered ; what adventured, that he might preserve the story of the dear ancestral island. He used to say that no age or country has produced a grander or a more endearing character than the poor Brother of St. Francis, Michael O'Clery.

In looking back on the brief, brave, and toilsome career of this young Meath priest, the most singular and remarkable thing that strikes one is the great disadvantages he

<sup>1</sup> The Irish Protestants are beginning to turn their hearts to Ireland. Soon Father O'Growney's dream of a nation at one within itself will be no longer a dream.

<sup>2</sup> See Part III., p. 317.

laboured under at first when he commenced the study of Irish: he had but very seldom heard a word of the language spoken, it was every day going down slowly to the grave with the old people, he had but a few left to hear it from, he had every obstacle to face without any help at all. Unlike the Irish scholars of early times, who were themselves sprung from families of scholars, and whose gifts and training were hereditary, he had to strive single-handed and alone, and not of fame and not of fortune did he dream: even when he was able to handle and to master "the scrolls of other days," his only thought was to teach what he knew to the youth of his own ignorant, Anglicised and distracted land.

No class in Ireland needed his noble and disinterested example more than the eccl-

esiastical students of his time. Whether any considerable number of them will follow in his footsteps is more than anyone can say, but all the world can now see that the line he struck out for them is the right one and the only one, if they care to show themselves Irishmen in the future.

No Irish priest has ever taught a nobler or a manlier lesson to the youth of Ireland. If they learn their country's language, read it, write it, and speak it, as he fondly hoped they would, the labour in which his soul delighted will not have been in vain. National feeling will grow stronger as the years roll by, and the English language, the poisonous channel through which England offers her sops and her doles to Irishmen, will lose much of its evil power in sapping and thwarting the aims, the objects, and the energies of our race.

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## XVII.

### THE LATE REV. EUGENE O'GROWNEY.<sup>1</sup>

#### A TRIBUTE.

Far from the ancient land of the Gael,  
Far from the land of the fires of Baal,  
Far from his own loved Inisfail,  
He, saint-like, met dread death.

Right well he loved the undying tongue,  
Whose gems were oft by sages sung;  
Round its sweet cadence his heart strings  
clung,  
E'en to his latest breath.

Like love of kindred—the best for God—  
Was that for language of native sod,  
That Patrick preached in—where'er he trod;  
And far-famed Columbkille.

Then o'er his ashes let there rise  
A cross like those of Clonmacnoise;  
Celtic in epitaph, form and frieze;  
Thus grateful Gaels may a debt fulfil.

T. F. M.

<sup>1</sup> From *The Gael*, 1902.

## XVIII.

### REV. EUGENE O'GROWNEY,

PRIEST, PATRIOT, AND SCHOLAR.<sup>1</sup>

BY LAURENCE BRANNICK.



REV. EUGENE O'GROWNEY  
M.R.I.A., the subject  
of my paper for this  
evening, was born at  
Ballyfallon, near Ath-  
boy, in Co. Meath,  
Ireland, August 25th,  
1863. After a brief  
but active life of 36

years, beloved and lamented within the four  
seas of Erin, and known in every land, where  
an Irishman finds a home, as an ideal patriot,  
a saintly priest and a learned scholar, he  
died a holy and happy death here in distant  
Los Angeles.

In the home of his childhood are many  
ancient ruins and relics of the past that are  
famed in legend and in history. Beneath the  
streets of his native town are immense vaults  
formerly used for the storage of wine which  
was then shipped direct to Galway from the  
ports of Spain. His home was almost beneath  
the shadow of the Hill of Ward, which was  
in ancient times called Tlachtghā. Standing  
out boldly in a large circular valley, whose  
rim of verdant hills encloses one of the most  
fertile districts in Ireland, ancient Tlachtghā  
has been the scene and theatre of many  
strange events, from the dark times of Crom-  
well far back to those ages where the light of  
history fails to penetrate. The celebrity of  
this hill is not of our days, nor of recent  
generations. We must retrace the path of  
history back to the days when the powers of  
paganism were dominant in the land, perhaps  
some thousands of years, to the reign of

Ollamh Fodla, and on to the Norman in-  
vasion at the close of the twelfth century o  
our era.

That the historic associations of his birth-  
place had, in his very commencement, a mar-  
vellously inspiring effect on young O'Growney  
is evident from the activity of his research, as  
shown in his manuscripts and in the loving  
care and admirably sequential order with  
which he connects locally those stirring events  
in the history of his country. Every spot within  
miles of where he lived had for him  
cherished memories of the days of long ago.  
Hill, rock, road or river, street or lane—any  
place where the cause of Ireland had had a  
triumph or a sacrifice—had for him an abiding  
and peculiar charm, and he was always sure  
to investigate its history, or to make out any  
tradition in connection with it, especially the  
Irish name of the place.

Neither of his parents knew Irish. They  
lived within the Pale where Irish had long  
before their time ceased to be generally spoken.  
His mother had one Irish word at least. It  
was *leabhar*, meaning a book. Even before  
he reached his teens he used to be always  
“at the book,” and his mother used to say to  
him, “You are always at the l-yore.” He  
thought that it was *lore* (learning) that she  
said with a peculiar pronunciation.

When a boy of fifteen he discovered there  
was a national language and resolved in the  
first place to make himself acquainted with  
it, and in the next to do all in his power to  
restore it to its proper place in Ireland. He  
found in his neighbourhood about fifteen  
people who knew Gaelic. There was one  
old lady of whom he often used to speak.  
She was born in his village, and knew only

<sup>1</sup>A Paper read before the Newman Club, Los Angeles, Nov. 26, 1902, and published in the "Los Angeles Tidings," December, 1902.

English till she was twenty. She then married a Gaelic speaker and went with him to his home, where there was nothing but Irish spoken. At the end of forty years, after her husband had died and her children had gone into the grave or beyond the sea, she returned and had forgotten all her English. In one of his papers, "Aran Words," printed in '97, two years before his death, I find the following: "I add a few words from my native district in Meath. Out of the fifteen people who in 1880 could speak Irish, thirteen are now dead."

After acquiring his primary education at the national or public schools, at the age of sixteen, in January, 1879, he entered St. Finian's, the Diocesan Seminary of Meath, at Navan. At this time, a series of Irish lessons, contributed by Father Nolan and the veteran Gaelic scholar, John Fleming, appeared in a Dublin paper. These lessons the future professor studied with passionate diligence.

In September, 1882, young O'Growney entered Maynooth College, where he studied for six years, spending all his leisure time in studying Irish and Irish history and antiquities. He had the advantage here which he had long desired of meeting Irish-speaking students, and he commenced systematically to collect a vocabulary, as well as to perfect himself in Irish conversation. Here he met for the first time Peter C. Yorke, an Irish-speaking student from the West.

His holidays he now spent invariably in some Irish-speaking district, notably in the Aran Islands in Galway Bay, where he was all but idolized by the peasantry. In Aran he chose Inis Meadhan (Middle Island) as his place of study. This island contains about 500 inhabitants, who speak nothing but Irish, and it has been visited by the great philologists and Celticists of Germany, France and Norway, amongst whom are the well-known professors, Heinrich Zimmer and Kuno Meyer. In Maynooth, Eugene O'Growney formed his high conception of

the National ideal, and it was there that he taught the love of his young heart to go out beyond the grave to the men who fought and fell, and to the dead who died for Ireland.

In one of his letters<sup>1</sup> describing a walk by the Maynooth students to the grave of Wolfe Tone, "in Bodenstown churchyard," we see his love for the great Rebel, where he writes: "The grave is close along the wall, and parallel to it, stretching from East to West. In death as in life his face is towards the foe, and fronting the morning's sunburst. The overhanging ivy from the wall spreads in dark luxuriance to canopy the hero's dust. How I love that old ivy! the mantle which God wraps in pity round the ruins that chronicle the weakness of the works of man. Its proud, dark, solemn green is Nature's noblest, grandest, tenderest garland for the brow of majesty that lives no more. Thou art, indeed, all beauty and all tenderness, O Lord! I thank Thee for that ivy which clothes our ruined churches and the dwellings of our dead. Compared with it all human monuments of grief but grate upon the senses as harsh and showy and unreal. Truly, there is a proudness and tenderness and majesty of deep and silent eloquence in this dark evergreen that hangs above the dust of Wolfe Tone, which fits him better, and speaks a nobler story to those who gaze upon it than stone or marble can ever tell. So, even in the days when 'Ireland, a nation, shall build him a tomb,' stately and beautiful enough to show the greatness of the man and the gratitude of the people whom he served, even then would I leave that very ivy to shade his grave."

After finishing his course in Maynooth young O'Growney was sent back to his old seminary in Navan to act as Prefect of Studies for one year. This custom is pretty common in many dioceses in Ireland, and the work imposed on the young divine in this critical year is in some cases the last straw that

<sup>1</sup> See note to "A Walk to Wolfe Tone's Grave" and also page 103; but again I may point out that Father O'Growney's admiration for Tone was none the less than that of the writer of this article.

shatters for ever the health of the young priest. Alas! it was so in Father O'Growney's case. As we used to sit together under the trees at the Sisters' Hospital discussing his chances of recovery from the operation, he was wont to say with a pang of regret but not of anger, "I attribute the present state of my health to that year. I had only one hour out of the twenty-four to myself."<sup>1</sup>

In June, 1889, he was ordained and was appointed curate, or assistant priest, at Bally-na-Cargy, Co. Westmeath. His reputation as an Irish scholar was now so well known that he was made Editor of the *Gaelic Journal*, a magazine started in '82 by the Gaelic Union. In November, 1890, there was published, from his pen, in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, the organ of the clergy and the hierarchy, a forcible article on "The National Language." Addressing himself to the priests, he says:— "And yet it is not all sentimentality. Many a mind which might make a stir in Ireland is being left dark and uneducated in the Irish-speaking districts to-day. And not a few people are left without religious instruction through want of someone who could teach them in the language they understand. I might mention instances of this myself."<sup>2</sup>

This article, no doubt, from the young curate in Bally-na-cargy helped to rouse the bishops of Ireland out of their lethargy, for in a few months afterwards they restored the Irish chair in Maynooth and appointed to fill it the writer of the article. This chair was vacant for twelve years previously, the present Cardinal Logue being the last that occupied it. There were no text-books, no readers, no grammars, to speak of, for the professor, or for the students, hence perhaps better have the chair vacant than have the pupils absent and the teacher in a trance. For this position there was needed an extraordinary man who would write his own text-books and compile

<sup>1</sup> This statement is probably true in a certain sense, but a good deal of the work done during this year was purely voluntary. A large number of the Irish articles in Part III. date from this time. The duties of his position at Navan were not exceptionally heavy.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 235.

his own grammars. Such a man was found in the person of Father O'Growney.

Like her great National College, Maynooth, Ireland herself was in a sad plight at this period in the midst of the Parnell crisis. Her national life was being drained and put to death by her false prophets, the parliamentarian agitators. The only one of them, who had any conception of true nationality, Parnell—the great Parnell—was slain. Ireland was without a leader. She looked around in her desolation and God was good to Ireland in the black year of 1891, when He gave her Owen O'Growney.

This young Sagart *a ruin*, showed her sons the true road to national life. He lighted the fire, and the winds of heaven fanned it. Linked with his name in the regeneration of Ireland will be that of William Rooney, of Dublin, who died a year ago, at the early age of twenty-seven.

Father O'Growney had seen with his clear vision that if the Gaelic language were to be once again a universally spoken tongue in Ireland, the movement in its favour must come from and through the common people. Literary dilettantism had been tried and had failed. So, leaving the schools and the scholars, he travelled through mountain and moor and desolate island, learned the language in its purity from the lips that had never spoken another tongue, infused into the people enthusiasm for the old speech, and then assisted in organising the Gaelic League to carry on the work he had begun.

At this time he visited not only every remote corner of his own land, but also the Highlands of Scotland, the mountain fastnesses of Wales, Brittany, Belgium, and many parts of the continent.

I may here remark that Father O'Growney wrote his name with the O' for the first time when he was appointed Professor at Maynooth. All through his college course, and even when on the mission in Bally-na-Cargy, he was known as Eugene Growney. The O' has certainly added a beauty and a charm

to his name. The other members of his family have followed his good example. His brilliant successor at Maynooth, now the Rev. Dr. O'Hickey, was Father Hickey for years. Another point Father O'Growney encouraged was to have those with Mac to their name to write Mac (in full). He says we don't write Johns'n.

His appointment at Maynooth at once placed mighty forces at his command. With the energy and yet with the modesty that characterised him to the end, he set about making the best use of his position. He drew up with infinite pains improved class-books for the students. He wrote for their use an Irish grammar, which was printed for private circulation, but never published. My own copy I still fondly cherish. His touch with Irish speakers and students made him feel instinctively what was wanted. Discarding the pedantic traditions that had so long cumbered the study of Irish, he referred all points to the spoken language of the people. His watchword was—simplicity. In 1893 he began his great work, "Simple Lessons in Irish," which has made his name famous, and his memory revered. They first appeared in the *Weekly Freeman*, and attracted thousands of students. In the next year they were published in book form, and have been ever since selling in hundreds of thousands.

In the summer of 1894, under the strain of his four-fold duties as professor, editor, writer, and active worker in the popular movement, his health gave way utterly. He fell into consumption, and in November of the same year he was compelled to take his last leave of Ireland, and come to California in the hope of saving his life. In a letter of introduction or rather of identification his great friend and admirer, Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, wrote him: "I am sure you do not need any letter of introduction to any bishop, priest or layman of our Irish race at home or abroad."

He sailed from Queenstown on November 10th, on the steamship *Teutonic*, and arrived

at New York on the 16th, where he was given a grand reception by the Irish Societies of the metropolis of the Empire State. In December he arrived in San Francisco, where he was welcomed with a *céad mile fáilte* by his old classmate, Father Yorke. Archbishop Riordan also received him kindly, and, as a means of livelihood, assigned him to a parish while the pastor was away on a long leave of absence. The delicate young priest was willing and zealous, and did not spare himself, with the result that in a few months he collapsed, and for a time lay at death's door. Everyone despaired of his recovery, and there was deep, black sorrow in Maynooth when the sad report came, "Father O'Growney is dying in San Francisco."

He soon rallied, however, and got well enough to go to Arizona early in March, 1895. Knowing that he would be unable to return to Ireland within the year, he applied for an extension of time, and in answer Archbishop Walsh wrote: "I need not say that I was deeply pained to hear from you that your health is in so precarious a condition. I trust, however, that it may be the will of God to spare you for a long career of usefulness in the good work to which you are so devoted. There was, I am glad to say, not a moment's hesitation in giving you the year's leave of absence in continuation of your former leave. Everyone heard with the greatest regret of the serious illness that made it necessary for you to apply for it."

In Arizona he rode on horseback considerably in the hope that this exercise would help to cure his consumption. He was a year in the southern territory before he became aware that he was also afflicted with heart trouble. The riding had so aggravated this second dread disease that his heart had swollen to twice its normal size. The world then looked black, indeed, to the homesick exile, when he realized that restoration to health was out of the question, and that Ireland again he would never see. Yet his pen never became idle, and his zeal never

slackened. He maintained a constant correspondence on all subjects connected with the movement on both sides of the ocean. Indeed, the success of the movement in America has been largely due to work done by him in hospital. Nearly every weekly

himself, but owing to his health he declined. He was then asked, "What man will you put there?" and his choice was John MacNeill, of Dublin. Mr. MacNeill refused to come to Washington, for he did not want to leave Ireland. His next choice was Father

Richard Henebry, of the diocese of Waterford, Ireland, and he accepted the position.

In June, 1896, Fr. O'Growney tendered his resignation as Professor at Maynooth, and on accepting it the College granted him an annual pension. He lived for four years in Arizona. The summers he spent chiefly in Prescott and the winters in Phoenix. He was for some time at



FATHER O'GROWNEY on horseback—at Arizona soon after his arrival in America

and monthly Irish-American periodical received articles and communications from him from time to time. In Ireland the *Gaelic Journal* hardly ever appeared without some contribution from his pen.

From his memoranda I see that he wrote the greater part of "Simple Lessons," Part II., when on the ocean from Queenstown to New York. In the preface to this book, dated San Francisco, St. Brigid's Day, 1895, he wrote: "I cannot omit mention of an event of such importance to the Irish language as the establishment this year of a Celtic chair in the Catholic University at Washington, and its endowment by the generosity of the Ancient Order of Hibernians." He was asked to fill this chair

Tucson, Yuma, Flagstaff, and other smaller places. He made occasional visits into Southern California, in the last two years. He was in Los Angeles when on his way to Tucson in 1895, but I did not meet him then as that was the year that I left Ireland.

Amongst the many things that he missed in the small towns was a public library. In an article he sent from Arizona to a magazine in Dublin in 1898, he spoke of its defects, "written at a distance of many thousand miles from Ireland, and with no access to authorities of any kind."<sup>1</sup> He was a great lover of books and greatly admired the fine library in Los Angeles. On learning that so many books suitable for Irish and Catholic

<sup>1</sup>See p. 257.

readers were placed therein through the good offices of Isidore B. Dockweiler, he wrote him a letter of appreciation and gratitude saying to me at the time, "If no other body thanks him, I will."

He had a great admiration and great hopes for Los Angeles. When contrasting the conservativeness of the old countries with the new ideas of America, speaking of the illustrations in the papers he said that there were more artists in Los Angeles than in the City of London. As he was passing by the Courthouse one day, he remarked, "If that were in Europe people would go hundreds of miles to see it."

Father O'Growney had the rare faculty of being a scholar and a man of the greatest humility at the same time. He was more at

the masses, and hence his great success. Like Thomas Davis, he had a rare magnetism, which was irresistible to those who met him personally, but which was felt even in his correspondence. Hundreds of people who never saw him had for him a great sympathy and a tender affection and held him in veneration. His manner was as gentle as a child's. He avoided contention. It has never been heard of him that he gave cause of offence to anyone. The greatest crank, the most hide-bound pedant, could never ruffle his temper. Yet his character was firm and decided and his tenacity, both of purpose and of effort, was remarkable. In a jolly hour to an old friend, he delighted to tell of his visits to the Aran Islands and to Connemara; of the strange superstitions of the people and the yarns told



A group o Moki Indian children, amongst whom Father O'Growney lived in Arizona.

home with and took more delight in meeting an humble Irishman who could speak Gaelic than any intercourse with great scholars could afford him. He had, moreover, the power of reaching and making himself understood by

by the boatmen; of the number of times he caught cold and of the anxious time he had one night when he lost his way in a mountain glen; and of the experience he had with broncos in Arizona. During his later years,

the patience and resignation with which he bore his mental and bodily sufferings showed to all his acquaintances the holy soul of the saintly priest. Truly, his greatness consisted not in his great learning, nor in the fame which came to him unsought, but in the holiness of his life and in the humility of his heart.

Many a man would give all he possessed if he could but make a pilgrimage to the feet of Father O'Growney. Thomas Concannon, of Aran, now the great Gaelic League organizer in Ireland, after spending many years in Mexico, decided to make a trip to his native land. But he wanted first to see Father O'Growney, whom he knew as a student in Inis Meadhon, so he travelled to Arizona. His visit worked Father O'Growney up to such a thrilling pitch that the poor invalid lay prostrated for three days. Mr. Concannon brought me a Gaelic letter of introduction from Arizona. Father Yorke, before going on his European trip, came over a thousand miles to see his old friend and to have the privilege of conversing with him. And full glad is he now for having done so, for before he returned Father O'Growney was no more. A priest from Illinois (Father O'Gallagher) came out West to see the lone exile, and said afterwards, "I have attained one of the dearest objects of my life. I threw myself on my knees before Father O'Growney."

Bad health and the growth of a beard made a great change in his appearance. His fine Roman nose and full beard made him resemble Parnell. His walk would also remind one of that ill-starred leader. Towards the last his frail form and wan face made him look more like a spirit than a man, and would remind one of Pope Leo XIII. from the descriptions we read of the latter.

Father O'Growney came to Los Angeles by way of San Diego, where he stayed for a week, on July 12, 1899, and was much weaker than when here the year before. In September he got a severe attack of heart disease. The doctors found that the membrane about

the lungs was filled with fluid and that this was distressing him. They inserted a suction tube in his side and extracted two quarts of water. Such relief was experienced from the operation that the patient began to hope for a long lease of life. (At this time, September 23rd, he said Mass for the first and last time in three years.) But a few weeks later recourse had to be had to the same treatment, when the extraordinary amount of five quarts of pus and serum was taken from about the lungs. He was greatly exhausted from this second operation, and knowing that this re-filling and pumping would wear him out in a few weeks, he submitted to an operation to insert a drainage tube permanently. At 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning, October 10th, a portion of two ribs was removed and the tube inserted. He rallied satisfactorily for a couple of days, and hopes were entertained that he would soon be on his feet again. On Saturday, how-



FATHER O'GROWNEY.  
Taken at Banning, California, in the Summer of 1899.

ever, he sank rapidly, received the Viaticum, and announced his conviction that recovery was impossible, saying that he was contented to die. He maintained throughout an edifying calmness and to the last moment never failed to greet all visitors with his accustomed

smile. He lingered till the following Wednesday, October 18th, and then, just as the sound of the Angelus was coming softly up the hill on the breeze of the evening, he passed away. A few minutes before 6 o'clock Father Laubacher, who had been staying with him, took his leave to go to supper, when Father O'Growney, rousing himself, said to him, "No one should despair of the mercy of God even at the last moment. I am so indescribably happy that I cannot express it." Five minutes later he was dead. He never lost consciousness up to the last breath, nor the serenity of manner and countenance that have made his death altogether exceptional in the history of the Hospital, and which had a most salutary and even sanctifying effect on the physicians who attended him.

In his meditation book (Challoner's for every day in the year), the same one that he had since he became a priest ten years before, I find a little poem entitled "Hope Deferred," being lines that a priest of his acquaintance wrote when on his death-bed early in the same year: —

My darling rapture could not last,  
Twas not the hour ordained to die;  
The splendid vision from me passed,  
And now in helpless pain I lie.  
  
Now sleepless nights and days of pain  
Have dragged their weary course along.  
With languid heart and feeble brain  
I fain would sing a lowly song.  
  
My trembling soul I now commit  
To Thy pierced hands and open side;  
My soul receive, my sins remit,  
My God and Saviour crucified.

Before the line "Now Sleepless Nights" &c., Father O'Growney put two crosses with his pen, evidently comparing in his mind the sufferings of his brother priest with his own.

He was four times anointed and prepared for death—in San Francisco, in Prescott, in Phoenix, and lastly in Los Angeles.

There was grieving and sorrowing in his native land when the news of his death was cabled over seas. At the Solemn Requiem Mass at the Cathedral, Father Barron

delivered the funeral sermon, in the course of which he said: "I have the honour of being the only priest present who studied in the same college with our deceased brother. On the lips of our beloved Bishop and of all the priests present there are words of regret that Father Yorke cannot be here to tell of his love for Father O'Growney and of all the work done by our departed brother. Father Yorke was probably his best and most beloved friend. . . . This young priest who has passed from us was only thirty-six years of age."

"He had great intellectual attainments, and was able to hold his own in a school in which were such intellectual giants as Rev. Peter C. Yorke. In an address in Dublin last summer where the name of Father O'Growney is a household word, Father Yorke spoke of Father O'Growney as "a noble priest and true patriot." On Friday, October 20th he was buried in Calvary cemetery, where he lies to-day far from Athboy and Royal Meath and the fair hills of Ireland. Like his famous countryman, St. Columcille, and like your own Father Doyle, the Irish exile's dearest wish was denied to Father O'Growney—death and burial in holy Ireland. Before he left Arizona, he said to a friend: "I would give all I ever saw to be buried in Ireland," and no wonder; for, like the Jew of old, his heart was always turning to his loved city, Zion, that is set in the western seas. He was unable to go to Ireland to die, and in his humility he did not even think that his remains would be sent home by his loving countrymen. When he thought that he was about to die in Arizona, he wrote the following inscription for his grave:

Pray for the Soul  
of  
REV. EUGENE O'GROWNEY,  
of the Diocese of Meath in Ireland,  
Born Aug. 25th, 1863,  
Died .....  
"Into] Thy Hands, O Lord, I commend my Spirit "  
R. I. P.

And then, in conformity with the actions of his whole life, he added:—"Wooden slab only."

There is at present a fund collected to defray the expenses of sending his remains to Ireland, towards which the president of this club gave a generous subscription. They will probably be sent home next May, and will arrive there during the Oireachtas,<sup>1</sup> the great annual literary gathering of Gaelic Ireland.

The place for re-interment has not yet been selected, but no matter where it may be, it will in time become a place of pilgrimage for the Irish people. At present five places are competing for the honour of possessing his bones. For a time at least the members of his family wanted to have him buried beside his father and mother in the old graveyard in Rathmore. Dr. Gaffney, Bishop of Meath, wishes to have him interred in the parish chapel at Athboy. The authorities at Maynooth desire to have his remains deposited in the College burial-ground. Many friends and admirers have a preference for Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, whilst many Gaelic Leaguers, amongst whom is Father Yorke, want to have his bones laid at rest in Clonmacnoise. This last-named place is my personal choice, and in my opinion it would be his own if his silent lips could speak. Few would approve of hiding his remains in a small country parish church, nor would they like to see them inclosed within Maynooth's big mortared wall.<sup>2</sup> Glasnevin, although primarily intended as the abode of Ireland's noble patriots and illustrious sons, has, unfortunately, been desecrated by the shoneens, Anglo-Saxons and humbugs interred there. Amongst such as these it would be a sacrilege to bury a priest who may one day be our native patron saint.

Few of you ever heard of Clonmacnoise.

<sup>1</sup> As remarked elsewhere, many weighty reasons prevented this arrangement from being carried out.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Brannick, as he afterwards told me, changed his views as to the suitability of Maynooth as a burial place

It is situated in the bosom of a grassy lawn of fertile meadowland on the eastern bank of the Shannon, about ten miles south of Athlone. How solitary now she sits by the great river, that once thronged city! Her gates are broken and her streets are silent. Yet in olden time she was a queen, and the children of many lands came to do her homage. She was the nursing mother of Ireland's saints, and the teacher of her highest learning, for a long six hundred years. The most ancient and the most accurate of the Annals of Erin were written in her halls, the most learned doctors of the Gael lectured in her class-rooms; the sweetest of our Gaelic poems were composed by her professors; the noblest youth of France and England crowded her halls, and bore the renown of her holiness and learning to foreign lands. Even now her churches, her crosses and her tombstones furnish the best characteristic specimens of our ancient Celtic art in sculpture and in architecture. View it as you may, Clonmacnoise was the greatest of Erin's schools in the past, as it is the most interesting of her ruins in the present. What more noble burial place can Ireland give her peerless son than this, the sainted city of St. Ciaran? Clonmacnoise will be in the future as sacred and revered as she has been learned and far-famed in the glorious past.

For the learning, piety, and patriotism that speak to us from her silent halls did Father O'Growney toil unceasingly, and for them his life went out nobly. His name stands for the great Ireland of the past, re-born in the great Ireland of the future. Then, Clan-na-Gael, bury your loved one in the "Cemetery of noble Cluain" around whose ivied temples and dismantled towers his spirit loves to hover when the shadows come to pay homage to the sacred dust of the abbots, kings, bishops, and noble sons of the Ireland of long ago. Bury him by his own loved river, the lordly Shannon, whose majestic

for Father O'Growney. "It is the one place in all Ireland where he should be buried" he said.

waters will for ever sing a lullaby o'er his untimely grave.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Some of us at home, filled with the memory of that lonely slope over the gloomy Shannon, with its art treasures and holy associations, were at one with the writer of this article as to the fitness of Clonmacnoise to receive the remains of one whose spirit was steeped in the love of noble Cluin. But, later on, thinking more and more about the matter, we came to recognise the claims of the Magh of Nuadhad. Clonmacnoise is of the past, dead, except as an inspiration; Maynooth is with us in the present, and will have much to do with the shaping of Ireland's future.

In an article, however unworthy and incomplete, on Rev. Eugene O'Growney, late vice-president of the Gaelic League, it would be out of place to omit mention of his personal friend and companion in arms, Douglas Hyde, LL.D., the Protestant, the Nationalist, the Gaelic Scholar, the Poet, the Seanachaidhe, the first and ever-re-elected President of the Gaelic League in Ireland.

## XIX.

### EIRE AND O'GROWNEY.<sup>1</sup>

By ÉAMONN AN ÉNUIC.

(Éamonn Mac Siobhán B.P.H.)

Wild wind and surging sea,  
Bear him again to me!  
Mine till his latest breath,  
Why should we part in death?  
Bravest and best!  
Nearest my heart  
A deep grave is made:  
There let him rest:  
Never shall fade  
The flowers and the garlands my love  
hath array'd.

Swiftly his dark ship flew  
Over the rolling blue.  
While in his gentle eye  
Hope shone, as in the sky;  
One golden star,  
Thro' the gathering gloom  
Of night, sends its fair  
Beams answering far  
To the seaman's prayer:  
But I looked in his face and saw death  
written there.

Wept the sun in the west,  
Leaning on ocean's breast,  
When from the sacred clay  
That great soul passed away.  
Round Tlachtgha's<sup>2</sup> height  
A weird wind rose  
In the moonlight pale.  
Sighing all night  
Like the Banshee's wail  
Till the glory of morning was flooding the  
vale.

Bear him then from the West  
Clasped to my heart to rest,  
And calmly let him sleep  
While mournful watch I keep.  
Peace to his soul!  
As round his grave  
My children pray,  
Ages may roll,  
But his fame shall stay  
With the tongue and the spirit he saved from  
decay.

<sup>1</sup> From the *Record of the League of St. Columba*, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, 1902-3.

<sup>2</sup> Tlachtgha, the *Hill of Ward*, near Athboy, Co. Meath, O'Growney's birthplace.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER O'GROWNEY.<sup>1</sup>

By F. A.



S the years roll by, and the great Gaelic Revival, begun in the last decade of the nineteenth century, becomes a glorious triumph for the Gael, it is natural to think that Irish minds will turn lovingly backwards to search out the names, and study the lives of those who were the pioneers of the national ériغ. How fond is the attention we give to the least light the past can shed on the lives, characters, and motives of such leaders as O'Curry, O'Donovan, and Fleming! The lectures delivered on these men in Dublin, Kilkenny, and elsewhere have attracted large, serious audiences, and awakened an intense interest in the minds of the younger generation. We may be certain that an equally enthusiastic, and even more widespread interest will follow the words of some yet unborn speaker who, in the Gaelic tongue, will thrill his audience in the great hall of the future National University, as he unfolds the life-tale of O'Growney, of Douglas Hyde, or some other sterling worker in the actual field of Gaelic thought and propagandism.

As an untimely death has already snatched away one who was among Ireland's greatest children, beloved of all who came in contact with him, and honoured by millions for whom his name is an ever-present inspiring watchword, it is not a whit too early to gather together those recollections which, as in the case of Shakspeare and many another, are

all too fleeting, and give them the irrevocability of printed form. The present writer, therefore, considers it a duty as well as a pleasure to contribute his pittance towards a genuine and dispassionate record of Father Eugene O'Growney's life. And this duty was never so compelling as in these days when talent is exalted to the heights of genius, and the merest mediocrity is heralded with the loudest praise.

Whatever value these disconnected facts



FATHER O'GROWNEY IN HIS STUDY AT MAYNOOTH.

<sup>1</sup> *The Irish Rosary*, March, 1903.

may possess is wholly due to the circumstance that the writer learned most of them from the patriot's own lips, or from friends who knew him intimately.

Father O'Growney told me he was first really made aware of the existence of an Irish language while a student of Navan Seminary. Riding into school, as was his wont, he was struck one day by a notice in the window of a news-agency announcing the forthcoming appearance of a series of lessons in the Gaelic tongue in a small Irish weekly. His interest being aroused, he gave an order for the journal, and, working steadily through the lessons as they appeared, laid the foundation of that scholarship which he was afterwards to build on, and perfect, with an assiduity and a patient, almost pious, devotion, which was ever his characteristic as a student of Irish. The eager study he gave to Irish did not, however, interfere with, or interrupt, his daily duties; and Eugene Growney figures among the First Class Senior Prizemen at the Intermediate Exams., 1882, with high percentages in languages. It was a good year, for among those above him occurs the name of a future Senior Wrangler of Cambridge. On entering Maynooth College, his class-allotment threw him by a happy chance near a student who was a native speaker. In return for a little aid in scientific subjects, this student, who ambitioned honours in science, but undervalued the rare treasure he already possessed, gave O'Growney invaluable help in Irish pronunciation and conversation. Before this he had only heard two or three words of Irish from the lips of a Connacht labourer.

From this forward his resolution was fixed. Ill-health, of which even at this early period he had his full share, never weakened his purpose. He stuck manfully to what was then one of the least popular subjects in the curriculum, and, even when confined to the infirmary by illness, he did not remit nor relax his efforts to attain a thorough mastery of the spoken tongue. When

leaving Maynooth he was already far on his way to the eminence he afterwards reached.

Of his character as a student, the voice of college tradition tells us that he was simple, modest, self-effacing, but enthusiastically Irish. I have often heard that many, even then, considered him by far the ablest man of his year, and that to his rivals might well be applied the words of an examiner who, referring to the student who beat Lord Kelvin for the blue ribbon of Cambridge, said that "he was not worthy to pare young Thompson's pencils."

Time has since then ratified this belief, and the modest, unassuming O'Growney is spoken of with love and admiration where the names of "Luke Delmeges" and other "class-leaders" are *voces et praeterea nihil*. But the situation of Maynooth, and the peculiar value then set upon certain studies, debarred him from rising to his full height, and when the unanimous call of the Bishops of Ireland brought him back in triumph to the chair of Irish, those whom like suffering had taught to look beneath the physiognomy of things, could not fail to discern a jarring sadness amid all the loud welcomes which young Maynooth so generously accords a new and popular professor. There was no note of elation in the few words he addressed to the classes when the present Bishop of Cloyne introduced him to his different pupils. His exceeding modesty was a disappointment, even in a place where that virtue is so sedulously inculcated. Neither was he ever at home with the English tongue, and, if he could be termed eloquent, it was when he used the language he had learned with such patience and unflinching resolution.

As a teacher he was not a success. In a class room of one hundred students he was not in his true place; and it is no disparagement of his scholarship to say that his pupils learned but little from him. He was not made for an academic chair, and all the real progress achieved at that period was due to

the energetic and enthusiastic young native-speakers like Father Henebry, then a student, who were lavish of time and trouble with all who evinced a desire to gain some insight into their mother tongue.

The dreary drudgery of instilling the merest rudiments into his hearers, and his weakness of constitution, naturally interfered with his success as a professor; and in his instruction there were few of those splendid flashes that were associated with the work of some of his young *confrères* whose health was almost equally uncertain, and whose subjects were far less romantic in their inspiration.

But in his study the greatness of the man was apparent. When he met a sympathetic heart he unlocked himself, and laid bare all that great devotion of his for the old language, as well as the stores of knowledge to which he was constantly adding. He could not understand how a young Irishman who had once heard of the existence of such a tongue could restrain himself from eagerly labouring to acquire it. He had no need of principles of education or language grinding (hence, too, his failure as a lecturer). Enthusiasm, piety, patriotism, conquered all obstacles for him. His study, in addition to the religious works essential to a priest, contained nothing but books devoted to the different departments of Gaelic philology. A good number of these were in Scotch Gaelic. He read the best and most modern works in English literature, but had a curious and invariable habit of presenting all such foreign literature to his friends as soon as read. His correspondents included men of different nationalities, and he never tired of pointing to the extraordinary devotion of foreign Celtic students as contrasted with our sluggishness and apathy. One of his interesting correspondents was a *Bohemian merchant* who gave evening lectures in Old Irish in an Austrian University! When this enthusiast married he came to Ireland for his honeymoon, and Father O'Growney had the pleasure of

showing the sights to his scholarly visitor who knew no word of English, and was inex-pressibly disappointed at the Dubliners' Irish. His chief medium of intercourse during his stay was Latin. Perhaps he would find more Irish than Latin speakers at the present day if he paid us another visit.

Although Father O'Growney's heart was with Irish, he never decried the power and beauty and utility of English, as some of his too ardent admirers are wont to do; he was too great for such obvious folly. He read all Stopford Brooke's "Essay on Irish Literature" to his classes, and was always interested in any student of his who showed a command of English, that he might inveigle him into making attractive translations of Irish works. He certainly knew his Shakspeare well, and often referred to Irish influences in the great dramatist's plays. But his interests were more linguistic than literary, and the writer's first sight of him was pouring over an old Celtic MS. He had a great passion for uniform spelling and pronunciation, and anyone who borrowed a Gaelic book from him will not soon forget the exquisitely written marginalia of his pages.

With all his enthusiasm he was ever gentle, and none of that rude extravagance which sometimes mars the zeal of his disciples disturbed the delicacy of his passion for his native tongue. He never denounced those who did not see with him, but he had little sympathy with the man who takes up Irish to see what it is like. And he never urged with drum-taps to the study of what was to him a sacred heritage, for he seemed to hate noise and loudness. He never jested, never scolded; the Scotch jarvey who expected jokes from him because he was Irish never met a more thorough disappointment than when he looked for "bulls" from this lone enthusiast. Placid and patient, without sombreness, he resembled the South Germans. He had the same sober outlook, the same spirit of quiet work, the same unruffled temper, the same systematic industry. His

eye was ever on the goal before him. For these reasons he passed almost unheeded through his generation.

But his fame is only the more secure, because he dreamt of other things than passing show and temporary esteem. He is certainly the first Maynooth man who seems at all destined to immortality. And yet, to see him pass daily in his humble way through those grey sombre quadrangles, and to hear his unimpassioned monotonous accents in the old flagged halls, who would have been so fantastic as even to dream it? So difficult is it to gauge the greatness of a giant when we stand close by him.

Great as a scholar and enthusiast, he was even greater as a priest. His piety was most edifying: the awful sanctity of his office was ever before him, and lent a continual austere charm to his saintly person. If his serenity were ever really disturbed, it was *not* in urging his pupils with trencher-fury to the study of Irish (for which one would think from his example there was need of a special grace), but when he spoke of Irish faith and piety and ancient reverence. To tell of holy customs and far-off holy times gave him a strange pleasure. He loved to think that Ireland had two names for "Mary," one of which (*Muige*) is reserved to the Blessed Mother alone. Many of these delightful peculiarities of Irish he recounted years ago in some Irish papers. He often spoke with genuine love of the Aran islanders and the Connacht peasantry, with whom his vacations were almost invariably spent. With him, as with all true Catholics, faith was before fatherland. The revival of Irish were a poor boon if the old faith fled before it. Therefore, I think, if he had one compelling motive in giving his life with such vigour to the revival of the language, it was that it might serve in dangerous coming times as an everlasting bulwark against present and future infidelity. He frequently referred to this point in speaking to his pupils, and perhaps no other reason had such influence in converting many the

cause; for thus the study became truly a labour of love and a work of piety, not a mere fleeting fashion of the hour or pedantic trifling.

In this latter connexion I may give a close translation of a poem sent me by a young Basque, from whom I learn that the Basque tongue is beyond all doubt the surest safeguard of the ancient faith of that truly wonderful race. The poem was written in honour of St. Patrick's Day. In the original it begins:—

*Gure itzhera, zeltarak,  
Gorde aldezakegun. . . .*

THE CELTIC TONGUE (from the original  
Basque.)

- (I.) "Let our ceaseless study be to make flower again the Celtic tongue now in danger of withering away.
- (II.) That the Celtic idiom may never fail, the blood of my veins gladly must I shed.
- (III.) Never, thou ancient Celtic, shalt thou cease to live, for ere we abandon thee thou shalt see us dead!
- (IV.) To Saint Patrick, apostle, let us pray with fervour, to pour into the tongue of Celts a new life and vigour.

(Chorus) Since I was born a Celt, as a Celt let me live, and with Celtic on my lips till the fateful hour."

I think the above piece a remarkable testimony to the strange fascination our old tongue has for other peoples. The word Celtic is probably used for metric purposes.

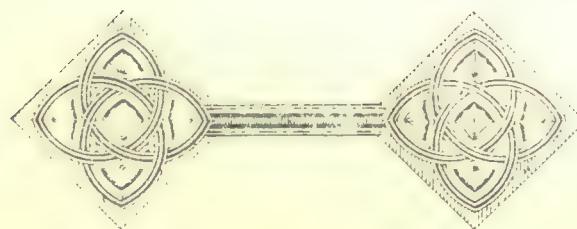
While in Maynooth Father O'Growney was busy with the now famous "Lessons," as well as with a grammar, a composition book, and an annotated reader. He issued these privately in parts. I have five or six of these treasures in my possession, as well as some English books which he was so kind as to give me. But he never concealed the fact that he could not work in Maynooth as he had laboured on the mission. With all his additional leisure the hours would still fly

leaving little done, and, as his sadly-impaired health grew worse and worse, too often

“Sull’ eterne pagine  
Cadde la stanca man.”

To have known him is a great honour for those who had little taste for the difficult labour of attacking the mysteries of *í* and *á*, or of eclipsis and aspiration; but to those patient ones whose young hearts glowed with the delight of conquering the difficulties of their native tongue, it is a supreme gratification. With them his memory abides as a great illumination which neither time nor fate can ever darken, and an inspiration which has its fountain in the example he set in the face of many difficulties and distresses of body and mind. There have been men of

far profounder scholarship, for we must remember that Father O’Growney’s work was for many years not that of a German specialist but of a young ecclesiastic busy with philosophy and theology; and there are men living whose acquaintance with the old tongue, owing to modern helps and a widely diffused criticism, may easily exceed all that he could achieve with his poor opportunities, but it may safely be said that we are not likely to look again on one who surpasses him in whole-hearted devotion to what, but for him and a few like him, might soon have been a lost cause. For this sincere devotedness, for his prodigal sacrifice of time and health, and for his pure idealism, he will ever hold a high place in the warm affections of Irishmen. *Ir feapp rompla ná ceasars.*



## GEARR-ÉUNNTAS AR AN ATÁIR EOCHAN UA GRAMHA!<sup>1</sup>

AMTORIAS UA CEILLEACAIR DO SGRIOBH.

AN AMBAP IR IONGANTACÉ IAD  
PLIGEDE AN TÍSÉAPNA. CHIMÍT,  
SACÉ TÁ CIONNAP MÁI ÓEME-  
EANN SÉ NEIRTE MÍOFHAILTEACÁ  
A TORACÉ BEAG RUAPACÉ SAN  
BPIÙS. DO RIOPATU NA RÁINTÉ  
REO ANOIR, 'PÁN MBLIADAIN  
1863, NUAIPI RUAGAD AN TÁÉAIR  
EOCHAN UA GRAMHA, REAPR DO  
BÍ MÁI ÉINNEACÉ EILE DOIN ÉINNEACÓ DHAONTA AR  
DTÚIP; AÉT ANOIR TÁ A AINM, A ÉAIL AGUP A  
ÉLU JUTTE Ó TAOBH GO TAOBH AN DOMAÍN.

AGUP NI NAÉ IONGNAÐ. AN LAOC DO ÓEM  
NA CÉADTA MÁITÉAP DOIN GHAEÓIREAS, DO REAP  
I MBHEARNAÍN AN BHAOÍSÍL 'SÁP' RPPIEAGAD AGUP  
AS CABRUISSAD UNN NUAIPI DO BÍ AN NÁMÁRÓ  
'SÁP' MÍCÉAD AGUP 'SÁP' RTALÉAD: AN LAOC DO  
MÍURGAD AGUP DO RÁOÍR PÍNN NUAIPI DO BÍ TUILE  
AN BHÉAUPA 'SÁP' RTSAUABAÐ AGUP 'SÁP' RTAÉTAD: NUAIPI DO BHOMAR BEASNAÉ BÁRTDE I NTÓIRÉADAR  
AGUP I NTÓIBHÉEÓ NA GALLTUADTA. THÁMIS PÉ  
ÉUSAMH I N-AP NUÉIBÍ ANN MÁP DO TÍOSRÁD  
MÁTÉAPR TÁ LEANBÁB. RUGS PÉ OPRAMH.  
ÓPÁIPS PÉ TÁ ÓPHÓRÓE PÍNN. DO RÓS PÉ PÍNN.  
THUGS PÉ GUÍOÍ AGUP ÉADASÉ DÚNN, RUÍGLEAD  
BÍÓ AGUP DÍSÉ AGUP TÁ PÉ TÁ DTABHAIRT RÓP  
DÚNN, MÁP NÍL ÁJU 'PÁN' NUÓMAN NÍ PUIL A  
ÉURO LEABHAR ANN AG TABHAIRT BÍÓ Í BEACHTAÍD  
DO NA HÉIREANNÉAÍB, TÁ REAMHRUÍGADU LE  
HEÓLAP, TÁ RPPIEAGADU LE MIgneAC, TÁ LIONADU  
LE CAPTANNAÉT, TÁ NUÍRÍORAÐ AGUP TÁ  
MBHORTUÍGADU ÉUM TRÍODA GO DÁNA AGUP GO  
BUAN-TÍREAPÍAÐ TÁ DTÍP Í TÁ DTÉANSAÍM.

TÁM DEIMINGTEACÉ AP RO GO BPIUL BEACÁ  
SACÉ ÉINNEACÉ FA BUN NA SPÉIME SEAPHTA AMAÉ  
DO FÉIN AG DIA, MOLADU GO DÉO LEIR, AGUP MO  
ÉPWAÉS-RA DOIN TÍAOÍGAL AN DUINE NÁ LEANANN  
TÁ PÉIP.

DOB' É BAILE FOLLAMAN A BAILE DÚTÉAIR  
AP DTÚIP AÉT LE NÁMPAI AN TÍAOÍGAL D'AIRPUS  
A MUIANTEACÉ GO DHIOPRÓIS. IR I BPIAPÓIRTE AN

ÁÉTA-BURDE ATÁ BAILE FOLLAMAN. IR BEAG TÁ  
PEAN-BAILE DÚTÉAIR ATÁ LE PEICRINT ANOIR,  
MÁI TÁ PÉ 'N-A FÓTHRAÉ CABLAIGE LE FADA  
D'AMPIR, AN GHAOT AGUP AN RTÓIPIM AG SABÁIL  
TRÍO "AG DÉANAM CÉÓIL, PRÓIRPT AGUP  
AOIBHNP."

DO TÓGAD É AGUP DO MÁP PÉ MÁP ÉAN-  
SÁPPRÁN EILE TÁ RÁSÓR GO BPIEAGS BOG NEIM-  
IONGANTACÉ SAN ÉUPPRAÍ AN TÍAOÍGAL AG CUP  
ÉAN-ÉORPBUAIRE AIP. AÉT NUAIPI DO GHAEL AN  
BLIADAIN 1879, ÉAMÍS ATRUÍSSAD GLÓRÍAP. DO  
TÓGAD DIA AMAÉ DHO FÉIM É CUM A GLÓRÍPE  
DO MÉATUÍGADU AGUP DO LEATNUÍGADU. MÁP  
GHAEL AIP REO DO ÉUPEADU GO DTÍ COLLÁIPTE  
PHIONAM NUÓMHA É 'PÁN' GÁMAM. IR CINNTE  
GO BPIUAI PÉ BOLADU NA GHAEDILGE RUL A  
NTÓEACÁD PÉ GO DTÍ AN COLLÁIPTE REO. AÉT  
ANOIR GO HÁIPTE DO BÁIN PÉ DÉ A ÉURO ÉADTAIGE  
AGUP DO LÉIM PÉ GO DÓMÁIN INNTE AGUP DO  
DÍPUS PÉ BÉIT TÁ PLUGADU RTPEACÉ 'N-A BOLGAM-  
LÉADUÍB MÓRA GO DTÍ LÉ A BÁIP. 'S É DO ÉUIP  
RIOL NA GHAEDILGE AG FÁP 'PÁN' GEOLLÁIPTE PÍN,  
AGUP MUNA BPIUL A TORADU GO LIONMÁP ANN  
ANOIR NI EOCHAN FA NTÓEAPRA É. DÓPÁN PÉ  
ANURO AIP REAO RTÉIMPE TRÍ MBLIADAN.  
ANUROIN DO ÉUPEADU GO MUIÙS NUADADU É 'PÁN'  
BPIÓSMÁP, 1882.

'AP NTÓÍS, NI PAIB PUMM TORADU AIP AN  
HÉAEDILS AN NUAIPI PÍN I MUIÙS NUADADU. AÉT  
TÁ A MÁLAJPT DE RTÉAL AGAMH ANOIR,  
BURDÉACÁP MÓR LE DIA. MÁP PÍN FÉIM, NIOP  
ÉUIP PÍN COPS LEIR Ó BÉIT AG SABÁIL DOIN  
GHAEÓILS AÉT IR AMBLADU DO ÉUIP PÉ RAOBH  
SÉAP GLAN AIP. ANOIR DO CÓRNUIÙS PÉ DÁIPÚIB.  
NI PAIB PÉ I BPIADU ANN NUAIPI D'AMPIÙS PÉ  
AMAÉ SACÉ DUMA GO PAIB ENÚDÁN EIGÍN  
GHAEDILGE AIGE. ANOIR DO CÓNNAIC PÉ NÁ BÉADU  
AN ENÚDÁN POM FÉIM ACA, NÁ BÉADU DPUADU NÁ  
DPIANNADU ACA PULA FADA MUNA NTÉANARTÍP

<sup>1</sup> From "The Record of the League of St. Columba,"  
St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, 1902-3.

taitige ar compád eigin do bheanamh gac lā a Gaeilge. Agur ní pairb ré ag faoileadh timcheall a ghnó. Do thórnusg ré ar bheit ag maecthamh agur ag leas-pámuaineamh. Niop leim ré irtseac 'ran poll san féacaint pojimír ar dtúir. Chonnaic ré, mar a thabhairt céana, náid féidir le duine Gaeilge do labhairt go bpeas binn blasta san rtao san rtaonadh, san húm ná hám, muna nteanadh ré taitige níppre, agur i labhairt le daoine go pairb r aca ó'n gcliaibhán. Chonnaic ré, leis, gurab ag fadóidh teineadó ar loch é bheit d'íarrfáidh i ríracaidh amach ar rean-leabharb. Bhí an uile píoc do'n ceapt aige. Ni féidir éinteanga d'foghlaim i gceapt san i labhairt. Is amhráidh do bheadh na focail i n-áirí fúisíodh 'Sápi mbordúrach agur 'Sápi dtáctáidh muna féidirí linn iad do éabhairt amach go baileadh glan éap an mbéal. Ni go hannaham do-éitear duine baibh, ríalcraigthe, taictaigthe le focla Láirne agur Spéigire agur dá bphairgheadh ré an raoísh ní féadfaidh ré iad do éabhairt éap a ríspóinach amach. Náid truaigímeileadh an phádarc é reo?

Amhráidh rín fuaipi Eochan a chuaclári. D'fheadh ré mór-dtimcheall aip. Do éonnaic ré go pairb iotáilinn bheas toirtéanach aige aét féacaint éinéi i n-áam, go pairb go leorí daoine ann ag a pairb fuaigleach Gaeilge, aét amháin iad do ríúrúrugadh aip an mbóthar ceap. Féad aip annpoin dá gcaitáidh agur ag tosáid amach an ériúneacáta ar an lóchán. Tá an éir rín, do spíos rí fuaip iad agur ba mairt éinighe é. Bhíodar go leir tóigéad leis, mar ip d'obca ná pairb duine fa'n ppreipí comh ciúin, comh réim comh fial, comh macánta agur comh ríomhneach leis. Do dhéan ré 'n-a mburðeanaidh iad, ríúrú ip gac buriðm agur i gclionn tamall bhi Gaeilge dá rítealláidh amach comh binn agur comh ríomhneach i dtaoibh irtis do ballaibh Muirge Nuaðad agur bhi i n-áiríinn ní i mbalfe bhoíphne. Ó, náid bheas bheit ag féacaint oppa ag imteáct mór-dtimcheall an éapáin, gac buriðan i nuaíad a céile mar lacaítheadh éis aip an linn. Is d'obca go pairb cnapáilí móra aip an tseibh náir éis iad. B'eactaí an tairbhe aip fad do dhéan na buriðeana ro.

B'eactaí iarrfáidh d'áirípíb do teineadó cum an Colláiste do Gaeothealúsga. B'eactaí buille tréan fúinneamhail d'áirí buriðeanaidh aip ron na Gaeilge i Muirge Nuaðad, agur táin teimhniústeac go bfuil na buriðeana ro ag tsois agur ag compáid gac burið-tréarpháid aip ron na Gaeilge ó fín. D'áiríus gac uile níodh go reoirí le haoíshán fad ip bhi ré i Muirge Nuaðad, aét amháin ná pairb a fáilte ar roghnáid aige. Ba mhim 'ran tig leisír é agur ip iomána ríseal gheannáiníar fultúairí d'innír ré ann i dtaoibh púcaí. Marbh ro do éairí ré ríspóinibh dá raoísh i Muirge Nuaðad cum gup teineadó ragart do i Meiteamh an tráthairidh 1889.

B'eactaí mar éinidh ré i bheabhar 'ran nGaeilge ó'n mbliadhain 1882. Is i n-áiríinn do éairéadó ré a laethantaí raoipre beagnach i gcomháití. Aét ip cumhíl tiom réim uairí go pairb ré i mbalfe bhoíphne. Thus uaire na haité ríopta do gárrúnaith agur do ghearrpháidibh na ríopta. Do bhiop ann, 'apí níodh, agur mór im' ríataipe gárrúim beataigthe bhois. Do bhi an t-áctair Ua Íarainn ag eairéamh a laethantaí raoipre i dtéannta na n-úaire agur bhi ré ag an bheabhar. Leis. Thus ré óráidh bheas fuaimeataí uairí aét ní éumhinníshim aip an nteanáin pairc de anoir. Is d'obca náid dtugáid éirteáidh pojimír tó. Bhí a malaírt ve cíupum oípm. Bhí na eácaí gleoítíte ag éiríse im' éeann.

Do teineadó Séiplineacáidh ní ragart óg de anoir 'ran Muillionn gCearraí, aét ba gceapí 'n-a tháidh rín cum gup tiomáineadh ríor go Baile na Caipse é. Is annpó do éorpnusg a beataí d'áirípíb. Is annpó do-címito an tóraíodh ríomhneachail do bhi bairigthe aige ó náoi ní a deiré do bhuadantaibh pojimír rín. Agur, mo éiríodh do'n ríaoísh é, ní pairb ré ciocraí. Á, ip anoir do-címito go pairb ré tuigéad éum cabhrúgadh le n-a comh-éipeannáitibh. Is annpó do b'íríg ré bheit ag ríspóideadh an éolais do bhi bairigthe leis na bhuadanta pojimír rín aige aip fad an domhain. D'fan ré 'ran bpharóirte reo irtseac ip amach le dá bhuadain.

Anoir 'ran mbliadhain 1891 fuaipi ré port do bain tmaill aip agur do tairbheán cat é an

mianac do b'i ann. Do dhimeadó fearg-eagairiúil leabhair na Gaeilge é. B'éactaí agur da truoblóideac an círam é reo aict ní pairt topaí ag an Ócaip Eoghan air. Aict ghearrín beag 'n-a Ódairí ñin do báineadó pheab ar. Do togsaí i Muirg Nuaðaí é beit 'n-a Ollamh le Gaeilge ann. Niop cíup reo éan-éorabhair air. Leir, cé go pairt a fhíor aige ead do b'i róimh amach. Óthi an talamh go léir mítte riadain. Óthi ré lán do neantógaibh, do órpheacáibh agur o'fheácadáinibh gáraibh peamhá agur clúin éidí bhuachan oifse. Fuaíp ré a pheal. Do bain ré de a capas.



Séipéal naomh iosef, maigh nuaðaí (áit a tairbheád an t-Ócaip Eoghan an tairbheann naomha).

Do chuir ré faobhar géar glan fuaíp. Do chait ré trí truplóga do òrwm an cláide iarrteáil 'ran gColláiste. Do bain ré agur do péad ré an ppaíreacáid buirde agur an tráthfhuigheall do b'i ann agur do ríaoil ré le riúe gaoithe é.

San amhras ní ceapt dám deapmait go pairt chéann bheag táit-féilinn ag fár go hárto

agur go modháraí annro agur annrúd ag caiteamh bolta mbeag milír gcumhra 'n-a timéill. Ír bile do'n chéann róimh an Dóthúiúil De Nenebhe.

Mar ro do glan ré an círte agur ba ghearr an moill air é. Anoir, leir, ní pairt éan-éramadach fógsanta Ghaelteagáidhe oireamhnaíodh do na Macaib-léiginn tagairte amach. Niop fear an leitgeal róimh i bprad, mar ro díriúg an t-Ócaip Eoghan beit dá ríspiothád agur do chuir ré i gclóidh lárchealaíonn é.

Niop b'fada 'n-a Ódairí ñin éum gup éorpuig ré beit as ríspiothád "Na Ceacta Beaga Simplicie Gaeilge" atá 'gá árduighair go dtí na pláiteara agur a éimeadófaradh a ainnm milír Seanamhail ag luasgád an cláibháin air fead do milte bhuachan atá róimh teangairí na nGaeilge. Óniodair ag teaptáil uainn go mór agur ní mór a pháid ná gup d'ein ré a éion fén do'n obair go mairt agur go plácthar. Niop fheadar ré iad do ériúenúchád, ám, aict do tóis Seagán Uaral Mac Néill an círam air fén annróm. Mo gparón ériodé é. Ír mór an t-anraí a feabhar mar do d'ein ré a ghnó. Ba dóis leat gup b'Eoghan 'n-a ríteall-beataidh é. Tá inntinn agur ppríomh Eoghan ag mít tritó na Leabhar go léir.

"San mbliadhaim 1893 d'íriúg an péalt geal neamhíarach róimh Connacht na Gaeilge, agur do péist mo chuaípum-re do d'ein raoítar an t-Ócaip Eoghan a lán éum a tceasta éum cinn. Ar éan-éuma, b'é ceann do na min-péaltait do b'i dá lóannáint Eoghan fén. Táiníl 'n-a Ódairí ñin, do dhimeadó leap-uaetáparán air an SConnacht óe.

"Dá fáid é an lá tagann an tráthnóna." D'íriúg gac éanrúd go peoirí agur go hiongantaí leir go dtí reo. Ni beas anraí aict an peist do b'i aige éum gabáil trí an uile fágair ioda. Nuair do cíppreacáid ré a lám leir an iot d'imteobád gac éanrúd go pleáthán agur go rocaí.

Aict niop b'é toil Dé, molaí go neod leir, go mítfeadó leir i gcomháirí "ran ngleann ro na ndeobr." Ni pairt a fáinte ar fógsnám aige riám. Le déireanáigé, b'i ré ag obair ró-éruairí ró-óisín agur ró-óicéallaí air fad

Agur is é deirfeadh na ríspíbe go raibh rí é ag cailleamaint a pláinte agur a shóile gac lá. Níor féad rí é é d'fhuilteadh a chuirfeadh, agur 'fan mbliadhain 1894 fuair rí cead laethanta raoipe do tógsaint go ceann bliadna marí maithe dá pláinte. Láithreac bonn do ghléas rí é féim i gcomáir an círra, agur d'imreis rí go dtí Áimeiríosá. Ó ead é an bprón agur bhríeadh eorúde do b'í aip, agur é ag fágaint pláin ag a gsaolataib agur ag a chairdib Gaeilgeach. Ó féad aip ag ghabáil ipteac 'fan luing. Féad aip ag truimteamaint ón tráthas agur annfóin féad aip go truaiméileac ag fágáil an pháipreathéamais aip énocaib agur aip pléibhí ghlára inre na foila. Ni miongnáid go raibh lógsíreacht ag mnáib caomhleácta agur ag mnáib tréan na hÉireann. Ni mórdé ná go bprí a phíor ag gac éinneac eionnú marí do fiubhlaigh rí riop fuair tall ag ghlórach agur ag mórsgait na nÉireannach fuair agur ag ríspaireadh eolair, atair agur gheana 'n-a mears. Do péir an cúnntair atá agann do tóull rí go hEabhrac Nua agur marí rin mór-otiméaleu; aip 'fan go Cataip San Ríomhphréip agur i ngeireadh tóir tall go hAigróna. Bhí rí é ag curr thír marí rin aip fead tamall 'n-a cheáraíodh Údhróna. Bhí rí ann bhréir is bláthain anoir aét níor támis éin-feabhar aip ón gceád lá aip bláileadh bhrónáithe é. Ótairí rí bláthain eile laethanta raoipe, aét nuaír fuair rí é féim ag riop-meataib agur ag dul i n-olear tús rí fuair a phort i Muins Nuaibh 'fan mbliadhain 1896. Fuair rí taotharcán marí aipgír annfóin ón gColláipte mar péirín.

Bhí rí é ag tuitim gac lá. San amhras is ionmhaid fudo do b'í dá éup trí n-a céile. Anoir bhí na rígamail ag méaduigh aip a éionn é ag deirfeadh támis an dorpeadar aip fad 'n-a timéiol. Fan nímeat eile, é ag tóir an tumbéid ríspairigthe, marí atá a anam i mears na náom. Thus rí fuair a anam dá Thighearna 'fan mbliadhain 1899. I nOrbairdeáil na mBán Riagaltais Cataip na nDingeal i gCailipórna do cailleadh é. Féad marí atá an file dá éaomeadh ag fágáil cúnntair a baird do.

"Mo éreac ghearr é m'amháin,  
Is lag a filear an tSámain reo  
Is mbéad do éorr bheag moðmail-re  
Is bocht é go fann lag  
Ag neartuigh aip an gheamair ghlair  
Ná go mbéinn-re féim go canntlae  
Aitairíprealé tróim-ghuit  
Ag ceapadh marbh-íann duit  
Ó Aitair Eoghan Ua Íspainna."

Va óibáid Údhróna é an lá o'Éipinn an lá rom. Ni naé iongnáid, b'í a époirdé féim tóir éip bhríte. Leip. Is fada ó Chinnéadach Údhróna do b'í leabád a baird. Ó ead é an rólair do b'ead aip, é ag fágáil an pháipreathéamais aip an fagáil ro, dá mbéad tuime dá muinntir féim, capa aip a tóútais féim aige éum cabairi é congnam do tábairt do. Ó ná mbéad Gaeilgeóir aige éum an Choróin Muirí do rí a Gaeilgeus do, é um bhréit aip a láim an nímeat tréoréannach, na láma náir fás rí tisíomhaom fad ip bhrónáir ábalta aip eopairge éum círe na hÉireann, círe na teangean é círe na tíre do éup aip aghairó!'

Agur, a chairde, tá eorúe bliadna gábháil éairíann anoir aip cailleadh é é ead tá agann dá Údhróna ó fín do? An bprí rí i nÉipinn agann? An bprí rí 'n-a éortlaib anoir i leabád a fínneap? Is marí fheall aip aip bhráilise, níor éireamair eorúinn ó fín. Níor éineamair iarrácht éum é tábairt anall. Tá rí fór rínte mar go doimhín 'fan gcuairt tap leor go fuair lag tréit, san tapad ná lú 'n-a gheagairb, san Éireannach 'n-a timéiol. Ó tá rí fada fada i gceim ó n-a oileán tóúcaip féim san éapa san gaoil 'n-a ghealpe do b'ead ag páirneadh éagácht dá anam.

Aét do péir gac éin-cheallraim, tá laethanta geala roillpeacea ag teáct. Cuirte le céile anoir, a Chlanna Gaeil, é go mór-mór rib-pe muinntear Chúigíod Láigean, é tabhaird i leit t'ap tuinn bhrí fágairt féim, bhrí ngsairgítheac tréan, ghlád bhrí gcléib.

<sup>1</sup> Bhí capa aip a tóúcaip féim, é Gaeilgeóir, é reán-dalta aige, leip, i n'fócaim, é ag fágáil baird.

Nád mórtáiteas bað éaspt dúninn beic  
nuair a béró, le congnamh Dé, leac bheag  
áluinn cuita i n-áitde agamh mair  
éimíniúchád onóraé ari amh an Acaip Eoghan  
ua Sparána. Mair ro 'r ead a béisimh ag

tairbeánt do'n toimh cat é an mear, cat é  
an cion agur an spád atá agamh do thaoimh  
a tugann ruar a gcuio raiðbhír agur a  
mbeata dál tóir, dál thaoimh, agur dál  
tceangain.

## XXII.

THE DYING SAGART.<sup>1</sup>

[In Memoriam—Father Owen O'Growney.]

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

The Autumn shades are falling o'er the Irish  
hills of green.

In Autumn's fairest, brightest garb the Irish  
vales are seen,

The woods and streams and flowery glens all  
show surpassing fair.

The purest charms that nature owns give  
forth their beauty there.

And in Columbia's far-off land a dying Sagart  
lies,

And thinks of many a well-loved scene be-  
neath the Irish skies,

And wonders if the winds that sigh and mur-  
mur thro' the trees,

Are wafted from his own dear home with  
love across the seas.

The fair, broad plains of Royal Meath stretch  
out before his gaze,

And fancy shows his childhood's haunts, the  
old familiar ways.

The beaten path across the fields, the rugged  
old *boreen*,

Where as a child he revelled, 'mid the Sum-  
mer's scent and sheen.

He sees himself a youth, imbued with all  
youth's hopes and dreams

That coursed thro' mind and heart and brain  
like swiftly-flowing streams;

And bade him trace each change and turn in  
Eire's sad career,

When crushed by Might she lived on Hope  
tho' many a century drear.

And now another scene looms up, and with  
it comes a sigh,

For memories sweet crowd fast around of  
glorious times gone by:

When, still a youth, he sped to learn his  
cherished mother-tongue,

From simple men and kindly dames to Con-  
nacht homes among.

And, lo! he sees the dawnlight break above  
the night of gloom,

His teaching helps to roll away one stone  
from Freedom's tomb;

He hears a murmur rise and swell that tells  
the day has come,

When manly thought, not servile cant, must  
build an Irish home.

But, ah! the brightness of his life is marred  
by fell disease,

The homely joys, the strife, the toil 'mid  
native scenes must cease.

To fight that foe he needs must leave the land  
his heart adores,

So, like another Columcille, he wanders from  
her shores.

But, tho' he travelled far away, his heart was  
with her yet,

His every hope and wish and thought amid  
her hills were set.

And still he taught and still he strove to lift  
the drooping head—

To rouse to action once again the spirit  
almost dead.

<sup>1</sup> Read at a meeting of the Father O'Growney Branch  
of the Gaelic League, Dublin, by the author, a young  
Meathman.

The Autumn shades are falling o'er the hills  
of Innisfail,  
The Autumn winds are sighing with a low,  
sad, plaintive wail ;  
For a whispering voice has floated o'er the  
ocean from the West,  
And it tells that Owen O'Growney from Life's  
toiling is at rest.  
Then a throb of woe and sorrow shakes the  
land from shore to shore.  
And the heart of Gaelic Eire fills with anguish  
to the core,  
And she cries : " Oh, son, your ashes shall be  
brought to me some day :  
Where your spirit lived your clay shall rest  
within my heart for aye ! "

Be his grave in far Columbia, or where Irish  
breezes blow,  
Where Missouri's waves are rippling, or where  
Boyne or Shannon flow,  
He has left a spirit breathing that will flourish  
all the same,  
And the tenderest thoughts of Eire shall be  
twined around his name.  
The mighty deeds of warriors as time goes  
on may fade,  
Their actions and their names may sink for-  
gotten in the shade ;  
But never while the Irish hills their lofty  
summits rise,  
Shall men forget to bless the clay where  
Owen O'Growney lies.



## CUMANNÉACÁN.

EOGHAN UA NEADTAM TO SERIOB.



UÍSCEADH EOGHAN UA GRATHNAIGH  
DÁ-FIÉIRÍ BLAIDHAN Ó RÓIMH,  
AÍR AN GCUÍGEADH LÁ PIÉEADH  
DE LUÍGNAPRA 'FAN MBLAIDH-  
AM 1863, I MBALTE FOLL-  
AMHAN, I BHAIRÁIRFOE ÁDHA  
BUIRÓE TLA ÉTSA, 15 CÚNG-  
EADH NA MÍRÉ. AN CÉAD  
OIRDEACÁP A RUAIPI RÉ, NIOP RUAIPI AON EÓLAP  
PAOI BA PO-AIRTEANTAPAISE LEIR NÁ GO PAIBH  
TEANGA TIPE AG SAEDEALAIBH AGUR NÁP  
B'É AN BÉAPLA É. TAIPUR RIN, NI FUIL  
EURO AIRÍPŪR TUIGTA RIOP RA NÓISÉ. AÉT BÍ  
A RÁIT ANNPHIN. CUARÓ RÉ AÍR LOÍS NA TEANGAÚ  
ANOMH IP ANAÍL I N-A ÉOMHÚP. RANAÉT NÓ  
GUR ÉUPI RÉ EÓLAP AÍR ÉUPLA DUINE AG A  
PAIBH EURO ÉIGIN SAEDEILGE. O'AIMPIÉS RÉ IAD-  
PHAN, CUARÓ RÉ ÉUM CAINTE LEÓ, LE RUAIM  
AGUR LEASAN NA TEANGAÚ 'FÁGHBÁIL, AGUR RUAIPI  
RÉ RÓIMH DI UATA.

NUAIPI MBLAIDHNA DÉAG A BÍ RÉ NUAIPI A CUARÓ  
RÉ ÓRTÉACÉ GO COLÁIRDE MUÍSGE NUADHÁD LE  
BEIT I N-A RÁSÁIT, TAP ÉIP COLÁIRDE NUAIPI  
FIOMNÁIN, 'FAN EAMHAIN, 'FÁGHBÁIL. NI DÉACÁA IAB  
NÁ RÓUPUR AÍR I MUÍSG NUADHÁD AÉT AG SABÁIL  
DO'N SAEDEILG, GAC UILE RÉ RÓLUPUR DÁ PAIBH AIGE  
DO RÉIM. BÍ SPEIM ÉOMH DOÉT RÓIN AG AN  
TEANGAÚ AÍR GO MBA MÓR AN SPEANN LEIR  
BEIT 'GÁ LABAÍPT, AGUR 'GÁ LÉIGEAM, AGUR 'GÁ  
RÉGRÚDUIGHA. DA NÁIRÉACÉ LE DAOINE EILE I  
'LABAÍPT AN UAIPI RIN. AN TÉ A PAIBH RÍ AIGE  
'FAN SCOLÁIRDE NI DÉAPNA RÉ AON CÁINT DE  
RÉIM. AN TÉ A PAIBH RÍ AIGE TAOB AMUÍSG DE'N  
COLÁIRDE, CÉIL RÉ I MÁ BÍ AON MEAP AIGE AÍR  
RÉIM. AÉT RUAIPI EOGHAN UA SPMNA SPEIM  
AÍR ÉOMH-DALTAIBH AG A PAIBH AN SAEDEALG, AGUR  
DA SCAIRP GUP TUIGEADHAI SCAIRB AIGE BÍ AN  
CEAPT AGUR A BEIT AG IAPPARÓ MEAP A TABAÍPT  
AÍR TEANGAÚ NA HÉIREANN AÍR. MAP RIN RÉIM,  
GLACADH PAILLIGEACÉ GO LEÓP É; TAP É, CÉAP A

COMPAÍNAÉA NÁC MÓ NÁ DUINE BÉADH AÍR A CÉILL  
A TÓRÓCÁD AG IAPPARÓ AN SAEDEALG A RÍGAIPEADH  
AÍR RUD NA TIPE, AGUR MEAP A TABAÍPT MAPPIN.  
UÍONANN A BEIT AG CUPIMEAPHA AÍR AN TEANGAÚD  
AGUR A BEIT, GO DÍREACÉ, AG IAPPARÓ MEAPHA A  
CUP AÍR LATACÉ AN BÓTCAIR. AÉT NIOP BÁIN RIN.  
CONNACÍ AN TÁTAIR EOGHAN GO MBA REÓD I AN  
SAEDEALG A BÍ CÁITTE 'RA LATAÍG, AGUR NÁP  
B'FÚLÁIP I 'TÓGBÁIL AÍR, AGUR I 'CUP GO HÁPÓ  
SÓIPIMEAMHAI OR CIOMHAN AN DÓIODAIP EILE A BÍ  
AÍSANN MAP TEANGAÚD. BÍ MIC-LÉIGHINN ANN A BÍ  
AÍR AON IMNÍNN LEIR, TÁ CÚD ACA INDIU, I N-A  
RÁSÁIT, AÍR NA DAOIMH IP DILPE I NÉIPUNN AÍR  
RON NA TEANGAÚ. NI PAIBH RIAD ITTE RUAIPI AÍR  
SPEÁD NA SAEDEILGE MAP BÍ REPEAN, AÉT NI  
DÓIHS GO DÉAPNA RIAD-PAN, NÁ ÉIMNEACÉ EILE A  
TEANGAÚMUIGH LEIR, DÉAPMAT AÍR AN DÉAPMAT A BÍ  
DÉANTA AIGE-PEAN AÍR RÉIM, AGUR AÍR AN SCAOI  
AÍR ÉUPI RÉ AN TEANGAÚ I N-A ÁIT RÉIM MAP DUINE

NIOP B'FIÚ ENAÍPE GÁN CÓIR A DÉAPNAÚ I  
SCOLÁIRDE MUÍSG NUADHÁD LE NA CIANTA, NÁ  
B'FÉIRIDIU APUAMH, RÓIMH AN ÁDTAIP EOGHAN. RUAIPI  
RÉ NUAIPI AÍR UÉT A FEABHAR 'FAN NGSAEDEILG—AN  
T-AON-DUAIPI AÍR UÉT AÍRTI—'FAN MBLAIDHNA 1886.  
TAIPUR RIN, NI MÓR A D'FÉADH RÉ 'BÉANAMH AN  
TPIÁC RO, CÉ IP MOITE DO'N ÉAOI AÍR CÁIT RÉ A  
RÁOIPHE GAC UILE BLAIDHNA. NUAIPI A TÉIRÉADH  
NA MACA-LÉIGHINN EILE A BAILE GO DTÍ A  
MUIUNTEAP RÉIM, AGUR ÉUPIDÍR FÚTA GO LÁGACÉ  
NÁDÚRHA NÓ GO DTIGEADH AN T-AM LE PILLEADH AÍR  
AÍR AÍR AN SCOLÁIRDE, TÉIRÉADH EOGHAN UA  
SPMNA GO HÁPMH, NÓ GO DÚN NA NGALL,  
NÓ GO BAILE MUÍPNE, NÓ GO PORTLÁINGE, NÓ  
GO CIAPPARÓDE, AÍR LOÍS SAEDEILGE. NI PAIBH AN  
TPIÁNTE GO RÓ-LÁRIDIU AIGE, AGUR NIOP B'FÉADH  
AÍR A RAOIGHAL AN MI-FOCAMH A CÚRPEADH RÉ AÍR  
RÉIM AG TPIALL Ó ÁIT GO HÁIT MAP RIN. AÉT  
RIN RUD NÁP SGOILL AÍR, MAP IP RUD É NÁC  
DÉAPNA AON IMNÍDE DO. NI FUIL PAR I N-A  
DTÉIRÉADH RÉ NÁC MBIOB NA MÍLTE FÁILTE

poimé ag na Gaeilgeoiríib a chuir aitne airí aip ait d'fhoil. Dáir leó, ba duine é mar iad p'ein, agur ba head go d'fhoileas, duine éom' rímplíde leó p'ein, agur feap a labhrach leó aip c'úrraibh na ndaoine marí iad p'ein.

"Ír mait aip cumhaécan liom," adeir Árannach liom, c'úpla bliadán ó fom, "ír mait aip cumhaécan liom," adeir p'ré, "bliadán a dtáinig an tAiltíp Eoghan Ua Íarainn go hAillainn agur aip d'fhoileas p'ainmneann i nInír Meádon. Rígné p'ré peanmóip, agur go deimín duit, ní móráin gaingid i n-a chainteóip a b'air. Táinig p'ré annphín," adeir p'ré, "c'úpla bliadán i n-a d'fhoileas p'ín, agur deapbhuigim duit go páibh an Gaeilge aige mar b'í agaínn p'ein."

Ní páibh ait ná ionad i n-a scuala p'ré an Gaeilgealas a b'ait náé páibh p'ré ann, agur é ag a rílúsaibh ipteaé, marí ní peadarí goiordé. Ní d'fhoileas go páibh éinneadh eile b'eo ag a páibh eolap aip gaeilte focal agur gaeilte eolap cainte leir.

Ír mar p'ín a éait p'ré ag raothruigí an Gaeilge go dtí go nuaípnaibh ríspárt do i mi' Meádon an tSamhradh 'pan mbliadán 1889. Cuirpeadh ó Muise Nuaibh é go Daire na Caire, i n-a Séptlineac. Tá Daire na Caire i gContae na hIar-Mhíde agur ní móráin de'n teangaird a chuala p'ré 'pan gceannáití p'om. Ba p'ín i an bliadán aip ríspioibh p'ré ceitíre ait i nGaeilge aip Árannach na hIaróin, agur aip cuirpeadh i gclóidí iad i "nIúrpleabairn na Gaeilge."

Ait ír aip a teangaird d'fhoileas a éait p'ré gaeilte nómád náí éait p'ré aip obair an tráspáirt. Dá bhris p'ín, ní páibh duine a chuir aon truim 'ra teangaird, náé páibh a fíor aige náé páibh móráin 'ra típ a b'feapá a páibh eolap aige níppú ná mar b'í aige-pean. Míarphad aip eadairtóipeaént an Iúrpleabair a tóigbáil aip p'ein: Mi' Meádon an Fóisíair 'pan mbliadán 1891. Tóig. Ba hó an truáil tréan peapmáe. Seagán Pléimionn, a b'í i n-a b'inn poimé p'ín, ait b'í an doir ag teácht aip-pean anoir, agur b'éigean do gheilleadh b'í. I gceáir gur mairí Seagán Pléimionn 'pan am náé páibh aon truim le níos mó a déanamh aip p'ín na Gaeilge ná a ceann a chonneál ór cionn uirge, gan leig-

ean b'í i b'átaibh aip p'ad, b'í p'ré feap aip Dáirí Corainn aip na feapair a tuilleas meap ó Gaeilge indiu.

Mi' tap éip glacach do'n Ailtíp Eoghan le nobair an Iúrpleabair iugneadh Ollamh Gaeilge ó i gColáirte Muise Nuaibh. Anoir tap



an tAiltíp Eoghan  
náé p'réiseadh ríspárt do

anphair b'í c'úram a d'fhoileas aip. B'í panganna Gaeilge 'ra gColáirte, agur b'í p'ré o'ibhlíosáro aip na maeáibh téiginn a b'ait ionnta. B'í poireann eile ann náí páibh p'ré do mhaetanap oppa, do p'íreol tráistíte an Coláirte, a b'ait ag postúim na Gaeilge, ait c'óigí p'ad níppú, marí p'ín feam. Agur ba hó an tAiltíp Eoghan a tréoradh iad. I n-a cheann p'ín b'éigean do p'ré téigseáctara publike a tabhairt uairí gaeilte aon bliadán aip litriúiseadh agur aip pean-tréanáip na hÉireann. D'fhoileas p'ín go páibh a fáit le déanamh ag feap ait agur an obair p'ín a déanamh aip p'ad, gan trácht aip b'í aip a páibh do litriúiseadh le ríspioibh aige go dtí daonine im' gaeilte aipoibh fa an níspéim, 'páibh' ruim 'ra nGaeilge aca. Mi' b'riéas náé dtáinig litriúiseach éigse ó ceitíre p'anna an doráin

agusur ceirteanna ar gac eori agusur earradh dair bain do'n teangaird, agusur nior iomor do puanair le n-a bpreasait.

Acht ari faictéir nac raib a dótain te déanam aige, tóis ré ari fém leabhrá a ruspóbaid. Sgríobh ré Gaeilge, náipearéad i gcelód piam,<sup>1</sup> ruspíobh ré d'leabhar eile te hagair leigheasí—bí raibh ríaith díobh ro a ruspóbaid; ruspíobh ré an éad éuro te leabhar eile ar a dtuinspíde leagan agusur copra cainte na teangan. Níor cimreab iad ro i gcelód,<sup>2</sup> acht iad doibh nac mbéitidír mappín leir an aimpír nuaíp a béal dpreit aige aip, agusur nuaíp a d'fheadarócadh ro iad. Bí ré ag teacht éigse fém gac lá 'ra teangaird, agusur ní leigseáit ré i gcelód éinni nac raibh ré cimte a bheit ceapt.

Ar b'ionsgnád mar pín guph é goill an méid pín orbhe ar feapí mar é, nac raib láidír ó túp? Níor túg ré an oipead o'ionbaró dó fém agusur go sciumhneádach ré aip fém éori ar bith. Bí a phloéit aip. Ba beag an doéar dó tabhairt uair, ná duine pugne obair na gceapall mar é.

Acht níor shéill ré do chinnear. Connairc ré a raib te déanam, agusur éonnaic ré gac a bpreatfaradh ré fém a déanam. Tóiríg ré ag eip na gCeáet Simpliúe 'fan "Bfpreeman," 'fan mbliaðam 1893. 'Bé an rmuamead a bí i n-a éeann, éap gac rmuamead eile, ná píomar an Gaeilge a labairt, agusur a labairt, agusur a labairt, agusur ná leat-é ar san i ruspóbaid reacar san i labairt. Éeap ré fém agusur Árto-Carbos Óaile Áca Ciat, an Dochtúir Sáp-úrramaé Bpreatnaé moth earrorra le n-a bpreatfaradh daomh an fuaim éeap a tabhairt do na pochtáin Gaeilge. Tá an moth poin comh maith agusur guph éiuph ré na milte agusur na céadta milte ag fóglum na Gaeilge. Acht níor ériúenig an tAchtair Eoghan acht tóis cinn do na leabhráib. Sgríobh Eóin Mac Néill, Lear-Uachtóirán de Connacht na Gaeilge anoir, píre eile.

Cimreab Connacht na Gaeilge ar bun an

<sup>1</sup> Cimreab céad nó cúpla céad cíp de i gcelód ofíreat le hagair na mac-Léiginn. Tá ré 'gá acht-éiup i gcelód 'fan leabhar ro.

<sup>2</sup> Táir na leabhráin seo fheirín 'gá gcuimh gcelód anoir.

bliadain seo fheirín, 1893, an 31st de lá. Bí naonbar ar an gcead cimreabhaid, i dtig Máirtín Uí Ceallaig, 9, Spárt Íoictair Uí Conaill. Bí an Chaoibhín Aoibhinn ann, an Duairceac, Mac Uí Chuagáin (fuaip reifearan bár ó róin), an tAchtair Liam Ua Nádáin, de Cumann Íora, P. S. Ua nÓgáin, M.A.; pádraic Ó Úriam, an Rúipéalaí. Máirtín Ó Ceallaig, agusur Eóin Mac Néill, a pugne puanairéadach dóibh. Ní raibh an tAchtair Eoghan i nÉiginn an uair pín, ná béal ré do láitair. Táir éip a tceacht dó, labairt ré aip an gConnacht agusur aip an obair a bí róin iuét na Gaeilge. Acht táir feapí ar bith eile 'ra típ, bí a dá dótain déag te déanam aige-rean. Ag ruspóbaid na gCeáet Simpliúe, agusur an oipead ro bheit aige gac uile feachtáin díobh, ag ruspóbaid Uítreacá, ag eip an lúipleabair i n-eagair, ag cuairtúsgaó agusur ag fóglum Gaeilge, ag munaodh Gaeilge i gColáirde Muinge Nuadáin, ag ullmúsgaó leigseáit, agusur ag déanam tuilleadh de'n trópt pín, níor b'fúrúrt da b'ionbaró 'fagbáil daomh a bpreortúsgaó iptear 'fan gConnacht, agusur eipur na teanganád a fóillimhsgaú dóibh.

Fa bheiread b'éigean dó leigean raib. I mí deireadh an fógsmaír, 'fan mbliaðam 1894, túg an tPláinte uairí aip, ar fad, agusur b'éigean dó cead iarráid ionbaró bliadána 'tabhairt do fém agusur a róit 'leigean. Fuaip ré pín agusur fad ré anonn go Meiricá, ar fad ip go bpríseád ré an tPláinte ar aip. Ní fuaip. Cuaird ré aip an taoibh tóir de Meiricá, acht níor b'fearr ná pín é. Fa ceann bliadána ní raib aon bheireac aip, agusur b'éigean dó cead bliadána eile 'iarráid. Fuaip ré an bliadáin eile, acht i mí meádoin an tPáipéir de'n bliadáin 1896, túg ré fuaip an Ollamhnaéit i gColáirde Muinge Nuadáin, agusur éiuph ré raib ar fad i n-áit te ó Óearf i gCailipórnia. Ar feadh an ama poin níor túg ré ror dó fém. Biodh ré ag ruspóbaid ailt go dtí an tPáipéir, 'ra mbaile, agusur go dtí páipéir eile tall, agusur béal ré comh gnótaid ip bí ré piam dá leigean d'na dochtúirí d'na Connachtaid pmaict éigim aip, acht ba beag an cabair dá faoigal pín. D'éag ré an 18th de

Mí Deipriú an Fhóshmais, 'fan mbliadhain 1899, tar éis éirí raoctairi aír ron teangeal a tíre a éirí de, a mairfeair le linn na hEorpa, i gcuimhne na nGaeilge.

Tá Clann na nGaeilge ag tabhairt a chuirp aír aír anoir, ceirpne bliadna tar éis a báis, le n-a éirí i gceálfóid na hÉireann, ó uaitneas, ó roicéall, agus ó duairceas an alt-mhais. Bí gean a ériodh agus a anama aír fíor glas na hÉireann, éaiti ré é féin aír a ron, agus níor thóir leir a raoctar o'Éiginn.

Plaistír seal na gcláirí go dtuigíodh Dia óa anam inioiu. Ní raibh a fhios aige, aét an oibre aóis leir an bpráirthe, céart é clú ná cail a bheit

aír féin. Níor éisigh ré iad, óa gcuimhriú aír iad. O'ibhriúg ré aír ron na Gaeilge, agus céard ré go raibh ré iarrachanaí aír oibhriúgach aír a ron; marúip le mórphálaíct ná uathar ná iarráid mar rín, níor lingeannap leir. Agus ní raibh a ngoití aír. Sin é féin a éisigh-

“Snaoi agus gean ag gae n-aon aír an fean-dhúine eisín 'r an t-óis.”

Ba éuma é a raibh ré, i mbalfe nó i gceim, go rocamblaíc nó fa amháin, iugne ré ruisé óa féin iuto éisgin a bheanamh aír ron na teangealaí, agus nuaip a tuit ré tuit taorpaíct tráin, leóman Láidíp na Gaeilge.



## AS FILEAD.

Δ Ρίς να παού γεατ  
Το έυμ να γρέαρτα,  
Αν μιντ μόρι θραονας,  
'S αν ταλαντέαρταρ:  
Γέατ μιλε γυρθεαέαρ  
Λεο' Αινν Παοντά,  
Δη γεαρα 'ρ αρ γεαοντάδ,  
Δι βί γο τιατάρα γαοτρας  
Δη φεαθ αν τέαρμα  
Δειτ αρ αν γαογαλ ρο,  
Δ θειτ ας τεαέτ ταρ τρέαν-μιντ  
Ταρ η-αιρ γο ιέριμη  
Υέ ιέραρη λειρ φέμης  
Σο γειρρινέ ι γερέ ανηρο  
'Η-α θύταις φέμ ε.

Ιη το δι ι ποάν ι θυρ  
Θαρρα φόξαντα α έυρ  
Ιε φιορ-έματο-ραοτρι θοέτ,  
'S ηιορ λειρεαθ θό θειτ ανηρο,  
Έυμ α θυαλσαρ εόμη α θρειτ,  
Έυμ α έραθο ριύο το θυαμτ,  
Έυμ θλάτα θυανα α θυιτ.  
Δι βί λε τεαέτ γο τιμής,  
Δ έθαιρητ φέ πτοεαρ μιου.  
Δέτ αν ελαθαιρε αν θάρ το ρειοθ  
'Η-α λιονταθ λειρ αρ γειρο,  
'S α Όια, παέ τεόρας θυιτ  
Οιαταθ ρούλα θυμε  
Φέ γεαραθ αν τεόρινθε ανοέτ  
ι γεόμηρινη ελάρ ιητις.

Δ Αταιρ Εογαν να η-άραν,  
Ταοι ας εαραθ αμήρ ταρ ράιτε  
Δη αν θιν το έλεαέτ το μάταιρ  
'S γαέ ιαραλ-τρεαθ δ θάνγαρ:  
Δέτ, μο έρεαέ γη μο έραιότεαέτ!  
Νι ιο' θεαταθ ατάμηρ-ρε,  
Δέτ τη ιο' ιαλαέ ενάμηνα.  
Ρόιμιορ! ιη ροματ ατά αν φάιτε,  
Δέτ, μάιρεαθ, νι μόρι αν τρόλαρ ε:  
Τά αν ιοματ τοέν τούλαρ τρίτο.  
Ιη ροματ-ρα α έμηριθε φάιτε,  
Οά μιθιέα έυξανη ταρ ράιτε  
Ιο' θεαταθ ιη ιο' φλάιτε.  
Δέτ τά Όια λεατ 'ρ α Μάταιρ,  
Ιη ταοι-ρε ι θρατ ηιορ φεαρη αρ.

Δ θαντραέτ έροιθε να ρούλα,  
Σταταθο ρεαρτα δ'η θρόν-ξολ;  
'S α λαοέραθ έαλμα λεόγαντα,  
Εά μαίτεαρ θύμην ατ-ηόθιαντ  
Δη φίλεαθ τυιττε τούρια.  
Νι ριύο α ιέραρη λεμ' ρτόριας  
Πιαλιρ α βί γο θρίστηρι θεό αγανη,  
Δέτ γο θρειρεαθ φέ γεαλ-θόσαρ  
Δη λαραθ ι γεροιθέε αρ ριόιγτε:  
Ρονν έυμ τυιττεαθ γνό οραμη,  
Δηγηρ Ελανη Γαεθεαλ ι γεομηλετ  
Δης τράέτ θέαν-θυιροιν γο ρεότα  
Δημαέ αρ λαρ αν έομρατε  
Ιη θηματαθ Σαοιρρε ρούλα  
Ιε γαοιτ γο θυατήριαθ ρόμρα.

169/03.

ΤΟΡΝΑ.



AN TÁTAIR UA SGRAMHNA.<sup>1</sup>

UAMH BÍ AN SÁEDEILSE SAN  
MEAR UIRPHU, NUAIPI NAC  
PAIBH AÉT COPPAI-DHUIINE AG  
CUPR RIUIME INNTE (AGUS  
GO N-ABPHUIGTÍ GO MBEAOÍ  
A LEITÉIRÍ RÍN API BEAGÁN  
CÉILLE), NUAIPI BA ÉUMA

LE FURPHÓR MUINNTIRÉ NA HÉIREANN A BHEIT ANN NÓ  
AR, NUAIPI NÁP CUMHNIÚGEAOÍ API IARRAÉT A TABAIRT  
RÉ 'N-A HAIT-BEÓÚCÁINT AGUS A CUPR API A COPAIBH  
APÍR, BÍ AON FÉARÍ AMÁIN I NÉPHUNN, RÉ API  
DOIRNAN É, A CÉAP 'N-A SÍGNE GO MBEAOÍ RÍ AIGE  
RÉIN, AGUS NÁ CAILLPÍDE Í GUÍR RÉ 'N SEPIÉAFÓIS  
D'A COPP, AGUS FÓS A GUÍR RIUIME DAOIME  
NEAMH-RIUIMEAÍLÁ NA TÍPE REO A SÍPIOPUÍSÁD—  
B'E RÍN AN TÁTAIR COÍSÁN UA SGRAMHNA.

ÍR FURPHÓR DÚINN-NE INDIU, NUAIPI ATÁ RIUAS  
MÓR AGAÍNN LE CÉILLE,<sup>1</sup> OBAIPI A DÉANAMH; TAGANN  
RÍ GO HÉADTROM OIRAINN NUAIPI NAC MBIODH AÉT  
BEAGÁN DÍ API GUALAINN HAC N-AON AGAÍNN,  
AGUS CEAPAIMÍD NAC BHEUL AON BPIG INNTE.  
AÉT NUAIPI NAC PAIBH AÉT DHUIINE NÓ DÓ ÉUM NA  
HOIBHRE 'DÉANAMH—AGUS BÍOD A FÍOR AGAIBH GUÍR  
DÉINE FAOI DÓ AGUS GUÍR CHUIME I AN TRÁT RÍN

'NÁ MARI ATÁ RÍ ANOI'R—NÍ FULÁIR NÓ GO DTAGAOÍ  
RÍ CHUAIRT GO LEÓRÍ OPPA. NÍ RAIBH AÉT AG  
TOIRNUÍSÁD API MUINNTIR NA HÉIREANN A MÚRCAILT  
API AN DTÓIRPÉIM-RIUAIN 'NA RAIBHADAÍ NUAIPI  
BHEABH AN LEOMÁIN RÍN IRTÉACÉ I BPAIRÍE AN  
BUAILTE, AGUS ÉUIT AMAÉ GUÍR MÁIT API COM-  
PAICIDÉ A DÉIN RÉ API RON TEANGAÍ AGUS TÍPE.  
TRIOÍD RÉ GO CALMA CRÓTHA I N-AIGHAÍD NAMHAD A  
TÍPE A BÍ CÓM LIONMÁP LE BEACÁ 'N-A TIMDEALL,  
AGUS MUNA LUÍS RÉ BUAIROÍ RÉIN, NÍ DEACAIPI A  
TUÍRTSINT CÉ AN RÁT.

ÉUIT RÉ 'RA DÉIREADH I LÁP API ÉATA. DÁ  
MAIREADH RÉ NÍ FÍOR CAD A DÉANRÁD RÉ, AGUS  
NÍ MIROE DÚINN A RÁD NÁ GUÍR CAILLEADH CRANN  
DE LEOMÁIN NA SÁEDEILSE NUAIPI D'ÉAS AN DÉAG-  
FÉARÍ EALADANTA LÉIGEANTA RÍN. ÍR MÓR AN  
CRÉACÉ É; CADT RÉ A RAOÍSÁL AGUS A FÍLÁINTE AG  
OBAIPI API RON A TÍPE, AGUS AN FÁIDH IP BÉIRD  
UIRSE AG MUÍT NÓ FÉARÍ AG FÁP API ÉALAMH GLAOR  
NA HÉIREANN BÉIRD TIL-ÉUIMHNE I SEPIÓRDÉIBH  
SÁEDEAL DO'N DÉTAIR COÍSÁN UA SGRAMHNA. ÍR  
BUAIME BLÁT NÁ RAOÍSÁL. GO NTÉANARÓ DIA  
TRÍBSCAIRÉ API A ANAM!

<sup>1</sup> "An Clárúamh Solair," Meáon Íochtarach 26, 1903.



IN MEMORIAM.<sup>1</sup>

## A TRIBUTE TO THE LATE FATHER EUGENE O'GROWNEY.

BY STEPHEN M. FAHERTY

(The movement which he, more than any one man, inspired and nursed has grown to giant proportions. Not only its followers, but all Ireland will pay melancholy tribute to his mortal remains.—Extract from “Gaelic Notes.” *Irish World*, September 19, 1903.)

The marshalled ranks swing into line,  
The drum a dirge is sounding low,  
But save its song no sigh is heard,  
No agonizing wail of woe.  
But why this vast funereal train  
Of gather'd hosts of exiled Gael?  
Loved Sagart rests upon the bier,  
They bear him back to Innisfail!

Ye winds that from the westward wing,  
Pray tell me why this reverence?  
You answer Erin loves her dead.  
And to her breast we bear him hence!  
Oh! place him there with kindred dust  
Beneath a green-robed shamrock mound,  
And let him sleep, love sanctified  
With Christ, in consecrated ground.

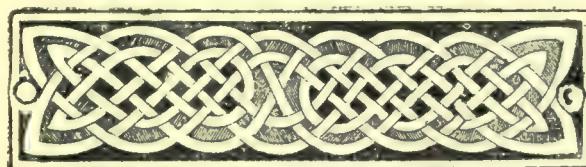
He won no wreaths of passing fame,  
In gory field or plague-swept town;  
His was a nobler sacrifice,  
And meet for him is martyr's crown.  
He faithful toiled for Erin's weal,  
Her ancient language to restore,  
And tho' he died on foreign field  
He'll lie within his native shore.

And posed not he as hero proud  
Of plaudits of the populace;  
Enshrined will be O'Growney's name  
While live the glorious Gaelic race.  
Above his bier on distant shore  
Here brother clasps a brother's hand,  
Nor feud nor faction ought we know  
But toil, like him, for motherland.

Let other nations to their dead  
Build monuments of bronze or stone;  
But Eire with immortal fame  
Within her heart enshrines her own.  
The stone will crumble into dust.  
The bronze will rust into decay,  
The glory of our sainted dead  
Will never, never pass away.

As glowing fire his name will be  
In blazoned scroll among our dead,  
And Erin for thy Sagart Son  
Exultant lift thy drooping head.  
A Requiem chant! Your dear dead priest  
Will sleep upon your loving breast,  
Beneath the Shamrocks and the dew;  
In hallow'd grave there let him rest.

<sup>1</sup> From the *Irish World*.



AN EXAMPLE AND A MEMORY.<sup>1</sup>

ROM their temporary dwelling on the slopes of the Rockies have the remains of Father Eugene O'Growney been carried by loving friends to rest in his native land. From the shores of the Pacific they have travelled six thousand miles to repose again amid the scenes where his whole-hearted enthusiasm and kindly nature turned the thoughts of his comrades towards the true Ireland—the Ireland of the past and of the future. The brain that in lonely exile worked for the language of Ireland, and the heart that sent across continent and ocean its thrills of burning zeal, now lie in our midst, mute and cold, but still potent and inspiring. His example and his teachings will appeal more forcibly to the young priests of Maynooth now that his relics are amongst them, teaching them to be of their people and with their people in their strivings after a true and exalted national Ideal: his memory will instil more vigour and greater devotion in the hearts of the people of Ireland now that his body lies upon the breast of Ireland.

As the world in its ignorance judges men, Father O'Growney was not, in its estimation, a great man. He never climbed to those positions which lift men before the eyes of their fellows; he never gained power by inflexible will or subtle foresight; he never wrote great masterpieces of scholarship to send his name through the universities of the world; he never struck men's imaginations as the leader of a new crusade. No! Not in these ways was Father O'Growney great, not in these forms did his strength manifest itself. But in the generous outpouring of

heart towards country and kind; in the sympathetic nature that warmed all around him; in the loving intuition and simple insight that taught him instinctively what was good and proper for his country's welfare; in the gracious humility of mind that bent towards the work, the true hardship of which could never be known, in order to smooth the path of his countrymen to nationality; in the unassuming sacrifices passed over with a smile or joke so honest in their very affectation—in those things—the qualities that make the perfect priest of Christ and the ideal Irishman—in these qualities Father O'Growney was indeed a great man. When Ireland again sways a civilisation of her own, the memory of the sweet and kindly nature of the young patriot priest and martyr will be revered.

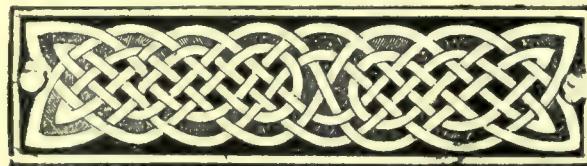
To what single man may the creation of this movement of ours be attributed? None can answer. "The finger of God was in the work," said Father O'Reilly on Sunday last. A few helped: some are dead; some are with us still. Amid those few Father O'Growney was one of the foremost. To him the inner meaning of the Irish language came as a revelation. Able scholars and gentle patriots had previously advocated in mild tones the interesting claims of the old tongue. On this young priest, from the borders of the Pale, the truth flashed that the Irish language signified something immeasurably greater than the written or spoken word, that it was a type and a symbol—the type and symbol of the historic spirit of nationality. He realised that the language enshrined all that Irishmen had ever dreamt of in their national longings; that it lifted up Irish nationality above all rancour, all dispute, all sectional qualifications; that it was potential in every phase of

<sup>1</sup> *Cláróeam Soluit*, 3rd October, 1903.

national endeavour. He recognised that its influence could be exerted over every Irishman who was true to the blood that flowed in his veins, and that every section of the Irish people could acknowledge its sovereignty and contribute to its welfare. His generous heart and sensitive mind went out from his study and his desk to arouse and encourage the people, his warm humanity and over-mastering sympathy established a bond of union between the scholar and the peasant. To the Irish-speaking fishermen of Aran his heart was but little more partial than to the English speaker of his native Meath. While he aroused in the one a healthy pride in being the depository of Ireland's most valuable heritage, he devoted all the resources of his mind to the seemingly elementary but in reality most arduous task of placing before the latter a means by which he could get again into touch with that nationality he had but lately let slip from his grasp. In the truly practical spirit of sincere devotion, Father O'Growney did not hope to undo in two or three years the work of two or three generations. He did not expect that the ebbing of the language in the Irish districts would immediately be turned and flow in a mighty and reviving flood over the country ; he did not expect that the majority of the people of Ireland would become, by the study of his lessons, endowed with the fluency of Eoghan Ruadh and possessed with the *blas* of Raftery. But he hoped—and he killed himself in realising his

hopes—that the heritage handed down in the Irish-speaking districts might be saved in full time, and that the vast body of his fellow-countrymen might be united to each other and to the Ireland of all history by the spirit and influence of the living Irish language, striving earnestly and perseveringly towards the ideal of a nationality based upon, and drawing all its strength and inspiration from, the native and common language of the country.

Loving Ireland as a mother, and recognising her voice in her own language only, Father O'Growney devoted his life to the cause of that language. To him all Irishmen were brothers who should also contribute to the welfare of their parent, and to whom his admonitions were none the less vehement because they were in the tones of a brother. No rancour or bitterness were possible to him, no Irishman would ever be turned from the cause of Ireland by any virulence of his. He had the first of the cardinal virtues as fully as he had the other two. He believed too well in the future of his country, too well in the ultimate patriotism of his fellow Irishmen, too well in the necessity, completeness, and logic of the cause that he had at heart, to allow his impulsive nature to prove traitor even under temporary impatience and irritation. By work, by constant effort, by building up from within, he hoped to further the cause of the language. That was the spirit of Father O'Growney, that is the spirit of the Gaelic League, that will, please God, be the spirit of Ireland.



## XXVIII.

### AN TATAIR EOÍSAN UA GRAMHA.<sup>1</sup>

By T. B. C.

You are with us once again,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan,  
Lying still on Nuadhád's plain,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan,  
Loud the lone death-knell was rung,  
And the Sorrow Song was sung  
In your own triumphing tongue,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan.

Oh, 'tis you were full of love,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan,  
To our stricken Roisin Dubh,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan.  
For a life of toil you gave  
Her sweet, saddened soul to save,  
And she called you o'er the wave,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan.

So you passed from o'er the main,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan,  
Back to Cásair Ni Ónúibh again,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan.  
And thro' every hill and vale  
Rang out many a weirdlike wail  
From the sore-lamenting Gael,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan.

Long did Eire silent weep,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan,  
When you lay beyond the deep,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan.  
But she knew you could not rest  
In that lonely stranger West  
So she took you to her breast,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan.

Oh, no mourning drum we rolled,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan,  
And no flag did we unfold,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan.  
But we said a parting prayer,  
And we left you sleeping there,  
Peerless priest and patriot rare,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan.

You are with us once again,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan,  
Lying still on Nuadhád's plain,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan.  
May the winds that o'er you sigh,  
Spread your message far and nigh,  
For your spirit did not die,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan.

No, your task is yet undone,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan,  
Like the slowly sinking sun,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan.  
Dwindling to a single ray,  
Then at e'ntide fades away;  
Still it lights the coming day,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan.

Soon the hour will be at hand,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan,  
When the Dawn shall wake the land,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan.  
And the Old yield to the New;  
And the False shrink from the True;  
Then we'll bless and cherish you,  
Δ Áctair Eoísan.

<sup>1</sup> From the *United Irishman*, October 3, 1903.



THE impressive procession which escorted Father O'Growney's remains through Dublin on Sunday last formed a magnificent but fitting tribute to the memory of a great and gifted man. Few living Irishmen have witnessed a more imposing display. It was not merely in the vast multitudes of people who thronged the streets of the metropolis, nor yet was it the more than customary solemnity and orderliness which marked their behaviour; it was not even the dignity that vested a splendidly organised funeral cortege—all these characteristics were present, but they paled before the genuineness and intensity of the feeling which manifestly permeated the many thousands of participants and spectators.

Sad in a measure was the occasion, yet sadness was scarcely the prevailing emotion. There were too many lofty thoughts brought home to the minds of the people. Almost a feeling of happiness—happiness tempered by grief—was conveyed to the heart with the reflection that a sainted patriot's dust had not been left to mingle with a foreign soil, however friendly, but was now to mix with the Irish earth which in life the dead *pagat* had loved so well. Indeed, if there was grief at all, it was largely a selfish sense of the loss Ireland sustained with the passing of so gifted a son. What might it have been had he lived? Thus ran the people's thoughts; for death has robbed our country but too often of her best and dearest children while yet in their prime for the pang not to have been softened for their many-sorrowed mother.

Even the old Pagans realised that those whom the gods love die young, and Christianity has but ennobled and purified the same idea. After such a life as Father O'Growney's, in a two-fold sense might it be exclaimed with the inspired writer of old—“Death, where is thy sting; Grave, where is thy victory!”

Therefore, of grief in the true sense of the word there could have been none. Father O'Growney is still a living factor in the mind and thought of Ireland, perhaps to a greater extent now that his earthly remains lie resting amid the scenes of his early labours than when in this life he strove after spreading devotion to the cause nearest his heart. To live in the realisation of one's ideals is the lot of few men. Not many of the great commanders whom the world has from time to time honoured or trembled before, are more than thrilling memories now; some have even ceased to thrill. Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Tamerlane, Charlemagne, Charles V, Napoleon I, have in their days altered the course which history seemed about taking, and apparently changed the destinies of nations for ever. What reck the world of them now? They have come and gone; meteor-like they have lingered long enough to shed a light which like the mysterious rays of modern science has had an influence “a little while and then no more.” Of those great captains, none appeals as closely to the imagination as the great French Emperor, yet be his general effects upon the world what they may, his immediate influence on the destiny of his country is largely contained in the magnificent compilation of laws which bear the name of the “Code Napoleon.” Go through the list of legislators and perhaps one finds a source of more lingering

influence. The inspirations of Numius, the Roman lawyer, heaven-sent as they were believed to be by his fellow-countrymen, have shaped to no slight extent the decrees of later times, and in modern eras have survived in laws of Senates and Emperors. Yet if the cruel suffering which was spread by the sword of the Mahomedan fanatic be excepted, no purely human creed or legislation has affected civilisation to any considerable extent; and Islamism, where is it? Rent asunder by internal discord, the Empire of Mahomed's successors has dwindled down to a few Sultanships and Caliphates, bolstered up by Christian powers too jealous of one another to permit aggrandisement of any single one even at the expense of the "unspeakable Turk."

Where then are found the permanent, lasting bonds that link the present to the past, and give a composite existence to a people? Under heaven, they exist in the traditions of a nation. Like the slender hempen strings that, woven together, form the cable strong enough to keep the stoutest ship at anchor, are the tender, old-time tales and customs, living in the memories of a peas-

antry, the common possession of ages past, present, and to come; these are the invisible threads, worked as warp and woof by the live faculties of a people, and forming the ties that bind grandsire at once to child of tender age and to the ancestor lost in the far-away abysses of time. This is the great truth which underlies Father O'Growney's work and teachings, and which is the doctrine, we are glad to think, actuating and inspiring the lives of thousands of his fellow-countrymen. In restoring the study and preservation of national traditions, literary and otherwise, this cultured priest has done more for his country than under present circumstances soldier or legislator could effect. His life he practically gave for the cause he espoused, but the cause survives and thrives by the sacrifice. When a man's principles flourish, he can scarcely be said to have died, but simply passed away to "where beyond these voices there is peace." Like the men of Ninety-eight, his memory will be to us of this generation and to the generations to come "a guiding light" to victory for an Irish Ireland, distinct in thought, ideals, and memories, among the nations of the world.

## XXX.

A WELCOME<sup>1</sup>

BY AN OLD SCHOOLMATE.

Strange! with laurels unfading crown we  
Him who never dream'd of fame—  
Gentle, simple Owen O'Growney,  
Now a wide-world, hallow'd name.

Prophet, seer of Irish Ireland,  
He is living still, tho' dead—  
Living in his work for Sireland,  
Tho' his gentle spirit's fled.

Ah! he's sadly, sorely wanted,  
Now his voice and pen are mute;

Now we see the seed he planted,  
Ripening into golden fruit.

But he set the heather burning,  
Till the land was all afame;  
Welcome we his home returning,  
Where he's shrined in deathless fame.

To his kindly mother, Eire,  
To the loved land of his birth,  
Bear his bones, and guard them, Muire,  
Till they rest in Irish earth.

<sup>1</sup> From the *Meath Chronicle*, October 3, 1903.



HERE are many points of resemblance between Robert Emmet and Eugene O'Growney. Both were young both were enthusiasts both were inspired with the noblest ideal. A few years after corruption had destroyed our native legislature, when the outlook was dark and cheerless, Emmet, the young alumnus of Trinity College, boldly stepped forth, snatched the torch of liberty from the grave, and infused fresh hope into the nation's heart. While O'Growney was yet a student of Maynooth the wail of a dying language—the death-cry of an ancient tongue, fell upon his ear and stirred his heart. He determined that it would not die if love and labour, industry and zeal could save it.

Emmet's weapon was the flashing sword : he would rouse the nation with trumpet, drum and bugle blast. O'Growney was a man of peace ; his weapons were pen and tongue. Emmet's object was political separation. He would rend even the golden link of the Crown : he would plant the flag of Erin on the battlements of Dublin Castle : he would guard our nationhood with battalions of armed men.

O'Growney's object was ideal separation—the separation of thought and tongue. He would draw round our nationhood the impasseable barrier of language—the wall of speech that would laugh a siege to scorn, and defy all the armies and navies of the world. Truly, a noble aspiration. A country without language is a soulless land. *Tir gan teanga* is a contradiction in terms.

Language is the instrument of thought—it is the vehicle for conveying ideas from mind to mind. Each race has its own ideas,

thoughts, hopes, ideals and aspirations. Each race, too, has its language, which is in harmony with and suitable to its modes of thought.

Homer's magnificent epics if written in English would be second-rate productions. Dante's " Divine Comedy," written in Dutch, would be a barbarous composition. The Irishman who speaks the English language is compelled to translate Irish thought into a foreign tongue, or else the foreign tongue reacts on his thoughts and Anglicises his mind. The result is a hybrid that is neither English nor Irish.

To restore our native tongue—to enthrone it in our hearts—to make it the language of home and fair and market was the patriotic ambition of O'Growney, and his spirit to-day calls on us to " go and do likewise."

Emmet, foiled by treachery and beaten by superior forces, failed and fell, but the cause for which he laid down his life still lives on. O'Growney was stricken by the hand of death in his early manhood, but not until he had seen the triumph of the cause to which he consecrated his life.

Now that the Gaelic League is thriving and flourishing—now that it is becoming respectable to speak Irish, and that we feel justly ashamed of our ignorance of it, we are apt to overlook the difficulties O'Growney encountered and overcame. He was twenty years of age before he knew a word of Irish—he never enjoyed the best of health—he was taunted as a dreamer—he was subjected to the chilling criticisms of the cynics and the cold contempt of the maimmonists. He was told that the revival of Irish was impossible ; and that even if it were possible it was profitless. But O'Growney had the faith that moves mountains. He was a priest and

<sup>1</sup> From the *Cork Sun*, October 3, 1903.

a patriot. Man does not live by bread alone. Loss of the natural instrument of thought means the loss or deterioration of national ideas and modes of thought. A tongueless land is a soulless land. O'Growney set about his self-imposed task with the enthusiastic earnestness that knows not failure. He lived to see the evil prophets falsified, and the critics silenced or converted. He lived to see the Gaelic League a potent, growing, energising, elevating force. But he died away from the land he worked for—far from the men of his race.

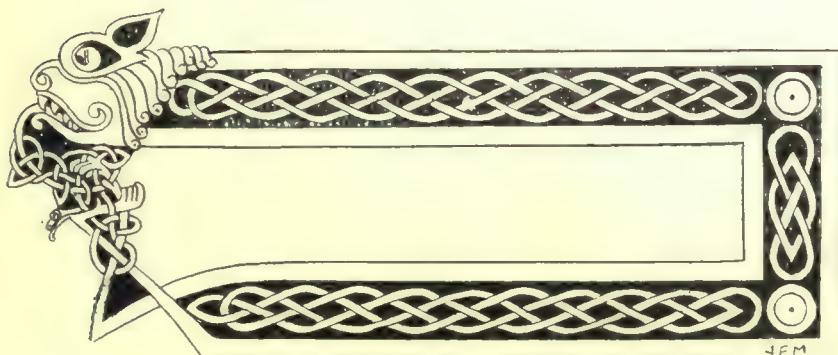
“Ces arbres sont beaux, ces fleurs sont belles; mais ce ne sont point les fleurs ni les arbres de mon pays; ils ne me disent rien. L'exile partout est seul.”

To this beautiful sentiment of Robert

Felicite, Abbé de La Mennais, might be added another by the same graceful writer: “Fatherland is not here below: man looks in vain for it; and is often deceived by a vision of the night.”

Poets in all ages and in every clime have sung of the unhappy lot of the exile: but to no Nation, except perhaps the French, is enforced absence from home and friends as bitter as to the “Sea-divided Gael.”

Emmet's rising was glorified by “the triumph of failure;” O'Growney's efforts have been rewarded by the victory of success. The names of both are household words: their memories are enshrined in our hearts because they both cherished and fought for the grand imperishable cause of “Ireland a Nation.”



## IN MEMORIAM:

REV. EUGENE O'GROWNEY.

THE LESSON OF A LIFETIME.<sup>1</sup>

BY SEAGHAN.

“Then a throb of woe and sorrow shakes the land from shore to shore,  
 And the heart of Gaelic Erin fills with anguish to the core ;  
 And she cries, “Oh, son, your ashes shall be brought to me some day ;  
 Where your spirit lived your clay shall rest within my heart for aye.”

B. HIGGINS.



TREMOR has swept through the whole of Inisfail foretelling a something that will bring back once again the cruel remembrance of a dark, eventful day in the calendar which records the names of all those great, good men who, according to their varied and wonderful faculties, bequeathed their talents to their native land, and went down into honoured graves mourned and loved by a generous, warm-hearted people.

What is the strange, dull, heavy feeling which has entered the souls of Irish Gaels, and makes them feel and think that the pent-up strain can only last for yet a few hours! The power of inspiration conveyed to thousands of the Gaelic race acts with tenderness upon Irish hearts and prepares them for the sad event about to be commemorated. Looking back a few years we miss from the vineyards some brave and faithful workers. Often and often the memories of these good souls flash in upon the thoughts of the workers in the present struggle. To many of those connected with the efforts to revive once again the sweet language of the Gael the names and memories of these dear dead ones comes stealing in upon their souls in moments of quiet

thought. Scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land are found to-day silent men and women unknown to all save a few dear friends. To these then the memories of those who gave their time, labour, and talents come with a depth of feeling known alone to those who understand, and can appreciate the toil, suffering, and sacrifice endured by those dear lofty-souled ones.

As year succeeds year good men and pure-souled women are called upon to obey the Divine decree, quit their labours, cross the spiritual bar, beautified and prepared for that exalted sphere destined for them by a kind God. The friend we knew yesterday, the man we met, he who laboured unceasingly, he whose every thought was given to God and his fatherland, passes, alas, from earthly toil, from the centre of activity, from the fellowship of his friends, from home, from relatives, from native land. He must yield and suffer, leaving a niche in the honoured records of time and then die.

The mysteries of an all-watchful, all-powerful God can never be understood. His laws are wonderful, his ways mysterious. For a great end He creates great minds. For the accomplishment of His will in varied fields these hearts and minds, destined for an endless place in glory's realms, have laboured. Saints, scholars, warriors, men of letters, art

<sup>1</sup> From the *Irish News*, Belfast, September 28th, 1903.

and science have been born within the four seas of Inisfail, and their fame has been heard of in all lands, their noble work has exalted mankind, and their stories remain to-day directing and sustaining, strengthening and defending the will power and the intellectual capacities of the men of Ireland.

Erin has once again drooped her head. A strange voice has swept across the angry, surging foam, telling her that the dust of another of her honoured children floats upon the water's crest, coming back to sleep in her bosom, to rest with all those others who for ages have fallen upon her breast. Eugene O'Growney comes back to his fathers' land to rest in kindly Irish soil underneath the shamrock-decked sod.

In all this home-coming of the dead patriot a wonderful lesson is imparted. The spirit of the Gael, with that *beautiful freshness in attachment* and patriotism, gives once again another proof of its superior qualities of devotion. A nation with such a spirit can never die. The forces which can create such a feeling of love and reverence for a dead son are something more than natural dye in all this grand work. A beautiful, generous feeling known only to the Celt is exhibited in this marvellous attachment to the name of the learned and patriotic sagart, Father O'Growney. The stars of heaven shine down, and their pale light illumines the waters which encircle the Irish land. Strange cries are heard in the sigh of the winds as they sweep over the hills and through the valleys of Erin. The plaintive song of sorrow has been chanted down through all the ages for the good ones of God. As the freshening, saddened breezes blow through the archways in the grey old abbey ruins, in their murmurings we can hear their sabbings for a great patriot, a noble sagart, coming back a precious relic and a national legacy. Around the Irish coast the watchers of the Gael keep guard in spirit, looking out over the deep blue sea for the ocean giant that carries the precious casket. Long have the watchers waited

for the home-coming in death of the man who rallied all that was good and learned and patriotic in the land to make a last endeavour to establish firmly the ancient language of the Gael. To these lonely ones who wait a solace streams into their souls, the waves dash along the broken coast-line, and break as they did in ages long since gone. In their rippling and dashing and breaking, the notes in the song of hope and labour ring out clearly, and then the watchers are strengthened to await the arrival of the last great Irish sagart whose name and labour shall endure until the last ripple of the sea has exhausted itself and the end for all mortals has come.

The years roll onwards, adding their links to eternity's chain, and with their passing, deeds are done; great ones are born into the world around whom linger for ever a people's love.

The home-coming of the sacred dust of the young patriot awakens in the hearts of anxious toilers in Gaelic fields thoughts about the life of this strange man—who he was and what he did. To readers of this journal his name is not unknown. Every school-goer, every class boy, the young and the old, all know, that from the famous lesson books arranged and edited by O'Growney the first impressions of a knowledge of their native language have been received.

To go back to what should be first considerations, Eugene O'Growney was born at Ballyfallon, Athboy, Co. Meath, 1863. The time was full of exciting interest beyond the seas of Ireland, in far-off America; a struggle was being waged, the great war between the North and South. In this conflict princely Meagher of the '48 era had vindicated the valour of his countrymen on a hundred fields. At the time the country was convulsed; patriot-hearted men banded together for great ideals. About this time in Irish life an event occurred typical of what is happening to-day. T. B. M'Manus, one of the men of '48, associate of Mitchell and Devin Reilly and others of the '48 era, after

a life in exile, died in California. Over the American continent and the waters of the Atlantic his ashes were brought. A public funeral was arranged. In Glasnevin the remains, followed by thousands of good men, were laid down. From that eventful hour forward the movement of Stephens, O'Leary, Clarke-Luby, and others swept over the land. On the patriots' page in history is found the tale of the wonderful sacrifices made during those years for freedom's cause.

What the funeral ceremonies over MacManus were to the patriot cause in the sixties such will the ceremonies which will take place over the remains of Father O'Growney be to the cause of the revival of the national language of Ireland.

Young O'Growney grew up at his father's home a thoughtful, earnest, peculiar boy. The earlier tender years of boyhood were marked strongly by those peculiar traits which showed the genuineness of his ardour and stamped his character with a lasting impression. In boyhood's years as he rambled along the meadows at eve and listened to the notes of the song birds a quickening of the heart came to him as he dwelt in youthful thought upon the doings which shed lustre upon Ireland's men of learning in the far-off times. The county in which O'Growney was born had its great historic associations. Here and there were to be seen the early traces of the Druids, the earthen mounds and circular forts; and relics of antiquities that remain to link the Pagan age with the coming of the great Christian movement. What thoughts were with the young O'Growney as he climbed up the gentle rising mounds of Tara and stood on the summit of the rath where assembled the ancient chiefs and princes of Ireland? One can only surmise the feelings which moved him. One thing certain, he must have felt proud, though sad; proud to stand on the spot where was proclaimed from time to time the Brehon law—in the mother of all parliaments—and saddened when he thought

that now the national greatness had fled—native chiefs had ceased to be. Standing on Tara, the mind swept in survey along the corridors of time, reviewing the many incidents which from time to time gave to the famous hill an importance in Irish annals in keeping with the historic and hallowed surroundings of the place. At all points nothing save the ruins and the glory attaching to the historic hill remains. Moore, the author of Ireland's sweetest melodies, gave more than a passing thought to the wonderful spot. Where fell the last of the gallant band of Wexford men, now known as the croppies' grave, the saddening melody, "Tara's Hall," was composed:—

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
The harp of Tara swells.  
The chord alone that breaks at night  
Its tale of ruin tells,  
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,  
The only throb she gives  
Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
To show that still she lives.

Standing in the very midst of these great relics of bygone ages, promptings stirred his young heart to take a pride in the long story of his country. Before him rose high the beautifully carved ancient crosses representing an age of Christianity, of glory, and of art, the greatest possibly the world has ever seen. As ancient cross and ruined cloister loomed before his vision, he dreamt of great scholars, great saints, and leaders in education, literature, and language. The ties which for 1,400 years had bound his native country to the beautiful teaching of St. Patrick made him, young as he was, feel proud of being at least a humble sharer in the unfinished work. Iona, Lindisfarne, Cashel, Clonmacnoise, Durrow, Armagh, Bangor, and many another centre of Christianity and learning—the memories and the glories which surrounded the heads of the saintly Irish workers who, in distant ages, laboured within these sacred edifices, all tended to influence the strange, virtuous boy who rambled through Meath not many years ago. A sacred seed was

planted in the soul of the babe ere he breathed the air of this old world. According to God's designation, almost unknown to himself, he was to become an ideal around which would rally in ages after the spirit of the Gael. Youth's bright days pass away too quickly, alas! for all; but how swiftly do they recede from the life of such as O'Growney.

He quits his father's home after an ordinary education, and enters the Navan Seminary to begin seriously the studies necessary to prepare him for the holy and patriotic career he was about to enter upon. At this period we arrive at the critical stage in the life of this young man. Circumstances one day placed him in the happy position of noticing in a bookseller's window a copy of "Young Ireland." On one of its pages he saw strange letter-characters and peculiar type—nothing less than a representation of lessons in the sweet Gaelic language of his country. Henceforth he resolved, no matter what the cost, to become a master of it, and started to study with extreme diligence. While in Navan Seminary he studied the language, and laid the foundations of the Gaelic intellectual development which followed in after years.

In 1882 he entered Maynooth College, and went through a six years' course. While there he was highly favoured, meeting students, native Irish speakers, who assisted his pronunciation, and established an exactitude in native idioms which helped largely to make him the authoritative scholar that he afterwards became. As a Gaelic scholar, his capabilities brought him suddenly into close union with men not alone at home, but in other lands. The most eminent Gaelic scholars at home and on the Continent of Europe established relations with him—Kuno Meyer, Zimmer, Dr. Cleaver, Dr. Hyde, John Fleming, John M'Neill, his most devoted friend and the editor of his unfinished works. During hours of labour his thoughts were inspired by the ceaseless efforts of the four poor scholars who travelled all over Ireland

gathering the ancient manuscripts, and finally compiling in the old abbey by the sea at Donegal the famous Annals of Ireland. All his efforts for the revival of the native language had for their motto the words of the Four Masters—*Do-cum glóine Dé agus onóra na nEireann. For the glory of God and the honour of Erin.*

In 1889 he was ordained and appointed to a curacy in the Parish of Ballinacarry, Co. Westmeath. 1890 found his name attracting attention in every land where Celtic scholars laboured. At this time he was appointed co-editor and Treasurer of the "Gaelic Journal," an organ founded by the Gaelic Union some years before. This journal was largely subsidised during those years by a generous-hearted Protestant gentleman, the Rev. Maxwell Close, whose death only a few days ago, was deeply deplored by all Celtic scholars. The efforts of the few men who guided the destinies of the movement received a stimulus from the extraordinary efforts of this young, humble, retiring Irish priest, Father O'Growney.

At this particular period the traits of earlier years became even more marked. He hated notoriety and did not care to come too much before the public beyond what was necessary for the propagation of the work on hands. Amiable and gentle, he made for himself a large place in men's hearts. His quiet, energetic, determined demeanour made for him a multitude of friends. Everyone respected him for his great mental labours, and all loved him for his genuine patriotism and unselfishness. The finger of God was visible in the wonderful work. O'Growney, the humble sagart, was the medium chosen to collect the scattered forces of the Gael and spread the lessons which would guide them on the onward way.

As if acting from inspiration, the Irish Bishops at this time revived the Irish Chair at Maynooth, and placed Irish in an improved position on the educational roll of the college. Henceforth Father O'Growney

was inundated with labour. The *Weekly Freeman* published his first lessons. Every week he sent forward his instalments. North and South, East and West wondered, and their young people began to study. In a short time 50,000 persons were brought into the vortex of labour in Gaelic fields. The *Gaelic Journal*, with about 250 readers, was changed from a quarterly publication to a monthly, with an increased circle of readers, something like 1,000. Correspondence came from various quarters asking information as to the working of the movement. With this Father O'Growney dealt. A friend who knew him well writes thus—"His appetite for work was immense. At one and the same time he carried out the duties of Professor of Irish in Maynooth, wrote a large instalment of his lessons every week for publication in the *Weekly Freeman*, edited the *Gaelic Journal*, aided in carrying on the outside movement, and acted as adviser to everyone who wanted to know anything about the Irish language." His labours were incessant; his work never seemed to end: for him time was too short. Often he accomplished months of ordinary labour in a week.

At the foundation of the Gaelic League in Dublin in 1893 he was not present, being on a visit to Scotland among the Highland Celts. Of course, as all Leaguers knew, his soul hovered over the place of meeting and his spirit was with the handful of Irishmen who founded the organisation which now wields possibly the greatest concrete educational influence in the world. On the death of the Rev. E. Cleaver, Father O'Growney was elected vice-president. That position he held until death terminated his labours. The *Gaelic Journal* was placed at the disposal of the movement, and for a period of twelve months poor Father O'Growney worked with superhuman power to spread the principles of the language movement in every corner of the land. A sacrifice he made, terrible in itself, yet one decreed by God for a purpose, the effects of which, in

long years to come, will be felt in the life of an educated, self-reliant, and uplifted nation. From ways of strife and the war of brothers O'Growney attracted the pure minds whose love for Ireland craved, as day succeeded day, for holier and nobler work to do. The star of hope and courage and love had peeped above the dark horizon, casting a light across the land which reached the hearts of thinking, toiling Gaels. Steadily as the star of learning arose in the Irish sky, they arose from the slumber of death and followed once again the light of ages and the torch of education. Eighteen hundred and ninety-four saw the work spreading slowly. Alas, alas, he who wielded the sword of light, he who was the guiding star, borne down by pressure of work was forced to quit the company of his dear friends and bid a last fond farewell to Ireland, the land of early love and youthful dreams and dearest hopes. The sun sets away behind the waters of the broad Atlantic, a big ship rolls heavily upon the surging foam. Ireland, with her crumbling towers, her falling castles, her hoary crosses; Ireland, of saint and hero, bard and scholar, warrior and martyr; Ireland of ten thousand memories, land of sorrow and baffled hopes, descends into the twilight and sinks, alas, for ever and for ever, from the mental vision of the saintly patriot, Eugene O'Growney.

On his arrival at New York he met with a great reception at the hands of the exiles from his native land. Although in failing health, he never abandoned the work to which he gave his young life. The *Gael* received a good deal of correspondence from him. The *Irish World*; *New World*, the *Citizen*, Chicago; the *Monitor*, *Irish-American*, *Boston Pilot*, *Donahoe's Magazine*, and others received articles and sketches from time to time. All this work was done to give the Gaelic movement the inspiring force so essential for its spread in every quarter of the world. Ere the Angel of Death had finally entered his exile home he had the glorious satisfaction of witnessing

the great triumph of his labours at home in Ireland, to which his thoughts fondly turned. He could see in mystic files the men of the Gael passing on and on to join the wonderful movement of education, branches springing up in every parish, young men and women, alive for the ancient language, pouring into the meeting places, Irish papers of various political ideas opening their pages to the publication of Gaelic.

The dream of the patriot, Davis, and the hope of O'Growney—a weekly organ in the Press, given over wholly to the spreading of the national language—was realised. The hand grew weak, the brain lost its great powers, the light faded away from the eyes which liked to look upon all friends of Ireland. The last look, the final thought on friends, Ireland, and his dear Saviour: then the cord snaps and Eugene O'Growney has sunk to rest in a foreign land, away in the hospital of the good Sisters, at Los Angeles, California. Ireland was pierced with sorrow at the untimely death, in October, 1899. Tears were dropped in silence by dear friends: the grave was closed, and from then till now his remains have slept in American soil.

Some time ago the proprietors of the *Gael*, New York, entered into correspondence with the Gaelic League of America. Later the money necessary to bring the remains of Father O'Growney home to Ireland was subscribed through the columns of this bright Irish magazine. Ireland in exile has paid the tribute due to the memory of a man

whose name now takes its place as that of a scholar and patriot beside Keating, O'Donovan, "John of Tuam," O'Curry, Petrie, Davis, and Fleming.

O'Growney's life has been a noble incentive to the Celtic race. He has proved that the difficulties confronting a knowledge of the native language can be overcome by all who desire to acquire it. How sickening to look into the faces of so many young Irish men and women at the present hour, and think that they will not lend their help to the support of such a grand work. The Gaelic movement has now reached an advanced position. The native race must respond with heart, hand and brain. Men are working away into the early hours of morning to enable those scattered units over the land to receive portion of their education. The dust of the lamented patriot is now resting with us. From his hallowed grave in Maynooth will arise the spirit of the teacher. His life work remains. The best tribute the nation can offer to his memory will be the perpetuation of his work. No wavering now. Onward for the goal of triumph which lies before us in the near future. We can accomplish our educational freedom if we are only true to the principles of the chief we mourn. Onward then, Gaels, taking as your motto that of the Four Masters and of Eugene O'Growney. "For the glory of God and the honour of Erin," let us save the national language.



XXXIII.

A FUNERAL LULLABY.<sup>1</sup>

EIRE TO REV. EUGENE O'GROWNEY.

My own ! my own ! *a stóir mo chroidhe !*  
My bosom will your pillow be,  
My voice your deathless lullaby

Will sing.

And every flower, and blade, and tree,  
And bird, and breeze, and stream, and sea,  
And every sky that bends o'er me,

Will bring

A murmured note to swell the croon—  
A requiem, with a joyous tune !—  
We've lost—you've won—life's crown so soon  
Won you.

Oh, God ! the inglorious end was nigh  
When, broke from every former tie,  
I might not live—yet could not die !  
*Is truagh !*

But (blest be God !) you came, *a stóir !*  
Fired with your mother's love and lore,  
To woo me back to life once more—  
To save.

You toiled, you called ! "more soft than rain,"  
Your words stirred echoes in my brain,  
I woke, I felt—I lived again !

My brave !

*A vo ! a vo !* my hope, my pride,  
A martyr to my love you died,  
To reign with Colmcille and Bride,  
A king.

And of your toil what harvest sprung ?  
It grows, it grows, my race among—  
Hark ! hear them lisp their mother's tongue,  
And sing.

The glories of her golden age,  
Of warrior, saint, and bard, and sage,  
*Their* deeds will fill as bright a page,  
They say.

*A ráin mo chroidhe !* your work was done,  
'Twas blest, and it will still live on,  
Even when my earthly race has run—  
For aye.

And I will shrine your ashes blest—  
Oh ! where could they find fitting rest  
Save on your loving mother's breast ?—  
My prize.

From far Pacific's lonely strand,  
Borne back to hallowed native land,  
In peace to wait the Lord's command :  
"Arise !"

<sup>1</sup> From *Áru na hÉireann*, No. 12, 1903.

28th September, 1903.

S. O'R.

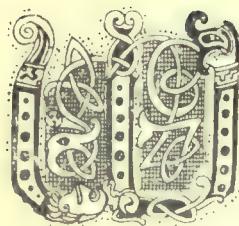


## IN MEMORIAM:

THE REV. EUGENE O'GROWNEY.<sup>1</sup>

BY AGNES O'FARRELLY.

" Let us lay him deep for his last long sleep  
 In the land he loved so well."



E are waiting for the ship that is to bring us back our young sagart. It is not in life he is coming to us, but in death. At our meeting there will be no hand clasping; only silence and the mute reverence we pay the dead who died for Ireland.

As we wait we fall to thinking of the past that went to build up the sum of life for *Éoghan Úa Siarmha* of the years of his boyhood when he dreamt his dreams and of the too short years of his manhood, when his dreams became things of life and of hope for this land.

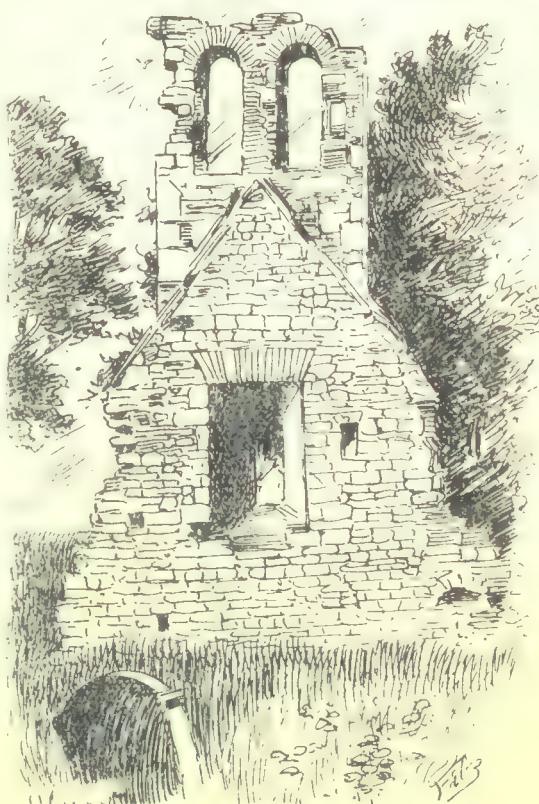
The ship is not yet in sight—there are hundreds of miles to be crossed so I shall tell the story of *Éoghan Úa Siarmha* as it was told to me by one who loved him well.

Listen to it, priests and people, for not in every generation will there come to you a man like *Úa Siarmha* a prophet and a seer—one whose visions have come to pass, and to whom the world and you and I were but the material which he shaped to his young ideal.

Just forty years ago, on the 25th of August, 1863, Eugene O'Growney was born under the shadow of *Tlachtga* at a place called Ballyfallon in Royal Meath.

There is nothing, as far as we can see, to distinguish his childhood from that of other children. He went to school and he played games and he made, we may be sure, many a

pilgrimage to the ancient *Tlachtga* and the *Teampall Cummé* near at hand, or further west, to the *Croír an tSúgáin*. Looking

An *Teampall Cummé*

back we wonder at the ways of God, for there is not much of promise that we can see in the earlier years of the priest-enthusiast; nothing that pointed to him as specially called to the work of raising a new Ireland.

<sup>1</sup> September 22nd, 1903.

His life was as uneventful as most young lives up to the time when he first caught sight of an Irish book: it was an old Bible printed in the curious cramped characters then in vogue. The little volume, shown him by his friend Michael MacKenna, was the touchstone that proved all the latent energy of the boy's nature. That was in 1877, when he was but fourteen years of age. He learned then for the first time that this strange country had a language which was her very own, and he felt instinctively that this unknown language was the key to her nationality: the open door to a great past. From that moment life was changed for young O'Growney and for Ireland. A high purpose took possession of him, and there and then he resolved to give himself up to the great ideal which filled his soul. The work was ready for him—the language must be revived—one last effort must be made to save it from extinction, and he would make that effort. His life was no longer his own to shape as he would. He felt that Ireland called him and he must give up all to her—and we who wait by the open grave know it was a life-sacrifice, though surely he never thought it so; not even on that autumn evening in far Los Angeles when his beautiful soul passed away; when, surrounded by strangers in a strange land he knew his body was to be laid far from Irish soil—not even then did he murmur or think the burden too heavy for the poor old *Siúlann' Ni Miáitte*.

"He used to come often to me after that," says Michael Mac Kenna, who knew O'Growney well, "and he was always asking questions about Ireland, and he wanted to find out every local tradition and the reason for every place name."

The first step in his life-work was to learn the language. Alone and unaided this was no simple task, yet he struggled bravely with the First Lesson Book then recently published by the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language. His instinct soon told him that the natural way to learn a living

language was from the people who spoke it. Remember, he was only a lad of fourteen, and had to make out a plan of study for himself. No wonder he was fitted later on to direct the work of self-taught students of the language. A few old people he found in the neighbourhood of his home whom he coaxed to speak Irish to him. It was often hard to get even a word out of them, yet he worked on, taking notes, and, with his keen ear for sound, getting a hold of the pronunciation. It was pathetic, the struggle which began between "the old order and the new." These people who so grudgingly gave out the little store of language which linked them to the days of *Tlachtga*'s pride could never have guessed that the boy, little more than a child, who pleaded with them in his gentle way for the despised language, was born to help to do away with the shame and the ignominy which in their minds attached to it, and to give Irish its place in the National life. But how could they have known?

A year passed before he heard a really good Irish speaker—one Johnny Gantly, a horse-trainer. Young O'Growney listened, and it seemed to him he never heard music so sweet, and in his heart of hearts he resolved, that, God helping, those sounds should be heard again in Ireland from *Tlachtga* to the sea both East and West. Yet it seemed such a wild, wild dream in those days.

Another year and he entered St. Finian's College at Navan. There is little to tell of his three year's stay in Navan except that he worked hard at Irish—as hard as his other studies and the lack of opportunity allowed.

He tells himself of how one day as he rode home from College—for he lodged out in the country—he opened a copy of *Young Ireland*, and found to his delight the first instalment of a series of Irish lessons by John Fleming and Father Nolan. This, too, he looked upon as having an influence on his future. It confirmed his previous resolu-

tion, and he pored over the lessons week by week as they appeared.

In 1882, in his nineteenth year, he entered Maynooth. Henceforth his life was doubly consecrated. Now his work at Irish began in real earnest, for, though the Irish Chair was then vacant, the young student had the advantage of meeting native speakers from different parts of the country and of studying manuscripts. It was at Maynooth he first met Peter Yorke, a Connacht student, who was his life-long friend, and who, later on, was to become such a force in Irish-American life in the Western States of America. At Maynooth too, in aftertimes, he met another friend who was near him at the end, and used to talk to him about Ireland and the things he loved when the soul of the exile grew home-sick, and his heart went out in yearning over the long stretches that lay between him and the many storied *Tlaetgá* of his boyhood.

His passionate love for Irish at a time when Irish was not popular there, was the one thing remarkable about O'Growney's course in Maynooth. Not that he did not keep well above the average in his professional studies; but the delicacy of his health prevented him from giving that close and constant attention to his work which alone wins for a man distinction in the prize-lists of a college. Yet there was even then a feeling at Maynooth that this pale young student who spent long hours in the

College Library over National Manuscripts that lay unopened for half a century, was one of the giants, and not an ordinary man.

During his course at Maynooth he began to spend his summer holidays in the Irish-speaking districts along the coast, more particularly in Inismeadhon—the little island which has since become the Mecca of the Gaedheal. There they love to tell of the tall young student who lived among them as one of themselves, studying, noting everything—the sounds of the language; the life of the people; the old stories; all that goes to make the charm of Inismeadhon. “*peac anpeo*,” said a



THE COLLEGE LIBRARY, MAYNOOTH.

fisherman to me one day as we went down the bothar below the schoolhouse. <sup>1</sup> “*Seo i*

<sup>1</sup> This is the very spot where he used to roll the pennies for the children! Do you see that hole beside the wall. In there the penny rolled one day as I was going by and he began to laugh as if his heart would break. Ah! it was he had the light heart. It was, indeed!

an áit thíreach a mbiorú ré ag rúsgnád leir na páirí, ḡ annriúd," pointing to a level sandy stretch under a projecting rock; "Siúd i an áit a mbiorú ré ag páirílait na bpígne te n-a n-aġaird. 'Dhífeiceann tú an poll uo coir an clárde. Ipteach annpín t'imeis an píghinn aon lá amháin ḡ mé 'ns 'ut taopt. Thoruighe reipean ag gáipe aip móv go rílféá go mburpreatóid ré a clád. Chait ré píghinn eite i n-a meágs annpín te páram 'éabaití vóith. Aé! do b'éadorthom an eorúe bi aige-rean, do b'éadorthom, muir!

He was alive then in far Arizona and we both prayed that he might be spared—but that was not to be.

O'Growney was in touch with the workers in the language movement at this time, but his own work, from the very nature of things, was rather of a literary character. He was a constant contributor to the *Gaelic Journal*, and no one was surprised when in 1886 he won the Irish Solus, for he was fast making the language his own.

From an account of a seventeen-mile walk to Bodenstown and back which he gives in a letter to his friend Mr. MacKenna,<sup>1</sup> he seems to have been strong enough at this period. The long walk did not affect him at all—all that did affect him was the sight of Tone's grave above the southern wall of the ruined church. Referring to the lie of the grave from East to West, he says: "In death as in life his face is towards the foe and towards the morning's sunburst."

Later on he speaks tenderly of the overhanging ivy on the wall above: "Truly there is a proudness and tenderness and majesty of deep and silent eloquence in this dark evergreen that hangs above the dust of Wolfe Tone, which fits him better, and speaks a nobler story to those who gaze upon it, than stone or marble can ever tell. So, even in the day when 'Ireland a Nation shall build him a Tomb,' stately and beautiful enough to show the greatness of the man and the gratitude of the people whom he

served, even then I would leave that ivied ruin to shade his grave."

Now we shall plant the dark ivy over your own grave, a Ótarán Eogán, for you, too, worked for Ireland in the dark hour of her need. Only the stretch of that boyish walk, when the fulness of life was in your young limbs, will henceforth lie between you and that other patriot in the lonely grave at Bodenstown. The chaste and sad luxuriance you loved so well will tell in the yet unborn days far more than any sculpture of stone of the greatness and the simplicity of the sagart who lies beneath.

After a six years course in Maynooth, O'Growney was sent to Navan for a year as Prefect of Studies. His friend, Mr. Brannick, in a paper read before the Newman Club of Los Angeles says that Father O'Growney long after used to say, "I attribute the present state of my health to that year: I had only one hour out of the twenty-four to myself."

On St. John's Day in 1889 he was ordained a priest in the College Chapel at Maynooth, and soon after was sent to Mullingar, whence he was appointed curate at Ballnacargy (Baile na Caire) in Westmeath.

His two years' stay here was his only experience of the Mission. But his missionary work did not fill all his time. Freed from the College curriculum he threw himself heart and soul into the language movement, which was then in a hopeless condition. The most active Society at that period was known as the Gaelic Union, and its chief work was the establishment and publication of the *Gaelic Journal*. Very soon the influence of the young priest was felt both there and in other directions. In 1890—90 his series of articles on the Aran Islands appeared in the *Gaelic Journal* under the title of "Ára na hAonóin." There he gives a lucid account of his life in the islands, which he first visited four years previously. "Dhíor an lá láin t'aoisneáir" he says. "ó gláiraid na

<sup>1</sup> See p. 103.

<sup>2</sup> See note to Mr. Brannick's paper.

**marone go ceo na horde.** At the same time he was editing and modernising some of the old tales such as “*Tomáin Mhaete Dúin*” and “*Tomáin Shneadhsa*,” which appeared first in the *Gaelic Journal* and later came out separately in cheap editions.

In 1890 he contributed a remarkable article on “The National Language” to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. This article from the young curate of *Daile na Caire* excited a good deal of comment at the time. In it the national situation and the responsibility of the priesthood with regard to the language and all the language involves were placed in no uncertain light. He showed clearly the degradation and the shame of the wretched systems of education in this country. “In those days of education,” he says, “we are forced, then, to ask ourselves does education mean Anglicisation? Can education, which ought to be a development of the powers of the mind, have anything in common with a system which neglects and practically scorns that great power of speaking a magnificent language?” And again: “It is sentimentality to long for the revival of the National Language, and to wish to see the National History and Literature in their due place of honour, but it is true patriotism as well.”

The utter indifference of the Irish people towards the language and literature of the country—the national phlegm, so to speak, of a decade ago—this it was which had set up its walls of bronze against the work of such as O’Growney. But nothing can stand against the wisdom of the enthusiast who knows that his cause is God’s cause, and one of the results of this article may have been the re-establishment of the Irish Chair at Maynooth the following year. It was a good day for Maynooth and for Ireland when the Chair, vacant for thirteen years, was given over to Eugene O’Growney; when the national language, so long left to the chance care of temporary lecturers, was raised to a place of dignity in the College course.

The same year the young Professor took over the sole editorship of the *Gaelic Journal*, of which for some time previously he had been co-editor with John Fleming, whilst he also acted as treasurer for the paper. He now found himself in two responsible positions, the labour of either of which would be in itself sufficient for one man—more than sufficient for most men. Yet O’Growney filled both posts well and capably, in spite of his ill-health and the cruel necessity of preparing his own text-books for class work. He had to start at the foundations of the language, and smooth the way for beginners. Where the modern forms varied from the older ones he had to depend on his own knowledge of the spoken language and sift the changes and reduce to order. A little book on Irish composition: a short treatise on the grammar of the language, and two small text-books containing various extracts both in prose and poetry, with profuse notes: all these he prepared and had printed for the use of his classes. His enforced work in this direction served to turn his thoughts towards the importance of going to work in the most systematic way, ploughing the fallow ground and bringing order into the work. The series prepared for the Lecture Halls in Maynooth made ready the way for his later “Simple Lessons.”

In 1893 Father O’Growney took on himself the added burden of the great work which really represented the dream of his life. Just ten years ago a few young men with one great purpose in common came together in Dublin and founded the Gaelic League for the preservation of Irish as the spoken language of the country. O’Growney was in Scotland at the time of the initial meeting, but none the less he was one of the founders of the new association, and a few months later was chosen as Vice-President, an office he held till his death. The Gaelic League appealed to him far more than any of the previous language societies. He had always wanted to bring Irish from the

academies to the homes of the people, and to make it again the every-day language of Ireland. He felt—for he had thought out these life-problems as a boy in the plains of Meath, and the experience of his manhood only served to strengthen his conviction—he felt even then, in all its reality, the close connection between a nation's life and a nation's language. This has grown a hackneyed phrase in the propagandism of the movement, but in those days it was a startling new theory so startling, that the prime movers in the Gaelic League were, for the most part, laughed at for their pains, and set down as a danger to respectable society as represented by the settled order of things. Later on this same society put out its puny arms to arrest the language wave. But it was, as the old proverb has it, *erogueum doapae tóim* “the smiting of an oak with the fist”—to try to stem the tide of that new opinion, which has since swept all before it from Aran to the plains of the Fine-Gall.

But now we are speaking of the old days when men spent themselves in what seemed a vain effort to cause even a ripple over the face of Ireland—men like Cón Mac Néitt, and Eoghan Ua Súilleabháin, and Miéist Ua Níchealla, and the Cpaoráin.

Those were the days when it required all the enthusiasm and courage of the stoutest hearts to keep up the fight against such fearful odds. Everything was against them—the settled institutions of the country gone into a fixed groove; the government authorities always suspicious in Ireland of any new movement based on popular enthusiasm; the so-called practical people, to whom everything of sentiment is folly;—even the bishops and clergy, as a body, made fearful by the methods of the soupers in the last century, looked askance at the new League. Everything was against them but the hearts of the young.

There were long, dull days when success seemed far out of reach, and when the faithful little band of workers used to meet to-

gether, almost for mutual comfort, in a room in a back street, quite unknown, and with as little influence on the life of the country as any junior debating club. There was a time when the work seemed out of all proportion to the result, and any but the bravest would have despaired at the apathy and distrust on every side.

It is comparatively easy to work now in the language movement, with enthusiasm in the air and the hopes of a people running high—not so when O'Growney took up the work of the *Gaelic Journal*, and, later on, the Vice-Presidency of the Gaelic League: not so when, in 1893, at the suggestion of his friend, the Archbishop of Dublin, he initiated in the *Weekly Freeman* that wonderful series of “Simple Lessons”—wonderful for a time when the reading and writing of Irish was as little known in this country as, say, Spanish or Italian. In this, the very year of the foundation of the Gaelic League, such a series was absolutely necessary to carry out the primary object of the new Society—the spread of the spoken language.

His correspondence at this time was immense and varied—Celtologists from the Continent and fisher folk from Inismeadhon; young priests in Irish-speaking districts, and Irish men and women in foreign countries eager to join in the work at home—all wrote to him for advice or assistance, and all were sure of a prompt and helpful reply. He wrote to every corner of the world on behalf of the language, and his personality, felt even in his letters, was a potent influence in welding together the ever-increasing number of those interested in the young League. There was a magnetism about him—a sense of sincerity and child-like candour that won everyone who came in contact with him. A shy, retiring man, known really to very few, yet, withal, ready to face public opinion for the cause he had at heart. A warm Celt, generous and high-minded, yet in class or in crowded places painfully laconic, even cold in manner. His



ST. JOSEPH'S SANATORIUM, SAN DIEGO



very earnestness of purpose made him abstracted at times, and to those who did not know him well, he seemed matter-of-fact in the extreme.

Father O'Growney possessed a fund of quiet humour. Indeed, among his colleagues he was remarkable in this respect, and no one enjoyed a good joke more than he. But, again, it was only when perfectly at home among his audience that he gave way to his love of fun and mischief, for, like many shy people, he froze into himself before strangers.

Of his appearance, his friend, Michael MacKenna, says: "He was tall and thin in appearance, with a soft, dreamy-looking countenance, which assumed a peculiar change when speaking on any of his favourite subjects; he did not look the same person at all then."

But during the two years following his appointment at Maynooth, Father O'Growney was doing the work of four men, and his health, never good since his ordination, broke down under the strain. In 1894, finding that his only chance of life lay in an immediate change of climate, he was forced to ask a year's leave of absence from the College Trustees. This was readily granted, and, with a heavy heart, he gave up his work, both at Maynooth and on the *Gaelic Journal*, and set out for America. One work, however, he kept in hands, and that was the preparation of the "Simple Lessons." It is indicative of the giant heart and steady resolve of the man to find him, just when he had looked his last on the Irish coast, setting to work again for the language. Part II. of the "Lessons" is said to have been prepared on the journey between Queenstown and New York. At New York, and all through the Eastern States, the Irish Societies warmly welcomed the poor invalid on his way to the West. At San Francisco he was met by his class-fellow, Father Yorke. Here he settled for some time, but, finding that the consumption which had taken hold of him needed a warmer climate, he moved south to Arizona,

where he lived for five years between Prescott and Phoenix, with occasional visits to Southern California.

Once he had settled down in America, he took up his old work, but in a different sphere. Scarcely a week passed that an article or review from his pen did not appear in one or other of the American journals favourable to Irish opinion. Now it was an appeal for the language, again it was an exposure of the false methods of thinking which have brought our nationality to such a low ebb—but always the same old cause—Ireland dearer than ever now, that with Columba looking back, an exile, he might say: "Is bhráfe mo éforte im' éctíob."

Finding that his health was no way improved, he applied in the summer of that year for an extension of leave. Again there was no difficulty about the required permission. Before the end of another year, however, he found that he was suffering from an acute form of heart-disease, aggravated by the horse-riding which was meant as a cure for his consumption. He now sent in his resignation of the Irish Chair, which was accepted, and a pension was granted him out of the College funds. Even still he did not despair. He faced death with the calmness which marked his actions in any great crisis. He continued writing and working just as he would have done in his study at Maynooth, though, as he complains, it was hard to write so far away from materials or books of reference.

His life was henceforth a lonely one, but it was lit up by a simple faith in God's mercy and an absorbing devotion to a great ideal. Now and again there was some earthly consolation too, for there came cheering letters from his comrades-in-arms at home, and there were rare visits from some who loved him, as when Father Yorke came all the thousand miles from San Francisco to see him before he set out for Ireland, or when Thomas Connellan made his way to Arizona to carry from him a blessing to far Inismeadhon.

Working for Ireland and fighting against Death brought him on to the summer of 1899, when he removed to Los Angeles. The end he knew to be near, for, before he left Arizona he said to a friend: "I would give all I ever saw to be buried in Ireland."

The end came in the October of that year. It was in the evening time at the sound of the Angelus bell. He roused himself to say to the priest who stood beside him: "No one should despair of the mercy of God even at the last moment: I am so indescribably happy that I cannot express it." Then his soul went out on its long journey bravely, calmly, and in utter trust.

Lay him softly down—this gentle sagart of ours—with in the walls of Maynooth; there where he laboured for Ireland it is only fitting that he should take his rest. Eugene O'Growney belongs to the Irish people, but he belongs in a special way to the priests of Ireland. From them he came among us, and to them we return his ashes, knowing that they will love and reverence him for all time. He will watch over Maynooth and all a poor nation has confided to her care. Away in that quiet cemetery in the grounds of St. Mary's he will rest all the long night before the Resurrection; there where the murmur

of the Irish Rosary he loved so well may sometimes pass out and beyond the chapel walls, even towards the graves of the dead. Many a time in the years to come will the quiet student turn away to the silence of that grave to breathe a prayer for the martyr-priest. Many a time will the thought of him beneath stir all the enthusiasm of the young Levite, and his heart will be turned towards his own land. In death O'Growney will be as strong, nay, even stronger than in life. We know that his spirit must work for good among the young priesthood of Ireland, our hope and dependence in the coming years. They will grow stronger in their love for her near the dust of the young enthusiast who was only too ready to give all—the wealth of his intellect, the labour of his life-time, his very life itself—for the *Ollamhneán Óonn*. They will learn from Eugene O'Growney's brave example that Ireland's way is a way of self-sacrifice, and that duty knows no compromise. Thinking over his life they will see how for that he loved her well he wore out his span of years when in his prime; and feeling the sadness, they will also feel the glory of that death away in far Los Angeles.

You are welcome home to us, 'Eogán Úa Sparána. God give you a long, sweet rest!



PART III.



**Reliques of O'Growney.**

“Mór-fearr oilte ní eiríte círe  
Fionuiri folláin, biongán laochráin,  
Léasctóirí ghréanta análaí Éireann,  
Suáire an oimis ná dhúintheas ó Úaonnacht.”

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

WE give here a collection, or rather a selection, of Father O'Growney's writings and works, arranged in five sections according to subject-matter and in chronological order within each section.

There are a few other literary remains of Father O'Growney which have not been included, either because they have not been found of sufficient permanent interest, or because we have not been able to procure them. The Editor has indeed heard, whilst the book has been going through the press, of some articles which have appeared in "Donahoe's Magazine,"<sup>1</sup> and it is probable that other contributions to American periodicals have escaped notice. It is almost certain, however, that most of these contributions were of a propagandist nature, and that the articles "The National Language," and "The Irish World Language Fund," may be regarded as fairly typical of them.

We have given a selection which is representative, and which contains, we believe, all that is really of enduring interest.

By the "Simple Lessons," Father O'Growney is best known, but these have long been accessible the world over.

The history of the article on Wolfe Tone's Grave has been already given in the Introductory Chapter to Part II.<sup>2</sup>

In reference to the original Irish articles and metrical translations, we must always bear in mind that they were written for the most part in Father O'Growney's student days, when his Irish scholarship was not fully matured. Remembering this, and the cruel circumstances under which Irish students in those days had to grope their way towards perfect expression, the wonder is that the young enthusiast has so caught up the spirit of the Irish idiom. These compositions will prove interesting and valuable as the early efforts of one to whom Irish was an acquired language.

Like his contemporaries, Father O'Growney was almost completely influenced in his metrical compositions by the laws of English poetry. It was only towards the end he realised the importance of adhering to the metre peculiar to the language, where the ever-recurring waves of sound are the echoes of life-throbs from the sleeping ages of our people—the soul-stirrings back from out the past.

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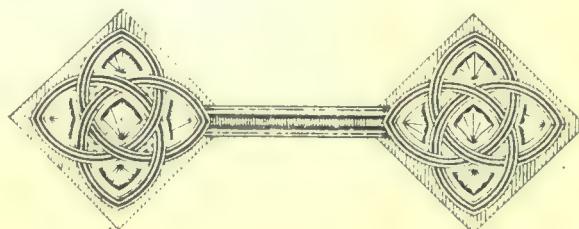
<sup>1</sup> One of these articles, just to hand, is included. See p. 270.    <sup>2</sup> See p. 103.

The necessity for keeping as close as possible to the original metre may account, to some extent, for the wide divergence in the translations from the recognised assonantal system of Irish verse. Had Father O'Growney written original Irish poems he would, perhaps, have shaken himself free to a large measure from the influence of English rhyme—but in confining himself to translations he was, in all probability, sacrificing his natural inclination to the need of the hour. In private letters to his friends he referred constantly to the necessity for translations into Irish of known and popular songs as one of the first steps towards spreading the language.

In this we see part of a regular plan of work all directed by a pure desire to widen the scope of the national speech. His own literary aspirations he put aside without a pang—the pure delight of perfect thought in perfect words; all the joys of the creative mind. Irish he believed not to be his heritage alone—he would make it the common birth-right of every Irish man and woman in the new-coming time. Such was his dream—the desire of his great, generous heart, and it has come to pass that we live into the dawn of his hopes.

The Grammar and School treatises being written for the use of the students in class in Maynooth, only a very limited number of copies were printed. They are now reprinted for the first time with additions<sup>1</sup> based in a large measure on Father O'Growney's later researches in the language. If living now, he would, we feel confident, re-edit this part of his work on much the same lines.

<sup>1</sup> Occasionally when Father O'Growney's treatment of a point was meagre or vague, slight additions have here and there been made in the interests of possible students. All such added matter, sometimes in large print, and sometimes in small, is enclosed in square brackets.



## § I.—ORIGINAL ENGLISH.

### I.

#### THE HILL OF WARD.<sup>1</sup>



TANDING out boldly in a large circular valley, whose rim of verdant hills encloses one of the most fertile districts of our Island, the Hill of Ward, in ancient times called Tlachtgha, has been the scene and theatre of many strange events, from the dark times of Cromwell far back to those ages where the light of history fails to penetrate. The celebrity of this hill is not of our days, nor of recent generations. We must retrace the path of history back to the days when the powers of paganism were dominant in the land—perhaps some thousands of years—to the reign of Ollamh Fodla, and on to the Norman invasion at the close of the 12th century of our era.

The idea of the Supreme Being, which was common to all the Celtic peoples, was so sublime that they deemed it unworthy of Him to be confined in temples, however magnificent; if the case were otherwise, what lofty and enduring structures would not now overshadow this bare hill-top! But our pagan ancestors addressed their gods under the blue canopy of heaven; they preferred the majestic simplicity of Nature to the puny imitations of Art. This is the origin of the respect, manifested all through the course of history, paid by the ancient Irish to the monuments of Nature's hand—the solitary hill, the secluded fountain, and the dusky recesses of the Druidic

grove. It was deemed at once a proof of his courage and his rashness when our apostle preached the Gospel “on the sacred hills and in the oaken woods.” (Moore, “History of Ireland”).

This respect for striking natural objects they connected with curious rites occurring when the divisions of the year began. With the Celts the year was divided into two chief parts: one began on the 1st of May, the other on the 1st of November, or rather the vigil of that day, and this night was called “the night of Samhain” (pronounced “Sowin”), which means, the night marking the end of summer. The May festival was held on the Hill of Usneach, in Westmeath: and this hill of ours was the scene of the other festival, vestiges of which have descended to us in the customs practised on Hallow Eve night. Many, we may be sure, and mysterious were the rites and ordeals witnessed by the returning November on sacred Tlachtgha: here were lighted by the hoary Archdruid the sacred fires which rekindled all the fires throughout the country, already extinguished for the purpose. Too certain is it that the same fires served a bloodier purpose, that the shrieks of innocent victims in vain rent the night air—the gods should be propitiated by human holocausts. (Moore; O'Donovan, “Book of Rights”).<sup>2</sup>

And now we come to another phase in the story of the Hill of Ward. Famous, for we know not how many centuries, as one, if not the chief of Pagan temples,

<sup>1</sup> *United Irishman*, November 23rd, 1901.

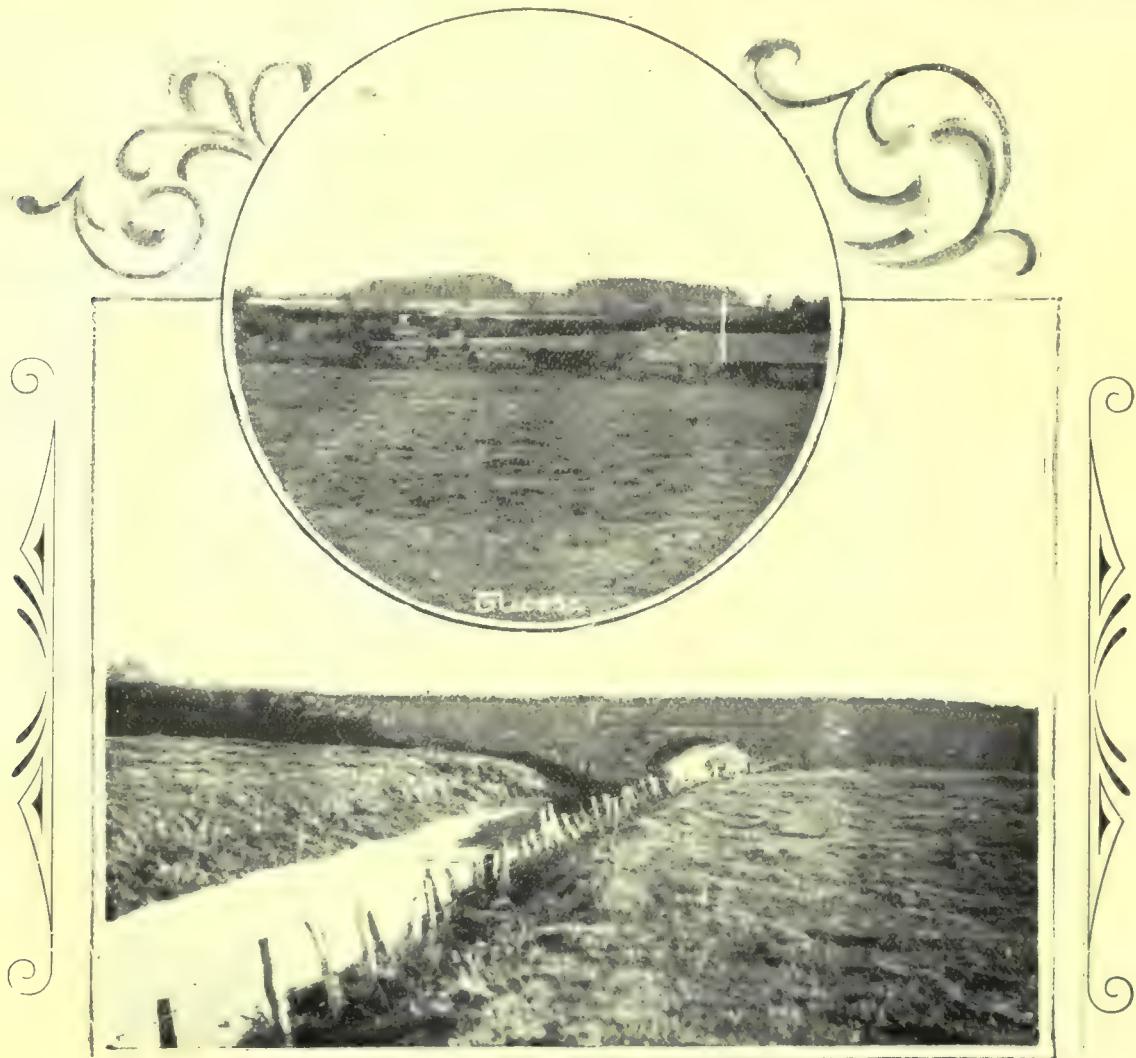
Written in August, 1884, and sent to his friend, Michael MacKenna, for a meeting of the Antiquarian Society at Tlachtgha].

<sup>2</sup> There is nothing to support this belief except a short passage in the Book of Leinster, believed by most authorities to be a forged interpolation.

Tlachtgha merited to be chosen as the regal residence. For in the 2nd century, King Tuathal (Toole), the Acceptable, being recalled from banishment to Scotland and made Ard-Righ of Eirinn, formed the kingdom of Meath, and built a royal palace on this hill, where also it was determined to hold an annual festival as before, continuing the ancient

church of Donaghpatrick he passed on, we are told, to Delvin. And is it not further narrated how he preached the Faith on the sacred hills? We may, then, feel sure that our zealous apostle would not have passed by so near a place of such importance in Pagan worship as the Hill of Ward.

But is not this, you say, the most frantic



THE ATH BUDHE.

customs connected from time immemorial with the place. (Brennan, "Eccles. History"). A grander pageant was witnessed here on the passage of St. Patrick on his missionary tour to Connacht. For after he founded the

speculation? Where are the smallest remains of your fabled kingly courts? Where, we may reply rationally, are the palaces of royal Tara, described through volumes of Irish MSS.? Successive raids and conflagrations

have done their work. According to that vast body of Irish history, the Annals of the Four Masters, the men of Tyrone under two of their chiefs made a raid in the year 903, and gave Tlachtgha to the flames. What did they burn? Was it the earth or the grass? No! the flames ignited by their fellow-countrymen deprived the Irish of Bregia of their fairest palaces, for already Tara had been forsaken. The wear and tear of the time since elapsed has left only the green raths marking the centre of the royal abode, and previously marking the place of pagan worship and sacrifice. Thus many are inclined to ridicule as fabulous the ancient palaces, which were beautiful, even though they were built of such perishable materials as wood and clay. Many an ancient Gaelic bard staked his reputation on poems descriptive of our ancient palaces, their snow-white walls, the various coloured thatch of birds' plumage, the cushions and curtains adorned with gold, the rich garments of the princes, the melodious instruments of the bards. All these are departed, and few are the vestiges which remain to point out the departed glory of the once-renowned spot.

This descent of the Northern Irish was but a faint foreshadowing of what was to come. As soon as the Danes had got courage after the battle of Clontarf (1014) they carried fire and sword into the neighbouring parts of Meath. They burnt Kells, Swords, Duleek, Clonard, nor did they leave this district unmolested, for King Maoilsheachlainn (pronounced "Mweelaughlin"), who had been reinstated on his throne after the reign of Brian Boru, defeated the Danes of Dublin in July, 1022, with great slaughter, at the

river flowing at the foot of the hill. He died thirty days afterwards at Lough Ennell in Westmeath, and was the last king with any real authority in Ireland.

The ford of this river was from time im-



ATHBOY, SHOWING THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH WHERE FATHER O'GROWNEY WAS BAPTISED.  
(From a Photograph taken by Miss Alley)

memorial known as Ath-buidhe-Thlachtgha (pronounced Aw-bwee-Hlachthe), "The yellow ford which leads to Tlachtgha." It grew with the growing importance of this hill, and, when Tlachtgha's former glory was no more, its name became simply "Ath-buidhe," the yellow ford. The collection of houses had grown into a town, and one, too, of considerable importance.

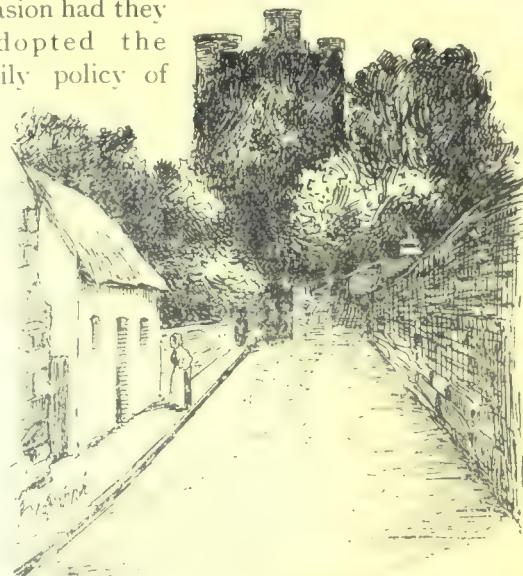
Another ravaging force made its appearance in 1090, when the Munstermen, under Murtagh O'Brien, desolated this district, and then passed on to Connacht. The last monarch of Eirinn made a final attempt to consolidate the power of the country in 1167. At Athboy he collected the power and patriotism of the day. There was heard the lofty eloquence of St. Laurence O'Toole, there were collected all the chiefs of Connacht and the North of Ireland, including even the Danes of Dublin. What must have been the

state of the country at that time may be collected from the simple words of the annalist: "They passed many good resolutions, and separated in peace and amity, without battle or controversy;" as if that were remarkable. The forces then assembled here, were, according to the Four Masters, 13,000.

A few years pass and all is changed. The island is invaded by a foreign and powerful host; portion of it is already in their power. It is most probable that in 1172, when we next meet a reference to this hill, it stood on the boundary line, as it afterwards did, between the Pale and the Irish districts. At all events, we know that Hugh de Lacy, besides being made Chief Constable of Ireland by Henry II., also received as a grant the ancient kingdom of Meath. Now, the *Irish* king of Meath and Breffni before him was the celebrated Tiernan O'Ruairc, or rather, the husband of the celebrated Dervorgilla, whom the voice of tradition, whether rightly or wrongly, connects intimately with the invasion of Ireland by the English. Tiernan, however, lived beyond the Pale after the grant of Meath to Hugh de Lacy, but, naturally enough, regarded even the part of Meath inside the Pale as his. Hence, arose a dispute with de Lacy. To settle it they arranged to meet, attended only by an interpreter and one attendant, on the top of this hill. The writers who favour the English give one account: the truth appears to be totally disregarded by them. They say that de Lacy's attendant *dreamt* that his lord was to be assassinated: he, therefore, brought some knights as near as he could to the hill who watched what was going on. After a while, they say, O'Ruairc gave a sign to his hidden assassins, but the attendant of de Lacy slew O'Ruairc just in time, the knights pursuing the cowardly Irish into the woods.

The account has not the appearance of truth. The simple Irish account is far more credible: "Tiernan O'Ruairc, Lord of Breffni,

was treacherously slain at Tlachtgha by Hugh de Lacy and by Donal O'Ruairc, of Tiernan's own tribe, who accompanied them." (This was the interpreter whom de Lacy had bribed; even the English accounts say that Tiernan O'Ruairc killed the interpreter.) "They carried the body to Dublin and hung it feet upwards." How soon after their invasion had they adopted the wily policy of



CHURCH LANE, ABBEY.

bribing some of the Irish—of causing dissension in the camp!

We come now to the final stage in the long and chequered story of the place; that is, its occupation by Cromwell. This unscrupulous soldier, whose motto was "might makes right," in the end of 1649 made his tour through Meath, wasting and devastating before him. Coming to this district he found before him a Catholic family, the Plunkets of Rathmore; and to ruin them completely he brought the whole family, so the story goes, to this camp on the hill, where they were cruelly murdered. At the same time the cannon of the Roundheads played from the hill on the Castle of Rathmore, reducing it to the state in which it now appears.

## II.

A WALK TO WOLFE TONE'S GRAVE.<sup>1</sup>

HIS week we<sup>1</sup> publish an account of a visit to the grave of Ireland's greatest leader by one of Ireland's most patriotic priests—now, alas! gone from amongst us:—

We had a walk to Bodenstown, to Wolfe Tone's grave, on Thursday in Easter Week. The students of the Senior Division<sup>2</sup> go there every third year. We asked the walk long beforehand, but hadn't much hope of getting it, as the students got a walk to it only two years before. On Wednesday night we heard we'd get it. At breakfast next morning men worked with unusual vigour. After breakfast every man charged off to beg, borrow, or take the loan of a walking-stick if he could think of any place there was a chance of one. For my part, I extemporized a grand one from a hedge in the grounds—a grand one for use. I can't say much about its beauty. Coming up to 10 o'clock the fellows began to get into their shorts (the way we have here of saying they took off the soutane and put a coat on), and when ten had struck they were mustering in the corridor. At six minutes past ten the Dean, who was to lead, made his appearance and the walk started. Out of the two hundred and something in the division only seventy-six thought themselves athletic enough to face the road. So leaving Maynooth, seventy-six strong, we crossed the first hedge we met and headed for the south-west. For four miles we kept across the country,

through grazing fields of fairly good land, with deep sheughs (that's the Scotch way of spelling it), and mostly with hedges between them. There was good jumping all along the stretch, and fine fun at it. Many a sheugh was bottomed, and many a wet one, too. And as the pace was more like a hunt than a walk, you never took time to look round for a comrade, and so you didn't know when a man had botched a jump till he cantered up with a glug in his boots and his coat-tail dripping. At about a quarter of a mile east of Clongowes Wood the fellows dashed out on the road and nearly frightened the life out of the people of a couple of cabins on the roadside from which three or four women and twice as many children ran out to see if we were mad or whiskied. Small wonder they did, for even the dullest men on the walk were singing, and shouting, and laughing, and running as if they felt bound to show that, in spite of appearances, a bit of life and good humour lurked somewhere within them. From this we had a straight, flat road and dusty, for the weather was very dry and the day hot for the season, with the view almost unbroken, through bare, stiff, wet land to Clane, three miles farther south (seven miles from Maynooth), a hamlet—it could scarce be called a village—with half-a-dozen houses on either side of the road, the handsome little Catholic church, the only respectable building in the place, making the other houses look wretched by the contrast. Half-a-mile more to the south brought us to Clane Bridge—over the Liffey. A little way from this we left the road which leads right south to Sallins, and struck across the country, somewhat eastward, through a pleasant stretch of demesne land of softly-sloping heights and hollows dotted here and there with hawthorns

<sup>1</sup> *United Irishman*, November 26, 1901.

<sup>2</sup> This sketch was sent by Father O'Growney, during his student days at Maynooth, to his friend, Michael MacKenna. [Since this article was printed the editor has ascertained that it was not written by Father O'Growney, but by his friend and class-fellow, Rev. L. O'Kieran, C.C., Clontibret. See p. 103.]

and bounded by a belt of trees. Leaving the demesne behind us we came to a few fields of the brightest green I've met with in this country, forming what in this place they call a hillside, though one reared among the braes of Ulster would reserve the name for something steeper. This brought us to a little road beyond which lies the graveyard wall. From leaving the demesne a few of the foremost seemed each anxious to get quietly ahead of his comrades, walking carelessly as it were, that no one might know what he was about. But, as some 'cute American tells us, it's easy to read another man's thought when it's the same as your own: so by the time we had got within view of the graveyard every man had seen through the stealthy strides of his neighbour, and some who couldn't keep to the front with walking threw it over for an honest race to have the honour of being first at the grave. At nine minutes past twelve the foremost man had crossed the graveyard wall, a mile and a-half from Clane, making eight and a-half miles from Maynooth in two hours and three minutes.

The graveyard would remind one a good deal of Drumsna. On the north side a low wall separates it from the road. Round the other sides there is a thick old hedge of hawthorns. Like Drumsna, the space enclosed has become a little mountain of human clay. Near its centre stands the ivy-covered ruin of a church. For centuries no vested priest has prayed there; no sagart taught his flock within its walls. Yet many a proud cathedral avenue shall be grass-grown before a blade is seen upon the rugged pathway of sheltered masonry that leads to the ruined church of Bodenstown. The path stops, not at the doorway of the ruin, but guides you round the outside to its southern side.

The grave is close along the wall, and parallel to it, stretching from east to west. In death, as in life, his face is towards the foe and towards the morning sunburst. The overhanging ivy from the wall spreads out in dark luxuriance to canopy the hero's dust.

How I love that old ivy!—the mantle which God wraps in pity round the ruins that chronicle the weakness of the works of man. Its proud, dark, solemn green is Nature's noblest, grandest, tenderest garland for the brow of majesty that lives no more. Thou art, indeed, All beauty and all Tenderness, O Lord! I thank Thee for that ivy which clothes our ruined churches and the dwellings of our dead. Compared with it, all human monuments of grief but grate upon the senses as harsh and showy and unreal. Truly, there is a proudness and tenderness and majesty of deep and silent eloquence in this dark evergreen that hangs above the dust of Wolfe Tone which fits him better, and speaks a nobler story to those who gaze upon it than stone or marble can ever tell. So, even in the day when "Ireland a Nation Shall Build Him a Tomb," stately and beautiful enough to show the greatness of the man and the gratitude of the people whom he served, even then I would leave that ivied ruin to shade his grave.

The spot is guarded round and overhead by a plain iron railing. A rude stone, standing upright, marks the head of the grave, which is covered by a slab placed over it by, I think, the members of the Dublin Wolfe Tone Band. I think the inscriptions record only the name and dates of birth and death; but with the crowd, I merely took a glance at it. When I saw the grave my first impulse was to kneel and pray. But others followed close behind me. Alone, I would have prayed and wept; as it was, I hesitated; in a moment many others were beside me, and then I hadn't courage to do my wish. Nobody knelt. "Does no one pray for him?" I asked the Dean as he stood beside me. He blushed, and said nothing for a time, but when he spoke it was of something else. It was, indeed, a mean thing for all of us to be ashamed to kneel in one another's presence. But, you ask, didn't he die a Protestant? It would take too long to give you a lecture on theology here, so it will be enough to say that if a Protestant dies (1) with perfect contrition for all his mortal

sins (2) without knowing that he is outside the true Church, and (3) so disposed that he would be willing to become a Catholic if he knew that such was the will of God—such a Protestant, if these three things are true, will most assuredly be saved.

When the body of the walk had come up, and taken a while to draw their breath and look round the place, the leader of the college choir sang “God Save Ireland;” after this we had “The Memory of the Dead” from Clare O’Brien, the son of an old veteran, now in the Irish Party, who, in his young days, was sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered for leading a detachment of insurgents in a Fenian rising; then came the anthem, proper to the scene, “In Bodenstown Churchyard There is a Green Grave.” Everyone took part in the singing, some who, literally, never sang before. It may not have been musical, but there was in it a depth and tenderness of tone which thrilled through heart and brain and went swelling through the wooded hill-side as if the air vibrated with a living breath. Of the appearance of the students during the singing I can give no description. I never saw anything like it, perhaps never will again. In the paintings of the great Italian masters (I speak from copies, I never had the good fortune to see an original) I have seen faces which express a union of many feelings, each intense, yet each brought out distinctly; but except in these I have never seen an expression of such blended feelings as in the faces of the Maynooth students as they sang over Wolfe Tone’s grave. Each looked as if his nature had grown heroic by standing on the spot. It seemed as if the soul of Wolfe Tone—his love and hope and energy and courage flashed on every eve, sat on every lip, heightened every figure. I can give you no idea of the scene, but, perhaps, Davis’ ideal statue of O’Connell will help you to my meaning. I suppose you have Davis’ poems yourself, but, for fear you haven’t, I’ll pick a few lines, here and there, from his directions to the sculptor:

But would you by your art unroll  
His own and Ireland’s secret soul,  
And give to other times to scan  
The greatest greatness of the man—  
Fierce defiance let him be  
Hurling at our enemy.  
On his broad brow let there be,  
A type of Ireland’s history;  
Pious, generous, deep, and warm,  
Strong and changeful as a storm.  
Let whole centuries of wrong  
Upon his recollection throng  
Plundered wealth and glory flown,  
Ancient honours overthrown—  
Let trampled altar, rifled urn,  
Knit his look to purpose stern.  
Mould all this into one thought,  
Like wizard cloud with thunder fraught:  
Still let our glories through it gleam  
Like fair flowers through a flooded stream,  
Or like a flashing wave at night,  
Bright, ‘midst the solemn darkness, bright  
Like cataract or foaming tide  
Or army charging in its pride  
Chisel thus, and thus alone,  
If to man you’d change the stone

The songs over, everyone looked out for some memento of his visit to the grave. I brought away an ivy leaf that grew above it. At twenty minutes to one we started down the hillside at a sharp walk, which soon changed into a run. This we kept up for a mile across the country till we reached the road to Straffan, three and a-half miles north-east of Bodenstown. For the most part the road winds along a demesne wall, likely the Earl of Clonmel’s, whose house we saw from Straffan Bridge in a lovely spot on the north bank of the Liffey. Straffan is a snug little place, with a dispensary, a police barrack, and two or three other well-built and neatly-kept houses. Forty perches north of Straffan brought us to a roadside publichouse where we stopped for a quarter of an hour, and laid in provisions in the shape of bread, butter, cheese, milk, porter, beer, and sundry other wash-downs of a weaker nature. Leaving the Dean behind, to make good the damages, we left at twenty minutes to two and kept the road to Maynooth, five and a half miles straight north. This was, by far, the sharpest piece of walking we had. The foremost men were

back inside the college at twenty minutes to three. The total distance, seventeen and a-half Irish miles, was done in four hours and thirty-four minutes, and three-quarters of an hour of this was resting time. Of course my statistics regard only the men who kept foremost all through ; the great body of the students took from five to ten minutes longer at

each of the walking stages and as much shorter resting time. No one "broke down" on the walk, but a great many walked very like pairs of compasses for a few days after it. It had no effect on myself, except to make me drink like a fish that evening and eat like a wolf next day.

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### III.

#### CIVILISATION OF PRE-CHRISTIAN IRELAND.<sup>1</sup>



S a student of Irish history, I feel bound to utter a word of protest against Father Curry's easy assumption, in his article in the last number of the RECORD, of the complete barbarism of Ante-Christian Ireland. No one thoroughly conversant with our early history, and surely no one acquainted with our early literature, would dream of comparing the Irishman, say of the first century, with the "unreclaimed New Zealander." To pass over other proofs of our civilisation, why the very music and legislation, whose origin the article would date from the coming of Christianity,

go to prove that Ireland was far indeed removed from barbarism in Pagan times. Irish music was not the growth of a few years. Long before the Christian era we know that the Irish *Aos civil* had the three famous compositions, the *Suanraighe*, the *Gentraighe*, and the *Goltrraighe*—compositions whose various nature and acknowledged power argue a respectable acquaintance with the rules of musical harmony and composition.

And "the laws of consummate wisdom," which were in force in St. Patrick's time, were (according to an almost contemporary tradition) but slightly changed from the Pagan code, to meet the requirements of Christian ethics, and of justice stricter than that taught by Cormac or Ollamh Fodla.

It is hard to see the Irishman, even as he was before the light of Christianity reached him, placed in the same category with the savage New Zealander, whose chief music is the whizz of his boomerang, and whose will is his only law.

<sup>1</sup> This letter appears in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for April, 1889, and is a reply to some statements made by the Rev. John Curry in an article entitled "'The Cross and the Shamrock' in the Golden Ages of the Irish Church," which had appeared in the previous number (March, 1889). The letter is signed "G. M. N." and was written by Father O'Growney whilst Prefect in St. Finian's the year before his ordination.

## IV.

## THE NATIONAL LANGUAGE.



THE death of Cardinal Newman brings to mind various events in his chequered life. It reminds the present writer of one characteristic incident, mentioned by O'Curry in the preface to these Lectures delivered by him to the students of the Catholic University, of which Newman was then Rector. O'Curry had spent his life labouring in the neglected field of Irish literature. He had searched the piles of MSS. mouldering on the shelves of libraries, public and private, throughout the British Isles, and the great English collections; MSS. had been scattered all over Europe. He had travelled far, his pockets full of gold and silver volumes unopened for centuries, and he thus attained a knowledge of the not language, literature, and manners of Ireland, unapproached by any man who has followed since.

Chiefly at the instance of Newman, a Celtic chair was established in the new Catholic University; and the appointment of O'Curry as the first professor, and the constant encouragement which that great scholar received from the rector, were all characteristic of the late Cardinal. The *Lectures on the MSS. Materials of Irish History*, in reality sketches of Irish literature, were the outcome of O'Curry's connection with the University. Of the circumstances attending their delivery and publication we read in the preface:—

“ Little did it occur to me on the occasion of my first timid appearance in that chair, that the efforts of my feeble pen would pass

<sup>1</sup> (From the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Vol. XI. (Third Series), p. 982 (Nov. 1890).)

beyond the walls within which those lectures were delivered. There was, however, among my varying audience one constant attendant, whose presence was both embarrassing and encouraging to me, . . . whose kindly sympathy practically showed itself. . . . At the conclusion of the course, this great scholar and pious priest (for to whom can I add that Newman was a saint?) Dr. Newman<sup>2</sup> astonished me by announcing that he had given the lectures to the Royal Irish Academy, and that they were to be published in the *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy* for 1890.

The lecturer

them will assert that Irish literature is either

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Newman died in 1890.

proper value, the language and literature of the nation are to be despised.

Do Irish Catholics to any extent know their native language to-day, or are they at all acquainted with the character of their native literature? Thirty-five years have passed since those lectures were delivered. In that time Irish Catholic education has made great strides. Yet, the number of those who can write our native language passably, or who have the slightest knowledge of our literature, is shamefully small. In whose hands do we now find those lectures, delivered in the National Catholic University, and treating of the most Catholic literature in the world? Chiefly in the hands of

foreigners, and almost exclusively in the hands of non-Catholics. Those precious ecclesiastical MSS., first studied by O'Curry, have been published in fac-simile after great toil and labour, mostly by the exertions of Dr. Atkinson of Trinity College, an Englishman and a Protestant. Two centuries ago a Tipperary priest, fugitive in the Glen of Aherlow, with a price on his head, composed valuable and beautiful works—some ascetical, others historical. After that lapse of time, the most important of these have just been set forth, not by a priest, nor by an Irishman, nor by a Catholic, but by the same Dr. Atkinson. An immense body of mediæval sermons, Catholic of course to the core, have been given to Celtic students, again by Dr. Atkinson. The calendar of saints, composed by the monk Aengus, has been printed by Whitley Stokes, an Irishman indeed, and of a distinguished family, but not a Catholic. To him, too, has been left the honour of preparing the first edition of the famous Irish life of St. Patrick, and of publishing the lives of the early saints from *The Book of Lismore*, writings which throw so much light on the faith and usages of the old Irish Church. We find a Protestant clergyman preparing a dictionary of the words used by the monks, who, in Donegal convent, arranged the old Irish annals. We see Max Nettlau, a German, preparing the text of our great epic, the *Tain Bo*. Dr. Kuno Meyer and others spend years studying the glowing, romantic, and poetic literature of ancient Erin, and of the early Christian period—a literature which carries us back thousands of years, giving us charming glimpses of old Celtic life. Even the organ of workers in Old and Middle Irish is published and supported at Paris; articles on Gaelic subjects are frequent in foreign periodicals, far more so than in papers written for Irishmen; and our standard grammars are drawn up by German scholars. Again, it is a German and Dr. Stokes who are prepared to print, at their own expense, that great collection of words collected by O'Curry, and

thought to have been lost until recently discovered among the MSS. at Clonliffe College.

It was, therefore, with a feeling of shame, that a distinguished Irish-American noted, the other day:

“ Two puzzling *facts* in recent Irish history: First—The interest that Protestants and foreigners take in the language and literature of that country; a language and a literature not only full of the spirit and teachings of Irish Catholicity, but which contain in themselves the seeds of the strongest and most aggressive Catholic traditions in the world. The other *fact*, no less puzzling, is the callous indifference or open hostility of the clergy and politicians to the native speech and literature.”

These are, indeed, puzzling facts, and bitter to think on; but we do not think on them, and so we avoid the bitterness. They are facts, certainly; for what are the great names among Celtic scholars of today. In addition to those already mentioned, those of Ascoli, Ebel, Gaidoz, de Jubainville, Nigra, Rhys, Thurneysen, Windisch, Zimmer, Zimmerman, occur to anyone interested in Celtic research. All these are foreigners, and nearly all non-Catholics. On the other hand, if we search among Irish Catholics, we find no layman of eminence, no one able to fill the place of Sullivan or Hennessy. Dr. Joyce and Mr. Flannery of London appear but seldom. Then in the clergy, we shall meet with very few Irish scholars. There are eight or nine in the regular orders. The secular clergy are represented by Dr. McCarthy, and one or two others rarely *en evidence*, and by a handful of the younger priests, willing, it may be, and earnest, but without influence or opportunities. Now, many of the priests in Irish-speaking districts are fine speakers. It was often my privilege to listen to eloquent sermons in beautiful Gaelic, almost rivalling the language of Keating himself, and as often had I to regret that those speakers could not, through want of some acquaintance with the written language, contribute, as they were

otherwise qualified to do, to our modern Gaelic literature, as our brother Celts, the Welsh clergy, do for their own prose and poetry.

It is in an humbler class of society that the lovers of our ancient speech are to be looked for—among the ranks of the school teachers. Some of those devote their evenings, after their hard day's work, and their well-earned leisure time, to committing to writing, as well as they can teach themselves to do, some of that great body of folk-lore handed down orally from one generation to another, which is yet to be met with in those parts of Ireland where the vernacular is the language chiefly used. Better still, some, with the encouragement of their managers, qualify themselves to teach the native language to their pupils, with the happy result that the children speak, read, and write both English and Irish. And, as the Bishop of Waterford noticed, the children who were thus taught their own language first, and through it learned other things, had a far better knowledge, of their religious duties especially, than the children sent to schools where Irish is not recognised as worth teaching.

It must be confessed, however, that the number of Irish-teaching schools, although increasing, is very small. Out of the thousands of schools in which the children of the nation are educated, but forty-five encourage the national language, out of the tens of thousands of Irish boys and girls growing up in those schools, only eight hundred and twenty-six were examined last year in Irish. Only about three or four hundred people in Ireland have a respectable knowledge of the written language. In those days of education we are forced, then, to ask ourselves, does education mean Anglicisation? Can education, which ought to be a development of the powers of the mind, have anything in common with a system which neglects and practically scorns that great power of speaking a magnificent language which children have in the Irish-speaking counties—a power which our

foreign friends, after years of study, are glad to obtain even imperfectly. Besides, is it not right to encourage a regard for national characteristics? If so, let me set down some of the many anomalies which present themselves to anyone, especially a foreigner, interested in the Irish language.

I. As to the position of the language in the elementary schools of the country, something has been already said. The school-teachers cannot be blamed so much as the system which forbids Irish to be taught to children until they have reached the fifth class, just when many other eligible extra subjects present themselves, and when youth, the proper time for learning a language, is to a great extent passed. Moreover, it insists that Irish, if taught at all, shall be taught outside school hours. Now, who could expect that children would like to learn anything, when doing so would mean spending even a short time extra in school? And as for the teachers, they have no inducement to teach Irish when they can more easily present pupils for examination in other extra subjects which will procure equally great, or greater, results fees. And, in fact, it is not the slight fees held out by the National system that attract teachers to establish Irish classes, so much as the prizes offered by a generous Protestant clergyman living in Wales, the Rev. E. Cleaver.

II. Looking round the higher schools and colleges we find the native language practically ignored. In all Ireland, only two hundred and seventy-four passed in Irish at the late Intermediate Examinations; of these two hundred and thirty-four came from the Christian Brothers' schools, leaving forty to all the seminaries and colleges of the country. In none of the Irish-speaking counties is the vernacular recognized in the local colleges, except two. And at the same time French and German pupils are brought over to teach Irish boys and girls the intricacies of foreign languages. Granted that there are, as I believe there are, more to-day than there

have been for the last two centuries who can write and read Irish, there are surely far more who can write and read French, German and Italian—languages almost useless after four years to the vast majority; while a magnificent language, which it ought to be our pride, as it is our duty, to foster and cultivate, is despised and allowed to die.

III. Few of us have been taught to look upon the loss of a language linked with the fate of this country for three thousand years, as a national calamity, or to regard its preservation as a national duty. And so even ~~poetry~~ ~~the drama~~ ~~the prose~~ ~~the periodicals~~ ~~the decay~~ with indifference. In the periodicals we read articles over Irish names, upon all ~~so~~ ~~so~~ ~~so~~ ~~so~~ ~~so~~ literature of Ir-

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language peculiar to itself, valuable to the  
catechism, a medium for  
the propagation of the gospel, and  
a means of preserving the history of the  
country. But, say the English, we have  
these documents in our libraries, in the  
libraries, or in Oxford, or the British Museum,  
studying dusty scrolls, and envying us our  
better opportunities of seeing the MSS. which  
are, they assure us, most precious, and which  
we, in our ignorance, look upon as waste  
paper. Naturally, they are surprised that the  
learned of that Island of Saints and Scholars,  
of which they have heard so much, should be  
blind to the treasures which lie at their own  
doors; and then, they say, where is the much-  
vaunted patriotism of Irishmen, when they  
ignore the greatest proof of their nationhood?

And here is a question we may put ourselves.

Granted that many of the richest and subtlest Irish Catholic minds are engrossed with professional studies and duties, with political questions, with those great social problems which now-a-days present themselves at every turn or with special studies for which there may be a *special* aptitude that one should encourage; granted all this, do there not still remain many who intend to read or study *something*, and who can choose their subject? And if so, have not the native language and literature a claim prior to that of foreign studies?

At the Welsh National Eisteddfod, held in Bala a few weeks ago, Canon Farrar made use of the following eloquent words:—

"When a language has such a history and such a literature as the Welsh, it is a possession which men ought not readily to let die; and when God has created a nationality, and has

It is a heresy of ours, and with the sea for its rampart and its girdle, the world is all the poorer when such a nationality disappears.

These words, coming from a distinguished  
Irishman, are not to be despised, and with even  
more force do they apply to the general question  
of nationality and割裂 nationality. Are the three millions of  
generations of Irishmen, enshrined in their own  
natural language to be forgotten? or is Ireland,  
after three thousand years, to throw away her  
ancient tongue, a bond which connects her with  
such a past history as hers is, and which would  
be for aye a proof of her distinct nationhood?

"But what use is the Irish? This wailing over the language is all sentimentality." This is a common objection. Well, it is sentimentality, and patriotism is but a sentiment also, and the two sentimentalities are closely connected. Yes, it is sentimentality to long for the revival of the national language, and to wish to see the national history and literature in their due place of honour, but it is true patriotism as well. Witness Archbishop MacHale, a great and consistent patriot, who during his life did all he could to encourage his people to use their native language, and



persuade their co-religionists that they alone hold the pure patrician teaching, now, as always, uninfluenced by Rome. Strong articles by good writers have appeared quite recently in support of their contention, and, very probably this historic-religious question will be discussed warmly in a short time, when present burning questions shall have been settled. If this discussion were put upon us to-morrow, how many have we competent to support our claim by arguments drawn from our extensive ecclesiastical literature? Newman had experience of the value of such arguments, and no wonder he was so much interested in O'Curry's work. The study of Irish literature is but in its infancy; many things must occur in a literature so extensive and so thoroughly Catholic to throw light on the exact belief of the early Celtic Church. It has been shown that those who study the literature are practically non-Catholics, and such men might not see, or might be tempted to slur over, a point in favour of our position.

So that even if Irish were to perish as a spoken language, the literature would remain valuable from the pure literature point of view, and still more valuable from a Catholic standpoint. And now we come to the question: Is the national language really fated to perish? According to the last census, eight hundred thousand people in Ireland can speak Irish; sixty thousand can speak no other language. More than two millions in America can speak Irish. And yet, if things do not change, it is certain that in another century the spoken language will have disappeared for ever. Things are changing. For the last five centuries the history of the language has been a history, first, of active repression by penal laws, then of a more fatal and more shameful neglect, and until very recently, ill-concealed aversion to the language, on the part of influential Irishmen. Not one Irishman having control or influence in the education of the country has ever spoken or done anything worth mentioning for the national language. And when the Irish has lived

through all this, when better days are dawning, public opinion becoming more and more national, and prominent Irishmen beginning to take an active interest in the old tongue, have we not every reason to hope and to look forward to its revival, to some extent at least? Already it is creeping into the schools; if not into the colleges. No one is found to disparage it, as it used to be disparaged a few years ago; and even this is something. A century since, the Welsh was in as bad a state as our language is in at present, until by the exertions of a few patriotic clergymen, public opinion was aroused in its favour. The result is, that Welsh is now a popular, nay, a fashionable language, as is evidenced from the fact that at the last Eisteddfod the Bishop of Bangor opened the proceedings by reciting a Welsh ode composed by himself for the occasion, and that other eminent Welshmen, lay and clerical, recited various compositions in prose and poetry. I wonder shall we ever see the like in Ireland. Another result is that the children are taught the two languages concurrently; the school-books have Welsh and English on opposite pages, and the children know English better than those in the neighbouring English schools. They have twenty-four newspapers—daily, weekly, and monthly, and a vigorous, living and racy literature.

This, too, is what those interested in Irish aim at. It is not to banish English—that would be, first of all, impossible, and also absurd. Listen, again, to the words of Canon Farrar;—“Neither I, nor any man in his senses, dream for a moment of doing anything to hinder the universal prevalence of English. But the prevalence of English is something very different from the exclusive dominance of it. We wish that every child should speak English perfectly, and should also speak . . . . . its native language perfectly.” That this state of education is a possible one is proved by its success in Wales and in other countries. That it is desirable is evident, if the only aim of education be not

to make us more English than the English themselves. It is clear, too, that if the language is to be saved, immediate steps must

be resolutely taken by those who have control of educational establishments of all kinds.

## V.

RETIREMENT OF THE EDITOR OF THE *GAELIC JOURNAL.*<sup>1</sup>

EADERS of this Journal, and not only these, but all interested in the fate of the National language of Ireland, will learn with deep regret that the veteran Editor of the Journal feels compelled to withdraw

from further active participation in the Gaelic movement. Mr. Fleming has finally decided to relinquish the editorship after the publication of the next issue.

For some time past his delicate state of health, and the increasing infirmities of years, have made him feel unequal to the constant strain which the direction of the Journal, in addition to his own work, entailed upon him. An entire rest is needed after his long life of hard work, and, sad to say, not a little trouble and care. Surely we may hope that he who has so earnestly, and for so long, laboured for the advancement of the old language and literature of Ireland, may be enabled to spend his last years (many and happy may they be!) in content and comfort. In other countries such labour as his would be deemed worthy of honourable and substantial recognition, but John Fleming possesses no reward for his labours but the recollection of work well done for sake of a noble cause.

The retirement of the moving spirit from the editorship of the *Gaelic Journal*, the only Gaelic organ in Ireland, is a loss which we shall feel more and more every day. Other and less competent hands must take over the direction of this Journal, and plead, with no uncertain voice, the strict claims of the National

tongue upon the Irish people. If there were a hundred of the stamp of John Fleming, as zealous and as constantly energetic in promoting the Gaelic movement, there would be no fear for the result.

Real workers in Gaelic, either students who endeavoured to cultivate the language, acquire a mastery of it, and show forth its hidden powers, or others who endeavoured to spread amongst their friends an interest in the great Gaelic literature and the fate of the old tongue, were very rare indeed a few years ago; and, if they have largely increased of late, this increase must be attributed to the exertions of a few, and notably of Mr. Fleming. In spite of discouragement, open and hidden, the movement in favour of the old tongue has progressed, and is now progressing in a way surprising to those who can recall the contempt with which Irish was treated twenty years ago; and bearing this in mind, it is not too much to hope, and to promise to Mr. Fleming, that even in his own<sup>2</sup> days that movement, largely promoted and fostered by him, will succeed in bringing about the realisation of that constant dream of his—to have the old language of Erin taught in all the Irish schools, gladly learned by Irish children, and encouraged and respected by the Irish people, the scattered *Clanna Gaeðeal*, all the world over.

In wishing John Fleming farewell—but we will not here borrow the words of the stranger—we will say to him from our hearts, *rlán a'f beannact*; and each of us will add, *so raoislingíó Dia tú!*

<sup>1</sup> From the *Gaelic Journal*, September, 1891.—Father O'Growney's opening address as Editor.

<sup>2</sup> John Fleming, the most unselfish, perhaps, of all the workers in the Language movement, lived for little over four years after his retirement. At the time of his death in Dublin, Father O'Growney was himself broken down in health and an exile. Neither the old man nor his young friend lived to enter the Promised Land, but they both died believing fully in the new and better Ireland, which even now we see before us without the prophet's vision.

THE 'MULS' AND THE 'GILS': SOME IRISH SURNAMES.<sup>1</sup>

Ald. 1. I am extremely

signification.

In the present paper, I propose to discuss the origin of the Irish surnames, and to try to get a few facts about them. The surnames in our English lists amount to about seventy. I have thought it necessary to say, first of all, something about Irish names in general.

Most Irish surnames, although grievously disfigured in passing into their present English forms, are easily recognisable as such. It is to be hoped that, by this time, everyone who

bears an Irish name knows, at least, that *Mac* and *O*, the two familiar signs of Gaelic descent, are just ordinary nouns, meaning *son* and *grandson*, but now in our surnames standing for *descendant*. So that every Irish name beginning with *Mac* or *O* means "descendant of" some ancestor whose name, in genitive case, forms the remainder of the surname. All Irish surnames are derived from names of ancestors, and, accordingly, must have either *Mac* or *O*. I speak of really Irish, for there are some names of foreign origin, though now, and justly deservedly, classed as Irish, such as *Barker*, *Hyde*, *Walsh*, which have neither *Mac* nor *O*, but either retain the *de* (in the case of the Norman names), often softened into *de* (as *de Burgh*, *de Lacy*, *de Clare*), or else have the *Mac* or *O* added to them, as *Tor*, *an Bhráca*, *an Ógáin*, *an Ógáin*.

It is a common and even law that *Mac* and *O* should not have. *Mac* and *O* Custom has extended the use, in English, of *Mac* and *O* to women's names. *Mac* should be written at full length, not *Mc*. We do not write *Johns*<sup>2</sup>. Many Irish surnames have lost *Mac* or *O*; for this there are various reasons, all discreditable.

The English forms of most of our Irish surnames originated during the last two centuries, many in this century. We must not forget that in 1800, Ireland was to but a

<sup>1</sup>From the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, May and June, 1898.

<sup>2</sup>From such names, possibly, originated the practice of saying *an Brúnach*, *an Búrach*, corresponding to the modern English titles of *The Magillicuddy*, *The O'Neill*—forms unknown in classical Irish, although they are found in modern Scotch Gaelic. Possibly, however, the usage is of French origin.

slight extent an English-speaking country. Education had been prohibited even in the English tongue. We find the first forms of our surnames, as a rule, in those precious legal documents which declare that Dermot Mac So-and-So or O'So-and-So, being a "meere Irishman," is hereby declared to have forfeited the lands, &c. The English forms are but rough and ready phonetic equivalents of the Gaelic names; and as everyone could devise a phonetic system of his own, there were and are often, several forms for the same family name.

To the student of the meanings of Irish surnames the English forms of these names are not only of little or no use, but sometimes are positively misleading. Thus, in names that are now spelled *Twomey*, *Twohill*, *Gilfeather*, *MacAvenue*, we see what strange results come from an attempted equation of parts of these names with certain English words. To study Irish surnames to any effect, we must leave the English forms out of sight for the moment, and analyze as far as we can the original Gaelic names. Some of these names, coming to us in their present form from prehistoric times, may defy our analysis; but others—and these fortunately happen to be large classes—can be easily resolved into their constituent elements. In the present paper I propose to discuss two classes of surnames. These are the names which begin, or which should begin, in O'Mul- and MacGil- (Gaelic *O'Maoil-* and *MacGiolla-*), but which are found beginning in Mal-, Mel-, Mil-, Mol-, Mul-, and MacEl-, MacIl-, Gil-, Kil-, MacL-, Cl-, L-, and other forms.<sup>1</sup>

We take the Mul names first. Any surnames beginning in O'Mul-, let us say O'Mulblank,—means "descendant of Mulblank." Mulblank is an ancestor from whom the family derives its surname, and as surnames did not come into use generally before the tenth or

eleventh century, the ancestral Mulblank must be looked for before that date. In most names of this class, as we shall see, the ancestor belongs to the age of the great Christian schools of Ireland; but some Mul names originated in prehistoric times.

What, then, was the meaning of the name borne by the original Mulblank? In other words, what is the meaning of the Mul prefix? In modern Irish the Mul is written *maol*, and this *maol* represents different older Irish words in different names. (a) In most of our present names the Mul stands for "servant of," or "votary of." And most of these names are of Christian origin, and of very great interest. Thus, many centuries ago, a person devoted to St. John, for example, would assume the name *Maol-Eoin*, "servant of John." Hence arose the modern surname *O'Maoil-Eoin*, descendant of the servant of John O'Malone, Malone. (b) In other surnames the Mul stands for an old Gaelic word meaning "hero, magnate." (c) In others, Mul probably represents a word for "head."

The Gil names have had a similar origin. Many centuries ago there lived persons who answered the name Gilblank. In some of these names, Gil, Irish *giolla*, older form *gilla*, meant "servant," as *Giolla-brighde*, pron. gillabreeda, servant of St. Brigid. And now we have the surname, *Mac-Giolla-Bhrighde*, descendant of the servant of St. Brigid—in English, Gilbride, Kilbride. In others of the Gil- names the Gil- prefix must be translated by "person, fellow," as *Mac-Giolla-bháin*, descendant of the white (haired) person, now MacIlvaine.

The Mul names originated much earlier than those in Gil. In fact, we find no record of Gil- names until after the Danish invasion; and some maintain that the word *gilla* is of Danish origin. On the other hand, we find Mul- names of pre-Christian, and even of prehistoric origin. As far as can be ascertained, the original form of the prefix was a word *maglos*, connected in meaning with the Latin *magnus*, and meaning "magnate"

<sup>1</sup> There are a few surnames in O'Gil. The Scotch surname, Ogilvie, which is sometimes quoted as the only O name in Scotland, is probably not Gaelic at all. The accent of the name is on the first syllable, and the name is probably a Lowland, not a Highland, one.

"hero," or something similar. There is a Gaulish inscription, of course of the prehistoric period, mentioning a certain *magalomarus*, or "great hero." When Irish came to be written in the Roman alphabet, the word had become *mael*, and we have record of great numbers of *mael* names of the pre-Christian period. Thus we have *Mael-Midhe*, hero of Meath; *Mael-Caisil*, hero of Cashel. Then we find the prefix assuming the secondary meaning of "one devoted to," "a servant of," as *Mael-Bresail*, servant of Bresal; *Mael-cluiche*, addicted to play, gambling; and *Mael-bracha*, devoted to malt! We see, therefore, that the *mael* prefix had the meaning of "servant" even in pre-Christian times, and we may assume that it is the same word, originally *riaglos*, which we find in names like Malone, and all names meaning servant of a saint.<sup>1</sup>

No doubt, people already accustomed to such names as "servant of Bresal" found it very appropriate, when they fell under strong religious influences, to assume such names as "servant of Patrick," "servant of (St.) Michael," "servant of Mary." Accordingly, we find that such names were used very soon after the conversion of Ireland to the Christian faith. In an old life of St. Cellach of Killala, himself one of the early Irish saints, we find mention of persons called "servant of St. Ibar" (one of the most ancient Christian missionaries in Ireland), and "servant of Senach" (another early Irish saint). The bulk of these saint-names, however, do not occur so early; they are found chiefly in the annals of the seventh to the tenth century, one of the earliest entries in the *Four Masters* being that of "servant of Brigid," at the year 645. As we have seen, the Gil-names do not occur so early, the first such record made by the *Four Masters* being that of a "servant of Kevin," at the year 981.

Reserving the other names in Mul and Gil,

<sup>1</sup> Some writers, however, think that the prefix, in the surnames formed from the name of a saint, is the adjective *mael*, bald, applied by the Irish to the first Christian missionaries on account of their remarkable tonsure. We find in a mediæval poem the phrase *Mel-cisedec mael*. M., the priest; and St. Patrick himself is often called "adze-head."

we shall find it convenient to discuss, in the first place, the large, and, from the Catholic standpoint, most interesting class of surnames which contain the name of a patron saint.

## 2.

It was in the golden age of the early Irish schools, when Ireland was a lodestar that attracted students, scholars, and pilgrims from Britain, France, and Germany—from Rome itself, and even from the distant East—that the names which we shall now examine had their origin. Around the great schools grew up towns filled with native and foreign students, in some cases amounting to thousands. Then even the surrounding peasantry, with that admiration for learning which is characteristic of even the humblest class in Ireland, gloried in the fame for learning and sanctity of the great doctors and teachers of the colleges. What wonder if, in the lecture-rooms of Clonard, and through the neighbouring country, should be found many who bore the name of "servant of Finian"; if Derry, Kells, Durrow, Iona, and many other shrines should shelter "servants of Columba"; or if the innumerable places connected with the names of Patrick and Brigid should be visited by pilgrims who would take, and bear ever afterward, the names of those national patrons? Probably the first to adopt this practice were the clerics attached to the church or college founded by the saint.<sup>1</sup> The adoption of such names would have been facilitated by the custom of changing the names of religious on their entrance to the service of the altar. The national apostle, we know, was in early life called Succat, a name which, could we but explain it, would solve for us the vexed question of St. Patrick's birthplace. St. Columba, too, changed his ancestral name of Criomhthann, "fox," for Colum, "dove." There are many later examples. Many of the clerics, in all probability, already bore such names as *Maelbresail*.

<sup>1</sup> On the theory that the Mul prefix stands for *maol*, a tonsured cleric, this would, of course, be the case always.

servant of Bresal, &c., and would find it very easy and very appropriate to substitute a patron saint for the Bresal or other prehistoric ancestor. The practice, if it began with religious, soon extended to all classes, and to both sexes. If we find the names of women recorded but seldom, we must remember that the early Annals deal, as a rule, with transactions in which men are generally the actors.

In the tenth century there must have been a large number of persons bearing Mul names; and a little later, when surnames began to be formed, there were evidently plenty of "descendants of servants of Patrick" and of other patrons. Hence, though many such surnames became obsolete, and have not reached our days, we have still, in English garb, about one hundred and fifty such surnames.

Let us now see them in detail. From *Diá*, God, came the name *Gilla-de*, "servant of God," often recorded in mediæval annals, and giving us in later times the surname *Mac-Giolla-de*, "descendant of the servant of God," in English dress *Gildea*, *Gilday*, *Kilday* (United States). *O'Dea*, *O'Day* (U.S.), is an old Gaelic name of pre-Christian origin, but the rage for anglicisation has led some persons of the name to change it for *Goodwin*—*Diá-God-Good*.

*Coimhde*, Lord, gave the personal name *Giolla-coimhde*, "servant of the Lord," and thus arose the surname, *MacG. coimhde*, "descendant of the servant of the Lord." *O'Donovan* gives the English form as *Mac Gilcarry*, which I have not met in use; but we have *MacIlharry*, hence an unwarranted form *MacIlhenry* (U.S.). It is possible that *Mac Ilhargy* and *MacIlhagga* are the same name, although the former would seem to come from St. *Forga*, as noted below. "Descendant of the servant of Christ" has survived in the two forms; the Mul form is *Mylechrist*, now used only in the Isle of Man, and the Gil form is *Gilchrist*, *Gilchreest*, *Kilchrist*. In all these names the initial K represents the final consonant of the Mac prefix. The name *Iosa*, Jesus, gave *Maol-Iosa* and *Giolla-Iosa*,

both of frequent occurrence in the old annals, We read of one "servant of Jesus," who was Archbishop of Armagh, or, as the annalist puts it, "successor of Patrick"; another was *Maelisa O'Daly*, poet-in-chief of Scotland and Ireland, who died in 1185. *Walter Scott*, who has so much of the mediæval spirit, has quoted the name in the *Lady of the Lake*:

'Hail, Maise, hail! his heathen exume,  
Give our wife conduct to the Graeme'

From the Gil form comes "descendant of Jesus" in the various forms *MacAles*, *Macleise*, *McLeish*, *Gilleece*, *Gillies*.

The name of Mary was particularly honoured by the early Christian Irish, and we find record of numbers of people, of all ranks of life, who bore the name of "servant of Mary." In the *Four Masters* we note, among others, "a daughter of Nial," an "abbot of Ardbraccan," a "tanist of Leix," a "priest of Clonard," a "successor of Patrick," or Bishop of Armagh, who bore this name, in either of its forms *Maolmhuire* or *Gillamhuire*. The scribe of the *Lebor Brec*, one of the greatest Irish manuscripts that have come down to us, was a "servant of Mary," whose father was *Conn*, "friend of the poor." One of the most striking characteristics of our native Christian literature, from its earliest period down to the present day, is its constant and tender reference to the name of Mary. In Scotland, where the Christian faith was carried by Irish missionaries, we find that even in the districts now for three centuries non-Catholic, the cry of suffering in the old tongue is still *a Mhoire, Mhoire! O Mary, Mary!*<sup>1</sup> Both in Scotland and Ireland *Maolmhuire* is in common use as a baptismal name, and in Ireland it has given the surname *O'Maolmhuire*, "descendant of the servant of Mary," in English *Mullery*, *Mulry*. As a baptismal name, the English translation was, first *Meyler*, and later *Miles*, a name which really has no more connection with the Gaelic form than has *Ned* with *Nebuchadnezzar*. From the Gil

<sup>1</sup> In Irish-Gaelic *a Mhuire, Mhure* (a wirra wirra) So also, *a Mhuire is truagh* (a wirra iss throoa), *O Mary, pity.*

form came the surnames MacElmurry, Kil-murray, Kilmary, Gilmary, Gilmore—all intended equivalents for *Mac-Giolla-Mhuire*.

To the lively faith of the Gael, the angels were very real. We have a striking poem of early date (if not, as tradition would have it, the composition of Columbcille himself) describing the angelic patrons of Aran. To St. Michael, in particular, there was a peculiar devotion, and to the present day his name is of frequent recurrence in those household hymns of great antiquity, which in the Gaelic-speaking districts, have never been superseded by the forms of prayer we are accustomed to in modern times. On the *Seelig Mhor*, the great lonely Skelligs rock that rises precipitously out of the Atlantic to the west of the Kerry coast, is buried, according to the old legends, the warrior Ir, one of the great ancestors of the Irish. This, too, for many centuries, has been a favourite shrine of St. Michael, and on the adjoining mainland the surname (Mulvihil, Mulville, Mulverhill, U.S.), or descendant of s. of Michael—*O'Maoilmhichil*, is most abundant. MacGilmichael, with the same meaning, was formerly an Ulster name, which is possibly now represented by MacEmeel, although that name may be from the adjective *maol*, as noted further down.

“Servant of the saints” is now obsolete as a first name, but has left us the surname *Mac-Giolla-na-naomh*, d.s. descendant of the servant—of the saints, in English spelling MacElnea, MacAneave. *Eoin Bruinne*, or, “John of the Bosom,” is a usual, and as all will admit, a most appropriate name in Gaelic for St. John. As we might expect, we find that s. (servant) of John was a popular name: one of this title, Maeleoin, or Malone, was Bishop of Trim in 929. The surname O’Malone, “d.s. of St. John,” is well known, and the Gilla-Eoin form survives in Maglone, MacAloone, MacLoone, Gilloon. In Scotland the word Eoin is pronounced Eain; Highland scholars now spell it Iain; the more English form, Ian, is familiar to readers of nowaday literature. The Highland “d.s.

of John” is accordingly, Mac-Giolla-Eain—or, as they misspell it, MacIlleathan—and is anglicised MacLane, McLean.<sup>1</sup> Maelpedair, Maelpoil, two names we find in the old books, have left us only Mullpeters (U.S.); from the other forms we have Gilfedder, Gilfiddler, Gilfeather, and Gilfoyle, Kilfoyle—d.s. of SS. Peter and Paul respectively.

The teacher of St. Patrick, St. Martin of Tours, has always been honoured in Ireland, and Martin as a baptismal name, is very common at the present day. The feast of St. Martin is still observed with curious ceremonies in some places. Maelmartin, s. of Martin, is recorded as having been used by various individuals in Clonard, Clonmacnoise, Kells, and Connor. It is now obsolete, but Gilmartin, Kilmartin are to the fore—d.s. of St. Martin. Churches, cells, and holy places without number recall St. Patrick, our great national apostle. Templepatrick, Donaghpatrick, Kilpatrick, Toberpatrick, mark, in many places, the lines of his progress through Ireland. The annals of the middle ages are filled with the names of princes, priests, abbots, and bishops who bore the title of *Mealpatraic*, s. of Patrick, now obsolete, and *Giolla-patraic*, which has left us the surnames Kilpatrick, Gilpatrick, MacElfpatrick, MacElfederick. These two last names occur only in north-east Ulster. The MacGilla-Patricks, most notable, were the princes of Ossory, and their descendants, as well as many other families of the name, have translated themselves to Fitzpatrick, although the prefix Fitz is wholly out of place here. The name of our saint is offered by some modern lights of philosophy to explain the legend of the banishment of the snakes from Ireland, and the subject deserves a passing reference. Scientific men are nothing if not

<sup>1</sup> On account of some similarity of sound between *Luan*, the word for Monday, and the last syllable of “d.s. of John,” this name is in parts of Donegal translated Munday! To my own knowledge, a young man named MacKeane (Maclain) was advised, by one who should have known better, to transform himself to Piggott—MacKeane = *muicin* = pigotte! He refused, and kept to the grand old Gaelic name, nor did he regret it a few years later.

iconoclasts, and, according to the latest theory, St. Patrick had nothing to do with banishing snakes. Snakes had disappeared from Ireland at least by the time of the Danish invasion, and the Danes, noticing the absence of the reptiles, and hearing much of the name of St. Patrick, interpreted this name as an Irish attempt at *padrekr* from the Scandinavian *paddarekr*, toad-expeller. And so, according to this theory, the legend arose at first among the Danish-speaking invaders, and afterwards was adopted by the Irish.<sup>1</sup>

St. Brigid, "the Mary of the Gael," had many mediæval clients named *Maelbrighte* and *Gillabrighte*. The famous scholar of Mayence, who is known in Latin as *Marianus Scotus*, was, in Gaelic, a "servant of Brigid." We have now Mulbride, MacGillbride, MacBrude, Kilbride, and—*horresco referens* Mucklebreed; all meaning d.s. of St. Brigid.<sup>2</sup>

There are, of course, many places named Kilbride, or church of Brigid, and Tubberbride, or holy well of Brigid. A "Bride's Well" existed in London until Reformation times. Whether the Irish or the Swedish saint was the patron, I do not know: probably the Irish saint, as the Swedish name is properly Birgitta. Anyhow, when the Reformation came there was no further use for the holy well, but somehow jails were in great demand, and so even the buildings surrounding "St. Bride's Well" were "converted," and henceforth rendered service as a prison, and the name "bridewell" became synonymous with "prison." To such base uses do even words descend!

<sup>1</sup> See *Folk-lore*, December, 1894.

<sup>2</sup> Readers may, perhaps, question the actual use of some of our less common surnames, but I give only names I have heard myself or taken from the daily papers (especially reports of local meetings), or others whose use is guaranteed by the Secretary of the General Registry Office in Dublin, Mr. Matheson, to whose reports and personal letters I am much indebted.

<sup>3</sup> Although Birgitta and Brigid are now different names, the former may possibly have been of Irish origin. At the time of the Danish invasion some Scandinavian names were adopted in Ireland, such as Auliffe, Ivar, Otter, Sitrice, which has given us the modern MacAuliffe MacIvor, MacKeever, Ivers, MacCotter, Cotter, Mac Kittrick; and some Irish names, such as Oscar, Niall, Fergus, were adopted by the Scandinavians, who use them to the present day.

"In the east and the west," as the old phrase ran, or in Scotland and in Ireland, St. Columcille is venerated as the one in whom all the highest ideals of the Gaelic mind are found united. Tradition has it that his name in childhood was *Criomthann*, "fox," and that his late name, *Colum*, "dove," was assumed on his entrance into religious life. Out of Ireland he is better known by the Latin *Columba*, "dove." The name "servant of Colum" has descended in the form *Maolcoluim*, Malcolm, used only by Scotch families, although a more suitable Irish and Catholic name it would be hard to find. From it come the rather rare surnames Mulholm, Maholm, and from the Gil- form comes MacElholm, descendant of Colum. As a baptismal name, *Colum* is still used in the Irish-speaking districts of both Ireland and Scotland (in the latter country in the form *Calum*), giving the surnames MacColum (Scotch MacCallum), *Colum*, descendant of a person named *Colum*. The rage for anglicisation has led to the fearsome form "Pidgeon," used as a surname by some benighted individuals.

In his student days *Columba* had been a pupil of both the Finians, of Clonard and Moville. Of him of Clonard, says the *Donegal Martyrology*: "Finian of Clonard, in the wisdom a sage: tutor of the saints of Erin in his time. . . . In life and ethics he resembled Paul the Apostle." The same ancient record likens Finian of Moville to James the Apostle. There are several saints now named in English *Finian*, in Latin *Finianus*. The older form *Finan*, used by Bede, was much nearer to the original Gaelic *Finan*,<sup>4</sup> a very common name in ancient Ireland.

"Servant of Finian" has left us the surname *Macgiolla-Fhionnáin*: in English, Mac

<sup>4</sup> It is a diminutive of the adjective *finn*, now *fionn*, fair-haired; but a recent and not unpleasing theory takes the word, in these saint-names, to mean fair, pure, holy. The names of *Finnan* of Clonard, *Finnan*, also *Barr-fhinn*, of Moville, and *Finn Barre* of Cork, are all Latinised *Finianus* (also *Vennianus* and *Vennio*, *Venionem*). There is also a modern form *Finghin*, translated by "Florence," although there is no apparent connection.

Aleenan, MacAlinnion, MacLennon, McClenan, Lennon, Glennon, Gleenan, Gilfinnen, Finn, and the translated form Leonard; that is to say, some d.s. of Finian have assumed the foreign name Leonard, because it had a certain resemblance, in the first syllable, to Lennon. I once spent a very pleasant couple of weeks at the house of one Pádraig Mac-Giolla-Fhionnáin in Southern Connemara. In English he was known as Paddy Leonard; and this particular servant of Finian would have made the fortune of a dozen folk-lore societies, as his memory was a regular treasure-house of Gaelic tradition.

Some of the Irish Gilfillans, I am inclined to think, are rather Gilfinns, and take their name from Finian, and not from St. Fillan, who is more identified with Scotland, and is alluded to in Scott's well-known lines:—

Harp of the North! that mouldering long has hung  
On the witch-elm that shades St. Fillan's spring.

His name is preserved also by Glenfillan, one of the most beautiful spots in the Highlands, where, at the head of Lough Shiel, lies the little island of St. Fillan, with its ancient bells of the saint, a short distance from Glenaladale, the home of the MacDonalds, from where come Archbishop Angus MacDonald and Bishop Hugh MacDonald, both good Gaelic scholars and lovers of the old tongue. "Servant of Fillan," is represented now by the names Gilfillan, Gilliland, MacClellan, MacLeland, Leland. As a baptismal name Finian is still used in Kerry, but in Cork the "translated" form Florence has taken its place in English. Derrynane, the home of O'Connell, is the "wood of Finian." *Doire Fhionnain*—this is not Finian of Clonard or Moville, but Finian of Inisfallen.

One of the ancestors of Finian of Clonard, was the famous pagan warrior Celtchar, who was destined to have among his descendants not only such a pillar of the Christian Church as Finian, but also a most bitter enemy of the new faith in Ronan, who had two girls tied to stakes on the beach, to be drowned by the incoming tide, for refusing to abjure

Christianity. Ronan had a son to whom he gave the name of Maelcelchair, or servant, admirer of the great pagan ancestor already mentioned. Such, however, is the irony of fate, that this same Maelcelchair, became the apostle of south-west Kerry, where his beautiful stone oratory, Kilmalhedar, still stands in perfect preservation one of chief glories of Irish archæologists.

Bishop Erc, of Slane, in Meath, was one of the early nomadic missionaries who travelled from place to place preaching the Gospel. From his name comes the surname Mullarkey, d.s. of St. Erc.

Dunshaughlin takes its name from St. Seachnall in Latin, *Secundinus*—whom tradition represents as nephew of St. Patrick. For many centuries, "servant of Seachlann" (the metathesised form of Seachnall) was a popular baptismal name, and is represented in English history books by Melaghan, and often by the foreign name Malachy, with which it has no further connection than some phonetic resemblance of the first syllables. One of the name was the Malachy that—

wore the collar of gold  
Which he won from the proud invader.

This is the Malachy who is buried in an island in the beautiful Lough Ennell, now, I regret to say, more usually called Belvedere, in Westmeath. The name is still in popular use as a given name in the forms Loughlin (more informally "Lack," "Loughie") and Malachy ("Mal"), the latter form being usual in the south-west, where the other Biblical forms, Jeremiah and Timothy, are also mistakenly used. The surname O'Melaghan, d.s. of St. Secundinus, has become merged in that of MacLoughlin; and this probably accounts for the abundance of folk of this name in Ireland—17,500, according to the census of 1891. The forms Loughlin, Laflin, Claflin (U.S.), are also met with.

A great body of Gaelic literature centres around the two St. Kierans, of Saighir, now called Serkieran, and of Clonmacnoise, by the Shannon. From him of Clonmacnoise,

probably come the names *O'Maoilchiarain*, *MacGiollachiarain*, Mulhern, Mulheerin, Mac Ilherron, d.s. of St. Kieran.

Kilalla takes its name from St. Alladh—hence the Latin form of the name of the diocese, Alladensis. From him the surnames Mulally, Lally, d.s. of St. Alladh. Another bishop of the same see was St. Cellach, from whom the place name Kilkelly, or church of Cellach, and also the surname Kilkelly, *MacGiolla-Ceallaigh*, d.s. of St. Cellach. This St. Cellach had a very chequered career. Born of a royal house, he was destined for the service of the altar, and became a student at Clonmacnoise. The student was called, by the death of his father in battle, to be the reigning prince, and afterwards was, in turn, a fugitive, again a cleric, bishop of Kilalla, a hermit on an island of Lough Con, and finally victim to the jealousy of his enemies. Something of a poet, too, was this western hermit. Awaiting his death the morning of his murder, and seeing, as he thought, all those dark omens to which Gaelic tradition attached deep meaning, he sang a lay, of part of which this is a translation:—

Hail to the morning fair, that, as a flame, falls upon the earth! Hail to Him, too, who sends it—the many-virtued morning, ever new! O morning fair, so full of pride—sister of the brilliant sun—hail to thee, beauteous morning, that lightest my little book for me! Thou seest the just in every dwelling, thou shonest on every tribe and race, hail! O thou white-necked, beautiful one, here with us now—O golden-fair and wonderful!

My little book, with chequered page (Scripture), tells me my life has not been aright. Maelcroin (one of the assassins), 'tis he whom I do well to fear; he comes to smite me at the last. O scaldcrow, and O scaldcrow! gray-coated, sharp-beaked, wretched bird; thy desire is apparent to me; no friend art thou to Cellach. O raven! thou that makest croaking, if hungry thou be, O bird, depart not from this rath until thou hast a feast of my flesh. Fiercely the kite of Chuan-Eo's yew tree will take part in the scramble; his horn-hued talons he will bear

away filled; he will not part from me in kindness. To the blow that kills me the fox in the darkened wood will answer at speed; in wild and trackless places he, too, shall devour a portion of my flesh and blood. The wolf in the rath on the eastern side of the hill will come to rank as chieftain of the meaner pack. On Wednesday night last I saw a dream. I saw a dream: the wild dogs dragged me east and west through the russet ferns. I saw a dream: into a green glen men took me. Four were they that brought me thither, but (so me seemed) ne'er brought me back again. I saw a dream: to a house my fellow-students led me; for me they poured out a draught; a draught they quaffed off for me. O tiny wren! most scant of tail, dolefully thou hast piped a prophetic lay; surely thou, too, art come to betray me, and to curtail my gift of life.

O Maelcroin, and O Maelcroin! pelf it is that thou hast taken to betray me; for this world's sake hast thou accepted it, accepted it for sake of hell. All precious things whatsoever I had, on Maelcroin I would have bestowed them, that he should not do me this treason. But Mary's great Son above thus addresses speech to me: "Thou must have earth, thou shalt have heaven. Welcome awaits thee, O Cellach!"<sup>1</sup>

As Kilkelly comes from Cellach, so Kilkenny, both the names of the city best known outside Ireland as the residence of the famous legendary cats, and the surname of the same form, comes from the name of St. Canice. Kilkenny, accordingly, means d.s. of St. Canice. There were at least four early missionaries of the name, one of whom is venerated at St. Andrew's in Scotland. The Gaelic form of the name Canice is *Coinneach*, and gives the surnames Kenny in Ireland and MacKenzie in Scotland.

Mulholland, Maholland are d.s. of St. Callan, from whom comes also Tyrholland, or the house of Callan, in the diocese of Clogher.

Senanus is known to general readers better than the majority of our early saints, on ac-

<sup>1</sup> See *Silva Gadelica* i. 66; ii. 59. This is the best book procurable to give a general idea of the character of Irish literature.

count of Moore's poem of the Holy Isle, as the saint had

Sworn that sainted sod  
Should ne'er by woman's foot be trod.

Kiltannanlea, or Church of Grey Senan, still preserves his name, and also the surname Gilsenan, Giltenan, d.s. of Senan. Not improbably, however, some of the older name, MacUinnsonain, have been absorbed by the more familiar name, Gilsenan. Some of the names have "translated" themselves to "Shannon."

Gilvarry, a western surname, comes from St. Berach, abbot, of Cluaincoirptie, in Connaught. Mulrennin, in Gaelic *O'Maoilbhrenainn*, means d.s. of St. Brendan, the navigator whose name marks the map of Ireland and Scotland from Mount Brandon to St. Kilda, and whose *Voyages* are a curious medley of Pagan tradition blended with actual experience of explorations of the Atlantic.

This brings us to a second class of saint-names in Mul and Gil, which deserve to be treated separately.

3.

One of the most striking characteristics of the Irish race has always been a great veneration and affection for those consecrated to the service of religion. As far as we can gather from the native literature, the Druids seem to have held a strong position in the popular favour, even though they spoke of the world beyond with no very certain voice. Celtic Paganism had lost all definiteness of teaching at the time St. Patrick came to Ireland, and the strong contrast between the vague, cheerless generalities of Druidic tradition, and the definite and consoling assurances of the Christian faith was, no doubt, one of the reasons of the wonderfully rapid conversion of Ireland. We are not to be surprised, therefore, that the early Christian teachers who, with St. Patrick, or after him, taught the new faith, should hold a warm place in the hearts of the nation. We speak now of but one indication of this,

connected with our present subject. It was very usual in early Christian Ireland, in speaking of the early missionaries, to add to the names of many of them the endearing diminutive termination -án or -óc (modern óg).<sup>1</sup> Thus St. Columcille is often found with the name of Colmóc; hence Staholmock, or "house of little Colm." The Isle of Rona, north of the Hebrides, takes its name from St. Rona, who is also called Ronán and Ronóc (modern Ronóg). The -án form was easily Latinised, and so we usually find these names ending in Latin in -anus, and in English (after the Latin) ending in -an, as Ronan, Colman, Aidan. There was also the still more curious practice of prefixing to the names the endearing particle *mo*, my; thus "the Church of (St.) Rona" is the translation of the name of a ruin at the east end of Loch Lomond; the name itself is Kil-ma-ron-og, "Church of my Little Rona." It is the same Rona (venerated at Iona and elsewhere on February 7th) that Walter Scott alludes to when he speaks of

A vot'ress in Maronnan's cell.

mo-ron-án, my little Rona.

Some of our Irish saints have had their names much disguised, like that of Rona in the line just quoted; such as St. Molua, really *mo* *Lua*, or my *Lua*, possibly one of those from whom *Cill-dá-Lua* or Killaloe (Church of the two Luas) takes its well-known name, just as Timoleague stands for *Tigh-mo-Laga*, house of "my Laga," usually called St. Molaga. The patron saint of Kinsale, in English called Multose, is in Gaelic<sup>2</sup> *mo-Elte-og*, my little *Elte*, a pupil of St. Barre of Cork. Portmarnock, Kilmarnock, Inchmarnock, contain another well-disguised

<sup>1</sup> There is a curious and somewhat analogous usage in English in such expletive phrases as "by'r lakin" = by our Lady-kin (Shakespeare), "ods bodkins" = by God's bodykins, and some others which I have not seen in print, though they exist in our Anglo-Irish dialect, such as "upon me soukins" (*aliter*) "sukkins" = my soul-kins, and similarly "fekkins" = faith-kins. These last examples are from Meath; the -kin, -kins, is the diminutive termination as in mannikin.

<sup>2</sup> So I am informed by Father Lyons, P.P., Kilmichael.

name, for those places are the "landing place," "cell," and "island," respectively, of *m'Ern-óc*, my little Erna, the same St. Erna who was with Columba in Clonmacnoise. He is, perhaps, better known by the other diminutive form of his name, Ernan. Hence comes the surnames MacAlearney, MacLerney, MacLarney, Millarney (= *O'Maoil-Erna*, if not merely a rapid pronunciation of MacLarney), MacAlernon, MacLernon, Mac Clernand, MacLoirnan; all meaning d.s. of St. Ernan, whose feast day is August 18th.

We may take it that a name of this class was the origin of the Latin Columbanus, the Irish Colman being a very common name at all times, and used to the present day.<sup>1</sup> Several of these names are given in a quatrain quoted in the old *Martyrology of Donegal* :—

*Mo-Lua ba hanamchara do Dabud  
Dab Muir moth-mall,  
Is dom Aedhog, is dom Chu-mog,  
Is do Chomgall.*

"My-Lua was soul-friend (spiritual director) to David over the slow-rolling sea (i.e., in Wales), and to my-little-Aedh, and to my-little-Caem (Kevin), and to Congal."

This quatrain refers to the time when there was constant and friendly communication between the schools and churches of Ireland and the Welsh and English coasts, when Welsh students came to study in the Irish colleges, and brought back with them to Wales many Irish traditions that can still be recognised in Welsh literature. This was the time when Alfred, a student in Ireland, laid the foundation of that love for learning which afterwards caused him to solicit the aid of his former Irish professors in founding the

first University of Oxford. The quatrain also contains the name of one of our saints, a name disguised more effectually than any other, that of St. Aedh, if we may venture to call him so. Aedh is really his name. It is one of the commonest Irish names, and is now represented in English by Hugh, a name with which it has no connection whatever. The saint, however, is never known by his mere name Aedh, but is called either *Aedhán*, little Aedh, or *m'Aedh-òg* (pronounced may-ogue), literally "my little Aedh." The former form is in English Aidan, the latter Mogue. The saint is generally known by the name Aidan, and is the patron of the diocese of Ferns, in which Aidan and Mogue are both used as baptismal names. In a sense, Aidan and Mogue are the same name: they mean practically the same thing, although differing so very much in appearance. The records of the Registrar-General in Dublin bear witness to the fact that many people called Mogue, in familiar and ordinary life, insist on writing themselves down as Moses. But do not both words begin with Mo-? and is not that sufficient reason for getting rid of an old Irish name, in times when Anglicisation is fashionable—although this particular case is rather one of Judaisation?

St. Aidan, or Mogue, was much honoured in early Ireland and Scotland. In the latter country he is found venerated at Kilmaddock, in Perthshire, and his name in the form Maddock (Scott refers to him as St. Maddox) is familiar to students of Scottish archaeology. As we might expect "servant of Mogue" was a popular name; we read of one who was "Abbot of Armagh" in 1136. This was the friend of St. Bernard, whose Gaelic name *Mael-mhaodhog*, or servant of Mogue, is Latinised Malachy (O'Morgair). The surname directly descended from this name is rarely met with now-a-days in its proper form, Mullavogue or Mullawogue, most bearers of the name having taken the name Molloy, as less jarring on English ears. This also accounts for the fact that in Donegal, at least

<sup>1</sup> It is curious to note how, at present, people called in Gaelic Colum are named Colman in English. The name Colman in this place calls to mind the theory—which has the merit of novelty at least—that the name Columbanus, derived from an Irish Colman, gave rise to a South-European family name, Colombo or Columbus, one of which family discovered a new world, known later as Columbia. Perhaps it is needless to add that the author of the theory hails from the country in question.

around Killybegs and Glencolumcille (so far as I can learn from Mr. J. C. Ward and Mr. Patrick O'Byrne) the English name Mulloy is used by families called in Gaelic O'Ludhog, the usual English of which is Logue. Evidently this Gaelic name is but part of the full O'Maolmaodhog, d.s. of Aidan, just as Lally is but a shortened form of Mulally. O'Ludhog represents fairly well the Ulster sound of the Gaelic name, after the *mao* of the prefix has been dropped. In Westmeath the Leinster pronunciation of the same ending is well represented by the local surname Leeogue, which, like Logue, also means d.s. of Aidan.<sup>1</sup> So that the primatial see of Armagh, adorned centuries ago by a 'servant of Aidan,' is once more filled by an eminent inheritor of the same title. The Gil- form with the same meaning is MacGiolla Mhaodhog, now Mac Elvogue. Boolevogue also seems to have taken its name from the saint.

One of the great Irish school-founders was St. Carthage, who first conducted the great school of Rahan, and afterwards, when obliged to abandon Rahan, founded Lismore. This saint has two names; in Gaelic he is usually called Mochuda and his English name, borrowed from the Latin form Carthagus,<sup>2</sup> is founded on his other Gaelic name, Carthach. Mochuda (mo-Chuda my Cuda) may have been his personal name, and Carthach, or Carthy, the name of his clan. Hence the surname MacGillicuddy, d.s. of St. Mochuda. Other forms are MacElcuddy, MacElhuddy (Huddy?), and, apparently, MacElligott.

Another name with the diminutive terminations -án and -óg is that of St. Fintan; at least it seems to me that the surnames MacAlinden, McClinton, McClintock, are

<sup>1</sup> What then accounts for the other Gaelic form of Logue, O'Loig? I believe it is a recent formation taken from the English form itself. A real Gaelic name would not end in -oig, even in the genitive, as the -óig termination, in such names as Maedhog, was invariable in all cases.

<sup>2</sup> Not Carthago, although I have heard *et intercedente beato Carthagine* sung at a solemn function.

MacGiolla-Fhionntáin, Fhionntóg,<sup>3</sup> d.s. of Fintan. Fintan is one of the few ancient names still in use as a baptismal name.

St. Fintan is one of the many saints who, like Columba, Fillan, Erna, Mogue, were venerated in both Scotland and Ireland. There were many bonds of union between Ireland and the Highlands; the people were of the same race, they spoke the same language; had the same traditional literature; for ages they professed the same faith, and venerated the same patrons; Patrick, Brigid, and Columba, being the chief in both countries. And, although, for many centuries there has been no active intercourse between the Gaels of Scotland and those of Ireland, and although the two countries have been influenced in very different ways, still we find many traces of old times in the language and customs of Scotland. The Scotch-Gaelic forms of the surnames are the same as ours, except that they write MacIlle phonetically, instead of MacGiolla. In some localities of Ireland a *ciolla* would be the phonetic form, as *a ciolla-mhaire*, Gilmor. This Gaelic name is used in the Highlands and is often translated Morrison. The Scotch have few Mul names, MacMillan, Mellis (for Maelisa, according to Mr. Flannery), and Maolmoire, "servant of Mary," which we shorten too much, to Maoilre. One name is curiously misspelled by our Highland cousins; MacIlleathan, properly Mac Ille Eain, our Mac Giolla Eoin; d.s. of St. John.

There is at least one Highland saint who has left his memory in two surnames, St. Cattan of Kilchattan—there are three places of the name, in Argyle, Bute, and Colonsay—as recalled by the surnames Mulhatton and MacElhatton, d.s. of St. Cattan. The saint was probably one of the Clann Chattan of Caithness, of whom Scott writes in the *Fair Maid of Perth*. The adjectival form Cat-tanach is used as a surname in Scotland.

<sup>3</sup> Professor MacKinnon writes the name Mac Ille Fhionntaig. In Irish-Gaelic we do not change the *ó*, *íg* termination.

Here we may give a few names omitted from the first part of this paper. St. Senach has left us MacElhenney, McAlinney, Gilheany, McIlhaney, McEllany, MacElkenny, another form of Kilkenny, already given. Maelmochta, client of St. Mochta, of Louth, is now represented by Moughty, a rare name (Westmeath). Kilcullen, like the place-name similarly spelled, indicates a St. Cullen, there is one of the name in O'Gorman. MacIlhargy seems to be d.s. of St. Forga, of Killargy or Killargue; and the Antrim MacIlhagga is either the same name or a form of MacIlharry already mentioned. Mulvennon, at first sight, would seem to be d.s. of St. Benen or Benignus, one of St. Patrick's converts, and afterwards his constant companion; but I am told that in Galway the form Mulvrennan is heard: in that case the meaning is d.s. of St. Brendan. As we have seen, Mulrennin is another form, and still another is Mulreany. This last form is misleading, although it is now, perhaps, the form in most general use in English, the Gaelic form used by the same persons being O'Maoilréanail (for -réanain).<sup>1</sup>

We cannot always translate the Mul prefix by the same English word. When it is followed by a saint's name, "servant of" or "client of" is a good translation; but there are some names in which "one who loves," "one zealous for or anxious for" will better represent the meaning. Such a name was *Maeldomhnaigh*, "one who loves the church,"<sup>2</sup> giving our modern surnames Muldowney, Mullowney, Moloney, and similarly MacEldowney, Gildowney, Downey, all meaning "descendant of one who loves the church." Compare Colum Cille, "Colum who loves the church, cell," and the obsolete *Maeldithraibh*, "one who loves the hermitage." There were many beautiful names of this class in ancient Erin, such as

<sup>1</sup> Compare Dingle from Gaelic *Daingean*, and *Ban-danil* for Baldwin in Finghin O'Mahoney's 15th century translation of Mandeville.

<sup>2</sup> *Domhnach*, church, from Latin *dominica* (domus), also means a shrine. It also means Sunday, *dominica* (dies). Maoldonaich is yet used in Scotland as a Christian name, and for some reason unknown to me is translated Ludovic.

Maelaithgin, "one anxious for regeneration," Maelbeannachta, "one anxious for blessings," Mael beatha, "one anxious for (eternal) life." This last name is given as the proper title of Shakespear's Macbeth, whose more familiar name is equivalent to "son of life," a usual phrase for a converted person, believer. There was also *mac báis*, "son of death," a reprobate. Macbeth is still in use as a surname with the alternative forms, McBeith, McAbee. MacVeigh, McAvay. *Maeldeoraidh*, "servant of the stranger, pilgrim," is the original of Muldarry, Mulderry; we have also MacIlderry. Gillespie is "servant of the bishop." Used as a Christian name, it is translated Archibald, in Scotland. *Maeltola*, "one devoted to the will (of God)," was a common name, and, perhaps, some who now bear the name Tully may be descended from an ancestor of this title.

Here end the surnames connected with religion, with the exception of those about which there is more or less doubt, and which we discuss further on.

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We turn now to another class of names in Mul and Gil. In this class their are two groups: Molloy and Mulconry will serve as types, with forms in Gil to correspond. In the Molloy group the prefix is followed by an adjective or its equivalent: in the Mulconry group the second element is a proper name.

Molloy (Mulloy, Milloy, Meloy— all these forms are met with, the last two, at least, in the United States) is a type of the oldest surnames in Mul. Most of the names of this class have disappeared within English-speaking times. Here the Mul prefix has its original meaning of hero, chieftain; thus *mael-muaidh*, noble chieftain, gave the surname *O'Maoilmhuaidh*, O'Molloy, d.s. of the noble chieftain. Compare the name of the river Moy, "the noble" river.

Mael-fábhail was an old Gaelic name, meaning apparently "one fond of travel," from *fabhall*, journey. It seems that the name used to be duplicitised Mulfavil, and the form

Mulavill is yet used about Gort. But in most of Galway and Mayo, where the name is quite common, the last two syllables are so manipulated so as to produce the French-looking name Lavelle. Probably some persons educated in France, and ignorant of the true origin of the name, gave the lead in the use of this form. There is on record an instance where a priest, in the course of a few years, caused the disappearance from a whole district of an old Gaelic name by always substituting a more modern name for the old ones when proposed at the baptism of children. Let us see now if something can be done to re-introduce the old names, Colum, Ita, Finian, and the like, in the districts specially connected with their names.

Mullanphey, Melanophy is a name more generally known in the United States, owing to the great Mullanphey Hospital of St. Louis, than at home in Ireland. We find the name occurring in Tyrconnell, early in the seventh century, *Mael-anfaidh*, chief of the tempest, or tempestuous person. Compare the surname Mulgeehy, also from Donegal, chief of storm, stormy person. It seems that some families have abandoned the name for that of Magee—thus the old name gradually disappears,<sup>1</sup> and their are cases where it has been translated by Wynne, *Mael-gaoithe : gaoth* wind *win'*: in Anglo-Irish Wynne. In these names we see how the *Mul* prefix gradually loses its original meaning of "chief," "hero," for the less uncommon one of "person," "man of," the same meaning that we find attaching to the *Gil* prefix in MacElhoney, McIlhune, MacIlhone, MacElhone, Mac Aloney, all for—*MacGiolla-O'-chonnaidh*, "the man of the wood, fuel." Of similar import are Killemett, Killemeade, "the man of the wood, timber (*adhmad*)," and Mac Elhoyle, MacElhill, "the man of the wood,

forest (*coill*)."<sup>2</sup> All these names are duly translated by "Woods." MacAlivery (and probably the Islay name MacLiver, which Professor MacKinnon tells me of), represents "descendant of the man of winter (*geimhreadh*)," and is accordingly translated Winters. It may thus be compared with the old Gaelic name *Maelmithimh*, person dedicated to June,<sup>2</sup> on account of some connection with that month.

The name Mulmoghery, "one fond of early rising," has entirely disappeared, being replaced by the translation Early. We find many recorded examples of this name in the annals, such as a "bursar of Clonmacnoise," in the tenth century, and a "lecturer at Clonard," in the eleventh. Mac-giolla-meidhre has given us the equivalent name Merrymen. Another name which has practically disappeared is O'Maoltuille (O'M. *alias* Fludd, in the Elizabethan records quoted below), now used only near Ballinrobe in the form MacAtilla, but usually translated Flood. The Galway Gaelic form has *tuinne*, genitive of *tonn*, wave, instead of *tuille*, and perhaps this is the origin of the surname Tunney. It is probable, indeed it is positively stated by some families, that some of the present Tullys are in reality Multullys. It is not unlikely, also, that *O'Maoltuille* in many, or possibly in all cases, represents the old common name *Maeltola* or *Maeltoile*, "one zealous for the will (of God)," people having substituted the better known word *tuille*, flood, tide, for the genitive of *toil*, will. Another instance of substitution is offered by the history of the old Gaelic name *Maelmór*, great hero, often translated Malmore. Religious influences caused this name to give way to *Maelmuire*, servant of Mary, translated Mulmorie in Elizabethan records, and in later times, represented by Meyler. Later Norman influences introduced the present translation Miles.

Our next names are those in which the *Mul* or *Gil* prefix is followed by a proper name, such as *Mul-conry*, *Mul-ryan*. If a

<sup>1</sup> Immigrants of the last century to New England bore the old forms of these names, and then, living among a Puritan population, handed on the Irish surname to some descendant with an old Testament-given name; thus I find an article by one "Micaja McGehee," in the 1891 volume of the *Century Magazine*.

<sup>2</sup> *Silva Gadelica*, ii. 574.

man attached himself to the service of another, he would naturally be called "follower of" that other, and this is expressed by the prefix ; Mulconry, Mulryan, therefore, meant "follower of Curoi" (genitive Conroi), "follower of Ryan." So that from some mediæval personal names we have, not only surnames in O and Mac, but others in O'Mul and Machl. Mulrine is another spelling of Mulryan ; and some families, now known as O'Ryan, Ryan, are really Mulryans, and are so called in Irish.

Mulready, Murready, Mulreed come from the same original Riada as the names Macready (MacRiada), Ready. Mulrooney, Marooney, Moroney are "descendant of the follower" of some Ruanadh, or Rooney, whose own name meant "hero." Mulcahy is des. of foll. of Cathach, whose name means "the warlike." From some one of the name the island of Iniscathaigh or Inniscattery is called. "Follower of Miadhach (the honourable one)" is the translation of Mulvey. Mulcreavy seems to be *Maol-mhic-Riabhaigh*, follower of MacCreavy, M'Greavy, a name equivalent to "descendant of the gray man." Mulcreavy is sometimes translated by Rice, possibly because the two names, Rice and Riabhach, begin with the same syllable ! Kilcawley, Gil-kawley, is apparently *Giolla-mhic-Amhlaibh*, follower of MacAuliffe, Kilgannon, follower of Geanán or Gannon, a familiar name. Mulcrowney, a rare name, stands for *Maol-congambhna*, contracted to *Maol-c'n'amhna*. Mac-Congambhna, is the present Mayo Gaelic form of the old tribe-name of the *Cinél Cinngambhna*. The name is now "translated" by Caulfield ; this translation resulting from a curious and characteristic popular equation : Caulfield = Calf-head Cinngambhna ! Thus English names find a footing. So, Lestrange is regarded by the few people who speak Irish in County Meath, as a translation of Coffey (as if from *coimhthidheach*, a stranger). Mulcrowney is also connected with the name of the present writer, and has for him, at least, a special interest.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Relatives of mine, of the last generation, used, i

Mulroy, Kilroy, MacElroy are types of another class of names, in which the prefix is followed by an adjective, usually one denoting the colour of the hair. In such names we may take Mul to represent the Gaelic *maol*, skull, a noun from *maol*, bald.<sup>2</sup>

It would matter little what the origin of the Mul prefix is in these names, as Mulroy would be either "descendant of red-skull" or "descendant of the red (haired) individual;" the idea conveyed is much the same. There is no difficulty about the Gil prefix: here, as before, it means "person," or, as our philosophical friends are fond of translating it, "wight," "carle."

The surnames can be most easily classified after the adjectives from which they are derived. Thus *Dubh*, black, gives Maliffe, MacElduff, Kilduff descendant of a black-haired person. *Bán*, white-haired, gives MacIlwaine, Gilbane, Gillivan. Mulyane I have met once with the very un-Irish praenomen Phineas the bearer was evidently a descendant of an early immigrant among the Puritans of New England. *Ruadh*, red-haired, gives Mulroy, Milroy, Mulroe, Mac Elroy, Kilroy, Gilroy, MacElroe, all meaning descendants of a red-haired person.

There is also the Mulroy Bay in Donegal, taking its name from St. Maelrabha, from

writing only, the name Gaftney, as if their usual name was but a form of O'Gombna or MacGambna. This tradition leaves the *r* unexplained. On the other hand, an old Irish-speaking neighbour of ours insisted that the name was "the Irish of Caulfield," a statement I could not understand until recently. The original is MacCongambna, shortened to MacC'n'amhna, Magramhna. Compare the colloquial Gaelic O'Connach for MacDonough.

<sup>2</sup> It is the theory of some that this word *maol* is the original form of the Mul prefix, not only in this class of names, but wherever the prefix is followed by the name of a person or thing connected with religion, the word passing from its natural sense of "bald" to mean "tonsured," and then coming to mean "a cleric," "priest," "one consecrated to," "one devoted to." Others regard the Mul prefix, except in the class of names we are about to consider, as *mael*, in its various senses from "hero" to "slave." Hence we find Maelthain O'Carrol, the *anamchara*, soul-friend or director of Brian Boru, rendering his name in Latin by *Calvus perennus*, while a distinguished French Cælologue translates it "*esclave de l'Eternal*." It seems to me that the first translation is too literal to be intelligible; taking the name as one given for religious motives the meaning seems to be "constant client or votary," or, better still, "a priest for ever."

whom is called also Loch Maree in the north of Scotland. I have noticed a surname Maree in Mayo, and it also may be from Maelrubha, who was greatly honoured in early Christian times. He is mentioned by the Four Masters, under date of 671, as "Abbot of Bangor in Ulster, and of Abercrossan in Alba."

From *buidhe*, yellow, come MacElwee, Kilboy, MacEvoy: *Odhar*, dun-coloured, gives us MacAleer, MacLear, MacAlery. *Crón*, brown, *liath*, grey, and *lachtna*, greyish or drab, give Mulchrone (Mayo), Killilea, and Mulloughney, unless this last is d.s. of St. Fachtna, patron of Ross, as it may well be, for all the guidance the sound gives.

*Riabhach* means literally striped, brindled, but is used for "iron grey." It gives Mulreavy, Milreavy, Mulleavy, Leavy, MacGillreavy, and probably MacAleavy, descendants of the grey-haired man. *Maot*, bald, gives Mac Elmoyle, MacElmeel, MacMeel. Kildunn (Mayo) is from *donn*, brown-haired. Mulgrew, Magrew, and probably Kilgarriff, certainly come from *garbh*, coarse, as MacElveen, descendant of the smooth or sly person, is from *min*, smooth. Kilgar, Gilgar, a Donegal name, is from *gearr*, short.

The great majority of our Whites, Blacks, Grays, &c., belong to this class, the English names being translated from the Irish. In 1465, by an Act of Edward IV. of England, it was decreed "that every Irishman . . . in the County of Dublin, Meath, Uriell, and Kildare . . . shall take to him an English surname of one town . . . or colour, white, blacke, browne . . .!" And even at the present day, according to the records of the Registrar-General, there are instances of families having two surnames, one of the English, and the other the Irish word for the same colour. Thus, according to the records of the Registrar's office, there are families that go by the two names of Gormley and Bloomer (*gorm* = blue); others that have the two names, M'Glashan and Green (*glas* = green); others again are called both Colreavy and Gray (*riabhach*, gray). The word *maol*,

bald, gives the noun *maolán*, a bald head. From this come MacMullan, MacMillan, also O'Mullen, Moylan. The Mulligans, Milligans, are descendants of a person whose name, *maolagán*, means simply "little bald man." *O'Maolagáin* is represented in parts of Donegal at least by "Molyneux."

McGillan, Gillan, Gilligan, Gilgan, Mac Elligon (U.S.), are all from the diminutives of *giolla*, and mean descendant of the little fellow.

The prefix MacGiolla, as used in the various classes of names which we have reviewed, is often used by itself as a surname, just as Mack is used as the surname of some families, the name of the ancestor having fallen off. MacGiolla thus used is represented in English by McGill, Magill, Gill and Mackle.

## 5.

Up to this point we have been discussing surnames, the explanation of which may be regarded as fairly certain; but we cannot be surprised to find that there are other names about the meaning of which there is more or less doubt. The study of the native annals, and of the literature generally, will probably bring to light the original forms of these names; for the modern English spelling is often not only not a help in that direction, but is positively misleading. Then, again, we are not always able to translate the original name, even when we have it before us, as the study of ancient Irish has not yet ascertained the meaning of all old words. I shall, at least, endeavour to classify the names which I cannot explain. To summarise all that has been said up to this, the surnames fall into the following classes:—

1. Those in which the prefix is followed by the name of a person or thing connected with religion—typical names are Malone, Mallowney, Maglone, and MacEldowney.
2. Those in which *Mul* has its various stages of meaning, from "hero, chief," as in Molloy, down to "person"—with *Gil* also meaning "person," as in MacElhill.

3. Those like Mulconry, Mulryan, Kilgannon, in which the second element is a personal name, and the prefixes mean "follower of."

4. Those like Mulroy, Kilroy, MacElroy, where the prefixes are followed by an adjective describing personal appearance.

5. Diminutives like Mulligan, Gilligan.

Mulloughney (Class 1 or 4) is a Tipperary name. The Registrar's report gives it as a synonym of Moloney; but this is surely wrong, as the gh represents, I take it, a guttural sound. It is probably *mael-lachtna*, grey-headed person, or *maelFhachtna*, servant of St. Fhachtna, of Ross. Loughney seems to be a shortened form—compare Lally for Mullally. Possibly Loughrey may be but another form of the same name.

Kilcar occurs as a surname in West Mayo; it is probably d.s. of St. Gilla Carthach, from whom Kilcar, in Donegal takes its name.

Kilrane may be descendant of the follower of Ryan (compare the spelling Mulrean, Mulrane, for Mulryan), or it may contain the name of a minor saint, such as the patron of St. Cill-Riain or Cill-Rioghain, Kilrane, in Donegal, or Cill-Raighne, near Kinnegad.

Mulhall is probably *O'Maoilfhabhaill*, "descendant of the traveller," a name already mentioned. "Descendant of the follower of Cahill" is a less likely interpretation, as the form Mulcahill would, I think, have been preserved had this been the meaning.

Mulready, Meleady, Meledy, are forms of frequent occurrence. Can we see in this a name of the first class, *O'Maoil-Ida*, d.s. of St. Ita (of Limerick—compare Killeedy), Cill-Ida, Church of Ita? I am afraid this interpretation is not well authorized, and that we must see in these names the modern representatives of the annalists.

*Mael-éitigh*, exactly equivalent to *Cinnéitigh*, Kennedy. The translation "Ugly-head," is not very flattering; but it will be consoling to reflect that those who originally deserved these names are dead many centuries.

Mael-caere occurs in the *Four Masters*, and

is now represented by Mulcaire and Wilhere (*ui mhaoil-chaere*). The meaning is, apparently, servant of Caere (Class 3). Perhaps this Caere is the original of the present name Carr, Kerr. The name seems to have come to us from Scotland, where the famous Cárr, Cárrach, are used, leading to the English Carr. Some branches of the family, however, claim the Gaelic name Ceárr, left-handed, and have a tradition, that endeavours to justify the name. This form would give Kerr in English, and is the form used in Donegal, where the Carrs are called Macgiolla-cheáirr, d.s. of the left-handed person. There is also an English MacElhair coming from this Gaelic form. The Gaelic form used about Galway is Mac-giolla-Chearra. Is the Mayo name Morcarey connected?

MacElmeel most probably belongs to Class 4, and means "descendant of the bald person." There is not much probability that it contains the name of St. Michael: the name formerly written MacGillmichael seems to have died out. MacMeel has lost the / sound of the giolla prefix—just as MacEvoy has lost it. I think we should also class here MacAdorey, MacEleavy, which seem to be *Mac-giolla-dorcha*, "d.s. of the dark featured man," and *Mac-giolla-riabhaigh*, "d.s. of the grey man." Here MacAtamney would at once suggest (as a mere conjecture, however) the analysis Mac-giolla-tSamhna, descendant of a person connected in some way with the old pre-Christian feast of Samhain,<sup>1</sup> the memory of which is handed down in the curious popular observances connected with Hallow-Eve. The occurrence of a form MacAtimney is most favourable to this conjecture. In the United States the form MacTammany is more common.

MacElrone seems to have religious connections. The ending appears to be the same as in the name of the famous Abbot Maelruain of Tallaght; but how he obtained his name of "servant of Ruan," or who (if a person at

<sup>1</sup> Compare the English surnames Christmas, Pentecost, Easter, Hallowes, Spring, Summers, Winter, March, &c.

all) Ruan was, are questions I cannot answer. Another name that seems to go back to the ages of the Irish saints is the Tipperary name Mollumbey, which at first sight recalls the well-known inscription at Clonmacnoise: "A prayer for Suibhne mac Maele-umai." But how few ever heard of this venerable Gaelic saint and scholar, the thirty-fourth Abbot of Clonmacnoise, who is set down by the Irish, English, and Welsh annalists of the time as *doctor Scotorum peritissimus*—the most learned teacher of the Gael. In 891 he, with other learned Irish teachers, was called to England to advise with King Alfred, who was then busy developing the studies of the University of Oxford, founded, in 886, in imitation of the great Irish schools, where Alfred, like many another English students, had found hospitality and education. Probably the Abbot of Clonmacnoise had been one of Alfred's own teachers in his student days.

The name *Mael-uma*, if we may venture to attempt a translation: may mean "worker in brass," and would be an appropriate name in those days for the craftsmen who wrought such marvels of metal-work as we can see in museums. But, if this is the meaning of the name, the modern form would be O'Maoil umha, and could not be the original of Mollumbey; so perhaps we should place this surname in Class 1, and explain it as Maoil-Lomma, d.s. of St. Lomma or Lommán. A saint of the name is remembered at Portloman, on the southern shore of Lough Owel, in Westmeath; and the first Bishop of Trim bore the same name. The form Malumy, which I find in a list of Antrim names, is, therefore, nearer to the original Gaelic, if it is the same name, as it most probably is if the accent is on the middle syllable.

Mulvany, Melveney, O'Melveney (Los Angeles, California), Mulvenna, MacElvenna, MacIlvany, Gilvany—all these forms evidently mean descendant of the follower or servant of some person named Bena, Mena, or Menach, Benach; but who this person is, whether

a saint or a Gaelic ancestor, is a problem. If we look upon the names as coming from an ancestral name we shall probably be right in regarding that ancestor as Maenach, from whom the O'Dooley's take their tribal name of *Clann Mhaenaich*. The names given above would then belong to Class 3, and would mean descendant of the follower of Maenach. From a person of the same name comes the name O'Maonaigh, which is O'Mooney in the North of Ireland, and is, perhaps, the original of Meany in the South. On the other hand, can we find in these names the name of one of the Irish saints? I have seen, but where I cannot recollect, and no one that I have consulted can ascertain, the name of a Menóc, one of the "host of the saints of Erin." This name presupposes a simpler form, Men or Mena, and I have noticed a mention of a place called Kilvany, which might contain the name. I prefer the first interpretation; the latter, if correct, would have the advantage of explaining the names Manogue, Minogul, Minnoch, and Mannix, all meaning d.s. of St. Menna or Menóc. I hope that someone who has an opportunity of consulting suitable authorities will be able to locate the reference to St. Menóc.<sup>1</sup>

Mulqueen, Mulkeen, Kilcoyne, are names which are like those in the previous paragraph. If they contain the name of a saint, it is probably St. Kevin, as both Mael-Caeimhghin and Gilla-Caeimhghin occur in the Index to the *Four Masters*, but they rather seem to mean descendant of the follower of Conn—a name from which came also Quinn, M'Queen. Kilgun, MacElgunn, seems to be "follower of Gunn." They could hardly mean "the man with the gun." The name Mac Elrath (MacIlwrath, Mucklewrath), not uncommon in Ulster, is probably *Mac-giolla-raith*, d.s. of Rath, an ancestor from whose name are derived Magrath (= Macraith),

<sup>1</sup> About Scarriff, according to the Registrar's report on surnames and their synonyms, Minogue and Mannix are regarded as the same name, the latter name being formed from the root *minóg* *manág*, by the addition of *s*, as Cairns, Burns, are formed from Kieran, Byrne.

Magraw, MacRae, and perhaps also O'Raine. One might be tempted to class it with Moloney and such names, as "d.s. of grace," but this is not a likely meaning. Perhaps one of the Maloney class is found in Magillivray, which may be "one zealous for judgment day"—*Mac-giolla-brátha* represents well the pronunciation. Carmichael is another Scotch name that, at first sight, would seem to belong here; but I think that with Kirkpatrick it is to be regarded as originally a place-name, which afterwards was adopted, like York, Birmingham, and others, as a family name. Caer now seems to be the Welsh word for "seat," just as Kirk- is the familiar Lowland-Scotch for "church." Anyhow, they are both Lowland and non-Gaelic names, the Highland forms being MacMichael (in Gaelic *Mac-giolla-mhichil*) and Kilpatrick. Another Scotch name is Maclurg—one would like to class it with MacIl-Largy, but it is not very probable that a local Irish patron, as far as I know, like Forga, would be remembered in Scotland. Maclehose is another Scotch name that would seem to belong to the Gil class, but I am unable to throw any light on it. It is, perhaps, like Meiklejohn, a Lowland name with no connection with Gaelic. Maclure (M'Clure, MacLure) is probably *Mac-giolla-uidhir*, "d.s. of the brown-haired person," the same as our MacAleer.

I had finished these notes when there came into my hands a large volume of 600 pages containing an immense list of Irish surnames as they were written in Elizabethan times. It is the *Twenty-second Report of the Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records in Ireland* (Dublin, 1890, price two shillings), and is full of interesting points, although it is merely an index to other publications. Very few of our surnames then existed in their present forms, as given in this "index of Fiants;" they are much nearer to the original Gaelic forms as McEna for MacKenna, and often preserve the Gaelic system of spelling. Many of the names then in full force have now disappeared, or have been much changed. Mulmorie, servant of Mary, occurs commonly.

"O'Maeltulye" was still in use—perhaps, indeed, it is our present name Tully. This index throws some light on the difficult names, Mulooly, Gilooly (Gilhooly, Gilhool &c.). The old Gaelic Maelguala—which cannot translate—seems to be the original of Mulooly, and the form Gillaguala would explain the various forms McGilgowlye, Gille-gooly, Gilleguly, occurring in the Fiants. But these would not explain the form Gilhool, which is still in use, and which is evidently the descendant of the names McGillehole, McGillechomhaill (here the Fiants preserve partially the Gaelic spelling), occurring in the Elizabethan index, and traceable to the Gaelic original meaning "servant of St. Congal" recorded in the Annals. The Four Masters give a spelling *Mac-giolla-shúiligh*, descendant of the sharp-eyed person; but I fancy the worthy annalist invented this on the spur of the moment. There were, probably, two sets of names, one from the obscure *guala* (probably a personal name) quoted above, and the other form the name of St. Congal of Bangor. And it would be strange, indeed, if his name should not be put in remembrance with those of other Irish saints. Few were more honoured in early time. Says the *Book of Leinster*: "Congal, of Bangor, in Ulster, Abbot, of the race of Trial. A man full of God's grace and love was he: one that trained and edified many other saints, in whose hearts and minds he enkindled and inflamed the unquenchable fire of God's love, as in Erin's ancient books is evident. In life and manners he resembled James the Apostle." Such a one could not fail to have clients in early Ireland, and accordingly we find both Mael-comhghail and Gilla-comhghaill on record, servants of Congal.

From these come at least some of our present Muloolys (many of whom have adopted the more usual name Molloy) and Gilhoolys. Owing to the strange habit of throwing away family names that are any way rare, and adopting names somewhat similar and more common, it is now impossible to say what is the original Irish form of many names. Thus,

we have seen in this paper, that the name Molloy has been adopted by two other families who had no right whatever to it. In the same way, whilst the name Malone may be usually taken to stand for d.s. of St. John (O'Maoil-Eoin), there can be little doubt that it sometimes stands for the obsolete O'Maoil-bhuadhain and other names.

A few more names and we shall have done. Muldoon, a name of which we have very early record, is, of course, d.s. of Dun; but whether Dun was a person, or as it seems perhaps more probable, a place, we have no reason to decide. Here we may recall that one of the earliest of the *Imrama*, or voyage narratives, is that of Maeldun, which Tennyson has rendered in verse. If Muldoon means "one fond of the dun or fort," it is of the same class as Mael-achaidh, "one fond of the field," a name on record in the annals, but now obsolete. We have, however, Kilahy and Killackey, which may be the Gil forms with the same meaning. Are Leahy, Lahy, in any way connected with this? Kilgallon, is a name on which I cannot throw any light; also Mullany, although I think O'Donovan has a reference to it somewhere in his voluminous notes. Kilcline might be analysed as d.s. of the stooped (claon) person, but the old Elizabethan forms McGilla-cleyne, McGillacloyne, McGillacleyny rather point to d.s. of knavish (cluaineach) person. But compare the Elizabethan Malacline, for Melaghlin, seemingly Mulhane is but a form of Mullen; compare Culhane and Collins both from O'Coileáin. Names ending in -ane (pronounced *aam*) abound in Cork and Kerry; the sound given to the Gaelic ending *áin*, in these names, is quite exceptional in modern Gaelic. The Gaelic equivalent of Lysagh seems to be *Macgiolla-iasachta*, d.s. of the "borrowed" person! Why so called, I surely cannot tell. Cuskelly (Elizabethan McGilla Cosglie) and McCluskey also appear to belong to this class; and, apparently, also McGlew, McLagan, McClatchy. The names Kilgore, Kilburn, MacIldowie, are obscure to me.

In addition to Gaelic names in Mul and Gil, there are names of foreign origin beginning in the same way; such as Mulgrave (which was the original of some of our McGrews or Mulgrave), Gilbert, Gilbreath, a form of Galbraith, Gillick seems to be an abbreviation of MacUlick, a name that occurs frequently in the Elizabethan records. The name Gilleran (Killeran) occurs in the annals, and is yet in use; the annal form is O'Gillarain ("O'G. abbot of Trinity Church at Tuam," died 1256), and if the final syllable is short, as it seems to be, the name is not of the class we have been considering. It is probable that we have the Mul prefix also in O'Máille (O'Malley).

I find, on review of this paper, that we can count more than two hundred fairly different modern forms of our Mul and Gil surnames.

I bring to an end this very imperfect treatment of an interesting subject. Most of the surnames are familiar to us all: some that are rather rare I have collected from current newspapers and similar records. The index to the *Annals of the Four Masters* contains the original Gaelic forms of many of the names. I owe to the kindness of Mr. Patrick O'Byrne, of the New York Gaelic Society, a copy of the part of this index containing all names of the classes here discussed. I have also to thank Dr. Meyer of Liverpool, and Professor Mackinnon, of Edinburgh, for their courtesy in answering many queries of mine in reference to old Gaelic and Highland names. It is pleasant to find men of learning so ready to place their knowledge at the disposal of inquirers. Mr. Matheson, of the Registrar-General's Office, in Dublin, has published two very interesting lists of synonyms and alternative forms of surnames in Ireland. Such work, however, can be done but imperfectly by anyone, however zealous, who has not a knowledge of Irish, as many things will be quite clear to a Gaelic scholar that would be a mystery to another.

I venture to express the hope that those who have access to Irish books and manuscripts, and particularly to the works, printed

and manuscript, of O'Donovan, and the Genealogies of MacFirbis, will supply whatever is needed in the way of correction and im-

provement to this paper, written at a distance of many thousand miles from Ireland, and with no access to authorities of any kind.

## VII.

THE *IRISH WORLD* LANGUAGE FUND.<sup>1</sup>

HE emphatic approval which the *Irish World* has been giving to the National Language movement is not only a great encouragement to all members and workers of the Gaelic League, but cannot fail to be a source of substantial assistance to the movement.

The Gaelic League can claim the support of all consistent Irishmen. If the claim of Ireland to separate nationality is to be kept before the nations of the world, we should keep alive the national language and encourage the native literature. These are not only two great signs of independent nationality, but they also help to foster and develop a strong national sentiment.

Nothing can have such effect on the mind and thought of a people as their daily reading. If the reading of the people is found in newspapers which look to London as the centre of thought and opinion, which reflect the orders of London in their leading articles, correspondence columns and special articles, then the popular mind will inevitably become more and more English and un-Irish every day. This is what has been happening for years in Ireland. Look at the newspapers, the magazines, and books that are sold and read through Ireland. They are all English in language and sympathies, except in so far as they relate to politics. We find that Ireland has no national literature of any sort, in

spite of the efforts of "Irish Literary Societies." You may say that we could have a literature which, while in the English language, would be truly Irish in sentiment and thought. This looks well in theory, but in practice it fails to work out. It seems that something is required to put an Irish soul<sup>2</sup> into the English literature of Ireland. We must have, at least, a yeast, as it were, of Gaelic literature to work upon the large English reading of the people.

The gradual Anglicisation of the minds of Irishmen was hardly noticed until the past few years. With the sudden collapse of interest in the Parliamentary movement following the Parnell crisis of 1890, people discovered the truth. Visitors from the United States to Ireland have often recorded their disappointment with the popular feeling regarding Home Rule, and how, as a rule, the professional classes and those given to reading seemed to acquiesce in the gradual approximation of Irish feeling and thought to those of the English. There has really never been any serious popular demand in Ireland for the teaching of Irish history in schools. Irish boys and girls must be familiar with English history, and most of them learn the history of Greece and Rome, but of the thirty or more colleges entirely controlled by Irish Catholics how many make any attempt to teach any portion of Irish history? Not one, as far as I know.<sup>3</sup>

This state of things would be impossible if

<sup>1</sup> Here we have Father O'Growney's view of a question very much debated of late.

<sup>2</sup> This is a state of affairs still to be remedied.

<sup>3</sup> A letter addressed from Phoenix, Arizona, to the Editor of *The Irish World*, and dated Jan. 21, 1899.

Ireland had a really national literature, and to have this the Irish language must be encouraged.

I now claim that the Gaelic League has, in the few years of its existence, not only made great progress in the work of arresting the decay and loss of the language, and of creating a new and really national Gaelic literature, but that the League has also contributed in many important ways to the revival of a sound national spirit. To make good this claim I will compare the present state of things with the circumstances under which the League began its work six or seven years ago. If so much has been done in that short time by a few persons, who at first had no name, influence or support, what can not be done by a strong and earnest effort of the thousands of patriotic Irishmen who will read this?

1. Before the Gaelic League was established the few persons who were doing anything for the national language, after all their exertions, had absolutely no influence on the state or fate of the living tongue. They were no way in touch with the Irish-speaking districts, and as a rule their meetings produced only barren resolutions, reminding one of the mice who decreed the belling of the cat. The Gaelic League has extended its branches into the very heart of the Irish-speaking districts, and it "bells the cat" effectually by making it the chief part of its work everywhere to insist on teaching the members to read and write Irish. Some of the classes are enormous, and each member is expected to get a recruit. As a result, people are no longer ashamed to speak Irish, and in many places are proud to do so. This is a tremendous step in advance. Only a few years ago persons addressed in Irish would answer in broken English.

2. Before the Gaelic League began, experience had shown that the available books were useless for the purpose of teaching the language to the people, as there were no teachers to be had. The first step of the League, therefore, was to provide the Simple

Lessons in Irish, which in less than five years have taught over 40,000 persons how to read Irish. As those who speak and understand the language can, with these books and without a teacher, learn to read Irish in three weeks, some of those who a few years ago were careless of all literature have had a new world opened to their minds, and have become excellent Gaelic scholars.

3. In 1890 probably not over 100 persons living could write an ordinary letter to a friend in Irish,<sup>1</sup> and not more than a dozen were in the habit of doing so. Now there are hundreds who do so usually; and in a year or two there will be thousands. "The number of students of the language one year ago was not half what it is to-day.

4. In 1891 we had one magazine, published about every four months at a dead loss. Under League methods it became a quarterly, then a monthly, gradually paying its expenses; then a weekly was added, and both now appear regularly. During the last two years the foundation of a new national literature of a most attractive character has been laid in the columns of these publications.

5. An annual assembly like the Welsh Eisteddfod has been established. The first meeting was held in May, 1897, with unexpected success. The second celebration, in May, 1898, was yet more successful. This Oireachtas, or Assembly, has proved that we have several capital writers of Gaelic prose and some really good poets, too. Every succeeding year the Oireachtas will add to the national literature, and it can never be said again, as was said until ten years ago, that "it is impossible to induce people to learn the Gaelic language because there is nothing to read."

6. Until 1891 no proper provision was made for the teaching of the national language to the Irish priesthood. In 1891 the Bishops established a Chair at Maynooth for the sole purpose of promoting the study of the

<sup>1</sup> It would be interesting to know how many letters addressed in Irish pass through the General Post Office daily.

Language, Literature and History of Ireland. The Chair was filled by a member of the Gaelic League,<sup>1</sup> and on his retirement another prominent member of the League was appointed—Rev. Dr. Hickey, whose recent addresses have been so effective. In place of only four or five ardent students of Irish, Maynooth has now over two hundred,<sup>2</sup> and nearly all the students (650 in number) are members of the League of St. Columba, recently founded for the promotion of national studies.

7. No provision was made for the teaching of Irish to that most influential body of men, the school teachers. A year ago the Archbishop of Dublin succeeded in arranging for a regular professor of Irish for the teachers of the training school, and again a member of the League took up the work.<sup>3</sup>

8. A few years ago very few men of prominence gave tangible proof of their active sympathy with the language. In contrast to this, the Gaelic movement now numbers among its warmest adherents the well-known Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Walsh, prominent in all educational and progressive circles. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Armagh the other day presided over a Gaelic League conference and made a capital speech in Gaelic, which is his vernacular. This congress was held in connection with the great Church Fair organised at Letterkenny by Bishop O'Donnell, of Raphoe, at which everything was truly Irish—decorations, prizes, industrial competitions and exhibits, Irish dramas, operas, songs and oratory, with statesmen of the first rank discussing Irish economical and educational questions. In fact, the chief representative bishops, Members of Parliament, and literateurs are members of the Gaelic League. Of course I do not include men like Justin H. McCarthy<sup>4</sup> and others of

the like type, who have become more English than the English themselves.

9. Above all, the people at large take the deepest interest in the movement to save the old tongue, and only wait an opportunity to show their interest in a practical way. The public feeling may be gauged by the tone of the daily and weekly press, which five years ago ignored the national language, and were silent about the existence in Ireland of three-quarters of a million speakers of Irish. Now every weekly paper has a column or two about the Gaelic League,<sup>5</sup> and some of the most influential of them, notably the *Dublin Weekly Freeman* and a Cork weekly paper, give prizes and other inducements to Gaelic writers.

I think the Gaelic League may point with satisfaction to all these results, achieved in a few years, by an organisation started by a dozen of persons, at first almost unknown. The progress at first was slow, indeed: then, as zealous young men joined the movement, things began to move with greater force, and during the past year it has grown wonderfully. On what an economical scale things had to be done may be seen from the fact that the total expenditure of the League for its five years' work was only £500.<sup>6</sup> Seeing the splendid results achieved, and confident that thinking Irishmen, appreciating the practical character of the work, will not be backward in supporting it, the League now proposes to continue its exertions on a somewhat more extended scale. It proposes to select two organisers<sup>7</sup> and teachers, who will go into the Irish speaking districts and establish in each centre of population Irish classes. A few weeks in each place will suffice for a good start, and such is the desire of the people to learn at the long forbidden fountain of national literature that a start is all that is

<sup>1</sup> Again the characteristic modesty of Father Eugene.

<sup>2</sup> The number has nearly doubled since then.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. John MacNeill.

<sup>4</sup> Father O'Growney, for all his gentleness—never hesitated to strike where blows only could be effective.

<sup>5</sup> An Irish daily or weekly paper without a column in Irish is the exception now, not the rule.

<sup>6</sup> A sum often spent in a month now.

<sup>7</sup> The Gaelic League has now nine organisers at work throughout the country.

needed. If the League is enabled to carry out this idea it will teach 20,000 people how to read Irish in the next twelve months. Each of these may be relied upon to resist the prevailing tendency to Anglicisation of the minds of Ireland's young people.

In addition to the work already spoken of, the League has continued the close study of the spoken language. Hundreds of rare words and phrases have been collected, two dictionaries are in course of preparation, many important questions of grammar and

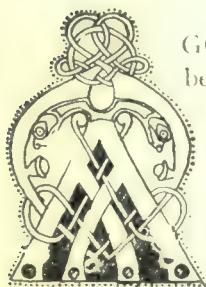
instruction have been discussed, critics have worked toward developing the best models of prose and poetic composition, and much of the folk lore has been recorded. Irish songs and music have, everywhere that the League has influence, supplanted the production of London music halls.

To continue and increase its work the Gaelic League appeals with confidence to every consistent Irishman. The League is independent of creed, religious or political, and its motto is the motto of the Four Masters:—"FOR THE HONOUR OF ERIN."

## VIII. THE PRONUNCIATION OF IRISH.<sup>1</sup>

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE PHONOLOGY OF DESI-IRISH, BY REV. RICHARD HENEBRY, PH.D.

GRIESELWALD: JULIUS ABEL. DUBLIN: M. H. GILL & SON. 1898. Pp. vi-77.



GOOD deal of attention has been paid of late to the phonology of modern Irish. A French, a German and a Danish scholar have in turn studied the Gaelic of the South Islands of Aran, a place that bids fair to become a school of modern Irish. In the present pages we have the first thorough account yet published of the pronunciation of Irish in what has always been, and still is, the literary province. As the work of one who has been from his childhood familiar with the language, this study has a special value, and it has already received a warm welcome in Gaelic circles. Dr. Henebry gives his little book the modest sub-title of "Introduction to the Metrical System of Munster Poetry"—a body of literature fairly familiar to English readers through the translations of Mangan, Edward Walsh, Furlong and others—but we believe that students of language generally will find the work very suggestive and valuable. Few

spoken tongues of the present day have such a long record as Gaelic possesses of the changes in pronunciation as reflected in MSS. extending over eleven centuries. The phonetic scheme adopted, while full and adequate for all practical purposes, is also natural, and presents no unnecessary difficulty. The vowel sounds are carefully indicated, and each consonant has its full share of symbols.

### LENGTHENING OF VOWEL SOUNDS.

Lengthening of vowel sounds from position, and removal of certain vowel sounds in favour of others, are the chief phenomena studied under the head of vowels. The first phenomenon is not peculiar to Gaelic, as we have it in Lowland Scotch and Western English (auld for old, &c.) In Gaelic, however, it is the chief feature of Munster pronunciation, and also, curiously enough, of the Gaelic of the Northern Highlands of Scotland. Under the second head we find that the vowel *a* has, outside Ulster, lost its natural sound, and taken on the sounds of *a* in what, fall. The cases in which the original sounds are retained are carefully classified, and some curious

<sup>1</sup> From the *Catholic University Bulletin*.

details are given of the changing pronunciation of personal names. We notice that in Desi the verbal ending—*fa* has the modified sound. In the West it retains the original sound. In words beginning with *f*, the original *a* sound returns on aspiration, as noted in the case of *than*.

#### THE *EE* AND *I* SOUND IN GAELIC.

In English we have had a change of sound in words like *meal, steal, meat*, where the original *e* sound is retained yet in the Anglo-Irish. In Gaelic there is a similar tendency to the *ee* or *i* sound. Thus from *clerus* we have *nom. clar*, and this is a type of a very large class. Dr. Henebry does not gather his facts with an eye on any theory, but we might point out that the sound *bial, ian*, etc., given to *béal, éan*, etc., in Munster and in the Highlands, is only a modern example of the change seen in *clerus, clar*, and is also in line with the Western change from *e* to *ia*, as in *acl*, later *aol* (which was probably pronounced as it now is in Munster), present *ial*. In Munster the *ian* sound is given to *ean* usually when stressed only, and perhaps that fact explains why *aon*, the numeral adjective, is *én* in the West, while *a h-aon* (the noun) is *a hin*. The Ulster pronunciation *u* given to *ao* marks an intermediate stage of the change in sound.

Similarly there are reductions of *a* to *u* (pp. 9, 20, 25, 27, 28), which are of very great interest. It may be questioned, however, whether *dam, agam, agat* (p. 20) were ever phonetic spelling; in no place is the pronunciation *dam* now heard, but *dom* and *domh*.

#### THE MOST STRIKING PECULIARITY OF DESI-IRISH.

The diphthongal sound given to *i* in such words as *im, linn*, etc., and the analogous sound given to *ai, oi, ui* in certain positions is perhaps the most striking peculiarity of Desi-Irish, and enables one to identify a Desian after a few moments' conversation. No doubt the Munster Gaelic has retained the original pronunciation of the diphthongs better than

the Western or Northern Irish, where the *i* is assimilated by either the following consonant or the preceding vowel. The strongly nasal *au* sound is another well-marked note of the Desi-Gaelic. Elsewhere nasal tones are restricted to vowel sounds followed by *mh*, except, perhaps, in one word, *áit*, which, for some reason or other, is always nasalised.

We find some remarkable interchanges between *c* and *t*, *ch* and *th*, *d* and *g*, and, indeed, we may add *dh* and *gh*, as these last are pronounced identically everywhere. In the midland counties of Ireland *c* and *t* have the same sound before *u* in English, thus *cute, Tuite* are exactly identical in sound. Similarly *d* and *g*; *dew* is pronounced as if *gue*. There are indications of the same interchange in Desi-Irish; thus, p. 41, *cliamhain* as if *tl-*; p. 54, *tsleibhe* as if *cl-*; p. 13, *dligheadh* as if *gli-*. Then there is a regular use of *ch* for *th* in *leath, trath, rath, rioth*. Also the opposite in *fithc* for *fiche*—the Western and Northern speakers go into the other extreme and say *ich* for *ith* in *maith, flaith*. Compare also Munster—*ithe* for *ighthe*, Ulster—*ithe* for *iehte*.

#### THE PROPOSAL TO ADOPT PHONETIC SPELLING.

Questions of Gaelic phonology have special actuality just now, when the movement to extend the use and knowledge of the old tongue is meeting with such success, that the proposal has been made of adopting a phonetic spelling, so as to make the learning of Gaelic easier. Evidently, any improvement in spelling, and still more a phonetic spelling, must be based on a uniform pronunciation. We must know what are abnormal and erratic growths, and separate them from the normal pronunciation. Dr. Henebry's book, although not written for this specific purpose, is a most valuable help to the study of these points. Thus some things that at present only burden the memory under the title of exceptional words, are shown to be simply wrong, such as *eag-mais*, p. 64, *anns gach, arsa, si*, p. 76, and

many others. On the other hand, many phrases and words which at first sight one would declare wrong are shown to have developed in a normal manner, such as *de luain* 43, *dada*, 20, *san* for *tashen*, *tara*, etc. The author is not inclined to any innovations in orthography; to us, indeed, he seems rather too conservative in writing *rachad* for the Munster pronunciation *raghad*, *glaise* for *gluisc*, p. 33, and a few others. We venture to say that this little book will form the starting point of many interesting discussions among Gaelic scholars. The equation of *a bhaile* with *an bhaile*, where *an* represents a compound of the article with the preposition *in*, will probably arouse a discussion affecting a large class of common phrases. The Ulster

phrase is *na bhaile*, and hitherto the noun has been regarded as in the genitive case after *chum*, fallen away to *'un*. Thus the Donegal *ag'ul na gceall*, "going to Killybega," and the Kerry *a' dul go dti sna ceallalbh*, "going to Kells," represent the same noun in genitive and dative. *Steach in ti*, which occurs immediately after *an bhaile*, pp. 69-70, is in the West *na tighe* (*chum an tighe*) and *sa' teach*. Very interesting are the notes on *meireach*, 28, *tafann*, p. 51; *fuai (h)*, p. 46; *siur* and *fuir*, 51.

We have found this first publication of the A. O. H. Chair most instructive and suggestive, and we hope that Dr. Henebry may follow it up with other studies of a similar character dealing with the Gaelic of Thomond, Desmond and West Munster.

## IX.

### "A SOD OF TURF."<sup>1</sup>

  
N San Francisco, one day not very long ago, I was in conversation with a good old Irishwoman. She was telling me that all her people were either dead or settled at a great distance from her, and had neglected to write for years, as frequently and inexplicably happens. "But wait a bit," she said in her native Gaelic; "I have something to show you": and she left the room, returning a moment later with "the something" carefully wrapped up in soft tissue paper, tied with a green ribbon. It was a sod of turf from Ireland: "and I'll have it buried with me in the coffin." Some minds would probably see in this remark but the material for a coarse jest, but to a Celt there was something touching in this clinging to a sod from green Tyrone. When all near and dear on this earth had left her, she had at least this

humble souvenir of the bright purple heath and the balmy Irish air of the turf bog, over which she had skipped some fifty years ago in her young strength and light-heartedness.

It was none of your sods of "spoddagh," or soft brown or yellow, light, porous, and spongy stuff, such as wily bogmen impose on unwary housekeepers; nor was it the "mud turf" or "hand turf" made into an artificial sod from the dregs of the bog, but a hard, brick-like, coal-black sod, cut by the sharp "slane" from the bottom of the "high bank." One of those sods which our mothers looked for when some deed of cookery was to be done, and when they said to one of us, "Go out to the clamp, a lanna, an' bring in a lock o' keerauns." Yes, this was the keeraun, or, rather, the very father of keerauns (a word I had not thought of in years), those small black sods, or pieces of sods, which, when heated up, became fiery red "keers" on glowing coals. I remember we used to give the

<sup>1</sup> From the *Weekly Freeman*, Christmas, 1899.

same Gaelic name to a berry, such as the scarlet berry of the mountain ash or rowan tree. Perhaps the glowing red coal suggested the scarlet red berry; but I leave that to the scholars.

This black sod of turf—how it reminded one of the days when we “cut” and “pitched” the turf on the high bank (no light work was that same pitching), and then duly “footed” it in neat “groggauns,” afterwards carrying it home in “pardogues,” or wicker baskets, one slung each side of a donkey’s or horse’s straddle. And how the donkey would career with his load down the steep inclines, threatening dire peril to the hardy “gossoon” or “girshagh” that sat behind the baskets. Sometimes a small child sat in one basket, and it was balanced by a rock in the other, when there was no load of turf to be carried. On more level roads the turf was drawn home more quietly in drays, with crates standing on the sides; and often, to carry an extra load, the sods were built, on the upper edge of the crate, into a “bordogue,” or border, raising the sides by one or two sods, and thus carrying an additional pile. Then, at the house, came the scientific building of the turf “clamp,” with its sloping wall built of the squarest, brick-like sods. The building of this wall was quite an art in itself, and was called “curring” or “freeing,” the turf (which, being interpreted, meant “cornering” and “walling” the turf rick). Every year, in the fall, the parish priest would give out on the altar the names of those, the chief farmers of the parish, who were to come and draw home the parochial turf, and with us, in old Father Hugh’s time, the wind-up invariably was, “And little Tom the Thatcher will come and curr the clamp.” And no man walked out of that church half as proud as the said Tom the Thatcher, who thus, for the time at least, became a parochial dignitary, and almost a member of the hierarchy.

Very hard and slavish work was this cutting of turf on the bleak bog, but there was a recompense for it all, when winter came,

around the clear turf fire under the great chimney which towers over every Irish hearth. The days of sun worship may be gone, but the hearth is still the central point of the home, and on winter nights all the household and visiting neighbours crowd around it as devoutly as any disciple of Zoroaster; the “bracket” shins of the healthy, bare-legged children giving visible proof of their devotion at the fireside. Most of all, the fireside is the centre of attraction in winter, when at nightfall the flagged floor of the kitchen is newly swept, and the stools, long and short, three-legged and four-legged, are drawn up near the fire to await the expected neighbours who come “a kailey.” “Companionship,” I believe, is the original meaning of this Irish word; the same thing was called “sgoruidheacht” in the South of Ireland—that is, “the unhitching,” as I understand it, after the work of the day is done. The “kailey” was in olden days, and indeed still is in most places, the rural substitute for newspaper, club, and parliament. Oftentimes people went every night of the year, years and years, to the same kailey-house, usually some small farmer’s house, the attractions of which were often the subject of denunciation by the richer farmers’ wives, who did not wish to see their sons and husbands stroll off from their own comfortable hearths to hear all the news and comments of the neighbourhood at the more humble fireside. Some of the habitués or kaileyers came every night over a mile to take their accustomed place under the wide chimney, through which those sitting nearest the hob could, if they but looked upwards see the stars in the heavens outside; that is to say if they could see anything at all through the crowd of various articles that usually were hung up in the chimney—from fitches of bacon (hung up to dry) to blackthorn sticks, which, after having been straightened, oiled, and otherwise prepared, were placed in the sooty chimney to season and take a good black colour. How often we hear the phrase, “I have a wattle in the chimney for him”—

an ominous phrase for "him." I often wonder how we all did not die of draughts and colds in these early days, for the blast on the backs of those seated round the hearth, and the rush of air up the wide chimney, must have been tremendous.

And now, on the hearth itself, behold our friend the sod o' turf, with many of his family. I mean when the house belonged, as it usually did, to people who could afford to burn turf. The poorest people had to be content with "brosna," or firewood, painfully gathered up, and often giving forth more pungent smoke than comfortable heat. How little is needed to comfort the very poor! In Ireland many an old man and woman of over eighty years are glad to crawl a mile and more to gather a brosna for the fire of that evening, and seeing, as one often does in the great western forests in this country, such great and wanton destruction of timber, one cannot help thinking how many thousands of humble hearts would be gladdened by a small fraction of the waste we see here around us.

But to return to our turf fire, as we find it in the snug house of the small farmer. In the winter time there was first of all a backing, corresponding to the New England backlog, of turf-mould. Then on the hearth, around the central "greeshaugh" or embers, the sods were raised on end, light tindery sods first, then black coal-like sods outside. Soon the centre sods lit up, and presently the whole heart of the fire was a tangle of blue, purple, yellow and red flames, according to the nature of the turf. The mazy lines of this tangle followed the fibre of the various sods, and what could not the imaginative Celtic eye of the children see there? Brilliant illustrations of all the folklore tales of the fireside—there were swords, spears, shields, and helmets; giants and pygmies, castles and citadels; forests and meadows; kings and princesses; heroes and henwives—all the personages of fairy lore. Here those who were specially qualified could read for you the secrets of the future, and show you, in the gradually

brightening lines of flame, the sketch of a most cheering or woe-inspiring destiny. Gradually the fibres were burned out, the central sods became ashes, the fire yielded and sank gradually at the middle, finally flattening out in smouldering half-sods, until again reconstructed. Or perhaps at the most glittering stage of its life, the ruthless bean-an-tighe or housewife, would, with destructive tongs, rake out the vital "greeshaugh" or embers and spread them on the out flags of the hearth, scorching the shins of the kaileyers and driving them further backwards into the kitchen.

After the work of the day, and the attendant mixing with the neighbours, and perhaps meeting with an occasional stranger, each of the fireside company would have something to tell. Twenty years ago the daily paper was a rare visitor to rural districts, and, indeed, but few houses got the weekly issues, which were the great organs of that time. The much commoner sources of information, as quoted at the fireside, would be "a man I met abow on the road," or "a piece iv a newspaper I picked up on the road abow," or "a letter from America that kem to the Dooleys." Then there were local and industrial topics; the prices of stock and seed and crops, the rise and fall of wages, impending marriages, and thousands of other things of great interest. Of course, if the newspaper was to be had, and some one with sufficient schooling to read it, there would be intense interest in the news of the world. The Franco-Prussian War fell within the fireside period I remember most distinctly, and as the Germans were understood to be related to the English, at least through their royal family, as well as for reasons of more historic connections, all the sympathy of Ireland was with the French, old friends of Ireland. Afterwards there was the exposure of the calumnies of Froude by Father Tom Burke, and every week's paper for a long period gave one of the great lectures, to hear which all the neighbours were sure to

assemble. And in the general eagerness to hear the slanderer of Ireland refuted, and the glories of ancient Erin extolled, the rush candle was often neglected, it burned down, flickered, there was a sudden and simultaneous shout of "Help the candle?" but it was too late; the rush candle was out.

The rush candle is now almost "out" for ever. Its day—or should we rather say night—is almost over. Thirty years ago in most places in rural Ireland it was the only light in the cottage or in the farmer's kitchen. Oil companies were in the bosom of futurity, and candles, whether paraffin, mould, or "dip," were spoken of in the cottage only in connection with great occasions, such as wakes and weddings, or in farmers' houses were used only in the parlour. At regular intervals "Jinny the Rish" or "Mary the Heath" came around with their burdens of besoms and peeled rushes, and found a ready sale. The rushes, peeled of the outer skin, with the exception of a thin line that held the pith together, were then dipped in lard, and stored in a long box that was usually to be seen over the arch of the wide fire-place. From the box they were taken as needed and set in the long candlestick. In this case the name was no misnomer. In its simplest form it was a rod about three feet high; the lower end stuck in a big square sod of turf that rested steadily on the floor, while the upper end was split for a few inches to receive the rush. The rush was about two feet long, and was set in the split about three inches from the top. I remember there was an art in lighting an obdurate rush; you dipped the head of it in the ashes; then it took fire easily from the nearest flaming sod. A more elaborate rush candlestick to be seen in all comfortable houses consisted of a round piece of wood the size of a large plate, resting on the ground. Standing in this was a stick an inch thick and three feet high, on the top of which was a double iron head. One side of this, shaped like a pincers, held the rush; the other was intended to hold an ordinary

candle. As the rush burned down rather quickly and had to be "helped" or raised in the pincers every five minutes or so, one of the youngsters was usually seated near the candlestick for the express purpose of "helping the candle." And often and often a disposition for study showed itself by a readiness to forego the fun of the young people's games, and to sit helping the rush and listening to the paper or book in which the older people were interested.

The whole scene comes back to my eyes as though I had seen it but yesterday. The wide fire-place, flanked on one side with a low cross-wall, which cut off the draught from the door of the kitchen, and enabled those at the fire to reconnoitre all strangers through a square hole that commanded a view of the door. The firelight, bright and cheery, flashing backwards through the groups at the hearth upon the glittering dresser, with its rows of plates, cans and noggins at the back of the kitchen, and on the white tables and solid settle-bed that stood around the walls. At the fire, a group of youngster, full of glee, seated on their low "creepies," or on the ground, around one of their number telling some entrancing story. The bean-an-tighe and other women, with one eye and ear for their own work or chat, and another for the conversation or argument of the men. And the men, with the reader near the rush as centre, in high discourse, criticism or appreciation, until perhaps some unlucky slip or a shaky stool-leg would lay one of the talkers on his back and interrupt the flow of eloquence for a space.

The great landmarks of fireside history were "the year o' the short oats" (1826), "the night o' the big win'" (1839), "the year ov O'Connell's meeting on Tara" (1843), "the famine period" (1847), and "the time o' the Fenians" (1867), with times of great local elections, and more recently the various phases of the Home Rule movement. It is politics rather than education that have of late years made Ireland a country of news-

papers. Even those who could not read would bring home the paper in stirring times. "I thought you couldn't read, Ned," said the parish priest to an old parishioner, whom he saw bringing home a very fiery newspaper. "Sorra word, yer reverence," said Ned, "bud when Judy wipes her specs an' puts them an, that's the one can knock the news out of it!"

There are districts in which even to the present day there is little or no newspaper news by the winter fireside, but where the topics that help to "shorten the night" are of a very different character. I mean the secluded districts in which the old Celtic tongue is still in general use, and in which owing to the representative policy of the red-tape authorities, the native language has never been taught to the people. As a result, but few of them read either English or Irish, and as these places are the poorest and send the largest proportion of immigrants to the United States, it is the retrograde and unpatriotic policy of the educational authorities in Ireland that has given that country the evil position of third place among the illiterate countries of the world, as computed by the United States Immigration Office. No Irishman can fail to applaud the action of the Gaelic League in taking in hand the education of the Irish-speaking people. It is a grand national work, neglected by those supposed to attend to it. Thirty years ago there were probably a million people speaking Irish. Few of them read the newspaper, but in compensation they had a world of imaginative literature, preserved to them by the traditional sgéalaídhés, or story-tellers, who even yet are to be found in these remote districts. The literature which nowadays is attracting to Irish libraries the learned of France and Germany is preserved in a popular form on the lips of the people, and is heard best at the Gaelic-speaking fireside. There the children learn the story of Cuchulain and of Queen Maeve, of Lir and Usna, of Cormac and the doughty Finn MacCool.

The old legends of Patrick, Brigid, and Columkille are handed down, and every rath and wood, every hill and glen, every ruined shrine and holy well, every castled crag and inland lake, has its own legendary history. The fame of Brian Borumha, of O'Neill and O'Donnell, of O'Sullivan, and O'More are handed on from old to young. Nor is the more imaginary world of Celtic romance forgotten. A single night at a Gaelic-speaking fireside would fill the note-book of a folk-lorist. Giants and pygmies, the gifts of the "seventh son," and the fates and fortunes of the "third brother," the strength and wisdom of the friendly horse, eagle, fox, and salmon that the hero calls upon in his hour of need, are not surpassed, or indeed, equalled, by the early romance of any country. Or, again, you may listen in the ruddy light of the turf fire to those eerie tales of the "borderland," in which not only the orthodox everyday (or every night) ghost appears, but also the more misty fetch or second-sight, the death-watch, the pooka; or, going deeper into the unsubstantial world of spirits, we may hear of the various ranks and degrees of the fairy world, from the historic "bean-sidhe," or "woman of the mound," to the spirits of Hallow Eve or the rarer leprechaun or gankaun.

"Tell me, now, do you think is there such things as fairies in it, at all, at all?" is a question often put in these sceptical days by the old people who in their youth deemed the world of sprites as real as that of ghosts. Which of us, in our early days (at least when out late at night), doubted the existence of the leprechaun or gankaun? Why, we often just longed to meet him, so that we could force him to show us his store of hidden treasure! It was an article of childish belief that the acorn cups were gankauns' pipes. Well do I mind a coeval of my own, ever afterwards called Gankaun Duffy from the incident I am about to relate, and which I can recall as though it happen'd but a few days ago instead of A. D. 1870, or thereabouts.

There were some large fields of pasture near our place, and in the early summer these have to be cleared of the big "thistles" that are sure to grow up. Gangs of small children, each armed with a turf-slane or light sharp spade, are hired for a small sum to dethistle the field: they go up and down clearing a broad road each trip. I remember well one of those big fields, green as only green is seen in Irish grass. It was there that on dewy June mornings we searched barefoot for the luscious mushrooms that had shot up during the night, and having found them strung them on long thrauneens and ran home to roast them on the greeshaugh—yum, yum! even yet my mouth waters at the thought of these little "cups" full of juice! In that field there was, away towards the middle, a small mound topped by a "lone bush," and, as everybody knows, a lone bush is not to be disturbed, being the peculiar haunt of the good people. This day the gang of small workers, all aged nine or ten years, and including Johnny Duffy, had cleared a large space of the field, and on this trip were just skirting the lone bush. As they were approaching it, sweeping down the thistles before them, Johnny's spade suddenly stopped, poised in the air. His eyes were fastened for a moment on the mound, then he let one yell out of him, flung his little spade at the butt of the lone bush, turned, and ran for dear life across the field, cleared a big ditch, and fell in a faint among the men working in the next field. When he came to he gave a detailed and thrilling account of what he had seen suddenly appearing on the mound—the little man about two feet high, with red breeches, yellow waistcoat, green coat, and all the insignia of a gankaun or leprechaun. The story fell upon believing ears, at least in the case of big Mick Hennessy, an old workman. A few days afterwards old Mick was working alone, "landing" potatoes, and no doubt thinking of the leprechaun over there at the tree, when all of a sudden in the drill a few yards before him what appeared to his eyes but the same

little man—green coat and breeches and all. Mick thought his fortune was made. He had visions of the leprechaun safely caught and carried home and put on the heated griddle until he revealed his hidden treasures of gold. You must never take your eye off a gankaun—and poor Mick had the unfortunate habit, when he stopped digging, of sticking his spade behind him. The old habit was too strong: in his excitement Mick turned round for one instant and stuck his spade in the ground, and when he looked again the gankaun was gone, and Mick was left as poor as ever.

Then there was the man whom a stranger, hearing his name, would write down as "the Arab doctor." But no Moorish physician of romance was meant: simply one specially skilled in the virtues of herbs, or, as they were called, 'eribs or 'aribs. Then, of course, "the seventh son," and more especially "the seventh son of a seventh son," was by birth a powerful healer, and even to infants corresponding to that description were brought the sick and the halt to be "touched." Here and there would be a house that had the cure of some one ailment. One old lady had the cure of the wildfire; the friends of the sick sent her fresh unsalted butter, which she mixed praying over it. The butter was used as a salve, so the cure was a plain, sensible remedy. Another cure really effected by nature when given the necessary time was the cure for a stye on the eye. Every morning, for nine successive mornings, you pointed nine gooseberry thorns, pulled off the bush, at the offending stye, throwing each thorn away over the left shoulder. At the end of the nine days the stye was gone, but the thorns had nothing to do with it—it was old Dame Nature and the nine days. Father Kneipp himself would have approved the "cup of dew" treatment, in which the fresh air and "baarfussgang" were united and disguised. The patient had to go out in the early morning, before sunrise, and to walk barefoot through

the dewy grass, gathering with a cup the sparkling dew, and drinking it as gathered until it was thought a cupful had been drunk. The plan had good results in most cases. Passing over several real herbal remedies, I may mention another cure, for which patients came to a house near ours. It was a remedy for a grave ailment, locally known as "a pain 'ithin in you." On a basis of whiskey, there was a mixture of "fifteen penn'orths of fifteen different powerful and burning drugs, the resultant medicine being able to double up the patient at the first mouthful. When he recovered his breath, he was usually able to declare that the "pain 'ithin in you" was gone. I must not omit mention of a cure in which the influence was not of a spirituous character, but rather of a spiritual nature, and which I commend to the investigations of the spiritualists and theosophists, for there may be something of palingenesis about it. The malady, in this case, was a swelling of the face and throat—perhaps, the mumps. In Gaelic it was called "leacnach," or "big-cheek." I remember vividly one instance of the cure being used. The place was the next house to ours, more particularly the pig-stye and pig-yard adjacent. The time was morning, about seven o'clock. The subject, or victim, was our neighbour's boy, Ned, aged seven or eight years, and suffering from the aforesaid "big-cheek." The chief actor was an old woman famous over the district for her cures. While the boy was yet in bed she arrived, and was conducted to the room of the patient. Him she divested of all apparel whatsoever, and led forth towards the pig-stye. He resisted violently, and was seized aloft and carried by the old woman, and dropped, howling fearfully, before the assembled pigs. The healer repeated some lines that have escaped my memory, but ending with—

"Lecnach, lecnach, fall upon the pig!"  
Perhaps the principle of the cure was that the blood was sluggish. If so the cure was calculated to set it in active motion.

Still more mysterious in its operation (if it did operate) was the popular cure for a disease of children. I think it was scarlet fever. When a child fell sick a messenger was sent hot-foot to its godfather, who was required to go and buy a yard long of red tape or thread, join the two ends in a "black" knot (can one put a black knot on a red thread?), and place the ring so made over the neck of the patient. Very often this is the only godfatherly duty ever asked at the hands of a sponsor. The red thread, in this as in all other cases, comes down from ancient Pagan times, when red was a symbol of fire, and when fire worship was all that was left of primitive sun worship. We have the same surviving link with the past in the habit, even yet in vogue in secluded districts in Ireland, of throwing a coal of fire for luck after a person starting on a journey of importance. An old neighbour of ours, Betty Callaghan, had a great belief in the efficiency of this send-off, and would always fling a coal, or at least the tongs, after her son Tom whenever he started off on any business of consequence. On one occasion, in the excitement of the moment, she gave the tongs such a vigorous whirl that it flew through the air, and caught Tom on the back of the head, knocking him down and partially stunning him, and making him so mad that he positively gave up the intended journey to a neighbouring fair. But old Betty always maintained that even on this occasion the ceremony was successful, as Tom was saved from a bad market.

Many a curious and ancient practice one will hear discussed in this way by the comfortable turf fire, and a stranger would be puzzled to make out the attitude of the speakers towards those survivals of the olden time. At one moment you would, perhaps, be inclined to think that the people took all these cures and interventions of unearthly powers for Gospel, while the next instant the humorous comments and laughter of the fireside circle will show you that their virtues

are regarded as more fanciful than real. The genial Celtic mind has in nearly all cases given a harmless form to those remnants of old Paganism, and in many instances it has thrown a halo of poetry and romantic tradition around them that is very attractive. As education advances, these practices and traditions are gradually disappearing, but they will long serve as a subject for the old people to "come over," as they say, to discuss at the winter fireside. What a capital phrase it is too, that "come over," and how many unexpected things are discussed even in the most remote corners of Ireland!—"Shanachus" or talk about "oul' times," is not the only matter that helps to shorten the evenings; I think it is Mr. Crane who has said that in a Munster village of a few houses, he heard old men discuss at length the politics of the world at large. The "Rooshians" and the "Proosians" were names that resounded nightly for many years in all Irish kailey-houses, and I knew an old man whose last days were worried by an uncertainty about the fate of Osman Digma. The fact is, people in Ireland are interested in everything that gives shape for the imagination to stray from the impoverished, and often almost hopeless surroundings of home, where an evil and alien system abolished all industries, discouraged labour and thrift, and offered no prospects for the future.

It would take a large volume to do justice to all the subjects that crop up year after year for the discussion of the Kaileyers. There is a fireside Department of the Interior, which is great on poultices, lotions, and possets for colds and other common ailments; there is a Trade Department, which handles questions as to the prices of home products, such as "flannen," frieze, linsy-woolsey, yarn, linen, flax, wool, spinning wheels, and all the various operations concerning wool and flax. There is the Children's Department, with all its games and rhymes, (some of them very quaint and curious), which often raise such a

"bobbery," that they are cut short by the elders, and the youthful people ordered to prepare their school lessons for the next day. Many a man afterwards famous in Church or State, conned his schoolbooks by the flickering rush light, or the still more uncertain flame of the burning fire or turf sods. And, by the way, the turf-sod was connected with education in yet another way. Education is free in Ireland, but as the salaries of teachers are small, each school child, whose parents can afford it, is expected to bring a penny a week as a fee. In winter time, each pupil must also bring a sod of turf every Monday morning, towards the school fire of the coming week. A hard, black sod is required; none of the soft stuff that burns up in a moment, giving a dense blue smoke but little heat. Woe betide the boy who on Monday morning does not produce his weekly sod! And woe again to the owners of clamps of turf near the school! For the boy who has left home turfless but careless, as he comes nearer and nearer towards the school, and thinks of the master's inquisitorial eye, his brief, "Where's your sod?" and his latent cane, will regret his fault and try to procure a sod by one means or another. Well, from even such humble beginnings have come great men—lawyers, doctors, bishops, and even cardinals—so that as the saying goes, "the penny a week wasn't lost on them!"

There comes an end to all things, and so it comes to the long winter evening around the pleasant turf fire. Many a time will the fire have been rebuilt, and new relays of sods added before the first visitor, perhaps a woman who has dropped in from the next house, will rise and say, "Well, I didn't feel the night passin'," and then, if she is not nervous, so that some one of stronger fibre will have to put her "agas' the gandheer," and the airy (eerie) places that lie between her and home, she will say "good night" and start off. The "sandy man," about this time, will set the smaller children's eyes a-blinking with the sleep, and they will be re-

moved from the scene. Finally the old kaileyers will think that it is "as well for them to be shortening the road," and kindling their pipes on the hearth will start out into the dark night. Soon the Kaileyers are all gone ; the kitchen is again put in its usual orderly array : the family kneel down at the long stool for the night prayers ; there is a general dispersion ; and the careful housewife takes our friend, the sod of turf, now dwindled away to a mere ember, and with others of his kind covers him snugly in the white ashes with which the hearthstone is heaped, there to smoulder and slumber until again fanned into flame on the morrow.

And how the memory of these things smoulders and slumbers until awakened by some chance thought. Here we have been

meditating over a little piece of turf, for, lo ! so many pages. It has brought us back to a distant land, to the thatched roof-tree of our old home, to the brown bog with its healthy breezes, and the green pastures with the fresh bright little mushrooms peeping up through the dewy grass on June mornings — those green fields just above the little river where we fished for the pinkeens in the deep pools. If I but close my eyes I can yet count the slippery stepping-stones over which we cautiously crossed the little river, but I open them on another and distant land, the Tir-nan-ogue of many of our race, for I see before me the deep blue of the Pacific and the sunset through the Golden Gate of San Francisco.

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### THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.<sup>1</sup>



CORDING to the children that you meet in the Gaelic-speaking districts of Ireland, Jack did not build a house at all. He had not time : he was too busy pulling strawberries. And, by the way, his name wasn't Jack either, but Murrougha. And there were two of them — two brothers. The younger, of course, was called Murrougha Beg, or little Murrougha, and then the older had to be called Murrougha More, big Murrougha ; although, to be sure, he was not very big at all. But he had a big appetite, especially for ripe strawberries. And, by the same token, so had little Murrougha : a very big appetite, indeed, for ripe strawberries. And thereby hangs our tale :

One day Murrougha Beg and Murrougha More went out to pull strawberries. All that Murrougha More would pull he would give to

little Murrougha to keep. When Murrougha More had finished pulling the strawberries, he came to Murrougha Beg for all he had pulled.

"O," said Murrougha Beg, "all I got I ate."

"Well, if you did," says Murrougha More, "you'll pay for them with a trouncing."

And he went for a rod.

"Where are you going ?" says the rod.

"For a rod to trounce Murrougha Beg good and hard, for eating all my strawberries."

"I won't go with you," says the rod, "till you get an axe to cut me."

And he went for the axe.

"Where are you going ?" says the axe.

"For an axe to cut a rod ; a rod to trounce Murrougha Beg for eating all my strawberries."

"I won't go with you," says the axe, "till you get a stone to whet me."

<sup>1</sup> From *Donaghoe's Magazine*, September, 1899.

And he went for the stone.

“Where are you going?” says the stone.

“For a stone—a stone to whet an axe, an axe to cut a rod, a rod to trounce Murrougha Beg for eating all my strawberries.”

“I won’t go with you,” says the stone, “till you get water to wet me.”

And he went for the water.

“Where are you going?” says the water.

“For water—water to wet a stone, a stone to whet an axe, an axe to cut a rod, a rod to trounce Murrougha Beg for eating all my strawberries.”

“I won’t go with you,” says the water, “till you get a deer to swim me.”

And he went for the deer.

“Where are you going?” says the deer.

“For a deer—a deer to swim water, water to wet a stone, a stone to whet an axe, an axe to cut a rod, a rod to trounce Murrougha Beg for eating all my strawberries.”

“I won’t go with you,” says the deer, “till you get a hound to hunt me.”

And he went for the hound.

“Where are you going?” says the hound.

“For a hound—a hound to chase a deer, a deer to swim water, water to wet a stone, a stone to whet an axe, an axe to cut a rod, a rod to trounce Murrougha Beg for eating all my strawberries.”

“I won’t go with you,” says the hound, “till you get me a pat of butter to rub my leg with.”

And he went for the pat of butter.

“Where are you going?” says the pat of butter.

“For a pat of butter—butter to rub to the leg of a hound, a hound to hunt a deer, a deer to swim water, water to wet a stone, a stone to whet an axe, an axe to cut a rod, a rod to trounce Murrougha Beg for eating all my strawberries.”

“I won’t go with you,” says the pat of butter, “till you get a mouse to scratch me.”

And he went for the mouse.

“Where are you going?” says the mouse.

“For a mouse—a mouse to scratch butter,

butter to rub to the leg of a hound, a hound to hunt a deer, a deer to swim water, water to wet a stone, a stone to whet an axe, an axe to cut a rod, a rod to trounce Murrougha Beg for eating all my strawberries.”

“I won’t go with you,” says the mouse, “till you get a cat to chase me.”

And he went for the cat.

“Where are you going?” says the cat.

“For a cat—a cat to chase a mouse, a mouse to scratch butter, butter to rub to the leg of a hound, a hound to hunt a deer, a deer to swim water, water to wet a stone, a stone to whet an axe, an axe to cut a rod, a rod to trounce Murrougha Beg for eating all my strawberries.”

“I won’t go with you,” says the cat, “till you get a drop of milk from the bracket cows.”

And he went for the cows.

“Where are you going?” said one of the cows.

“For a cow—a cow to give a drop of milk to a cat, a cat to chase a mouse, a mouse to scratch butter, butter to rub to the leg of a hound, a hound to hunt a deer, a deer to swim water, water to wet a stone, a stone to whet an axe, an axe to cut a rod, a rod to trounce Murrougha Beg for eating all my strawberries.”

“We won’t give you one drop of milk,” says the cow, “till you get us a handful of wheat from those threshers yonder.”

And he went for the threshers.

“Where are you going?” said one of the threshers.

“For a thresher—a thresher to give a handful of wheat to a cow, a cow to give a drop of milk to a cat, a cat to chase a mouse, a mouse to scratch butter, butter to rub to the leg of a hound, a hound to hunt a deer, a deer to swim water, water to wet a stone, a stone to whet an axe, an axe to cut a rod, a rod to trounce Murrougha Beg for eating all my strawberries.”

“We won’t give you one handful of wheat,” says the thresher, “till you get us a cake of bread from those women baking yonder.”

And he went for the bakers.

"Where are you going?" says one of the bakers.

"For a baker—a baker to give me a cake of bread for a thresher, a thresher to give me a handful of wheat for a cow, a cow to give me a drop of milk for a cat, a cat to chase a mouse, a mouse to scratch butter, butter to rub to the leg of a hound, a hound to hunt a deer, a deer to swim water, water to wet a stone, a stone to whet an axe, an axe to cut a rod, a rod to trounce Murrougha Beg for eating all my strawberries."

"We won't give you a cake of bread," said the baker, "till you bring us three sievefuls of water."

And he went for the sievefuls of water, but there wasn't a drop that he would raise in the sieve but would run out of it again.

The gray scaldcrow came that way.

"Put mud to it, put clay to it, and you will bring in the water," says the gray scaldcrow.

He put mud to it, he put clay to it, he filled the meshes of the sieve, and then brought the three sievefuls of water to the baker-women. The bakers gave the cake of bread to the threshers, the threshers gave the handful of wheat to the cows, the cows gave the drop of milk to the cat, the cat chased the mouse, the mouse scratched the butter, the butter was rubbed on the leg of the hound, the hound hunted the deer, the deer swam the water, the water wetted the stone, the stone whetted the axe, the axe cut the rod to beat Murrougha Beg for eating all the strawberries.

Murrougha More came back with the rod. Murrougha Beg was gone. Sight or light of him Murrougha More could not see. He was gone home. Murrougha More went after him. I who tell the tale went too.

We came to a river. They went by the dangerous ford. I came by the slippery stepping-stones. They were drowned; I came safe to tell the tale.

This is a very popular legend all over Ireland, and may be heard in English in a good many places where the old tongue has died out. There are, of course, differences of phrase in various versions of the story. In the West of Ireland, the two brothers in the legend are called Munnaher and Monnaher. In the English version, familiar to me long ago, a "hone" was said for a "stone," and a "pat of butter to rub to the leg of a hound" was "an ounce of butter to rub to his hough," or "butter to limber the leg of a hound." The "handful of wheat," in the Gaelic versions, is often "a wisp of wheaten straw." The ending of the story, as given above, is the usual Gaelic ending to all stories. In Anglo-Irish there are several endings, usually nonsensical. The common one is:

"So they put down the 'kittle'  
An' made 'tay,'  
An' if they don't live happy  
That we may."

Another ending, which is more nonsensical, is this:

"So I had a little awl,  
An' I stuck it in the wall,  
An' that is all."

But one does not look for deep philosophy in children's stories.

Gaelic versions of the legend have been printed from the recitation of Gaelic-speaking people—by Dr. Hyde in his "Book of Story-Telling," and more recently by the well-known scholar, Joseph H. Lloyd, in the *Gaelic Journal*, the monthly organ of the National Language movement.



## § II.—ORIGINAL IRISH.

### I.

#### MARBHNA AR BÁS U. I. DE BURC.<sup>1</sup>

##### I.

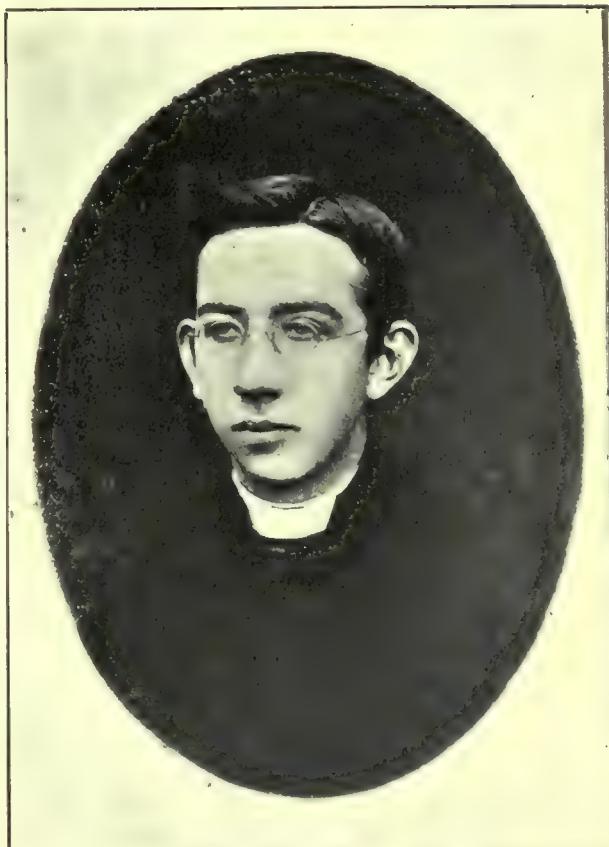
Do chualt ari n-oirde uainn—arúr go bráit,  
Ni feicfeap eadairainn éis a ghnáir ba thíl,  
Tábhais ré an obair gheal dá dtuig ré ghráid  
Is peairc a chiorde 'f a aiginnid le n-a linn;  
Tá teanga ír peann 'n-a gcomharde 'noir  
go deo,  
Sean-teanga thílir Éireann! Fearta  
coirdé  
Ni tábhairfai thíl aon chiorde, aon ghráid  
niúr teo,  
'Ná fuairír céana ó'n té tā 'n-a luigé  
Go híreal níl an uair, mo chriú! mo thíl!

##### II.

Ba thíl-ré, 'Saeolrige, éis ré fuair é péim,  
Ag iarrfaidh tú a cóngháilt riap ó báir.  
Cuir ré i n-áil thíl d'áilneáet ír do  
léigéann,  
D'fóillpíg ír do fíor-mol ré gan ríap.  
Le déal ba binn, 'f le peann ba glomha  
rínar;  
Ari Éirinn ír a Seanċar fíor cónír,  
Lán d'átar real—real eile lán de cár;  
Is é bá eolsgaé; bhris ari leabhar móir  
Do bá i uclarús aige mar mianas d'oir.

##### III.

Anoir atá ré imteigte dá ríse.  
Is éis ré thíl an obair rinn a ghráda,  
Le chioenugáid mar báid mian le n-a chiorde;  
Cromáid gae Saeolrigeoirí fíor, gan rúim, gan  
rgáit,  
Is thíseáid ó n-a luigé ari oteanga bhréag,  
Ari oteanga miliúr bhréag atá faoi céid.



an Sámarraí nuaír bí ré 'n-a Mac-Leiginn

Is marlúigte le 'c uile bhréall gan ríat;  
Náir éiftíseáid rinn le caint na mbhréall níor  
mó,  
Aét cuipeamír ari oteanga ari aghair go deo.

Maig Nuaðao,  
Samain, 1887.

<sup>1</sup> From the *Tuam News*.

An tSeán-Bliadán.<sup>1</sup>

1.

Ád an tSeán-Bliadán caitte, ipar eudo rósga agus an-fógsa imníte Léiri. I mbáraé bérí Lá Bhríde na bliadna nua agaunn.

Ír iomána éibhíbri bhróití i Lutéigíre fágáinu nuaip a bheacáinigmiti riad ap 1888. Cúardó cíup na hÉireann ap agair go hiomhantád érito an domhan. Deagán bliadán ó fomháír anna na hÉireann i n-aimbhíor ap móraí eudo de'n Éamáin anoir, tá "an polas ríspárt;" ap éigim geobhá ball de'n domhan, a bhríl Léigéann nō éolap ap bhrí ag a muinntír, nac éolt pointt dár éigéal. Ruto eile, tá ap tacaobh-ne de'n Éamáit cíomh ceapt eoir nac éigis le n-ap náimhde ríocháin a tabhairt oíráinn, dá feabhar an tiseall a tacaobh leó. Caitteann riad, go denim, a páit ríolácaí linn, aét leanann an éudo ap mó de dá láthairb fén.

Ní hé aonáin go bhríamair ap geúir a tabhairt éum an tróiní aét, físeáin, ghnóthuis pinn érito an domhan cairde píosa feapamhla—"r eaó ag banaíla—cairde eoritheamhla ip gáé inle ceapda. Is Saghranairb fén tá na daoine ap feapp ag teadáit linn gáé inle lá, do réirí mar tuigidí dtáid na círe. Dá bhrígheadh riad cead a gceann, tá na Saghranairg cneapta comhrom. Ní hiad ap cionntád leip na gniomha a pugneadh i n-a n-aonim leip na cianta aét "r iad na bhréagáin agus na cladaí a taoráit a rísealta i gcluair na Saghranair. Ní fhiul aon amhar nac bhráinn an tseamh úd ap an traoigéal eile an viol a tuisleadar.

Ní fuaictanaí a páid nac riab am, ó tóraí an domhan, a riab na hÉireannair ní ba dlúite,

vilpe dá céile 'ná táid an lá inioi. Ó'fearr le curt agaunn teine ag clárdeamh o'imírt ap an fean-námaro. Aét feiceann riad ro gur mó taiphe an comhpair neamhfuilteig atá ap bun agaunn. Sualá le gualainn, tá daoine na hÉireann ap nór aon fír amáin, ag tuisiú éum buairde faoi bhrataé ap tacaíri. Cuanamhí tamall mairt ap an mbóthar éum na Saoiinne i n-imreacáit 1888. Cá bhríor nac físeáin an báipe 'fan mbliadán nua.

I rgéal 1888 tá tuisleós eile—tuisleós doibhónaé. Bheacáinigmiti iarráil Ír milír Álainn an ní bár fágáiní ap ron na tíre. Ír iomána fágáiní iarráil mórneamhail a tuit i geúir na hÉireann i n-88. Tuit riad gan an buaird ó'fearfint. Aét nuaip a tioefar lá na buairde, i láp áitair, piméid i Lutéigíre an lae, tacaobh an upnúise ag ríseáin an déop ap ron na laoch 'fan uairg; agus 'fan am úd na Saoiinne atá ag dhuiridim i n-aici linn, bérí aor ós na tíre ag tabhairt tuisí ar leabharáibh vériðeanaína na ngsairgídeach a ériofa an tróiní mairt, agus ag deargáid amhrin láríad an tír-éigíde i n-a gceoilrúibh.

2.

Ní fhiul eudo dá bhríl beo fóir agaunn níor feapp 'ná an muinntearí a ríobh an bár leir, An lá inioi, i n-aimhíp beannúigte na Nollag. I láp reaca ébhair agus gaoite gairbhé an hÉamáir, tá a lán dár muinntír caitte amach ap taoibh an bhdair, gan teac of a gcionn 'ná gheimhridh i n-a mbéal. Na báirí falaíoch aip cíup do'n rígánnail reo, dromos nac feapad cia aca ap mó a gceaparacht, a n-aimbhíor, ná a neamh-éoritheamhlaéit, tá riad ag caitteamh amhrípe, ag ite agus ól. Déanann riad magadh faoi anpó agus dochtaineacáit daoine ap feappi 'ná bár riad fén riám. Níor b'fearr leó aon fíu 'ná an cinead Éireannach a rísmor amach

<sup>1</sup> From the Tuam News.

ó' aon-ðuille ó agaird na talman. Fuaipi riad a n-uaipi féin; béríd atánuigád puipit ann go gorniro.

Agur 'n-a Óláirí fin, címiti Éireannais ag glacadh a leitgeileadh rúd, ag déanamh amach gup taoine córa deagh-épíorðeáca iad—aingil i òfolað. Ír fír gan ríplanc feamhlacta i n-a gcporda iad ro. Ír meara iad 'ná na tigearnaí talman féin. Agur dá mbéad a tcoil ag na tigearnaibh is beag an buirdeácar a gceobád riad uata. Féac mar éputuis Clannriocaird leir an Easbog Ua hÉalaighe.

Anoir féacámaríp cpead atá róimhainn. Tá cineadó na hÉireann ag dul aí agaird cùm duarðe, guala le gualainn. Má fánann riad tilip ríor dá céile, ní baoiglaic tóibh teipeadó. Ír námaid tóinn duine aí bit a déanfad rgoilt eadrainn. Ní ríaparí finn ó céile cón fada aíp atá an ríméadó udo againn aíp atír. Baod cónír do gac uile ceann againn a cötugád cón mait le n-a anam féin.

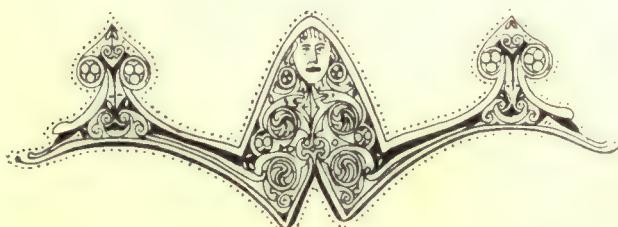
Coingibígmír ruap gac uile rudo a cíupí fear i gcuimhne tóinn gup Éireannais finn—

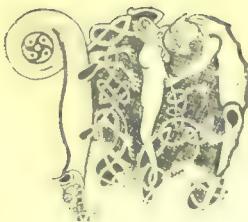
muinntíp aíp leit—ná leigmir ríor na rean-écluicí maite, na rean-béara lágsa. So mór-mór coingibígmír i n-áip mears aíp tceanga féin a éputuigear go folláraíp gup cineadó aíp leit finn. Ní deacair Éireannais clona fagbáil—bár obann tā leitíordóibh uile go léir a gniop magadh faoi an nGaeodilge! Déanfad riad magadh faoi gac uile rudo a báineas le hÉipinn, muna mbéad an fáitceas atá oppa. Ír clabairi gan mórneac iad. Cuirpeann riad iad féin is an mbád céadna leir an tpeim eile, agur tuilleann riad an diol céadna.

Ír rípartha aitniguigád na ndaoine atá linn tár an tdroim atá i n-áip n-agaird, agur 'r i obairi atá leagtha amach róim gac uile duine, beag is mór, againn,—ví-meas, gráin agur bprípead a tarrainnt aíp aíp náimíordóibh agur riottáin is aon oact a cónuigád eadrainn féin.

So n-éigise leir an taoibh cónír!

Sgriobhá an Lá Véaréanaí '88.





ÁRT Mhíde, an cúngealó  
lá de mí an Márta  
é ait amair, 'fiméig pós-  
Bíopeamair, fíor-láipe  
iongantach agus fíor-  
Saoiúlgeáin, ap an  
raoísal ro go raogáil  
níos feapar. Ba hé rúd  
an tÁtar Seoigéan Séamair Ua Cearbhail S. I.  
Ba duine é náé lionfáir an áit o'fás ro  
palam go héarscaráit, má tóinífar i lionad go  
briáit. Is beag duine agamh táiríb eol go  
ceapt éis an tioigheáil do éinir an fíor-léiginn,  
agus go mói-móir do n-Ísealbhise, a hár. Ni  
fuit 'fíor aét ag a chéardóibh féin éis an feap bí  
ann do pípibh, agus éis an anacair a bain  
dáinn le n-a hár obann. Tóigéamair an méad  
ro tíor ap aí leigéamair féin do pípibh,  
agus ap alt a cíopead amair, tá beagán de  
laetibh ó foin, ip an *Irish Monthly*.

Rugadh é i gCatair Bhaile Átha Cliath, an  
chéad u3 de'n Seachtúi, 1837. Ni pairb aét  
beirtear clomha ag a chéair agus a mátar, é féin  
i deaibhráit eile, píompiar, a támair éomh  
mait leis féin beirtear i n-a fágairt, agus a  
cailleáit tuairim dá bhlátháin ó foin.

Tír n-a mátar, bí scéal aige le fean-  
trepibh na nDéiríreac, ó nsgairimtear "Log na  
nDéiríreac" i bhrógtláirge, agus "Dáiríntaet  
na nDéiríreac" 'fan Mhíde.

Tír n-a átar, ba hé an tÁtar Ua Cearbhail  
feap deiridh, ag teáct anuas go véireac,  
o'Uib Cearbhail ó Eile.

Ap an átar, ceadona ro innpíreap píseal.  
Bí ré tap éirí reath a gháil ap dútáig a  
fágat aige mar fáil ré, aét fuailear ré féin  
uibaet eile ór líeip do gúpib ag duine eile  
a fágat an áit; agus ag gíalleáit do éogair  
a comhlaip tús ré fuaip an dútáig ap an toirt.

Fuaip ap duine ordeap ap dtúr i  
gCatair Ua Cluana Gabann, S. I., i gContae

Chille Dara. Tap éir a céapáis a chaitéamh  
annún, éuairbh ré ipteacáil, 'fan mbliadhain 1853,  
i gCóimhleónolt lópa. O'éir an amair fín, píse  
ré fíogluim 'fan Rómh, agus i n-áitibh eile ap  
futo na hEóppa, ní a tús caoi maitiú do leir  
an gcaonadó Láiríp a tairbeáin ré ó tús  
o'fíogluim na tóeangad a fáruighad. Táinig  
dein fín gúp b'eol do go piog-máit teangeáca  
i litriúlair de'n fúrinnibh de tíoptairbh na  
hEóppa; agus ní huad amáin a tóeangatáca,  
aét, go minic, a gcaonamha cúngeamhla. Dá  
nóigé, bí an Déapla i an Láirdean aige go  
beáit, gáé copr i aéramh ionnta. Dá  
mbaóth háit éinighe i peo, o'fíadóramair a éin  
fíor ap an gcaoi a píompiab ré Déapla—bí a  
mói-píompiab tóiseacá píompliúr fultúmair.  
Bíot a obair, ré ap bit teanga i n-a mbéad  
ré as píompiab, i gcomháidbheisgair beáit  
i taitneamhac. I tóeannita an dá teangeáid  
úd, bí aige an Ísealbhise, an Fíannacír, an  
Eadáilír, an Allmáinír (bíreann an teanga-  
dóir tárgamail Max Müller cíutuighad aip  
fin), teanga na bhlátháinna, an Ísleigir  
(ós i árra), agus ní fuit a fíor agam cár-  
máin—"ip" eile.

Bí cùinne iongantach aige. Dá mbéad  
tóeap comháid aige le duine ap ní ppéireamh-  
ait, cùinneáid eile ré ap bhris an comháid faoi  
éann bhuadanta i n-a díard fin.

Le déiríeanaithe, o'ionnrais ré go dút-  
raetach teanga na Rúise, i de bhrí an  
traotair ro fuaipamair na hait deallphada a  
cíopead amair inip an Lyceum, ailt ap a  
n-áitneáid duine ap bit lóig a támair.

Ní hionann ip mói-cúir o'Éigeanairisib  
leigéannta, ní pairb ré anbriofach i tóeangair  
ná i litriúlair a típe dútáig. Ni fuit 'fíor  
agam cár fíogluim ré an Ísealbhise, aét tá  
'fíor agam gúp fíogluim ré go maitiú. Cualair  
fín go pairb ré le fíomhán i dtír a híp  
fém i nGaillim; agus má bí, ip deaibheta náé  
n-deapna duine éomh cíuadógsaip ip do bí ré

<sup>1</sup> From the *Irish N.*

aon fáilliúise 'fan gcaoi fánp-mairt fuaipí ré annpín le Haeðilge d'foghlum.

Ba rotalaclach túninn-ne molat a tábairt do'n Haeðilge atá ó n-a peann i nílspileabair na Haeðilge—"Na hAmáctica Cleapadá."

Ba ní nua i n-apí tdeangaird na hAmáctica: d'fág an t-úgðar an rean-éarán 7 bual ré amacé bótarp d'fém. Ag breti, do réir a eólaip, apí ap mbároaet árra, ba hé a mear (agur náí fíeau ré báraimail ionmearfa a tábairt?) go bfuil an Haeðilge níos-fóileannnae d'fíl-ideacáit d'fármatacraig, mar aineirtear -r é pin le nád, pliudealéit mar do jugne rean- filid na Spéigse, Aerfisolur, Cúpircioer 7 eile, 7 pliud móra na Sagartanac, Séacraepreap, ionfon 7 eile. Ír truaig náí fíeau ré dul i bfar aí an mbótarp a éasap ré amacé, agur náe bfuairí ré ó foin aomneacé le n-a leanmáin.

Le hars an méir do rsgíob ré fém i nGlaeu- ilge, cíupí ré i n-eagair (i nílspileabair na Haeðilge, umáir II-14) "Teagars Flata," "Teagars Riois," 7 "Lomgearp Mac nUigris" le nótai agur gac ní eile a cíupfeadó polas apí na rean-óibreachaib ro.

Sgíob ré, mar an gceataona, móp-éuro apí Haeðilge i mbéapla. Ni móp le pád náe péiríp aon rsgíibeann 'fágháil a tiofraid i n-aici le n-a alta apí "Laoðtib Oípin" 7 apí na "Sgéaltaib Fiannarthaécta."

An tan do rsgíobair na haitl reo, bí an Haeðilge 7 gac ní a bain leiti faoi neamh- fium 7 dí-meap níor mó fém ná ba gnátae. Cad éuirge rin? An tráit úd bí neite nua dá múnad o' aor ógs na tíre, do péip piaghalta na "gCeirtniúgáid Meadonaé," agur ceirtniúgáid eile; bí teangtaaca coisgeáise dá tábairt ipteac agur dá molat. Ni paib

Éireannais típ-Íspáðaéa apí iarrat a meap aít 'fágháil do tdeangaird 7 do litreacap na hÉireann. Uíultád aon aít do tdeangaird tóib i fgoileannnaib na hÉireann. D'éiríse fuaicán i meaps na n-oidé apí ap hiarrat a múnad. Tíre amhríor éasap riad náe paib aon ní 'fan níHaeðilge apí b'fíu a n-aim- reap a éaitéam leip. Tá a bhrúmhóir apí an inntinn éataona fóir: aét má tá, if mar gheall apí náí leigheasdar na haitl reo. Aét eairítear an beagán a éuirceap rúim i gcuip na Haeðilge bheit bhrúealé de'n atáir Ua Cearbáill faoi na páiréarlaib áilne reo.

Le déirdeanaise, cíteap gup éagsí re sád uile ní apí foghlum tdeangan na Rúipe. Leán ré go coitceann dá obair apí ron go paib a époide ag ghabáil d'fó le fada. Faoi déirpead. Márt hInre, marí atubhramair éasap, tairéir bheit ag obair apí feadó an lae i Leabharlann éigin taimic tinnear obair aipí, agur apí éigin fuaip ré an ola déirdeanaé ful a bfuairí ré bár.

Adeirí a éairítear d'aitnís é go mba rsgáchan rasaírit é: umáil, rímplíde, macánta; péirí le cád eile, dian aipí fém amáin.

Deannaíte Dó le n-a anam!

#### NOTES

Dápúntaéit, a barony

Cóimhitionól iosa, Society of Jesus

Litréacap, literature

Cúigeamail, provincial

Tárgamail, famous

Cíupáidógaé, industrious

Bároaet, pliudealéit, poetry

ionmearfa, -bárántaí

An ceirtniúgáid meadonaé, the Intermediate Examination

Leabharlann, library

Sgáchan, mirror, model

áitbheán, 1887



CUAIRT AR BINN ÉADAIR.<sup>1</sup>

fuil duine ari an domhan  
ari séinéighe Údaras ari  
go lá éinse amach, lá a  
mbéidh iudh éigin ari an  
mbealaic coitceann le  
feicint aige, ná malaic  
ari rgoil ná feapí òg i  
scoláirí. Féad map bheathnúigeann ré ari  
an rphéip an oirdéice riomh an lá móibh; map  
rsgúdann ré neart agur aípo na gaoithe, i  
dat na neall; i éinseann dóeas i deas-  
tuaimh faoi'n aimpír go haptó 'n-a uet. Cuirí i  
scáip go ndúiníseann ré 'fan oirdéice  
(má éortann ré ari éor ari bit), map fáitseann  
ré a éinseann amach ari an bhuinneónis ag  
amarc aipír. Ni téidéann ré i n-éadóeas  
má glapann an lá duibh bagairneach fém.

Aet má glapann an mairteangan go geal glópáic,  
map glapír ari an dapa lá de'n Údaras éait-  
eamarí, léimeann gac échíordé òg faoi na  
rúpaibh, agur nac luat d'cheinseann riad? Cuirí  
riad oifír go hainpeac, téidéann riad  
gán moill tré obair na mairne; alpánn riad  
an éadó píoinn go deipípeac; agur annpín  
tagann an t-am le tríall.

Ir map ro tríall luict na rgoile agamh-ne  
ari fad an mairtean bheag úd. Siubhlaímap  
amach go mórbhálaic, leatadáic, i ar n-aor  
cedil i n-ari scionn, go poist an bódair  
iarrainn, i 'n-éir airdír éaitneamhais, cuípead  
riar go tráthairnai pinn ag an mbaile deas  
atá 'n-a luighe ag coir Binn Éadarí.

Ag dul ruar go bappi na Binn, bi dailtini  
óga an baile riomhainn i 'n-ari nádóibh. 'Sé an  
ceol a tug linn iad—meallann ré an t-éin-  
eannac éinse i gcomháde. Craitíro an  
leirgeobhí ari leirgeamála a éindí rál de nuair  
écluimeann ré poist beoibh na bpíobai.

Nuair biomarí ag oibhriúgaí ari mbealaic  
ruar an cnoc, níos b'féidír liom fém gán  
eurnúiúgaí ari an méid de gniomháitibh  
iongantáca a connaic ré le n-a linn. Nac

ionnduail<sup>1</sup> na Laoié a glaoíann a ainn 1  
geumíne túinn—Concobair, Cuclainn, Fionn,  
Diarmuid, Oírin agur móran eile, comh mairt!  
Ir deas finnrgéal dá bfuil agamh i nac  
ndéantap iompar ari Binn Éadarí; agur ip  
mimic a moladh a rígamh agur a hálneacáit i  
Laoi agur rígeal, i pád i pann.

Agur na céadta bliadán tar éir go páibh  
na Laoié ro tuaríp ar an gceáid, conaítear Binn  
Éadarí ari na Lochlannáic ar Cluain Taibh tíor,  
dóine an Céarta úd a cuípead deipíead le  
n-a gcumáip i náipinn. Conaítear sí aípír reobláta  
na gceáid roiteac Ságrannaic ag teacáit faoi  
dphoc-éuadair go hacht-Clíat; conaítear sí  
cionnáip mapiug na Gaill ari an típ taréit;  
cionnáip mapiugbuis riad, fíad riad, gort  
riad ari éadán píompa. Conaítear sí an típ pa-  
rmaíct dphoc-éuigéad a b'férió leis an párobhí,  
dian ari an mbocht. Oileáte a tug cead na  
bocht a caitéamh amach ari a gceáid feapáinn  
agur fargairí agur d'fág an típ 'n-a fáraí, le  
hairsí map bhead sí ó céapt.

Smuaíte ghuamáda iad ro ari lá fuil i  
aoisbhneacha. Cuirímid uainn iad. Cogáinn an  
dóeas linn go bfuil an lá ag teacáit, agur go  
bfuile ré anoir agamh beagnac; an lá a  
mbéidh an típ reo taréit bheacuigéte le tigte  
cluichímapa ceapardáidte i talmaráidte, i lontas  
le topánn na hoibhre agur gáipe éadóthom  
échíordé gán cár. Nuair a tuigfeas pín amach,  
go páibh murone ann le n-a feicint!

Ag féacaint map ro dám ari an taoibh ar  
gile de'n éirí, páinig pinn bappi na Binn.  
Bi an taoide ag tuilleadh 'n-a lán-mapá  
beagnac, i gaoct bheag bphiosmap ag teacáit  
anoirí, ag iomáin pláinte agur pollántair  
éugamh. Bi an t-amairc a b'fínte riomhainn  
ari na feiceáilib ari deipír dá bpháistí i  
náipinn; i, go deimhin, ip deas aca deipíear  
bappi aipí. Cuan áluinn Áca Cliat, Dún Laoigh-  
aire (aip a dtugtar anoir Baile an Rioch, aet  
náip b'fearr é an fean-ainm?); cnocí i pléibhete

<sup>1</sup> From the Tuam News.

<sup>1</sup> iomadáin.

Áta Cliat ḡ Cill Mantáin; an catáir féin—  
bíodar uile 'n-a luigé op ar geomair. Ar  
éaoibh na tíre b'í macairí na Life—áit tárg-  
a-mail i Seandár áppaird na hÉireann; agur  
Maigh Dheas, áit mór eile fad ó—i n-a bfuil  
an itin ar fearr 'yan tír. Ar an taobh eile,  
an fárrige seal Gháileadh, agur rígáile uippi  
annro ḡ annrú a chuit ó na néalltaibh Éad-  
trroma a b'í ag fhadh i n-áirde. Tamall beag  
ó éuaird tairbeánaidh Dúinn an fionn-ball a  
ntáinie Naomh Pádraig i dtír ag teacht go  
hÉireann an tara huairí d'ó.

Fuaramar rult ḡ taitneamh mór ar bhearr  
na Dhuine; fuaramar, mar an gceadna, goile  
Séar goptarmail. "Téanam," b'í na daoine  
cónorda ag pádó—"téanam. Cé bfuil an  
éocaire ḡ a éirí éliab?" Bhoirtungeamair  
óráinn nó go dtángamair do'n áit a pháibh an  
ite ḡ an t-óil le beirt déanta, ḡ iŋ obann an  
bheiteamhnaír fuairi riad uainn: ná bac leir.  
Bí caint ḡ cogaint ar bun ar feadh uaire an  
éilis eile; agur, le n'ól, b'í an tpean-deoc  
folláin, an fionn-uifge, agairn. Caoi duibhírt  
file gan ainn i "Nuairdeacht Túama" tá  
coigteigear ó foin!—

"Bíod ag gac duine  
A deoc fén 'n-a gloine.  
Ar uifge na cnuinne  
Ni tabhairfainn-re piúinn."

Le ceathar an fileaó, ní d'óig liom go pháibh ré  
fham: i n-easbaidh uifge, ar éuríar mar ro, la  
meirb bpotallaí, nó ní bheadh ré ag cárneadh  
an uifge.

Tar éir Dúinn péitíteadh leir an bphoinn  
éapamair riap do'n bótair iapainn; reólaidh a  
baile rinn go héargaird; pángamair an Árho-  
rgoil plán folláin; agur cuipreamair an tráth-  
nóna ipteac le ceolt agur riampa. Féadaidh  
gac duine agairn, mion ḡ mór, bhealtnuigád  
riap le taitneamh ar ar dtútar go Binn  
Éadaidh, mar ar lá caitte go haithinn; agur  
caitte go tairbeáct fóir, má'r fionn do'n  
tpean-pádó:

"Saotar fionn, gan cluimíte real,  
Déanann fin fholáipe mall."

## NOTES

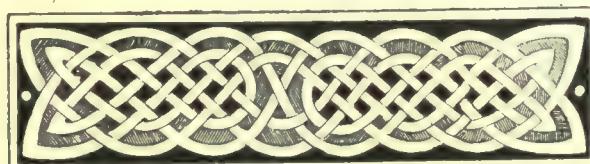
Éigise amach, excursion.

Sláraí, to dawn.

Ar ceolt, band. Compare aor ós.

Sult aoiheas, taitneamh, etc., pleasure

Árho-rgoil fionán, i neamain,  
Bealtaine, 1880



## "SÉALTA CÚIGRÓ CONNACT."

Leir an "GCEALTA CÚIGRÓ CONNACT."



Í hí reo an éadaid uair a facar ann an "Craobhín" of ciann ruspíinne i nGaeilge. Ír fean-éadaid ó inni go huile é. Acht anoir, ní duan ró amhrán a bheirfeann ró ó inni, acht eamhainnigh a rseálaí a bheag brioisí mar Gaeilge, ní baillíseadh fean-tomar clearaí.

Bi leabhar de'n leitíeo ro th'uirfeairbha opainn go mór. So dtí ro is amharcaidh do bhois an éadaid ba mór daibh leabharbha Gaeilge, fois-luméa go deimhn, acht fiúr-théacair le léigseáid. Anoir tá leabhar agaínn a fheacar daime a léigseáid gan a chóta a baint de, ruspíobhá i nGaeilge binn trimpliúil aip nuaime, ag aip mórán fultúraíaithe aitneamháca a gaeilgeach gáé inti. Círeannáid ruspír ag rúin ionta-a-paistíuio trácht aip tairbhí, rúineáibh, fócaíghibh, na daonáibh maité, ag fean-éadaid eile aip n-áise.

Ír minic é ualamair daomhain ag faisbháil locht ag eisíp milleán aip aip leabharbha Gaeilge rúiní reo, ag níos b'iongnáidh rún, óip b'annamh duine a gaeóbarad iad a léigseáid tríotá. Tá an milleán rún tóigéid anoir ag an Ollamh de hÍde, agus earráimíte beirt an-burtheal é de dhá bair. Marí an gceadna tá an leabhar fiúr-théacair aon rún. Ní náipeáid linn-ne aonáin gur fánamairiú rúar 'n-aip rúiní go dtí taisc éir an tó-déag an éadaid ordeáid fuaireamair bheireit aip an leabhar.

Dá n-éanáid duine eile an oipead aip rón rseálaí na Mumhan agus atá déanta ag úsáid an leabhair ro aip rón rseálaí Connacáit, b'eadh eamhainnigh a rseálaí agaínn a t'fearfamair do eisíp gan náipe le hairt toga rseálaí an Dhomhnáin Tóir—na "nOrdeáinna 'ran Árásia."

Seóbarad an feair ó Connacáitibh ag feair ó Cúigead Ullad rseálaí a tíre fén 'ran leabhar ro, so díreacáid mar bionn riad dá n-inneacáid coir na temeáid ordeáid gaeilge, ní aip tóiríomh, ní aip eileid. Ír aip an aibhír rún a b'íod riad comhártdeacáid do'n muimintí atá ag foislium Gaeilge, óip gaeóbarad riad ionta Gaeilge éeapt blapta.

Níos táorí an tOllamh an tobar an t-am ro acht an oipead. Tá ghealda mór de rseálaíibh le fagbáil i gConnacáitibh fóir, agus leanfarad an tOllamh so cinnéid dá láim dá gcuimhniúighad ag dá gaeóbarad. D'éir ró go b'fuisi rúiní aca rúiní aige éeana; agus nár mairt an comháiple iad do taighisín do na páipéaraitb a éilidh-buailear Gaeilge?

Ír theacair Gaeilge u'fagbáil clóidh-buaile te go ceapt. Marí rún, tá an leabhar fud beag daorí eisíp ruspíneáca—acht aip mairt aip rúin é an luac, ag dá b'fagáid beirteit ní tráip le céile é, éisearad ró go héautromh oppa. Tuispímid marí an gceadna ag glacfarraíodh leit-ríéal le corrí-locht a earráip opainn.

1 n-éimpeacáid leir na rseálaí, tá nótáid fiúr-maité i mbéarla aip ní ní focal aip bit aip bealaíodh do b'í 'ran leabhar.

Sé an Saor ionúrríamh Mac Cuaibh, taca tréan aip t'feangan, an duine aip aip éint cordaibh na hoibrié!<sup>1</sup> Tuisg naidh b'fuisi tuisleáid feair dá leitíeo!

Aipír deimíodh go dtuilleann an tOllamh aip mburtheacáip mar gheall aip leabhar a fápinísear aip gáé uile leabhar a cuiread a mairt go dtí ro.

an milleann gceap, Lúgnaid, 1889.

<sup>1</sup> Nuair do b'í eogán ua Giomána ag tseácht a báile éiginn é i n-a-corráin, b'í Mac Uí Chlóir (an Clórác), feair eile éisíp an-éiginn do'n teanganáid, ag fagbáil báir i mbáile Átha Cliath. So n-éanáid Dá thócaire aip a n-anmáinnaib aphaon!

níbile an geandta easbunis na mhrde, an tigearna píor-oírmhíoneac.

tomás mac an ultaig.<sup>1</sup>



NÓIR do'n té  
dáir duail  
i. Dá-piéro  
búil a n  
aigur tuil-  
teadh ó foin  
bí a uitoil pém ag na tigear-  
naib talimhan. O'fíodh riad  
paltairt ari an duine bocht ñ  
é ghríor amad ari fad. Ríse  
riad mar ba mairt leó. "Cior,  
cior!" ba hé rúd a nglaoth,  
aigur muna bhrúair riad a ráit.  
amad leir an duine bocht ari  
thaobh an bhráid. Annpo i  
nDiosgóire na Mhrde, an nios-  
góire ari mò i nÉirinn, b'naic-  
bhráid an ghríor do ghríoneadair  
O'fágadhádair thá Connadair na  
Mhrde, coirí ñ éisí mar bhráid  
fáraí. Áit ari bit a nglaoth  
do círeád tigéte dá leagád, dá  
mbripleadh, dá nuidhseadh, ñ na  
hailpreatá, na mairtpreatá, ñ na  
ráiprói ag bainisgád leó  
go Tig na mbocht nó éar ránle,  
aict—ní ba meára'nármh uile  
márlbunis an t-oícheair mór-eáin  
aca le linn na gortá.

Ír annpín a d'éigis Tomáis  
Mac an Ultáig; bí ré 'n-a  
fágairt ós an tráit úo. Tá ré  
anoir ari na hÉarbogair ari píne i nÉirinn.  
Aict ó'n lá pín anuas d'oibrígs ré ari ron na  
mbocht. Connairc ré le n-a fáile pém an  
t-anpó ñ an léan do himpreadh oírra, ñ fíriob  
ré go tréan, cumarsáid, rearb i n-aigaird an  
dheama do bí cionntaí leir an anpó ro. Bí  
ré i gcomhairde ari fagbáil i uchoraí a mhuinn-



Most Rev. Dr. NULTY (late Bishop of Meath).

tíre, ñ áit ari bit a mbioth an ceapt san  
déanamh, nó mí-ceapt dá éumaí, níor éilí ré  
muamh.

Ní raibh na hÉiríneannais deapmadaí no  
diúmhuirdeas muamh de óuine ari bit a d'oibrígs  
ari ron ari dtíre. Tá a fíliot ari. Táim  
daoine na Mhrde, aigur daoine eile pór, i  
gceann a céile an 23a lá d'Oíct-mhí le n-a

<sup>1</sup> From the Tuam News.

meas agus ondip a tairbeánað, mar aí feairí  
ó'fead riad do'n Earbog.

Do bì Baile an Muillinn scípp gléarta  
amach aí feabhar, dearr, ag bhratacheáid aí gac  
uile dat. Aí gac ruisidh í bóthar do érinnis  
daoine na tuaithe ipteac ag déanamh aí an  
Árto-Éill. Do nígnéad an tárto-appleann a  
coirbhit i lártaip an Earboguig í pobul mór;  
annamh tugað an treanmór. 'N-a déidh rin  
táinie na pip ba mearamla ó gac uile ceart,  
í tairgeadair a scuird dileasgraí a bponntanair,  
ag cup i gceall éomh mór is do bì meas agus  
cion aca aí a n-áthair ríoparadála.

Do labair an tEarbog ag bheirt buirdeádar  
leó. D'admuisíth ré go nuaepna ré a ticeall  
piamh aí ron na nuaoine mbocht, go piabh fuat  
agus grian aige aí an mísceart, an oipead is  
bì piamh, agus go nuaeanad ré comhphac leis,  
áit aí bít a bheicpead ré é. Cuirí ré i  
geumhine óibh naé bheautarad ré dada a  
déanamh muna mbéad an congnamh agus an  
mígnead fuairí ré i gcomhnáidé ó n-a pobul í  
ó n-a curio ragart.

I mears na nuaileasgra a bì ann tugað an  
topar aí an gceann do bì ríspioibh a n-áthair  
ilge. Céardim fém gupab i ro céad uair  
piamh<sup>1</sup> a deaspriúisead agus a gléarað dileasgra  
'n-áí deanganard fém.

Aéit anoir do chuaomhais go Sgoil na mBriáin  
gCíostarú -teac bheas mór, a mbionn  
tullaeth agus certíte céad malhaí aí ríson  
ann. Faíann riad deas-fógluim 'r na  
neitib ghnáthamla, agus 'n-a focairi rin,  
tá teagars cráibhleac, ceol, agus an tSeab-  
ilge dá munað ann -mar cruthúisead an  
lá ú. Bì dileasgra aca, i dtópar; ann-  
amh gáibh riad dán a nígnéad, idir ceol agus  
eile, le hagaird na hoscáide. Ármáin eile,  
típeamhla, gpeannmára, rípeamhla. 'S é do  
cúirpead iongantair opt, éomh deas, agus 'n-a  
bliadu rin, éomh feamhail is bì na malhaí  
óga. Tá guth pip-binn ag curio aca; go  
deimhn, ní éualas piamh fonnadóirí ní b'feairí  
'ná beirt do'n aor óg -Seagan Ua hOláinn  
agus an Saoitín Mac Gabann. Aéit an ní do

<sup>1</sup> ní ériúisead lá tairpáin anoir naé ríspioibh aí leig-  
tear dileasgraí a deanganard na tíre feo.

taitníg liom-ra ba hé na háráin Saeolilge  
"An Chuit" agus "Óglaoé na Rann" dá  
ngabáil ag ceatras malhaí comh háist le do  
glúin.<sup>2</sup>

Náic mór an fár í an róis, an teanga dútcair  
ó'feiceáil faoi meas ag an aor óg tuar annro,  
áit naé gclóirpeá focal do'n Saeolilge o  
maidin go horde; agus náic mór an ondip é  
do'n bhrátaip atá 'gá munað comh maist.

Aí bheatnuigád riad Óam aí an Lá aí fad,  
ní mór liom a piad náip caitear piamh Lá comh  
riamhramail leir.

'San tráthnóna aísp bì an baile aí fad en  
fête ó Óphoicéad go Óphoicéad -ír gac uile  
fúinneog bì connle, cionn roillpeáca, ló-  
páinn, agus rótaip eile aí lapaí, agus an  
muinntearad naé bhrúil d'aon-épídeamh linn,  
bíodar ag comórtar linn cia agaínn aí mó a  
tairbeánað a n-áthair-meas aí an Earbog.

Lá aí n-a bápaíc bì feir céol ag mnáibh  
magalta Lópoto í a scuird geappicáile rísoile;  
Dia Domnaig bì feir eile ag páirtoibh na Coir-  
bhitte, Dia Luain bì feir céol eile, reacar  
áitibh an domain, i dtígh na mbocht -an céad  
uair, mar atubairt an tEarbog, a connaic  
ré aorúneap ní gheann i n-áit dá leitíeo.  
Ba deas-épídeamhail an rímuinead do nígné  
luéit cumhdaig na mbocht, nuair céap riad aon  
tráthnóna taitneamhach amáin a tábairt do  
bóthair Dá, atá gan mórán de fóilír 'fan  
traoighil ro. Anoir tá mé i n-aici le deirpead  
mo ríseil, agus is dócha gup fada leat céana  
é, a leigstéadí. Niop céol Óam gan trácht aí  
aon tráthnóna amáin eile do bì agaínn. Do  
cúirpead teac aí bun, ní fuil po-fada ó foin,  
le deir a tábairt do chailínibh í do mnáibh óga  
na háite le maireachtail chearta a déanamh  
óibh fém. Anoir, coingibíseann an teac ro  
ruar le ré cinn deas agus ríce do mnáibh óga  
ag obair -agus go dtí ro fuairiúdar trácht  
maist aí a scuird eappairde. Mairead, is ann-  
amh bì an feir deirpeannach; ba bheas leat  
an oipead út do'n aor óg 'feiceáil comh  
deirpeamhail, caorbeamhail; a gceordóde comh  
háothrom leir an aor, agus iad ag bheirt

<sup>2</sup> ní ériúisead a leitíeo rin iongantair aí éinneac  
i néipinn anoir, mór-burdeacar le Dia.

builtheadair le n-a n-atairí rriopadálta faoi'n ruim do chuir fé ionnta γ i n-a leas.

Ní fhlil annró aét a leat, órí beagán de laethib 'n-a diaidh ro, do riubail an tSeabhsag roin do'n Earrain. Aét ní beag an mead ro chuaig le taibheánaidh go bpuil aontdaetdá i nípiú iorí muinntíp na Míre, ós agur rean,

bocht agur pairóibh, agur a nearbog lágáid, tír-éanáid; agur gurab ó n-a gceoilidh-táinig an fann ro d'amhrán na lúibile:—

Fáilte órí nearbog, fáilte fíal  
Ceolmáir, Gráomáir, te,  
Séan go pairb air, is fuidhe gaoisail  
Is róis le n-a lúibile.

Sámain, 1889.

## VII.

### LETTER ON SOME POINTS CONNECTED WITH THE IRISH LANGUAGE.<sup>1</sup>

Daile na Cappaige,  
Contae na hIar-Mhíde,  
7ad de Mí Nodlaig, 1889.

A Shaoi ionnáin,

Mairidh le gád a nteip an tAatair Séamair Mac Aodhaí an 'n-a litir luádmair, leig dam rgeal beag a innreacht a taibheánpair go bpuil móri-éind focal fór gan équininniúshad. Tuairim deidh mbliadhna ó foin, do churúigeas réamh ag foighil na Gaeilge i n-áit a pairb deir mait agam le n-a foighil go piobháit, iordan, Coláiríde Muinge Nuaibh. Fácas an dam go pairb eudo mait do'n Gaeilge agam. Aét chuaró mé piap thí bliadhna i n-áit a céile go hárann. An céad uair fuapar ruar le ro focal nád scualar píam pomé. An tara fuair, fuapar an oiread eile thíobh. An tipear uair, i gcaitheamh coisctígeas' fuapar go focal nua go hiomlán, γ go ceann eile a cleacád aír nár gnátaidh liom.

Agur tá mé cinnte, nuaip a gaeádair mé dul aon aír, go bpuigheád mé tuilleadh. Anoip, ní féidir le gád uile dhuine, gír mait an Gaeilgeád é, na focal neamh-gnátaidh aitneacáitil éap na cinn gnátaidh. Cuirí i gcaír, tá dhuine i dTuaim a labair aír oteanga d'úctaip ó n-a cluabán, agur tá ré i n-ann i 'léigeadh. Ceapann ré 'n-a diaidh rin go bpuil gád uile focal d'á labhrann ré, agur tuilleadh nád mbéad aon tuigint aige oppa, is na focalóirib. Aét, d'ap noisig, ní piop ro. Ma tá dhuine le focal aír bealaí a équininniúshad i

gceann a céile, níor mói ór eolair γ cleacád a bheit aige go mait aí an nGaeilge atá le foighil i leabharlaí agur i bpáipéarlaí agur annróin, nuaip a cluimeann ré focal nád gnátaidh is na leabharlaí fíadaann ré deas-éuairim a déanamh gur focal nua é. Ní ma tógaodh dhuine i nGallúim agur go ndeapna ré imipe go Dún na nGall ní ait eile cluimpíodh ré focal annróidh nád scualar ré 'pan ait aír tógaodh é.

Is beag dhuine aonair a bpuil ceaetair do'n dá rgeal ro aige. Céaptó atá le déanamh agaínn marí min. Caitheapar na focal ro a équininniúshad gan moill, ní bérí piapailte oíráin. Dá gcuimpeadh gád uile dhuine na focal coimteigeadh do cluimpeadh ré, do'n páipéarí ro, is d'óca go bpuigheád ré eolair γ tuairim éigín oppa ó na léigtheoirib. Tá mé cinnte ó'n aitne atá agam aír an bpeap-eagair, go dtuiliúradh ré ait beag agur fáilte móri d'úinn. Agur le toraí a éigí aír an ngno (túr mait leat na hoibhe), ag ro beagán d'focalair aír mait liom eolair níor feapar d'fagbáil oppa.

To éapá,  
eoísan ua Gramha.

Any information relative to the etymology, etc., of the following words, or whether they are used on the mainland, would be thankfully received. They were written down in Inishmaan, Aran Islands, during September, 1889:—

Seadóigeadh na teimeadó = dearfusád, settling.

<sup>1</sup> From the Tuam News.

Caithlach, caithlach: gan cior gan caithlach:  
Lipis = ríomhuis, frighten. · Or is it  
tionshuis?

Lionrae, matter in a sore. Or is it tionsrae?  
Sileigeac, slow, tedious.

Seotraeán, geotraeán, a double-chin.  
Seattraeán, collar-bone.

Foirap, means, ní fuit foirap opt.

Uráisill: an peap ar mó uráisill 'fan tip:  
the richest man in the country.

Urábae: ní fuit urábae opt: you have  
nothing to spare.

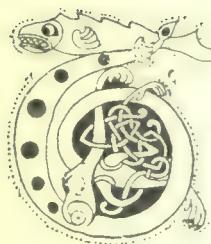
Uarruings: saving. If uarruingseac an  
duine é: said of a thrifty person.

Uarruings Pádraig,<sup>1</sup> is the name of a long,  
rhymed prayer to St. Patrick.

We have in East Breffni an old rhymed prayer called the "mháistíann (or bháistíann) beannuise" —a prayer which has added to it the usual promise of certain rewards to those who recite it faithfully. I am not sure of the etymology of the word, but I take it to mean "warrant"—"the blessed warrant." I have met the word with this meaning in a Cavan folk-song. In Anglo-Irish the word is quite common, as, "he was a good warrant to do that," meaning "you could depend on him." A friend suggests that the word may be maréanne, "in the Deisi phrase, ag uðanam maréanna, meditating;" or maréann, life, living.

### VIII.

#### an bhlátham nua.<sup>1</sup>



A bhlátham eite earrche  
ag muinntíp na hÉireann  
agup tā an pean-éosat  
ar bun agann i gcom  
haróe. Aét intiu tám  
muinntíp n-áite te virgead  
na trópa. Féad na  
náimde 'fan uis' virgeannais, meallta aea  
pén, bualte agann-ne. So virgead nómáin  
éimíto potap na buaróe. Táimie buile a báimíto  
beannuise éigim ar an náimde, agup ro  
amae ar an uis é, — páitseam ró iptead 'n-ári  
láimíb airí nua, físeáit oamgean, claróeam  
dá-faothrae, agup pleas fínn-éigeara ríomhfar  
amae ar fad é.

Táptoe an éatapártóe an eáet virgeannaé,  
ip náda. Ó gáe uile éapto éiteap cártoe na  
hÉireann ag teacht 'n-a níoriongáib daingne,  
te péiteada an éosat a congáil leip an  
muinntíp atá 'fan mbeapnair baogail. Níor  
tionshuis an fíuan nua ar aontaéit éom mó  
iord Éireannaéa ip éionn pi intiu.

Níor éilp na hÉireannaí ar baile, ríapta  
ar fad an domáin, ar an pean-típ nua. Aét  
peap ríad go huapal vi i mbliathra. Áit ar  
bit i bpuil Éireannaí, tíap nō éi, ó deap  
rú ó éuair, tā ríad uile go léir ag curimhíogad  
ar típ a mbreite. Támuro ceangailte agup

táitte te éite ar nór naé ríabamair nua go  
ntí peo. Da mian te epríde Tomáip Dáibír  
agup Seagáin Mírtéal on lá po t'peiceáit:  
béal tuéasáip i bpró oifia intiu.

Le n-a linn, bí raoippe na hÉireann mar  
béal airíng oróe. Aét buitheacap do Óra  
n'imeis an oróe. Ónigis daomh Seagran i  
éonnaic ríad plabhrád spáime i; uataidíp a dtíp  
pén - Éiginn. Líop b'íad ba éionntaé leip an  
éagcónaí a hímpreád oíann anufo gan 'fíor  
nóib'. Da éionntaé iad go denim 'fan méad  
go dtus ríad eprídeam tuor díreim mealltais  
do bí op a gaeann. Aét intiu 'r' é ar mian leó  
'n-a gseoróeib éintiugad lá an a déanam 'fan  
éagcónaí ro, éom mait if ar fíordíp óib. Tá  
ríad ag ríapraí plabhrád órda an gceana agup  
an éigint a éap trápnatáip na tonnta i n-áit  
an trílabhrád úd an tróim-neigí i na hÉagcónaí.  
Féad an pápmhillead an lá éceana ar bocht  
leip an nÍsladortónaé! Féad é ag dul  
timcheall Seagran mar béal Impire agup  
ar pean-náimde ag comórtar le céile ag  
fíeácaint cia aea ar tairse agup ar  
mó a tairbeánaó onóir agup áptó-mear  
do!

Agup anoir ar nór an báidó Árra, "Tíallam  
timcheall na fóoda." Téanam timcheall  
na hÉireann agup cípmhí aímagc. Anam  
nua 'fan tip aíp. Tá uroc-eagla agup

<sup>1</sup> From the Tuam News

éadófar caitte leir an ngeait. Tá eolair ag na daomhán anoir, — is eol dóibh a neart fén agus luige a náimad. Ar fáil láimh diot síonn tú na fír ag bailiúghaod i gceann a céile, daomhán náé bphactar ar éanannuighaod suamh pojme. Na fír a bpuil Salphuri agus Ballfuan<sup>1</sup> ag caitreamh ralaíair leis, is iad ar mo mear agus cion i n-áir mears. An lá paor Óriopeadh leigearó William ua Óruam ap an bpríorún i nGallimh; bí na milte ag fanaéit leir ag an ngeata, agus tioílair riad a bheile é. Ar bheile éta Cliat éanáit ré go Óriopeadh go Caireal go scáitfeadh ré Lá Nochtas le hárphdearbhos Móir na Mumhan, agus go bpríopeadh ré le n-a fúinte fén laoise Tríobharad Áirinn.<sup>2</sup> An lá céadta bí hárphdearbhos Baitte éta Cliat ap ppionn ag Árthólaor na Catheras; an tír-éanáit agus an earráthú láimh i láimh.

Δέτ εαυ έμισε α θρυλού ας τραέτ αρ  
θροινής τηρ θροινε ετε αγυρ γαέ μιτε θυμε  
αρ λαραό ας αν τεινό έθαυμα; γαέ μιτε θυμε  
'η-α παργούμη 'ηαν γεγηρ θαούτα;

Ὕπεραξινὶς τιμέοιτι πατέρες: γο τόμη-τόμη,  
ρέας αἱ Τιοβρατο-Αριανη ἀγαπεῖ εἰρήτο τὰ πα-  
ταοινες ἀς ευηναὶ αἱ η-άιτ-έοιναριόε, αἱ η-εαριαριόε  
ἀγαπεῖ αἱ η-ανμαννα ρέιν ι ηγουαρ ι η γεον-  
ταβαριτ αἱ ρον παοινε παέ θρασανηι μιατ,  
ἀγαπεῖ παέ θρειειρι πιατ γο πεδό.

1 n-aon áit nō am, 'pan n-íspéis ná 'pan Róm, ní fáctar piar a macraimla. 1 scíonn piéas bláthán béisimí ag bheacánuísháid piar aip an ampríp ro agamh intu, agus béisimí ag piapraige dinn péin, agus ampríp 7 ionsgnáid oíann, an piabamair i n-Éirinn go deimhn 7 go dearbha, le linn na Laoch móra ro.

Agur anoir i n-aigaird na haontaeata agur an neirt 7 na crosdaeta ro eia mar atá ari scáipte, Salrbuiri, Vallbuair, na tigeapnaí talman, agur na bpreagairí agur na cladaíri eile a baineap leó? Táir go ripinnnead i n-ancreuit—buirte, buailte, meallta, rsoilte!

Mairid leis na daoine ar meara òisib tâ  
riaoi ap a noiceall anoir. Tâ a là caitte.  
Ni fuit uata, aët diogaltar d'imirist ap an  
bhean nach gcanomann rior faoi n-a scoradh.

Feiciméid pointt eile aca nád nteacáid ap a  
scéill go hiomlán ag iappairidh an féin a théan-  
am le taitneamh na Spáine. Marí aitheáitear  
"Tá piad ag coimhlint Leif an aimpíp bheagán."  
Marí fágann na luéa an long atá i nguaíp; is  
amhráidh atá curt aca nád ntealúgaidh fém ón  
scuro eile. Tá piad ag leigean oppia fénin,  
le vo éoil, gúpab iad fénin riop-éairíde na  
dtionnnónntaí. Séaptó atá uata, ap uatalam  
fénin a thiol linn—talamh a ceannóidh ap  
leat-luac i gceann beagán de bliathantaibh.  
Aét tá piad i oteamantaibh anoir. Bí an  
t-adáiríap faoi n-a scuro muineál go dtí peo,  
aét an lá éeana buail Ua Conchobair. Dorn  
an ptól ó faoi n-a geopairí. Muairí bí an  
elatáirípe po ag cupa i gceáill do'n dornán éomh  
cineálta páirí ip bí pé fém le n-a muinntíp —  
an móiméad céadana bí a éinti báilli ag  
cartheamh a phléabairíte mbocht amach ap an  
mbóthair — daoinne a bí éomh bochtúinge pín go  
moeaphna pip an tSíprium fém crummuigéidh  
aipisidh le n-a n-aighidh. Már tá piad uile marí  
an bheagán a phear ruap le labairt ap a ron, is  
beag a gheobhairí piad ó Éigeanannáibh.

Ir geapp go ríscáppar Daltuas 7 a  
Síamairis Síamneamh ar an mbealtas.  
Níor éris teó go dtí seo. Ní ériodócaró leó  
go seo. Saéil puto a beannuis piad, tairp pe,  
meat pe: saéil intle puto a tiomáin 7 a maitlis  
piad, énáid pe i bpreabhar an ball.

Féadé Connparád na Dántéé, an Éoir Éogairí,  
asúg le téirdéanáigé féadé an connparád nua  
Connparád Coranta na dTionnontáí.

Féad an cuimpe aifigíod a eaitéadú i gcealach  
 'fan taipseáid le ré reacáitímaine, rúasat le  
 20,000 punt. Aduibhaint an file Saeðealac,  
 Ua Dálaig "tulile gán tráighiú spáid Dé."  
 Féadfaidh a pháid mar an gceádúna gup tulile  
 gán tráighiú tip-spáid na hÉireann. Ni  
 bhiongnadh go bhfuil miospóinn i meastáball ar  
 lucht Dáilfhuair. Ó tóraíodh na trócaí ní pháid  
 an tSeoippe com gári d'áinnín; tá rí ag  
 rmígeadóid oíráinn iníu, agus ag gaothádach  
 oíráinn teagáid an aghaidh tamallán beaga eile.

Socroctap go luat ceirt na talmen, socroctap ceirt mór na Péin-uaigla. Táin mhoill annrin tairbeáin an mór-riabhbhean an dtíne.

<sup>1</sup> An Spéann é seo as an Acaip eogán?

<sup>2</sup> Ιητονά εον το ένιπ Ειηε τοι ο βοι.

ionnmhar atá aonair i bpolac 'fan gheá agus  
faoi'n gheá, is na locháib, na haibhneib, na  
cuantaib, i láthair cliste látope, agus  
i n-inntleáctair gheára toirtamla feap agus  
na hÉireann.

Ní fior d'úinn ead tá i nuaón dár uíri i  
Scarteam na bliathna. Déisí an comhpháis ari  
bun i scáir ari bít, agus gúrtais go bfuil eudo  
de ag gac uile dhuine agaínn. Mar sin  
"Gurúmír, Cneiomír, 'r ead, agus Troidomír." Gurúmír, óisí is naomha ari gcuimh.  
Cneiomír, óisí éireabóid leis an gceapt faoi  
deoir. Troidomír, mar an gceáthna: d'úif  
isimir ríorad an tigrí-ghráda ionainn féin agus

i n-áir gcomhphánaib. Aontáct, míneac,  
dócas—sin an dealac cum duarde.  
An lá deimheanaí de'n  
tpean-bliathain, '89.

#### VOCABULARY.

Connpháid na duitche, National League.

An Éadai Cogair, Plan of Campaign.

Connpháid Coranta na dtionontá, Tenants' Defence  
Association.

ionnmhar, riches.

Uisneach, a band of people.

réiteáca an cogair, "the sinews of war," i.e., an  
t-airgead.

Ari bocht, ari phionn, dining with.

Foibh, old name for Ireland.

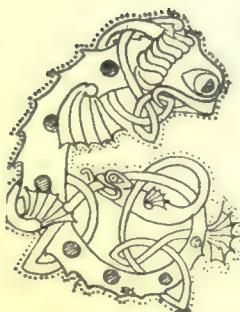
Shamairí Spháineamhail, hateful horde, abominable crew.

#### IX.

#### ÁRA NA NAOMH.<sup>1</sup>

##### I.

O Ára mór, O Ára mór,  
Naé minic inip an oráid  
Do phuairim opt—o'mórthó.



OMÍTROM na haim-  
riple ro. Tí bliathna  
ó fom, do énialar,  
lá, ó ceaptlái na  
Míde fior go Sait-  
lum: agus ari sin,  
ari maitin ari n-a  
báireac, riap go  
háirainn, an áit ari  
feapair Gaeálge i

Sconnaítaib. Óthi an rpéir glan, an grian  
ag rpárlarad go láidir agus cónaí mait ag  
réideád aonair. An maitin bheag fósmaír  
sin mar éuair me ari borth Cathrach  
na dTreabh—an bád-gaile beag a bheirear  
daoine ag déanam aoir anonn 'r anall  
faoi loe lúrgáin.<sup>2</sup> An lá bheag úd, bí  
leap móir daoine ag teadáit amach uinne, is iad  
uile gleartha amach is an éadaí do b'feapar  
do b'í aeu. Ári mbeid d'úinn go léir roinntíte  
go compórtas, do ríaoilead na téada do

Speamhuisi sunn do'n doig, leig an Catair  
beag fead éluair-rgoilead airti, agus rúd-  
amach i n-a dealac, ari dtúir go mall, aict, do  
náip mar b'í ari ag fagbáil riubail uinne féin,



An tatair eoí an i n-a mac léiginn,

<sup>1</sup> From Tíspileabhar na Gaeálge, Vol. III., nn. 31 and 32, (1889), and Vol. IV., nn. 35 and 36, (1900).

<sup>2</sup> Sean-ainm cuain na Gaillimhe.

ag tóisiall ní ba mór aí Ógráinn, agur ag fágáin pleo cubair i bprao 'n-a díaitó.

Aír feadó tamall, b'éisgean dúinn bheit fárrda leir an arán aí gáe aon taoibh. Ó dear b'í enuic an Cláir ag fproiceamhain amach go Ceann Dóiríne;<sup>1</sup> agur ó tuaird b'í Conamara, marí a pairb' an Dá Dinn Déag;<sup>2</sup> agur enuic eile Dúirté Seoðaig<sup>3</sup> ag eírgé fhuar i bprao aíl na talman ipli coir fárrige—áit aí b'férdir linn na bailte geala 'feicpint annro agur annrú, agur gáe uile baile aca ag cupr a rmáid teataig i' an aer. Aír feadó fsgatamh, ní pairb' dada le feicpint aí agair. Aéit faoi d'fheireadh connaic rinn baipr enoc Ógráinn ag teatáit anior aí b'follád na fárrige, agur ba leorí rinn, d'air n'fóis, le gáe uile teanga aí b'fóid a cupr aí bogad, ag cupr riór, ag caint, agur ag ceirt-muighaí faoi'n áit cum a fábamair ag dul.

Tá ainn na n-oileán dá luab' go ró-mhinnic, fáraoir, aí na páipéaraib' na blianta ro. Aír a fion rinn fén, i'f beag an t-eoláir atá aí daoimhí oppa. Is amhlá b'í fúthimhír na n'daoine b'í aí an gCathair im' fócaip an lá uí—évalairi' riad gur b'airtead an áit Ógrá agur b'í riad cinné go b'feicfrióir níde aí bealaé innté; aéit tairpír rinn, níor b'fearad i'f bláir aí bit eile. D'fearadá a éloipint, annro i'f annrú, corr-óume a tús cuairt aí Ógráinn pojme, agur é ag fnsiom amach fsgéalta n-iongantae aí an áit fén, aí muinnisír na n-oileán, a n-ionmúr, a n-éadair, a mbéara, a vteanga agur gáe uile furo eile, beagnaé, do bain leó.

Aéit anoir, b'iomair fén rát-ghair le feicpint go pairb' trí hoileán ann teatlúigte ó Contae an Cláir, ó n-a céile agur ó Conamara le rúnáid gárra trí a píteann an fárrige 'n-a fput láróip. Aír an láimh clí connaic rinn Inip-láptair agur rean-éairpleán Uí Ógráin aí a bairr; agur Inip-meádoin—a dá dún móra agur a hoict mbailte beaga éuar i n-áirde; fada anuas uata rinn b'í an bput bán a d'innír dúinn go pairb' an fúigteán ag bprao an lá b'fearas rinn fén. Aéit b'í muro-ne ag déanamh aí Ógráinn m'fóid do b'í aí agair go

<sup>1</sup> Black head. <sup>2</sup> The Twelve Pins. <sup>3</sup> The Joyce country.

dípeac' nómáinn, marí b'eaó plabharád fada te chnoicí aí n-a ngreanmuighaí d'á céile, agur baile n'fóid go bun gáe enuic. Marí rinn te, ag gabáil tair an tig-poluir, t'peabamair aí mbealaé ipli an t-ainm Cill Rónáin. Cill Enda aír ainn do'n baile beag áppa aí taoibh teap an éuam. I mears na mílte naomh do comhnuig i "n'Ógráinn na Naomh" i'f an t-rean-aimpír, ba hé Enda a fúgs bairr naomhácta agur epiontaéta, agur i'f uairí fuaip Cill Enda an t-ainm. Aéit atáinseann na hamhreapa! An lá inidíu, t'á cuimhne Enda leat-folúigte ag cuimhne Coluim Cille, Apptol móir an laptair; agur ní hí Cill Enda aír céad-baile Ógráinn, aéit Cill Rónáin, baile do b'ápur do naomh éigim nád eól dúinn aon futo aír aéit a ainm. I'f éum calair an baile d'fheireannai'g ro do b'í rinn ag reólaír anoir.

B'í ré 'n-a d'fiochtáis aí uairí rinn, agur do binnpeadó dúinn nac b'fuirgáimír dul ipli aír do'n éalaú, aéit go scaitpimír dul cum tipe i'f na cupairíb, báid fímpliúde na n'Ógráinn-eac. Dealbhúigteap an cupair aí n'fóid báid fada éumáing, aéit i n-áit na n-earna agur na gcláir, t'á a lán liúpád n'fí pláit caol, agur canábar n'fóid anaistí teapáta teannta tapt oppa. "An n-é go scaitpír mire dul cum tipe i'f gceann aca rinn?" D'fílapputír bean móir; agur b'í móran daomh eile nac i'f píteac a n'fóidint. Aéit b'éisgean dúinn dul cum tipe, agur i'f cupair, fíleirín; ní pairb' aon t'fhlige eile cuige. Is t'fhlige b'í a fíor rinn ag na n'Ógráinníb' ná agaínn-ne, agur aí ball t'áinig a lán cupair amach 'n-aí gceonne; t'ímeall riad an píteac aí gáe aon taoibh; fuaoramair ipli ionnta go haitheac, píteac; agur tair eír beagán píteac na mairidíb-páma, fproiceamair an talamh épuair. Aír mullaé na céibe fuaoramair rinn fén i' lár a lán daomh i n-éadair bán, do b'í aí labairt go tapa aéit go binn (d'air liom-ra) i n'Gaeóilge, agur ag tairpír dúinn le n-a gceannac, pampútaidé, píteac, fíaois, agur earráidé eile na háite.

I n-aenrig le beagán daomh eile, fígne mé mo bealaé, marí i'f feairí d'fearadair, amach trí an meall páirdí agur d'úine móir b'í tím-

éall oppainn, agus éuadmar puaip an baile, na daoine ro d'apí dtioidhlaeas. Ní fuil i gCill Rónáin aét aon trátháid éam amáin, d'éanta de thíos tíb beaga na n-iargairí. Ní fuil d'fóirgeantairb maité ann aét tead nua luét fáipe an éuam, d'á thíos aortheacá, tead an tréiplinig, agus teadáin beag plaetímar an Aclap Mhícheál Ua Dhoineáda, tréadairde agus capa na n-dráimheas.

Tá an éir me fém a phróitítear aíp an muintir do b'í ag déanam iongantair de na comhágú, do buailear aíp an bóthair a gháthar tráth an oileán. So coitcheann, ní b'ionn aét uairí nó d'ó aca ro a tágair aíp an mbáid-ghaile go h-áramainn; aét marúi liom-ra, b'í mé ag bhráid aíp tráth nó ceatair de réadáinib a chaitream annro, d'fheicim agus a éloiptí aíp éadan rul a bhpillinn. Aíp an bóthair fín, buailear aíp bóthair go Dún Aonghsúra, céad iongantair Áramain.

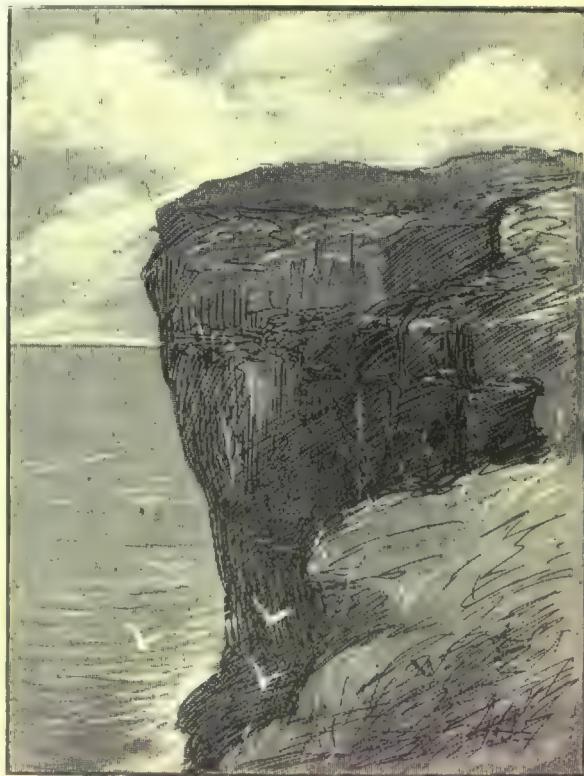
Téidéann an bóthair ro puaip agus riop, tá an énocaib, trátháintairb: fágáinn tú baile beag anoir aíp do lámh deip, aíp aíp do éiotónis. Marí ro gábhann tú éap móir-éuit de'n aon baile déag aíp a n-déanann Ára pímeád —éap Maimirtípí Cíapáin, Feapáin an Chóipe, Soírt na gCapall, &c.: agus má éallúi an t-eoláir pútnach deacair le déanamh, gheobair tú aonáire aíp baile na SeachtúTeampall, agus Dún Ghála fém, an baile deipró i n-dráimainn móir, aíp an taoibh ó éuairí.

Aíp gáé aon taoibh de'n bóthair ní fuil dada aét leasraida, cneasa, moláin, cloéa beaga iñ mórá le fad do naibair. Cogáil-áit, go denim, iñ féidir d'uit buaile beag bideac 'fheicim aíp bhráil a ghlaibear aíp reapáin amáe go haoráinn i meágs na gclóe-aon liat: aét iñ beag, fada ó céile, na baill úpa ro. Tábharrfaid tú fa deara, marí an gceátna, go bhráil an t-oileán aíp an taoibh éap an-áit, iñ-a aill móir millteas op ciomh na fáighe: agus go n-ípligean rí riop le fánaró—ní beagán iñ beagán, aét aíp tuitim go hobann annro iñ annrú—i mocht iñ go bhráil rí comhíom leis an tráth aíp an taoibh éuairí. Aíp luét na foigluma go paibh Ára foluigte aíp na tonntairb uairí (agus, gan amharf, cípír rúisim ríop

aíp bhráil ná gennoc aíp áitro), agus do péip marí b'í na huirí aíp tuitim go n-dearnára píot comháirde tráth huairé, gan tuitim ní ba mó go ceann bliadanta, agus gurab iad na haitte ro, a éimíodh tráth an oileán, áit aíp comhúis an fáighe, agus aíp ghearrí rí amáe agus aíp éairí rí an gárraibh émuairí. Pé aca, tá iñ aill árba éuair aíp an oileán, agus ceann eile aíp cnuasach op ciomh na tráthá éuairí.

Déirí amháire agat aíp na tonntairb agus aíp an tráth aíp ó éap go deireadh do riubail, óir ní fuil earráin ná aon b'ac eile iorú an mbóthair agus iad. Fáigseád nó foirim ní fuil ann: agus a phluoict ríp opt, déirí an ghearr aíp ppalpád aíp aíp gan trócaire aíp fadu do riubhlóirí. Cuirim i gceárt gur aíp riubail a b'earf tú, agus ní aíp tiomáint, marí gheall aíp náé bhráil aét tráthá earráin i n-dráimainn.

Déirí tú aíp teannan le Dún Aonghsúra fearta, agus earráip aíp bóthair péid a ériúisean, agus dul puaip aíp rítearpatóiríreád leir



Dún Aonghsúra

na creagairb, nō go ńfuisibh tú féin ari ńfarrí na haille mórite.

· Ág ro an aill, i mbéal na n-áiríonnnead. Niop ńféríoir le héinnead, má'r mait nō ole leir é, gan ríao a déanamh annro, agur ńfreatnúgað ari an amaire iongantae tá raoi n-a fáilte. Siap or a éomair píneann an fáirbhise móri a miteann a dromanna gorma anonn go hAmherlioscá. Ó tuaitó, i n-umhíl éedhac ná rréire, cionn ro Néimhinn—righ-plaibh Connacht. Ó near feicfír ro enuig Tuathmumhan, agur raoa, raoa ríor, ceann gorm Sléibhe ńfreatnúam i gCiarraíorúe. Águr éad háit i n-Éirinn uile ari feicfír 'ná i ro leir an ghuail ńfereann agus dul raoi? An méad ro i n-áimhír éiúm. Má'r amhrí gáibh i, bérí an fáirbhise láidir raoi ńfuit ír fhiúc, agus teáct iarrteas 'n-a fáigairb rílaíorne agur dá bhrítead.

"Go tolgaé, tormaé, tromaí,"  
ári bün na haille, caithe céad troidh éiop uairó.

Aéit an céad uair do ńfreatnúis mire ón aill ro bá an amhrír ciúin, meirb; an fáirbhise éomhíleann agur éomhíl deallpád le rgatán; agur duine cóbh 'n-a furde go rocaip ari ńfriúad na haille milltige ro ag ghabáil éisgh le linn ná mait liom a pád éomhíl raoa ír bá rí.

Ari ro, cípír Dún Aonghusa—torth móri ńfub, tamall uait. Caiéfir riubal anonn éiuge go haireacá, agur ní móide naé mbéirí tú ag dearcadh ríor fút ó am go ham; agur ag cuimhniúgað, ńféríoir, ari an gcomhípád a éiup Séacraipe ari mbéal duine éigim.

"Naé uatáin  
ír Luathmheac ńfreatnúgað uait éomhíl raoa ríor?"

2.

Do péir an Ollairí Petrie, ír é Dún Aonghusa an fuigeall ír mórbá dá ńfuis' pan áiríodh éiop de'n Eóraip ó amhrír na bPáigáinac. Táiré furdte i n-áit mórbá, go háirite, i n-ionad píor-píoleannac do dún áiríofios. Le'p mian muip agur tír éart-timéioll a éiup raoi rímaéit ír píoneairt.

· Ári ńfreatnúgað ari na ballaib ro, eiteallann ari scuimne riap go haimpír na muinntíre mí-áigmáraige úd, na rípí Dots, a tóis an tún móri ro. Ní rímaéit agur píoneairt a éartuig uatá, aéit ńfreatnúgað agur fáigad. Ba ńfios troidh iato go deapbhéa. Táimíe riad go hÉirinn (cra 'p ńfap iato, níl 'fíor ag éimnead). Baineadair i ón gmead a ruaradair rompa innta. Do péir uaine, táimíe tonn eite do baoimh agur baineadair plaitear ńfreatnúam ríob ari. Troidh riad go feapáinair, giorrde: aéit bhrítead eadé tair éirí catá offia, agur do ríspiorraíde an treibh go léir muna mbéad go hbríteadair cuanta agur oileán Connacht, mar ait-éomhílde, ó Oileáll agur ó Meath—an bheirt úd ari a léigint i dtáin Dó Cuaighe. Táimíe ńfriúr deapbhíláitair dá gcuimhneann ńfreatnúgað go hÁiríonn, agur éiopgádair na catáraéad móra a címito ann an lá inmú. Arta rí, t'fíoxa riad dubh-rlán a éabairt raoi n-a náimhóib, agur ríl a ríspioceaitír dóibh, teiltseoidír iato féin agur a n-anáeira íp an ńfáirbhise a bá agus píte éiop fúta.

Ág ro mar amaireann Dún Aonghusa. I giorrde an tóuna tá balla fáthairt, go troidh ari áiríodh agur deiré gceann ari leitead. Ír amhá atá an balla ro agur déanamh círúda capaill



Cípír i gceill Rónáin i gcuimne an aéar fíilip Ua Dónnáin

"Íp catáraéad ioto ó éasait, agur ní rúnta. Péas O'Comhílde, Níosa agus Blasa, Leabhar III. e. ua g.

aip, agur béal an épúda aip faothar na haille milltige a dubhaisirt mé. Balla móri eile 'n-a épúd timéioll aip an gceao. Ceann, ceann eile éapt aip rin aip. Agur niop leor leos an meao rin fén, gan rpéici fada cloch a éipi 'n-a rearbam aip an taoib amuig de'n treap balla. i ndáil leir an ngeata.

O'n mball beag fargamail i gceapláí na mballa ní feicfeá éanpúd aéet an rpéin agur na tonnta. Aéet tā céimeanna nō rtaisne ag dul ruar go capán aip an gceao balla; agur ar rin cípíod tú Ára coip agur ó tdear, dúnnta na bfeapí mbolg, teampuill agur mainiuptreacá na Sean-Naomh, agur na bailte beaga atá ann intiu.

Aip peao na gceadta bliadan bí an t-ainm mórálae "Ára na Naomh" aip na hoileánaib toma ro. Ba ni Éipe polap na hÉirípa aip épáibteacá agur foighlium óiada; ba ni Ára polap na hÉireann fén. Agur do Lácaip, fagmhuir cuijmé céad-naomh aip dtípe, úr, maptannac i ndráinn. Ni huiongnad rin, óip nuair a bpreatnúisear an tárainneac 'n-a timéioll, cionn ré ip gac uile céadta nithe a cuippear i meabair úd an tráit a pair a oileán dútéair ag deallphad le naomhacá.

Nac crionda do togaí na Sean-Naomh áite le n-a gcuirid ájur a éipi aip bun! Sin teampull Úeanain, an áit ip pollapaisé agur, 'pan am céadna, ip uaignige dá bprísead i ndráinn. Ni féadfa cuijmíuigád aip áit do b'fearaí le hupnuigé agur mactnád a Úeanamh i bprad ó buairdpead an traoigáil. Ni toillpead niop mó ná cùigeap nō reipeap 'pan teampull beag fén. Cill Enda, rpéirin, ag bun an énuic céadna, map aip comhnuig, fad ó, Enda agur Colum Cille. Deipthead go pairb dá teampull déag i n-aice Cille Enda, aéet tuit lám an ama go tróim oppa, comh mait agur aip an gclóigtheac a bí ann, tā 80 bliadan ó roin. Niop ria ó tuirod, gseobaird tú Mainiuptíp Ciapán 'n-a luirge go clutnáig coip na tráighe bise—áit a cuippear a gcuimhne 'duit focla filead éigin a ruspíob go hálunn a mbéapla:—

"Ir fíor d'am linn  
Mai a mbpíreann tuinn  
So fuap 't So páin aip an ngaineamh bán,  
Ir ni téideann cop,  
Ir ni fuil glór dá élor  
Ir an uaignear úd, go dtéidim-re ann."

Ni gan aobhar do Spáðuis na rean-naomh Ára uaigneac. Fuapadap inntre an gualannear a taistis leos. Nuairi cuippear o'fiachair aip Colum Cille Ára o'fágbáil agur dul leir go hálbain, nocht ré a éuma i ndán. Ag ro d'a pann aip—

"Oc! ip eian, ón ip eian  
Rom cuippear ó Árainn tíar,  
So jua rlog Monais amac  
Aip ioncúib na nAlbanae.  
Ára Spian, ón Ára Spian,  
Mo éean Luigear inntre tíar:  
Ionann beit ro guth a clois  
Do neac, ip beit i bfochrúis."<sup>1</sup>

Má téideann tú ag comhád leir na rean-daoine cluimpid tú rgealta do báitint fóir aip Colum Cille, aip a miosbaitib agur a fárdeatdóipeacá. Leat-bealaí tuar aip an gencoc a bpreipar fargad do Cill Enda taibhdeánann riad tamhac úp map a mbioib aingeal (má'r fíor do'n rgeal) ag rpairteoedipeacá le Colum, agur tuigte Capán an Dingil aip an mball fóir.

Tíor faoi na Seact o'Teampallaib, do chruinnísead naomh agur ban-naomh Árann le céile timéioll N. Bpreacán (a o'fág a ainn aip Árto-bpreacán annro i gContae na Míde) le hordear o'fágbáil uair i n-ealaíadain na naomh. Rigne an t-ollamh petrie daidhéalb móri aip an fcoit úd N. Bpreacán, aéet níl fíor agam fén cá bprí rí le feirint anor. Tagann luict cuaithe go hionnouail le bpreat-

<sup>1</sup> Rigne Aubrey de Vere an dán o'arptíuigád map leanap:

Farewell to Aran Isle, farewell!  
I steer for Hy; my heart is sore—  
The breakers burst, the billows swell  
'Twixt Aran Isle and Alba's shore.  
O Aran, Sun of all the west!  
My heart in thee its grave has found.  
He walks in regions of the bliest,  
The man that hears thy church-bell sound.

E. O'G.

nuigaoth ar Mainistir Chiaráin. Ní féidir a phád cia aca i feo nó Teamhalla Chaoimhghin i nInnir-iaptair, an fórsaínt ar deire.

'San 8aú aoi, éait Cormac Naomh Mac Cuilinnán, Earbog, ní, agur file, real ghearr i nÁirinn; agur ari n-imreacht do, pugne ré aitir ari Colum Cille, óir nocht ré a aitmeál i bphileadach. Éift le n-a ndeirg ré:

“ Ámheamh gairm agur Spáinn,  
Ámheamh na hÉaltan naé fuaill,  
Ár é an ceathramhán ne taobh  
Árúm naomh i nÁirinn fuaill.”

Criosteann munnteari Áirinn go daimsean, diongmalta, go bfuil riad fén agur a bfuil aca faoi éamhaisc aírite na n-aingeal agur na naomh a bfuil a gcuimh : n-a gcuilteadh 'n-a mears.

Sul a gcapad leip an tréan-aimpír i gceannamh a phád go páibh Ára 'n-a hAit-taitéise móir ag luéit volta ríosa, ríosil, bictálte, &c., faoi éil, gan aon tréait nō eáin a volta oppa. Ní eile. Biotó cosatú buan ari bunt iomáin Muinnteari Ólaitheaptair agur Siol mBriain faoi fínlú na n-oileán. Iomáin eadair fulteacá a bphreath le linn na mblianaid úd, agur d'árdbeil an tioigaltar d'imreacht na náimhde ari a céile gacá níle uair a d'fágadh riad eadair éinse. Faoi bphreath gúlaírt tréamh aca ari na Saghranaidib ag iarráid eabhrac, agur fuaill riad a pháibh riad ag iarráid, agur tuilleadh, óir ní d'earna na consantóirí nua ríad go páibh na hOileán 'n-a gcuimh fén. I n-aimpír Óromuill tóigeadh an cairleán a feictear ag Cill Eonta.

Do cuipeadh deir, tá bláthain nō do fion, ari pointe de na dántaib agur na teamhallaib a bi ag dul i leig; muna mbéadó an t-eiríeanán a bi tá gceangbáil le céile, do tuitphreath curu aca i bphad pointe rin, aét aonair de bhrí an leasúnta fuafradair, mairidh go ceann gsgairm eile.

Iomáin ait a bfuil cealla agur teamhulla de'n tráthair ro mar aí ríomh aí bhuacair na coinnle, ag cur i gceill dúinn go páibh criosteamh agur criábadh ari laphad uair, aét go bfuilidh aonair ari riubal. Ní mar rin

d'Áirinn. I leabaird an mheád ait naomhá a bí inntre 'fan tréan-aimpír, ní feictear aonair aét trí rípeal docta, ceann aca i gac aileán; aét cítear go bfuil criosteamh agur criábadh comh beo bphiosmáin, agur d'fheadh riad a bheití pláim.

Ár an bphaitéé i mbéal an tréipéil, agur ari na gsonraibh máigeamhro eamhuisgeann muinnteari na n-oileán i gceann a céile gac uile Óomhaid agur lá ríomhe, pointe an díphionn agur 'n-a ólair. Go ríomheas, i'p ait, aonáin a bheit ag amharc oppa 'n-a luighe ari an bphreath nō 'n-a gearamh 'n-a bpháinnib, agus fágadh agur ag tabhairt na náimhdeácta. Caieteann riad uile éamhac do'n tréopt éadaita, naé móir; i'p beag an truim a éinseann riad i'p na Nóraib nua. 'S é ní ari airtíse faoi n-a gcuimh éadairghe, na rumpútaradh nō na bphóga a caitheann riad, agur a théanann riad fén ari criosteann bó, eadair, capall, aípal nō gábar.

I'p an tréipéal fén, i n-imreacht an díphionn, bionn iomáin na náomh díabhaidhneacá: agur faoi am an Cúirreagsta, bphreann a n-árpainisghe amadair marí éamhán ipeal. Táir éir an díphionn, círiodh tú pointe de na fean-náomhí ag tabhairt turair i'p an tréipéal agur ag na fean-teamhallaib agur na toibhreacáib beannuisghe; círu eile bionn ag eaint ari gacá níle ní faoi luighe na ghléine, ag malairt gsgair ari gsgair eile, agur ag fárhoedáinbhealéid go ginn ari an am le teacá. An t-aor ós, fheirim, biont leó fén, agus magair, ag fisi, agur ag imirt bheart marí ari ghnáthas d'óib.

I'p na trí hOileánaib tá 2,000 duine ari fad.<sup>1</sup> De bhanáil Conamara a bhrúinóir, ní a criathairtsear leip na plomintí ari fárringe, O'Flaitheaptair, O'Flathartair, O'Congala, Mac Conraoi, &c. Dáomh fada lútháraíod, gan blap de leirge nō grádáintacht ionnta. Dácaimh, pláctímar iad, marí an gceadaita, aét ó tábla go bfuil rian na gaoithe agur na ghléine oppa go leir, tá ríuaird oppa níor duibh 'ná mar ari ghnáthas i nEirinn; d'fheictear

<sup>1</sup>Tá 1691 duine i'p na trí hOileánaib do réir "Ámheamh na náomh," 1901.

daoine ann comh dubh, baileach, le muinntir na hEadair. Deirtear go bfuil bpaon o'fhuil na Spainne ip na daoinib faoi Haillim, agus ip fuairfda rin a chéirdeamh.

Cibé leigear Beata Petrie le Stóer, sebhairi pí tuairisí apá Áirinn agus apá a muinntir marb biondair an déad uair chuir Petrie atáine oppa; agus, marb fíordiú Ógáin gáe uile ní a leigseann annamh a chéirdeamh, ba pháirtar apá talamh i Ára an tráth úd. Ní dhéanamh-pa gáe a ndubháirt an tollamh eibh ag moladh deisbhéar muinntire Áirinn, aét phéadtar a pháid le fírinne fóir, sup daomh Slan-traoisálacha, neamh-uréidítheach, fiata, pláiteamhla iad. Siad apá boíte i mears nambocht,<sup>1</sup> aét apá a son rin (nó tá bhríg rin, b'fíordiú), ní fuit aon doiréallacht ionta. Ní meapaim go bfuilidh comh ríomhthíde aonair agus bí fíad le linn Petrie, aét ní fuit fíad an-eolaisgáe apá ciorcalb an traoisáil. Ó nádúirí, ip daomhne macánta, cuim, ceannra, iad; aét ní huiongantadh an ní é, agus fuit te na n-éigseáil ag jút trí n-a gseompleanna, go n-éigseann a chéirinn agus gearrbhar beag ag uairib iomh éomhúrrana, marb gheall apá bhráosail bó agus apá, bhríteach balla, nó díosbáil fuaireas eile. Tá ríot eile a gheamhísear go dtíte tá éidte iad, 'f é rin, an t-eatair-phóraí eaithearp a déanamh aca. Tá bárry rin, marb an gceáonta, ní téidéann an t-áiríannéac go háit apá hit apá ríot na n-oileán náé gceartar leip a chuir cíteasach, cíltreireap, agus éalpoidh gáol níor fuithe amach.

3.

Tá muinnteari Áirinn bocht. Gáe uile bliain, i mbéal an traoisáil, téidéann an ríseal amach go bfuil an ghorta ip na hoileánaib apá. Ní huiongnaí rin. Tá na daomhne ag taobháil leip an bhráighe, agus tá toradh na fairsingé comh bhatrúnséach leip an níaoit, agus ní eile, níl gléas ceart a gceart aca, ná lontas, ná hárthach. Cuirpeann fíad a ndoifisgáinna fuaireach amach apá a gceart éigí, agus ip minic a caitheann fíad oróidéanna apá fairsingé, oróidéanna gáibhá.

<sup>1</sup>Ní haoi muinnteari Áirinn na daomhne ag boíte tá bfuil i n-éiginn do Láethair, do féirí mo bhráimhla-pa.

anphóiteach, gan aon bpeac a marbháil. Uair eile, b'fíordiú, b'éid gábáil mairt apá an iars, agus marbhúigéann fíad euro mairt. Apá mairdin, ciprói tóu apá a tigé ag dul fíor do'n cládaí, círeán móir apá croscaí apá gáe aon taobh de'n trípháir, agus é ag teácht a baile agus an tó a círeán lán d'íars. Caittear apá an uirláir 'n-a gceap: lomhaí iad; glantair, tiopmuigéear agus fáiltear annamh iad le haigaird an marbháil. Aét rin an ríot! Cá bfuil an marbháil? Tá mbéad iars an traoisáil agat, agus gan fagbán agat apá é 'dhiol, cia an gáe óuit e? Ní fuit aon marbháil aét i n-Haillim, agus ní fuit aon trácht apá an iars fáilte annamh; marb ro, cairfeap a dhíol apá fír-beagán an t-iars a ndeacaird na daomhne bochtá i gcontabairt apá a son. Óir níor móri liom a pháid go gcuimheann fíad na curaigh amach—agus ní go hannah—gan 'fíor aca an bhréigír fíad a gceártde éoráidé apá. Ní fíordiú do ówine apá bít naé bhráca iad, neart agus fíadáintur na dtónnta agus na matómann a chuitéar apá an ghean úd tíar a mear. Tá gáin fíad ipteacé marb bheadh pleibte, fíuabann fíad gáe uile ríot pompa, agus comhac mé réim clocha millteach a chéile fíad fuaireas leip an aill móri. Bítear eile fíad ag iarsaí, lá, apá dill-na-nGlaibhés, go dtáinig tóim móri fairsingé, jút ri ipteacé go hóbann oppa, agus níairi fíuabann ri éarpta, fíobh ri lét gáe uile ówine aca.

Aét naé bfuil an talamh aca? Marpeadh, tá, aét má tá fén, ip beag an mairt óidh rin. Níor éibh an talamh ro 'tompreat do réir aera, aét ba éibh i 'mheastáchan. 'San gceart apá mó de na hoileánaib, comh fíadaip o'fheiceap tó, ní fuit aét crosca, agus leaca loma, rínté or do éonne. Ír na gcealpait, sebhairi tó fáitneachá, caonach agus fíaoch ag fáir go fairsingé; aét, tá bhráigéacht iad ro le bpeachnuigéach oppa, ip dona an tráighe marbháetála a gheobháil aírtá. Téidéann fíomhá de na gcealpait ro deirte dtóiríseach ip tuilleastó fíor; níor móri óuit bheit an-airíead i n-áitib, d'eaigla go páitfeá do eor ipteacé i gceann aca. Cúrrí-áit, le fáotáil agus rígláibhádeach, b'éid méidin beag o'itír círuinn-

iscte ag duine bocht é ag fuaiste le feamainn, gairim agur a leitirde, agur gairrthá deanta mara rin. Ní bionn acht tuis ná ceat ag t'oplairgib d'icitib of ciorn na gclóe, agur is fuaistar a mear gúrabs éadorthom iao na hainm beaga fápann is an ngearrthá. So denim, t'fheastar an duine bocht a gairrthá t'árhoingád leip ó ait go háit i mbapa-rotha. Ní caitt tú an éeacáta 'ná an éliat-púppa leip an talam a faoi thugád: ní beas an fámann agur an t'fheastar.

Coip na haitte i láp na n-oileán 'r ead pásctar na buailí beaga mar a bhrácainn álinneáip na n-draíonneadh greamh gáinn fíor. Ári marom, círto tú an torthaé ag teacht amach tairb éip beirt bláiste, cuimhne an duine atá 'nsa tiomáint a fínneán leip an mballa (ní fuit gheataí ann), riubhailtú an bó ipteád, agur tóisctír an feap an balla aipí. Bionn an t-eallaé eile le muimintír Áramh, Laois, caoimhns, biorairghe é, agur earrall, agur reappairg, fíorí, ári fíorála aca amuig is na pléibhí i gConamara; acht eireannach gúr beas an buntáirte pásctar airta.

Séatam ó foin, fáistí go leorí is an gceart a dhéanann phaoi is an bhréamainn, acht tuit an luac amuig go mór le déiríteanais. Is polláraé go mbéir na hointeán go bocht ná go mbéir bád-gáile láidir is teacht amach go laethantaíl, ná gá le lá, leip an taois úr a chabairt éum an t-árgairt; amhrin báid na híargairí i gcaoi lionta agur báid is fíorála a fholád is óidh fíor, óig ní báid a n-oileair agur a n-ainm gáin tarbhe. I n-draíomh, mar an gceáuma, is gáim a motuscaibh an earrá mór úto-earrá gáin agur oibre fígin do phéarairde a dhéanamh 'r an mbáile, is na tigstíb.

'Sé mo báramhail gúrabs iao muimintír le Meathoin is eisíodhaisce agur is bairis de dhaoimh na n-oileán. Acht níor b'annláidh an eáir fad ó, ná is bhréagad é an file:—

"Inír meathoin,  
Inír gán 'rán,  
Inír gáinn gortas;  
Mára dtiubhaird tú leat aíran,  
An lá gáibhar tú ann,  
Báid tú an lá rin 'do t'fhorghád."

Siúméigi ná deiteadhír fígin, ba haois an file a fígin is an rann ro; is polláraé "go mbéib rí iptis aige do" muimintír le Meathoin, níl sior agam ead énighe. Acht ná b'fíor b'fíor (ní éireannach-ro é), ní sior anoir é.

Agur gá bocht iao na hointeán, tá eorúde na n-draíonneadh amuig agur 'r an mbáile físte agur fuaiste leip na gceasála lomha. Cao é rin i gceoide an duine a cheanglaí leip an ait, b'á mhaláit i, a físeáil agur is tigsead é? Áthair thioth, tháip mois, agur áthair atá is eip go láirí ap is an Áramh, go b'fhlait a fínnip 'n-a lúighe 'r an fóilseach eip na fóiríse, faoi físeáil. Ceannaithe na gceannála. Áthair eile a impreiseach aip, an tianatá ait is éirí fíor fíomhá leibhéal aige.

Uiseannuimír ap inntinnibh na n-draíonneadh anoir. Ó nádúir is daomh gáis agus greamh iao. Tá leabhar mór na Nádúir fóigseann ag a gceannair: ap tuinn agur is talam éionair phaoi lógs láimhe "an fír is aighe." So



parón mac Donnchada agur bhríseadh a bean.

nóite eile nádha roghalta, tá piato ip an denim, fin a bhrúil aca de leabhráibh, marp ip beag duine<sup>1</sup> thíobh féadáir téigeadó ná ríspriobhád. Aét nádha bhrúil na peoiteanna aca? Maireadó, tá; aét ip beag a jugneadarfap pór. Ní híodh na páirtí ar eionntaé; tá dánt an-áindír 'fan bhrúilim aca. Ní híodh na hordá, náip nádha. Aét ip é ar eionntaé, an é aoi ari a nódant ari gáé uile juro a múnád, ná pódáimt le n-a múnád i mbéafta, do na páirtíb ro nádha bhrúil aon tuigpint ari an mbéafta aca. Ní go mbéiró gáé juro ná múnúigéad agup ná éalluigéad thíobh tréor an teangeal éigseann piato, béró an t-ádor ós i n-áitibh marp ro, ag foimhseáit na hainmíre. Agup an lá 'mionu, i n-draim agup i n-a lá n-áitibh eile, tá piú óga agup miná ósá, oíomhe óga pómáintleáet aca, bárode i n-áindírior; agup miná mbéadó an é aoi amaitheadé a nódant ari teangeal a t-ábhairt ip na peoiteannaibh, seóbaibh piato phíse maré bhealáid a n-éanam 'fan tráogáil. Círeoidh póm nádha bhrúil duine i n-draim a n-éanfarád obairi ba mór roéar agup leor doin' aor ós, agup obairi ba mór tig-éirí uile póm, 'ná an t-ádor peoite a éoróéadó go minneamh ag minád na Shaoráilge i n-áitibh ná leitíreoiribh reo. Ba mór an t-ádor agup an tig-ádor a círeapó oípm an lá fa náiríreáid náip ná' airísear go bhrúil oíbe peoite i n-draim. Mór ag minád na Shaoráilge anoir. So n-éiríseád leip! Durdeádáip leip, béró an teangeal náitícearéad ari fágáil 'fan oíteáin ún, látorí, upprádarad i gceann céití bhuiléan.

'Tá aémuighéad pseit aca anoir, báiríeadar le Oisín Í Connairí na Shaoráilge. Ip beag duine aca nádha bhrúil i n-ann an Shaoráilge do leigseán - do ríspriobh - tá i bhrúin níor mo eoláir aca ari an mbéafta ó tóiríseadar ari a bhrúilim tréor an n-éanáit.

Ip móir an onoiri náip geapáid. Oisín ua ceallaéam, go piab ré ag minád Shaoráilge na cianta ó fom náip ba beag an ppéir do círeapó minntear na tighe reo inni. An éiríp aor mó ip na hordáig fgoile i n-draim, táir ag minád na pean-teangeal do láthair, 7 juro eile - táir ag minád an bhéafta éiríp an n-éanáit. Baist ó Oisín oppa fan 7 ari gáé duine atá ag obair ari fan na h-éigíreann.

Dubairt mé tuar go bhrúil leabhar na Nádáinfe ag na h-ádáiníseibh, agup ip maré atá ré leigste aca. Ip an-eoláigáraíc iad ari gáé a mbáineann leip an bhrúigé - na h-éigí, na gáotá, marairdeáet na hainmíre, na pputa agup an taille, na h-éim, na haitte é.

Ari na ríseáltairbh fágáin piato círe a mór tá n-eoláip. Seóbaidh tú ríseáltairbhe ari gáé baite. Béiró a bheapt póm de ríseáltairb ag gáé uile duine, agup aitníseann minntear ari n-óileán ríseála gáé duine. "Sín ríseált a leitíreoir reo ná a leitíreoir piato de duine," aitníseád ari piato leat. Círpíodh luéit na ríseált piop duint, ó marom go hordáe, ari an Bluaig Sióe, ari tairbhríb agup ari tairbhríb agup *hoc genus omne* :—

"Tairbhrí geala, tairbhrí duibh,  
Blaibhairt leó ip oípnáidh tigseád:  
Círeapá 'r bheaptá púcaí ghráinéad,  
Uíppraéam go gáibhdeád, nána;  
Miná píde peanága 'gut 'r ag eamhseád,  
Ceol ip júnneé ip na bhrúisib  
Máesnúp árto faoi liora 'r piatá  
Círpí ip riuit ag daonimh maré  
Draoitheád éat duibh ó éimílaéid daonáin  
Leigseáppaó gáilteád daomh 'n doimh;  
Píppreádha ip oíctáidh baipre;  
Aitíunge i láp na hordáe;  
Abairt beaga; piatáidh tóbria;  
Bláthairt, gáthairt, daomh ebra;  
Cáirnse bheó, ná ip an uairg,  
Bhéalata náirgád bhrút ip eumá."

An n-é go otusáinn piato gáilleadh do gáé uile páimáip a éliméann piato ag luéit na ríseált? Círeapáid níríp a n-éanad éastoppa.

Círeapáinn piato go daingean go bhrúil tarbhrí agup tairbri ann. Tuigáinn piato círeapáid, pór, do éomáiptairibh; níop maré leó ná bheisceadó piato bean piatá ag dul éum bealairg thíobh. Meapáinn piato go bhrúil leigseád tigheáip agup aicid ag daonimh éairí daomh eile. Oíapáid piato leat go piab piatáidh, abairt, agup draoitheád ann piatá ó; "agup eogáip!" aitubairt pean-duine liom "b'férdiríp go bhrúil piato ann pór." Marom leip an phluas fíre, an mairgthean mara, agup

mbád céadna le curio mórán óinn péim—n-ainíos.

Sin duit, apír, na péigíúin iongantacha a  
a nroéantap trácht ag luét na rseáil—Tír na  
nÓg. Tír Taipingsipe, agur Tíortha réamhriachtá-  
cháile—do bhrí ag na pean-Eipeannaisibh páis-  
ánaeá i n-áit an Pháirtíoir atá ag ann—ne, go  
mór-mór Deag-Árpa (Ui Óreapáil i mbéar-  
la), ari ari ruspíob O'Ghriobhá docht an duan-  
áluinn.

Ag ro maid labhair Pádraig Mac Conraoi  
ar Úeas-Ghráinn, marlin bheag, agus muinte  
ar bhracé na haille ag bheatruig aodh riap ar  
an mball a bhfuil an t-oileán róisíní, mór  
fíor. "Bhíodh ró thá páró," ar ró, "go  
bheireann Úeas-Ghráinn raoi ó, agus aonair. Úeas  
ó Cill-Enda éall 'r eadó éonnaic i, nuair  
bhí rí a bleasán a bó, agus éonnaic rí an  
éanach ag feamplaet aodh ar an mbalfe móir in  
oileán. Táobh ó Úeas ar d'Áirinn. Agus  
duibh aon duine tuim (agus ba duine tíreacá  
ríomhneach é) gur éuala ró ó n-a maitair fóm  
gur éumhneach téití an bean trion a éonnaic  
an bheile móir. Agus bhí rí aodh ag fórumháis aet  
ar an aill, lá, agus éuit ró 'n-a éontasó, agus  
nuair a tháinig ró, 'r é an ait a bhrúidh ró é  
fóm i mb'Úeas-Ghráinn. Agus bhí ró ag riubal  
fómáis agus éapáinns ró amach a siopra,  
agus tóraing ró thá Úeas agus, agus éann  
na daoine go dtí é, agus o' agair ríaoi aip gian  
a siopra a Úeas agus, ní go mbéasó an t-oileán  
tóiscte ó Úa Conraoi aet oppairb (oppa). Agus fós-  
fómáis aip n-aip aipír é, agus luac-poist aip  
aipír, fíorí, leabhair a mbéar leigheas gae  
timíp ann, agus tiubhair aipír marí thá. Leip  
rin, fín rí aipír, agus éuit ró 'n-a éontasó aipír,  
agus fágadó aip n-aip aipír an aill é. Agus bhí  
an leabhar aitse ní gur goirdeanu uairó é."

Na monsgaod liom go mbíotó an tEigeanneád tugta do bpreaetnusgádó poinne, 'n-a inntinn, go thír féamhaisí marí ro, marí naé mbéadó ciop, cáip ná catuğadó. Go dtí reo, éadó eile bí ag an Eigeannaé 'n-a thír féin aét anró agur aindeir? Táig duine ap Álainn, mar rin, a bí ag eípteacét ó bí pé 'n-a leanb le trácht ap Beag-Álainn agur áitibh eile; cuinteán or cionn an tuille é at-

deapicad ríapí aip ghlórí éinntis na ghréime, ag dul faoi thí; an ghrían ag tóinníodh aip na néaltaib, aip na mealltaib tuisca, aip na ríoscaib caolta, aip na lomairíb éantrumta 'fan aer! ag deallraod aip an gceod faoi binn na gréime, naé féinidh óint heicte cinnite cia aca, ceod nō oileán atá ann; agur cia an t-iongnád é má éinmíneann ró aip an tír a ntheacáidh an t-iascachair bocht thí a tóiríseáet, óir.

Tho' Aran was holy, Hy Brasil was blest

A! ip iomhá pséal piampaíait vo éu atá  
pín amuig ip an geupae agup pinn as ioppsaé  
ip an t-tyátnóna ciún; nő coip na teineao  
ordée píompeamail, nuair biotó an gaoit ag  
réiteao agup pséal tap éip pséal rá impreáet  
iptig, agup muro as tappamárt ní ba dtúnté  
teip an teine, le linn gaoit pséal, agup an té ba  
impreáimle agam as teapeao go foiteao  
éap a ghuilinn nuair a építeao an gaoit an  
dúrap nő an fhuinneog, o'easta go mbuaile-  
peao tioppaíón, píompeog, nő (ní ba meape n,  
pin pín) cearbha, iptigéé éigéinn

十一

Is eascail liom gup Leibhéal mé túinte atá 'í pár  
éigí atá óráinn é aoná, aét atá punne no ró  
rómáin pár. Dáir mo thíos, tá é seo mo pháistí an-  
bheannaíodh san poe atá a pháistí atá an nGaeilge atá  
í dhá Leibhéal atá na hoileáin aibh. Ni fuit róimhe  
i náráinn, taobh amuigh de bheagán naé píu  
eaint opéra, naé Leibhéal an teangeal túiseasap.  
Ni fuit aét i gceannáin aibh mbeann agup ne  
pean-taoine. Na pip óga biop ag róit go  
Saillinn, agup ag eaint le muimintí an Béarla,  
tá an dá teangeal aibh pár, aét má fágair  
tí baite Éille Ónra, earráir róit go leor de  
na peopair ag naé mberó bláth de'n teangeal  
Saillinn. Tá na páipoi aibh an seacháil é aoná;  
n'fheadar, mayr aonairíto fóm, iad a thiol 'í ró  
é aoná i mbéarla.

Maíri pin, duine aip bit aip mian leip an ceapt agus an blap dobeit aige, tuialladh pé aip Árainn—r i an peoil aip peapp i nÉirinn i. 'S i aip peapp, maíri gheall aip gúspipeapp oileán'na áit aip bit eile. Dángabta go háit eile, b'adó na daoine le n-a n-obair agus le n-a n-ghnéá

péim; aét aip oileán, ní béríodh riad ag riordúinteaet, aét ag iarrsáé, ag clathairfeadet, ag rhiom, ní le gnó eile de'n tróiprín, aip éadair go bpríosadh riad heic ag eant leat gan a-n-obaip a tábairt riap. Áipír, ip taoine riappairisteaet iad i dtaoibh iongantóir na tíre móipe éionn riad iarrá—Cípe agup i dtaoibh na neit, ní ariúdó cumadú agup do fhiút amach



Seán Teannáin agus tábairt.

le goipró, an t-áthair, an t-áthair, t-á, aip naé bpríosadh iarrá, aét an-riordúinteaet, níomh-éanáit, reasomh riad o Éamainisí, aét naé bpracána níche ro iarr go bhrúan, agup pín péim gan tuispín do bheit aca oppa. Agup aipír eile, t-ári pín an-tugád do lant aip an tpean-ampair a. an-t-áim do b-á an t-áin a pean-áthair a' péim, agup do bheit ag tóimíp agup ag cosáip riad iarran ní-éan-riordúinteaet iúr popgairteoir of eamhre a púl ip na pean-riordúintair.

Tá p-é ag tinge le p-éarán, m-éarán, g-é bpríosadh in-a h-áit riordúinteaet do'n tóimíp atá ag riordúinteaet riordúinteaet na hÉamainn o'fóglúim agup do tábairt. Óair níoríg, t-á loéta 'ip Sævítge na n-óileán' aét ip loéta beaga bithéadá a iarr na riordúinteaet do cítear i gceannamhantibh an Béapla ip g-é cítear do Ságráinibh péim. Fásmhúr pochtóir riordúinteaet do b-áriúdó cumadú, go mór-mór aip na neitibh bainneap teip an bpríosadh. Ip

binn bog i an Éamainn atá aca, marí an gceádána, cia gupi binnne liom péim an Sævítge labhairteap 'ran taoibh ó tdear de Contae na Gaillimhe.

An riadh b-éap aip t-óeanga comh beag, beathairt aip t-á pí annró agup i n-áitibh eile, ní féadópap a p-ád gup teanga marbh atá inntre. Aduibairt dhuine éigim goipró ó fom go spinn,

Spéannáip, naé p-ád aét aon teanga marbh 'ran tóimíp aip marbháin, agup ip i pín teanga na hÉamainn. Ní fuit aip t-óeanga báruigte, p-óp; ní fuit Éaná. Cíumháid tráet aip an t-óeanga marbh i-á t-áin, agup t-éirímito annró go h-áit éigim p-úd beag ap en mbeal aé eortáin, t-ó t-áirgeadet óúinn ap marom, go bprágtar an slán-chadlata cíann ip an oíche, ní aipísmhúr riotta aét an teanga marbh.

Ní rsceapáidh munntearap Áipír leip an Sævítge go luest. Do p-éip cumháne na n-óileáine ap píme, t-á an oípeach Sævítge r-á lebairt ip na hóileáinibh inntu ip do t-á t-á p-éir b-úlachdóen ó fom.

Ní fuitmho ag taoibh le h-áiríann, aét en oípeach. Féidh Dún-ne-nGall, Contae a-mera, leip-mhála agup ionair eile meir a bprí a t-áor ós ag tuáil ipseach na Sævítge le bainne a marbháid. Ní fuit aip t-óeanga aon éortúgád, congnád, ná mpríneadh marbh; ip iongnaid náip bpríosadh riap agup náip earráidh amach 'r' amach i p-ád ó, agup náip marbh pí t-áit a bpríosadh pí de éamháit, ní beag óúinn t-áil i n-éadóidéar agup an cluineadh eamhre do t-óigbáil náip b-éap pí marbh t-á p-úpib; p-íte go doéit 'ran g-éap. Aét go dtí pín, náip éluinteap an pocht éadóidéap agann.

"I gceáinéar ceolt t-á b-éapla fann,

Is an teanga ip tuaithe p-óp gan b-riúis"

Cíomhúir aip an gceolt atá aca anoir. Ní fuit aca aét an ceolt riaparadap ó nádúir,—ceolt a ngut péim. Ní cluimteap aon g-éap ceolt ann aét go hannah. Níor b'ámlairt do'n p-éal p-ád ó, efortom. Bí piobaireap 'ran oileán t-áip, i gceáp aip b-áit, agup do b-íolachd munntearap g-é tige f-úlling ip an mbliadhain, i n-áenrig le lóifidin do p-éip uaine. Aét

D'imirg an piobaire leis, agus níor lionadh a áit ó fom.<sup>1</sup>

Cóimhne mait leis an scuirc eile de cloinn na nGaeilge, cuimheann piar tairisí mór is na pean-amhránaibh, agus is minic é aodhromúiseann piar a n-obair le pean-fonn Gaeilge. Áiríonn na bfonn ro, agus na broistí árpa, do éadat Eoghan Ó Comhraide agus an tOllamh Petrus tóir peactháin i ndráim, ná gcuimhniúgád agus tá ríspiochadh riorthu, is éis éis agus focta. Leigheas i mbéalaithe an Ollamh, le Stóer, cionnáir mairi gusneachair an bairiuigh. Bí an bheirt ag fumhaileadh ari bainte Éilte Rónáin, agus o'fhuasgairi piar go mbéadó eadair páilte acaí fomháireachtaí agus fomhádóirí na hAontacháin. Le tuimh na hordáe tágairtibh ó gáé uile ceárt; biond teine bheagán mórna cíor ari an teallach pompa, ant Ollamh 'n-a fúiríte ari taoibh thí agus a bhealán 'n-a láinn aige. Mac Uí Comhraide ari an taoibh eile, péist leis na focta do éisi piar, agus na daomh 'n-a bhráinne i n-a dtiméidíoll. Annpur, ní gian tóir an oírra, tóirpeasach duine acaí, foar ós nár bean ós, nár pean-duine chiontach, agus tabhairt amach an amhrán nár an fhuinn do biond aige; ríspiochadh Mac Uí Comhraide riorthu na focta, agus an tOllamh an ceóit. Nuair biond gáé uile ní cíor go ceárt acaí, bheiread an tOllamh ari a bhealán, agus ní aitneóidé ari t-amhránaibh a ceóit fómhá ag ríleadh ó na téacháin. Ír uisce gur caitheadh eisir de na hAontacháin ro ó fom, aétáit tá eisir mór le ríspbáil riorthu, go mór-mór ag na mnáibh. Ní fúrair aon amhrán do baint ari na feapairb; b'fearr leis bheirt ag éirtear aetáit ná bheirt ag ghabáil fumh iad fómhá. 'San Mhícheál, ari tóirpháram nuair cuimheadh o'friacháin ari feapair

<sup>1</sup> Baor ailltear an oileán, tá uamáin mór uéanta ag nádúin is an gclóidh aon, agus cuimheann piar go bhrúil bealaí o'n uamáin piar, faoi'n Súndas paláe, agus aníos amach ag Cappaig an piobaire i níomh-láirtear bliadanta ó fom, mór piortháil, éuairí piobaireachtaí ari bheas na huamáin, agus níos éuairí aon cuairí fómhá ó'n lá inniu go dtí an lá inniu, aét "ír uisce go bhrúil pé imris gaeolmáire." Éuairí físeal an gheannáin, lá, agus bheas na huamáin céanna, ari duine éisír do éuairí ipeacáid ag lóig comhá, agus bí ré agus fómhá piomh, gur ainsí re an ceóil ba bheagán 'n-a aice. Do buail gerte é, nuair cuimhniúgád ari an bpiobaireachtaí, aét bheanáinig ré go gáé, agus cuimheann do bí ann aét comhá beag, agus gáé leas beag ceóil le n-a déal, agus é ag capaí puairt ari, agus nuair go bí ré péist, éait ré an fliút ari a gualann, agus o'imirg ré leis—e. ua g.

amhrán do ghabáil, is minic do éuimheann ré a éadat i bpolád 'n-a hata piul a tóirpeasach. Ní fuil piul Árann éadat cínta leis fom, aét táirí náimheas go leor. Ruto eile, tuibhíodh duine foarí deaip, a mériod is ghabann piar na hAontacháin tóir ari fom.<sup>2</sup>

Dá mbéiteá ari fáiríse o'fóide, do b'iongnáid leat, go minic, ceol do éloíptim ag teáit éis agus is an doréadóar—t'innreabhadh an t-amhrágaibh agus an tuimh obann 'ran bfonn gur amhrán árpa. Cúimheannach do bhealán ann, agus tá tóirpháil éis agus tóirpháil do bhealán ré ag teáit. Nuair biond na doimhíanna gáé leas 'ran oírde, fadó ó éuan, tagann na cuimheachtaí agus tá éinte, agus éorguistéar an oírde te pseáil is le fom.<sup>2</sup>

O'fáidis mé an cuimheachtaí i ndráim foar ió. An éadat uairiop cuimhe duine fumhá bheag mairi gáé éimheachtaí. An tóra bhuair, ó minic, do bí ag ríspbáil na n-oileán ag tóil go hAontacháin gur piul ari go bhrílfheasach ri go neid. Deapbáim tóil, nár mairi liom a leicéidíte do éloíptim ariúr is do éisialap an mairiúin iú, nuair bí an éiréastáirí bhecht ag ríspbáil tóil is beannachtaí ag na hAontacháin bhecta, beaga, i n-áir éait ré a raois, i n-áir éisír ré a ríspbáil, i n-áir bhrúairí ré ari oíreaoi do fómhá ríspbáil—tóis náidh bhrúisbeasach ri, b'fearr, is an tír mór ari a rath ré ag tóil.

Do bhealán i ndráim tóir bheiread. Bí aitneálaí ari, ari n-imreabhadh náim, gáé uile uair. Ag an nGaeilge, ag an ariúr úr, pollán, ag na daomháin eáirítear ari, biond an lá láin t'aoisneach ó gáéarach na mairne go ceó na hordáe. Géobhar tú páilte is tóilte, na piul ari lá-éigse, an ghabáil ag feapair, is na hAontacháin. Bim-re fómhá ag bheireannúisach fomhá, agus is fada liom go piacáid ann ari cuairí ariúr. 'San am fomháinn, is uisce go dtiobtar bheagán raoisálta ari Árann; náidh

<sup>2</sup> Do éisír mé i gclóidh i Nuadhéacht Thuama, eisir mairi de na físealaibh, na piogairí acaí, na hAontacháin do éuimheann agus i ndráim, fíliú de bhealán Connachtach do éum an eisir ari mór óisib—ní feapair ari an piabhlach ari bhealán ag minntí Árann do gaeolmáire. Ba mór ari gáé leis aitibh mairi ro dá roéantaoi amhráin mairte bhealála t'airspuigád go ghabáil—e. ua g.

mbéirí *ri* éomh voctuigte agur éimír anoirí *i* ;  
aét go geongbuiigír a muinntearg go teoí an  
intinní an t-anam glé, rímplírde, moír aon leir  
an geoporde éairdeamhail, te, atá aca inóiu.

## NOTES.

**Spatp**, beat; hence **spatpín**.

**Cóipí**, s.f., 2, a favourable wind.

**Leap**, s.m., 1, a great number: *lit.*, an ocean.

**Dúga**, s.m., 4, dock.

**Stéó**, the wake of a vessel.

**Spotc**, reach: **spot**, in Munster

**Blap**, s.m., 1, a whit: *lit.*, a taste.

**Súndá**, s.m., 4, a sound, strain—caot.

**Súigteán**, s.m., 1, surf, from **súg**, suck.

**Céib**, s.f., 2, a quay.

**Thóigrí**, s.m., 3, low water from **thír**, want, and  
**thír**—**gá** to ebb.

**Uíup**, a lathe. Cpl. **trúpaim**, I beat.

**Þreipin**, also, too **þrúp** **pin**. Cpl. **teip** too, in Munster.  
**Pampútaróe**, sandals of raw hide. A Spanish word

They also call these slippers **þróga-úip-teatáip**. —  
*ú* in ph

**Tráint** *i* escort in Munster, companion.

**Þopgáint**, s.t., 2, a building from **þopgnam**, I build.

**Seipl** *i* **est**, n.m., 1, a cairn from **peist**, a clasp  
moult, — m., 1, a boulder.

**Streipneorpeast**, s.t., 3, climbing *in* in **þtpeip**, a step  
*in* **est**, struggling with, running with, as in the

story **þtpeiparpeipreast** *in* **þtpeip** **teip** *an* **þtpeipum**.

**Ófír** *est*, pl. of **ófíum**, n.m., 3, a back. Applied to  
lens, swelling waves.

**Þ** *g* **al** *al* w large wave. Cpl. French *la*.

**Steámain**, smooth. *lit.*, slippery.

**Peigte**, now, by this time.

**Márdí** **tiom**, as for me. Can any one explain this  
phrase, common to both Connacht and Munster?

**Deirce**, small, **deirde**, in Meath.

**pé aca**, at all events: *lit.*, whichever of them

**Þoileán** *oip*, **oip**, fitting also **þtpeip**. From  
poitum **oipum**, **oipnam**, I suit *in*

**Þiol** **þtuaigé**, an object of pity. **Þiol** equivalent,  
hence, (a) proper proportion, share; (b) proper treat-  
ment; (c) meed, object of.

**Dubfstan**, also **þtán** defiance

**I** **nuist** **te** *i* **ngáip** **do**, *i* **ngóipeast** **do**, near. The  
phrase most often heard in West Connacht.

**Táimnáé**, a patch of rich pasture: a thing very rarely  
found in Aran.

**Congbáit**, keeping. In the spoken language, this verb is  
used as if it were **coinnigim**, infin. **coinneáil**. In  
places the imperative used is **coinnim**

**i leabaró**=instead of. Cpl. English "in the room of."  
**Þuparva**, easy. Usual form of **þupar**; in Munster,  
**þupur**.

**Tairbeán**, show. Usually pronounced **þpán** in Aran  
**pán** is sometimes heard in Munster.

**tonnouair**=iomadaíail.

**Dul** *i* **léig** **dul** *i* **múga**, going to ruin.

**Ait** **airdeac**, also **maiç**. In Munster this second mean-  
ing is not attached to the word, so that **b'ait** **tiom**  
**ba** **maiç** **tiom** in Connacht, would mean in Munster  
"I thought it strange."

**i n-imdeac**, *i* **gcaidream**, *i* **muot**, *oí* **feadú**, during.

**Buntáipoe**, advantage, profit.

**Þruaibhogaé**, hard-working

**Þara**, colloquial for **muas**

**Tiubair**, do. for **tabair**.

**Deil** **eatáip**, joiner, carpenter

**Þunn**, sharp, observant.

**Þaparóeal**, forecasting the weather.

**Þopurdeac**, tending cattle, keeping them from injuring  
crops, &c. Also in Meath, where it is translated into  
English "by" "fossying."

**Agasip**, beg, beseech.

**Þura** and **uðan** *an*

**Claoóipeac**, working on the **claoac**. Three words are  
used in the islands for the seashore: **þráig**—a level,  
sandy strand; **claoac**—a level, rocky beach; **þúrlí-**  
**ting**—a precipitous beach, usually covered with  
round stones, **moilléipí**. It is on the **claoac** that  
the seaweed is found.

**So þpungló** *go* **þpungló**. This use of **þag** as equi-  
valent to **þeawaim** is very common, especially in  
Munster

**þpít** or **þpíteas**, irreg. perfect passive of **þag**.

**Bídeac**, very small, tiny, diminutive

**Ap cuimpe**, numberless

**Þeana**, indeed, v.g. *ip* **tu** *do* **þpup** *an* **þunneóz**. *Wíre*,  
*ab oib* *ip* *tu*, **Þeana**.

**i n-éintas** **te**—together with. Spelled **oentaró** in Book  
of Lismore. Although the phrase is in common use,  
I have never seen it in print. In the islands *i* **n-éin-**  
**þig** is usually heard with the verbs of rest, and  
*i* **n-éinpeac** with verbs of motion. The preposition  
**þpí** is also used *i* **n-éintas**.

**Súnna** **þat**, Foul Sound, between the islands of Inis-  
maan and Iniseer.

**Þualap**, irregular preterite passive of **cluinim**. In MSS.  
elop as a rule is found. **Þualap**, preterite active.

**Þonnaóip**, a singer.

**Þafan**, **taðan**, pressing.

**Congbúig**, pronounced **congbúig** in Connacht, **congbeig** in  
parts of Munster.



### § 3.—MODERNISATIONS OF IRISH SAGAS.

#### I.

#### 10MRAMH SNEADHUSA AGUS MIC RIAGLA.

(SUOÉT LEABHAR BURDÉ LEACAM)<sup>1</sup>

ROIMH-RÁTÓ DO'N TÉIGTEÓIN



SRO DUIT, i bhfochtain roiteirí, an peáil ápparó ari pealtóiríreacht Snaedhusa agus mic Riagla. Cuirtear i gclóth mar ro é, le rún go mbéirí mear ag an tóineim (go mór-mór ag an aor thí) éinsear an nua-Slaevilge, ari na peartúnis lúanára atá i dtairiú agus i bhrólaí i rdeanganair na hÉireann. Ír an *Révue Celtique*, Leabhar IX., do cuirtear an peáil i gclóth o'n láimh-peartún bhuinúdarach le Whitley Stokes, agus is ari a lóisí rin do phisneach-raf an t-airteanúisach ro. Do leanas, mar ari feadair t'fheáidir, do na bhráthair bhuinúdaracha.

1. Do bhi anró mór ari feartair Roip tar éis bairí Órmhnaill mic Aodha Óic Annáireach, agus ba hé reo fáid a n-anró. Tar éis do maeatais Maoil Choba Óige do ghabáil i nuaíth Órmhnaill, do bhiodar mic Órmhnaill 'n-a phoistair ari Cíneál Conaill agus ari feartair Roip. I. Órmhnaill agus Fiachá Óonnéat ari Tír Conaill, agus Fiachá ari feartair Roip.

<sup>1</sup> From *Irishleabhar na Gaedhilge*, Vol. IV., p. 85 (May, 1891): a Modernisation by Father O'Growney of a *Voyage from the Yellow Book of Lecan*.

<sup>2</sup> "This system, which he adopts of modernising the ancient language, is the best way to build up a popular Irish style, the diffusiveness of the later diction, when moulded on the severe framework of the older sentence, gives results as chastely Celtic and as undefiled by influence of English thought and mannerisms as the prose of Keating. Those who have marked what Father O'Growney's generous labours have already achieved for the revival of Irish literature, will not need the ample earnest of his powers, published by the present publication, to assure them that he possesses the learning and ability requisite for the performance of the task."—From a Review of *10mrámh Snaedhusa* in the *Ecclesiastical Record*, June 1891.

2. Ba mór a n-anró-raf an Fiachá, óir ní leistí aipim ná éadaí dathú ag éinneadh thíos, agus ba hártháil mear a bhoígnamh, óir níor ba foighantairíte do piúr fíamh róimh iao.

3. Bláthain do bhi Fiachá 'n-a piúr oppa. 1. Geamán na blianaína tig Fiachá go hInbhear na hÉinne, agus gairimtear éinse píp Roip. Aonúaití píp leó, "Déanair tú tileadh foighnamh!" "Ní fuit againn níor mó," ari fiachá. Aonúaití peipean leó, "Cuirró bup peile ari mo chearnamh." Do cuirtear; agus ba hambaró do bhi an peile agus a leat o'fán.

4. Aonúaití peipean annam "Ní fuit bup bhoígnamh Lán fóir, óir ní fuit go huite an peile. Cuirró na culta ip na gsteannaitib go mbéiroip i n-a dtír (éomhríom); cuirró earrain ip na madaírib go mbéiroip 'n-gealltachib."

5. Ba hinnín t'éirí s píodh fiachá i ngeal thíos. Círúigíto muinntearí uile an piúr i nuaíth an fiachá. Ba hinnín do bheanachair píp Roip a airmá réim do'n piúr 'fóir ní fuit aipim ag éinneadh thíos-raf). agus do mairbhairí ari annam é.

6. Ba hote le n-a bhráthair, le Óonnéat, an gníomh rin, agus téid píp agus do phisneach píp bhráighe thíos uile; agus do cuir píp i n-éin-teacé le n-a lóiceach iao.

7. Ba hinnín aonúaití píp—"Ní eoirí Óam an gníomh ro do déanamh gan comhaimple le m'anam-éapard, le Colum Cille."

8. Cuirtear teacáiní uairí go Colum Cille; tig Snaedhusa agus Mac Riagla ó Colum Cille, agus comhaimple leó thíos, a. fearta lánamh (tír fíordh pípe) thíos do cuir ari an bhráighe, agus do mbéarlaí Dia a bhréiteamhnaí oppa.

9. Do-θeirtear roitig unctiona dōib, agur cunpteoir ap an bhráighe iad, agur téidír píp dá gcoimeád, cum naé dtigidír ap gcaúl.

10. Iompoisgto Sneadóigur agur Mac Riagla ap gcaúl ag dul go hí, go Colum Cille.

11. Marí do biondair ip an gcuirc, do comairpiliseadair eadórra dul dá ntheón fém ip an móir-muir amuisg ap tuighe, marí do éanádar an reagfa Lanamhán aét naé dá ntheón fém do éanádar-pan.

12. Iompoisgto annpin ap taoibh a láimhe deirfe, agur réitir gaoth le réal riap-únuair ip an móir-muir amuisg iad.

13. Fa éisinn trí lá do gaoth tápt móir miúnaid iad, ap éaoi nár fíradhádair é nífúlans.

14. Da hanndim ba éisinn te Cúigír iad, agur do-θeir gaoth fó-blápta marí leamhnaét iad, agur fíradhádair é do. Do-θeirto altuigéad agur bhuícheadair do Dia, "anúbhradair" "Fágðamair ap n-iomráid fa Dia, "tábhramair ap (mairi) rámha ipteasé i n-a gcuirc" agur do leigeadair dá n-iomráid, agur éisinn te a (mairi) rámha ipteasé i n-a gcuirc: agur ap ntheácht i dtíp i n-imír dóibh, ip ann anúbhairt an píte.

"Sneadóigur agur Mac Riagla.

Do mhumhír Colum Cille, tc.

15. Cunpteoir go hinnír eile annpin iad, agur do bi clád aifrigto éap a láp, agur copa éire innti, agur ba píall móir t'airgseadair an copa rím, agur do bi bhrádán móra ag lémhing i n-aigairt an éorai rím. Ba mó ioná colpaé fíreann gaoth bhrádán díob, agur fíradhádair iad-pan díob.

16. O'iomrádar go hinnír eile annpin: "Gairidis iomára pompa ip an imír rím, agur cinn eait oppa. Dois gairidéadach innti, agur téid ré ap an tráig, agur do éisír fáilte pompa, agur anúbhairt leó, "O'fearaid na nGaeálach dám-pan,"<sup>1</sup> ap ré. "Táinig fíreann cupairg dinn ronn (annro). agur ní mairfeann díob

<sup>1</sup> "Dáine o'fearaid na nGaeálach mire."

aét mire amán. Do cunpeadó cum dair iad leir na hneáctphannaib atá ag aitpeadó na hinnír reo." Agur do-θeir ré biaid dōibh ipteoir ap an gcuirc, agur fágðaird beannácht agur beirid beannácht.

17. Séróid an gaoth annpin iad go hinnír i píb éann móir, agur éanlaité aluinn aip. Do bi éan móir ap a bárr, agur ceann óir agur cleiti aifrigto aip; agur innriú ré peéal toraig an domáin dōib, agur innriú geimeamhán Cúigír ó Muirfe Óig, agur a hárteadó, agur a eiréirghe; agur innriú peéal lae an Bhréiteamhnaip, agur ba hanndim do ghabaird an éanlaité uile ag tuairisgam a dtaoibh le n-a fíradhána, go filiúir na bhráona fola ap a dtaoibh, ap eagla comairc a an Bhréiteamhnaip. Ba comairim agur ba éisinn te fíradhádair an fíul rím. Agur do-θeir an t-éan duille do díubh an éisinn rím do na cléipeadair, agur móadó fíoreann dám móir an duille rím. Agur anúbhairt an t-éan leir na cléipeadair an duille rím do tábairt leó, agur a éir ap altóir Colum Cille, 1 gCeanandair atá ré intiu.

18. Da binn ceolt na n-éan rím ag ghabáil fílm agur éainticeáidé ag moladó an Tígearná, óir ba hneanlaité Muirfe Neimhe iad, agur ní éisíonann copp na duille an éisinn rím.

19. O'fágðadair plán agur beannácht ag na hneanairb n-a díadó rím, agur iomrádar go típ uaetháraig i píb daomhne agur cinn con agur fíonntar marí eallac oppa. Tis cléipeadair cíca ap an imír, do réip aitne Dia, ag fíorúint oppa, marí do biondair i ngádád tré beit gaoth díadó, agur do-θeir dōib fíreann agur fíon agur cunpteoir.

20. Iomparo annpin go pángadair típ i píb daomhne agur cinn muc oppa, agur do bi meitlé móra díob ag buam an aibhír i láp an tráigaird.

21. Do ghabadair ap annpin i n-a gcuirc; agur ghabair a palma, agur gairidí Dia, go pángadair típ i píb díream o'fearaid na nGaeálach, agur do ghabadair mná na hinnír Sianán dōib gaoth moill, agur ba binn leir na cléipeadair é.

"Ghabair tunleath," ari an cléipeac; "ro Sianán na hÉireann."

"Téirdimír, a cléipeacá," ari na mná, "go tig riog na hinde, óir b'éid fáilte agur riamhneap Óaois ann."

22. Téirdio na mná agur na cléipis ipteac, agur cíupró an pi fáilte ronm na cléipeacá, agur leigio a peist ann. Agur riappuntisidh ré Óaois—"Cia huad buri munntear, a cléipeacá?"

"Ó'pearaibh Éireann d'áinn," ari na cléipis, "agur do mhuinntir Coluim Cille."

"Cionnáir atáid i nÉirinn," ari ré, "agur eá mhead mac do maeáibh Óomháill atá beo?" ari an pi. Fhearsaird an cléipeacá—"Turiúr mac atá beo aige, agur do éint fiada Mac Óomháill le peara Roip, agur do cíupreath reapea Lánamhain Óaois ari an bhráiprige do báirr an ghnioráin rín."

"Ir piopl Óaois, a cléipeacá, an réalt rín. Ir mhe do mairb mac Riois Teanáraí, agur i píonn-ne do cíupreath ari an bhráiprige: agur i píonn ari mairt, óir b'fheinithe ronm (annró) go dtí an Meatháchain, óir i pí mairt atáinnta gan peacat, gan oilear, gan coip. Mairt an inip i bhrúilmid, óir i pí mairt atá Éile agur Énoe, agur i pí uafal an teagáidh i bhrúil Éile."

23. Agur do mhe ne ré fáilte mór ronm na cléipeacá, agur adubhairt ré—"Tá Óa lóe i pí an tig seo — lóe uirge agur lóe tempeac, agur do tiocfaidh ari Éireann fad o muna mbliad Márta agur phádraig as gurde teó."

"Do ba mairt inni Énoe o'peicín," ari na cléipis. "Tá ré i n-ionad uaigneacé cum a dtiocfaidh uile ari ló an Meatháchain."

24. Tompaird annró ó'n tig rín, go mbadair ari Conn-Éairí na mairi le fada, go dtáinig fúctaet mór ó Óia Óaois (óir do bhráid tunpreac), go bhracadar inip mór ari, agur ba haoibhinn agur ba naomha a phair inni.

25. Ba mairt an pi do b'í i pí an inip, agur ba naomha, agur ba fíréan; agur ba mór a fluaig, agur ba huafal teagáidh an riog rín—óir do b'í céad dorpar ari an tig rín, agur altóir as gáe dorpar, agur rasapt as gáe altóir as iostóirí Cíupréach.

<sup>1</sup> "Cia ari viois rín"—an piáu corrcheann.

26. Do éuaodair na cléipis ipteac agur do beannuigseadair gáe n-aon Óaois dá céile; agur do éuaodair uile 'n-a Óiaidh rín—an fluaig mór rín, idir mnáoi agur feara—agur do glacadair Cíupréach as an Áiríonn.

27. Roinntear piopl Óaois annró, i aitheáil an pi leir na cléipeacá, "Abhaird," ari ré, "le feara Éireann go bhrúil Óisogaltar mór le tealaet oírra. Tiocfaidh allmhúairis éairi mui, agur áitseobair leat na hinde, agur cíupreath forbairtisbóirt uib. Agur i pí eadu do-bheir oírra an Óisogaltar rín, a mheadu do-bheiridh fáilte is i dtionomha Óé, agur i n-a teagair.

"Mí agur bhráidair b'fheirte ari phairpse, agur poláiríde uile plán, agur innró buri peacat uile o'pearaibh Éireann."

#### NOTES

The "tomram" is taken from the "Yellow Book of Lecan," now in the R. I. A. Library, which was composed A.D. 1440, by Giolla Iosa Mor Mac Eubuis. The tomram differs from the longeap, the former being a voluntary expedition, undertaken from curiosity, or the spirit of adventure; the latter was a compulsory exile in punishment for some offence.

The numbers refer to the sections and lines.

§ 1. The historical characters belong to the seventh century, A.D. Óomháill phac doibh died A.D. 630, and was succeeded by Conall Caol and Ceallach, sons of Maol Coba, who reigned until A.D. 650. Tip Conall, Tirconell, the present Donegal. Piopl Roip, the men of Ross, a district, according to O'Donovan, about Carrickmacross, embracing the adjacent parts of Louth and Meath.

§ 2. 2. A law regulating the colours which would be worn by the various classes in Ireland, was enacted by King Eochaid Eudgadhach (Four Masters, at the year A.M. 3644). One of its provisions was aon uad i n-éadair isigibh mogád, one colour in the dress of bondmen.

§ 2. 3. mac Riaghlá, now Magreely, Greely. 3. Dul i n-óiliúine, in the original. 4. Lánamhain would now be said.

§ 17. 12. This phrase in various modified forms, comairt a chrepla, comairt a chrepla, communion and creature, is not unfrequently met with, meaning something very precious.

§ 18. 3. The plain of Heaven, maéairí na bhráidear. Throughout the tale attention has been paid to the correct use of the present tense termination, the usual colloquial ending in—ann, being not used, except where demanded. See 6, 2; 8, 2; 12, 2; 17, 1, 4, 5, 7, &c.

## VOCABULARY.



No word given in vocabulary to Atkinson's "Three Shafts" is here set down.

Áinníue, *gen.* -peacé, proper name of a man.

Altungs, *v.*, praise.

Ánpó, *mas.* hardship.

Áor, *2. n.*, -a, Hugh

Áor óg, the young.

Bárr, *no b.*, on account of.

Bainne, take from: *f. amh*; bain: *f. a.*, buein

Boinn, the Benvie.

Breathn, a salmon

Clobh, *cup i scloibh*, print.

Ceanannoup, Kells Co. Meath

Cuso, cláv, a rampart.

Conscript, de, de.

Cos-ppan, *ce*, *ce*, *ce*, *ce*, level

Coya, *ce*, *ce*, a wen

Cónta, a chant

Cul-pa, a two-year-old calf

Dá-nall, Dáral, proper name

Dátt, a battle

Éir, *ce*, *ce*, *ce*, *ce*, son, ser

Émoc, Émle, Émch, Ém-

emoc, cloth

Erdan, *ce*, *ce*, *ce*, *ce*, *ce*, *ce*

Fíosam, male

Fíosam, just bely.

Fos-tarfe, a servant

Fuigean, *ce*, crew

Sab, take, has many meanings: *ag sábáil fálm*, singing Psalms; *oo sábáodh ar*, they went off.

Saircróeac, a hero.

Sævðeal, -laé, Gael, Gaelic.

Inbeal, bay.

Inip, island.

Tomrám, *verb*, row; *tomrám*, voyage, rowing.

Leathnáct, new milk.

Láinépíbinn, manuscript.

Leig réit óiob, lay weariness aside.

Lomgear and tomrám, see notes

Máro, páma, an oar.

Measúcan, *verb*, *ct* measúring, weigh: the weighing, judgment.

Mianac, longing.

Móruinóp, go m., especially.

Muirne Óg, Virgin Mary

Oláipé, pilgrimage.

Perpe, a pair.

Rán, an oar.

Ron, reach, now rpon, or rpon.

Rop, *ge*, Rop, Ross, name of district

Salm, a psalm.

Seap, *ce*, *ce*, *ce*, *ce*, *ce*

Seile, spittle

Seol-torpeac, sailing

Siapocuá, north west

Siánán, a peculiar sort of musical composition.

Slán, a farewell: *pt* leat, adieu.

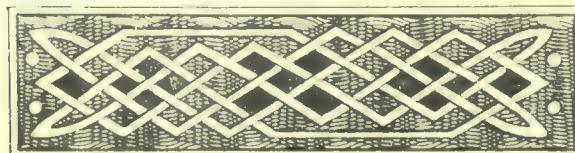
Sliot leabair, a copy of a book.

Sneadúgup, *gen.* -pa, a proper name.

Scéab, a piece, a slice

Tarán, *ce*, *ce*, Tara.

Conn scéip, wave roar roaring sea



## II.

IOMRAM CURAIS MÆTE DÚIN ANNSO.<sup>1</sup>

DOIN LEISCEÓIR.



AS TAITNEAMHAC LEAT  
REAN-PEAL GAEÓILGE,  
AR N-A INNREACHT AR  
MÓD APPARDE AR PIM-  
REAP, AG RO DUIT IOM-  
RAM MÆTE DÚIN, ATÁ  
AR NA PEALTAIB AR  
APPARDE Í AR ÁILNE DÁ  
DTÁIMIC ANUAR ÓN  
TRÉAN-AIMPRI ÓUÍSAM.

§ 1. TRÍ BHIAITNA Í REACHT MÍORA IP EASDO  
BÍ RÉ AR REACHTÁIR AR AN MUÍR MÓIR.

§ 2. DO BÍ REAP MÓR-ÉLTÚMÁIL DO EOÍSAM-  
AÉT MONUPPA. 1. EOÍSAMÁCT NA NÉARANN—  
AIIOLUÍ FAOIBHAR CATEA A ANN. TRÉIM-REAP  
É, Í LAOÉ-ÉISGEARNA A ÉREIBHE Í A MUNNTRÍPE  
PÉIM . . . . DO ÉUARÓ ÍÍ EOÍSAMÁCTA AR  
CREIE<sup>2</sup> SEPIÉ, Í SEÁINSEAD EILE, Í AIIOLUÍ  
FAOIBHAR CATEA I N-AENTARÓ LEIP . . . . DO  
ÉUARÓ AN PÍ DÁ ÉIPÍ PÉIM APÍR, TAP ÉIR CREACÉ  
DO DÉANAM ÓÓ Í GIALLA DO BHEIRET LEIP; Í  
AIIOLUÍ 'N-A FAOCAIR.

§ 3. FAIRFO TAP ÉIR CREACÉ DÁ ÉIPÍ PÉIM  
T'AIIOLUÍ, DO MÁRTHADAR CREACÉADÓIRÍ LÁISGHE-  
E. LOIPERO DUB-ÉLUAM OF A ÉIONN.

§ 4. RUG BEAN AIIOLLA MAC DÁ ÉIR PIN,  
Í TUS RÍ ANN AR. MÆT DÚIN É. RUGADÓ  
AN MAC 'N-A DÍARÓ PIN OF ÍREAL DÁ BAN-  
ÉAPAD, DO BHEANUOÍSAM AN PIOSG, Í DO  
HOILEAD LÉITE-RI É, Í AONUÍBHAIRT RI DO  
MBA NÍ PÉIM A MÁTÁIR. MARI PIN, T'OIÍL AN  
AON-BANALTÓA EIREAN AGUR TMIÚR MAC AN  
PIOSG I N-ÉIM-ÉLIABÁN, Í AR ÉIM-ÉICÉ, Í AR  
ÉAN-ÉGLAÍM.

§ 5. ÁLAIMN, DO DÉINN, A DÉALB-PRÁN;

<sup>1</sup> From *Impreabhar na Gaeóilge*, Vol. IV., n. 39 (Sept., 1891); n. 40 (Feb., 1892); n. 41 (June, 1892); n. 42 (July, 1892); n. 43 (Dec., 1892); n. 44 (March, 1893.)

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<sup>2</sup> Do DÉANAM CREIE

Í TÁ ANUAR AIR MÁ BÍ I SEOLANN PRÁM  
ÉINNEACHT COMH NÁLNUINN LEIP. Ó FÁP RÉ  
ANPRIN DO RAIÓ 'N-A ÓGLAOÉ, DO RAIÓ RÉ  
OIRÉAMHAC T'APMÁIR GAEÓILGE. BA MÓR,  
AN TRÉAD PIN, A FÚBÁDAR, A MÁENAR AGUR A  
CÉLEAFARDEACHT. DO RÁPÚS RÉ GACÉ ÉINNEACHT  
IP GACÉ ETUIÉ DO-ÉGNIDÍR, TÓIP CÁITÉADH  
UAIÉTRÍDÍ, Í MUÍT, Í LÉIMMÍS, Í COMH-MUÍT  
EADÉ. BA LEIP, DO REAPBÉA, BUARÓ GACÉ ETUIÉ  
DÍOBH-PRÁN.

§ 6. LÁ AMÁIN, DO GACÉ FORMAIDH ANUAR ÉIGÍM  
DO GAEÓILGEACHT LEIP, GUR 'UBAIRT' RÉ DO  
FIOSNA, REAPSAÉ "TÚRA," AR RÉ, "NAÉ  
REAPRAÉ ÉINNEACHT CÍA AR DÍOBH TÚ, NAÉ  
REAPRAÉ ÉINNEACHT T'ATÁIR NÁ DO MÁTÁIR  
DO BHEIT AG RÁPÚSADH OIRLAÍN IP GACÉ AON  
ETUIÉ, MÁR AR TÍP, MÁR AR MUÍR, MÁR  
AR PIÉDEILL BÍMTO AG COMÓRTAR LEAT"<sup>3</sup>

§ 7. DO BÍ MÆT DÚIN 'N-A RÓPT, DÍR  
DO FAOI RÉ DO OTÍ PIN DO MBA MÁE DOIN  
RÍS É, Í DOIN BHEANUOÍSAM, DÁ MUNIMÉ,  
AONUÍBHAIRT RÉ ANPRIN LE N-A MUNIMÉ. "NI  
IOPAO Í NÍ ÓLPAD DO N-IMPRIÚR DÁM MÁTÁIR  
Í MO MÁTÁIR," AR RÉ, "AÉT," AR RÍ, "EAD  
RÁ BHEANUÍR AG PIÉFRAISE FAOI PIN? NÍ  
LEIPS DO BHEANTRÍDÍ NA N-ÓSNAODÉ PIOMA-  
RAÉ GOILLEAMHÁIN OFT. MIPE DO MÁTÁIR,"  
AR RÍ, "NÍ MÓ REAPRÉ A (SEORÁ) MAC LE  
DÁOINIB NA TALMÁN IONÁ DO REAPRÉ-FA LIOM-  
RA." "DO B'ÉITÓIR PIN," AR REIREAN, "AÉT  
TABAIR DÁM PIOP MÁTÁIR Í MO MÁTÁIR PÉIM."

§ 8. DO ÉUARÓ A MUNIMÉ LEIP, 'N-A DÍARÓ PIN,  
GUR FÁS I LÁIN A MÁTÁIR É; GUR AGAM RÉ AR A  
MÁTÁIR ANPRIN ANN A ATÁIR T'IMPRIÚT DÓ.  
"BÁOÉT," AR RÍ, "AN NÍ ATÁIR AG TÁRRAIR,  
DÍR, DÁ MBEÓL DUIT T'ATÁIR NIOS B'FÉAIFI  
DUIT, Í NIOS B'FÉAIFI LEAT É, DÍR IP RÁDÁ O  
T'ÉAS RÉ." "ÍR REAPRÍ LIOM PIOP BHEIT AGAM  
AIR, AR ÉADÓI AR BÍT," AR RÉ.

<sup>3</sup> RÁPÁRDE. <sup>4</sup> DO NUÍBHAIRT NÓ GUR ÓUBHAIRT. <sup>5</sup> AONUÍ-  
TEAP DO FÍJ-MÍNÍC "AN NÍ ATÁ TÚ (TUO) TÁRRAIR," "Ó DO  
CAILLEADH É

§ 9. *Abubairt* ri a atair leir<sup>1</sup> annrin go fírinnead. "Ailioll Faobhar Cata d'atam," ari ri, "d'Eoganaet Monupra." Do éuaird ré, 'n-a diaid rin, d'a atarba d'a tár pán, 7 a comaltaí leir (7 ba hólaoi e ionmhuine iad pú). Agur do b'i páilte ag a mhuinntír ód, 7 do éuiréadair meirnead mór ann.

§ 10. Aimpír éigim 'n-a diaid rin, do b'i foinn óglaoe i peile eille Dub-éluana, ag caiteamh cloe (núpt). Do b'i cop Maelse Dúin 'n-a pearam ari foírbae<sup>2</sup> na heaglaise, 7 iп diairpti do b'i ré ag caiteamh na cloíe. Feap nimh-éangstaé éigim do mhuinntír na eille, Uairene a ainnm abubairt reipean le Maelse Dúin:—"Ba feapar túint níosgaltar do déanamh do'n feap do lóircead ponn (annro) ioná bheit ag caiteamh cloe tár a énáma loma lóirceadh!" "Cia rin?" ari Maelse Dúin. "Ailioll," ari ré, "d'atamh réin." "Cia do mairb<sup>3</sup> é?" ari Maelse Dúin. Abubairt Uairene "éireadair aonóirí do Laisip," ari ré, "7 do milleadh ari an mball ro é." Do téig ré an édoe uaird annrin 7 do éuir a bhrat uime 7 do éuir a éulairt gáircead ari, 7 ba bhrónaé do b'i ré dé.

§ 11. Agur do lóris ré an t-eolair go Laisip, 7 abubairt ari tucht eolair leir, naé bhrisneadh ré túit aét ari muij. Do éuaird ré annrin go Coimíonuá ag iarradh aoná 7 beannachta ari bhragóid do b'i ainn, go utóiriseadh ré ag déanadh báid. (Nuca ainn an t-riail, 7 iп uaird annmíseadh Uaireann Nuca i. Céppairg Nuca). Abubairt reipean leir an lá a utóiríodh ré an báid, 7 meard na foirne do raéad muinti, i. reácht bhrír déag; agur abubairt leir gan duine ní ba mór ní ba luighe ioná rin<sup>4</sup> do túit muinti; agur abubairt leir an lá a raéad ré ari muij.

§ 12. Annrin do físe Maelse Dúin báid tuis-épíoneadh,<sup>5</sup> 7 do b'i an t-riéam do b'i le

<sup>1</sup> d'innur ri . . . ód. <sup>2</sup> gean-balla do leisear i leis. <sup>3</sup> cormhionól. <sup>4</sup> mairbhus, mairb. <sup>5</sup> t'íarpi ré an healaé. "faoi nó éairip rin" <sup>7</sup> i. eufach déanta do flataibh 7 cíopeann bó fínte oppia ari an taobh amuig.

dut 'n-a fócaip, péró. Do b'i Seapmán, 7 Diúpán file, oppa.

§ 13. Do éuaird ré ari muij annrin, an lá ari 'ubairt an t-riaoi leir imteacht.

§ 14. Mar do éuairdair beagán ó tár, tár eir ari treoil do tógháil dób, iп annrin tágadair a tóimír comalta i. tóimír mac a oide 7 a muijme, do'n éuan 'n-a ndiaird. 7 d'fógrádair ari teaté éuca ari scéal ari 'n-a gcoinne, go dtéirbóir leó. "Pillid a baile; óip d'a dtéirbóir ari scéal pán," ari Maelse Dúin, "ní raigéad" liom-ja aét a bhríl agairn annro." "Ragmuir-ne" id' diaid iп an muij, go mbáirópeap pinn, muna dtágairp-re éisgáinn." Do éuiréadair iad pán a tóimír iп an muij, 7 gnáthuio i bhrad ó tár. O do éonnaic Maelse Dúin an ní rin, d'iompairis pán éuca, 'n-a gcoinne, éum naé mbáirótí iad, 7 éis iпteach iп an gcearaí iad.

§ 15. Do b'fhorair an lá rin go tráthnóna ag iompair, 7 an oide 'n-a diaid rin go meathón-oide, go bhríadair d'a inip beaga maola, 7 d'a dún ionta: go scualadair amach ari na dúnaith fuaim 7 foíshar na meirice, agur na miltó ag maorídeam [a ngníom]. Agur ba hé ro abubairt feap aca te feap eile:—"Congbhus uaim," ari ré, "iп tréime mire ioná tura, óip iп mire do mairb Ailioll Faobhar Cata, 7 do lóirce Dub-éluam ari; 7 ní físeadh ole dám d'a tóimír go dtí reo te n-a mhuinntír; 7 ní d'earnaíp-re a fáinil rin do gníom." "Buaidh i Láimhe an ní reo!" ari Seapmán, 7 ari Diúpán, file: "iп tréimé éis Dia pinn 7 do gáibh [ptiúp] ari mbáirónin iompair. Téirímpair 7 eiseácmairp an d'a dún ro, 6 d'fóillípír Dia ari náimhde ionta."

16. Mar do b'fhorair ari na bhríadairiib rin, támairc gaoth mór oppa, go rabhadair d'a n-ioméar iп muij an oide 'n-a diaid rin go mairtin. Agur ari mairtin pán ní fácadair tír ioná talam, 7 níos b'eolt dób cá fácadair. Iп annrin abubairt Maelse Dúin:—"Leigíod do'n báid bheit 'n-a comhairde<sup>10</sup>; 7 an taoibh iп

<sup>8, 9</sup> fácadú fácadair, i gComhaictaib. <sup>10</sup> Ari a fógraíte.

ail le Dia a tábairt, tugaird uib é." Do tréallatadair annpin amach is an muiр mór neamh-fóirfeannais, 7 aodúbairt Mael Dáin ié n-a comháltas:—"Is rib-re tug ro oppainn, agus buri óteilgean fóm é an gcuairé, tarp óchéar i an oícheadóra 7 an dhuad aodúbairt linn gan d'fuisiunn do dul is an gcuairé acht a phair agaínn innti fómáib-re." Ni phair fheagair aca-ran, acht bheit 'n-a ropt le seal.

§ 17. Táí lá 7 táí horóibh óibh, 7 ní fuaireadair tír ioná talamh. Annpan, marlin an tréar lár, do éualatadair foighí uatá i n-oíche-éuaird. "Sáihí tunne le tír i reo!" ap Seapmán. An tan éamh an polaird óibh annpin, do fingealadair apí an tír. Marí do biondair ag eairteamh eirinn<sup>1</sup> ag fóideamh eis aca rásadh i dtír, is annpin éamh fógráda mór do fheangánaiibh, 7 gáidh feangán vioibh éomh mór le feagrád, apí an tráis éuca apí an muiр. Ba mian leó iao fóm 7 a roiteacé d'ite, 7 teicteo marí rin. Táí lá eile 7 táí horóibh óibh, 7 ní fuaireadair tír ioná talamh.

§ 18. Marlin an tréar lár do éualatadair foighí tunne le tráis, 7 do éonnacadair. Le polaird an lár, inip mór árto, 7 fírscamna 'n-a timéill mágusaird. Ba híble gáidh foirfeaman vioibh ioná an ceann ba gúinte óibh. Agus líne do éirinnaith 'n-a timéill, 7 mórán n'fhealainb mórta apí na eirinnaith rin. Agus do comháiltiseadair<sup>2</sup> le céile ag fóideamh eis vioibh rásadh ag cuartusgád na hinde. 7 ag fóideamh an rásbádair na hén ceannra. "Is mire rásáir," apí Mael Dáin. Do éuaird Mael Dáin annpin, 7 do éuairdair is inip, 7 ní fuaireamh-ní d'ole innti; 7 d'iteadair a pháit do na heanaith, 7 tágadair éamh eile vioibh ipteacé i n-a gcuairé leó.

§ 19. Táí lá 7 táí horóibh apí muiр 'n-a díaró rin. Marlin an tréar lár d'airíseadair inip mór eile. Saimhleád a talamh. Mar éamhaidair go tráis na hinde, do éonnacadair ainnmíde is an inip mar (béal) ead. Cúraeon air, 7 ingne ghearrá gáibh, 7 ba mór an fánáit do bí aige óibh: do bí ré ag leimnís

'n-a bhrádúire, óir ba mian leip iao fóm 7 a roiteacé d'ite. "Ní bhrónaí atá ré fómáinn," ap Mael Dáin, "tríallmuir ap geál ó'n inip." Do-ghníos an ní rin: 7 marí d'airígs an t-ainmíde iao ag teictead, do éuaird ré apí an tráis, 7 do gáidh ag toéalt na tráis le n-eingne ghearrá 7 ag eairteamh upéar leó." 7 níor fhaileadair-ran go n-éalbheartír uairid.

§ 20. Tríomphadair i bhrád annpin. 7 do-éito inip mór péró uatá. Do eairteadair eirinn, 7 do éuaird róise-éirinn ap Seapmán dul ag fóideamh apí an inip. "Raéamhrua agraon," ap Diúrpán file, "ionnar go dtagair-re liom-re, uair eile, i n-inip ap bith éirípreoar an eirinn oifm." Do éuairdair agraon is an inip. Mór a mheada 7 leitead, 7 do éonnacadair fáidh mór fáda, 7 lóigéad áróibh-ármóra eadé innri, mheada feoile luinge i lóigéad eirinná gáidh eile. Agus éonnacadair annpin, fóir, blaoigrá eanáid mór, 7 eniúe móra d'fuisleas (na n-éanáid) d'fás daonra iomána<sup>3</sup> 'n-a uairid. Ba heagat leó an in do éonnacadair: 7 do ghlaoibh-dair a muinntear éuca d'fheirpin na nearté do éonnacadair, 7 do éuairdair uile go diam, deiríbheasé, (ipteacé) i n-a gcuairé. Do tréallatadair beagán ó tír, go bhracadair fhuas mór apí an muiр ag dul do'n inip. 7 do éirípreoar-ran a n-eile ag piú le céile tarp éiríteadair go foitche na hinde óibh. Luchté ioná an gáidh gáidh eadé, 7 ba mór a ngleád 7 a ngeád 7 a bhróighí, go gcuaila Mael Dáin bhéimeanná na n-ealbhars aca 7 gáidh a ngeáid gáidh dhoibh: "Tabhair leat an t-ealbh gáidh!" "Tiomáin leat, an capall donn tatt!" "Tabhair leat an capall bán!" "Sé m'eadar ap luairé!" "M'eadar ap feagair téamh!" Mar do éualatadair na bhratára rin, d'fheigheadair leó apí a ndícheall, óir ba de arbh leó go mba fhuas do theamhaith do éonnacadair.

§ 21. Seádtáin iomláin óibh, 'n-a díaró rin, ag iomramh i n-oícheas 7 i dtáirt, go bhrádúadair inip mór árto, 7 teacé mór innti apí tráis na mara, 7 doríar apí an tír (ag dul amach) i mheadair na hinde, 7 doríar eile (ag dul ipteacé)

<sup>1</sup>Ag eirinnéar, ag dul éum eirinnite. <sup>2</sup>Tágadair comháile.

<sup>3</sup> Sá ghearrtaid. <sup>4</sup> ionad, ní mórán, do daonraibh

is an muijr,  $\gamma$  comhla étoile ar an doras rím. Do bhí poll trír an doras rím, trír a dtéitseáir comhla na mara na bhratáin ipteaé i lár an tíse rím. Do éasadh aor ipteaé is an teád rím,  $\gamma$  ní fuaireadh éinneadh ann. Do éonnacadh aor ann an leabhar cumhádáta do éeannróist (fear) an tíse rím,  $\gamma$  leabhar do gáé truimh rámh minnití,  $\gamma$  biaóth do gáé truimh aor aghairí gáé leabhar,  $\gamma$  roiteád gáineadh  $\gamma$  teigs-leann ann, ar aghairí gáé leabhar,  $\gamma$  earráin gáineadh ar gáé roiteád. Do éasadh aor an biaóth  $\gamma$  an teamann ann,  $\gamma$  éigseadh buiréadair  $\gamma$  altúiseadh do Dia,  $\gamma$  fóidí oppa i n-aonsoirta.

§ 22. Nuair éasadh aor ón imir rím, do bhiodar rois móir (camall fada) ag ionrach gán biaóth, go hoibráid, go bhráfar aor imir  $\gamma$  aill móir 'n-a timéott ar gáé taobh,  $\gamma$  eott é aol fada minic,  $\gamma$  ba móir a phuise agus a saor. Do ghlac Mael Dúin pláit 'n-a lám nuair é aistítear rí tuinéott rím, ag gábháil éairíte ó. Cír iasachta  $\gamma$  trí horóe do bhí an tráit 'n-a lám  $\gamma$  an earráid faisnéilte taobh na haitte,  $\gamma$  aor an tréasach tóruairidh Mael Dúin trí huibhlá 'n-a genáir aifíunn na pláite. Óráidíre oróe do éotuigé gáé inbheitheach iad.

§ 23. Fuaireadh aor imir eile ann,  $\gamma$  geannra do étoileach 'n-a timéall. Mar do éasadh aor 'n-a goirí, ó éigis amhráin móir  $\gamma$  mécír rí trácht-timéall na hinde. Dáirte Mael Dúin, ba luanach ionád an ghaotáil,  $\gamma$  do "éigis rí eorpa"  $\gamma$  ann, ionbhan, a éannach éis  $\gamma$  a éora éuair,  $\gamma$  is amharca do bhí rí  $\gamma$  ag dul timéall 'n-a ériúeann,  $\gamma$  an fheidil  $\gamma$  na enáma ag ionróid aét an eorúeann aor an taobh amuig gán eorpaíse. Níl, am eile, an eorúeann aor an taobh amuig ag ionróid aor níor muintinn  $\gamma$  na enáma  $\gamma$  an fheidil 'n-a geannrath. Nuair do bhí rí eorpa rím le fada, ó éigis 'n-a eorpaír aír,  $\gamma$  pítrí timéall na hinde mágseanaithe, mar do mhusne rí aor an trácht. Do éuair do'n ionad céadna aír,  $\gamma$  an uair ro an leat rámh ériúeann do bhí éis, is eadó do bhí gán eorpaíse,  $\gamma$  an leat eile do bhí éuair ag imir mágseanaithe aor níor étoileach.

<sup>1</sup> Cteap é ro do étoileachair na Laois móra fad ó.

muilinn. Ba hé rím do étoileach rí ag dul timéall na hinde. Do teicéil Mael Dúin  $\gamma$  a muintirtear aor a lán-vidéall,  $\gamma$  d'airíse an t-ainmhithe ag teicéad iad,  $\gamma$  do éuair aor an tráis go mbéireadh oppa,  $\gamma$  do gáé 'gá' ghearráit,  $\gamma$  eaitír  $\gamma$  teigsír éloéa an éuam 'n-a nuaír. Do éuair éloé tóisí ipteaé is an gcuairé gáinéoll rí ríseach Mael Dúin  $\gamma$  go nuaéadair i n-dúrmh-loinge (cille) an éigseas.

§ 24. Níor éan doibh ann aor go bhráfar aor imir árto eile,  $\gamma$  i aonbinn,  $\gamma$  móran t-ainmhitheibh móra innti eorpaíl le heacáil. Do bainníoirí ghearr aor taobháibh a éite,  $\gamma$  éigseadair leibh an eorúeann  $\gamma$  an feidil, go mburpitoirí rímita fola foirfeadhais aor a taobháibh ionmair go ríath an talamh lán rí. Ann aor go fágadh aor imir rím go ríamh, deirbhíreáil. Do bhiotar bhrónaí, ghearráin, lás:  $\gamma$  níor b'eoil doibh é a taobh aor doimhín i ríachairí, ní eá hait i bhrúigheoirí eabhair, ní tír ní talamh.

§ 25. Ránsaodair ann aor imir móir eile, tar eis doibh tuilleadh móir, oírlas  $\gamma$  trácht, do bheith oírlas:  $\gamma$  iad eorpa, eorpaideal, gán rínt le eabhair fearta. Móran do ériannáibh is an imir rím  $\gamma$  iad lán-tráchtáil; ubla móra órbla oírlas. Seapáil-ainmhithe deirbhais mar mheala ra na ériannáibh rím; do tráchtóirí le bun na ghearrann,  $\gamma$  do bhuailteoirí le n-a scóra deirbhí iad go dtuitidír na húblá ríob, go n-írtidír iad. Ó marain go luigé na ghearrann do gáinéil an ní rím; ó luigé na ghearrann go marain ní b'fágaidh aor aon éon, aét do bhiotar i n-uaithneibh na talamh. Móran t-éanáibh aor gnáth timéall na hinde rím mágseanaithe, aor an taobh amuig. Ó marain go nóm do gnáthairí ní ba rí a  $\gamma$  ní ba rí amach ón imir. Ó nóm go feareann do tráchtóirí ní ba ghearr  $\gamma$  ní ba ghearr do'n imir, go dtéidír, tar éis éir luigé na ghearrann, is an imir. Do lomairír na húblá ann aor  $\gamma$  tráchtóirí iad. "Tráchtóir," aor Mael Dúin, "is an imir i bpríte na hénim; ní deasra Ó Dáinne ionád do na

<sup>2</sup> Ag eorúeann leó. <sup>3</sup> Do fhorfeadh aor, fhorúeadh aor.

<sup>4</sup> comfeareap, cóntráit na h-oróe.

héanair." Do éuaird feair óis ó annrin t'feicir na hinspe, ḡ do glaorid feisean na píp eile cinge. Te an talam fa n-a scóraib, ḡ níor feadadair áitiúgaib innti as a teaf, óip ba típ teintíde i, ḡ do téitead na hainmíodé an talam of a scionn. Tugadair beagán do na hublaib leó, ḡ téidír i n-a scúraib cír ba lears (deacair) leó, óip níor óis é tap éir a dtuippe, tap éir ocrasír móri ḡ tap éir raoctair ó tuinn go tuinn. An tan do bì rotar na marone ann, do éuadair na hén ó'n inip ap ránáí ap an muiр. Leip rin, do tógbairdip na hainmíodé teintíde a scinn ap a n-uamháib, ḡ d'icídír na hubla do luigé na ghláme. An tan do cuiptí 'n-a n-uamháib iao, do téidír na hén tap a n-éir d'ite<sup>1</sup> na n-uaball. D'imirg Mael Dúin ḡ a muinntear annrin, ḡ do bairigeadair a paib do na hublaib ann an ordeé rin. Do éongbairdip na hubla ocrasír ḡ tapit uata comh maist céadna. Ír annrin do lionadair a scúraé do na hublaib marí ba mait leó, ḡ do émialladair ap muiр aipir.

§ 26. An tan do élipreadair<sup>2</sup> na hubla rin oppa, ḡ ba móri a n-ocrasír ḡ a dtarft, ḡ an tan do bioradair a mbéala ḡ a rróna lán do bhréantair na mara, do-cír inip náp móri, ḡ dún innti, ḡ balla geal ápo 'n-a tímchioll rin amairt ír dá mba ap aol doíse te do rígsnead é, ná amairt ír dá mba aon éloé éairce é. Móri a áipde ó'n muiр—beag naé pánis ré néalta níme. Forghailte do bì an dún. Tígte pneacáitála gléigeala 'n-a tímchioll. Marí do éuadair ipteac ír an teac ba mó óis, ní facadair éinneac ann aét cat beag do bì apí uplár an tige, as cluice<sup>3</sup> apí na ceitíre huairíb cloiche do bì ann. Téidéad ré do líim ó ceann go céile óis. D'fhead ré le real beag apí na feapairb, ḡ níor ríad ré dá cluice.

§ 27. Connacádair trí rípeata apí balla an tige, ó upprain go hupprain mágcuairt. Speat ann, apí dtúr, do bhréantair óip ḡ aipgír, ḡ a scóra ír an mballa; agur rípeat do muin-

topcaib óip agur aipgír—marí fionnra daibhce (dabairge) gac muin-topc óis. An tréar rípeat, do élatóimib móra, agur iomdhúilp óip agur aipgír oppa. Do bioradair leabhaíca an tige lán do éoilectib geala agur d'éadaícaib lonnraíca. Dáim bhrúste, marí an scéadna, agur tinne<sup>4</sup> ap uplár an tige; ḡ roitig móra agur deig-leann meirgeamhail ionnta. "An dúinn-ne fágbaib po?" apí Mael Dúin leir an scat. D'fhead an cat apí go hobann, ḡ do gáib as cluice aipir.

§ 28. Do éuig Mael Dúin annrin gur ba dónib fágbaib an phionn: do phionneadair anarín, agur d'oladair, agur do éoileadair. Do éuipreadair fuisleac an leanna ír na potaib, agur fuisleac an bító i utairí. An tan do baoileadair imcheat, atubhairt tréar comalta Maile Dúin: "An dtiubhrat liom muin-topc óis po?" "Ná tabhair!" apí Mael Dúin, "ní gan comhád atá an teacé" Tug ré leip ceann aca, apí a fion rin, go lár na leapa; do éuaird an cat 'n-a díair agur do líim tríod amairt fáigír teintíde, do dónig é go paib ré 'n-a luaitheád, agur do éuaird apí a air go paib apí a uaithe aipir. Do bhréas Mael Dúin an cat le n-a bhrúche, ḡ do éuip an muin-topc 'n-a ionad apí aip. ḡ do gian an luaitheád do lár na leapa, ḡ do éait apí éimhír na mara é. Do émialladair annrin i n-a scúraib. as molad ḡ as altúgaib an Tígeapna.

§ 29. Mairid go moé, an tréar la 'n-a díaird rin, do-cír inip eile, ḡ ríonnra umha tap a lár, do roinn an inip 'n-a dá leit; ḡ do-cír tréada móra do éaoícheib innti, iondon, tréad dub an taobh i bhus do'n ríonnra, agur tréad bán an taobh tall do. Agur connacádair feair móri as dealuigád na gcaorpa ó céile. Nuair do caitead ré caora bán tap an ríonnra anall gur na caorpa dubha, do biorad rí dub apí an mball<sup>5</sup>: nuair do éuipread ré caora dub tap an ríonnra anonn, do biorad rí bán apí an mball. Do buail ríonnra iao, apí feicir an neit rin dónib. "So an ní apí feapar dúinn," apí

<sup>1</sup> as ite. <sup>2</sup> Mealladair. <sup>3</sup> imipt.

<sup>4</sup> Taobh feóla. <sup>5</sup> Apí an toirt, gan móill.

Mael Dúin; "caitímir dá plait iptimeac is an inip. Má atphuigíodh dat, atphóimíodh-ne dá dtéidíodh innti!" Annín do éalteadair plac dubh aip an taoibh i mbabádai na caoráca bána, agur do b'fí bán aip an mball. Annín do éalteadair plac lomha, gheal, aip an taoibh i mbabádai na caoráca dubha, agur do b'fí dubh aip an mball. "Ní reacán an fhomád hin," aip Mael Dúin, "ná téidímir is an inip; go deapbáta, níor b'fearr aip ndáit ioná dat na plac." Do éuadódar aip gcuil ó'n inip le heagla móir.

§ 30. An tpeair lá 'n-a óláidh hin o'airíseadair inip móir leatan eile, agur tpeaird do mhealbh ailtne innti. Marbhait bánd beag ósob. Annín níor bhéadadair a bheirt leó dá bhuile, go dtángadair uile 'n-a tíméiol: do bhuileadh aip annín agur tugadair leó iptimeac 'n-a gcuirc é. Do-éidh annín rialb móir is an inip, ḡ do phaoileadair teáct o'fearainn na hinde aip. Mar do éuadó Tuípán file, agur Seapmán, ag tinnill aip an rialb, buadar-dair abainn leatan, náisi ómain, rómpa. Do tóm Seapmán eor a gáe inip an abainn ḡ do dóniseadh aip an mball i, mar do loipéadó teme i, agur ní bheadadair níor ria. Connacadarí annín, taobh tall do'n abainn, óamá móra maola 'n-a linge, agur feair móir 'n-a fuidhe 'n-a geomair.<sup>1</sup> Do bhuail Seapmán rileas le rígilte go ríannphuigéad na dama. "Cao fá ríannphuigí na laoig baocta?" aip an t-aodháipe móir hin. "Cá hait i bhuil maithe na laoig ro?" aip Seapmán. "Táid taobh tall do'n tphilb út." Do éuadódar go dtí n-a gcaomhainteaclá<sup>2</sup> agur inníodh na feála ósob. Oimtigeadair leó annín.

§ 31. Níor éian 'n-a óláidh hin go bhuadar-dair inip, agur muileann móir gránda innti, agur muilneóir gleannbád, gránda, gairbh ann. Fiappuigíodh de, "cra an muileann é reo?" "Cuma hin," aip ré, "an ní náidh riop díb, ní aitneadh é?" "Ná habair hin!" aip riadóran. "Leat aibair buri dtípe," aip ré, "is annró meiltear é. Saibh ní maoiðtear, is an muileann ro meiltear é."

§ 32. Leis hin, do-éidh na huaileige tróma ar áipeamh aip eacair agur aip daoimh ag dul éum an muilinn agur uairí aipír; aét an téad do-éiríte uairí, is riap do-éiríte. O'fiappuigéadair at-uaip, "caid is ainn do'n muileann ro?" "Muileann Inbhir treccanann," aip an muilneóir. Do gcearradair comh-áipta cpoíce Cíoforth oppa féin annín, ó do éuadódar ḡ do connacadarí na neite ro uile. Do éuadódar iptimeac 'n-a gcuirc aip teicéad.

§ 33. Nuair do éuadódar annín ó'n inip út an muilinn, buadar-dair inip móir agur rialb móir do daoimh innti. Dúb iad, iadíonn cíorr agur éadair; ceann-snáithe fa-n-a gceannáibh, agur ní rtadairíodh do bheirt ag caoi. Do éuit tóicé-éiríndair aip óuine do bheirt comhala Maele Dúin (⁹ do éiní aip) dul aip an inip. Mar do éuadó reifearan gur na daoine do b'fí ag caoi, ba éadomhainteacl leó<sup>3</sup> aip an mball é, ḡ do gáib ag caoi leó. Do círpeadh bheirt eile dá thábhairt aip aip, ḡ níor aitneis-eadarí tapa na daoine eile é, ḡ do éorúis-eadarí<sup>4</sup> féin ag caoi. Is annín aitneadh Maet Dúin: "Téidéadó ceatrapí ósob," aip ré, "le n-burí n-áarma, ḡ tugairt lib na rípi aip éigim, ḡ ná deapcaró aip an talmain ná aip an aer, ḡ círpíb buri n-éadair fa buri mbéala ḡ fa buri rróna, ḡ ná ruigair aip na tíre, ḡ na tógsbairt buri rúile do buri bhealaibh féin." Do rígnéadó aitneadh hin. Do éuadó an ceatrapí ḡ ruigadair leó an bheirt eile aip éigim. Nuair do fiappuigí ósob, cíorr do connacadarí is an tír, aitneadh: "Ní riop díinn go deimhín, aét gáe a bpacamair ag a déanamh ag an dpeim eile, do rígnéamair féin aitneadh." Tángadair go luat ó'n inip 'n-a óláidh hin.

§ 34. Tísto, 'n-a óláidh hin, go hinír áitíó in-a mbabádair ceitípe ríonnáir do roinn 'n-a ceitípe ríonnáibh i. Scomhra óip aip dtúp; ríonnáir aipíodh annín; an tpeair ríonnáir óuina; ḡ an ceatramhaid ríonnáir do glocme. Rí is an gceatramhaid ríonn; bainpíosgán is an ríonn eile; gaircidígs is an ríonn eile; ingeana<sup>5</sup> is an ríonn eile. Do éuadó

<sup>1</sup> Órócar. <sup>2</sup> Compánacha.

<sup>3</sup> Do b'fí mar óuine ósob féin. <sup>4</sup> Cíomhádar. <sup>5</sup> Óg mná.

insean 'n-a gcoinne,<sup>1</sup> & tuig a dtír iad, agus tuig biaibh óibh. Do fámhluigeadar le cárpe é, & cibé blap do ba mait le gáe éinnead é do-ghreibeaibh ré aip é. Agus do riap rí iad ar roiteadé beag, gur éadladaibh tioibh meirge trí lá & trí horúde. Do b' ian insean ag fhearratáil oppa ar feadó na haimriple rín. Nuair do dhuirigeadar an tsear lá, i' n-a gcoirpach aip muij do b'iodar: ní facadair i n-éan áit an inip ná an insean. O'iomradar aip 'n-a diaidh rín.

§ 35. Fuafradar inip eile annrin, náip ba mór, & dún innti. Doipar umairde aip agus ceangail<sup>2</sup> umairde aip an doipar. Dhoiúeado gloine aip. Nuair do téitidír fuap aip an dhoiúeado, do chuitidír riop aip gcuil. Leip rín do-cír bean amach aip an dún & roiteadé 'n-a láim: tógsairí cláir gloine d'ioetáip an dhoiúeado agus lionairí an roiteadé aip an tobar do b' fán dhoiúeado & do chuaibh ipteacé i' n-a diaidh. "Tig bean-tigé" do Mael Dúin!<sup>3</sup> aip Gearmán. "Do Mael Dúin, an n-eat?" aip ríre; & do dún rí an doipar 'n-a diaidh. Annrin do b'iodar ag bhualaibh na gceangal umairde, agus an t'ín umairde do b' oppia: agus an foíshíp do pugneadairí mairi rín ba éol taitneamhach téid-binn é, do chuir 'n-a gscodlaibh iad go mairid aip n-a báraé.

§ 36. Nuair do dhuirigeadar, connacadarí an bean céadona ag teacéit aip an dún & a roiteadé 'n-a láim, agus lionairí fán scéadona é. "Tig bean-tigír do Mael Dúin, céana," aip Gearmán. "Naé mórí an truim atá agam ann!" aip rí, & do dún rí an doipar 'n-a diaidh. O'fágair<sup>4</sup> an éol céadona 'n-a gscodlaibh aip iad go lá aip n-a báraé.

§ 37. Trí lá & trí horúde óibh aip an gcoimh rín. An ceathramháibh lá, do chéall an bean éuca. Áluinn go deimhín támairg rí ann. Bhrat geal uirpu. Fáinne óip fa n-a folt. Folt órda uirpu. Óa bhróigín aipisgo aip a corpáibh geal-éocra. Bhréanair aipisgo 'n-a bhrat, & bhréanair óip ann; & leine pór-éadorthom riota le n-a geal-éocra. "Fáilte romhat! a Mael Dúin," aip rí, agus do gholr rí aip gáe feap aip

leit tioibh 'n-a ainnm tóilear fénim. "Ír fada is eol & is aitne buri oteaet annro," aip rí. Agus do-bheir ipteacé iad i oteaet mór do b' i n-áice na mara agus tuig a gcoirpach i dtír. Annrin connacadarí is an tig pompa leabaird do Mael Dúin fénim, agus leabaird do gáe tríubh d'á muinntir. Do-bheir rí óibh, i n-éiméir, biaibh corraibh le cárpe. Tuig rí curu do gáe tríubh. Gáe blap ba mian le cárpe, is ead do-ghreibeaibh aip. Do riap rí Mael Dúin i leat-taoibh. Lionairí fán a roiteadé fán scéadóna agus riomhri óibh—lán roiteig do gáe tríubh: do riap rí gáe tríubh do néip uaine. O'airín rí an tan ba leibh leibh, agus do r'gur rí d'áriap. "Dean oileamhnaí do Mael Dúin an bean ro!" aip gáe feap d'á muinntir. O'iméig rí annrin le n-a eir agus le n-a roiteadé uatá.

§ 38. Adubairt a muinntearí le Mael Dúin: "An labhróémuid leite t'fearáid an mbéirí rí 'n-a mnaoi agat?" "Cáir m'froibh," aip feirfean, "labhairt leite?"

§ 39. Tig rí aip n-a báraé. Adubhradarí leite: "an mbéirí ro' mnaoi ag Mael Dúin?" Do chuaibh rí d'á tig annrin, agus tig aip n-a báraé an trácht céadona d'á riap. Nuair do b'iodar aip meirge & rátach, aitheáidh na bhratára céadona leite. "I mbáraé," aip rí, "do bhréigeara óaoibh d'á éaoibh rín. Do chuaibh rí annrin d'á tig. Agus do éadladaibh rí aip a leabálaibh. Nuair do dhuirigeadar, i' n-a gcoirpach do b'iodar, aip éaprais; agus ní facadair an inip ná an dún ná an bean, ná an áit i mbáthair aip.

§ 40. Mairi do chuaibh aip ó'n áit rín, do chuaibh aip i n-oifreuthair gáip mór agus gáibh moj Sabáil palm. An oiréidh rín agus an lá aip n-a báraé go nóm d'óibh ag iomramh t'fearáid an tig aip gáibh nó cia an gáibh rín do chuaibh. Do-cír inip aip pláibh, lán t'fearáibh duibh & donna & bhréaca ag glaothas agus ag labhairt go hárto.

§ 41. O'iomradar beagán ó'n inip rín, go bhrúadair inip eile náip ba mór. Céann iomáda innti, & éin iomáda oppa. Agus connacadarí, 'n-a diaidh rín, feap aip an inip, agus a folt fénim do b' t'fearáid aip. Annrin t'fearáid fuiúgeadair de cia'n b'f' fénim, & cia'n tioibh é

<sup>1</sup> 'n-a n-airceir. <sup>2</sup> cuitbheac glair. <sup>3</sup> tigír. <sup>4</sup> fág.

"O'fearaibh Éireann mire," ari ré; "do éuaðar i n-oiliúire (tútar) i gcuimhne beag, ḫ do fgoilt mo cupaċ rúm marí do éuaðar beagán ó thír. Do éuaðar i dtír ari, agur do éuipreap róth d'úir mo thír fa mo éora ḫ do tógsbar me fém ari, agur do éuaðar ari muiř. Agur d'fág Dia an róth rín iŋ an láthair reo,<sup>1</sup> agur cuiprú Dia tróis gac bliadain ari a leitead ari rín anuas go dtí ro, agur eprann gac bliadain ḫ fár ann." "Na hén do-éir iŋ na eprannaibh," ari ré, "am-mannamo éclonne agur mo muiintíreath, ionr mna agur feara, atá ḫ speim éirg agur uirge an tobari thír Dia óam: thír rín eugam gac lá," ari ré, "tré fpreastal amseal. Um érathóna ari, thír leat-bairghean eile agur speim éirg do gac aon feap díobh rúth agur do gac aon mnaoi. Uirge an tobari, marí ari leóp le gac éinneacé."

§ 42. Nuair do biotarí na trí horðe aorídeacáta iptis, d'fágbaðar rílan agur beannácht aige. Agur adubhaint feirean leó. "Sporéfiró"<sup>2</sup> ríb uile buri dtír fém aet éin-fear amáin."

§ 43. An tréar lá 'n-a Óriat rín, "fágbaro mire eile, ḫ clád óir 'n-a tíméoll, ḫ talaíonn inntíte ari nór cluimhais. Do-éir annrin feap inntíte, ḫ iŋ ead ba héatac ó, fionnrað a éuirp fém. Do fiaffuiseadair ve annrin cia an bhealha do bhoi aige. "Tá tobar," ari ré, "aonro iŋ an mire ro. An Doine ḫ an Céadraoin, meádus nō uirge iŋ ead do-veirtearí ari. An Doimhne ḫ laete feile na maistíreacé deag-bainne. Aet laete feile na nárrtolt ḫ muiře ḫ Eoin Bairde iŋ cuipm ḫ fion do-veirtearí ari, ḫ laete pollamanta na bliadóna." Um nónin, annrin, támic ó'n Tíseapna óbóis uile leat-bairghean gac ríb, ḫ speim éirg, ḫ d'órlaðar a nódóin do'n liom tuigeadh óbóis ari tobari na hinsre, ḫ do cuiprí rín i ruan cotulata iad ó'n tráth rín go lá ari n-a bárač.

§ 44. Nuair do éartheadar trí orðe aorídeacáta, d'orfuise ag cléiríeac óbóis bairt aet imteacá, ḫ d'fágbaðar rílan aige annrin.

§ 45. Nuair do biotarí le fada ari luargáð

ari na tonntaibh, do éonnacadarí, i bprad uata, inír, ḫ marí tágadarí i bprógrír tó, do éuaðadar rogarí na ghabann ḫ bualad bpróta ari an inneón le horðaibh, marí béalad bualad tóimír nō ceatphair. An tan do éuaðadar i bprógrír, do éuaðadar feapí díobh ḫ fiaffuise d'fear eile. "An bpruile i bprógrír?" "Táid," ari feapí eile. "Cia hiad," ari feapí eile, "aodairtí bairt ḫ teacá?" "Mic beaga, do-éitearí Óam, 'ran umarí beag útanall."

§ 46. Marí do éuala Mael Óam an ní ríntaobhradarí na ghabann, aodair: "tigmír ari scéul," ari ré, "᷑ ná capamaoir an cupaċ, aet biond a deirpeadó róimhe, ionnár nae n-aipigíodír ari teiceadó inn." Tompairí leó annrin, ḫ deirpeadó an cupaċis róimhe. Annrin d'fiaffuise ag feapí céadra do bí iŋ an gceaprócam: "An foirghe do'n éuan aonir iad?" ari ré. "Aitáit 'n-a vtort (gcomháidé)," ari an deapcarí (feapí-paire), "aet ní tagairt i leit, ní téidit aononn." Niop éian 'n-a Óriat-rin, guri fiaffuise ré ari: "Cao do-ghnít aonir?" ari ré. "Ir d'óig liomra," ari an fiafáin, "guri ari teiceadó téidit, iŋ rí liom aonir ó'n gcuain iad ioná ó cianaitb."

§ 47. Téid an gaba annrin ari an gceaprócam ḫ bprut nō-mór iŋ an teanncair 'n-a láim, ḫ do éairt an bprut rín i níriat do éupairis iŋ an muiř, guri fiafí an muiř uile, aet ní páinig an bprut iad, óir do teiceadair ari a níseáll go dian, deirbheac, iŋ an aigéan-mór amac.

§ 48. D'iompairí annrin go dtápladarí i muiř ba cormáil le gloine glar, comí glan-rin guri leipí grian (ioctar) ḫ gaineam na mara tríte, ḫ ní facadar piasta ná ainmírte ann iorí na cairpse, aet an grian glan ḫ an gaineam glar. Do biotarí ré (am) mór do'n ló ḫ ag iompairí na mara rín, ḫ ba mór a maire ḫ a háilne.

§ 49. Do éartheadar, 'n-a Óriat rín, i muiř eile cormáil le néall, ḫ, dap leó-pan, ní fuileongadó rí iad fém ná an cupaċ. Do éonnacadarí annrin pán muiř fúca tior dúnnta cumháca (᷑ vionta oifia) ḫ thír álunn; ḫ do-éir ainmírde uatháraċ piartamair i

<sup>1</sup> ait ro. <sup>2</sup> tréirfri, nísfri.

Seapann ann ḡ tainn do ṭrénasadh timcheall an  
Ériuinn, ḡ feap i n-aice an Ériuinn ḡ a airm  
aige, a ṣgiant, a ḡa ḡ a clairdeamh. Nuair do  
éonnaic a dharr-fan an t-ainmhithe mór ñu do bí  
i ḡ an Seapann, téigíodh aip aip teicéadh gan moill.  
Do fín an t-ainmhithe a bhráigíodh uairíodh aip an  
Seapann, ḡ do fuit ré a ceann i ndothum an  
daimh ba mór do'n ṭrénad ḡ do ḡhrac ré leir  
i pteac 'fan Seapann é, ḡ d'it ré aip ball é, le  
dúnaodh do fáil. Teicíodh aip gan moill na ṭrénad  
ḡ an buachaill, ḡ ó do éonnaic Mael Dáim fín  
ḡ a muinntear, do ḡab iméagla mór ḡ uamón  
iad; óili ba ḡdís leó nacl Úfniúisbroíp ḡap an  
muir gan tuitim riordhánach, aip a tanairdeacht  
mairiú é. Do éuadhar ḡairpte, annamh, tair  
éis mór-gháibhíodh.

§ 50. **Риардадар** аннрін мір еіле, 7 т' ёіліс ан-  
туйр руар уімре 50 нтвярна аілле ан-тóра  
мáгсеварто уімре. **Сом** туаč 7 т' арнішевадар  
твоіне на тіре рін іад-ре, то топнішевадар  
а5 ёігсемі опра 7 аюнірдадар: — “Ір іад  
рім, ір іад рім!” ле рат а н-анала. **До**  
éоннагадар аннрін твоіне іомба 7 тіріо  
тóра т'еаллаč 7 5пойіш еаč 7 реатай  
саорас. Аннрін то бі bean а5 а 5ерпýтатó  
лe енððаііb тóра 50 5панардір на енððа ар  
на тоннтаіb 1 5погуp тóіb-реан. **До** ёіннн-  
ігсевадар тóрбено то на енððаііb рін, 7 туз-  
адар лео 1 іад. **До** ёнаðдаар б'н мір ар 5еul 7  
то реумі ап т-ёігсемі леір рін. “Сá 5аіт  
1 5пуніто аноір?” ар ап реап то бі а5 тeaéт  
тá н-еір ле 5ин ап ёігім. “До ёнаðдаар  
лео,” ар треам еіле 5іоb. “Ni hamilaró  
атáро!” ар треам еіле. Ір сорніл 50 палb  
1 таірпнгіре аса туме то тeaéт а5 міллеатó  
а тіре, 7 а5 а н-івіпіт рім арте.

§ 51. Do gábaðar pso hinis eile annrin, át  
i bpracatdar puto longantað 1. Súp éípis pput  
móp ruar ap tráig na hinse, so paib mar  
tuap ceata tap an misr uile, so nteacaró  
rior is an tráig eile do'n misr, ap an taoib  
eile vi. Agur tigividír faoi gan pnaíte dá  
n-éadac do fliméad. Agur do gónaroír an  
pput (le n-a pleagaib), 7 do tuitroír bpratáin  
mópa, millteaca ap an pput anuap ap calmáin  
na hinse so paib an misr uile lán do balad  
an éips, óip ní paib neac do gseobdar iad do

bailliuighéad a n-iomad. Ó tráthnóna oróche Doimhneach go maidin Dia-Luain, ní gluairpeadh an rput' rín, aét d'fhanadh ré 'n-a ctoir (comhnaidh), 'n-a muir, timéall na himear mág-ealaíro. Céiminnisgo annaírin na bhratáin ba mór, ἡ τὸ λιόναρι a γευραέ τοιού ἡ τὸ ουαθναρι αρι γεύλ ὁν μιρ αρι αν μιρ ṭódiri ariú.

§ 52. *U'iomphadair* annpin go *Upharadair* colamain mór aipgito. Ceitíre taobh aip 7 dá *sheisbhéim* do'n *cupaé* ip *gacé* taoibh, ionnarái go rabhadair aét *peirbhéimeanna* do'n *cupaé* 'n-a *timéioll* aip *rat*. Agur ní *raib* aon *fió* *talimán* 'n-a *timéioll*, aét an *t-airgéan* gán *teópaim*. Agur ní *faodair* eionnarái do bí a *híodá* *tar* *čiop*, nó a *huacétar* *čuap*, aip a *háipte*. Do bí *lion* aipgito aip a *huacétar* go *faoda* uaité *amaé*, 7 do *euatá* an *cupaé* fo *feol* *tré* *mogal* *amáim* do'n *lion*. Agur *tus* *Uiúpán* *buille* do *faobhar* a *gacé* *tar* *mogal* an *lin*. "Ná mill an *lion*!" aip *Mael* *Uiúm*, "óip ip *obair* *máirtí* *feap* an ní *do-címito*." "Ip te *hainm* *Ué* do *motaó*," aip *Uiúpán*, "do-*gním*-re fo ionnarái *gur* *máirtí* *épíropopeap* mo *rgéal*, 7 do-*béarctap* *uaim*-re aip *altóir* *Árto* *Máca* é. má *riúim* *Éipe*." Dá únpa go leití ip *eató* do bí ann, nuair do *tomharao* i *nárt* *Máca* é. Do *euatá* annpin *gut* mór *polar*-*glen* do *uacétar* na *colamáin* úto, aét níor *b'fíor* *tóibh* *cia* an *teanga* do *labhair* *pé*, nó *eató* do *labhair*.

§ 53. Το-έτο ανηριν μηρ ειτε αρ αον έοιρ,  
ι. αον έοιρ ας α συγβάντι ρυαρ. Ας γειρ ιομπατο  
ν-α τιμέιοις ας ταρρατό ρυίσεαδι ιντι, η ηι  
ρυαριαδαρ έαν-βεαλαέ ιντι, αέτ το έονναε-  
ταρ, ι η-ιούταρ ηα σοιρέ τιορ, τοραρ τύντα  
ρο γλαρ. Όλιτηνίσεαταρι γο ιμβα ήι ρηι ον  
τριγέ ιρτεαέ γαν τύντι ρο. Ας γειρ το έοννα-  
εταρι οέαέτα ι η-ιαάταρ ηα ρηνρέ, αέτ ηιορ  
ειρεαταρ οόμπαδι αρ έιμνεαέ, η ηιορ ειρη ηεάς  
οόμπαδι ορρα. Τιγιο αρ αρ γεύλ.

§ 54. Rángatáir annaín inis móir, ⁊ maíocht móir inni, ⁊ maíocht-fhílaibh móir inni gan fhaoré, ⁊ é pheastaibh, pheastaibh. Do éonnacadar túin móir áit is an inis sin, ⁊ é daingean, i bhfigur do'n mhuir, ⁊ teastéar móir cùimhneachta ann. Seacht n-ingéana véas 'ran tig. Do

éuaðdar is an inis rinn go noeapnadar comhainde ari énoc i mbéal doipuir an tóin. Um éráthnóna, annpin, do éonnacadar mapcas ari ead bhuadha (ag dul) do'n tún. Ead-bhiallard maité cumhadaéta fúinte. Coéall gorm uimpi. Bhat ciúmpaí uimpi. Láimhanna éabairt-bíri oppa fa n-a láimh éabairt-bíri cumhadaéta fa n-a corpáib. Map d'ímplis ri, gan moill do gáib ingean do na hingeanaith an t-eac. Do éuaird ri annpin is an tún, é do éonnacadar, sup bean do bith mnti.

§ 55. Niop éian annpin go dtáinig ingean do na hingeanaith éuca. "Fáilte romhaib!" ari ri, "taraid is an tún: atá an bainiúasan ag buri ngsairim éuici." Do éuaðdar is an tún annpin. Tugad do Mael Túin annpin miasr é deas-bhíad uimpi, é roiteadé gloine é deisg-leann ann i n-a focheair, é miasr do gáib truiú, é roiteadé do gáib truiú d'a mhuinntí. O do caiteadar a bhrionn, is eadé atubairt an bainiúasan. "Panaird ronn (annpo)," ari ri, "é ní tiocfaidh aonr oppaib, acht an aonr atá agaib, é bérthí beo go deob, é a bhuadarbair aonr tiocfaidh éuigairb gáib lá, gan roctar. Agur ná bithró ari fán ni buri ria ó inis go hinne ari an aigéan." "Innir túninn," ari Mael Túin, "cinnear ataoi ronn (atáin annpo)." "Ní deacair rinn, go deimín," ari ri: "do bith feap mait is an inis ro-pí na hinne. Is do fúigear-ri na peacht n-ingéana deas éto, é mire a maitair. D'éag a n-atair annpin, é níop fág feap 'n-a bhíad, sup gáibar-ri píseáet na hinne," ari ri, "n-a bhíad. Téiríom go muig móir atá is an inis ag déanamh bhrítearainn is ériú-cípt do mhuinntí na hinne gáib lá. . . . Panaird aithnían," ari ri, "i n-buri dtig é ní héigean daoirb aon traoctar."

§ 56. Do biotar annpin trí miopa do'n gheimhreadh is an inis rinn, é, doip leó pén. ba trí bliadna iad. "Is fada atáimur ronn," ari feap d'a mhuinntí le Mael Túin, "eado fá nac dtírialmúr doip dtig?" ari ré. "Ní mait a n-adraí (an ní aitheann)," ari Mael Túin, "bír ní fúigbhimis i n-ári dtig pén níor feappi ioná a bhuilmid ag fáisbáil

runn." Do gáib a mhuinntear ag geapán ari maele Túin, é aodubhíadar: "Is mór feapc maele Túin do'n mhaoi ro. Fanaid téite, mairt toil leip. Raismuir-ne dár dtig." "Ní fánfar-ri i n-buri ntoiad," ari Mael Túin. Annpin do éuaird an bainiúasan, lá, do'n bhrítearainn d'a dtéiríeadh ri gáib lá. Do éuaðdar-ri i n-a geupáib. D'airisg ri an ní rinn, é támairc ari a heac, é do caite ceiptle i n-a ntoiad é do gáib Mael Túin é é do lean (gheamaisg) ré d'a láimh. Do bith pháit do'n ceiptle i n-a láimh-ri, é tappamraig an cupaí éuici, leip an trpáit, do'n póist ari geul.

§ 57. D'fánadar léiti annpin trí miopa fo ériú. Do fíneadair comháitíle annpin. "Is eadé ari deapb linné," ari a mhuinntear, "is mór feapc maele Túin d'a mhaoi. Is é fáid a bhríteolann ré an ceiptle ionnaí go leanaird ré d'a láimh. Éum rinn do bhríte ari geul do'n tún." "Bhríteolair duine eile an ceiptle, é, d'a leanaird ré d'a láimh, geaptaí an láim de," ari Mael Túin.

§ 58. Do éuaðdar-ri i n-a geupáib annpin. Do éadé rípe an ceiptle 'n-a ntoiad. Do gáib feap eile is an geupáib é, é leanaird ré d'a láim. Bainiú Tírápan a láim de, sup éuit ré leip an geupáib (is an bhríppise). O do éonnac rípe an ní rinn, ari an mball do gáib ri ag gul é ag éigeanam, ní sup b'ean-gáip, gul é éigeanam an tig uile. Is amharad rinn d'éalúngeadar uaiti ari an inis.

§ 59. Do biotar pé mór éian annpin ag luarsaí ari na tonntaib, go bhuadaradar inis é cíunn innti cormaíl le fáil ní le coll. Tóirpíte iongantacha oppa; caora móra oppa. Do lomadarap épáinn beag tioib annpin, é do caiteadé cíunn leó t'fíeadain éia do bláirfeadh an torad do bith ari an geupáinn. Do túint an épáinn ari Mael Túin. D'fáisg ré cíunn tioib i roiteadé é d'ol, é do éadé rinn fíuan covlata ari ón tráth rinn go dtí an tráth céadna lá ari n-a báraí, é níop b'fhor d'ol ari beth ní mhaib é, é an cubair deapb fa n-a béal sup b'uríg ré lá ari n-a báraí. Atubairt ré leos: "Cíunnigíodh an torad ro, bír ní fúigbhimis i n-ári dtig." Do cíunnigeadar annpin, é do éonnadar uirge ari

go lagdúinseoir an meirge γ an cordaod do b'i ann. Do équinneigeadar a pairb ann de γ n'fáirgeadair é, γ do lionadair a pairb do foiteacáib aca; γ d'iomparadar ó'n imir rin.

§ 60. 'N-a diaidh rin, do cuipead ari imir móir eile iad. Coill aon leat d'i, γ équinne inbair γ équinne móra daiphe imnti fúo. Macaire an leat eile d'i, γ loé beag imnti. Tíreó móra do caorpaib imnti. Do connacatair eaglair beag γ dún ann γ i pa herdinn. Do éuadair do'n eaglair. Sean-éleireac liat ir an eaglair γ d'fóilis a fionnraod é go huite. D'fíarfhuis Mael Dúin de: "Cao ari<sup>1</sup> duit?" "Míre an cíngeard feap deas do muinntir Úireannaito Dioppa. Do éuadair ari tuairis ir an aigéan nō go dtáplamair ir an imir ro. Ruairadair uile bár aét míre amáin." Agur do taibheán ré d'óib pollaire Úireannaito éugasdar leib ari tuairis. D'umhúinseadair uile do'n polaire γ éugas Mael Dúin róis do. "Caitid anoir," aip an reanduine, "buri nódéain do na caorpaib, γ ná caitid tuilleadh ir buri nódéain." Do biotair jé ann ari feólaib na gcealoraé méit.

§ 61. Lá d'óib annrin, marp do biotair aig amaire uata ó'n imir do-éid néall éuca i n-íar-ntdear. Fa éeann tamaill, marp do biotair aig amaire aip fóir, d'airgiseadair gur b'í éan do b'i ann, óip do-éidir na herti aig luargád. Táinie ré annrin ari an imir nō gur fear ré ari tulais do b'i i Ófogur do'n loé. Do meafadair go mbéarach ré leir iad, i n-a ingnib, ari an muiр. Éugas ré leir géas do épáinn móra. Ba mó ioná daip móir an géas rin. Géagán móra ari, bairri móri tlút aip agur tuilli úpa aip rin. Toraod troma iomá aip, caora deargá aip copair le caora finneamna aét ba mó iad ro. Do biotair-pan i Ófolaé aig féacain ead do-éanach ré. Do b'i ré real 'n-a comháirfe marp do b'i ré tuairiseac. Do gáib ré cuir do toraod an équinne le n-a ite. Do éuadair Mael Dúin annrin go pairb ari imioll na tulca i pairb an t-éan,

d'fearáid an nódéanraod re oic leir, agur ni dearnna. Do éuadair a muinntear uile 'n-a diaidh ir an áit rin. "Téideod éin-fear uaimh," aip Mael Dúin, "go gcuinnigidh ré cuir do toraod an géagán atá ari agair an éin." Do éuadair éin-fear uata annrin, agur équinneigidh ré cuir do na caorpaib agur ni dearnna an t-éan geapán, ná níos fíeac ré aip, ná níos éuir ré cop de. Do éuadair na hoict bhríp deas, agur a fciata ari a níosromannaib, agur ni dearnna ré aon oic leib.

§ 62. Táinéóna annrin do connacatair tá oll-éan móra i n-íar-ntdear, áit ari a dtáinie an t-éan móri, gur éuiplingseadair ari agair an éin móir. Nuair do b'íotair le rada 'n-a gcomháirfe, do gáibadair aig piocadh agur aig lomadh na miol do b'i fa éab uachtair agur éab ioctair an éin móir, agur fa n-a fúilib agur fa n-a cluapaib. Do biotair leir ro go feargeap (coinfearteach). Do gáibadair a dtáiníp (an t-íup aca) annrin aig ite na gceoir agur toraird na géise. Ó mairdin ari n-a báraé go meádon-lae do gáibadair aig piocadh na miol céadna ari a cíorp uile γ ag baint an t-rean-élima thé agur aig ríomor na cláiné go léir ari. Meádon-lae, annrin, do lomadair na caora do'n épáinn, agur do b'íupitíp le n-a ngoba i n-ágaird na gclóe iad, γ do éuipitíp annrin ir an loé iad, nō go pairb cubairtears aip. Do éuadair an t-éan móri ir an loé annrin agur do b'i ag a níge fén ann go gáib do d'fearáid lae. Do éuadair ari an loé annrin, agur do fear ari áit eile ari an tulais céadna, éum náé dtigíos na miolt a do bainteád ari.

§ 63. Mairdin ari n-a báraé do pigneadair na herti piocadh γ pliocadh fóir ari an gclúim le n-a ngoba, émail tá nódéantaor le cír é. Do biotair leir go meádon-lae. Annrin d'fíanaadar le beagán, agur do éuadair annrin do'n áipt ari a dtáinéadair.

§ 64. Aét d'fán an t-éan móri tá n-éir aig fár clúim aig aripi a eite go ceann an t-reas lae, nō gur éogaird ré leir (éipis ré ruar), tótháit tempré an t-reas lae, agur d'fíeill ro éri timcheall na hinde, agur do pigne comháirfe beag ari an tulais céadna, agur do éuadair ré ari annrin i Ófáid do'n áipt ari a

<sup>1</sup> Cír ari é, cír ariab ari é.

vtāimic pē. Ba déime agur ba tpeirē a eiteall an t-am rīn ionā riām, ionnār go mba follur dōibh uile go mba aēnuaðuðað o an fáid: go hōige dō é, do pēip map aoeirí aðparðeact renovabitur ut aquila juventus tua.

§ 65. Ir annrin aoeirí Tiúráin, ap ӯfæicrin an tðibh-ióngantuitr rīn dō: "Téir Ómír," ap re, "ir an loé dár n-aēnuaðuðað, áit i n-ap haēnuaðuðeact an t-éan." "Ná téir," ap duine eile Óisob, "dipr t'fáis an "t-éan a ní n ann." "Ní maíte a n-abhrain," ap Tiúráin, "fagat-ða ann ap tðúr." Do éuaird pē ann, agur do fígsne folcavð ann agur do éom a béal ip an uipse agur t'ol bolgam ðe. Ba plán a fúile 'n-a Óirat rīn, éom-ðað agur do b' p' b' b' agur níor cailleab' fíascail aip ná riúinne dá folt, agur ní paib' earfbarð nírt ná lóibra aipr o' fom amach riúin. O'fágbaðaif plán annrin ag an feanduine é túsádair leó lón do na caoréaib. Do éuiffeadair a gcearað ap muið, agur rípít (fíallatðair aip) annrin an t-argéan.

§ 66. Do-ȝenbith annrin mif mór eile agur maðs mór p'fóid innti. Sluas mór ag cluice agur ag sáipe san r'at aip b'c mif an muið rīn. Cuirtear crannéupi leó t'félacain cia do fagat' ap an mif dá cuartuðað. Do éuit an crann ap an tpeir comalta do comaltatib Maelse Óam. Map do éuaird feirfean, ap ball do s'ab' p' ag cluice agur ag riop-sáipe, map dá mbéat' p' leó le n-a f'aoðsal. Do b'iotar le fada ag riopreac leir agur ní támic pē éuca. Fágbaðair annrin é.

§ 67. Do-ȝit mif eile náir ba mór annrin, agur mif teinntidé 'n-a timc'íoll, agur t'impit'ead an mif rīn timc'eaill na h'imp. Do b' dofar forðalte i tðaorð an mif rīn. An tan t'igead an dofar ap a n-aðair, do-ȝit mif uile agur a paib' innti agur a hait-peabairðe uile. Daoine aile ne ionða innti, agur éadairghe cumhácta ionða, agur riop'c'ig dipr i n-a lámair ag pleabuðað. Agur do éuallatðair a gceirmc'eoil. Agur do b'iotar le fada ag feacain ap an ióngantair do éonnacadar, agur ba haoribinn leó é.

§ 68. Niop cian iap t'oeac' d'ñ mif rīn,

go ӯfæicrò i ӯfæd uata, ioríp na tonna, cuma map éan geat. O'iompoigearðair torac' an éupais o' ðearc' ñurc' go ӯfæicròir cia an ní do éonnacadar. Map do éuaðtar, ag ionrám, i ӯfogur dō, do éonnacadar gur ba duine do b' ann, ní é foluigte le fionnrað geal a éuipp. Do éupi p' é fém ag sieach-tánaibh ap éapais leat'ain. Iappaird beannaðet aip, ní riappuris' do, cad ap a n'eac'aird p' ap an geappaig rīn. "Ar Topais, go deimín," ap p' "t'ángar ronn ní ir i ӯfópais do hoilead' mé. Do b'ior annrin im' éocairp innti, ní ba d'roð-éocairp mé, dipr do óiolainn diað na heaglairé i n-a mbinn, ap f'ebðaib' ap maoín d'am fém, ní go paib' mo t'eo lán do éuilectib' ní do éapcaillib' ní t'eadac' gac' d'ata, ioríp lion agur olann, ní do chialarnaibh umairde, ní do theilleanaibh beaga umairde, ní do ӯpreatnaraib' aipgito le b'iorána dipr, ionnár naðe paib' ní 'bað iaraet' ap mo t'is' do gac' r'it d'á tðairgíseann duine, ioríp leabhrá b'f'ra, ní t'is' leabhar cumhácta umairde ní dipr. Agur do f'arðairann pa t'igib' na cille go mbeipinn iolmáoinne a'fta. Ba mór m'uaðar agur mo óiomar annrin. Lá amán, atubhrad' liom uaig do t'eadanam do éolann ait'g' t'uaite t'ugad' ipteac' ip an mif. An uaip do b'ior ag an uaig rīn do éuallar an g'ut aniof liom ap an tal'main fa mo éopairb: 'Ná toðair an áit rīn,' ap an g'ut, 'ná cuip colann an peactairg opm, b'f' duine naom' cráib'eoil mé.' 'Eadram ní Díal cuippeao,' ap m', le m'eo mo óiomara. 'B'iot' map rīn,' ap p', 'má éuippi opm é,' ap an duine naom', 'caillfeap t'ú i gceann t'ri lá ní b'f'ri i n-íf'riom; ní ní f'anfarð an éolann ann.'

§ 69. "Atubhrar leir an Seanóir: 'Cia an maíte do-ȝnifípi d'am muna gceirpead an feap opm?' 'Beata f'utam map áitpeab' le Díal,' ap p'. 'Cionnair b'ear a fior rīn agam?' ap m'. 'Ní deacaip t'uit rīn,' ap p'; 'an uaig atáip ag t'eadanam, b'eo rí lán anoir do g'ainm. Ba follur t'uit ap rīn naðe f'eoip leat an feap t'ad'lacað opm-ða d'á ӯfæac'á leir.' Niop ba t'oepead do'n ӯf'et'ip rīn an tan ba lán an uaig do

SEANÓIN 'Do curpealó án éolann i n-áit eile annrin.

§ 70. "Aimír eile, do curpealó curaé nua dears-ériocnealé apí muir. Do curaðar im' curaé, 7 ba mait liom bpreatnusgad im' timéioll, 7 níor fágðar im' tig, ó beag go mór, ní naé rúsar liom—le mo dabaða 7 mo éopna 7 mo miara. Mar do bior ag fíeádán na mara, an éaoi rín, 7 an muir go ciúin dám, tágðar gaoða mór opim agur do tappuingeadaír íp an muir mé, ionnáir naé bpacar tig ná talam. Do rúsne mo curaé comhainde fum annro, agur d'fan ré gan eor do cur apí an áit 'n-a tdiaró rín. Mar d'fíeádar im' timéeall apí gaoð taoibh, do connacar apí mo lámh ðeir an feair 'n-a fuithe apí an tuinn. 'Cia an taoibh a bfuilír ag dul?' apí ró. 'Aoiúinn liom an taoibh a dtéir mo ratharpe apí an muir,' apí mé. 'Níor b'aoiúinn leat go deimhn, dámhád fíor-duit an tpeam atá 'do timéioll.' 'Cia hiad rín?' apí mé leif. 'Oípealó t'éir do ratharpe uait apí muir, agur ruar go néalla nimé, íp aon tuig do deamhnaibh é 'do timéioll apí fad,' apí ró. 'apí do fainnt, 7 n'uaðar. 7 do díomar; apí do gort, 7 apí do d'frioc-ghníomhaibh eile. An fíor-duit,' apí ró, 'cado fá a rtadann do curaé?' 'Ní fíor dám,' apí mé. 'Ní rágard do curaé apí an áit i bfuil ré ronn, go n'fearnaír mo tol-re.' 'Do b'érdir nac bfuileónsgad i,' apí mé. 'Fuiteón-gair annrin ríana ifpinn muna bfuileónsgair mo tol-re.'

§ 71. "Do t'fíall ré éugam annrin, 7 do cur a lám opim, 7 do gheallar a tol dó. 'Aoiúir,' apí ró, 'cur apí an muir an uile inme (maom) dám bfuil agat íp an gcuraé.' 'Íp t'fías, go deimhn,' apí mé, 'a dul i muga' 'Ní rágard rí i muga apí aon eor,' apí ró, 'bérdir neac dám ratharpe i dtairbhe.' Do curpealó an t-iomlán íp an muir aét curaé beag maoe.' Éigis apí ro fearta (aoiúir), apí ró liom, '7 ionad a rtadfarid do curaé, fán ann,' agur tig ré dám annrin curaé meadógs-uirge 7 reacóit mbairgeana do lón.

§ 72. "Do curaðar annrin," apí an Seandóir, "fán taoibh tig mo curaé 7 an gaoð mé, óig

do leigear uaim mo rámha 7 mo rtiúir. Mar do bior-ra mar rín apí luargád roipí na tonna, do curpealó apí an gceaprais ro mé; 7 do b' amharap opim an rath an curaé 'n-a comhainde, óig ní facar tig ioná talam ronn, 7 ba éumín liom annrin a ntuibhád liom, ionad a gcomhócadh mo curaé fánmáin ann.

§ 73. "D'éigsear im' fíeádar annrin, go bpacar cappais beag le n-a mbriopead an fíppige. Do curpealó mo éor apí an gceaprais big rín, 7 d'éaluis mo curaé uaim, gur t'fías an gceapais ruar mé; 7 do fíobhádád na tonna apí gcuil. Beacóit mbliatóna dám ronn," apí ré "apí na reacóit mbairgeanaibh 7 apí an gcuimé meadógs-uirge tig ar liom ó'n bprear do leis uair mór. Agur ní rath agam aét mo éuaé meadógs-uirge annrin: do b' rín ann róir. Do bior le t'fí lám annrin. Tá éip na dtigí lám, um t'fíatóna, do cur a dothar-éu (matadógs-uirge) bpratán dám apí an muir. Do meádar agam fénim im' intinn, nári b'fúigair dám an bpratán aón d'fíe, 7 do curpealó apír íp an muir é. Do bior le t'fí lám eile im' t'fíorghád. Um an tpealó nóm, annrin, do connacar dothar-éu 7 bpratán aige dám apí an muir, 7 do cur a dothar-éu eile connacar (bprorma) apí lárach, 7 do éigis é. 7 do fíor le n-a anáil, ná gur lár teine apí. D'fúinear an bpratán annrin, 7 reacóit mbliatóna eile dám marí rín, agur t'fíeádar bpratán éugam gaoð lám le n-a t'fíatóna, agur d'fíar an gceaprais ionnáir gur-mór i. Agur ní t'fíeádar mo bpratán dám i gceann na reacóit mbliatónan.

§ 74. "Do bior le t'fí lám eile annrin. Um an tpealó nóm do cur apí fíppige ruar dám leat-bairgean éigintneacáta agur fíeim éigis. D'éaluis mo éuaé meadógs-uirge uaim annrin, agur t'fíam éugam curaé, comh mór leíte, do d'fíig-leann, atá apí an gceaprais reo, agur b' rín lám gaoð lám. Agur ní luigeanann gaoð ná pluicad ná teap ná ruacáit opim iní an áit reo. If iad ro m'eaétra," apí an Seandóir.

§ 75. An tan t'fíam t'fíatóna, annrin, tig d'fíib leat-bairgean gaoð rípí díobh uile,

Agur do fris is an gcuairt do b'i or comhain an cleirig, a ndotham uile do theig-leann. Adubait an Seanóir leis annpin: "Roisf id uile o'bhr utip, agur an fear do mairb t'ataip, a Mael Dúin, do-geobair i nón. Ól fearg scionn é; é aét tabair maitéamharaibh do, ól do fiaor Dia ó ghuarachtaibh iomána ibh, agur ba fír do chuill bár ibh éanna. Ófágbadar plán annpin ag an Seanóir agur do éuatharai ap a n-airdeas ghnáthach.

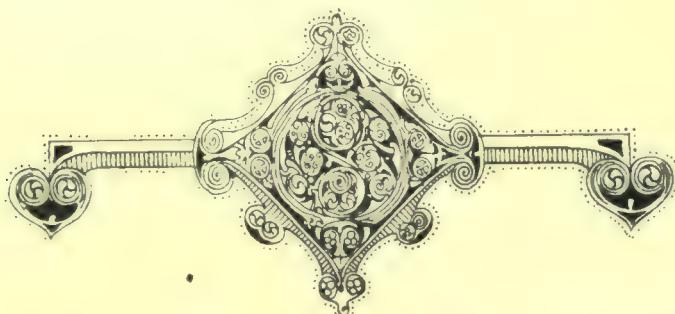
§ 76. Is iap tótaidt doibh ap rinn, pángadair inip i n-a phairb mór-éinit eallair, dairim é agus éadair. Ní phairb tigéar nó tuimta inntre; é aitid annpin feolára na gcaorach. Is annpin, adubait duine bhoibh, ap bheireamh feabhaicimharaibh, "Is comhail an feabhas le feabha Éireann." "Is fíor rinn, go deimhn," ap tóraim eile bhoibh, "Déanamh fáipe air," ap Mael Dúin, "go bpeicí eá tótaidt an t-éan uait." Connacadar ap eiteall uata é, roinntear.

§ 77. Óiomphadair annpin i nílairt an éin, an taoibh do éuamh rí uata; óiomphadair an lá rinn go feargair. Tóraé oráise bhoibh annpin, do-éití talam comhail le talamh na hÉireann; óiomphadair éinei. Do-geibidh inip beas; é aitid ro jugs an gaoth leicti iad ap an aigéan ap utáir, an tain tágadair i dtóraé ap tuij. Do éuipreadar a mbraime (tóraé eurair) i dtír annpin, é do éuathar do'n tún do b'i ap an inip agur do bhothar ag

éirtead; é is annpin do b'i aitpeabairt do dúná ag caiteamh a bpróinne, go gcualadar tacine bhoibh (og eant). Adeipriod: "Is maic b'úinn muna bpericimír Mael Dúin." "Do báitead an Mael Dúin rinn," ap fear eile. "Aét d'á dtagad anoir, ead do-geanmair?" ap fear eile. "Ní deacaír rinn," ap taoiread an tigé. "fáilte mór roimhe, d'á dtagad; ól do b'i mór-imníde air le fada." § 78. Leir rinn, buailidh Mael Dúin an borpéarn leir an doras. "Cia atá ann?" ap an dorasairde. "Mael Dúin ronn," ap ré férin. "Orsail mairi rinn," ap an taoiread; "fáilte romat!" Do éuathar annpin is an t-eas, é cípreasair fáilte mór rompa, agur do bheirteas éadairise nua bhoibh. Óinnreadar annpin gac uile iongantair o'fóillris Dia bhoibh, do réir bpeite an fáta náomh adeir: *hace olim meminisse iurabit.*"

§ 79. Do éuathar Mael Dúin annpin d'á épic réim. Agur éags Óliúirán file na cíos leat-umhá éags ré leir do'n lion, gur éinig ap altóir Árd-Máeá iad i gcuimne buadair, é a gcomh-maoritheamh na bpeart é na mór-miobair do jugsne Dia bhoibh. Agur óinnreadar a n-imteácta ó tár go deireadh, é a bhuadar do gábaidh é do ghuarach air muij é ap tip.

§ 80. Do ébris agur do b'is ionn, aitpeagniúde Éireann, an fceal ro amair atá ronni—ap gáipreadarach meannan do jugsne é, é do b'aoimh na hÉireann i n-a thairis.



## § 4.—METRICAL TRANSLATIONS INTO IRISH.

### I.

#### CUANTA NA HÉIREANN:

[Translation of "The Green Shores of Erin."<sup>1</sup>]

##### I.

If fada 'mo Ólaird tā cuanta mo Ólaird,  
Ár lóis an trairbhríp ár muiρ tā mā 'tríall,  
Áct mo tāp tālir Éire, i ndearman a tābairt  
Ní leigean mo éumhne—ní leigean mo  
épiorde.

##### II.

A hún is a mūrann, nō-mor tā mo ghrád  
opt  
So mb'férdiriū liom rsgaird uait. 'Éire, gan  
cumá,  
If eorúail mo ghrád-rla le gseasa an eróneán,  
As fágsat is as speamuigat níor vúinte go  
buam.

##### III.

Ár éaluis an mairtin gheal rín ár do éumhne,  
Le taoibh ghlair na Sionainne bí mé 'mo fúidé,  
'Noir péin, feicim (dáp liom) na néalta do  
tánis,  
If o'fólinis go hobann óm' fúidib an ghrád.

##### IV.

Mar rúd, tā an airglis, o'fan beo 'gam te  
fada,  
Anoir, i n-aoi rsgaird, 'gá múchadh paor néall.  
Áct tis le mo éumhne mo vúlreáet a  
épúisgád,  
A béal gan laistíuiseadh, gan cinníseadh go  
héis.

<sup>1</sup> Sent to Father Hogan, his class-fellow, in the year 1888.

### II.

#### SO MAIRÍD ÉIRE:

(Airtchúigte ó'n mBéarla.)

##### I.

Ár an gceoilé tā gceoiléad bí  
Tríúr mac óg do b'uaral epiorde  
Buailte ríor as tian-líis tioigalas i n-a  
mblád;  
Áct do ríar ríaoi a comair  
Dána—'r nór a rinnreap mór  
If cuádúar cum báir le epiorde gan rsgáit.  
"So mairid Éire," ghlaois na gairidíis,<sup>2</sup>

"So mairid Éire," i n-aoi rát.

"If cuma linn cā dtuitpimio :

"Ár an gceoilé nō is an tríor  
Ó náe cuma, 'r bár 'fagáil o'Éirinn, tír ár  
ngphádá.

##### II.

Ár gac taoibh bí náimhde vúip' ;

Áct go dána ríar an tríúr,

Óir ba éumhnead leod vilre 'nÉirinn 'r  
gcéim :

Milte epioróde epróda ríor'

Cap an ráile tonntaé tisar,

If na cairde vilre 'nÉirinn naomha péin

"So mairid Éire," rín mar ghlaoisúar,

<sup>2</sup> In Father Mairus' version :

"Ó comear Éire a nsgáin bhródaé.  
(The rest as before.)

<sup>1</sup> From the *Tuam News*.

<sup>2</sup> In a copy of this translation sent to Father Mairus of Mount Melleray in 1888 the chorus runs thus:—

"Ó, comeas Éire, ár na gairidíis  
"Ó, comeas Éire, 'n-aoi guróe  
"S cuma linn an ár-épíos tás,  
"S cuma bár ár mairg an ár  
Ó, náe cuma 'r bár 'fagáil o'Éirinn, tír ár  
ngphádá."

" So maiprò Éipe," i n-aon páð,  
 " Íp cuma linn cártauitpimio,  
 Ár an gceoilé nò íp an tbroio,  
 Ó, nac cuma 'r bár 'fagbáil d'Éipinn, típ ap  
 ngráða.

III.

Cuaótdarí fuas na céime cam',  
 Slaoðadair ap Óia 'fan am,  
 Íp anprin—íp téad na Saorán gléapta  
 leó.  
 Tug an tbroír thá céile rós,  
 Ár nór tbroír thearbháitreiblach n-ós.  
 Thá utír fén, do Óia, 'r do'n tSaorípre fion  
 go neó.

" So maiprò Éipe," rín marí slaoðadair  
 " So maiprò Éipe," i n-aon páð,

<sup>1</sup> For Father Maurus' version thus reads

Cuaótdarí fuas an ftealáipre auláipre  
 Slaoðadair go hárú cùm Óe  
 Íp anprin, íp téad na Saorán gléapta leó  
 Tug fuas níos tuiup thearbháitreiblach n-ós  
 Ár an gceoilé, le gráð aon rós  
 Thá utír fén, do Óia, íp do'n tSaorípre fion  
 go neó.

In his own notes to the copy he sent his friend, Father Michael Hogan, Father O'Growney's remarks: "(1) At first I had 'Óia ní fionne Éipeann'—At Fleming's suggestion I changed it (2) Rann 3, line 4. Ríteann ré go binn ó Béalt Connachtair".

Íp cuma linn cártauitpimio  
 Ár an gceoilé nò íp an tbroio,  
 Ó nac cuma 'r bár 'fagbáil d'Éipinn, típ ap  
 ngráða.

IV.

Íp ní éailpimio go neó  
 Ár ap n-inntinn, cuimne beó  
 Ár an utír a tug a n-anmanna tháp utír;  
 Ádt ag dul ap aghair go bhráit<sup>3</sup>  
 'S cuma linn réan, rós íp eráð,  
 Nó go mbéir ap utír 'n-a tuitaig móir íp  
 faoir.

" So maiprò Éipe" slaoðamuir-ne,  
 " So maiprò Éipe" i n-aon páð,  
 " Íp cuma linn cártauitpimio;  
 Ár an gceoilé, nò íp an tbroio,  
 Ó nac cuma, 'r bár 'fagbáil d'Éipinn, típ ap  
 ngráða."

<sup>1</sup> In the earlier version fionne cùm neó éalóearó.  
 Seóthamuir-ap aghair go bhráit.

## III.

## M'UÍAÍS.

(Translation of " My Grave " by Thomas Davis.)

I.

"M-é 'fan tbráile cùirfeadair mo énám"  
 "Measg tonn gan cuimne gaoit na utam?  
 Nó an nteanfar òam uaisg taip  
 'Ufarsgad na coillead glair?"  
 Nó 'r énoc fiaðam faoié  
 Marí a fiaðabann an gaoit  
 Níor fiaðaine 's peat?  
 Ni heað! ni heað!

II.

Nó an nteanfar uaisg òam measg uaisg riog  
 pean?  
 Nó 'náidh-teampall mórdha faoi fiaid na  
 mbeann?

Uaisg ap éuan eadaité . . . aoiúinn fion . . .  
 Ádt ní heað! ná 'fan nÍspéig, gíð níppimocion;  
 'Mbéir mo éolann 'fan bhang<sup>2</sup> nò 'fan bfaol-  
 com<sup>4</sup> 'n-a luigé?

Nó an fiaðfar mo luaithead air geacán le  
 Gaoit?  
 Nó an utílgsfíde<sup>1</sup> mo cosp air éapin an áir  
 D'éir cata, 'measg milte gan cónpaim, gan  
 éláip,  
 Cúpta 'n-áit a leas iao an lann<sup>5</sup> nò'n trleas?  
 Ni heað! ni heað!

<sup>1</sup> From the *Tuam News*.

<sup>2</sup> Bhang, vulture. <sup>3</sup> Faoi-l-cú, wolf. <sup>4</sup> Tealáip, cast (always pronounced *tealig*) <sup>5</sup> Lann, blade, sword

## III.

Ni headó ! Apí taois énuic Éireannais,  
Ír i mbuaile glair—náp leatan i :  
Óipí is mait liom bhaonaibh ó Úarri na gCeanann,  
Ni mait liom na ríonta, aict eiteoig fann  
A glarrfai an fíor: ná cuim leacáit 'n-a fuidé,  
Aict fóra bheac' ag nóninib,  
Ni fóra tiuise, aict dhuineac' gáe lae

<sup>1</sup> Leacáit, monument, gravestone.

Tré fíreanná an fíor beit 'teacáit go glé ;  
Biod m'feaptlaor<sup>2</sup> ap éuiríne mo típe, dá pao  
"Dá típ tuig ré foighnam ; dá cíneadh, ghrád."

O ! meidhreac le duine duil ríor 'ran gCéire,  
'S é cinnite gur amhlaidh do cuiippíde é.

Árth-rgoil n. fionáin,  
Bealtaine, 1889.

<sup>2</sup> Feaptlaor, epitaph.

## IV.

## AN T-AM FADÓ.

(Translation of Auld Lang Syne.)

## I.

Apí éoirí fean-cáiptoe 'leigean uainn,  
San cuimhneagád 'rra go deó.  
Apí éoirí fean-cáiptoe 'leigean uainn  
'S an t-am b'ainn fadó ó ?  
  
Apí ron an am' fadó ó, a ghrád,  
Apí ron an am' fadó ó,  
Ír ólfamhúr deoé muinteapádá  
Apí ron an am' fadó ó.

## II.

Biodó mire is tú 'baint nóninib,  
'S ag imijit ó' orde' 'f de ro,  
Aict is iomádá cor do fiuáilamair

O 'imijis an t-am fadó ó.

Apí ron an am' fadó ó, a ghrád, etc.

## III.

O 'éirigsead grian bimír agraon,  
Ais jút 'ran ríut le gCleád,  
Aict b'í tonnta tréaná e aoráinn  
O 'imijis 'n t-am fadó ó.

Apí ron an am' fadó ó, a ghrád, etc.

## IV.

Ír ro mo lámh Óuit, 'éairí Óil.  
Ír t-áthair Óam lámh go beo  
Ír ólannair aon gLoine mait  
Apí ron an am' fadó ó.  
Apí ron an am' fadó ó a ghrád, etc.

<sup>1</sup> From *Impreabhar na Gaeálteange*, Vol. IV., No. 35, page 48.

## V.

CAITÉAMH AN GLAIS<sup>1</sup>

(Translation of "The Wearing of the Green")

A pao, a rtóir, an gcuailair fóir go ntheaspá-  
naid aitne 'r dulgeadó  
San Seampais beit ag fár i gCéire na hÉireann  
feasta coró ?  
San lá féil' Óadraois 'caiteamh, san duille  
glar 'beit 'r fagbáil  
Apí feair ná minaoi—rúd é an dulgeadó ag  
Sagartana anail !

O ! capad Óappair Tándi Óam, is ius ré ap  
mo lámh,  
"Cia 'n éaoi," apí ré, " 'bpuil Éire bocht?—nó  
'bpuil rí fóir dá crád?"  
" 'Sí an típ ap boíchte, cráidte i, dá 'bpuil 'ran  
domhain ap fadó,  
Gáe feair is bean a caitear glar dá gCeoche-  
ád rúad san rtao!"

<sup>1</sup> From *Impreabhar na Gaeálteange*, Vol. IV., No. 36, page 62.

Márt é 'n dat atá le caiteamh a nuaip  
fulteacá périn,  
Ó ! cumpriodh ré i gcumhinn dhuinn an fhuil do  
dhóirt na tréim ;  
Cumpriodh, marpín, an tSeampós, cait uait i,  
aét ná raon  
Nád gcumppriodh ré a phréamh riop : ní heagat dí,  
ní baoishat.

Nuaip a coirspéar dulgeadha na Saghranáid an  
réapán ó bheit ag fár  
Nuaip a coirspéar ré an duilleabap íp an  
rámhaidh ó bheit glas  
Ó, bainpriodh mé an tSeampós de mo dálbín an  
lá úd,  
Aét leanfariodh mé, le congnamh Dé, do'n duille  
glas go rúo.

## VI.

## AN BRATAÍC SEAL-REÁLTAC.

(THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.)

## I.

Ó abair, an téar duit, le fáinne an lae,  
An bhrataíc bí 'n-áitíodh le tuitim na hordéé?  
Táid an éac bí na piabha 'r' na péalta seal-  
glé,  
Aogá luargasád go huaral, 'r' as mórnuigád  
an gceoilrúde ;  
Íp aip n-umchealéid do'n lá, níor gheill ré go neó,  
Aét a caop-témte ag pléarfasád 'r'na gpreá-  
taibh le gleo !  
Ó abair 'b-fuit an bhrataíc seal-reáltac go  
riop  
Or cionn típe na gceiridhá íp talamh na  
raon?

## II.

Aip an tráig éall, go doileáip 'láí' ceóta na  
vtonn,  
Tá fhuasach doradh Shaefan go ghráimhde 'n-a  
luigé ;  
Cao é riúd aip an áit éasach, ag luargasád anonn,  
Íp dá éacit íp dá taribeant, 'réip' achrúsgád  
na gaoithe ?  
'Móir tá rotar na ghráin' ag lomhrád aip go  
tréan !  
'Móir íp téar dám a gcaile 'r'an tuinn—réad i  
réin !  
'S i an BRATAÍC SEAL-REÁLTAC, go  
piabha ré go riop  
Or cionn típe na gceiridhá íp talamh na raon !

## III.

Íp cao d'éigis do'n dhrúing a tug mionna go  
reann.

From an Gaeál.

So bhrágsadh gaoth típe rinn gaoth ápur 'n-a  
réapam,  
Íp go dtiubhpairidh leán leó, íp leatrom íp  
lann ?  
Ó ! do ríomor a gcuirte fola rian ghráimhde a  
scóra :  
Níl ceapa ná cail ag fealaitóir ná tráill.  
'San uaignear, 'r'an uais, níl a bhrógaíd te  
faghsáil !  
'S tá an bhrataíc seal-reáltac go buaúad  
go riop  
Or cionn típe na gceiridhá íp talamh na raon !

## IV.

Súlabh amhlaidh go bhráit, nuaip fíearfar na  
laoré,  
Táid fíluasach na náimhde íp ápur a gceolinne :  
'S go náibh altuigád íp glosaír D'Ácaír Bhadá íp  
Sic',  
Táis Dútarig Bhadá réin dhuinn, go deirfeadh  
na cnuinne !  
Béidh piab aip Neapáit, marpín tá linn-ne an  
Ceapt,  
Íp tá dóscaír aip gceoilrúde aip Dia na bhréart !  
'S béis an bhrataíc seal-reáltac go buaúad  
go riop,  
Or cionn típe na gceiridhá íp talamh na raon !

[Cumta aip dtúirí i Sacré-Béapla ag Francis Scott Key, aip marbhán an éacátháin a lea déag de. Meáiteamh-an-  
fóigimair in pan mbliadhain 1812, an fáid do bhrú Lungsíar  
na Sacréan ag pléar-láimhach Óthúin-Mic-Enrí, i gcuain  
Bhaile-an-tighe-móir, ó meádon oróide go héighe an lae,  
agur eirean go himpinníomach ag fíeáint oíche ó bóro  
na luinge "Minden," agur aifronnighé i gShacré-Béapla  
go Sacréibh in pan mbliadhain, 1898, ag an Acaír eogán  
ua Spáinnia.—F. an §.]

## VII.

MO THÍR.<sup>1</sup>

Translation of "My Land," by Thomas Davis.

Ír tíg Lán-páistíbír tearc i,  
 Ó ! tíg úr, geal do'n tearc i,  
 Ír tíg riop-ionmhuin tearc i,  
 Mo tíg túil tútcéair péim.

A fir, níl fir níor giorúte,  
 A mná, níl geit 'n-a giorúte;  
 Do énigfínn m'anam riop vi,  
 So neónlaé, Lán de péan.

Ó ! tíg úr áluinn bláth i,  
 Ó ! tíg tearc túilr ghrád i;  
 Seád ! tíg tearc áluinn bláth i,  
 Mo tíg túil tútcéair péim.

Ní tíg duib, dúib is fann i;  
 Ní heasú, tíg téaghrád teann i  
 Ó ! tíg riop-dílis pean i—  
 Mo tíg túil tútcéair péim.

Má'r airm ailtne gnáire,  
 Má'r dual do naomhaéit duaire  
 Táir teórlain, náim<sup>2</sup>  
 Cára ní bhéid faoi téan.

<sup>1</sup> This Poem, which is said to be Father O'Growney's first attempt at metrical translation into Irish, was sent me by his friend, Father Conroy, but reached me too late for insertion in its proper place

<sup>2</sup> There is evidently something missing here.



## § V.—ACADEMICA.

### I.

### SHORT GRAMMAR TREATISE.

#### PART I.—ACCIDENTE.

##### RULES OF INITIAL CHANGES.

###### ASPIRATION.

§ 1. Aspiration is the term for the softening of a consonant, generally between two vowels. Thus, the Latin *liber* has become in French *livre*, and in Modern Irish *leabhar* Old Irish *libur* pron. *livur*. So also *raoig* *sacculum*, and compare *leabhar* and English *leather*.

§ 2. Aspiration takes place in COMPOUND WORDS, the initial consonant of the second word being aspirated; as, *rior-bean*, truly-lasting; *mi-meas*, disrespect.

1. Except when the second word begins with *v*, *t*, *r*, and first ends in *v*, *t*, *n*, *r*, *l*, as, *an-toil*, passion; *buantaoigalac*, long-lived; *moenta* [*intéanta*], feasible. Sometimes, even in literary usage, *t* is prefixed to *r* after *n*: as *buantaoigalac*, *buantaoiriac*, *claochtuirleac*. (See § 4, 2 § 8, 1.)

§ 3. Change of vowels in compound words. There is a general rule (*caol te caol, asur teatan te teatan*, slender with slender, and broad with broad), which requires that, in words of more than one syllable, the vowel on one side of a consonant be broad or slender, according as the vowel on the other is broad or slender. Thus, in + *teanta* [*réanta*] = [*intéanta*] *moonta*, but in + *tonnta* *ionnta*. So *áro* + *ri* = *áriorí*, and *tearibh-þrátair*, but *teiríþrátair*.

1. In this last case, and in *ionnta*, there is a vowel change, which will be explained under the first declension.
2. In the spoken language this vowel change is sometimes neglected, as *pean-bean*, *pean-pean* for *pean-bean*, *pean-pean*.

§ 4. Nouns are aspirated by the ARTICLE in the singular number.

- The article aspirates feminine nouns in *Nom.* and *Accus. sing.*
- The article aspirates masculine nouns in *genitive sing.*
- The article aspirates mas. and fem. nouns in *dative sing.* when preceded by the prepositions, *de*, *vo*, *gan*, *ri*. [*gan* and *ri*, followed by the article, only aspirate when the article would of itself cause aspiration—as, *gan an pean*; *gan an matair*: the noun here is really accusative, *historical* or *modern*.]

Thus, *an bean*, the woman; *teabhar an*, *fi*, the man's book; *vo'n pean*, to the man; *de'n coir*, off the foot.

1. Except nouns beginning with *v* and *t*, which are unchanged, as *an teine*, the fire; *an ounde*, of the man.
2. Nouns beginning with *r* are apparent exceptions, *an tsíúr*, the Suir; *an tsionann* [*an tsion*], the Shannon; *an trúil*, the eye; *mac an tsaoir*; *mac an tsaoi*; *ári an trúil*. The *t* here is really a part of the O. I. article (§ 33 B), and reappears when the *r* is aspirated according to the rule above: thus, *an fúil*, *an tsoir*.
3. In Ulster the article preceded by a preposition usually aspirates.

§ 5. Nouns are aspirated by simple PREPOSITIONS—except *as*, *ar*, *go*, *te*, or (*a*, from, and usually *gan*, without).

1. Except in general phrases of adverbial meaning, as, *ári batt*, at once, [bye and bye]; *ári riubal*, away; *ári piop*, aslant; *tar cionn*, exceedingly; and prepositional phrases, as *ári ton go*, *tar ceann go*.

§ 6. Nouns are aspirated, in singular and plural, by *a*, the sign of the VOCATIVE CASE; as, *a Muire*, *a mic*.

§ 7. Nouns are aspirated by *mo*, *my*; *vo*, *thy*; and *a*, *his*.

1. Before a vowel or *r* elision takes place after *mo*, *vo*, as *m'atair*, *v'atair*, (*t'atair*, *c'atair*), and in spoken language with *a*, as *atá 'atair beó*, his father is living.
2. *a*, her, prefixes *h* to vowels; *a*, their, eclipses.

§ 8. Nouns are aspirated by *an*, *ta*, *ceuo* [*céao*], as if they formed the second part of a compound word (§ 2).

1. *An* prefixes *t* to *r*, as *an trúil*, one eye.
2. In spoken language, *tar*, *cúig* and *ré* aspirate frequently.

§ 9. After ANOTHER NOUN, nouns are aspirated like adjectives (§ 11). (A) If first noun is fem. and nom. [or acc. sing.], it aspirates, as *cauac móna*; or if dative sing., as *as baile feamaine*, but not if genitive [sing.], or [if] plural: as *tá féile bríse*, *féile gádala Muire*. (B) If first noun be masculine and genitive [sing.], it aspirates; usually also if dative [sing.], *tar peacád cloinne lirne*, or, if nom. or accus. plur., ending in a con-

sonant, but not in nom. [or acc.] sing. (except (C) the second noun is a parent's name, *Seagán Þeathair*, John (son) of Peter. *Mac*, son, and *O*, *Ua*, grandson, aspirate when they are taken literally, not as distant descendants.)

§ 10. Nouns are often aspirated after *ba*, preterite of *is*; after *an t-úile*, all, every, as *an t-úile* *duine*; and after *cá*, *cia*, as *cá* *meud* [*méad*], how many.

§ 11. Adjectives are aspirated after NOUNS as follows:—

- (A.) After feminine nouns in nom. and accus. singular.
- (B.) After masc. nouns in gen. sing.
- (C.) After masc. and fem. nouns in dative sing.
- (D.) After masc. and fem. nouns in nom. plur., if ending in a consonant.
- (E.) After all nouns in vocative sing.

1. Sometimes the adjective is un aspirated with dative masculine.
2. Aspiration does not take place when the noun ends in *n*, and the adjective begins with *o* or *t*.
3. Genitives of nouns are used as adjectives, and aspirated accordingly: *min cónaice*, oatmeal (§ 9.)

§ 12. Adjectives are aspirated after *ba*, past tense of *is*, especially those beginning with labials, as *ba* *mór* *an fear* é, *ba* *binn* *an t-eun* [*an t-éan*] é. The aspiration remains when *ba* is omitted, *níor* (*ba*) *mait* *an fear* é; *is* *fiúr* *gur* (*ba*) *mait* *an fear* é. Distinguish from *is* *fiúr* *gur* (*ab*) *mait* *an fear* é.

§ 13. (A.) Verbs are aspirated in these parts of the ACTIVE voice which have *oo* prefixed as sign., viz., the imperfect, preterite, and conditional mood, as *oo* *buailinn*, I used to strike; *oo* *buailéar*, I struck; *oo* *buailfínn*, I would strike. In the passive voice, *oo* does not cause aspiration, as *oo* *buailteadh* é, he was struck.

(B.) In the spoken language *oo* is often wrongly omitted, but never before a vowel or *f*.

(C.) *oo* does not aspirate *ba*, past tense of *is*.

§ 14. Verbs are aspirated by the participle **RO** in ACTIVE voice.

A. It is found in preterite active after negative, interrogative and connecting particles before all regular verbs, as *níor* (= *ni* + *ro*) *buailéar*, I did not strike; *gur* (= *go* + *ro*) *buailéar*; *naéar*, *ná* (= *naé* + *ro*) [*ná* + *ro*] *buailéar*; *an* (= *an* + *ro*); *cáir* (= *cá* + *ro*).

1. *Ro* is not used before some irregular verbs (except before *ba*, perfect of *is*), as *ni facar*, I did not see. [Also *ni óeacar*, *ni tágar*, *ni éánagar*, *ni lugár*, *ni fuaigar*, *ni óubhíar*, *ni labar*, *ni Óeaglár*, *ni cualear*.]

2. After *má*, if, *oo* and not *ro* is used.

B. *Ro* is found also after the relative preceded by a preposition before the preterite tense.

C. *Ro* is also found in the negative form of the optative, *naéar*, *ná* (= *naé* + *ro*), as in *ná* *tágair* *ré*, may he not come.

3. Before *raibh* (= *ro* + *bí*) *naé* is used: [*raibh* in early Modern Irish is *raibe*, *raibe*.]

4. Also before neg. form of preterite of *is*; *níor* *ba iongnaó* (*níor* *b'iongnaó*), it was not a wonder.

§ 15. Verbs are aspirated in RELATIVE sentences in present and future, active and passive, as *an fear* *buailéar*, *buailtear*, *buailfear*, *buailpear*.

1. Before other parts of the verb, its proper particle, *oo*, will be used and cause aspiration, *an fear* *oo buail*.

2. This aspiration in relative sentences is seen in such constructions as *is liom-ja* *téantap* *neuntap* é, it is by me (that) it is done, instead of the direct [*téantap*, *neuntap* *liom-ja* é].

§ 16. Verbs are aspirated in all parts after *ní*, *má*, *mar*, *put*.

1. *Sal*, before, is used in various forms: *put a*, *put má*, *put oo*, *put fá*, and *put fé* (Munster)

§ 17. A. In phrases like *fear* *oo* *bualeadh*, to strike a man, it will be seen afterwards that there is really no verb, but a verbal noun.

B. In spoken language aspiration also after *asúr*, *ioná*, as, *éom* *luat* *asúr* [*bim*] *birdim* ann, as soon as I am there; *níor feair* *ioná* [*bim*] *birdim*, better than I am.

## ECLIPSIS.

§ 18. Eclipsis is a general name for four classes of initial changes. It can be explained only by reference to the older Irish. The general principle is that those changes take place after certain words which formerly ended in *-n*, but in which the *-n* now fully appears only in certain circumstances.

1. The O. I. *áim báv*, our boat (*áim*, our, *báv*, boat), came by degrees to be pronounced *áim báv*, just as in Latin *comburo* came to be *comburo*. Afterwards the two labials *mb* coalesced into one sound and the phrase was pronounced *áim máv*. To preserve the etymology it was spelled *áim mbáv*, the *b* being silent, and so to speak, *eclipsed* or overshadowed by the *m*.

2. Quite the opposite change took place in such phrases as *áim teac*, our house. Here it was found that *v* was more easily pronounced after *n* than *t*, and the phrase became *áim veadc*. Afterwards the *n* was dropped (cf. *rét* = *sentis*), and the *t* was preserved in writing to show the original root, hence the

modern *ar* *óreac*, our house. Similarly, after certain words ending in *-n*, *c* became *g* in pronunciation and *gc* in spelling, as *ar* *geac*, our right; *p* became *bp*, *ar* *bráisí*, our prayer; *r* became *vr*, *br*, as *ar* *brúil*, our blood.

3. Before *t*, *m*, *n*, *p*, *r*, the final *-n* was dropped altogether, thus *ar* *pi*, our king = *ar* *pi*, etc.

4. Before *v*, *g*, and vowels, the *n* was attached to the following word from analogy with words in (2) above, as *ar* *nóin*, our fort; *ar* *ngnó*, our work; *ar* *n-aclair*, our father.

§ 19. Nouns are eclipsed after *AR*, our, *BR*, your; *Δ*, their.

1. Formerly *ar*, *br*, *an*. Instead of *brú* [original form, *br*, *br*] one hears in Ulster *mar*; *mar* *n-obair*, your work; in Munster, *brú*, *núr*.

§ 20. Nouns are eclipsed after *IN*, in; *IAN*, after; *R1Δ*, before.

1. Before consonants *in* is spelled *i*, as *ar* *in* became *ar* above. It is sometimes spelled *ann*, *a*, and so pronounced in Connaught.

2. *ar* and *pi* are obsolete. A trace of *ar* is seen in such phrases as *ar n-a rgníobhá*, for *ar* *an* *ar*, written by . . . ; *ar n-a éuma*, formed by; *ar* *nout* *a báite* *dam*, on my going home. In spoken Irish this *ar* is naturally taken for *ar*, *on*, and aspirates, *ar* *bul*, *ar* *chea* *nuit*, when you go, when you come, etc.

3. *go*, with, originally *co*, *con*, used to eclipse, but now does not. In *l* *go* *n-óri*, the *n* survives, and in *co*-used as prefix as *coirge*.

§ 21. Nouns are eclipsed in singular after the ARTICLE preceded by a PREPOSITION (except *de*, *do*, *gan*, *rom*: § 4, c.)

1. No eclipse before *v*, *t*, as *inf* *an* *vún*, *infn* *teir*. For words beginning with *r*, see § 4, 2.

2. After certain prepositions ending in a vowel, and after *in*, the article is spelled *fan* (§ 33 B) as, *in* *fan* *áit*, usually *inf* *an* *áit* (wrongly *ann*). So *teir* *an*, *inf* *an*, with the *g* *an* (*go* *fan*) to the, *tré* *an* (often *trí* *ann*). This is the origin of the preposition *ar*, *out of*, *ar* *an* = *a* *fan* (§ 5). Similarly the plural form is *inf* *na*, etc. In Munster even *ó* *na*, from the, *ó* *na*, *ó* *na*, *ó* *ge* *na*, are heard.

§ 22. Nouns are eclipsed after *na* (formerly *nan*) genit. plur. of the article.

1. In Scottish Gaelic *nan* (before labials *nam*) is still retained, as *tir nan gleann*, *nam beann agus nan gaisgeach*.

2. *ua*, (originally *van*) genitive plur. of *ó*, *ua*, grandson, causes eclipse, as *cairnais ua* *gConaill*, the rock of the sons of Conall. This was the rule after gen. plur. of words generally, as *rluaig* *peir* *n-éireann*, the host of the men of Erin.

§ 23. Nouns are eclipsed after *reac*, *oet*, *naoi*, *deic*, seven, eight, nine, ten. Originally *reactan*, etc.

§ 24. The neuter [*nom. acc.* and *voc. sing.*] termination *-n* has left a few traces, as *riol* *nEogain*, the race of Eogan; *Slua* *gCua*: *ta* *dtuan*, two-thirds.

§ 25. Adjectives are eclipsed (rarely in spoken language) after genitive plural of nouns, which formerly ended in *-n*; in composition adjectives are eclipsed by the prefix *é*, *ear*, *an* *un-*, as *éatrom*, *anbann*, *earcán*.

§ 26. Verbs are eclipsed after *ta*, if, *ca*, where, *go*, that, *nae*, that not, *who not*, *muna*, unless.

1. *nae* takes the place of the relative in negative sentences, *an té nae* *maireann*, *nae* *mbuaileann*, etc.

2. *noéan*, not, has in Ulster survived in the form of *ca*; it eclipses *t* and *g*, aspirates *b*, and prefixes *n* to vowels and *f*, as *ca* [*bionn*] *bréann* *ré*, *ca* *otéir* *ré*, *ca* *n-ólann* *ré*, *ca* *n-fuil* *ré*.

3. *nae* is a compound form (*na* + *con*). The simple form *na* (now written *na*) is found in the oldest monuments of the language, and is the form still spoken in Munster. It does not eclipse, and aspirates but rarely and in restricted local usage: it usually prefixes *h* to vowels.]

§ 27. Verbs are eclipsed after the RELATIVE PRONOUN, preceded by a preposition, *an* *peir* *te* *a* *bruitum*. [Also *te* *br*, *te* *n-a* *br*.]

1. In the preterite tense the relative *a* becomes *ar*, and aspirates (§ 14, B.)

2. Prepositions unite with the relative, *ta* = *vo* + *a*, *de* + *a*, *tré* + *a*, *tré* + *ta* + *io*, etc.

When *ab*, part of *ir*, is thus preceded by relative and preposition, *peir* *ta* *n-ab* *ann* *Seagán*, a man to whom John is name, the S. L. now does not eclipse, but substitutes *u* for *n*, thus, *peir* *ta* *nab* *ann*. Thus also, *gurab*, *gurab*, for *go* *n-ab*. [*O'arab*, *corab*, are found in the oldest forms of the language, and never seem to have been *ta* *n-ab*, *go* *n-ab*: we find *corra* = *go* *n-a*, but not *go* *n-ab*.]

§ 28. Verbs are eclipsed after *Δ*, the relative, meaning ALL WHO, ALL THAT, as *a* *paib* *ann* *te* *daomh*, all the people that were there; *tr é* *rin* *a* *bruit* *agam*, that is all I have.

## OTHER CHANGES.

§ 29. Apparent eclipse of *r* by *t*. In strict meaning of eclipse, *r* is never eclipsed. But when NOUNS beginning in *r* are aspirated by the article *an*, originally 'ant, (§ 33 B), the *t* of the article reappears, so *ant* *fuil*, the eye; *ant* *raogán*, of the world; and from analogy with ordinary eclipse, these are now spelled *an* *trúil*, *an* *traoigán*. [In printed books of the seventeenth century such forms are invariably written *an* *trúil*, *an* *traoigán*, &c., and such a method of writing them might with advantage be reverted to, to clearly distinguish this form of aspiration from eclipse.] This apparent eclipse takes place, therefore, only in nouns beginning with *r*, when *r* is aspirated by the article.

1. Hence **τ** was looked upon as **r** aspirated, and in a few phrases was used, wrongly, for **ř** in adjectives, as **bean truabhl**, a poor woman (*lit.* a woman of tramp), for **bean trubhl**. [§ 11 (and so after **aon**), § 8].

§ 30. The same **τ** of the old form of the article re-appears when the article is followed by a nominative masculine noun beginning with a vowel, **an τ-am**, **an τ-im**, **an τ-eappog**.

§ 31. **h** prefixed to vowels, when hiatus would otherwise occur.

1. After **na**, the article, **na hóige**, **na hubla**.
2. After **a**, **her**, **a hainm**.
3. After **go**, **te**, **a**, prepositions.
4. After **O** in surname, **O hainst**, **O haoða**.
5. After **ba**, preterite of **τ**; also after **ní** in sentences where **τ** is understood, **ba hé**, **ní hé**.
6. After **ná** with imperative, **ná habal τim**; and [**vo**], **no** with preterite passive; **nioi hólað an veoc**; [**vo**, **no**] **hólað an veoc**.
7. After **oara**, **thi**, **ré**. [And usually after all ordinals in **-aó**, **-maó**.]
8. After **cá**, **cí?** as **cá háit**, **cá huair**.

### § 32. Elision of vowels.

1. **Mo**, **no** and **a**, his, as stated above, suffer elision, (§ 7).
2. **oo**, sign of imperfect, preterite and conditional, loses the **o** before vowels and **ř**, as **o'ól ré**, **o'ágðamaj**.
3. Prepositions and the relative become contracted, **oá=vo+a**, **ve+a**; **lé=lé+a+jo**; **ó (-ó+a)** **oðamig**; also prepositions with **a**, **his**, **her**, **their**, **oð** **teac**, to his house. But **le**, **fa**, take **n**, **le n-a éaoib**, at his side, **fa n-a afeuill**, under his arm.

## DECLINATION.

### THE ARTICLE.

#### § 33. A. Modern form.

	SING.	PLUR.
Nom. Acc. Dat.	<b>an</b>	<b>an</b>
Genitive	<b>an</b>	<b>na</b>

B. The older form was **rant**. Both the **r** and the **τ** re-appear.

For re-appearance of **r** see § 21.

For re-appearance of **τ** see § 29.

1. Effects of the article on the noun. Aspiration, § 4. Eclipsis, § 22. The form **na** prefixes **h** to vowels, except in gen. plural, § 31, 22.

### THE NOUN.

§ 34. There are two genders, masculine and feminine. For traces of old neuter, see § 24.

§ 35. There are two numbers, singular and plural. A trace of the dual is found in the construction after **oá**, two, which is followed by a form similar to the dative sing., as **oá báð**, **oá eoir**. But the adjective has the same form as the plural, **oá báð móra**.

§ 36. There are five cases, nominative and accusative (which are usually of the same form in modern Irish), genitive, dative and vocative.

§ 37. The system of declension in modern Irish is not very well agreed upon. The following is found most practical :

The **First, Second and Third** Declensions are for words ending in a **Consonant** in the nominative case.

1. Except diminutives in **-in**, which are of the fourth declension, and a few words in **-ain**, which are of the fifth.

The **Fourth and Fifth** Declensions are for words ending in a **Vowel** in the nominative case.

§ 38. Hence a useful rule for finding the declension of a noun from its termination. (A.) If the word ends in a vowel, it probably belongs to the Fourth Declension, for the words of the Fifth Declension are comparatively few. (B.) If the word ends in a consonant, preceded by **a**, **o**, **u**, it probably is of the First Declension (except diminutives in **-óis** (II.), abstract nouns in **-aet**, verbal nouns in **-áó** (III.), and some words which must be learned by experience). (C.) If the final consonant is preceded by **e**, **i**, the word probably belongs to the Second Declension (except in diminutives in **-in** (IV.), a few words in **-óin** (III.), or words in **-óin**, denoting an agent, and verbs in **-ain** (III.), and some to be learned by experience.)

§ 39. The declensions form the genitive case from the nominative, as follows :

**First** Declension by **attenuation** (§ 40, C).

**Second**, by adding **e**.

**Third**, by adding **a**.

**Fourth**, leaves nominative unchanged.

**Fifth**, by adding a consonant—either **c**; **v**, **ó**; **z**, **sz**; **n**, **nn**, **r**, or **τ**.

### The First Declension.

§ 40. A. All words end in a **consonant** preceded by a **broad vowel**.

B. All words are **masculine**.

C. The genitive is formed by **attenuation**, i.e., by prefixing **i** to the final consonant or consonants.

Certain Cases are similar, viz., nom. acc., dat. sing., [and gen. plur. in literary usage]; and gen. and voc. sing., [and nom. plur. in literary usage].

**bár**, death :—

	N.A.	Gen.	Dat.	Voc.
Sing.	<b>bár</b>	<b>báir</b>	<b>bár</b>	<b>báir</b>
Plur.	<b>báir</b>	<b>bár</b>	<b>báraibh</b>	<b>bára</b>

§ 41. **Vowel Changes**, In English "man," "men," there is an internal vowel change.

Similar changes are met with in Irish nouns, adjectives, verbs and compound words, (§ 3). In the First and Second Declensions the following changes are found in the **attenuated** cases:—

- a to éi, nom. **Mátt**, gen. as in O'Néill,  
**MacNeillt**.  
o to i, nom. **piot**, gen. **pit**.  
o to i, nom. **Piann**, gen. as in O'Finn,  
**MacFinn**.  
eu [éa] to éi, nom. **beut** [béat], gen. **béit**.  
ea to ei or i, nom. **eac**, gen. **eié**; nom.  
**feap**, gen. **fiip**.

As a rule a and o also change:—

- a to oi, nom **ftann**, gen. as in O'Ftann,  
**MacFtann**.  
o to ui, nom. Conn, gen. as in O'Cunn.

In poetry, and in the older language, eu [éa] sometimes becomes eoir, as **beut** **beat**, **beót**. **Eróipgealt** [Eróipgealt], **O heróipgealt**. This will explain such duplicate nominatives as **beut**, **beót**. **rseut**, **rseot**; **rseun**, **rseón**; **veup**, **veop**. These are really *old* or *analogical* datives. **ópian** has gen. **ópian**; **mac**, gen. **mic** older form, **meic**. **bíod**, food, gen. **bíó**.

§ 42. Hence **ponn**, a tune—

N.A.	Gen.	Dat.	Voc.
Sing. <b>ponn</b>	<b>puinn</b>	<b>ponn</b>	<b>puinn</b>
Plur. <b>puinn</b>	<b>ponn</b>	<b>ponnaibh</b>	<b>ponna</b>

In the First Declension the changes are in the gen. and voc. sing. and nom. plur. only.

§ 43. **Words in -ae.** Words of more than one syllable ending in -ae, change the -ae into -aig in the attenuated cases; as **manae**, a monk.

N.A.	Gen.	Dat.	Voc.
<b>manae</b>	<b>manaiś</b>	<b>manac</b>	<b>manaiś</b>
<b>manaiś</b>	<b>manae</b>	<b>manacab</b>	<b>manac</b>

Words in -eac have the attenuated Cases in -aig, as **coiteac**, gen. **coitaiś**.

1. The old form in -aig is still used in Scottish Gaelic. In the S. L. of Munster, the ending is -aig, with **g** un-aspirated.

2. The dat. plur. is sometimes found ending in -aigib, [and the nom., acc. and voc. pl. in aigé].

§ 44. i—Words ending in **t**, **n**, **ŋ**, and a few in **t**, sometimes form nom. plur. in -a, as [rseata] **rseuta**, **veóra**. [These are old acc. plurals]. **Caitle**, **bóthre**, **doirfe**, **uairle**, are peculiar forms from **capall**, **bótar**, **doir**, **uair**.

2. In S. L. some words in **t**, **n**, and **ŋ**, form plural in -ta, -ta, as **lion**, **lionta**; **rseut**, **rseulta**; **baip**, **baipis**, and this **ta** is kept throughout the plural, and there has been a tendency to have gen. pl. in **á** in that case. [This **á** is useless, has no authority, and is a mere pedantic device to distinguish from other case-forms].

3. In the S. L. the nom. dat. and voc. plur. are often sounded alike, the termination **aib** of the dative being rarely heard. [The -aib ending is very common in W. Munster, and is by no means unknown even in Connacht. In parts of Munster it is even extended in spoken usage to all cases of plural].

4. The old declension was thus:—N. **cpánn**, G. **cpánn**, D. **cpánn**, and a remnant of this is found in the use of **cionn** [cruinn], old dative of **ceann**, in prepositional phrases.

5. § **Toraibh**, fruit, has plur. **toraibh**, cf, **túnaibh**, verbal noun (§ 65), and **teangaibh** (v). **pl. stá** (§ 75).

### The Second Declension.

§ 45. The words of this declension are all **Feminine** (except **im**, *butter*, [and a few others]).

§ 46. The genitive is formed by **adding -e** to the nominative.

§ 47. Most words end in consonant preceded by *slender vowel*, as **cpuit**, *a harp*.

N. A.	Gen.	Dat.	Voc.
Sing. <b>cpuit</b>	<b>cpuite</b>	<b>cpuit</b>	<b>cpuite</b>
Plur. <b>cpuite</b>	<b>cpuit</b>	<b>cpuitibh</b>	<b>cpuite</b>

i. In gen. plur. the **i** is sometimes omitted, as **na rút**, of the eyes, from **rúil**.

§ 48. Some other words have a **broad vowel** before the final consonant, and (A) when the -e is added in genitive, the rule **caol te caol** requires that **i** be prefixed as follows:—

N. A. V.	Gen.	Dat.
Sing. <b>cor</b>	<b>coir</b>	<b>coir</b>
Plur. <b>corra</b>	<b>cor</b>	<b>coraibh</b>

Note (B) that the attenuation is retained in the dative sing, and that the plur. is formed by adding -a.

§ 49. In this declension there are also **vowel changes**, as in First Declension (§ 41), as **gráin**, **gráime**, **gráim**; **cíor**, **cíne**, **cí**; **riann**, **riinne**, **riinn**; **veus** [vraeas], **vréise**, **vréis**; **teac**, **teice**, **teic**; **cearc**, **círc**, **círc**; **clann**, **clomne**, **clomn**; **tonn**, **tuinne**, **tuinn**.

i. In S. L. the dative sing. of such words often used for nominative, hence, **ingean**, gen. **ingine**, dat. **ingin**, is declined, as if **ingin**, gen. **ingine**. So in S. L. nom. **coir**.

§ 50. 1. Many words denoting parts of the body are of this class; **cor**, **bor**, **lám**, **mám** **glac**, **gruaig**, **cluas**, **glún**, **rát**, [and in spoken language very commonly **méar**].

2. All diminutives in -aig also belong to this class, as **oprodóig**, the thumb, gen. **oprodóige**.

§ 51. **Words in -ac.** There are some feminines in -ac. Monosyllables are declined like *cop*; *cuac*, *cuacé*. Others convert c into g in gen. and dat. sing.

N. A. V.	Gen.	Voc.
Sing. <i>cailleac</i>	<i>caillige</i>	<i>cailli</i>
Plur. <i>cailleaca</i>	<i>cailleac</i>	<i>cailleacaib</i>

So *cláirpeac*, a harp; *báirpeac*, rain; *bimpeac*, a fool; *geatac*, the moon; *tulac*, a hill [properly of the 3rd Dec. gen. *tulca*]; *tairpeac*, threshold; *Cócaac*, Cork; *Luimneac*, Limerick; *baintreabac*, a widow.

1. In Scottish Gaelic still *caillice*, *cailli*; and in a few words, as *blátae*, *veoc bláitce*, a drink of buttermilk; *vabac*, *vabée* [but *bláitige*, and *vabige*, are also found].

§ 52. Words in t, n, form plur. in S. L. by adding -te, ta [and those in p by adding -ta] as in § 44, 2: *all*, a cliff, *allte*; *rion*, storm, *rionta*; *típ*, a country, *tíopta*

### § 53. Plural in -anna.

All words in -eim take this plural—*céim*, a step, *céimeanna*. So *réim*, *téim*, *béim*.

§ 54. In the S. L. this termination often attached to other monosyllables, as *uair*, an hour, *rcot*, a school; *coi*, a turn, [*uairéanna*, *rcotéanna*, *coinnéanna*]. The termination -eaca is also heard for -e in plur., as *áiteaca* for *áite*, places.

§ 55. Contraction in genitive sometimes, as *marom*, gen. *maroine*, *marone*; *obair*, *obaire*, *obipe*; *blátae*, gen. *blátaice*, *bláitce*

## The Third Declension.

§ 56. All words end in a consonant in nom. sing.

§ 57. The genitive formed from the nominative by adding -a.

§ 58. This declension contains both masc. and fem. nouns.

§ 59. I. Words ending in consonant preceded by broad vowel.

*Clear*, a trick, masc.

N. A. V.	Gen.	Dat.
Sing. <i>clear</i>	<i>cleara</i>	<i>clear</i>
Plur. <i>cleara</i>	<i>clear</i>	<i>clearaibh</i>

1. Feminines of this class are attenuated in dative sing. as *colann*, a body; *frón*, the nose.—

S. <i>colann</i>	( <i>colanna</i> )	<i>colna</i>	<i>colann</i>
P. <i>colna</i>	<i>colann</i>		<i>colnaib</i>

2. Hence, in S. L. such words declined like *coir* (§ 48)—dat. for nom. [It is rather the historical acc. which in this and in all similar cases is used for the nom.].

### § 60. II. Words ending in consonant pre-

ceded by slender vowel. When -a is added, the rule *caot te caot* requires a change before final consonant; as *toit*, will, gen. *to(i)ta*, *tota* [but also *toite*, which is the true *historical* form, and even *tota*]. So *tráig*, a strand.

N. A. V.	Gen.	Dat.
Sing. <i>tráig</i>	<i>trága</i>	<i>tráig</i>
Plur. <i>trága</i>	<i>tráig</i>	<i>trágaibh</i>

[Words of this class often drop i in the gen. plural: as *buairib*, gen. pl. *buair*; *cnáim*, gen. pl. *cnáim*; *plait*, gen. pl. *plait* (§ 47.1).]

§ 61. III. **Vowel changes.** When these occur they are the converse of those in First and Second Declensions (§§ 41, 42).

1. u to o, as *put*, *puta*; *gut*, *gota*.
2. ui to o, as *truium*, *troma*; *put*, *puta*.
3. i to e, as *mit*, *meala*.
4. ei to ea, as *terom*, *teatoma*; *reim*, *reanna*.
5. io to ea, as *pior*, *peara*.

1. *Muir* has *mapa* in genitive. There are a good many words with change (5), as *biop*, a spit, dart; *rmioip*, marrow; *cpioip*, a girdle; *cion*, fondness; *rioc*, frost; *riot*, running; *ciot*, a shower.

§ 62. **Contraction** sometimes, as *an tSámain*, November, *oirée Sáma*, *lá Sáma*, *mi na Sáma*; *Cóirap*, Europe; *Róimh Céirpa*, the Continent (*lit.* division) of Europe.

§ 63. 1. Plural in -anna. Some few words form the plural, thus, *terom*, a fit, *pl. teatomanna*; *anam*, *ann*, *pl. annanna*.

2. Plural in -ta, te. Words in t, n, p (§ 44), form the plur. in S. L. by adding -ta, -te. *gleann*, *pl. gleannas*, *lionn* gen. *leanna*, *pl. leannas*. So *gáip*, a shout, fem. (II.), in S. L. has plur. *gáipéa*, as if III. So, apparently from analogy with *pláig*, *pl. pláte*. (§ 79), we have *cpó*, a stable, plur. *cpóire*; *cpú*, a horse-shoe, *pl. cpúróite*.

### § 64. Peculiar Class of Words.

1. All abstract nouns in -act are *fem.* of this declension, like *cteoip*.
2. All verbal nouns in -at, -atam, are *fem.* of this declension, like *tráig*.
3. All words in -oir, like *ppéalatoir*, a mower, *ppéalatoir*, a weaver, are of this declension, masculine, as *cantoir*, a talker.

N. A. V.	Gen.	Dat.
Sing. <i>camfeoir</i>	<i>-teoir</i>	<i>-teoir</i>
Plur. <i>-eoíri</i>	<i>-teoir</i>	<i>-teoirib</i> <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Nouns of this class are variously declined in Irish, and this diversity extends more or less to Modern Irish. It is best to give a complete set of paradigms.]

SINGULAR.		
I.	II.	
N. cainteoíp.	cainteóip.	
G. cainteoípa	cainteóipac	
D. cainteoíp	cainteóipis	
A. cainteoíp	cainteóip[is]	
V. cainteoíp	cainteóip	

PLURAL.		
I.	II.	III.
N. cainteoípe	cainteóipis	cainteóipi
G. cainteoípe	cainteóipac	cainteóipi
D. cainteoípib	cainteóipacib	cainteóipib
A. cainteoípe	cainteóipaca	cainteóipi
V. cainteoípe	cainteóipaca	cainteóipi

It will be seen that Sing. I. follows the THIRD declension: this is common both to modern classical and spoken usage; but Sing. II. follows the FIFTH declension, and is hardly found in Modern Irish. Plural I. contains the normal modern classical forms, and Plural III. the normal spoken forms; but Plural II. forms are common in modern classical usage, and are by no means unknown in the spoken usage.]

4. Note the plural. In S. L. the plural cainteoípí throughout.

5. In the same way in S. L. are declined words from the English like feirméir [feirméip, feitméip] a farmer, riúnéip, a joiner, gen. [éara]-eura (-éipe), plur. -éipí; [táiliúip, a tailor, gen. táiliúpa].

§ 65. Verbal Nouns—see under the Verbs.

#### The Fourth Declension.

§ 66. There are two classes of words in this declension—diminutives in -ín and words ending in a vowel. Some are masculine and others feminine. Words in -ín are of same gender as words from which they are derived. [No, they are always masculine.]

§ 67. Ópeoílin, a wren.

N.A.V.	Gen.	Dat.
Sing.	ópeoílin	in all cases
Plur.	ópeoílini	ópeoílin[i]

Words ending in slender vowel—

§ 68. Úrse, water.

N.A.V.	Gen.	Dat.
Sing.	úrse	in all cases
Plur.	úrsei	úrse [úrsei] úrseib

§ 69. The following plural terminations are often met with: N.A.V.—iðe, -eða; gen. -eð; dat. -iðib, -eðaib. [They are cumbersome and not being historical in this declension, should not be employed.]

Words ending in broad vowel—

§ 70. Málá, a bag.

N.A.V.	Gen.	Dat.
Sing.	málá	in all cases
Plur.	málai	málá [málai] málaiib

§ 71. All words ending in -aipé, -oipé and -aóipé are of this declension. [Words in -aipé

change to -aipí for plural, and in dative to -aipib; those in -aóipé change to -aóipé, and to -aóipib for dative.]

§ 72. Words in -te have pl. in -ite, as milte, bailete.

§ 73. Many words ending in -ó, í, take pl. in -ta, te, as gnó, pl. (gnóa) gnóta; ti, pl. lite. So cnoíte, pl. cnoíote; níge, pl. nígte.

#### The Fifth Declension.

§ 74. Words of this declension end in a vowel (except a few in -ip). Some are mas., others fem.

§ 75. (A.) These words formerly ended in a consonant, which has disappeared in the nom., and now reappears in the gen. Hence this declension forms the genitive by restoring the final consonant of the root of the noun, n, nn: v, g, r, t, ð, ñ, ñ. (B.) In O. I. the nom. plur. was formed by prefixing i to this consonant, as file, a poet, pl. filiò: comhurrá, a neighbour, pl. comhurram. But except in a few words this form is obsolete. (C.) The present plural form is that of the O. I. accusative plural, which ended in ea or a, as capa, gen. capad, pl. capra, now cárta; gnáta, gen. gnábann, pl. gnáine; teine, gen. teinead, pl. teine, teinte, teangá, gen. teangáv, pl. (teangáda) teangáta. (D.) In these last cases, the v. became t when followed by a vowel, cf. vúnað, pl. vúnta.

§ 76. Words forming gen. in n, nn.

N.A.V.	Gen.	Dat.
Mumá	Mumán	Mumain, Munster
Alba	Alban	Albain, Scotland
Sacra	Sacran	Sacram, Saxon-land
		(Alba) (England) <sup>1</sup>
Éire	Éireann	Éirinn, Ireland
Ára	Árann	Árann, Aran

So with Óearf-mumá, Desmond or South Munster; Óige-nuinn, East M. or Ormond; Tuað-mumá, North M. or Thomond.

N.A.V.	Gen.	Dat.
Sing. gába	-bann	-bann, a smith }
Plur. gábne	-bann	-gábniib }
Sing. guala	-lan	-lam, a shoulder }
Plur. gualne	-lan	-gualniib }
Sing. abá	abann	abann, a river }
Plur. abne	abann	abniib }

1. Note the attenuation in the dative sing. As in Second Declension, (§ 49, 1,) the dative [historical accusative] of feminine words is used in S. L. as nominative, thus, abann, gen. abann (V.) or abanne (II.)

[Properly this is plural:

NAV.	G.	D.
Sacra	Sacran	Sacranib (Sacraib.)

§ 78. Some words have the plur. in *-a*, as *ollam*, a professor, *gen.* *ollamhán*, *pl.* *-mna*; (v. § 75.) *meanma*, mind, *pl.* *meanmna*; *tána-ma*, a married couple, *pl.* *tána-mna*.

§ 79. Words forming gen. in *v*, *v*.

Sing. * <i>Comde</i>	<i>-deat</i>	<i>-viro</i> , God
Sing. <i>vraig</i>	<i>-gao</i>	<i>-gao</i> , the neck
Plur. <i>vraigde</i>	<i>-gao</i>	<i>vraigdib</i>
Sing. <i>ricē</i>	<i>-ceat</i>	<i>-cīo</i> , twenty
Plur. <i>ricē(-te)</i>	<i>-ceat</i>	<i>-cīb (-tīb)</i>
Sing. <i>teme</i>	<i>-neat</i>	<i>-niō</i> , fire
Plur. <i>temte</i>	<i>-neat</i> [temte]	<i>-niōb</i>
Sing. <i>rlige</i>	<i>-seat</i>	<i>-sīb, away</i>
Plur. <i>rligte</i>	<i>-seat</i> [rligte]	<i>-sīb</i>

§ 80. Words with *gen.* in *c*.

<i>fiad</i>	<i>-vāt</i>	<i>-vāit</i>	God
<i>nuad</i>	<i>-vāt</i>	<i>-vāt</i>	Nuada
Nuada is now obsolete, except in phrase <i>vaf fiad</i> (ait).			
From <i>nuad</i> comes <i>mag</i> <i>nuadat</i> [now <i>mag</i> <i>nuad</i> ].			
Maynooth.			
Words with <i>gen.</i> in <i>g</i> ; only one, <i>lia</i> , a stone, <i>gen.</i> <i>lia</i> .			
Hence, <i>lia</i> <i>far</i> , Stone of Destiny; <i>Dom-lia</i> , House of Stone, Duleek. <i>Slab-lia</i> , Mountain of Stone, etc. [Words in <i>r</i> , only one, <i>mí</i> , <i>mior</i> , <i>mír</i> ; but now always <i>gen.</i> <i>mior</i> (3rd D.) or <i>mí</i> (4th D.). One word ending in <i>-g</i> in <i>gen.</i> <i>ri</i> : see § 88].			

§ 81. Words with *gen.* in *c*.

Sing. <i>Teamair</i>	<i>-mrae</i>	<i>-mraig</i> , Tara
Sing. <i>catair</i>	<i>-trae</i>	<i>-traig</i> , acity)
Plur. <i>catair</i>	<i>-catair</i>	<i>catair</i> [tree]
Sing. <i>vair</i>	<i>vrae</i>	<i>vraig</i> , an oak
Sing. <i>natair</i>	<i>-trae</i>	<i>-traig</i> , a serpent)
Plur. <i>natair</i>	<i>-trae</i>	<i>-trae</i> [tree]
Sing. <i>luigard</i>	<i>-luigd</i>	<i>luigd</i> . . .
Sing. <i>eo-card</i>	<i>-eo-cad</i>	Propernames.

§ 82. Peculiar Class.

Sing. <i>atair</i>	<i>ata</i>	<i>atair</i> .	father
( <i>at</i> re)	( <i>ata</i> )	( <i>at</i> rib)	
Plur.	<i>at</i> re		
	( <i>at</i> reac)	( <i>at</i> reac)	( <i>at</i> reac)
Sing. <i>vratair</i>	<i>vrat</i>	<i>vratair</i>	
( <i>vra</i> re)	( <i>vra</i> re)	( <i>vra</i> re)	( <i>vra</i> re)
Plur.	<i>vrat</i>		
	( <i>vra</i> reac)	( <i>vra</i> reac)	( <i>vra</i> reac)
Thus, <i>mátair</i> , mother; <i>rean-atair</i> , rean-mátair, grandfather, &c., <i>tearváratair</i> , brother. [In the spoken language the <i>gen.</i> sing. <i>ata</i> , <i>máta</i> , are often heard, making these words of the 3rd D.]			

§ 83. S. <i>Siún</i>	<i>reacar</i>	<i>rlair</i> , sister
P. <i>Seicíp</i>	<i>reacar</i>	<i>reacrlair</i>

is somewhat irregular; so in S. L. *tearváriú* has *gen.* and *pl.* *tearváreit*.

§ 84. *Supplementary*.—In words ending in *v*, *v*, we often see a change into *c*, *c*, when a vowel is added; thus, *topat* I., *pl.* *-cta* *teine* (4th V.), *pl.* *-nte*; [teabat] *teabat* III., *gen.* and *pl.*, *-bta*.

IRREGULAR NOUNS.

Most of the so-called Irregular Nouns can be referred to the previous declensions.

§ 85.

N. A. V.	Gen.	Dat.
S. <i>veoč</i> (pron. <i>vioč</i> )	<i>vige</i>	<i>vig</i> , a drink
P. <i>veoča</i>	<i>veoč</i>	<i>veočaib</i> (§ 51)
S. <i>teac</i>	<i>tige</i>	<i>tig</i> , a house )
P. <i>tigte</i>	<i>teac</i> ,	<i>tigteib</i>
	[ <i>tigte</i> ]	
S. <i>rliaib</i>	<i>rléibe</i>	<i>rliaib</i> , <i>rléib</i> , mountain
P. { <i>rléibte</i> } { <i>rléibe</i> }	<i>rléibte</i>	<i>rléibtib</i>
	<i>rliaib</i>	<i>rléibib</i>

§ 86.

S. <i>vru</i>	<i>vronn</i>	<i>vruinn</i> , the womb'
P. <i>vronna</i>	<i>vronn</i>	<i>vronnaib</i> , (§§ 76, 77)
S. <i>cū</i>	<i>con</i>	coin, a dog
P. <i>coin</i> , <i>conā</i> , <i>con</i>	[ <i>conta</i> , <i>comte</i> ]	<i>conib</i> , (§ 76, 75)

§ 87.

S. <i>clē</i>	<i>cliaib</i>	<i>cliaib</i> , <i>clēib</i> , clay
		(§ 79)
S. <i>traoi</i>	<i>truaib</i>	<i>traoiib</i> , a druid
P. <i>traoir</i>	<i>truaib</i>	<i>traoirib</i>
	[ <i>traoite</i> ]	[ <i>traoite</i> ] <i>traoiteib</i> ,
S. <i>raoi</i>	<i>ruaib</i>	<i>raoib</i> , a sage
P. <i>raoir</i>	<i>ruaib</i>	<i>raoirib</i>
	[ <i>raoite</i> ]	[ <i>raoite</i> ] <i>raoiteib</i> ,
S. <i>rlai</i>	<i>rlaib</i>	<i>rlaib</i> , in pl. only
		—Ulster

§ 88.

S. <i>caora</i>	<i>-rae</i>	<i>caorib</i> , a
		sheep
P. <i>caoréa</i> [ <i>caorib</i> , <i>-rae</i> ]		<i>-raeib</i> , § 82
S. <i>ceo</i>	<i>ciae</i>	<i>ciae</i> , a fog
	In S. L. <i>ceó</i> , <i>pl.</i> <i>ceóta</i> , § 73.	
S. <i>ri</i>	<i>rios</i>	<i>riis</i>
P. <i>riig</i> [ <i>rioga</i> ] in S. L.		
	<i>rigte</i> [ <i>riogta</i> , <i>rios</i> ]	<i>riigteib</i>
	<i>rigte</i> [ <i>riogta</i> ]	[ <i>riogtaib</i> ]
S. <i>mi</i>	<i>miora</i>	<i>mior</i> , a month, fem.
	<i>miora</i>	<i>mior</i>
	<i>mior</i>	<i>mioraib</i>
In Munster, <i>mi</i> , masculine, in singular throughout.		

[Also *vronn*, gen. *vronne* (fem.) and even *vronn*, gen. *vronn* (mas.), frequently in spoken language. Not to be confounded with *vronne*, a breast (4th D.).]

S. <i>páit</i>	<i>páta</i>	<i>páit</i>
P. <i>páta</i>	<i>páit</i>	<i>pátais</i>
In S. L. <i>páit</i> , pl. <i>páite</i> .		
S. <i>uaig</i>	<i>teaga</i>	<i>uaig</i> , a doctor
P. <i>teaga</i>	<i>uaig</i> , <i>teag</i>	<i>teagais</i>
§ 89.		
S. <i> Dia</i>	<i>De</i>	<i> Dia</i> , God
P. <i>Deite</i>	<i> Dia</i> [ <i>Deite</i> ]	<i>Deitib</i>
S. <i>lá</i>	<i>læ</i>	<i>lá</i> , <i>ló</i> , a day
	<i>laete</i>	<i>lá</i> , <i>laete</i>
In S. L. also <i>laetéanna</i> [and <i>laetéanta</i> .]		
S. <i>gá</i> , <i>gæ</i> <i>gæ</i> , [ <i>gaoi</i> , <i>gai</i> ]	<i>gá</i> , <i>gæ</i> , a dart	
P. <i>gæte</i>	<i>gæte</i>	<i>gætib</i>
S. <i>duine</i>	<i>duine</i>	<i>duine</i> , a person
P. <i>duoine</i>	<i>duoine</i>	<i>duoimib</i>
S. <i>teabád</i>	<i>teabád</i>	<i>teabád</i> , a bed
P. <i>teabta</i>	<i>teabta</i>	<i>teabtais</i>
In S. L. also gen.— <i>teabtán</i> (pron. <i>teapan</i> ), and pl. <i>teabtás</i> (pron. <i>teapača</i> ).		
S. [ <i>ni</i> ], <i>ni</i> , <i>neit</i>		<i>ni</i> , thing
P. <i>neitce</i>	<i>neitce</i>	<i>neitib</i>
S. <i>bean</i>	<i>mná</i>	<i>mnaoi</i>
P. <i>mná</i>	<i>ban</i>	<i>mnáib</i>
S. <i>O</i> , <i>ua</i>	<i>ui</i>	<i>O</i> , <i>ua</i> , grandson
P. <i>ui</i>	<i>O</i> , <i>ua</i>	<i>uiib</i>
S. <i>agair</i>	<i>agte</i>	<i>agair</i>
P. <i>agte</i>	<i>agair</i>	<i>agteib</i>

## GENDER OF NOUNS.

## § 90. Derivative words.

- Masculine—1. Words in *án*, as *macán*, from *mac*; *áitneán*, from *áitne*; *buailteán*.  
 2. Words in *-ar*, as *maetanar*, from *maetanae*.  
 3. Word in *-ac*, as a rule.  
 4. Verbals in *-ar*.  
 5. Words in *-oir*, *aire*, *urðe*.

- § 91. Feminine—1. Words in *-os* (II.), *geamprós*.  
 2. Words in *-act* (III.), *áitneact*.  
 3. Some in *-ac* of II. Declen.  
 4. Verbals in *-an*, *gabán* (III.), from *gab*.  
 5. Verbals in *-main*, as *leanmain*, from *lean*.  
 6. Abstract nouns generally, as *áigre*, height.  
 7. Names of countries, cities and rivers.

§ 92. Diminutives in *-in* are of same gender as word from which they are derived, as *peairín* [ *peair* ], mas., *sitín*, fem. [See § 66.]

## THE ADJECTIVE.

## DECLENSION.

§ 93. Adjectives ending in a vowel are unchanged; thus, *an feap burðe*, *an fip burðe*, *teir na feapa burðe*. [te has *teo* in gen. sing. fem. and in plural; and *beo* becomes *bi* in the g. s. m. after  *Dia*, as *Mac De bi*.]

1. A few words form the gen. fem. (when used as comparative, § 101), as if they ended in a consonant thus, *faora*, *fuire*: *gránda*, *gránde*; as if from *fao*, *gráno*

§ 94. Adjectives ending in a consonant preceded by a broad vowel, as *pionn*. With masculine noun the adjective is declined like *bár* (I.), and with feminine like *cop* (II.). In the plural, like *ctear* III.; vowel changes as in the declension of nouns. [Adjectives, however, have not, in Modern Irish, the *-atib* or *-ib* ending in dative plural, which is the same as nom. plural].

## SINGULAR.

Mas.	Fem.
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N.A. <i>an feap pionn</i>	<i>an ñean pionn</i>
G. <i>an fip pinn</i>	<i>na mná pinn</i>
D. <i>oo'n feap pionn</i>	<i>oo'n mnaoi pinn</i>
V. <i>a fip pinn</i>	<i>a ñean pionn</i>

## PLURAL.

N.A. <i>na fip</i> , <i>na mná</i> , <i>pionna</i>
G. <i>na bfeap</i> , <i>na mban</i> , <i>bionna</i>
D. <i>oo na feapatib</i> , <i>mnáib</i> , <i>pionna</i>
V. <i>a feapa</i> , <i>mná</i> , <i>pionna</i>

[NOTE.—There are a few that are irregular. Thus, *geap*, short, has *gípp* in gen. sing. mas., dat., sing. fem., and *geap* in gen. sing. fem.; and in the plural (gen. excepted) *gioppa* or *geappa*—the latter now much more frequently. But the variant form *gioppa* is regular (see § 98). *bfeag*, *fine*, is usually not inflected for the cases of the singular, although in the gen. sing. fem., *bfeag* and *bfeagta* are sometimes found. It has *bfeagta* in the plural, and this is the historical form for both singular and plural; in plur. *bfeag* also is sometimes found].

[§ 94 (a) It will be useful to add here a few examples illustrating the vowel changes referred to above. Thus, in the attenuated cases (and in these only—gen. sing. mas.; gen. sing. fem.; dat. sing. fem.; voc. sing. mas.) *a* is changed to *oi*—as *gao*, *near*, *goip*, *goipe*; *ea* (eu) to *ei*—as *geap*, *sharp*, *gíip*, *gíipe*; *ea* to *i*—as *geal*, *bright*, *gil*, *gile*; *ea* to *e* as—*dear*, *pretty*, *deir*, *deire*; *dear*, *red*, *deir*, *deirge*; *ia* to *éi*—as *piat*, *generous*, *peil*, *peile*; *io* to *i*: as *pionn*, *fair*, *pinn*, *pinne*; *o* to *u*—as *trom*, *heavy*, *trum*, *trume*;

வோப், violent, வூப், வூப்பே; வோ, soft, வூங், வூங்கே; வூ to 1:—as வூங், வூங், வூங்கே; வூங், thick, dense, வீங், வீங்கே. Thus it will be at once seen that the declension of adjectives exhibits the same internal inflections observed in the case of nouns.]

§ 95. Adjectives in -ac, -eac, are declined like manac (§ 43), with masculine noun, and like caitleac [or gealac] (§ 51), with feminine, as விரதாc, roguish. [In plural like caitleac or gealac for both mas. and fem., except dat., which has not -ib, and is therefore like nom.]

	Sing.		Plur.
M.	F.	M. and F.	
N.A.	விரதாc	விரதாc	விரதாcா
G.	விரதாcங்	விரதாcங்கே	விரதாc
D.	விரதாc	விரதாcங்	விரதாcா
V.	விரதாcங்	விரதாc	விரதாcா

§ 96. Very rarely the gen. sing. fem. is found ending in -ce, as நாகாதே ராதே (for ராதை), where there is also contraction, [but ராதை is also found in spoken usage, and even in books]: cf. also போறே, போரே, [போல்], உறை, gen. fem. sing. of போறு, evident; போரு, near; [போல், low]; உரை, noble. [Contracted adjectives retain the contraction in the plural, and have a slender instead of a broad increase: as நா பூ உறை, the noble men].

§ 97. Adjectives ending in a consonant preceded by slender vowel. Two classes.

§ 98. I. Example, min, fine.

	Sing.		Plur.
M.	F.	M and F.	
N.A.V.D.	மின்	மின்	மினே
G.	மின்	மினே	மின்

Some evident contractions, as அதே for அதுமே. [ராதேபே for ராதேபை from ராதேபு; அதே for அதுமே from அதுமை; தாரே for தாரை from தாரைபு. ]

[98(a). There are a few adjectives of this class which are not so declined. Hence, to form the gen. sing. fem., சூரி becomes (not சூரை but) சூரா (and same in plural); and (exhibiting contraction at the same time), வெசாரி, difficult, becomes வெசாரா; ரோசி, easy, quiet, becomes ரோசா; மின், frequent, becomes மின்சா (although மினே and மின் are often found in the spoken language). Adjectives ending in a silent consonant, like புாந், red, சுவாந், hard, usually follow மின் (§ 94), and மின் (§ 97), in classical usage, but in vernacular usage they are, at least frequently, treated as if ending in a vowel (see § 93). ]

§ 99. II. Adjectives in -amail = -like, -ly, as பொமாமை, manlike, manly. These differ from the ordinary type in being usually contracted from -amaine to -amla in gen. fem. sing and N.A.V.D. plural.

	Sing.		Plur.
N.A.V.D.	பொமாமை	-amail	M. and F. (பொமாமை)
Gen.	பொமாமை (-amaine),	பொமாமை.	-amla.

[§ 99(a). The paradigm of adjectives of this group is frequently, and by good authorities, arranged otherwise. Thus:—

	Sing.		Plur.
N.A.V.D.	பொமாமை.	பொமாமை.	M. and F.
G.	பொமாமை,	பொமாமை.	பொமாமை.

There is undoubtedly warrant for this paradigm. But those who regard it as absolutely representing the invariable usage, generalise from insufficient data. This, to go no further, is shown by the following examples:—தேவாயாந் ஓரிப் எஸ் அப் பொமாமை (Donleavy); மினுங்கா போலைப் போருங்கேநா அப் அல்லா அப் பேரின் சிர்பாமை (Donleavy); காரேபாம் அப் எலுங்கை கார்பாமை (O’Neachtain).]

#### COMPARISON OF ADJECTIVES.

§ 100. The comparative and superlative forms are identical. One is known from the other (A) by the signs நிப் (= நி + [ஏ] ப்; hence with past and future tenses), நி வா, நி வூ, used with the comparative; and ப் (and with past and future, வா, வூ), found with the superlative; or (B) sometimes by the context alone.

[§ 100 a. Unless when an adjective ends in a vowel (see, however, § 93), the comparative, whether regular or irregular, differs from the positive, or ordinary form of the adjective (see § 101). Unlike the older forms of the language, Modern Irish has no special form for the superlative. In certain cases, to be explained, the comparative form acquires a superlative force.

1. The comparative, MUST, in all cases, be preceded by the verb ப் (in some of its tenses—present, preterite, future, or conditional) expressed, or understood, or in composition. Examples: (pres.) ப் வே என் ஜுன் இனா அன் ஜெலாc, the sun is brighter than the moon; (pres.) வா தாரே லெப் தோமாப் ரோதல், he considered Thomas stronger than Cathal; (fut.) அப் ப்லேப் ஶ்ரீன், லா நா ப்லாங், வரு வூதே இனா குல வோ ஞே, on Mount Sion, on the day of the hosts (the last day), blacker than coal will your countenance be (Keating); (cond.) வாவ் பொறி லெப் in vernacular

usage, *preterite b'feappi leip or vo b'feappi leip* generally used instead] *beit 'ra mbaile ioná beit* *mai⁹ a b'fuit pé*, he would prefer to be at home than to be where he is; (pres. neg.) *ní Lárope ioná Seágán é*, he is not stronger than John; (pret. neg.) *níor ñeire ioná Nópa i*, she was not prettier than Nora; (fut. neg.) *ní b'wó hálne ioná Máire i*, she will not be more beautiful than Mary; (cond. neg.) *óá ñeicteád an leabád eile*, *ní baó feappi leat* [preterite *níor b'feappi* now generally used instead] *an ceann po ioná é*, had you seen the other book you would not prefer this one to it; (cond. dep.) *baó d'óig te ñuine go mbaó feappi le Seágán* now usually *gup b'feappi le Seágán* *beit 'ra mbaile ioná dul go hamairiúocá*, one would have fancied that John would prefer to be at home than to go to America.

2. When the comparative follows (a) a noun used INDEFINITELY, or (b) a transitive verb and its INDEFINITE object, or (c) the verb *tá*, or (d) when the comparative after any verb has an adverbial force, the verb *is* (in some of its tenses) still remains before the comparative, but the word *ní* (not the verbal particle, as is often wrongly assumed, but a noun = *thing, something, somewhat*), is prefixed to it; and so arise the forms *níor* ( *ní + or* ), *níora* *ní + or + a* ), *ní ba*, *ní b'w*, *ní baó*: *níora*, which aspirates a consonant following it, is at present not much used. (It should be here observed that *níor t'álaim na hÉireann feappi ap' ioná ioná é*, there is not on the soil of Ireland a bolder man than he, and kindred expressions, seem exceptions to the rule laid down, and yet have the authority of spoken usage in their favour). The relative forms of *is* must, in this case, be employed (for the locution becomes relative), and, according to literary usage, the sequence of the tenses should be observed. Hence when the verb going before is present tense, *is* should also be present tense; when *future*, *is* should be *future*, &c. Examples: *leabád níor feappi ioná e pin ní fuit le fagbáil*, a better book than that is not to be found, *vo ñeann Seágán feappi ní ba ñuime ioná Tomáp inre*, John saw a heavier man than Thomas yesterday. *tá feari níor Lárope ioná Séamap 'ra t'ig*, there is in the house a stronger man than James; *t'ád níora meara ioná a c'iste*, they are worse than one another (i.e., one is bad and another is worse); *bí carlin ní b'álne ioná Nópa ap' an sonaé*, there was a more beautiful girl than Nora at the fair; *ní fada go mbéiró pé ní b'w' ñeige ioná a ñeap- ñpátaip*, he will soon be richer than his brother; *vo bránaó pé 'ra mbaile*, *vo b'eaó pé ní baó Lárope ioná Tomáp anoir*, had he remained at home he would now be stronger than Thomas; *vo éuairó pé ní ba ñeime opim ioná ap' mo ñeapb'átaip*, he pussed me more than he did my brother; *vo buail pé ní ba ñuime ioná ñuam é*, he beat him more severely than ever. The sequence of tenses, though carefully observed by many speakers, is not rigidly observed in vernacular usage. Thus: *tá pé níor Lárope ioná Séamap*, he is stronger than James; *bí Nópa níor ñeire ioná Máire*, Nora was prettier than Mary; *ní fada go mbéiró Ap' níor ñeige ioná a stáip*, Art will soon be richer than his father. When the comparison is formal, the comparative is always followed by *ioná* (or 'ná) = *than*; but the comparison is not always quite formal, something being often left understood; thus—*ionná go níuileamur níor ionmáine* (*ioná ñuam*, *ioná anoir*?) *váy ñeoir fén*, so that we should more completely renounce our own will. But when *ioná* does occur, the form has necessarily a comparative force.

3. When the comparative after *is* (in some of its tenses) is preceded by (a) the noun to which it refers, (b) the noun being used DEFINITELY, the comparative acquires a SUPERLATIVE force, or becomes superlative. The locution in this case also is relative, and *ioná* never follows, nor is it then understood. Examples—*an feisi ap' feappi* *ní ñeann*, the best man in Ireland; *an cnoic ap' luga 'ra voiman*, the smallest hill in the world; *tá an leabád ap' mó ag Séamap*, James has the largest book; *bí an leabád ba ñeire ag Cailean*, Cathleen had the prettiest book; *óá mbioiō pé anpro*, *vo b'eaó an áit baó hálne aige*, if he were here he would have the most beautiful place; *b'eaó an leabád b'w' mó ag ñuine b'w' luga*, the smallest man will have the largest book. In strict literary usage the sequence of tenses is carefully observed, and the tense of *is* is determined by the tense of the principal verb, but in vernacular usage, the present tense of *is* is commonly, though not invariably, employed regardless of the tense of the verb going before. Thus—*bí an leabád ap' meara ag ñeomonn*, Edmond had the worst book.]

§ 101. The comparative and superlative [when regular], are the same as the gen. sing. fem. of the positive; thus, *atá mipe níor ñinne ioná t'ura*, I am more fair than you (§ 94); *ip t'ura an feap ip ñinne*, you are the fairest man. So *brádaige*, mine.

§ 101a. Thus also *aoibhne* is comp. and super. of *aoibhinn*, happy: *báine*, of *bán*, white; *buige* of *bog*, soft; *buigibh*, of *bogb*, violent, rude; *b'reaga* (or *b'reaghtá*), of *b'reag*, fine; *b'ónaréig*, of *b'ónaé*, sorrowful: *buaine*, of *buan*, lasting; *cúite*, of *ceapt*, right; *córa*, of *cóip*, just; *cópait*, of *cóipait*, like; *cúimne*, of *crom*, bent, steep; *deacra* (sometimes *deacarpe*, of *deacar*), difficult; *deilbhe*, of *dealb*, ready; *deirge*, of *dearg*, red; *tilpe* (or, by metathesis, *tilp*), of *tillear*, faithful, genuine; *tilpige*, of *tilpeac*, straight; *ñuinne*, of *onn*, keen; *éacuimne*, of *éacuom*, light; *farrainge*, of *farri*, plentiful, roomy, spacious; *feapamála*, of *feapamáil*, manly; *féiste*, of *fiat*, generous; *flíche*, of *fluic*, wet; *forse* (*forfse*, *orfs*), of *forf* (*orfs*), near; *forstle*, of *forst*, manifest; *goine*, of *gán*, near; *guribh* (*gurndé*), of *gáib*, rough, coarse; *gile*, of *gáel*, bright; *gíne*, of *gáon*, sharp; *gíoppa* (*gípp*), of *geappi*, short; *glaibe*, of *glaib*, green, azure, chalyb; *ípfe*, of *íjeal*, low; *láine*, of *lán*, full; *luime*, of *lom*, bare; *luaité*, of *luat*, swift, quick; *moille* (*maille*), of *mall*, slow; *mipe*, of *meap*, active, lively, mince (*mince*), of *minic*, frequent; *uóine* (*orópe*), of *óuap*, pale, wan; *parte* (*parte*), of *partaé*, of *parta*, filthy; *rine* of *pean*, old; *reinge*, of *reangs*, lean, spare; *reipde*, of *reapb*, bitter, sour; *rocpa*, of *rocraip*, easy, secure; *roipbe*, of *roipb*, pleasant; *teó*, of *te*, hot; *teinne*, of *teann*, tight, stiff; *tinne*, of *tinn*, ill; *tiége*, of *tiug*, thick, dense; *trúime*, of *tróom*, heavy; *uaple*, of *uapal*, noble, &c.

#### IRREGULAR COMPARISON.

§ 101 b. Some adjectives are compared irregularly, that is, they have for the comp. and super. forms other than those found in their genitive sing. feminine. A list of adjectives irregularly compared is given.]

<i>fada</i>	{ [ <i>fada</i> , <i>faroe</i> ], [ <i>furde</i> , (§ 93, 1) ]	long, far
"	<i>ria</i>	far
[ <i>iomrda</i> ]	[ <i>mo</i> ], <i>ua</i>	more, [more numerous]

mór	mó	great
beag	lúga	small
olt	meara	bad
mait	feann	good
fuþur	fuþa	easily
upur	upa	easier
	neara	nearer
tréan,	[tréine]	strong
[tréan]	tréire	strong
ionnáin	annra	dear
	(taorße, túrse)	
	([túrza, taorza])	quicker, sooner
(dóig)	(dóca)	
	(dóice, dóigce)	more likely
[áro	áitroe, aoirroe, airtroe	high, tall.
gránta,	grántoe,	ugly.]

§ 101. c. When *fuþa* = *long*, its *comp.* and *super.* is *fuþa*, *fuþre*, or *fuþre*: when = *far*, its *comp.* and *super.* (borrowed from another root) is *fuþa* in *literary usage*, and also very generally in vernacular usage; but very many Irish speakers at present use *fuþre* or *fuþre* in both senses. *Tréire* is commonly given as *comp.* and *super.* of *tréan*, but is really *comp.* and *super.* of *tréar*, which is now obsolete except in compound words: as *tréar-aorfa*, very old. There are many variants of *fuþur* or *upur* in the spoken language, *fuþur*, *fuþur*, *fuþur*, *fuþur*, *fuþur*: this last is employed by many Irish speakers as *comp.* and *super.* also.]

### The Verb.

#### CONJUGATION.

§ 102. For convenience, regular verbs may be divided into three classes. (A.) Ordinary verbs. (B.) Verbs in *-ug* of more than one syllable, formed from nouns and adjectives [and from other verbs]. These differ from the first class only in the future and conditional. (C.) Some few verbs of more than one syllable, not ending in *-ug*, which, nevertheless, form the future and conditional as if they did. The roots of these verbs end in *-il*, *-ip*, *-in*, *-ing*, etc. [These verbs are called *contracted verbs*, because the stem is contracted when endings beginning with a vowel are added.]

§ 103. The root of the verb can be found either in the 2nd sing. *imperative active* or in 3rd sing. *preterite active*.

§ 104. Terminations are added to the root to form the various parts of the verb. In S. L. there is a tendency to use pronouns instead, and to say, e.g., *vo óún mé*, I closed, for *vo óúnas*; *óúnáð pinn*, let us close, for *óúnámuir*. In this way the terminations *-muir*, *-muir* have come to be used as pronouns, *óúnáð muir*, *vo óún muir*.

§ 105. A double set of terminations is required, in order that the rule *caot le caot* may be observed—thus, *óún*, *óúnáim*, I close; *mill*, *millim*, I destroy.

### § 106. Imperative Mood.

#### TERMINATIONS.

	Active.	Passive.
	P.	S.
1st Person	{ -amuir [-am] } <i>tear</i> [vacat] { -mir [-eam] } throughout	
2nd „	-aró	
3rd „	-earó	-aroirí

1. The italicised letters are retained or omitted according to the nature of the last vowel of the root of the verb.  
 2. In Munster -amoir, -ámoir; in S. L. -amuir.  
 3. In S. L. ending pronounced -earó (-ear, rare) in 3rd sing; ending pronounced -aró (-aróib, N. Donegal, -aróis, West Munster), in 2nd pl. The 1st pl. sometimes contracted to *am*: as *óúnam*, let us close, *millam*, let us destroy. [These are the old endings (conjunct).]

§ 107. In terminations commencing with *t* (as *tí*, *tear*, *tá*, etc.), the *t* is aspirated, as if second part of compound word (§ 2); in Munster aspiration takes place always, but in Connacht the *t* is often unaspirated.

Example I —Broad, *óún*, *óúnáð* pé: *óúnámuir* *óúnmuir*, *óúnam*, *óúnáð*, *óúnámuir*. Slen-der, *mill*, *milláð* pé: *millimip* *millimip*, *millam*, *milláð*, *millimip*. II.—*mionnáig*, *gheá* pé: -ígmir *mionnáig* -eam, -íru, -ígvíp III. *vibip*, *vibpáð* pé: *vibpumip* *vibpream*, *vibpíð*, *vibpumip*. Passive, *óuntar*, *milltar*, *vibptar*, *vibptar*: *leigtar*, *leigtar*, *mionnáigtar*: *tiontar* an *gloine agur* ótar an *deoc*!

#### PRESENT TENSE.

§ 108. (A.) Ordinary form. (B.) Same form is used for *optative mood*. [Not so in literary usage, nor in spoken usage generally; 1st pers. sing. ends in -ao, -eao; 3rd pers. sing. ends in -a or -e (classical); and usually -aró, and -aró (vernacular)]. (C.) Form after particles. (D.) Form in relative sentences.

	A.	
S.	Active.	Passive.
1. -aim	{ -amuir ) -tear { -imiro ) (throughout)	
2. -aró	{ -taró )	
3. aró	{ -ti )	-aró

The italicised endings in active voice used after roots with final *broad* vowel.

[Though the endings given are those which seem to have most authority, others are also found. Thus—

1st plural, -amoir, *aimro* and *imiro*: in classical usage the thematic vowel is, as a rule, omitted,

hence, -muio, -mio, -maio, -mio, instead of those given above. Where its omission would lead to an excessive accumulation of consonants it is, even in classical usage, retained].

109. Examples I.—Dúnaim, dúnairi, túnairi ré: dún-  
amio, dúnamio, dúnamairi, dún-  
amio, dúnairi, dúnairi; millim,  
millim, millir ré: millimio millimio,  
millimio, milli, millio.

II.—mionnuigim, -iṣi, -iṣir ré: -iṣi-  
mio [iṣimio], -iṣhi, -iṣiu.

III.—vibli r̄um, vibli, vibli ré: vib-  
li, vibli [vibli], vibli, vibli.  
Passive túnairi, milltear, mionnuig-  
tear, viblipear.

B. The same form is used for the optative mood [vide § 108], which has prefixed the particle *go*, *eclip.* (§ 26); in negative sentences, *naeap*, *náp*, *aspir.* (§ 14 C).

As I. [*go* maireatō], *go* maireatō! II. *go* n-éipisrō teat [*go* n-éipse teat], *go* mbeann-  
nuigir Dia túit [*go* mbeannnuigse Dia túit].  
Passive. *go* scáittear *go* mat é, *náp*  
éattear *go* deo é!

### § 110. C. Present tense—secondary dependent form in -eann.

After (a) negative and interrogative particles (*ní*, *an*, *nae* [*ná*]); after (b) *go*, *náe* [*ná*], following such words as *say*, *think*, etc.; after (c) the relative preceded by preposition (and in M. I. after *má*, *if*) there is another form of the **third person sing.** ending not in -arō, but in -eann. So *ní* millim, *ni* milli, but *ni* milleann ré: *so* *an* nónann ré, etc. [The distinction made between the third person singular *absolute* and *dependent* is carefully observed in classical usage, but in vernacular usage the -eann ending of the 3rd sing. *dependent* has been almost universally extended to the 3rd sing. of the *present absolute*. Hence in classical usage (a) in the 3rd sing. *absolute* —buairi ré, milli ré, minigir an feap, &c.; and (b) in the 3rd sing. *dependent* —ní buaireann ré, *ni* milleann ré, *ni* minigéann an feap, &c. But in vernacular usage (c) we usually find buaireann ré, milleann ré, minigéann an feap, &c., in the 3rd sing. *absolute*. In Ulster, however, the ending -arō is still in common use in the 3rd sing. *absolute*].

§ 111. This form is thus an **enclitic form**, and should be used only as such, and only in 3rd singular. But it has come to be used in S. L. (1) in all the persons, *sing.* and *pl.* as *ní* nónann r̄io for *ní* nónaró; (2) as the regular present tense unpreceded by particle, as cloréann neart ceart, *might conquer right*; (3) as a frequentative form of the present tense.

### D.

#### § 112. Form in -ear in relative sentences.

1. Like the form in -eann, this form should be used only in 3rd singular; as *an feap* óúnar an dofar, *an* feap millear cuir a comúrran, the man (who) closes the door, the man (who) destroys the property (*lit. share*) of his neighbour; *an dofar* óúnar an feap, the door (which) the man closes; *an e-árbear* millear an báirneacá, the corn which the rain destroys. 2. But like the form in -eann, this form, too, has come to be used in S. L. with all the persons, as, *an dofar* óúnar mé, the door (which) I close, for óúnaim. 3. Note that the verb in the relative clause does not agree in number with the relative which is nominative to it, as, *na píp óúnas* (not óúnaid) na óúppre, 4. This form is also used in the emphatic verb construction (v. syntax), as when, instead of óúnaró ré (S. L. óúnann) *an dofar* go taraíó, we say, *if* taraíó óúnaró ré *an* *o*, 'tis quickly (that) he closes the door; and (5) after some conjunctions, *mar*, *an* *uair*, *an* *tan*, *anail*, *ru*.

The relative requires somewhat fuller treatment than this. It will be well to place under distinct headings what requires to be added.

1 The relative forms for the various persons are, according to classical or literary usage, shown in the subjoined paradigms.

I.	II.
Sing.	Sing.
1 óúnaim	millim
2 túnairi	milli
3 óúnar ré	millear ré
	Plur.
1 óúnamio (óúnmuio)	millimio (millimio)
2 óúntaoi	millti
3 óúnato	millto

It will be seen that except in the 3rd sing. the endings of the relative forms are like the endings of the *absolute* and *dependent* forms. In vernacular usage, the 3rd sing. relative ending -ear is frequently extended (the personal pronouns being at the same time employed) to the other persons: thus óúnar mé, óúnar tú, óúnar pib, etc. But it should nevertheless be borne in mind that, strictly speaking, the relative ending -ear belongs to the 3rd sing. only.

2. In vernacular usage there is now considerable variety in regard to the 3rd sing. relative ending. In Munster it has been practically lost, the dependent ending -eann having been substituted for it (as it has been for the 3rd sing. absolute). Hence in Munster usage, óúnann ré = óúnar ré; milleann ré = millear ré, etc. Thus —an té feapann (feapar), he who stands (Imitation). In Connacht, on the other hand, a 3rd sing. relative ending—eannr (a blend of the dependent and relative 3rd sing. endings) has been developed. Hence, óúnannr ré = óúnar ré, milleannr ré = millear ré, etc. Thus —seirtear gup 'n-a tuithe móra éagann an mi-ág (An Clárdeán). In Ulster, however, the literary ending has been pretty well preserved.

3. Even in classical usage, forms having the **special relative ending**, are found only in *affirmative relative locutions*. Hence (a) in *negative relative locutions* the *dependent form* (not the relative form) is used in the 3rd sing. as: *an feap* nac nónann (ná nónann) *an dofar*, the man, who does not close the door; so likewise (b) in *relative locutions* having the *relative governed by a preposition*, the *dependent form* is also employed: as, *an feap* lé mbaineann (le n-a mbaineann) *an teabhar*, the man to whom the book belongs (see §§ 223-233).

4. (1) In classical modern Irish there is no *simple relative* pronoun. The relative value of the verb (a) depends on the collocation, and (b) the initial consonant

of a verb used relatively is when possible aspirated. Thus—*an uairí fágair an t-anam pír an gceopp*, when life leaves the body (O'Gallagher's Sermons); *an maití meápar ré beirt ann*, the good which he considers to be therein (O'Gallagher's Sermons); *ag géilleád von Áirí-eaglair coitceann faoilír beirt aca féin*, submitting to the universal high church which they regard themselves as possessing (O'Molloy). (2) Vernacular usage has, however, developed a relative particle (not a relative pronoun). Thus—*daonne a bior i ngrádó*, people who are in love (Craig's Clann Uírmhí); *an duine nád n-éiríseann a ghráde leir agus a chomáras go minic ari an ól*, the man whose business does not prosper, and who turns frequently to drink (Idem); *na rmuainte a bior dár mbhorthuigádó cum goirode*, the thoughts that urge us to steal (Keat. Soc. Irish Catech.); *ip iad grápta Dé a éongnair linn*, it is God's grace that helps us (Idem); *gáe uile ní a baimeann o'Éirinn*, everything that belongs to Ireland (An Clardeamh); *rin é an éal a éugann na cuartaróte ari na hÉireannaitisib*, that is the character which the tourists give of the Irish (Idem); *an t-eagnaírde . . . a túsann (túgáir) partíge a náma féin*, the philosopher who neglects his own soul (Imitation); *peacé ari seoirse do tábairt dóibh rin a miteann (mitear) tágann*, to give our heart's love to those who glide past us (Idem). (3) This relative particle is nothing else than the particle *do* (worn down), which, probably because of its relative use with the *Imperfect*, *preterite*, and *conditional* of regular verbs, and with the *present* and *future* of some irregulars, was by analogy, transferred to the *present* and *future*. The evolution of this *present* and *future* relative is very interesting, and is easily traced. (4) In printed books of the 17th century it rarely appears in any form (either as *vo* or *a*). Examples—an éall tágáir an eaglair, the meaning which the Church teaches (Lucerna Fidelium); *gúraib amlaib tágáir an eaglair mé*, that it is thus the Church instructs me (Idem); *gáe n-aon vo na nuashallaib ríniobair ari Éirinn*, every one of the later Galls who writes about Ireland (Keating's History); *map aí pollas do gáe léagánói cleáctar úsduair do léagád*, as is plain to every reader who is accustomed to read authors (Idem); *an tan bláirto i, when they taste it* (Keating T. B. Sh.); *an tí éairleap gíad Dé*, he who loses the love of God (Idem); *an tmeas ní óligeas an t-aithrigéas do beirt aige*: the third thing which the penitent is bound to have (Keating E.S.); *aí a mionca beiríro mionna móra*, because of the frequency with which they utter great oaths (Idem); *ní dóibh cionnáir do ólairiú dualac*; not for them dost thou comb thy waving lock (Keating Poems); *an círeáit peo éairíum*, this question which I propose (Idem); *vo éioé éunnín séal bláit tágáinsear mian rúl thy round white blooming breast which allures the desire of the eyes* (Idem). (5) In Donleavy's Catechism, O'Gallagher's Sermons, etc., we find a change which seems to date from some part of the 18th century. We find *vo* frequently employed as relative particle. Examples—*pluigio go coitceann gáe ni do fáruigear a n-anmána*, generally they greedily swallow everything which gratifies their inordinate desires (Donleavy); *fáram éigin vo tábairt do gáe aon do fíreas oppa aíbhair na muimíne atá aca*, to give satisfaction to everyone who asks them for a reason for the hope they have (Idem); *aí neitib eile do beanar ne gnótaib Dé*, in other matters belonging to God's service (Idem); *raciamhnuine do gílanar rinn ó peacád na rinnpeas*, a Sacrament which cleanses us from original sin (Idem); *an té do éongdáir aige ní vo éuairó i músa*, he who retains a thing which was lost (Idem); *cionnáir do énruigéas tú gúraib i n-ágháro na n-éiríseas poim do labhar an t-apptol*? How do you prove that is against those heretics (that) the apostle speaks? (Idem); *éinneád do tágáir agus do leanar é*, anyone who understands and follows us (Idem); *maondo fáruigear na pláitsearán talamh*, as the heavens excel the earth (O'Scurry). (6) Even at this period, however, the older usage was not wholly excluded. Examples—*círeáto iarríar an cíugead háitíne*

*opainn?* what does the fifth commandment ask of us? (Donleavy); *an té tóirimigear ari neac eile*, he who hinders another (Idem); *an té glocáreáinní n-airgíod*; he who takes anything without payment (Idem); *'ní luaré ápro- uigear gúd an pípeán cum na bpláitcear' ná fórglaor geataí phapáitair i tuislingear anuas opainn móp- tópócaire Dé, no sooner does the voice of the just one rises to Heaven than the gates of Paradise open and the great mercy of God descends upon us (O'Gall. Sermons). (7) Sometimes again, both usages are illustrated side by side. Examples—*an té éuirceas coip bheige ari neac*; *an té neartuigear an bheag*; *do éorpar an éagcóní*, etc.; *he who belies anyone*; *he who sustains the falsehood*; *who defends the injustice*, etc. (Donleavy); *an té foillpígeas . . . locta uairneáda duine eile, do éanearp é*, do éuirceas bheag aíp . . . ; *an té pór do bheigear a geallamain gáe aóibar olíveanach*; *fórglaor litpeadá duine eile*, etc.; *he who reveals the hidden faults of another*; *who disparages him*; *who calumnates him . . .*; *and he likewise who breaks his promise without a lawful reason*; *opens another's letters etc.* (Donleavy). (8) In later times *vo* has given place to its worn form *a*. Examples: *peacád a mairbá an t-anam go friúrláitá*, a sin that kills the soul spiritually (Keat. Soc. Catechism); *peacuigéann an té a bhor- uigear cum uile, a éongnair cum a bheonta, a éorpar é*, etc., *he sins who incites to evil*, who assists in its perpetration, who defends it, etc. (Idem); *círeádo a éanaglann (éanaglair) an t-áine* *peo opainn?* what does this commandment interdict to us? (Idem). *círeádo a éanaglann (éanaglair) an t-áine* *háitíne opainn?* what does the second commandment enjoin upon us? (Idem); *ip é peo an Túr a labhráin (labhrat) map an gceáona linn-ne*, this is the Beginning which speaks likewise to us (Imitation); *cád é liacé daonne a éairleann (éairleap) a n-anmána*, how great is the number of those who lose their souls (Idem); *ip baodán bog a éuircean (éuirceap) a muimíne i nbaomib*, he is a silly cat who places his trust in men (Idem). (9) The worn form of the particle began to make its appearance pretty early: for we find instances of it in O'Reilly's edition of O'Gallagher's Sermons, published early in the 19th century. Thus—*gáidé laigead a gílaear an foicléante peo píp an ollmúiníú ceap*, how small the number who receive this remedy with the proper preparation. (9) The particle *vo* is still heard and found (a) before initial vowels: as, *círeádo t'óiruigéann (ópro- uigear) an t-áine peo óunn?* What does this commandment order us to do (Irish Catechism), and *tápluigéann gújí móp n'éirvean (éirveap) go minic*, it happens that there are many who often listen (Imitation); and (b) even in other cases: as, *cionnáir do peacuigéann (peacuigear) duine?* how does a person sin? (Irish Catechism); *círeádo do énruigéas do an t-áine peo?* what do these two commandments forbid? (Idem); *raciamhnuint do gílanar (gílanap) rinn ó peacád an tríomhri*, a sacrament which cleanses us from original sin (Idem). (10) Even in vernacular usage, the relative particle (in either form) is frequently omitted after a vowel when the verb begins with a consonant. Thus: (example already given) *'n-a túsann móra tágáinr an mi-ág'*.*

5. Although there is not a simple relative pronoun, there is (a) a relative pronoun governed by a preposition (See §§ 229-231); and (b) also a compound relative pronoun (containing its own antecedent)=what, all who, all which, all that: as a *piab aí* an *donac iné*, what was (all who were) at the fair yesterday: a *bpuil vo ólairiú i n-éirinn*, all the people that are in Ireland (see §. 233); and (c) this compound relative may also be governed by a preposition: as, *éigí ré aigeas do ná piab ann aca*, he gave money to what was there of them (See § 233).

6. The relative construction may be **NOMINATIVE** (=who, that, which), or **ACCUSATIVE** (=whom, that, which). (1.) when the construction is **NOMINATIVE** the verb must always be in the 3rd singular: as, *an peap dualleap (a dualleap, a dualleann, a dualleann)* é, the man who strikes him; *an dean bionnar (a bionnar, a bionnann, a bionnann)*

*an-geard aom*, the man who bestows money upon me. (2.) When the construction is ACCUSATIVE, the verb may be of any person (sing. or plur.); as, *an peap buailim* (a buailim), the man whom I strike; *an leabhar léigír-re* (a léigír-re), the book which you read; *an éatáimír* (a éatáimír, do éatáimír), the stone which we throw, etc. (3.) When the analytical forms are used, the meaning can sometimes be determined only by the context; as, *an peap bualeap mé*, (a) the man who strikes me, or (b) the man whom I strike. This ambiguity does not always exist; as, *an peap bualeap é*, the man who strikes him, but *an peap bualeap ré*, the man whom he strikes; *an dhuine éáinear iao*, the person who disparages them, but *an dhuine éáinear riao*, the person whom they disparage. It will be seen that the literary usage (which employs synthetic forms, wherever possible, in accusative relative constructions), has a great advantage here in point of clearness. But sometimes even the literary usage will not, apart from the context, make the meaning unmistakeable; as, *an peap éáinear an bean*, (a) the man who disparages the woman, or (b) the man whom the woman disparages.

## IMPERFECT TENSE.

	Active.	Passive.
§ 113.	1. -ann	{ -amuir 1. -imír { -taoi
	2. -teá	{ -taoi 2. -ti { (throughout)
	3. -taó	-taoir

§ 114. This part of the verb is always preceded by *vo*, except when some other particle is required. In active voice *vo* aspirates. [Though the endings given for the 1st and 3rd pl. have most authority, other endings are found: thus in 1st pl. -amdaoir, -amír, -imír, and in 3rd pl. -taoir: same applies to conditional (§ 119)].

Examples I. *vo vúnaim*, *ni vúntá vúntá*, *nae núnáid ré*; *an millimír*, *ni milltí nae núnáidíp*.  
II. *vo móinniúighinn*.  
III. *vo víbíunn*. Passive: *vo vúntaoi an voíar*; *vo milltí*; *vo móinniúighthi*.

## PREFERITE TENSE.

	Active.	Passive.
§ 115.	1. -eap	{ -eamaip
	2. -aip	{ -eabair { (throughout)
	3. —	-eataip

§ 116. This part is always preceded, when no other particle is required, by *vo*, which aspirates, (§ 13), in the active voice only.

Examples I.—*vo vúnaip*, *vo vúnaip*, *vo vúnt ré*; *vo milleap*, *vo millip*; *vo vúnaomar*, *vo milleabair*.

II.—*vo móinniúgeadair*.

III.—*vo víbípeamair*.

Passive: *vo vúnaid an voíar*, *vo millead* on *te-áibar*, *vo hólaid* (§ 31, 6) *an teoé*.

In S. L. Munster, -maip, -baip, -taip; and passive [endings are pronounced] -eag, -eac; in Connacht, passive [ending is pronounced] -eam.

## FUTURE INDICATIVE.

§ 117. This and the conditional mood are the only parts in which verbs of the II. and III. classes differ from ordinary verbs of the I. class (§ 102).

## § 118. Class I.

	Active.	Passive.
1	{ -faeo	{ -famuir, [-fam] [-faep,
	{ -feao	{ -fimír, [-feam] [-faideap,
2	-faip	{ -faitsi, -faioh [-faideap]
3	-faio	-faio (throughout)

[The classical ending of the 3rd sing. dependent is -fa (-fe): thus *ni vúnpa ré an voíar*; *an millfe ri an leabhar*. But the distinction is not now observed. The 3rd sing. absolute and dependent are now alike, both taking the historic 3rd singular absolute ending. The passive ending -faideap (-faideap), is the usual ending in modern classical usage. The second person plur. ending -faitsi (old Irish absolute ending) is more frequent in modern Irish than -faio (the old Irish conjunct ending). Though the 1st pl. ending -famuir, seems to have most authority, the ending -famaoro also occurs. The old 1st plur. conjunct ending -faem is sometimes found and heard].

1 Examples—*vúnpao*, *vúnpair*, *vúnpaio* ré, *vúnpaio*; *millfeao*, *millfeip*, *millfeio* ré, *millfeimír*. Passive: *millpeap* an *te-áibar*, *millpeap* mé, tú, é; *vúnpair* an *voíar*.

2 An old termination for the future passive was -faideap, still used in W. Connacht, as *vúnpaideap*, *millfeideap*. In some printed books it is spelled (phonetically) -fioip, -fíep.

§ 119. Relative form in -far for 3rd sing. should be used like relative form of present (§ 112), *an te vúnpair an voíar*, *he who will close the door*. [In Munster now, as a rule, the ordinary ending -aio, has practically supplanted the old -eap ending in relative locution].

## CONDITIONAL.

	Active.	Passive.
§ 120.	1. -fainn	{ -famuir 1. -fimír { -farde
	2. -fea	{ -faioh (throughout)
	3. -feao	-faioip

Examples—*vo vúnpainn*, *vo millfeá*, *vo millpeao* ré; *vo vúnpairé an voíar*. [See § 114.]

## FUTURE INDICATIVE.

## § 121. Class II.

	Active	Passive
1.	-eócaip	-eócamuir -eóctaip
2.	-eócaip	-eóctaip (throughout)
3.	-eócaio	-eócaio

As	míneóða	mionnóða
	míneóða	mionnóða
Passive—	míneóða	mionnóða

§ 122. Relative form in *-eððar* [*-eððar*]; as *an tē mionnóðar* [*mionnóðar*], he who shall swear. [The 3rd sing. classical dependent ending is *-eðða* (*-eðða*): see § 118. The 1st pl. ending *-eððamaðor* (*-eððmaðor*) also occurs: see §§ 108, 118].

### CONDITIONAL.

Active.

§ 123.	-eðða	-eððamuir	Passive.
	-eðða	-eðða	-eðða
	-eðða	-eðða	(throughout)

As *vo* *míneóða* [*vo* *míneóða*], *-eðða* [*-eðða*]  
etc.; *vo* *mionnóða* [*vo* *mionnóða*], etc.; *vo*  
*míneóðtarb* [*vo* *míneóðtarb*].

Note that the *-eðða*, *-ðða*, are pronounced *-eðð*, *-ðð*, as *míneóða* *pr. meen-oo-ing*.

[This is not quite clear. *Leat-mhoða* and *Leat-Chuinn* differ here. They have different sets of endings. The endings of *Leat-Chuinn* are as given; but, when *-ið* of the verbal system is broadened to form the future stem, *Leat-mhoða* does not change *ð* to *ð*. Hence in *Leat-mhoða*.

Active.

1. -eðða	-eððamuir	Passive.
2. -eðða	-eðða	<i>eðða</i> .
3. -eðða	-eðða	(throughout)

Hence the paradigms should be modified for *Leat-mhoða*; thus—

Active.

míneóða	mionnóða

Passive.

míneóðtarb	mionnóðtarb
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The same holds, *mutatis mutandis*, for the Conditional.]

### § 124. Class III.

(A). In S. L. these are treated like verbs in *-ið*, except in verbal noun. Thus, *laða*, speak; *víðip*, banish; *mað*, kill; are treated as if *laða*, *víðip*, *mað*; and future and conditional are thus, *laðróða* (*pr. laðróðau*), *víðreða*, *mað(v)ða*, etc.

§ 125. (B.) The older usage, which has survived in a few places, was to transfer last consonant of the root to the place of *-c* [-*ð*] in the terminations *-eðða* [*-eðða*], etc., thus—

Future *víðeóða*, *-iða*, *-iða*; *maðmuða*, *-iða*, *-iða*; *so* in *Condit.* *víðeóða*, *-iða*, etc. Passive *-eðða*.

Similarly, *taðmuða*, *taðmuða*; *laða*, *laðeóða*; *mað*, *maðeóða*, etc.

### Verbal Noun.

§ 126. The most usual ending is *-að*, *-eðða*; as I. *vúnað*, closing; *míleða*, destroying; II. *minuða*, calming; *mionnuða*, swearing; III. words of this class generally form the verbal noun differently.

For the use of the verbal noun for (A) the present participle, as *atáim as vúnað an vóru*, I am [at (the)] closing [of] the door; and (B) the infinitive active and passive, see Syntax. For other forms and declension of the verbal noun see below, §§ 129, etc.

### Passive Participle.

§ 127. Ends in *-ta*, *-te* [-*ta*, *-te*]; as, (I.) *vúnta*, *míltte*; *teagta*, *teigte*; (II.), *minigte*, *monnuigte*; (III.) *víbíte*, *[víbeapta]*.

### FORMS AND DECLENSION OF THE VERBAL NOUN.

§ 128. The verbal noun is put to various uses in Irish, being made to do duty not only (a) as a noun, but as (b) a present participle, and as (c) an infinitive. It offers also much variety of form, especially in verbs of Class I. (§ 102), and particularly in the modern spoken language.

### Verbs of Class I.

§ 129. The usual termination of the verbal noun in the nom. sing. is *að*, as *vúnað*, closing; *míleða*, destroying. Verbal nouns of this form are declined in a peculiar way—the *gen. sing.* and all the cases in plural except the *genitive* [and frequently even the *gen. plura.*], being of the same form as the passive participle (§ 127); thus, *vúnað*, *gen.*, etc., *vúnta*; *míleða*, *míltte*; *víða*, *víðta*.

1. In S. L. these verbs are sometimes and wrongly declined according to First Declension, as *vúnað*, *vúnaði*. [By no means confined to spoken language].

2. Instead of *-að*, *-að* is added to some verbs whose last vowel is slender—a broadening (§ 3) then takes place in the parts ending in *að*:

*flug*, *flugða*, *flugte*, swallow; *vóis*, *vóisða*, *vóiste*, burn; *lorð*, *lorða*, *lorðte*, burn.

§ 130. Another termination for some verbs is *-eðð*, and the *gen.*, etc., are formed as above, § 129.

*cait*, *caiteam*, *caitte*, spend,  
[*véan*] *veun*, [*véanam*] *veunam*,  
[*véanta*] *veunta*, make.

1. These terminations were in O. I. *-oð*, *-eð*, *gen.* *-mo*, *-ma*, *-me*; traces are found in words formed from them, as *caitmeac*, prodigal; *maitmeac*, forgiveness; [*véanam*] *veunam*, material. [The *gen.*, *caitme*, etc., are found quite commonly in early Modern Irish].

2. In S. L. these are sometimes declined as of First Declension, *gen.* *-að*.

§ 131. Another termination is *-ait*; *gen.*, *etc.*, *-áta*, as *gab*, *gabáit*, take.

1. This is the termination used in S. L. with English words, as *robait*, *tryáit*, *boycottait*.

§ 132. Rarer terminations.

- A. *-áe*, *gen.* *-áig*, as *glaoið*, *glaodáe*, [glaobairg], *glaoróde*, call.
- B. *-áct* *gen.* *ácta*, as *fan*, *fanaéct*, stay; *tean*, *teanaéct* (in S. L.), follow; *gluaír*, *gluapect*, [gluapecta] *gluaipre*, move; *éirt*, *éirteáct* [éirteácta], listen.
- C. *-eáctain*; *raoíl*, *-leáctain* (also *-lín*, *-leamain*), think; *maip*, *maipeáctain* (in S. L. sometimes *maipeactán*), live.
- D. Many verbs have verbal in *-eámain*, *gen.* *-áma*, as *oíl*, *oileámain*, rear; *cinn*, *cinneámain*, decide; [i.ean, *teanmáin*, follow].

In S. L. *-máint*.

- E. A few in *-táinn*; as *maip*, *maiptáinn*, live (also *-peáctain*); *peap*, *-ptáinn*, give.
  - F. A few in *-rín*; as *tuig*, *tuigrín*, *gen.* *-reána*, understand; *ceiro* *-rórín*, [-reána], believe (also *-deam* and *-deamain*); *taip*, *-srín*, [-reána], offer; *raic*, *-rím*, [-reána], see, (now *peic*).
  - G. A few in *-ean*: as *teag*, *-gán*, knock; *teig*, *-gean*, allow; *tréig*, *-gean* (O. I., *gead*), forsake.
- In S. L. pronounced *-aint*.
- H. Some monosyllables in *t*, *n*, add *t*; as *bain*, *-nt*, take; *buain*, *-nt*, reap; *ceit*, *-t*, conceal; *pit*, *pit* and *piteat*, drop, pour; *meit*, *-t*, grind.
  - I. A few in *-m*, *-im*; *tuim*, *-tim*, fall; *ópuro*, *-tim*, close; *goip*, *goipm* and *gáipm*, call.
  - J. Peculiar, *raip*, *raippair*, *raippata*, seek, ask for.

§ 133. In addition to those various exceptional endings, we often find instead of a verbal noun formed from the verbal stem, that the stem itself, or the noun from which the verb is formed, is used instead—*poinn*, a division; *poinnim*, divide: *as* *poinn*, dividing; *ól*, drink; *ólam*, *as* *ól*, drinking. (Even ordinary nouns from which no verb is formed are so used with *as*; [*as* *obair*, (at work) working], *as* *ctuice*, (at play) playing; *as* *aoisnear*, (at pleasure) revelling).

§ 134. In such cases we often find broadening of vowels, as (§ 129, 1), *riubair*, walk; *riubal*, verbal, *gen.* *riubalta*; *coirg*, *cois*, *coirge*, check; *cuir*, *cuip*, *cuipá*, put.

Verbs of Class II.

§ 135. The usual termination here also (v. § 129) is *-ád*, and the *gen. sing.*, and all plural forms except *gen.* are like the passive participle, as—

<i>mionnuí</i> [mionnuis]	<i>mionnuígád</i> [mionnuisgád]	<i>mionnuígché</i> [mionnuisgché]
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§ 136. Notice the elision of *i* in the termination *-uig*, when *-ád* is added. When the vowel of the root of the verb is slender, a broadening must take place when *-ád* is added: as *míng*, *mínoigád*, now spelled *mínuigád*, as

<i>míng</i>	<i>mínuigád</i>	<i>míngché</i>
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*roillris* *roillriuigád* *roillrigché*

1. Verbs in *-uig* are formed from words in *-ac*; until recently the verbs were spelled with *-aig*, and in Scotland even yet with *-aich*, as *do ghradhaich mé*—*oo ghrádhaic mé*. Some end in *-uig*, as *riortuig*, enquire, from *riort*; some in *-nuig*, as *bhréagnuig* [bhréagnuig] *bhréagnuig*, contradict, from *bhréag* *bhréug*, a lie.

2. In a few words the *o* is retained, as *iompoigád*, [éatoigád] *eulogád*. [The more correct spelling of the verbal nouns in these cases is *iompot*, *éatov*].

§ 137. Another termination in S. L for a few verbs is *-ácan* [often *-ácant*], as—

<i>tuibui</i> [tuibuis]	<i>-bácan</i>	<i>darkening</i>
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<i>geatui</i> ( <i>maronuis</i> )	<i>-lácan</i>	<i>brightening</i>
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<i>meádui</i> [meáduis]	<i>-neácan</i>	<i>morning,</i> [dawning, day-breaking].
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<i>beádui</i> [beáduis]	<i>-dácan</i>	<i>weighing</i>
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<i>[grádhuis]</i>	<i>-dácan</i>	<i>enlivening</i>
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<i>[grádhean(t)]</i>	<i>[grádhean(t)]</i>	<i>[loving]</i>
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1. *Obácan* is used= potato blight, *meádácan*, weight; *maroneácan* is rare, *oo bí an lá as m.*; *oo éipis ré lé m. an lae*.

§ 138. Some few verbs use the noun from which they are formed, as—

<i>cumdui</i> , protect, <i>as</i> <i>cumduac</i> , <i>cumduisce</i>	<i>-teac</i>	<i>-tíste</i>
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<i>riortu</i> , settle	<i>-tac</i>	<i>-tacíste</i>
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<i>fuadui</i> , snatch, <i>-tac</i>	<i>-tac</i>	<i>-tacíste</i>
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<i>ceannui</i> , buy, <i>-nae</i> (S. L. <i>act</i> )	<i>-nuigé</i>	<i>-nuigé</i>
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<i>or</i>		
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<i>coppriu</i> , stir, <i>-raige</i>	<i>-raige</i>	<i>-sce</i>
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<i>riappriu</i> , ask, <i>-raige</i>	<i>-raige</i>	<i>-sce</i>
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<i>ionnu</i> , attack, <i>-raige</i> (O. I. <i>-raigis</i> )	<i>-raige</i>	<i>-sce</i>
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<i>éipis</i> , arise, <i>-rse</i>	<i>-rse</i>	
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§ 139. *Áipig*, perceive, has *áipeactain*, *riupis*, wait, has *riupeac*.

### Verbs of Class III.

§ 140. The termination *-ab* is found, *coval*, sleep, *as* *covalab*, *covalta* [covalata].

§ 141. But most of these verbs add *-t* to the root.

*oibip*, *-pt*, *-pte*, or *-aptæ*, banish.

*toisgal*, *-t*, *-alta*, revenge

*labair*, *-pt*, *-pte*, or *-aptæ*

*ioðbaip*, *-pt*, *-pte*, or *-aptæ*

§ 142. A few as in §§ 133, 134.

*putaing*      *-lang*      *-langta*

*tarraing*      *-rang*      *-rangta*

In S. L. *-aingt* and *-aingte*

### Use of Nouns as Verbs.

§ 143. We have seen (§ 133) that ordinary nouns are used as verbs—in this case, they are not declined as ordinary nouns, but have the *gen.*, *etc.*, like the passive participle of the verb, as :

*ol*, *óta*, drinking; *ruiðe*, *-ðte*, sitting; *luigé*, *-gte*, lying.

§ 144. In S. L. certain terminations are frequently met with: thus *-peac*; as *búip*, low (of cattle), *as* *búippeac*; [*méan*] *meun*, a mouth, [*méanpæc*] *meunpæc*, yawning; *-faip*, as *as* *uallfaip*, lamenting [wailing]; *as* *rhaodfaip*, sneezing, [*as* *unfaip*, wallowing, rolling]; *-aç*, *dative* *-aig*, as *as* *caractaiç*, coughing; *as* [*rgreacais*] *rgneucais*, screaming; and *-saiç*, as *as* *feadósaç*, whistling. Nouns in *-ópeac*, formed from names of agents in *-óip*, are also used, as *teigsteoir*, [*teagstoir*], a reader; *as* *teigcénópeac*, [*teagcénópeac*], reading. So *rpeat*, a scythe; *rpealasoir*, a mower, *as* *rpealasópeac*, mowing.

### The Irregular and Defective Verbs.

#### THE VERB "To BE."

§ 145. There are three verbs "to be," *ir mé*, it is I; *atáim*, I am (with dependent form *putim*); and [*bim*] *bróim*, I do be (frequentative). *Atáim* and [*bim*] *bróim* are both opposed to *ir* in meaning—See Syntax.

#### The Verb IS.

§ 146. IMPERATIVE—NONE.

#### INDICATIVE.

(1) *Ir* *mé*, *tú*, *é*, *i*; *pinn*, *riù*, *riao*.  
For the use of *tú*, etc., v. pronouns.

#### Form with Particle.

(2) A. After *ní*, *nac*, *an*, the *ir* is omitted;

also after *cia*, *caò*, [*cpéad*] *cpéud* [*ceárd*]; as *ní mé*, (it is) not I; *ní hé*; *nac é*? *an n-iaò?* *cia hiaò?* *cia tū pén?* *caò é?* *cpéud é*. B. But after *go* the form *ab* is used, and *go n-ab* become (*go* *ab*) *gurab*, as, *ir pion gurab* *mait an feap é*. The same form is used (C) after *preposition* and *relative*, *an feap* (*da n-ab*) *daipab* *airn Seumur*. [See § 27, 3]. Also after *muna*, *if not*, *munab é*, if it is not he. This *gurab* is contracted to *gurb*, and before consonants the *b* is omitted, as *ir pion gur* (*ab*) *mait an feap é*.

#### RELATIVE FORM.

(3) The old form was *ap*: *an tuime ap feap*, but now the ordinary form *ir* is used: *an tuime ir feap*. [It would be a distinct gain in clearness if *ap* were still used as *relative* and *ir* reserved for the *absolute* form].

#### OPTATIVE FORM.

(4) Two forms:—(a.) *ab*, usually employed in negative sentences *náipab* *raða go*. . . . may it not be long until. . . ; but also in affirmative, *gur* (*ab*) *lionnáip* *do* *raðubheap*, may your wealth be plentiful!

(b.) *ba*: *So mbad rpeat bfeapp tū*, may you be seven times better!

#### IMPERFECT—NONE.

#### PRETERITE.

§ 147. *Va* *mé*, *tú*, *hé*, *hi*, *pinn*, *riù*, *riao*. (In older books *ra* *mé*, etc.)

(1.) *ba* is not aspirated by the particle *do* (§ 13). When preceded by other particles and *po* (§ 14), aspiration takes place, as *nioip ba é*, it was not he, (*contra*, to *nioip b'é*); *ap b'é*? was it he? *nacap b'é* or *náip b'é*, was it not he? *ir pion gur b'é pín an feap*, 'tis true that that was the man. This *ba* aspirates, hence *ap b'fioip pín*? was that true? and when *b* is omitted before consonants the aspiration remains, as, *ap mian leat*? did you wish? *ir pion náip mian leip*, it is true that he did not wish. *ir pion gur maít an feap é*, . . . that he was (cf. § 12).

#### FUTURE.

(2) *Buò*, very rarely used in Mod. Irish.

[The future forms are of fairly frequent occurrence in early Modern Irish. It may be well to give a few examples of their use:—

I. FUTURE ABSOLUTE.—*Cuirí do láim pén níppi*, *buò beo i*, place thy hand upon her, and she shall live (Keat. T. b.); *muna n-éirte tú . . . . buò mälluigé tū 'ran gcaéiraiç*, *buò mälluigé tū 'ran bfeapann*, *buò mälluigé v'ioéclann*, *buò mälluigé oo t'aire*, *buò mälluigé toipso do b'fionne* *g' toipso do éaláman*, if thou wilt not hear . . . . cursed shalt thou be in the city, cursed shall thou be in the field, cursed shall be thy granary, cursed shall be thy stores, cursed shall be the fruit of thy womb and the fruit of thy ground (Idem); *ní héol vam an nócáip buò céite* *ti* (here one would expect the

relative), *I know not what husband will espouse her* (Keat. Poems); *buó vén̄teanač t'éavan 't' oo* ȝ̄nuad̄ ař li an rmóil, *repulsive will be thy face, and thy cheek of the thrush's hue* (Idem); *timéall oil-eánn̄a an cōppám t̄hualliseáč, noč buó biaó oo* p̄éiptib̄ ȝ̄o hait̄geap̄ (here also one would look for the relative), *about the nourishment of the corruptible body which will shortly be food for worms* (Don-leavy); *n̄igpró tú mé, t̄ buó gile mé ioná an* p̄neácta, *thou wilt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow* (Don.); *buó leó oo riop̄ dia o'f̄eáin,* *it will be theirs to behold God for ever* (O'Hussey); *plaitear D̄e buí é a mōgáet̄,* *God's principality will be their Kingd̄m* (O.H.); *buó éigean duit̄ cup̄ puar* doo' f̄unamant̄; *t̄ buó gow̄p̄ puar amlaír̄ t̄* doo' p̄ump̄ipal, *buó éigean duit̄ óa p̄áó cō-* tráip̄ra do amlaír̄, *ni nač ériop̄ beit̄ p̄ípnneáč i* n̄-éinfeácta, *t̄ gibe p̄l̄ige i n̄-a ȝ̄eabair̄ buí ař* f̄aighd̄al duit̄ op̄ m̄up̄ t̄ ap̄ t̄ip̄, *you will have to abandon your gr̄und̄ and f̄ew so aband̄n it anl̄ your* principle, *you will have to admit two contrary statements* (which cannot geth̄e to trac, and cheche), *wise you* adopt̄ yu' ařle or ařpusáid̄ on land anl̄ sea (Luc. Fid.).

2. FUTURE DEFENSIVE.—*ni buó leip̄ duit̄-pe t̄eap̄* beaḡ t̄a puar ařḡe ap̄b̄, *you will act as the slightest* gr̄imp̄ in the r̄av̄-me heat. P. i. in buó p̄eir̄ teat̄ ař buó t̄o ȝ̄eabair̄ paor̄ f̄rom̄, n̄ f̄astom̄ that̄ has passed, inath̄ y ař nostr̄, *and interest you* (Idem); *ni ȝ̄eabair̄am̄ p̄muameád̄ ločtač, t̄a* ȝ̄eot̄juime, *nač mbuó ȝ̄eabair̄ duit̄ p̄eaḡp̄aó* do tabair̄ ionnta an harp̄ pin̄, *we indeed not yet* fac̄ed̄ a sinnt̄ tr̄ ařḡ t̄, *right now* (Idem), *but then we* shall not then have to answer (Luc. Fid.).

### RELATIVE FORM.

#### (3) **Up̄**, not often used in Mod. Irish.

[The following, which could easily be added to, are examples of the *at̄* as arient̄ but foilap̄ do'n̄ riup̄m̄ do ḡlærap̄ (Idem). . . . A ȝ̄eap̄ tops̄ as . . . . c̄-talt̄ i. e. i. . . . inerstat̄ i. e. i. . . . in-vestigat̄ i. (Don-leavy) era doo' élonn̄ buó t̄leap̄ duit̄-pe, t̄ ař yur̄ r̄espon̄-c̄-tac̄-tac̄ i. e. y u' (Keat. P.), an paor̄ buó cumh̄ leo iao, . . . . t̄ ařt̄ i. e. ill̄-tac̄ them i. m̄ad̄ (Keat. T. D.); an tan̄ buó leip̄ t̄m̄i do ȝ̄lóp̄-pe, t̄ ař t̄ḡ-t̄y . . . . affarct̄ i. m̄. (Idem), n̄ riub̄pa p̄uāt̄ n̄-aonm̄-ařt̄ i. m̄. buó p̄uāt̄ ap̄ as dia, . . . . t̄ ařt̄ i. e. thenḡ ařt̄ i. m̄. that̄ ařt̄ i. m̄. i. e. i. i. (Idem); topaó buó ionm̄-bair̄ i. m̄. ařj̄uge do tabair̄ uainn̄, t̄ p̄-t̄-tac̄ fruit̄ that̄ will be worthy of penance (Don.).]

### Conditional.

(4) [b̄ař], buó mé, tú, hé, etc. Like the perfect b̄ is not aspirated by oo. Instead of ni [b̄ař] buó, nač [mb̄ař], mbuó [n̄á b̄ař], the preterite form n̄iop̄ b̄a, &c., are often used in S. L.

### SUBJUNCTIVE.

(5). The Subjunctive is scarcely ever taken account of, although the PRESENT is commonly found in early Modern Irish, and the IMPERFECT is of constant use at every stage in the development of the language. Some examples are here given:

1. PRESENT.—*D̄a paib̄e* (now nearly always má bionn) neim̄-ionntač, načańó i. p̄orr̄a airgeal: *t̄* máó c̄orpeač, c̄urpeač, ȝ̄eapeač i. ȝ̄eapeač i. l̄p̄aft̄aiḡ i. p̄unn̄ é, *if he be innocent, he shall go into the repose of angels; and, if a sinner, he shall be sent into the prison of hell, where monsters dwell* (Keat. T. D.); *n̄ peir̄p̄de neal̄ b̄ař*

tr̄aínn̄eáč o'f̄aighd̄al ař a leabaró ó . . . . máó peact̄ač an t̄i éaḡar, *one will not be the better of dying tranquilly in his bed . . . . if he who dies be a sinner* (Idem); *óip̄ máó p̄ípnneáč, roč̄p̄at̄o, ceann̄-ra cōmp̄ač an t̄uine, iř cōm̄ap̄ta rin̄ ȝ̄up̄ab é* plaitear D̄e ař tuč̄aiḡ ó; *t̄* máó b̄reaḡač, boř̄, beaḡ-tarb̄ač a ȝ̄nuácta, *iř cōm̄ap̄ta ȝ̄up̄ab é i. p̄eáan̄ ař tuč̄aiḡ ó, if a man's conversation be truthful, advantageous, mild, that is a sign that the Kingdom of God is his native country; but if his words be false, rude, of little profit, it is a sign that hell is his fatherland* (Idem).

2. IMPERFECT.—*D̄a mbáv̄ t̄uioč-óuine do-ȝ̄eabair̄ b̄ař,* *uileaḡaip̄ l̄uč̄aip̄ do beit̄ 'n̄-a ȝ̄iař, were it a bad* person who should die, *it is lawful to rejoice at his departure* (Keat. T. D.); *d̄a máó linn buap̄ an beatač,* óip̄, *agup̄ eře uib̄reac̄a, if the kine of the world, gold and proud steeds were ours* (Idem); *d̄a máó leip̄ do* p̄of̄sair̄ a p̄eáp̄an̄ an t̄-olc do b̄i i n̄-in̄ḡp̄em̄ do i. p̄eáan̄ ař na ȝ̄iop̄cear̄ib̄, *ni ȝ̄in̄ḡnead̄ é,* *were the evil involved in persecuting the Christians apparent to him by the light of reason, he would not have done it* (Idem); *ȝ̄é máó p̄órt̄a n̄o neam̄p̄órt̄a do biaó p̄i,* *whether she were married or unmarried (lit. whether it were married or unmarried that she should be)* (Keat. T. D.).

Verbal noun, participle—none.

- (6) **Note:** The perfect and conditional are spelled either b̄a, b̄ař, buó. It would be an advantage to use one form for all. [It is now pretty generally considered that it would be a distinct gain to students and would tend to clearness generally, to use distinct forms: b̄a for preterite; buó for future; and b̄ař for conditional.]

### THE VERBS ATÁIM and [b̄IM] BÍDÍM.

#### § 148. IMPERATIVE MOOD.

ATÁIM		BÍDÍM	
S.	P.	S.	P.
1		1.	([b̄iom̄])
2		2.	(b̄im̄)
3		3.	(b̄ioř̄) b̄idear̄ b̄idír̄

b̄idear̄ for b̄iear̄, b̄idír̄. b̄i is the stem, not b̄iō or b̄io. Hence historically b̄idír̄ should not appear in any of the forms; and this is supported by the authority of all early modern Irish books. We always find b̄i, buó, b̄im̄, b̄iom̄, b̄ioř̄, etc., not b̄idear̄, b̄idír̄, b̄ioř̄, etc. These latter forms began to appear, it would seem, only about the beginning of the 19th Century in MSS. They are unnecessarily clumsy, and do not appear to have any historical authority: b̄iom̄ (1st plur.) is still frequently found, especially in poetry: it is the original conjunct fo:m̄.

### INDICATIVE MOOD.

(2) [t̄áim̄]	[t̄ámuř̄]	[b̄im̄]	b̄im̄
at̄áim̄	at̄ámuř̄	at̄ámuř̄	b̄im̄
[t̄áip̄]	[t̄átaoř̄]	[b̄ip̄]	b̄i
at̄áip̄	at̄átaoř̄	at̄átaoř̄	b̄i
[t̄á]	[t̄ář̄]		b̄i
at̄á	at̄ář̄	at̄ář̄	b̄i

For *atáip* the old form *ataoi* still heard, as *ca'nnurtaot?* (*ca'nnunnur ataoi*)=How are you (Cork)? The accent is on the *á*, thus the word came to be pronounced *táim*, etc. In S. L. the forms *tá mé*, *tú*, *rinn*, *rib*, *riao*, are common. [In classical usage the forms *atáim*, *atáip* (*ataoi*), *atá*, etc., are common to both the *present absolute* and the *present relative*. Not so in *vernacular* usage. In the latter a distinction has been evolved and is almost universal, so that the absolute forms are *táim*, *táip*, etc., whilst *atáim*, *atáip*, etc., are at present reserved for *relative* locutions. Another feature of *vernacular* usage is the extent to which the *analytic* forms *tá mé*, *tá tú*, *tá rib* (this latter especially), have displaced the *synthetic* forms *táim*, *táip*, etc. *Biim*, *biip*, etc., are more *historical*, less *clumsy*, and (almost universally) more *phonetic* than *bróim*, *bróip*, etc. In *classical* usage the 3rd. sing. *present frequentative* (both *absolute* and *dependent*) is *bi* (*vide* Keating, O'Moiloy, O'Hussey, etc., *passim*): *bi ré anro gáe lá*, he is (does be) here every day; *ní bi ré anro acht go hannah*, he is (does be) here but seldom. But the analogy of the regular verbs has led, in *vernacular* usage, to the all but universal use (in 3rd sing. *absolute* and *dependent*) of a form with a *-nn* ending: hence *bionn ré*, etc.; *ní bionn ré*, etc.; *an mbionn ré*, etc.? (See § 148, 4).]

### Relative Form.

(3) **atá**      **biðearp** (**bior**).  
 As, an **peap atá** **tinn**, who is (now) sick, an **peap** **bior** **biðearp** **tinn**, who is (usually) sick. From not having the proper form of **atá**, writers imagined that **a** was the relative, and wrote an **peap a** **tá**, and thus in S. L. **a** is used as relative with all verbs; as an **peap a** (**bior**) **biðearp**, an **peap a** **þúnað**, and even an **peap atá**. **Bior** is better than **biðearp**.

### Form with Particles.

(4) *putim* -timo In S. L. *put mé, tū,*  
*putip* -tī [In dialect an ana-  
*put ré* -tiro logical form *put-*  
*eann* (*put*) is sometimes heard].

No special form for *bí* or for most irregular verbs, but in S.L. from analogy, a form in -ann, [bionn] *bróeann*, is used.

In the other parts of the verb there is only one form. [In Modern Irish *fuitim*, *fuitip*, etc., are only used as *dependent* forms (i.e., after particles): thus, *ni fuitim*, *an bfuilim*, *go bfuilim*, etc. Hence *fuitim*, etc., is the *present dependent* of *táim*. Analytic forms are now in common use; *an bfuil tú*, *ni fuitribh*, *go bfuil riath*, etc.].

OPTATIVE Moon.

(5)	Rabao	Rabmuro
	Rabaiп	Rabtai
	Raiб	Rabard

**naid** = **no** and **bi**: hence the particles used with **naid** are **so**, **nae** not **suji**, **náp** (§ 109).

[This is not only the *optative*, but also the *present subjunctive* form. Thus, *fan* *go* *naðvo* *teat*, wait till I am with you; *ni* *himēig* *go* *naðmu* *péró*, do not leave till we are ready, etc. The present subjunctive is still in general use in

Ulster; but elsewhere there is an almost universal use of the future indicative instead: thus, *fan go mbéao teat*, wait till I shall be with you; *ná himtíg go mbéimír pírú*, do not leave until we shall be ready. In this case the vernacular usage of Ulster agrees with classical usage].

## Imperfect.

§ 149. <i>vo</i> [vinn] <i>virðinn</i>	-mip
[víðeá] <i>virðteá</i>	-tí
[víðoð] <i>virðeáð</i>	-tíð

For the uses of this part of the verb, see Syntax. [The Imperfect Subjunctive, of which no account has been taken, has similar forms, except (a) that it lacks the particle *vo*, and (b), being always *dependent*, must be preceded by some other particle—*so*, *va*, &c.].

## Preterite Tense.

§ 150. (i) το [θίορ]<sup>1</sup> [θίοταρ]<sup>2</sup>  
θίθεαρ<sup>3</sup> θίθεαταρ<sup>4</sup>  
[θίρ]<sup>5</sup> [θίοθαρ]<sup>6</sup>  
θίθιρ<sup>7</sup> θίθεαθαρ<sup>8</sup>  
θι [θίοταρ]<sup>9</sup>  
θίθεαταρ<sup>10</sup>

Also spelled *biop*, etc., [the forms *vo biop*, etc., are the better forms], formerly *vo bávap*, etc. These latter forms are frequently found in early Modern Irish books].

### Form with Particles.

(2)	Rabap	Rabamap
	Rabaip	Rababap
	Rabip	Rabatap

The particles used before *parb* need no additional *þo*, as *ni parb* = *niþoþbi*. In classical usage the 3rd sing. pret. dependent is *parbe*, *parbe* (= *þoþbi*), which in *vernacular* usage has become *parb* and in Leath Chunn *parb*. When the preterite is already compounded with the verb (as it is here) it should not be compounded with other particles (as in the case of the regular verbs), although vernacular or dialect usage sometimes violates the rule. Hence *ni parb* not *niþo parb*, etc. (see §§ 14, 110, 140, 158, 164, 172, 184, 190, 195, 200).

## Future.

(3) [bέao] berðea⁹ [bέimro] berðom⁹  
 [bέip] berðip [bέití] berðtí  
 bérð [bέro] berðiv

### Relative Form.

(4)      *þerðeaf* [þeəf], (*þiaf*),

[The future requires somewhat more extended treatment. Taking Modern Irish as a whole, we have to make a distinction between (a) the *future absolute*, (b) the *future dependent*, and (c) the *future relative*. In classical usage, the paradigms should be thus arranged:

Abs. Sing.	Dep. Sing.	REL. Sing.
νιατο	νιατο	νιατο
νιατη	νιατη	νιατη
νιατη	νια (be)	νιαρ
plur.	plur.	plur.
νιαμυτο	νιαμυτο (νιαμ)	νιαμυτο
νιαταιοι	νιαταιοι	νιαταιοι
νιαто	νιято	νиато

In *vernacular* usage, however, we have to note several points: (1) *biāo* has become *bēāo*; *biāip* has become *bēip*, etc., and in Munster the e is now short: hence *bēip*, *bēimio* (*bēimio*), *bēio*, etc. (2) In the 3rd sing. the distinction between *absolute* and *dependent* is lost, or, at all events, is not consistently observed. In Munster, however, we find the modified *dependent* form used in all cases (*absolute* and *dependent*) before personal pronouns beginning with *r*: thus *be ré*, *ni be ri*, *an mbe riāo*, whilst in all other cases the *absolute forms* (with o pronounced as ɔ) is heard: as *beis an pēap*, *ni beis éinneac ann*, *an mbeis Seagán annpo i mbáipeac?* (3) The old conjunct 1st plural *biam* (now *béam*, *béam*) is frequently heard in both *absolute* and *dependent* locutions. (4) The forms *bēāo*, *bēip*, *bēimio*, etc., are more authoritatative than *berbēāo*, *berbēip*, *berbēimio*, etc.: indeed the latter seem to have no authority whatever, and are unnecessarily long and cumbrous, whilst phonetically (as we have already remarked) they have no advantage over the others. (5) Analytic forms are very common in *vernacular usage.*]

## Conditional.

(5) <i>vo</i> [vēmn] <i>vērōnn</i>	<i>vēimip</i>
<i>vērēas</i>	<i>vēiti</i>
[ <i>vēavð</i> ] <i>vērðeavð</i>	<i>vēiroip</i>
Also written <i>vērēas</i> , <i>vērōmip</i> , - <i>iti</i> , - <i>oip</i>	

[ The following paradigm shows the classical forms :

do biainn	do biamuir
„ biaitá	„ biaitáoi
„ biaitb ré	„ biaitvír

In vernacular usage analytical forms are quite common, whilst in the 2nd plural the synthetic form is restricted in its use: Thus, *vo bēāð tú*, *vo bēāð þū*, *vo bēāð riāð*, etc.].

### Verbal Noun.

§ 151. (1) **beit**: from this are formed **AS** (le, etc.) **beit**, **being**: **do beit**, **to be**.

### **Participle [of necessity].**

(2) **beitte** [bitte].

### Passive Voice.

§ 152. The old passive form *atáear* (S. L. *atáeapp* usually) still survives in a few phrases. [These forms, which are more properly *Indefinite*, are in more common use in *Irish Literature* and in *vernacular usage*, than would seem to be here conveyed. Thus *vitear* (*vitearp*), *Imperat.*; *táear*, *Pres. Ind. absolute*, *ruithearp*, *Pres. Ind. dependent*; *vitear* (*vitearp*), *Pres. Ind. frequentative*; *vo bithi*, *Imperfect*; *vo vitear* (*vo biō* in the Decies: *pron. vo biōs*), *Preterite*; *babtar* (*babat* in the Decies: *pron. babas*), *Preterite dependent*; *beitear* (*wrongly vitear* in dialect), *Future*; *vo beithi* (*wrongly vo beifi* in dialect), *Conditional*.]

### Verbs from the root "Ber," BRING.

§ 153. From the root **beir** [formerly **beɪr**] are formed (A) **veiρim**, *I bring, etc.*, and (B) **vo-veiρim**, *bring to, i.e., I give*, and (C) (**at-veiρim**) now **aveiρim** *I say*. There is naturally a great similarity between the forms of these verbs. [The simple stem **veiρ** in composition with *prepositions*, gives rise to several *compound stems*: (1) **vo-veiρ**; (2) **taθaρ**; (3) **aveiρ**; (4) **abaiρ**. **Vo-veiρ** and **taθaρ** = **vo** + **veiρ**. In the first case the accent falls on the *verbal element* of the compound stem, and yields **vo-veiρ**; in the second case, owing to a particle going before, the accent is moved back and falls on the *prepositional element* of the compound stem, and hence **taθaρ** (= **voθaρ**, **taθaρ**). All the *absolute forms* are derived from the stem **vo-veiρ** (which in the spoken language is often worn down to **veiρ**), but all the *dependent forms*, the *Imperative* included, are from **taθaρ**. Similarly **aveiρ** and **abaiρ** come from **at** + **veiρ**, according to the position of the accent,—**aveiρ** (often reduced to **veiρ**) being the *absolute stem*, **abaiρ** the *dependent stem*.]

## I. BEING, I BRING.

§ 154. The verb *beipim*, *I bring*, [*I bring forth*; *beipim ap*, *I catch*, *I overtake*.

STEMS: verbal stem, *beɪp-*; Preterite stem *buɔ̄-*; Future stem, *beəp-* (*beɪp-*)].

Act.		Pass.
	IMPERATIVE.	
1. ———	{-mir {-mir, {-eam}.	{beip̥teap̥ beip̥teap̥, beap̥teap̥ (throughout)
2. beip̥	-rō	
3. -eav̥	-voip̥	

## INDICATIVE PRESENT.

1. <i>beirum</i>	-im̄o	} <i>beirtear</i> [beirtear], <i>beartar</i> [beartar] (ithroughout).
2. -im̄	-ti	
3. -iō	-iō	

Secondary forms in active voice: (1) relative form, *beirtear*; (2) enclitic [dependent] form, *beirteann*; (3) optative, *so mbeirteas*, -im̄, [-iō, -e], etc.

## IMPERFECT.

‘*Do beirunn*, -eá, -eád̄; -im̄, -ti [-ti], -iō. Pass.: *so beirti* [beirte, beartas].

## PTEERETE.

The preterite is formed from another root—

<i>riugar</i>	<i>riugam̄ar</i>	Pass.: <i>riugad̄</i>
<i>riugar</i>	-ab̄ar	
<i>riug</i>	-ab̄ar	

*riug* = *no* + *ucc*; hence there is no need (a) of using the particle *no* before it, nor (b) should *no* be added to negative, &c, particles used before it, as *ni riug*, *nae riug*. [Yet in the spoken language, especially in the relative, *no riug* is often wrongly spoken (and now is even written), and also *nioi riug*.]

## FUTURE.

{ *béarad̄* [beurad̄], -raip̄, riari, riari, &c. Passive: *béarad̄ar* [beurad̄ar].

This method of forming the future, by lengthening the verbal stem or its final syllable, is now seen only in a few verbs. In the S. L. the forms [béarad̄] [beurad̄], [béarfar] [beufar], are used as in regular verbs. [These are the remains of the old Irish *reduplicated futures*. Just as the stems *buaile*-, *mol*-, etc. have been evolved from the B. Fut. Stems *buaileab*-, *molab*-, etc. (cf. Latin *amabo*, etc.), so has the stem *béan* (old Irish *béi*-) been evolved (with compensatory lengthening) from *bebi*-.

All contracted verbs so formed their future stems formerly. Thus *corpaim*, *ceanglaim*, *tiubum*, *marbaim*, etc., had the *verbal stems*, *corpain*-, *ceangail*-, *tiubip*-, *marb*-, etc., and the *future stems*, *corpén*-, *ceinges*-, *tiubéip*-, *marbéip*-. Later on these came to be spelled *corpéan*- (*corpéon*), *ceingeal*- (*ceingéol*), *tiubéip*- (*tiubéip*), *marbéab*- (*marbéob*), etc. Ultimately there was a further development, which gave *corpéon*-, *ceingeol*-, *tiubéip*-, *marbéob*-, etc.: only a few of the irregulars kept *e* (long *e*), as *no-béarad̄*, *géalad̄*, *no-éalad̄*, *anéarad̄*, *tóigéad̄* (see §§ 159, 165, 168, 174, 180). The spoken language shows a further change, *corpéon*- (*corpóig*), *ceingeol*- (*ceanglóig*), *tiubéon*- (*tiubéig*); *marbéob*- (*marbóig*, also *marbip*- and *marbip*), as if from derived stems *corpuiig*- *ceangluiig*- *tiubuiig*-, *marbuiig*, etc. (See §§ 124, 125).

## CONDITIONAL.

‘*Do [-béarainn]*, -beirainn, -rié, -aó, etc. Pass.: *no -béarad̄as*, *beirad̄as* [beirad̄as].

In S. L. *beirfinn*, -pá. Pass.: -raip̄.

Verbal noun: *béirte*; pass. participle: *beirte*

II. *Do-beirum*, I GIVE.

§ 155. In the conjugation of this verb, some parts are taken from *do-beir*, which has the accent on the *-beir* part; a secondary form of the stem is produced by transferring the accent to the beginning, *dō beir*, which has become (*to-bair*, *tábaír*) *tábaír*; the other parts are formed from the stem *tug*.

[STEMS: verbal stems, *do-beir*, *tábaír*; Preterite stem, *tug*; Future stems, *to-béar*, *tiubair*.]

## IMPERATIVE.

1. —	-amuij [-am̄]	<i>tábaírtar</i>
2. <i>tábaír</i>	-aij̄ (tugair)	[ <i>tábaírtar</i> ]
3. <i>tábaír</i>	-aij̄	(throughout)

## INDIC. PRESENT.

A. <i>no-beirum</i>	-im̄o [-m̄io]	<i>no-beirtear</i>
-im̄	-ti [tī]	[ <i>no-beirtear</i> ]
-beir	-iō	(throughout)

In S. L. the *no* is not heard, and this verb differs from the preceding only in having *b* aspirated: *beirteann* is used for 3rd sing.

Relative form *no-beir*, *an feair no-beir*, the man who gives. In S. L. *an feair a-beirtear*; [also *a-tugair*, *a-tugann*, *a-tugann*, see § 160].

B. Enclitic form— <i>tábaír</i>	-amuij	[ <i>tábaírtar</i> ]
-tugair	-ap̄eloi	<i>tábaírtar</i>

In S. L. the 3rd sing. act. is *tábaír*.

C. Another form *tugam̄*, etc., see § 160.

## OPTATIVE.

Act.		Pass.
§ 156. ( <i>so, náj</i> ) <i>tugad̄</i> , -aij̄, -aij̄ [-a], etc.		<i>tugat̄</i>

## IMPERFECT.

§ 157. A. <i>no-beirum</i> , -riéad̄, riéad̄; -umip̄, [-umip̄], -pti, -priúr.	Pass. <i>no-beirti</i> .
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B. After particles *tábaír*, -rié, -riá, -riá, etc. Pass.: *tábaírtas* [*tábaírtas*].

C. Another form from *tugam̄* (see § 160).

## PERFECT.

§ 158. <i>tugad̄</i>	-amaij	<i>tugad̄</i>
<i>tugam̄</i>	-ab̄aij	throughout
<i>tug</i>	-ab̄aij	

The *t* = particle *to*; hence, strictly *tug* should not *at all* be aspirated as it is, *tug*, in S. L.; (b), nor be preceded by *no*, as *no-tugad̄*; nor (c) be preceded by *to* with other particles *ni* *tug*, *an* *tug*, etc., should be used, [not *nioi tug*, *tug*, &c.]

## FUTURE.

§ 159. A. <i>no-béarad̄</i> <i>no-beirad̄</i> , -raip̄, -a, etc. Pass.: <i>no-beirad̄ar</i> [ <i>no-beirad̄ar</i> ].
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In S. L. *beirfinn*, -raip̄, -a. [Pass.: *beirfinn*.] B. After particles: *tiubair* [*tiubair*], -raip̄, etc. Pass.: *tiubair*.

In S. L. *tiubair*, etc. [also *tábaír* both for *absolute* and *dependent*. Pass.: *tiubair* and *tábaír*].

## CONDITIONAL.

A. [ <i>no-béarainn</i> ] <i>no-beirainn</i> , -rié, etc. Pass.: <i>no-beirad̄as</i> .
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S. L. *no-beirfinn*, etc.: Pass. -raip̄.

B. After particles: *tiubair*. Pass.: *tiubair*, etc. S. L. [*tábaír*] *tábaír*, etc. [and *tábaír*, etc., frequently for both *absolute* and *dependent* pass.].

VERBAL NOUN *tábaír*.

Pass. Participle: *tábaíta*, *tugta*.

§ 160. From the root *tugam̄* are also used—*Present*, *tugam̄*, -aij̄, etc.; *pass.* *tugat̄*. *Imperf.* *tugann*, *gēd̄*, etc., *pass.* *tugas*. *Perfect*, *tugad̄*; *pass.*, *tugad̄*; *participle*, *tugta*, as above given.

III. *Áoeirum*, I SAY.

The verb (at-beir, now) (A) *áoeir* or (B) *abair*, “to say.”

[STEMS; verbal stem, *áoeir*- (*abair*-); Future stem, *áveair*- (*abriúr*-, *abriúc*-, *abriúd*-).]



C. Relative form, *raȝðaþ*. [The real literary relative is similar to *present absolute*, as in most irregular verbs. Hence *vo-ȝeitum*, *vo-ȝeit*, etc. But in vernacular usage we find, by analogy, *ȝeitær*, *ȝeibeann*, *raȝðar*, *raȝðann*, etc.] D. Optative, same as for B. [Not correct: *go ȝraȝðaþ*, *go ȝraȝða*, etc.]

## IMPERFECT.

§ 171. A. *vo-ȝeitinn* -ðeað, etc.  
B. *raȝðainn*, etc.  
[S. L. *raȝðann*, etc.]

*vo-ȝeit*  
*raȝðtaði*  
[*raȝða*]

## PRETERITE.

§ 172. *ruaþar* -raȝr, *ruaþi* *ruaþi*  
Before this form *vo* is not used. In S. L. *ruaþeað* is heard [and also *ruaþað*. Origin of *ruaþar* obscure: perhaps from *vo* + *þo* + *ȝaðar*].

## FUTURE.

§ 173. A. [*vo-ȝeaðað*], *vo-ȝeaða*, etc. Pass: [*vo-ȝeaðað*], *vo-ȝeaða*.  
In S. L. *ȝeaðað*, *ȝeaða*, etc. Pass: [*ȝeaðað*]

B. *ruigþeað*, etc. *ruigþeað*  
S. L. *ruigþeað* [*ruigþað*]. Pass: *ruigþeað*, etc.  
[*ruigþað*]

## CONDITIONAL.

§ 174. A. [*vo-ȝeaðainn*] Pass: [*vo-ȝeaða*]  
*vo-ȝeaða*, etc. *vo-ȝeaða*

S. L. *ȝeaðainn* [*ȝeaða*]  
*ȝeaða*, etc.

B. *ruigþaðinn*, etc. *ruigþaði*  
S. L. -ȝinn [*ruigþinn*], etc. -ȝi [*ruigþi*]

Verbal noun: *raȝðaði* S. L. *[raȝðaði]*. [Participle: *raȝðaðta*] [*raȝðta*, *raȝðe*, *raȝða*]

III. THE VERB *raȝðaði*, I LEAVE.

STEMS, *verbal stem*, *raȝðað*—(*raȝð*); *Future stem*, *ruigþ*—for *ruigþ*—, (*raȝð*—), (*raȝð*—).

§ 175. Imperative: *raȝðað*, -ðað, etc. Pass: [*raȝðað*] *raȝðað*.  
S. L. *raȝð*, -ðað, etc. Pass: *raȝðað* [*raȝðað*]

§ 176. Indic. present: *raȝðaði*; Pass: [*raȝðað*]; *raȝðað*. Optat. same [no: *raȝðað*]. Enclitic, *raȝðaðn*. Relat. *raȝðað*.

In S. L. *ð* omitted in all.

Imperfect: *raȝðaðinn*, etc. Pass: [*raȝðaða*]  
*raȝðaði*.

§ 177. Preterite: *raȝðað*, -ðað, -ðað. Pass: *raȝðað*.  
In S. L. [*vo-ȝaðar*, *vo-ȝað*, etc.]: *vo-ȝaða* (*vo-ȝaðað*), yet used in 3rd sing. [Pass. *vo-ȝaðað*.]

§ 178. Future: *ruigþeað* -þeað, -þeað. Condit. —*ruigþað* -það

[*ruigþeað*, *ruigþað*, etc., are for *ruigþeað*, *ruigþað*, etc. In poetry the forms *ruigþeað*, *vo-ȝigþað*, etc., are, in vernacular usage, often met with, instead of *raȝðað*, *vo-ȝaðað*, etc.].

In S. L. *raȝðað*, -ðað, etc., often heard.

Verbal noun, *raȝðaði*; participle, *raȝða*.

IV. THE VERB *conȝðaði*, I KEEP.

[STEMS: *Verbal stems*, *conȝðað*—(*conȝðað*—); *Future stems*, *conȝðeð*—(*conȝðeð*—)].

§ 179. Imper.: *conȝðað*, -ðað, *conȝðaðað*

[There is also a *derived imperative*:—*conȝðað*, *conȝðaðað*—. Pass.: *conȝðaðað*. Sometimes also the verbal stem is, in the spoken language, affected by the future stem, and becomes *conȝðið*— (*conȝðið*—), and the stem *conȝðað*— (*conȝðað*—) is often slurred over so as to become *conȝðað*— (*conȝðið*—). Hence, Imperative *conȝðið*, *conȝðaðað*; *conȝðið*, *conȝðiðað*; *conȝðið*, *conȝðiðað*; *conȝðið*, *conȝðiðað*, etc.]

Present and other parts as if from a regular verb, *conȝðað*.

Verbal noun, *conȝðaði*. *Conȝðað*, 3rd sing. perfect. In S. L. often as if *conȝðað* of II. conj., and in Conacht as if *conȝðið*.

[This treatment of the other parts of the verb is by no means adequate. Full paradigms are required. The fact is that two verbs run side by side—the contracted verb *conȝðað* and the derived verb *conȝðaðið*—and in each case there are certain dialect peculiarities that need attention.]

## PRESENT ABSOLUTE.

I	II.
SING.	SING.
1. <i>conȝðaði</i>	<i>conȝðaðið</i>
2. <i>conȝðaði</i>	<i>conȝðaðið</i>
3. <i>conȝðaði</i>	<i>conȝðaðið</i>
PL.	PL.
1. <i>conȝðaðaði</i>	<i>conȝðaðiðað</i>
2. <i>conȝðaðaði</i>	<i>conȝðaðiðað</i>
3. <i>conȝðaðaði</i>	<i>conȝðaðiðað</i>
PASSIVE.	PASSIVE.
<i>conȝðaði</i>	<i>conȝðaðið</i>

The spoken language in its many dialects has several variants: *conȝðaði*, etc.; *conȝðið*, etc.; *conȝðið*, etc.; *conȝðaðið*, etc.; *conȝðið*, etc.; *conȝðið*, etc.; *conȝðið*, etc.; *conȝðið*, etc.; *conȝðið*, etc.

## PRESENT DEPENDENT.

3rd sing *conȝðaði* *conȝðaðiðað*

## PRESENT RELATIVE.

3rd sing. *conȝðaði* *conȝðaðiðað*

In all these cases the dialects have the same stem variations as in the Present Absolute; and, to avoid repetition, it is as well to state here that this variation of stem permeates the conjugation of the whole verb.

## IMPERFECT.

<i>vo-ȝonȝðaði</i> , etc.	<i>vo-ȝonȝðaðið</i> , etc.
PASSIVE.	PASSIVE.

<i>vo-ȝonȝðaði</i>	<i>vo-ȝonȝðaðið</i>
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## PRETERITE.

<i>vo-ȝonȝðaði</i> , etc.	<i>vo-ȝonȝðaðiðað</i> , etc.
PASSIVE.	PASSIVE.

<i>vo-ȝonȝðaði</i>	<i>vo-ȝonȝðaðiðað</i>
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## FUTURE ABSOLUTE.

SING.	SING.
<i>conȝðeðaði</i>	<i>conȝðeðaðið</i>
<i>conȝðeðaði</i>	<i>conȝðeðaðið</i>
<i>conȝðeðaði</i>	<i>conȝðeðaðið</i>

PL.	PL.
<i>conȝðeðaðaði</i>	<i>conȝðeðaðiðað</i>
<i>conȝðeðaðaði</i>	<i>conȝðeðaðiðað</i>
<i>conȝðeðaðaði</i>	<i>conȝðeðaðiðað</i>

PASSIVE.	PASSIVE.
<i>conȝðeðaði</i>	<i>conȝðeðaðið</i>

## FUTURE DEPENDENT.

3rd s. coingeóða coingþeoða (-óða)

The distinction between the *absolute* and *dependent* is practically lost in vernacular usage, both now taking the -aró ending.

## FUTURE RELATIVE.

3rd s. coingeóðar coingþeoðar (-óðar)

## CONDITIONAL.

vo coingeóðam vo coingþeoða (-óða)  
.. coingeóðá .. coingþeoðá (-óðá)  
.. coingeóðaú, etc. .. coingþeoðaú (-óðaú), etc.

## PASSIVE.

## PASSIVE.

vo coingeóðaú .. vo coingþeoðaú (-óðaú)

## OPTATIVE.

so scóngðaú, etc. so scóngbuiðeaú, etc.

## PASSIVE.

## PASSIVE.

(as in the *Pres. Ind. Abs.*) (as in the *Pres. Ind. Abs.*)

## PRESENT SUBJUNCTIVE.

(Same as Optative).

## IMPERFECT SUBJUNCTIVE.

(Same as Imperfect Indicative, but without vo prefixed).

## V. THE VERB TÓGBAÍM, I LIFT.

§ 180. Imper. tógaib, -gáib, etc. Pass. tógbáip, tógbáip

[S. L. tóz, -gáv, etc. Pass. tógtap]

All forms of present and imperfect as from tógbáim.

[S. L. as from tógam, tógam.]

Preterite: tógbáip; 3rd sing. tóz (but no tógaib, tógaib also in use in some localities)].

Future tóigéabam, tóigéabam, tóigéóbam, etc.  
[Pass. : tóigéabáip.]Condit. : -géabáinn, -géabáinn [ géóbháinn ], etc.  
[Pass. : tóigéabáaoi.]

Verbal : tógbáit Partic. : tógbáa

In S. L. tógam, tógam; future, tógbáip.

## Verbs from the Root "Gen."

From gen we have only two verbs in modern Irish, but we have three stems—(a) a simple stem, and (b) two compound stems, both containing the same elements, and owing their difference of form to the two-fold position of the accent. The simple stem gen- gives genim, I *begit* (which is conjugated regularly); the compound elements vo + gen, yield the stems vo-ðn-, and vénan (dò + ghen), whence the vo-ðním, I *do*, I *make*, of which the *absolute* forms are from vo-ðn- and the *dependent* forms from vénan (vén-).

The VERB vo-ðním, I *do*, I *make*.

[STEMS: Verbal stems, vo-ðn- (vén-); Future stems, vo-ðéan- (vóngn-), vóngn-). In Ulster the secondary verbal stem is vénan (vén-); in Connacht, vón-; in Munster often vén- (vén-), and in the latter province this stem is now usually treated as a simple stem from which a verb vénim (vénim), regular throughout, has been evolved.]

§ 181. Imperative: [vénan, véná] vénan, -náú, -nmuiip, etc. Pass. : [vénantap] vénantap: vénan = vo + gen : pron.

[vén] vén in Munst.; [vénan] vénán, Ulster; vón, Conn.

§ 182. Present: A. vo-ðním (róim), -ip, vo-ðní; vo-ðnímip, -ti, -io. Pass. : vo-ðníteap [vo-ðníteap]. [In S. L. vo is usually omitted: ðním, ðníj, etc.]. B. (enclitic [dependent]) [vénam] vénam, -ip, vén (S. L. [vénann] vénann), etc. Pass. : [vénantap] vénantap.

[In Munster vénam (vénim), vénann (vénéann, vénéann); vénantap, véníteap (véníteap) are used for both *absolute* and *dependent*. In Ulster distinction between *absolute* and *dependent* forms are pretty well observed].

[RELATIVE: the *classical relative* is like *absolute* vo-ðním, vo-ðní; vo-ðníteap (vo-ðníteap), but vernacular usage has developed, by analogy, the forms, ðníor, ðníonn, vénanar, vénann, and (in Munster) vénann (vénéann, vénéann): the *relative particle* a usually precedes].

[Vernacular usage has also developed a 3rd sing. *absolute*: vo-ðníorn, ðníonn].

§ 183. Imperfect: A. [vo-ðnínn] vo-ðnírónn, etc. Pass. : -ít.  
B. [vénann] vénann, etc. Pass. [vénantaoi] vénantaoi.

For use of vénna see § 187 below.

[In vernacular usage, ðnínn, ðníčeá, ðníí, etc. In Munster vo vénim (vénim); vo véníti (véníti), etc. for both *absolute* and *dependent*].

§ 184. Preterite: A. vo-ðíneap, -ip, -ne, etc. Pass. : vo-ðínead = vo + gen: pronounced jinne. The old form jónar still heard.  
B. vénínaip, -ip, -na, etc. Pass. : vénínaó (= vo + vo + gen).

In vernacular usage vo jinneap (jinneap); vo jinnead (jinnead) vénínaip (vénínaip); vénínaó (vénínaó), etc. In Munster, as a rule, same forms (as from a simple stem, vén-) for *absolute* and *dependent*—vo vénnaip (vénnaip); níor vénneap; vo vénnead (vénnead), níor vénnead, etc.]

§ 185. Future: A. [vo-ðéanáu] vo-ðéunáu, [vo-ðéan] etc. Pass. : -ntap.  
B. vóngnead, vóngnáu, etc. Pass. : [vóngéantap] vóngeuntap [vóngéantap].

[vóngnead, vóngnáu], pron. vónan, gave rise [influence of future secondary stem on verbal stem in Connacht] to vón above (§ 180).

S. L. [vénantap] vénantap, etc. Pass. : -ntap.  
[The classical forms are not much used now in *fut.* or *cond.* Common forms for both *absolute* and *dependent* have been evolved on the analogy of regular verbs of the *first conjugation*. Hence vénantap, ní vénantap, etc. (and in Ulster, vénantaoi, (vénantaoi); but in Connacht, usually vónantap, etc. The secondary or *dependent* classical forms, vóngnead, vóngnáu, vóngéantap, vóngantap, are pronounced vónan, vónantap (cf. vóngnáu, vóngantap, vóngnáu, pronounced iona (úna), ionantap (úntap), cúnam.)

§ 186. Condit.: A. [vo-ðéanánn] vo-ðéunánn, etc. Pass. : -ntaoi.  
B. vóngnánn, (vóngnánn), etc. Pass. vóngeuntaoi [vóngéantaoi]

S. L. [vénantap] vénantap, etc. Pass. : -ntaoe.

[In vernacular usage *voéanfáinn*, *teanfáinn* (*voéánfáinn*), *vionfáinn*; *voéanfaróe*, *vionfaróe*, etc., as in future].

§ 187. Verbal noun : [vénanáim] *voenam*, Partic. : [vénanta] *voenta*.

§ 188. The form [vénanáim] *voenam* is sometimes found as an imperfect subj. alongside of *voéanfáinn*; and a pres. subj., *vénanfáinn* [*voenam*], *vénanfáinn* (*voenam*), etc., is also found.

### The Root "ci," see.

[The simple root "ci" does not appear in Modern Irish, but it gives rise to two compound stems : (a) *vo-cí*-(*ci*), and (b) *faic*, properly *ci*c (from *at* + *ci*, with the particle accented). The *f* is adventitious or prothetic (cf. *voat* and *voat*, *atá* and *faatá*, *atí* and *faatí*, etc.). Verbal forms based on the stem *at-cí* (verbal element accented) are also common in Early Modern Irish. Thus *at-cím* (as well as *vo-cím*), *at-cíp* (pronounced *típ*, *típ*, etc. The secondary (dependent) stem *faic*—is vernacularly *feic*.]

### THE VERB *VO-CÍM*, I SEE.

[STEMS : Verbal stems, *vo-cí*-(*faic*) (*feic*), future stems, *vo-cíp*-(*faicp*, *feicp*)].

§ 189 The ordinary forms of this root have the particle *vo-* prefixed, the imperative and enclitic have *at-*. Hence, *vo-cím*, *vo-cíom*, S. L. *cíom*, I see. *at-cí* has become *ci*c, and (by prefixing *f*), *faic*, now in Irish *feic* (in Scot. Gaelic yet *faic*).

Imperative : *faic-eá*, etc. In S. L. [*féac*] *feuc*, "look at," used instead.

Present : A. *vo-cím*, (*ciom*), -íp, [-í] -író (S. L. *cíonn*) (*cídeann*). Pass. : *vo-cítear*  
B. *faicím*, -íp, -íp, -íp (and -ceann), etc., Pass. :  
*faictear*,  
In S. L. *feicím*, *feictear*.

[In Connacht generally *feicim*, *feiceann*; *feictear*, etc., are used for both the present absolute and dependent. In Munster and Ulster the distinction between absolute and dependent is observed, but Munster has *cím*, *cíonn*, etc., whilst Ulster has *cíom*, *cí*, etc.

RELATIVE ; Classical *vo-cím*, *vo-cí*, etc., but vernacular (Munster) *cíonn* (*a cíonn*); (Connacht) *faicear* (*a feicceann*); (Ulster) *cíor*.

Imperfect : A. [vénanáim] *vo-cívánn*, etc. Pass. : [vénanáí] *vo-cíváti*

B. *faicinn*, etc. Pass. : *faictí*

[In S. L. *feicinn*, *feicí*. In Connacht *feicinn* for both A. and B., thus *véfeicinn*, but *ní feicinn*, etc.].

§ 190. Preterite : A. *vo éonnacar*, -áip etc.

Pass. : *vo connacar*.

From root *derk*=con-derk. The old 1st sing., *vo éonnac*, yet heard. From analogy with following, the *v* often omitted : *[vo connacar]*.

B. *faacar*, -áip, -áa, etc. Pass. : *faacar*.

Does not take *vo* before it, *ní f*, *an t*.

[Vernacularly : A. has *vo éonnacar* (*vo connac*), *vo éonnacar*, etc. Passive : *vo connacar* (*vo connacar*, *vo connacar*). In Munster often *feacar*, *feacar*, *feaca*. Passive : *feacar* (*feactar*, *feacar*)].

Future : A. *vo-círeao*, etc.

B. *faicreao*, etc..

Conditional : A. *vo-cípinn*, etc.

B. *faicpinn*, etc.

[In S. L. *feicreao*, *feicreao*, etc. In Connacht *feicpinn*, etc., for both A and B., and in Ulster 't-círeao (or 't-círe mé), etc., instead of *vo-círeao* for A.].

Verbal noun : *faicrin*, now *feicrin* (S. L. *feicpint*, *feicpint*, *feiceal*).

### The Root "ctu," hear.

[In literary usage we find the stem, *vo-éluin* or *at-éluin* (the *n* does not belong to the stem historically) as the basis of the *absolute forms*, and *éluin*—as the basis of the *dependent forms*. Hence *vo-éluinim*, *at-éluinim*, but *ní éluinim*, etc. In vernacular usage, however, we find *éluinim*.]

### THE VERB *VO-ÉLUINIM* (*éluinim*), I HEAR.

§ 191. All parts formed as if from [*vo-éluinim*] *éluinim*, except perfect and verbal noun. The imperative not used; *éirt*, listen, used instead : see [*réad*] *feuc* for *faic*.

Preterite : *vo éuatar*, -áip, -áa, etc. Pass. : *vo éuatar*, *vo étor*.

The 1st sing. -láó or -lág, is yet heard.

*euata*=*eu-clu* (?) [reduplicated : O.I. Perfect]

§ 192. Another verb, *éluipim*, is also used throughout. Verbal noun, *éluip* S. L. [*éluipint*], *éluipim*, *éluipint*

### The Verb "tísim," I come.

[STEMS : verbal stem, *tí*; future stem, *tiocp* . . .

§ 193. Imper. : *tí*, -eá in 2nd pers. *taí*, *topair*, common.

Present : *tísim*, -íp, *tí* (*tísoim*, *tígam*, *teagann* in S. L.) Pass. : -teap

[In classical usage, 3 s. absolute, *tí*; 3d s. dependent, *tí*; 3rd s. relative, *tí* or *tí*. But in vernacular usage the 3rd s. absolute and dependent have developed a common ending in -eann. There are various forms *tísim* (*taísim*, *teagaim*, etc.).

[The classical relative 3rd sing. is, as we have seen, *tí* or *tí*; but vernacular usage has developed other analogical forms—*tígeap*, *a tígeap*, *a tígeann*, *a tígan*, *a tígann*, *a teagann*, etc.

Imper. : *tígim*, *taí*, *teagann*, etc. Pass. : [*tígí*, *teagáin*, *teagáim*, etc.]

§ 194. Perf. : *tángap* [*tánag*], -gáip, -gáa, etc. Pass. : *tángap*. 1st sing. *tánag*, also used.

[*Tánag* - *vo* + *anac*. Hence, *vo éánag* and *tánag*, though in use vernacularly, are wrong, especially *vo éánag*, for the particle is twice repeated *vo* + *vo* + *anac*. *Tánag* is less objectionable than *vo éánag*, and has almost universal vernacular use to support it. In some places *níor éánag*, *an támág*, etc., are, by mistaken analogy, quite wrongly used instead of *ní támág*, *an támág*. *Níor éánag* — *ní* + *vo* + *vo* + *anac*. *Tánag* is the old form for the 1st s. In some places a 1st s. *tánag* (pronounced *éánag*) is spoken; frequently, too, the 3rd s. is vernacularly *támág*.]

§ 195. Future : *tiocfa*, -áip, -áa, etc. [Pass : *tiocp*, -áip]

Old form heard in one phrase, *so téi* [a remnant of the O. I. S Future and Subjunctive : *típ* (*tip*), *típ* (*tí*), etc.]

Condit : *tiocfaínn*, etc. Pass : [*tiocfaíne*] Verbal noun *túróeact* (S. L. *tróeact*, *téact*) and *teact*.

§ 196. The verb *gab*, "take (one's way)," is often used = go, come, as *gab i'rteac*, come in; *g'amae*, [= *gab a'mae*] go out.

### The Verb "to reach."

§ 197. Resembles preceding in perfect tense: *pánag* (*pánag*), *-gair*, *-naig*. [*Ránag* (= *no + anac*, *no + anacc*). Hence vernacular (or rather dialect) *vo* *pánag* is wrong. So are *nioig pánag* for *ni pánag*; *ap pánag* for *an pánag*, etc.] The other parts are taken from the regular *pi'sim*, except the verbal noun, which is from *pi'cim*. [Hence *pi'sim*, *vo* *pi'sinn*, *pi'sfead*, *vo* *pi'sfinn*, etc.]

The Roots "teg (tiag)," "téo (téim)," Go

[§ 197a. In early Modern Irish, as in still older phases of the language, these are very much mixed, and forms arising from all of them are found. Hence, we find *tiagam*, *tiagair*, *teigim*, etc., but the 3rd sing. *present absolute*, *dependent* and *relative* is usually *téo*. In the paradigms it will be enough to give the *téo* forms, but it must be understood that in early modern literature the other forms also will be met with].

§ 198. *Rocim* (now *riocim* | *riocim*) is regular, and gives the verbal noun *roctam*

In S. L. a verbal, *riocéamhain*, is used.

### The Verb térim, I go.

STEMS: Verbal stem, *téir*-; future stem, *piac*- (*piag*-).

§ 199. This verb is somewhat complex. The two independent roots, *teg* (*tiag*) and *téo*, have coalesced, producing the usual verb, *térim*.

Imperat.: *téir*- *eaó*, etc. In O. I. *éimig*, arise, was often used, hence modern *téimig* (= *téir*+*éimig*?)

[*Éimig* is still in use in this sense: *éimig amae* ap *ro* = get out of this].

Present. *térim*, *-ip*, *-io* *-earn*, *mir*, *ti*, *téo* | *térim*].

The old 3rd sing. *téo*, from root *téo*, is yet used, especially in the North. [*Téiréarn* (*téigéann*), is in common use, outside of Ulster, as 3rd sing. *as ate and dependent*]. In S. L. relative form *téiréar*, [*a téiréann*, *a téiréann*] optat. *go* *téiréato*.

Imperat. *térimm*.

§ 200. Perfect, from another root, *cú*:

A. *vo* *éuasdar*, *-air*, *air*

B. *weasdar*, *-air*, *-air* (= *no + éuas*).

[In Munster *éuasdar* is used for both A and B. Thus *thus nioig éuasdar*, etc. But the forms *weasdar* (cf. *pacar* and *piacar*, § 201 and (in some places) *weasdar* are also heard in Munster for B).]

§ 201. Future from root *piac*-, *piag*-.

*Racad*, *-air*, *-air*. (In S. L. *-fad*; in Munster, *piagad*.) Conditional: *piacainn*, *-éca*, etc. (S. L. *-fainn*: Munster, *piagainn*.)

[The forms *piagad*, *piagair*, etc., though their use seems now to be confined to Munster, are by no means local forms. They are found in the language at every stage of its existence (beside the *piac*- forms), away back to the age of the Glosses].

§ 202. Verbal noun: *vol*

The form *weasdar*, like *weasna*, sometimes used for [present and] imperfect [subj. (See § 188)].

§ 203. The verb *imteig* (II. conj. infin. *imteac*) is used: "go away," depart; *imteig leat*.

### The Verb *i'cim*, I eat.

[STEMS. Verbal stem, *i'c*-; future stem, *i'cp*.

§ 204. Imper.: *i'c*, *-eaó*, etc.  
Pres.: *i'cim*, *-ip* [*i'cp*], etc.; [dep.] *i'ceann*, [rel.] *i'cear*.

[Vernacularly *i'ceann* used as 3rd sing. *absolute and dependent*; relatives—a *i'cear*, a *i'ceann*, a *i'ceann*; *v'i'ceann*, *v'i'ceann*, *v'i'cear*].

Imperfect: *v'i'cinn*, etc.

Perfect: *v'i'cear*, etc.

or *vuaðar*, *-air*, *vuað* *pé*.

Fut. and Condit.: *iosav*, *v'i'osainn*.

[The vernacular *i'ceann*, etc., *v'i'ceann*, etc., are analogical forms].

Verbal noun: *i'ce*

Particip.: *i'cte*

**Bligim**, I MILK.

[STEMS; Verbal stem, *blig*-; future stem, *bligp*-]

§ 205. Is regular, except in verbal noun, *bleagán*; the verb *cpú* is also used.

### THE VERB "TO KNOW."

§ 206. A. A noun is used, *piop*, *eol*, etc., *ip piop* *nam*, *ip eol* *nam*: or an adjective, *ip pearaé* *mé*. The phrase *atá a piop agam go*, "I have (its) knowledge that . . .," has given rise to the colloquial *tá' agam*, which is used almost like a verb, *tá' agam é*, I know it.

B. After particles the negative forms of the above phrases are used: *ni piop nam*, *ni heol nam*, *an pearaé tú*, *an b'fuit piop agat*? In Munster the old word *pearaí* is used in present tense, *ni f. a'innéac*, nobody knows.

### THE VERB *tápla*.

§ 207. This verb is really the 3rd sing. perfect of a verb *plá* *vo + plá*. It is now *táplar*, *-air*, *ta*; *amplar*, *abair*, *abair*.

The phrase *ó tápla* (since it has happened = since it is; *ó tápla go*, where as (with a verb).

[In rather late modern writings a derived root *táplu* has been developed, from which a verb conjugated regularly, and used in almost all tenses, has sprung.]

### THE VERB "MUST."

§ 208. A future form is used corresponding to "I must, I have to."

*caitfead*, *-fir*, *-fir*

— *piotu*, *-fir*, *-fir*

A subjunctive form is used = I had to.

*vo caitfeim*, *-fir*, etc.

passive

*caitfeap*

*vo caitfe*

### Adverbs.

§ 209. Adverbs are formed from adjectives by prefixing *go*, before vowels, *go h-*; as *go maič*, well, *go holc* badly.

§ 210. The phrase *go leóp*, enough, is compounded of *go*, with, *leóp*, sufficiency.

§ 211. The sentence, "he spoke well," can be translated either simply *vo labair ré go maič*, or, if more prominence is to be given to the adverb, the construction can be made more emphatic (cf. "tis well he spoke"), *ip maič vo labair ré*. In this case *go* is omitted.

The comparatives and superlatives of adverbs are the same as of corresponding adjectives (§§ 100, 101), and instead of *go*, the particles *nioig*, *ni ba*, *ni b'ar* are used before them: *labair nioig feappi anoir*,

[This is not correct: where the verb of its nature implies continuity in the action or state of being, the *pres. tense* can only be used when the meaning is frequentative—as *laethaim* so mimic; *laethaim* *gac* *la.* Here the correct locution would be *táim ag laethairt níor feartí anoir*; *vo laethairt ní b'feartí; laethéirfán ní b'ur feartí.* "I speak, spoke, shall speak, better."

When the emphatic form of construction is used (§ 210), these particles are not used: *ip feartí laethaim, vo laethairfán.*

Adverbial phrases are very common. They consist chiefly of a preposition and a noun, (§ 5, 1.)

#### SOME COMMON ADVERBIAL PHRASES.

§ 212. Time: In the dissyllable the accent is on the last syllable.

<i>anoir</i> , now	<i>im báráid</i> , to-morrow
<i>apír</i> , again	<i>im bláraóna</i> , this year
<i>inóir</i> , to-day	<i>im gcomáinrúe</i> , always, still
<i>inóé</i> , yesterday	<i>apáin, píain</i> , ever (past time)
<i>anótt</i> , to-night	<i>cóiríe</i> , ever (future time)
<i>apéir</i> , last night	
<i>in-oírpéar</i> , day after	<i>pór</i> , yet, still (S. L. also <i>páit</i> , to-morrow)

§ 213. PLACE: *annpó*, here; [*annpoin*] *annpín*, *annpú*, there; *ille*, *i* *leic*, hither; *i* *músa*, astray; *i* *þrao*, far; *veirfeal*, turning to right hand; *tuairébal*, *tuáel*, to left hand, etc. And the following:—

At rest	Motion towards	Motion from	
<i>írtí</i>	<i>írteac</i>	—	inside
<i>amwíz</i> <i>im-</i>	<i>amaé</i>	—	outside
<i>éuaf</i>	<i>fuaf</i>	<i>anuaf</i>	above
<i>éiop</i>	<i>píor</i>	<i>aníop</i>	below
<i>éall</i>	(as <i>anonn</i> )	<i>anall</i>	yonder
<i>pinn</i> (also <i>ibfor</i> )		<i>anonn</i>	here
<i>éiapi</i>	<i>riapi</i>	<i>aníapi</i>	West, back
<i>éoip</i>	<i>roip</i>	<i>anoip</i>	E st, front
<i>éear</i>	<i>ba, fa, ó</i> <i>ðear</i>	<i>anðear</i>	South, right
<i>éuairí</i>	" .. .. <i>éuairí</i>	<i>anotuairí</i>	North, left

[The vernacular usage in some places sanctions a use of *ba* *ðear* (ó *ðear*), *ba* *éuairí* (ó *éuairí*), which is not admissible elsewhere, and for which Irish literature seems to afford no warrant: thus *an t-oileán ó* *ðear* and *an t-oileán ó* *éuairí* instead of *an t-oileán* *ðear* and *an t-oileán* *éuairí*.]

#### § 214. Manner:

<i>map fo</i> , thus
<i>map pín</i> } like that
<i>map púo</i> } thus

*amárlí*, thus

## RELATIVE PRONOUNS.

§ 223. I. Nom. and accus. with verbs (note aspiration, § 15). In these cases, no relative is used in Irish [see § 112, 4]: *an peap do buail an capall*, the man who struck the horse; *an peap buailear an cloch*, the man (who) rings the bell.

§ 224. So *an peap atá tinn*, *an peap aiveir*, the m. who says, where the *a* is part of the verb, but sentences like these gave rise to the use of *a* in S. L. as an ordinary relative, not only (a) where there should be no particle, *an peap a [biop] bhuilear*, a buailear, a búnar, a mionnóear, but (b) where the particle *do* should be (with imperfect, preterite, conditional, and with a few irregular verbs like *do-beir*, *do-cí*, as, *an peap a buail*, who struck, a beirear, who gives.

§ 225. Negative form [see § 112, 3]: the negative *naé* [ná], before perfect *naéap*, *náp*, is used before the verb; *an peap naé bhpuit* [ná punt], who is not; *naé nádann* [ná dúnann] an dobar, who does not close the door; *naéap* (*náp*) bún an dobar, who did not c. the d.; *an peap naé mbuaileam* [ná buaileam], *náp buailear*, whom I do not strike, did not strike.

§ 226. The particle *noé*, often found in books and MSS. used for relative, is not now heard: as, *na fír noé do b' ann*, *na fír noé [biop] bhróear ann*.

§ 227. II. Genitive. The older form *ipa*, *whose*, is no longer used. Instead of saying, "the man whose foot was broken," the construction, "the who had his foot broken," that is (according to the Irish idiom of *tá + agam = I have*), "the man at whom his f. was broken," *an peap ag ap bhpiread a cop*. So *an peap ag a bhpuit a cop bhperte* = whose f. is broken. In negative sentences *naé* [ná] is substituted for the *a*, the relative above.

§ 228. In S. L. *ag a*, *ag ap*, are often sounded in Munster as *go*, *gup*, *an peap go bhpuit*, etc. In Conn., the *ag* is omitted, *an peap a bhpuit*, *an peap ap bhpiread a cop*. So with negative, *an peap naé bhpuit a cop bhperte*, *náp bhpiread a cop*.

The English *whose* is often equivalent to Irish *to-whom*, as, *peap na-pi-ab ainn* [Seamap] Seumap, a man whose (to-whom) name is James.

For compound prepositions given the genitive—for the construction see following paragraph:—

§ 229. Dative with prepositions. The relative *a* is used. Note aspir. and eclip. (§ 27, 1). As, *an peap lé a bhpuitim* [*lé bp.*, *te n-a bp.*] *ag caint*, *lé a nábar ag caint*, *an áit i n-ap tuitear*, the place in which I fell. Negative, *naé*, *naéap* (*náp*); *an peap lé naé bhpuitim*, *an áit i náp tuitear*. [See § 112, 3].

§ 230. A strange usage in S. L. is to remove the preposition (leaving the *a*, *ap*, *naé*, *náp*, still before the verb, and affecting it as if the preposition were still there) to the end of sentence, and changing it to a [compound or] prepositional pronoun, corresponding in number and gender to the subject of the relative sentence. Thus, *an peap lé a bhpuitim ag caint* becomes *an p. a bp. ag caint leis* [also *an p. ag a bp. ag caint leir*; *an p. go ('ga) bp. ag c. leir*]; *an dean ap a nábar ag caint* becomes *an b. a nábar ag c. uire*; *na daomh lé náp labair ré* becomes *n. v. náp b. ré leó*.

§ 231. With compound prepositions this transference brings about such sentences as *na fír a náib [ag a náib, 'ga náib] ré* of a gionn, the men overhead-of whom he was. These forms where the prepos. pronouns appear at the end are only shortened by the omission of *ag* from sentences like those above, *na fír ag a náib ré*, etc. So *comaréa ag a gcuimhneap 'n-a agair*, a sign which shall be contradicted.

§ 232. Translation of **where**. (A) Instead of *an áit i n-a bhpuitim*, the place where (in which) I am, the form *an áit a bp.*, *an áit i bp.*, is met with both in spoken and written language. The *a* or *i* is the old dative or locative case of relative. It is also seen in *cí a an caoi a bhpuit tú?* How are you, where *a = i n-a*, *ap a*. [The phrase *cionnáp tā tú?* dates from an earlier period when *tā* was in use as a dependent of *atá*: *ca iontacap itá tú*: cf. intoebál itá Cpl. innum = *an t-iontacapbál i bhpuit Cíopt ap neamh (num)* = gloria in quo est Christus in cælo. Wb. 15b. 27]. (B) **Where** is also translated by *map a* (eclip.) *map ap*, *aspir.*, *map a náib ré*, where he was, *map ap tuit ré*, where he fell.

§ 233. *All that which*, [all who], *what*, are translated by *a*, the old neuter relative, in all cases. This *a* eclipses verbs; when followed by *po* it aspirates: e.g. *Sin a bhpuit uam*, *rin a náib uam*, that is all that I want, wanted. *Ap mapb ré do'n féinn*, all of the *piann* that he killed. *An peap ap tréine ná bhpuit i nÉipinn*, the bravest of all that are in Erin. Instead of *a* we sometimes find *gac a*; *gac a bhpaca ré*, everything he saw.

## POSSESSIVE PRONOUNS.

§ 234. The possessive pronouns are **mo**, **tu**, *a*, my, thy, his, its (aspir.), *a*, her, its (prefixes *h* to vowels), *ap*, *bp* (map), *a*, our, your, their (eclip.)

1. Before vowel's **mo** becomes *m'*, *m'*; **tu** becomes *v'*, *t'*; *a*, his, is omitted in S. L. In Munster *bp* is pron. *búp*, *úp*, *n'úp*; in Ulster *map* is used instead—the [old] form was *bap*.

2. For one person, **tu**, *thy*, is always used, except in parts of Donegal, where *map* is used for respect, as, *Sé map mbeata a fagairt!* The same usage is often found in books of 17th century. [Cf. § 215].

3. For a strange use of *á*, a particle having same effects as *á*, her, see numerals; *á tří, á hočt, á haon, á fiče*, 3, 8, 1, 20. For an idiomatic use of *á*, his, its (as, *áta á fičor ágam go* . . . I know (it) that; *íp fičor á pár go* . . . it is true to say (it) that . . .), see Syntax.

§ 235. Prepositions become compounded with the possessive pronouns: *voom' = vo + mo*; so *voov', vā, vāp*. So *třém = třé + mo*, so *třeo*: *ágom', gom' = ág mo, ága, gá = ág á*. The prepos. *in* loses the *n* and *in mo* becomes *im', am'*; so *io, at, it, at = in vo*. The other contractions are obvious. In Munster, *ág mo, ág vo* are contr. to *am', at'*; as *ní ato* *dearmat atáim = ní ág vo* . . . 'tis not forgetting you I am; *ná bí am* [*voðrath*] *buardheath*, don't be annoying me.

§ 236. **Emphasis** is shown either by using the suffix *péin* (mo, vo, a *capall* *péin*, my, thy, his own horse), or by adding the emphatic endings for each person, *mo -ra, vo -ra, a -pan, a -ri*; *ap -ne (na), bup (map) -ne (na), a -pan*.

#### DEMONSTRATIVE PRONOUNS AND ADJECTIVES.

§ 237. The demonstrative particles are *ro, ri, reo*, this; *roin, rin*, that; *rúo, riúo, úo*, that.

i. *Súo* refers to something connected with the person to whom you speak, mentioned or remembered by, or well known to that person. [This is not very clear or accurate: the use of *roo* (*riúo*), *úo*, implies *vaguer and more remote demonstration* than the use of *rin* (*roin*)]. Strictly speaking, the forms with broad vowels, *ro, roin*, should be used after nouns where last vowel is broad; but now *ro, roin* are the forms usual in Munster [*rin* is used after a slender ending], and *reo* (*shih*), *rin*, in Connaught. *Súo* [*riúo*] is never used after a noun—always *vo: an lá úo*, and in S. L. *úo* has the form *úva, úvan, úvai*.

§ 238. When used after nouns, *ro, rin* [*roin*], *úo* have no accent, but are sounded as part of the noun, as, *an peap-ro, an bean-úo*.

§ 239. *So, rin, rúo* [*riúo*] are used as pronouns; as (*íp*) *ro an peap, rin an bean, rúo an buacáill*. But now the personal pronoun is added, as, (*íp*) *é rin an peap, or rin é an peap; an n-i rin an bean? rúo* [*riúo*] *iad na daoine, áta ré* *reo tinn*.

§ 240. Similarly, for the possessive cases, "of this, that, those (man, woman, people, etc.), *á* (his, her, its, their) is used, followed by *ro* [*reo*], *rin* [*roin*], or *rúo* [*riúo*]; as *á bean* [*roin*] *rin*, the wife of that man; *á peap ro*, the husband of this woman; *á òfearann rúo*, the land of those people.

§ 241. Again, when a preposition precedes *this, that, those* (man, woman, etc.), the whole is translated by a prepositional pronoun; with this man=*áige* [*reo*] *ro* (=*ág é ro*), *íp áige* [*reo*] *ro* *áta an teabád*, it is this man who has the book; *teir* [*reo*] *ro* (=*te é ro*), *íp teir* [*reo*] *ro* *an teabád*, the book belongs to this man; *úippí rin* (=*ap i rin*), *íp úippí rin vo* *bí an évalait úp*, it is on that (woman) the new dress was; *uairí* [*reo*] *ro*, hence, from this; *áca rúo*, with those people.

#### INTERROGATIVE PRONOUNS.

§ 242. **Cia**: *Who?* *cia vo buail é*, who struck him? *cia buaileap*, who strikes. With pronouns: *cia hé, cia hí, cia huao, cia tú péin?* who is he, she, etc.? *Cia hé an peap rin, cia hí an bean úo, cia huao na daoine rin anonn?*

*Whom?* *Cia vo buail ré*, whom did he strike?

*What?* 1. *Cia an peap é*, what man? *cia an bean i?*

2. *Cia* [*méad*] *meud*, [*cá méad*], what number or quantity?

Along with *cia*, the form *cé* is found in the oldest forms of the language, and this is the word now usually heard in most of the country: *cé an peap?* *cé an bean?* *cé rin?* *cé* [*méad*] *meud*.

§ 243. The form [*céad*] **creud** (= *cia + rúo*, what thing; in S. L. often [*céad*] *ceurid*), is also heard.

§ 244. **Cá, cá, cé, what?** are used with nouns, hence, the ordinary forms, *cá huao, cá peap, when, how long?* *Cé ionnáip*, now *cannáip* (Munst.) *cíannáip, cíannáip* (Conn.), how? [*cíonnáip, cannáip* = *cá + ionnáip* (= state condition), not *cia + nór*, as is wrongly assumed: cf. *ionnáip* *go*]. *Cá hár, cá huonáip, canáip* (Munst.) where? The forms *cia an láit, cia an t-am* etc., are also common. This *cá* is frequently spelled *gá*.

§ 245. **Caide** [*soiré*], now usually *cád é*, is a compound of *cá*, with a part of the verb *to be*: *cád é an peap rin*, what man is that? *Cád iad na daoine*, who are the people?

§ 246. **Cad**, what? *Cád duibhingt ré?* what did he say?

Note the use of the relative form of the verb after the interrog. pronouns.

§ 247. *Whose?* There is no genitive form of the interrogative pronoun, *whose?* often = *belonging to whom?* and it is then translated with the preposition *te* (ir + iom = I own): *cia teip e*, whose is it? (See below 249, 1).

§ 248. *Whose?* in other positions is translated by **cia**, **ca**, with preposition.

§ 240. *Whom, what?* with preposition:

To whom: *cia tāp̄ innri* ē, to whom did you tell it? Of, from, whom: *cia tāp̄ baineād* ē, of whom was it taken? By whom: *cia tē a* [te n-a] *mbuaítfeap̄* ē, by whom will he be struck?

1. In S. L. as in case of relative (§ 230), the preposition disappears, and a prepositional pronoun is substituted; *cia ap innip tú nō e*, *cia ap baineadh nō e*, *cia a mbuaileamh leip é*. And often, especially in short questions, the prepos. pron. is found after *cia*: *cia nō ap innip tú é?* *cia leip a mbaineadh re*, to whom does it belong? *cia leip é?* whose (is) it? *Do-beuprad do-beapaod aigeann do na traomh fin*. *Cia nōib?* I will give money to those people. To whom? So *cé* *paon*, why, for what, *lit.* what for it?
  2. When *ip* is the verb of the sentence, its omission results in such forms as *cád ap é*, *cé ap é?* where is he from? *cád ap de*, *cád ap dha*, in Munster idiom, v. Syntax). If the verb is used after the prepos. and relative, (§ 146, 2 C.) the regular forms (*cé ap ap ob e*— whence (from what) is he? *ce ne ap tach é*— of what (parents) is he (descended), become by use of prepositional pronoun as above, *cé ap ab ap é?* *cád ap moibh é*? Two difficult phrases

§ 250. *What?* with preposition is expressed similarly: *cao pâ[ pâ + a] otusgâp an t-anggeao roô*, why did you give him the money? in S. L. *cao paot* . . . . *Cao um a buputip* . . . . is now *cao umme a buputip*.

The change-of preposition to prepos. proun is more remarkable when the preposition is compound, i.e., a prepositional phrase; as *cá 'n-a taob?* why (Munst.), lit., what in respect of it? *Cao man geall aip?* For what reason?

### § 251. Other pronominals.

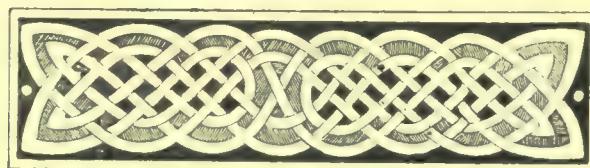
An té, he who, the person whom. Indeclinable. [An *ti* is the usual form in *classical* usage]. An té [biɔr] bídear̄pan mbaile, an té nae [mbionn] míbrdeann [ná bionn] . . . ; vo'n té, ó'n té, as an té.

Πελέ, *gen.* *neiç*, a person, *neæ* *əp* *bit*, or *ən-neæç* [éinneæç], any person. Αon *tuine*, *ən* *ȝein*, are also used = anyone.

Eigim is an adjective: *peap eigim*, bean eigim, *daome eigim*; a certain man, woman, certain people. (In S. L. it takes the forms *eigint*, *teint*, *teineæt*, *inteæt*).

Curo, a portion, is used = some: curo *te*, οιοι, *ας*, some of it, of them; curo *te'n αρμ*, some of the army. Cibé (*dit.* = whoever it be) = whosoever, whatsoever. Cibé [v̥e̥ar] *βερέαρ ανη*, whoever shall be there; Cibé *ουινη* [v̥e̥ar] *βερέαρ ανη*, whatever person shall be there. (Contracted in S. L. to *be*, *pé*, as *pé ας*, whichever, whatever of them (*i.e.*, = Munster Anglo-Irish "whatever" =) at all events. So *pé t̥ nΕιρηνη ε*, (whoever, whatever in Eriŋ it is), at any rate.

NOTE.—Father O'Growney did not get the Syntax of his outlines of Irish Grammar printed, and probably did not compile it. It seems that he meant to embody his outlines of Irish Syntax in his treatise on Composition (see p. 353), and the only part of the latter treatise which he had printed contains by far the best treatment of the Syntax of the Article yet published.



## II.

### NOTES ON IRISH COMPOSITION.

#### THE ARTICLE.

§ 1. In Irish the Article is sometimes (A) omitted where it would be expressed in English, and (B) expressed where it would be omitted.

§ 2. One noun governs another in the genitive case, as, *páinne óip*, a ring of gold; *teiteao páinne óip*, the width of a gold ring; *luac capaill* the price of a horse.

§ 3. In last examples it may be noticed that in Irish the definite article is not used with the first noun where it is used in English, —even in English the article here has no definite force, and may be omitted, and “*a* horse's price,” etc., used instead.

§ 4. When the last noun is (a) a proper noun, or (b) a common noun with the article, possessive adjective, or *gáe*, *every*, the first noun cannot have the article as *píp na hÉireann*, *the men of Erin*; *píp ar dtípe*, *the men of our country*, *píp na típe*, *píp gáe típe*.

§ 5. Note that the usual collocation of words in an Irish sentence is: 1. Verb; 2. Subject or Nom. case; 3. Predicate or Object-ive case. The verb *is* is exceptional.

§ 6. N.B.—Words in Vocabulary of *Second Irish Book* are not given here. Neither are the parts of the irregular verbs. The declension and gender are not marked after nouns whose declension, etc., should be known by their form. When the verbal noun is peculiar in form, it is given after the verb.

Annála	Annals
éuatar	heard, <i>irreg.</i>
Laoi	a lay, song
Oifín	Ossian
muam	ever, <i>past time</i>
pígne	made, did, <i>irreg.</i>
trácht	III., mention
Autumn	Harvest, <i>póisín</i>
beginning	<i>toradh</i>
buy	<i>ceannúi</i>
Dublin	<i>baile Átha Cliath</i>
fall	<i>truit</i> , verbal noun— <i>truit</i>
im	
head	<i>ceann</i>

§ 8. Cia an leabhar atáin ag léigear anoir? “*Laoi Oifín ar Tríp na nÓg*,” má léigir páim é. Níos léigear, aét vo éuatar trácht go minic ap dán an fileaoit úd. Do pígne an

*tOifín céadna móráin* de *dhántaibh*, aét atáid caillete anoir. Ir truaigim, go deimhn; aét vo cailleaoibh marp an gceadna dhánta móráin o'fhiúibh eile atá i nannálaib na hÉireann.

§ 9. When we *came* to the head of the strand we *saw* the ships of our friends far out on sea. The sails of each ship were white, and the light of the sun fell down on them. What is the price of those books? They are not dear; they are cheaper than the books you bought in Dublin. The wind is (bim) very cold in the beginning of the year, but in the end of the Spring and in the beginning of the Summer the weather is warm. It is not too warm then. Do you prefer the Summer to the Autumn? I prefer the Autumn. I did not *hear* the news (story) yesterday. I did not hear an inkling of it (*gaoit* an *focaid*). It is warmer in the Spring than in the Winter.

§ 10. Exception to last rule (§ 4). If the first noun have the demonstrative pronoun it retains the article also, even when the following noun is defined as above, as, *na focaid ro* *Brigíde*, those words of Brigid's.

§ 11. Boyne, an *úbmh*; listen to *ceap* Moore, *Ó'mórdha* prophet, *póit*, III.; write *píomh*.

I like this poem of Ossian. Listen to those words of the prophet. I (have) often heard of that battle of the Boyne and of that song of Moore's which he wrote *on* the battle.

§ 12. If a proper name be *followed* by the title, name of profession, etc., of the person, no article can be used; as, *Catbaidh* *tríaoi*, C. the druid; *Aedhne* *píle*, A. the poet. In modern times the English collocation has crept in, *an* *píle* Oifín.

#### § 13.

ban	— <i>freig</i> female.	air of song, <i>ponn</i> .
éonnaic	saw, <i>irreg.</i>	bank, <i>bhruac</i> , pl. -éa.
éuairí	went, <i>irreg.</i>	bury, <i>cúip</i> , <i>m. cup</i> .
tríaoi	gen., - <i>tríaoi</i> .	fight a battle, <i>peap</i>
éaglais	church,	or <i>cúip cat</i> .
pígne	made, <i>irreg.</i>	named, <i>tráip</i> <i>ann</i> .
Catbaidh	)	poet, <i>píle</i> , gen. - <i>aoi</i> .
Aedhne	Names of men.	song, <i>amhrán</i> .
Gobán	)	sow seed, <i>cúip</i> .
Eirene	Of women.	William, <i>Uilliam</i> .
meadbh	)	

§ 14. Do réasadh Meadbh do'n áit i n-a páis Catbhadh ríaois, bír bì eagla móri níppi. An uair do bí rí ag teacht a baile, do éonnaic sí Eitne báan-ríaois. Do piigne Gobán Saor an eaglais beag úd. An bhacábaí Seánán Gabá anufo?

§ 15. The battle of the Boyne was fought between King James and King William. Have you ever *heard* the song named "The Boyne Water"? It is *said* that it *has* a fine old Gaelic air. On the banks of the Boyne is Ros-na-Riogh, the place in which the old kings of Erin were buried. The poet Shakespeare did not write a poem on the battle of the Boyne. The people now sow oats and wheat in the place where (in which) the battle was fought.

§ 16. The article is omitted in sentences like the following. *Is e duine do bí ann, Dáithí Rí*, translatable either (A) *the man who was there was King Dathi, or (B)*. It was King D who was there. *ba hi coinníleach aip aip éinneadháir, dul a baile*, the plan on which they determined was to go home. *ba huaid (do b'íad) na náomí do mór b'ían bojhuma, níor lóid lánnach*. It was two (of the) Danes who killed Brian Boru.

§ 17. It is at the hour of thy death I shall *come*. The place in which the great battle was fought, between (iorní) the Irish and the Danes, was *cluain Tairb*, on the shore (bank) of the sea.

§ 18. The article is EXPRESSED before nouns followed by *ro* (reó), *rim* (róm), *ú*; *an* *reap* *ro*, this man; *an* *áit* *reó*, this place; *an* *ru* *rim*, that thing; *an* *cáitín* *rim*, that girl; *na* *háití* *ú*, those (yon or yonder) places: see above, § 10.

In modern Irish there is a tendency to omit the article before proper names, as *máire ro*, *ráthairis rim*: as also with *céadra*, *O Dálaigh céadra*, the same O'Daly.

§ 19. The article is also expressed in a certain construction with the verb *is*. "He is a big man," can be translated (A) simply, *is* *reap* *mór* *é*, or (B) with emphasis on the adjective, *is* *mór* *an* *reap* *é*, he is a *big* man. *Cia an* *reap* *é*? what man? The latter construction has the article where no article is used in English.

#### § 20.

bacáé, lame.  
cláó, ditch.  
éirig, arise, *vn.* -gé.  
Sealaé II. the moon.  
Sorculé, hurt.  
innip, tell.  
iomáin, hurl, *vn.* same, iom-  
áin, a hurler.  
get, obtain, *faigha* irreg.  
goal, báipé, mas

lark, *ruipeág*  
mean to say, *is* *áit* *tiom a*  
*piád*.  
neighbour, *comhúpla*, *V.* -an  
*fom*.  
pity, *noun*, *truisé*.  
proverb, *pean-focal*  
sing, *gáib*, *irreg.*  
wide, *teatan*.

§ 21. *Is mait an t-iomáinidé an* *reap* *atá* *ap* *an* *gcláid*. *Ní* *fiop* *an* *rgéal* *rin* *ó* *inn*-*eataí*. *Inn**ip* *dom* *an* *rgéal* *ceapt*, *mar* *rin*. *Inneórad*, *áct* *ní* *inneórad* *duit* *é* *indiu*. *Nád* *uileas* *an* *capall* *é* *ru*? *Cia* *an* *capall*? *Capall*. *Tairb* *atá* *ap* *an* *mbótaí* *ann**in* *tuar*. *Is* *uileas* *an* *capall* *é*, *áct* *nád* *uile* *ré* *bacáé* *anufo*? *Tá*, *do* *gortuigead* *é* *lá* *nó* *ó* *rim*. *An* *mait* *teat* *an* *t-árnán*, "Inn*ip* *dom*, 'Inn*ip* *dom*, 'Seagáin *Ui* *Peap*-*saol*?" *Is* *mait*: "Éirighe na Sealaigé" *ir* *ann* *do*.

§ 22. Do not tell him that bad news you *heard* yesterday. It is bad news indeed, and the proverb says, "Do not give bad news to your (the) neighbour." That ship is not better than the other (ship) which was lost a day or two ago. You mean that ship of Patrick's? Not so; but that new ship of Tadhg's which you *saw* in Cork. It was a wide, strong ship; and was it lost? Was it not a great pity? That is a sweet song (which) the bird is singing; what bird is it? Is it not a lark? Were they hurling in that field yesterday? They were, and a man was greatly hurt in the foot by (te) the *camán* of another man. How many goals did you *get*?

§ 23. The article is used with abstract nouns: *an tOile*, Evil; *an Ceapt*, Justice; *an Séan*, Prosperity; *an Dáip*, Death; *an Duine*, Man; *an tAilgead*, Money; *an Peacád*, Sin.

§ 24. Also with classes of things: *atáirn na* *náomí* *níor* *luigé* *ioná* *do* *bíofí*, people are weaker than they used to be; *atáirn na* *uileasa* *faoláin*, lies are numerous.

Especially in such names as *maolmhuire na gCapaillín*, Myles of the ponies; *Tiobóir na Long*, Theobald of the ships; *Tomáir an tSioda*, Silken Thomas.

§ 25. ANOTHER CONSTRUCTION with *is*. Instead of saying simply (A) *do* *labair* *ré* *tiom*, he spoke with me; *do* *buailteadh* *míre*, they struck me; *do* *tuit* *an* *laoc* *is* *an* *geat*, the warrior fell in the battle; we can say (B) " *is* *tiom* *do* *labair* *ré*, it is with me he spoke; *is* *míre* *do* *buailteadh*, 'tis I whom they struck; *is* *'ran* *geat* *do* *tuit* *an* *laoc*, 'tis in the battle the hero fell." This construction gives emphasis to the words placed immediately after *is*. Instead of *is* the particles *ní*, *nád*, *an*, etc., and the past tense *ba*, *níor* *ba*, *ap* *ba*, etc., can be used. See Section 34.

## § 26.

annlann, sauce  
fáit, III, reason  
fíjünne, truth  
gluocar, cunning  
nug, perfect of beirim=(1)  
bring, (2) give birth to  
crew, fujeann, II.  
edge, břuac, ciúmap  
mast, chann luinge

oats, coifce, mas.  
plentiful, fuairring  
torm, anfa, mas.; ftoirim  
set (of the sun, etc.), dul  
faon, or lunge  
throw, cait, teilt  
wave, ton, II.  
warrior, laoë  
wheat, chuitneac, mas.

§ 27. Már siop an dán do ríspioib ua  
Mórdha, do éuaird Caorúigin Naomí go Gleann  
Dá Lóe, agus nígne ré teac dó féin ap bárr  
na haitte, of cionn an loéa. Aict marladeir an  
file "ír beag do tuig an Naomí ír an am roin,  
gluocar na mbán agus a gcleára cama." Ír  
reappi an gluocar iona an neapt go minic,  
aict ír minic do buail an neapt an ceapt.  
Ír alúinn an fíjünne. Ír mait an t-anmlann  
an t-oípar. Ír minic do éuaird caint ap  
Tiobró na Long, aict innip dám, már é do  
ton é, cia an fáit fá břuail an t-alúinn fín aip.  
Ír ap břoibh luinge fúgadó é, an uair do bi  
a mätair, Spáinne, ag dul go cíuiti Vam-  
niogna na Sasanac. Náé i riúd an Spáinne  
ni Máille ap a dtírseáttar go minic? Ír i  
an bean céatona. An břacair an áit i n-áip  
cúisead Tiobró na Long, i rean-eaglair  
Baile-an-Tobair?

§ 28. It was on the edge of the high cliff  
that the house of the warriors was built, and  
down at the bottom of the rock, at the edge  
of the sea, was a strong ship, which would  
bring them, if they wished, across the waves  
of the sea, to the land of the Saxons. The  
ship was strong, and there was a good crew  
in it, but a great storm came and broke the  
masts, and the ship was thrown on the beach  
by the force (strength) of the waves. Wheat  
is not so plentiful as it used to be some twenty  
years ago. Was not that good oats you saw  
in the poor man's house yesterday? The sea  
was beautiful last night when the sun was  
going down. From the rising to the setting  
of the sun.

§ 29. The article is frequently used where the possessive  
adjectives *my*, *thy*, etc., would be found in English: *vo*  
*éaiti pé an tráit óeap*, he lost *his* right eye; *cia'caoi a*  
*břuail an tráinnte?* how is *your* health? *Cionnac atá an*  
*cúnam*, *an feap*, etc., *how is your* family, husband, etc.;  
*ná fannfeusig curu na comúppan*, do not covet the pro-  
perty of *your* neighbour.

§ 30. The article is also used with the names  
of rivers: *an Bóinn*, Boyne; *an Feoil*, Nore; *an*  
*tSiúil*, *an tSionainn* (*an tSiona*), *an Ába móir*,  
the Avonmore or Southern Blackwater. Also

with the names (A) of most Continents: *an*  
*Éóriap*, muinnteap na hÉóppa; *an Áfric*, *an*  
*Áire* (but not with the new Continents—  
Ameriaca, Ártraithoile); (B) of India, *an India*,  
*plur.* na hIndiaea; (C) of most European  
countries, *an Spáinn*, *an Éadair*, *an Tíreag*,  
*an Fíjünne*, *an Breatam Beag*, Brittany; *an*  
*Breatam*, Wales. The article is often found  
with genitive case of *Ába*, *na hálban*, Scotland;  
*na Sagran*, of England; *na hÉireann*  
of Ireland.

## § 31.

ampeap, II, (space of) time	rísp, scatter
bár, death	taob, II, side
lit, he got death	back, ap air
cúigeann, a fifth, a province	beautiful, atuinn
fuairpse, fom, the sea	land, talam, V, gen. -an
word	leave, fag, uig.
peat, length: ap feat	comairt le, like t.
during, throughout	seek 1, cuairtuis: 2, toris
gnátaé, usual	ab unu, same: 3, iapp
móir-éip, continent	" " iappair

§ 32. Do ríspaird muinnteap na hÉireann ap  
peadó an domáin. I n-ampríp Bheantóam Naomí  
ni páibh siop ag muinntíp na hÉoppa go páibh  
an dá móir-éip, Ameriaca agus Ártraithoile, ap  
an taobh eile de'n fáirpse. Ba gnátaé le  
naomá áppa na hÉireann dul do'n Éoipair;  
do éuaird Colum Cille go hálban agus tá a  
ann fa meap móíp ag muinntíp na hálban  
fóir. An pábair íp an Éadair juam? Ni  
pábair, aict íp minic do bior íp an bříspainne  
agus íp an Spáinn. Do éuaird Aodh Ruadh  
ua Domhnaill do'n Spáinn, agus íp annpín  
fuairp pé bár. Náé páibh cíuis cíugíod i nÉirinn  
fao ó? Do bí, agus íp minic do éuaird trácht  
an cíuis cíugéadair na hÉireann.

§ 33. There are only four provinces in  
Ireland now, but long ago there were five.  
People often go to France and Spain, and  
leave at home in Ireland beautiful places  
which they have never seen. We were glad  
to come back to our own country. The poets  
of Greece and Italy have given a great name  
to those countries. The King and Queen of  
Spain sent ships with Columbus when he was  
seeking a new continent. It is said that the  
first people (§ 16) who came to Ireland came  
from Spain. Welcome back to Ireland!  
When Maelduin and his brother had been  
seven years on the waves of the sea, they saw  
an Island like the land of Ireland.

§ 34. In the emphatic construction with *íp*,  
given above (§ 25), two points are to be  
noted. That as the second verb is in a rela-  
tive clause, *íp liom do labair pé*, it is with

me that he spoke, this verb must (A) be aspirated, nac if an geat tuitro, is it not in the battle that they fall? (B) the relative form of the verb should be used in 3rd sing. of present and future, if agam béal an teabhar, it is at me the book shall be (=I shall have).

In the spoken language the relative form of verb is used with all persons, singular or plural.

§ 35.

ampean, II., time, weather	moé, early
briatáin, II., word, gen.	gealt, promise
briathair	

§ 36. An geataip an pean-focat ap an amppir—"ná epero fuipeógs, ná epero fiaé, if ná epero briatáin mna, má'r moé nō mali fuipeógs ap an Spáinn, if map if tol le Dia béal an tA?" Ap éipis an geataé go moé apéip? Níor éipis, if an-mall o'éipis ri. Nac bpeaig an ampean bsp agaínn imp an Saorpa? Cia t'eoí a bput tū? So mairt, go mbair plán béal tū fén. If 'pan teabhar Bpaeac innpeaig an rseáil úr ap Éipinn map do b' ri imp an tream-amppir.

§ 37. It is not with me your friend will come, but with yourself. Was it not to me he promised that he would come? Was it by yonder warrior that King Dathi fell when he went to France? It was in the valley of death the prophet heard those things. John arose earlier than James. It is at sea the greatest storms are.

§ 38. The article is also used in an Róimh, Rome; an Aitne, Athens, and with the names of some places in Ireland: an Mhírde, Meath; an Mumha, Munster; an Eamain, III., Emania; an Cláir, Clare; an Cabán, Cavan; an Dúin, Down; an Innis, Ennis, etc., and with the genitive case in na Gaillimhe, e.g., Connæe na Gaillimhe, the County of Galway.

ceitteacá, Celtic	teanga, fem., gen. -sáin,
teitbip, difference	tongue, language
Gaeóir, a Gael	children, family, clann, II.
Gaeóirach, Gaelic	dialect, canannán, III., verb.
Gaol, relationship	noun of can, speak.
manannán, Isle of Man	make, irreg.
pean, comp. of pean, old	think, meap

Province of Munster.	Cúigeáu Mumhan
"	Ulster
"	Leinster
"	Connacht
"	Meath

[N.B.—Ularó, Laigean, Connæct, are gen. plur. of ularó, Laigin, Connæta (n. p. Ulstermen, &c.).]

Cia hi an teanga if pine imp an doman? Ni pior tam fin, aoeipio daoine gupab i an

gæoileage if pine, act aoeipio daoine eile gup (ab) pine teangta na gæoileage agur na Róimh. Act if cunne anoir, go bput Gaol ag na teangtaib pin leip na teangta Ceilteaca, map aoeipio. Cia hiad na teangta Ceilteaca? an gæoileage, ap vtúr: if é rin, gæoileage na hÉireann, gæoileage na hAlban, agur teanga Manannán, ioin Éipinn agur Albaín: if teangta gæoileaca iad púr ap fad. If beag an teitbip atá ioin na teangta úr. Act if teangta Ceilteaca pór teanga na bpeatainne agur caint na bpeatainne Bige if an bpháinne.

How many dialects are in the Irish? Two—the dialect of Munster and the dialect of Connacht. There is very little difference between the dialect of Ulster and of Galway. The people of Ulster make the end of each word short, but the people of Munster prefer it long. Where is the best Irish? It is often that question is put on a person, and everyone thinks his own Gaelic is the best. The children of the Gaels are scattered throughout the world. There are people called Children-of-the-Gael in America—you have heard of them, perhaps.

§ 39. With family names. Instead of saying (A) atá ua domhnaill ag teaéit a baile ón Spáinn, or (B) atá an tua Domhnaill . . . there is a tendency for some centuries past to use an adjectival form, (C) atá an Domhnaillach ag teaéit . . . (This has given rise to the titles "The O'Neill, The O'Connor Donn, etc., in English, although in Irish the O or Mac must be omitted when this form is used). This form is often used with foreign names adopted into Irish, an Bújáac, an Paorac, Power; an Bhuíac, an Bpeacáac, Walsh; an Seapaltac, Fitzgerald. The French prefix De is often retained instead when the Christian name is expressed, Tomáí de Bújic; in this case Fitz is replaced by Mac, as Tomáí mac Seapalt.

across, tar.	friendship, cártoeas.
century, soip.	Gerald, Seapalt.
during, ap fead, with gen.	Kildare, Cill Dára
earl, ríapla.	river, ab, gen. -ann, fem.
fight a battle, peap, or cusp cat.	

§ 41. In the beginning of the sixteenth century Gerald, who is called the Great Earl of Kildare, went into Munster. Then he came back through Limerick and came across the Shannon. A battle was fought on the banks of the river, between the army of Munster and the men of Meath and of Leinster, who were with Fitzgerald. Young O'Donnell, son of Red Hugh, had been in Rome during the year, but now he made friendship with Fitzgerald and also with the King of Scotland. Have you ever seen the Blackwater? I mean (§ 20) the beautiful river in Munster?

§ 42. The article is used in a peculiar idiomatic way, where in English the indefinite article would be found: e.g., the sentence

"Crusoe was walking on the beach and saw a ship (*i.e.*, a strange, unexpected ship) coming to shore" would be translated: **do b̄i C̄hr̄ó** as riubal na trásha go b̄raca r̄e an long as teacht i dtíp.

## § 43.

address, beannuiḡ do r̄uine	warrior, laoē
north (from the), i dtuath	voice, ḡuit, III.
spear, pleas̄, gen. pleige	

§ 44. Fionn *went* and stood on the top of the lofty hill, and he *saw* (coming) towards him from the north a warrior who *wore* a helmet of gold, and who *had* a sharp spear in his hand. Fionn addressed the warrior: "Where are you going, O warrior?" said F. "That is a long story, Finn, but I will tell it to you," said the warrior. The priest was going home at (in the) night, and as he was going over a stream he heard a voice speaking words which he did not understand.

§ 45. Construction with the verb "TO BE." In translating into Irish sentences in which the verb TO BE is the principal verb, the Irish construction will depend altogether on the nature of what follows the verb *to be*,—which may be (A) an adjective (B) a noun with the indefinite article *a*, *an* (C), a proper name, or noun with the definite article, or with the possessives *mo*, *do*, etc., or *ḡaē* (*cf.* § 4).

§ 46. If an adjective, *e.g.*, *I am poor*, the sentence can be translated (1) *if bocht mipe*; (2) *atáim bocht* (S. L. *táim* or *tá mé bocht*); (3) *bim bocht*.

§ 47. *Bim b.* = I am always or usually poor; *táim bocht* = I am now poor (*and hence often* = I have become poor), *if bocht mé*, has no reference to the present time. So *if árto na enuic úo* = "those hills are (naturally) high," whilst *táro na enuic úo árto*, would mean "Those hills are now (*or have become*) high." Hence *tá* is used of things that change, grow, etc., such as the weather, etc., *tá an lá fuair*.

§ 48. Note in sentences of this sort, when the nominative to the verb *to be* trans. by *if* is a proper name, or a noun defined by the article, *mo*, *do*, *ḡaē*, etc., that in modern spoken Irish an emphatic superfluous pronoun is often introduced, *if árto é an ḡuit*, the voice is loud; *if láorí*; *if tá an long*; *if glas iao na enuic éap leap*, the hills over the sea are green; *if feasaímaiil é Séamus*.

§ 49. The article is used with the names of the seasons (see § 7) of the year—*ceit̄pe haimreapa na bliana*, except when these are used, in the genitive, as adjectives; *mí déiréanac an fóghair*, the last month of Harvest, *nóir déiréanac an trámpair*; but *oiríce Íarnard*, a Summer night, *reoirim ḡeimhridh a* Winter storm.

## § 50.

véirdeanaac	late, last.	beside, <i>le taoibh</i> or <i>le cor</i> ,
veipeannac		<i>or le hair</i> .
féil, a feast.		hearth, <i>teallach</i> .

pairce, *sem.*, a quarter, three months.

§ 51. Cá méir pairce is an mbliana? Cia huad ceit̄pe pairci na bliana? An tEarrach, an Samhain, an Fóghair, an Geimhreadh. If feairí liom an Samhain iona an Geimhreadh, bim bto lachte na pairce min fuair, fuic. If fios buit, acht if fuairí é an tEarrach, mar an gheádána — go denim, if fuairí gaoth an earrach iona aon gaoth eite. Atá nór véirdeanaac an trámpair leip réamh ap an gheánn. If 'ran Earrach bior lá pente páirveis; if 'ran Fóghair bior lá pente Muirfe.

§ 52. The moon of the Autumn is beautiful—it is more beautiful than the moon in any other quarter (of the year). The sun is strong in Summer, and the nights are shorter than in Winter. It is in the long Winter nights, beside the hearth, stories are told and old songs are sung (§ 20). Was not the weather very wet during this month? It was, indeed, but is not the weather always wet at this time? It is a pity Winter is coming.

The verb TO BE: see § 46.

§ 53. B. When followed by a common noun, without article, possessive adjective *mo*, *do*, *ḡaē* *aon*, etc.: *e.g.*, "Fionn is a warrior," can be translated (1) by using *if laoē Fionn* (2) by using *atá*. But here you cannot say—*atá Fionn laoē*, but must say: "F. is in his (state of) warrior." "Atá Fionn i n-a laoē," and this means that F. has now become a warrior.

§ 54. So, *if feap mé*, I am a man (not an irrational animal), but *táim i mo feap* (*táim im' feap*) = I have become a man, have grown to manhood. *If teac b̄reaḡ é riúo*, that is a fine house, *tá ré riúo i n-a teac b̄reaḡ*, that is now a fine house (might be said by one who had seen it unfinished), *ní fuitro acht i n-a b̄páiribh*, they are only children.

For the translation of sentences like *if maist an feap é*, "he is a good man," see § 19.

## § 55.

éaluit̄, glide by	doctor, liair̄ gen. leāḡa, dochtúir
gearrán, a horse	sage, ollamh V., gen.—amán

§ 56. *Do b̄i Domhnaill i n-a páirroe óg an uairin*, acht anoir atá ré i n-a feap mórf, láorí. Náé luat éaluit̄ gear an t-am t̄apainn.

Ádeiridh na pean-daoine go mbionn an phúca i n-a éat agus i n-a madaid is an ordéé, agus am eile i n-a ghearrán bán. Án páib Mícheál Ua Cléirig i n-a fágárt? Ni páib ré acht i n-a bhrátaigh bocáit, mar a deiridh ré fém.

Are you a doctor yet? No, but I shall be a doctor at the end of this year. Cormac was then king in Ireland, and was also a poet and a sage. We are strangers in your country. He is only a child yet, but he will be a strong man at the end of twenty years.

§ 57. Contractions: i n-a become 'n-a; i n-ap = 'n-ap; i n-bup = 'n-bup; in mo = im', am' (Munst.) 'mo (Conn.) ; in do = id', it', at', at', (Munst.) 'oo, (Conn.) e.g. Tá tú at' feap mairt, tá tú 'oo víscaimh, you are a rascal.

§ 58. The article is used with the names of the months: as Mártá, March; and with the names of certain times of the year, an tSamáin, November; an Bealtaine, May.

Except when they are used as adjectives, as oróée fuaigí Mártá, a cold March night, and after fa, about, go, until, and often after t3, oróée: as, U Samáin, oróée Bealtaine.

#### § 59.

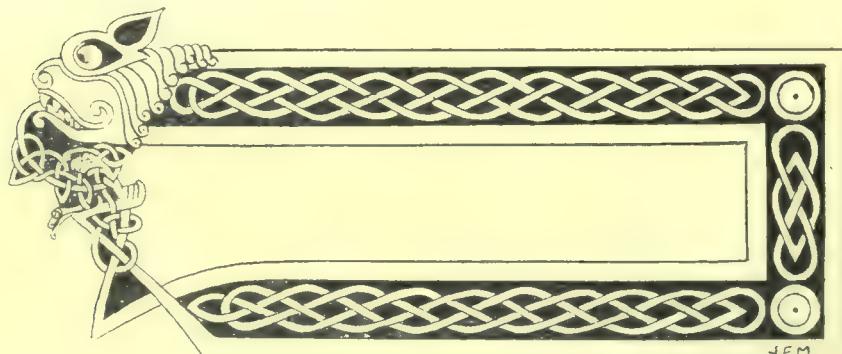
inid, Shrovetide	after, tar éip i n-oidh
ionann . . . agus, the	<sup>at'</sup> genttive
same as	before, poim
tuaé swift	<sup>as</sup> V.
luan, Monday	Christmas, nochtairg genttive
Márt, Tuesday	divide, poim <sup>in</sup> same
	Lent, cásair

§ 60. Is furoe go bhráit ioná go Bealtaine. Is ionann an tSamáin agus deiridh an trampard; is an tsean-aimpri do bhoið féil móri i nÉirinn fa Samáin, agus an lá inidu ní mait leir na pean-daoine dul amach ordéé Samána. Is gáir i gaoth an Mártá, ní fuil aon gaoth, ar feadh na bliadna, is luanite ioná i. Márt lánne do pórád na daoine rín. Do bhoið lá Bealtaine i n-a lá móri faid ó. Is ionann mi na Bealtaine agus céad-mí an trampard.

§ 61. Happy Christmas to you. There are six days from Christmas Day to the end of the year. How many weeks in Lent? After Lent comes Easter. From May to November and from November to May again—it was thus the ancient Irish divided the year. Shrovetide comes in before Lent—the Gaelic name for (on) Shrovetide is the name as “beginning of Lent.” Easter Monday is a holiday usually.

§ 62. The article is used with the names of the days of the week, except when these are used (A) in the genitive as adjectives, or (B) after go, until.

§ 63. The word uile, all, every, is accompanied by the article, an ait uile, the whole place, an uile ait, every place, all places (see § 4).



### III.

#### MODERN IRISH TEXTS.

##### PART I.

###### I

Ír aoir iongantair an aoir ro. Táid ualaig as a dtáirbhaint ari bóiúrib, agur talairn as a tréasbád, le brioisgaib teineasó agur uirge; agur ari muir táid longa san fiú an tréoit as imteach i n-aigairó natuile agur na gaoite. Ír féidir teacthaiseach do éur timéall na cnuinne aipír agur aipír i gceataíramad uaire an cluig, agur ír féidir le beirt caint do déanam le céile agur baile mór eatorra. Dealbháir iomáige le gaete na greamha i rméidead rúl, agur roillriúigtear bailte móra leir an rólaí electreac. Agur mar pín do céad neite eile : táid riad as a ndéanam i mór do mearrfaiad do bheit 'n-a Óraoiúdeach tamall ó fion.

Agur ní headh amáin go bpuil ealaíona nua as a gcuimh, agur neite nua as a bfaighbáil amáin gae lá, aét pór tā an fírinne as a nochtád i dtaoibh neite ari a pairb daomh i n-aibhíor piar píomh ro.

Do raoileadh piarín gur ba teangeá gaothair an Eabhrac agur an Shaeóilg,

aét ír píor do gae feap léiginn anoir gurab gaoil i bpád amáin atá aca le céile. Ír píor do gae duine eólaír gur (ab) roisur gaoil na Shaeóilg do'n Láidin, do'n Shíréigir agur do teangeastaib eile na hEorpa agur na hInisíora cion. Ír foisre do'n Shaeóilg an Bhréatáin agur teangeá na Bhréatáinne bise ír an Bhráinne! agur ír i an éaint céadana, beagnaí, atá agamh-ne agur ag minnitír na hAlban. O fuairadh amáin go cinníte píor an gaoil ro, do mearaísh mear na n-eólaír ari an nGaeóilg so mór, mór, ari mór so bpuil móran tioibh anoir as a foílum. Ír ní iongantácaí, go deimhn, ollamhain na Fraince, na Hallamáine agur na hEatoáile, na daomh ari mór éolair ír an domhan, do bheit as foílum ari oteangeád-na, agur mear comh beag agamh píomh uirge. Ír mar gheall ari an móriomhainn atá i oteangeair na hEíreann atáid as glacád an duairí ro oppa píomh.

Seasán Pléimeann.

This age (II.) is an age of wonders (I.), burdens (I.) are (at their =) being drawn (III. *inf.*, *-ngt* in S. L.) on roads (I. § 44), land (V. *gen.*, *-an*) being ploughed (I.) by the powers (II.) of fire (V.) and water, and on (§ 5.1.) sea (III. *gen.*, *mará*) ships (II.) are going (II. *inf.* -teaché) without (the worth of =) even the (§ 4.2.) sail against (§ 89) the tide (§ 72) and wind (II.). It is possible to send (I. *cúip*, *pcp.*, *cupta*) a message (III.) around (*cpl. prep.*) the globe (IV.) again . . . in a quarter (I.) of an hour (II.) of the clock; it is possible for a pair to (make) hold (*irreg.*) conversation together and (= even with) a large town (IV.) between them. Pictures are formed by the rays (*irreg.* § 89) of the sun (II. *grian*) in a twinkling (*verb. noun*) of eyes (II. § 47,) and great towns (IV. § 72) are illuminated (II.) with the (§ 21) electric light. And (like that) thus (is the case for) with a hundred other things (§ 89); they are being done (I. 1, 2) in a way (III.) which would be thought to be (V. *syntax of tā*) druidism (III.) a while ago,

And not only (it) this that new arts (V. -óa) are being (formed) invented, new things (I. II.) being found (*irreg.*) out every day (*irreg.*), but also the truth is being laid bare in regard (*taoibh*, side, II.) of things (on) of which people (*irreg.*) were in ignorance (III. § 25) ever (piarín always of past time, so veó, so bhráit, éorúche, of future) before this.

It was thought (*inf.* -Leamhain) always that (the) Hebrew and (the) G. were kindred languages (V. § 75), but it is (a knowledge : III. *gen.* *peapá*) known to every man of learning (*Lat. legenda*) now that it is (= go n-a-ab) a far out relationship they have with (one) another. Every learned man knows that the r. of G. to Latin (Láirion II., *gen.* -one), to Greek, and to (the vid. syntax of article) other tongues of Europe (III. § 62, and of (the) East India is close. Closer (§ 96), too, to the G. is the Welsh and the l. of little Britain in (the) France; and it is the same language, almost (little-not) that we and the people (II.) of Scotland (V.) have. Since the knowledge of this r. was found out (*irreg.*) for certain, the esteem (III.) of the learned for the G. has increased very much, (in a manner III.) so many of them are now (at her l.) learning it (III.). It is a wonderful thing (*irreg.*) indeed, (for) the sages (V.) of F. of G. and of Italy, the most learned people in the world, to be learning our language (V.) and (=considering that, *idiom*) we having so little esteem for it. It is on account (I. *gen.* *gill*) of the great wealth (III.) that is in the l. of I. that they are taking this trouble on them.

JOHN FLEMING.

## 2.—ÉIRE! TÁ DEÓRA.

I.

Éire! tá deóra 'súr rúigír do fúl  
 Marbho-sa-urige éuméar ap meargasád na n-dul,  
 Lonnraé tigé éaire deóra.  
 Urónaé 'lári róga go leór,  
 Tá do ghuanta rú tuibhán móir  
 'S éigise gac lá.

II.

Éire! ní éisíomháctar do éiúim-deóra go deó!  
 Éire! ní buan béal do lág-gháire beó!  
 So mbéir gacé dat rúr,  
 1 n-éimfeacht ag eur go leir,  
 If ag geallád, marb éuair na rréar,  
 Siotcán' gacé tráit.

UA MÓRDA, DO RÉIR MHIC NÉIL.

2

Erin (V. gen. *peann*) (the tears (I. § 44) (the) smiles (I.) of thy eyes (II.) are like a bow-of-water (which) is formed from the mixing of the elements (II.), glittering thro' a stream (IV.) of tears, sorrowful in the midst (for i. Lá) of much pleasure, thy suns (II. § 52) are under great gloom, rising every day (ring).

Erin, thy gentle tear shall not be dried (II. *tírmhí*).

*fren. tphonuig, usually) till the end (for ever), not lastingly (adj. for adverb) shall thy weak smile be alive, until every colour (III.) shall be in order (marb II. gen. *néire*), all at one time (putting) working (together), and promising, like the omen of the spheres, peace (III.) every time (III.).*

MOORE, according to (§ 49) MACHALE.

3.

Do éuaird Tóimhíall, marb rím, do'n tréan-  
 riáit, an uair do bí an oróée ag doréanád,  
 agur do fear ré agur a uille eisomád ar  
 fean-leic Léit, ag fanaíamh go dtáisnéád an  
 meádon-oróée.

O'éigis an scéalaé rúar go mair agur do  
 bí rí marb énáradh teineád taobh éigé de;  
 agur do bí cead bán ann do bí ártoingé ar  
 na maeáinib féir agur ar na haitib phionta le  
 phionn-fuaéct na horóée tig éig an-teara a  
 tae. Do bí an oróée éom éiúim le loé, an  
 uairi náé mbionn aon scéal gaoithe amuig do  
 éorpróad tonn air, agur ní baib aon fuaim  
 le cloínt aét eisónán na gcaoráig do  
 téirdeád tigé ó am go ham, ná ríseád géar  
 obann na ngeád bhráidam ag dul ó loé go loé,  
 leit-mhile tuar inr an aer of a cionn, ná  
 fead géar na bhréanád ná na bhríbín ag  
 éigé 'r ag lúigé, ag lúigé 'r ag éigé,  
 marb in gnátaé leó i n-oróée éiúim. Do  
 bí mhile mhile réalt scéal ag roillriúgád  
 of a cionn, agur do bí beagan feaca ann

o'fás an talaínt do bí faoi n-a éorí bán agur  
 bhríos.

Do fear ré annrin ar fead uaire, ar fead  
 ólá uair, ar fead tig huair; agur do  
 méadairg an rioc go móir, i maoéct go gcuailaird  
 ré bhríeadh ná dtíráitín faoi n-a éorí éom  
 minic agur do éorpróig ré i.

Do bí ré ag rímuainead i n-a inntinn faoi  
 déiríeadh, náé dtíocfaidh na Sídeóga an oróée  
 rím, agur go baib ré éom maié ódhealad ar  
 a air aifir, an uair do éuaird ré topaann i  
 bhrí uair ag teacáit, agur d'airtig ré ar an  
 gceád mórimit é, agur do bí a fíor aige créad  
 do bí ann. Do méadairg an topaann; i  
 dtíorad do bí ré cormáil le bualadh na  
 dtomh ar an tráig clocháig, agur annrin  
 marb túitim eara móir, agur faoi déiríeadh  
 marb ríoríp aírt i mbarráid na gceann, agur  
 annrin do bhrí an fionnán gaoithe ipeas  
 d'ean-ruairg amáin inr an rát éinigé, agur do  
 bí na Sídeóga ann.

“An Craobhín Aoibhinn.”

D. went (*irreg.*) thus, to the old rath (§ 59. 1.) when the night was darkening, stood, (*verbal—am*) with (*idiom* and his elbow (V. gen. *-eann*) bent on a gray (§ 94 *luád*) old flag (*leac* § 49.) waiting (132 D.) until midnight should come (*imperf.* of *tig* *irreg.*)

The moon (51) rose (II.) slowly, like a lump of fire (79) behind him, there was a white fog (88.) raised out of the plains (IV.) of grass, and out of the moist places by the coolness (fuaí cold, fuaéct mas. III., cold, also a cold,

fuaíor f. or fuaíván, phionn-fuaéct, cool-ness, *lit.* fair-cold; cf. phionn-urige, fair, *i.e.* pure water, hence the Phoenix (!) Park) of the night after (on the track of) the great heat of the day (89.) The n. was as still as (as..as= éom..). Le when followed by a pronoun or noun; éom maié luád, le duine eile; éom=agur when verb follows: éom luád agur do túit ré, as soon as he fell) a lake (III.) where there does not be a puff of wind (48) out, which would stir (II.) a wave (49) on it,..no noise to be heard

(irreg. verb.) but the drone of the chafers which used to go (irreg.) past (éairim, by me, éairidh, by thee, used as adverb except in Munster, where éairidh, by him is used) from time to t., or a sudden sharp scream (II.) of the wild geese going, half a mile above in the air over his head (§ 44, 4), or (the) sharp whistle (II.) of the plover or the lapwing ascending and descending (rising and lying).. as it is usual with them in a still night. There were a thousand thousand bright stars shining over his head, a little frost (§ 61, 5,) which left the ground (V.—mán) under his (§ 32) foot, (48) white and brittle.

He stood (§ 130) there for (during the length of) an hour; two h., three h.; the frost increased greatly so (in a way III. § 61, 5) that he heard (irreg.) the breaking (129) of the t., under..as often as (p. 4, l.9, note,) he stirred it. He was thinking in his mind, at last, that the fairies (§ 50, 2; also

called an *Sluaig Síde*, the fairy host, [cf. bean ríóe,] na *daoine mara*) would not come.. and that it was as well for him to turn back (on his track, cf. *oo bì rí ag out* of a hair, *oo biondai* ap a n-air, air also- side, le hair na *teineadh*) again, when he heard (irreg.) a noise at a distance from him coming (irreg.) and he recognised (III., § 124) it at the first moment, and he knew what was in it. The noise increased, in the beginning it was like (§ 99 c. le, like to) the beating of the waves (II.) on a stony (95) beach (III.) and then like the falling (132, 1.) of a great cataract, finally like a loud storm in the tops of trees, then the gust of wind (usually *péroeán ríóe*, fairy blast, from *péiro*, blow) broke in with one rush into the rath towards him (éigiam); the fairies were present. Dr. DOUGLAS HYDE (the origin of his ainn pinn, *nom-de-plume*, an *éigiam* aonbinn, will be seen in another extract)

#### 4.—CUAIRT AR Ghleann-Dá-Loé.

Máidin Domhnaig inr an bhróisíar ro d'imirig éapainn, oo émáillar go Spáidh Naicourt éum out go Úré. Ní pháip aét im' (in mo) fúrde i gceapáid an uairi oo gluairéamair. Oo bì an máidin go bheag, aonbinn; grian an tSeampaitó ag tairneamh, agur do bì a lán daoine as tluall ap Úré, éum an lá do éairéamh coip na páipíse; ní éum agaird do tabhairt, mar mè pén, ap pléibhí Contae Chille-Mantáin.

Ní pháip mairi po-mé rin ap an mbótar ro; marí rin do bhor aigeas riordúintseas, marí ip tuail a beir, ag riordáis i dtaois na n-áit tui a pháamair es ap reoláit, agur i dtaois na neite do bain leó agur i gcomhlúamair oipeamhnaid te'n tráimil ro níor

airgead an tráige gur ríatamair ag Úré.

Oo bì daoine muinnteartha Úam annro im' coimhne agur láip tréan bhróisíar fa éairí aca, éum pinn d'fhuadáis apí ap n-airdeas go Gleann Dá-Loé, áit uair (ba) mian linn tluall an lá rin. Ní phigneamair aon moill ann ro, aét pinn pén do éorúasán ap ar gceapá, beirte ap gaeil taobh, agur cónróiseoir as tiomáint. Ba gceapí go pháamair ap pháamair an baile big, agur ag tabhairt agaird roiné dear ap Shliab Cuilamh, an phliab ap mó gairim de pléibhí Cille-Mantáin ap an taobh rin. Do éimpeamair ap pláige tinn go tapair, agur fa beagán amhríse do biomair taobh le taobh leir an gnoic.

Feap san Ainn.

Visit (on) to (the) Glen of (the) two lakes (III.) (On) a morning (§ 55) of Sunday (cf. oróe Óthomnaig, urge an Domhnaig holy water) in this Harvest (which) went (p. 1. 4) past us, I proceeded (inf.—all) to H. street in order to go (téiríom) to Bray. I was (not but) only seated (in my sitting) in a carriage when we started (inf.—ract, § 132). The m. was fine (and) pleasant, (the) sun (§§ 49, 59) of the (§ 4) summer shining (two verbs —neamhainn—riúim); a number (peculiar: lit. its n.) of people were going to visit (éamail ap=visit, t. go start towards) B., in order to spend (I. § 130) the day (§ 89, v. syntax verbal noun) beside (le c., ag c., at foot of) the sea (IV..) or (to give, irreg. face § 89 on=) go to the mountains (§ 85) of the church of M. (Wicklow. St. Mantán, toothless). Never (p. 2, 26), before (it) this was I on this r. (§ 44), so I was attentive, inquisitive (—núig, enquire, from riú) as it is natural to be (rid, infinitive), asking (§ 138) about (in regard of) the places (II.) through which we were (at our driving p. I. 1, 2) being driven (I.), and about the things (§ 89) (which) related (inf. —nt. bain le=touch, relate to, b. oo=happen, ead do bain duit? with accus. —take, do bain pé ó'm e) to

them, and in suitable from mán, inu, or oip, as ni oipeann an cóta pn óuit) company (hence pasture) of this sort I did not feel (III. inf. neáctam) the road (§ 79, 4) until (usu. nó go, gur) we stopped at B.

There were friends (friendly people to me) of mine here to meet me in my meeting: cf. Out i gce an trágoir, go for, and they had a strong lively mare under a car to carry (verbal § 138 ouig, snatch, carry off II.) us on our journey (cf. go n-éigíshró t'a leat, prosperous journey to you), (a place=) where we wished to go. We made (deán: the perf. veamair, not used in Munster) no delay here, but (only) to settle (II.) ourselves on the car, a pair on each side (II.) and a coachman driving (—innm I). It was short (§ 101) until we were out of sight of the little (§ 49) town and facing (vide p. 7, l. 6) south east (see adverbs) towards S.C., the most famous (p. 2, 3) of the m. of W. on that side (dirección). We put our road (over) off us quickly; after (usual fa céann about the end of, or i gceann, at the end of) a little (of) time (II.) we were side by side with the hill.

ANONYMOUS.

## 5.—beannacht na Mumhan.

Beannacht ari fhearaib Mumhan—

Fhearaib, macair, minair—

Beannacht ari an talimain

Do bheir toirbhadh doibh.

Beannacht ari gaeil ionannas

Seimtear ari a mbriugais,

San éinneac ari éagseabair:

Beannacht Dé ari Mumhan.

Beannacht ari a mbeannaib,

Ari a leacairi loma;

Beannacht ari a ngleannais,

Beannacht ari a ntoromais.

Gáineamh lir po longaib

Go raibh go deo a oteallais!

1 bhránaib, i péirbheis,

1 pléibheis, i mbeannaib.—Beannacht.

Naomh Pádraig.

(The Blessing (III. *formally* V. gen. -tan) of the Munster (V.) A. b. on (the) men of M., on m., boys, women; . . . . on the land which gives (*irreg.*) produce (§ 44, 5); on every wealth (III.) (which) is produced on their plains (III.); none (*lit.* without any person I gen. nei) of them in (*lit.* on) helplessness (é- negat. pref. x. eclipses, éagseom, light, cabhair help, III.) B. on their peaks II. gen. bonne; hence an na binn téig. Twelve Pains ari binn an teampuill steeple, ari b. an tigé,

gable), their bare flags (II.), on their glens. (III.) on their long hills (*lit.* backs tóimí III. gen. tóimí; in Mod. I. pl. -manna). Like sand (II.) of (the) sea (leapí *obsol.* except in a few phrases tóir leapí, abroad; leapí móir, a great amount) under ships (II.) may their hearths (I. from ten-lac) be for ever (*lit.* to (the) end; same root in pa óeoirí, at last, and i n-úairí, after), (in=) on slopes, smooth-plains, mountains (§ 85), peaks.

St. PATRICK (slightly modernised).

Do évalabair, san amhras marí támie an Dile ari an domhan rao ó; marí t'áiríus an fáiríse móir or ciomh gaeil pléibhe dá lírtide, agur marí do ríomor rí an cimeád daonta agur gaeil amhríde do bhi ari an traoisál aéet Naor agur gaeil aon do bhi i n-éamh-féadéit leir iní an airc. Cuiridh an Sgúiptírír tháidh ro ríor, agur gaeil úsáodar eile do ríspíob ari an amhríp ó foin amhar. Ní fhiul contabhairt (amhras) ari ro ag duine ari bít gheilleap do bhríathraibh Dé. Aéet b(a) féidiril go bhfuil ríb i nainmríor, cia an fáid fa a ndearná Dia an tpoimhioigaltar ro ari an gheiméad daonta? Már eaú, ionnár naé mbéirí ríb amhráin níor furde, do-bheirum-re ríseal daoirb, gúraib é (do) b(a) aúbair agur ba ríocair do'n ari agur do'n ríomor támie ari an traoisál, an peacail. (Ag) ro an fáid, ro an bcaid, fa ari báiteadh ríseacá, agur náipíúin, baile móra agur catraea, agur luéid an domhan. So an taobhár fa ari tappaing Dia clárdeamh an dá faothair, ó náip imteig ríbáilta (raop)

6.

aéet oétar, ríarar eneaírt a bhríathraibh Dé.

Már eaú, már aúbair an peacail fa a tpoimhioigaltar Dé ari na daomíb, an dtáimic amhras ari bít ríam da-p-ab baoghalaise feaps Dé ioná an uaip ro? An dtáimic amhras ari bít ríam i n-a ríab na loéta níor ionadáinla, na dubailéi níor coitcínne, agur na peacair níor gráineamhla? An féidir a ríab, ríam an Oileáin, go raibh na bhréaga níor ionadáinla, na mionna móra níor minice, tóirí agur aúaltpháis níor matramhla, éagcónair agur leatphom na comhúrran níor minice ioná an uaip ro. O'fhuair ais an Círeideamh, t'ímtis an crábaid, do bhríear an chaptannáet. So na peacair bhríear ríse, ríomorar críocá, ríagair tioigé 'na bhráca! So na peacair tús leipríomor ari Éirinn boíet, tús duitce agur feapann a muinntíre do típ eile.

O Gallcoibh.

You have heard (*irreg.*) without doubt how deluge (*f. gen. éann.*) on the world long ago, the sea arose over-head of every mountain (§ 85) however high (*Idiom. lit.* of its height, cf. dá méao, however great), it destroyed the human race, every animal on the world except N. and everyone

6.

along (*in one time*; *feadct* *obsolete*, *on f.* *ro now feapta, a present*), with him. The Holy S. puts this down (*on record*) and every other author who wrote on the period from the down (*since*). Any person who believes in (submits to the words (*I. gen. bhréitne*) . . . has no doubt (con-

now=danger, *áit* =danger, *áit contabairteácl*, dangerous) on this. But possibly (It may be p.) you are in ignorance (III.) what (is) the reason (III.) for (pá has many meanings—a, under; b, about; c, in accs. of) which G. *made* (irreg.) heavy-vengeance on . . . Well (if 'tis so, *eaó*=it neuter pronoun) in order (the way that of. *cionnas*) that you shall not be so longer (§ 93. 1) I tell you (give *irreg.* § 154 a story to you) that it is Sin which was (the) cause and occasion for the (slaughter) destruction and annihilation (which) came (*irreg.*) . . . This (is) the cause, occasion for which kingdoms were drowned, nations, towns, cities (§ 81), the people (III.) of the world. This the c. for which G. drew forth (III. § 124) the sword of the two edges, from which—not went (II. *injün*, -eáct) safe but eight—people (who) were found (*irreg.*) just in presence (p. also=a witness) of God.

Well, if (the) Sin is a cause for which heavy-vengeance comes (*irreg.*), has any time (properly *límpeal* II. § 49. = (1) space of time, esp. time of service *hence buaéailt*,

*caitlin* *áimpreis* a servant; (2) season, *na ceitíe límpeala*; (3) weather, *órioc-áimpreis*) ever come (*irreg.*) for which (§ 27. 3.) anger (*peirge*) is more-dangerous than now . . . in which faults (III.) were more numerous, vices more common, sins more hateful. Is it possible to say it (its saying) that before the Deluge, lies (II. § 49.) were . . . great curses (m. I. = 1, diadem, 2, costly shrine for relics, etc., hence *éag ré* *mionna móra* he gave (=swore by) precious relics) more frequent, lust, adultery more bestial (*lit.* doggish), injustice and oppression of the neighbour . . . Faith has grown cold, piety departed, charity been banished (III.) These (are) the s. (which) exile kings (§ 88.) ravage territories (II. § 49.) leave (*irreg.*) countries (II. 52) *in their* desert, which have brought (*irreg.*) complete ruin on poor E., have given the estate and land of her people (49. 1.) to another country.

DR. O'GALLAGHER.  
(Bishop of Raphoe, 1725-36).

## 7.—AN TÍBIRTEÁC.

Mo beannacht leat, a típ mo ghrádá,

Ó ríapartí mé 'gur tú!

Mo beannacht leat, aét ní go bhráit.

Ní déiríum leat adieu.

Ní déiríum leat adieu, a rtóir,

Ní déiríum leat adieu;

Siú ag tómall tárí an tráile móri,

Tá mé liom péim intiu!

Ír tuibh atá an tráile móri,

Ír doimhín tuibh tá pi;

Aét ó! ír doimhne tá mo bhrón,

Ír tuibh té mo épíordé;

Aét ó! ír tuibh té mo épíordé,

'S mé ag tómall uait anoch,

San 'fíor agam an bhríofró mé

Go bhráit dom' oileán docht!

Anoir atá mé 'oul ap fán,

Ír tóraíg té mo éár,

San 'fíor agam an bhríofró ré i nroán

Dam teáct go bhráit ap air.

Liom péim atá mé 'oul ap fán,

Ap feadó an traoisait móirí:

An iongantae é, mo épíordé heicé lán.

'S mé ag ríapartíam le mo rtóir!

Má éuapturísim an raoisal lán,

Ó'n mbarr go dtí an bun;

Má riubhláim tóid an doimhín iontán

Anall agur anonn;

Ní fuigíbhró mé aon áit go bhráit,

Aon éorúneall, ball, ná clúir,

Dá dtiubhráinn reape mo épíordé 'r mo ghrádá,

Aét Éipe té ráoi rímuir!

Má tá pi 'noir ráoi rímuir ná rísmor,

Tíom-rímuir agur tíom-éeo;

O tógramaoit a rímuir apír,

Ír ríapartíam a ceó;

Aét, cá bhríofró ráíam óam le rísbail

'S mé 'bhráit ó típ mo épíordé

Tá mé ag imteáct; oé! mo épíadó!

An bhríofró mé a coidé?

An Craobhín.

The Exile (from *tíbír*, banish). My blessing (now III. formerly *V. gen.-an*) land of my love, since I and you are separated (132. D. *injün*, -nád and -náman); but not for ever; I do not say (*irreg.*) adieu, my treasure, although I am starting (§ 133) over the great salt-sea (*cf.* *oul* *pa* *páile*, going to the sea-side; *páile liat*, salt spray when crystallized on rocks; *an Caoil-páile*, the "Killery" Bay; *Cinn-páile*, Kinsale) alone to-day.

Black is the great sea, deep and dark; deeper my sorrow (also *ubhón*, *áitmeála*, *méala*, *cumá*), darker my heart, starting from thee to-night, not knowing (*lit.* without its k, with me) shall I return ever to my island. Now I am going astray (=ap *feachán*), sad (*cf.* a *thuigfe* *ír*

*tímuag*, "wirrasthrue") is my case, not knowing is it in destiny for me to come back ever . . . through (*lit.* on the length of, used of space and time: *ap* p. *uairíe* an *élung* for an hour of the clock) the great world (*from Lat. saeculum*, = 1. the world, not physically considered (=cúinne, *doimhín*) but as place full of changes, trouble, etc., or =people of the world. 2. life, p. *fuad* *óuir*, long life to you!). Is it strange (*pron. irreg.* *iontaé* Conn. *úntaé* Munst. *iongantac* N. Munst. *cf.* *congnád* *pron. cúnád*, *iongnád* *pron. vionád*) my h. to be f., since I am (*lit.* and me) parting . . .

If I search the . . . from top to bottom, . . . travel through the whole (=iomfílán) w. over and over (*ronn*

here;—also *táor*, at rest); *anonn* from here; *éall* beyond, *anall*, from beyond; *accent as in anuas*. In secondary sense *anonn*, *éall* used of next world, *da man tiom* *owl* (*anonn*). I shall never find (*irreg.*) a place, corner, spot, nook, to which I would give (*irreg.*) the love (II. gen. *peisce*; hence *de-peisce* now *deipe*, charity, alms) . . . E. under

cloud . . . or ruin . . . we will lift up (*irreg.*) her cloud again . . . scatter . . . where is pleasure (*ob. noun.* of *pár*, satisfy, hence *párca*) to be found (*irreg.*) for me, far from . . . I am departing, my grief, shall I ever (*prop.* *coróce*) return.

### 8.—CRÓNÁN NA SÍDÉOS.

"Do bí feap aí a páib épuit ag riubal 'fan  
oróce le hár leapa. T do éualaró ré crónán  
taobh iptig de éclaró. Do feap ré t do éuip  
ré cluap aíp fém. Ip iad na daoine maite  
do bí ann, T ip é an crónán do bí aíp a mbéalt:  
" Dia-Luam, Dia-Máirt : Dia-Luam, Dia-  
Máirt." Do bí an crónán éom binn agur  
agur feap ré tamall fada ag éipteaet leip.  
Fa neirfead é t fa neoirí, do éoruis ré ag cup  
leip, agur tair leip fém go gcuimpead ré fad  
aíp, T atubairt ré : " Dia-Luam, Dia-Máirt  
- Dia-Céadaoine," "Cia rin," aíp an gut,  
"ag cup fad aíp m'ampán?" "Mipe, má'r é  
do tóit é," aíp feap na epuite. "Cia an  
luac-paóctair éorpuisear uait aíp fion do  
fepitpíre?" "An épuit po do baint tiom,  
dá mbáit férdirí," "Sáb ipteacé annro," aíp an  
gut.

Do éuairó feap na epuite taobh ipteacé de'n  
éclaró, T do baint na daoine maite an épuit de.  
Ni thearnasadh aéit bior do cup le n-a tóruim  
an uairi éamie an épuit leó, T do leagadair  
aíp éamh an éclaró i. Do éuairó ré a báile

annrin, T ip aíp éigim do'aitnis a mátaip fém  
é. O'fiaffais rí de, cia an éaoi aíp bainead  
an épuit de. O'inníp ré t do go páib ré ag  
dul le hár leapa, T do scualaró ré amprán ag  
na daomhí maite, T gup éuip ré fad aíp, T  
gup baineadair an épuit de.

"San am éadana, do bí buacailí óg eile aíp  
a páib épuit. Ni páib fagbáil go deoirí aíp a  
fáidbhpear, aéit do-béaraí t é gac uile píghinn  
do bí aige aíp fion na epuite do baint de.  
Do éualaró ré i dtaoibh an fíp eile. Bí go  
maite: do éuairó an duine fáidbip do'n lior,  
go mbaintí an épuit de. Do éuip ré cluap  
aíp fém, T o'írt ré: agur do éualaró ré an  
gut ag páib : " Dia-Luam, Dia-Máirt agur  
Dia-Céadaoine." Do éoruis reirean ag cup  
leip, agur atubairt ré : " Dia-Luam, Dia-  
Máirt, Dia-Céadaoin agur Dia-paóin."

"Cia rin do mill m'ampán?" aíp an gut  
"Mipe, má'r é do tóit é." "Sáb ipteacé  
annro." Do éuairó ré ipteacé, T an épuit do  
baineadair de'n feap eile, do éuimeadair aíp-  
rean i.

Ua Láigin.

The chant of the Fairies. There was a man on whom was a hump travelling (§ 134) in the (§ 21, 2.) night (also *owl* *te* *riubal* orice beside *if* § 34.) a tort (*tróp m.*), he heard (*irreg.*) a chant the inner side (II.) of a ditch, stood, listened (*lit.* put an ear II. on himself). The good people were there, . . . on their mouth: "Monday, Tue day" . . . so sweet that (p. 5, l. 15) stood long time listening (§ 132) to it. At last (*teirpeadh*, *teoirí*=end, *cf.* *go teo*) began adding (*lit.* putting to it); it seemed to him (O. I. *andar* *item*, *et* *if* *marc* *liom*, *do cíteap* *óm*, *peitseap* *óm* *vid*, *do-cím* also used) he would put an addition (*cf.* *far* *riap* aíp *an tig*, *proverb*) to it, he said (*irreg.*) " . . . Wednesday *cé* *Diagaoim*, *Dia-háoine*, *Dia Satáin* *in* *Dia Domnaig*. The forms without *Dia* also used with article, *gac* etc., *eg.* *an Luam* (*Máirt*, *Céadaoin*, *Diagaoim*, *Aoine*, *Satáin*, *Domnaé*) *po* *éugáinn*, next Monday, etc. *Orióce*, *maron* can replace *Dia*: *o. Satáin*, *m. Domnaig*. "Who is that?" says (in S. L. *app*) the voice (III. gen. *goda* § 61.) . . . my song (*usu. pron.* *ópán?*) "Myself, if it is your will (if you please)." "What price of labour (reward) is wanting (*árt* could be used here) from you on acct. of your service?" "This h. for removal (to be removed) (§ 132. H.) off me, if possible. Come (*lit.* take [your way] *irreg.*) in here."

The man . . . went . . . good folk took . . . off him. They did (*irreg.*) not but (*i.e.* only) put a hand (II. *cf.* *piñe*, arm; *teag* gen. *an* the palm) to his back (III.) when it came with them. They laid (*teag*=(a) knock, lower, *teag* an *epian*, *an peól*, (b) lay out, spread, *teag* *an bo*, I. table; *teag* a *amach* aíp, "laid out," "determined on, (c) lay upon. *Distrin*, *from* *teig*=(a) (let go, *teig* *amach* é, (b) permit, *teig* *dam* *i.e.* let me alone) it . . . Went home then, it is with difficulty (*lit.* on necessity: *cf.* *ip é. oam*, I must) his mother recognised him. She enquired (*-uirge verbal*) of him what (was) the way in which (*aíp = a + po*, the relative *a* is often used thus of place or manner instead of *i n-a*, *aíp a*; *as* an *áit* a *páib* ré = *i n-a* *páib*). It is then often spelled *i*—an *áit* *i* *páib*). was taken off him. He told her . . . he heard . . .

At the same time . . . there was no getting (*irreg. fagbáim*) to the end of (*or lit.*) his riches, he would give every penny . . . He heard about (in regard of) the other man.

It was well (= Very well) the . . . man went, etc. "Who is it that spoiled my song?"

## 9.—PARDIR NA MARONE.

Snáir Dé go bpreicimí.  
Slop Dé go gcluimní,  
fáitir Dé go faoiðhuisimí;

Dáir beannuigte,  
Ola ip aitriúise,  
Go bfaighairi apí n-anam bocht.

9.

Morning Prayer (from the S. Aran Islands) An  
faoiðhui=the father, i.e. Our Father, hence used as a prayer  
generally. God's face (countenance, cf. éadan, agan) may  
we see (irreg.); voice . . . hear (irreg.) God's heaven  
(lit. principalities plural: hence níseácht na bfaileap, the

kingdom of H., also fáiteamhán Dé) may we earn  
(faoiðhui, labour, cf. p. 14, l. 25) a blessed death, unction  
(an ola níseáinnaé the last unction, ag cup ola apí,  
anoint. glaocháid ola, cnuadóis ola, a sick call [for a  
priest,) and repentance, may our poor soul obtain (irreg.)

## 10.—FÁILTE D'ON CROIS.

Go mbeannuigtear túit, a énor, a bhuinneáin  
Sléigil úrp,  
Go mbeannuigtear túit, a énorinn téar  
cúarad Cíopt,  
Go mbeannuigtear túit, a Rí, do ríneáit apí  
an gceoir.

Impróe cuium opt. ip gurúim  
Saé rmáit peacaird tá bhusit ap m' anam  
Do leagan apí an geolann,  
Ó ip i pugne an cíopt.

10.

Salutation (now=welcome) to the Cross (Aran). Mayest thou be saluted (lit. may it be saluted to thee, impersonal instruction=Hail) so go m. D. a mhuine, in Munster—Dá do bheata, a mhuine, on the older fáilte túit, a mhuine: beannuig with accusative=bless; with preposition do=salute (a person on meeting him), cf. beannacht leat  
do=adieu). O Cross (II.) fresh, pure-bright plant (of tree, tree by which C. was tormented (cf. cíopta, cruci-

fix, aonú an Cíopta). Good Friday king, § 88 stretched  
I beseech Thee (put supplication on) and pray every stain  
of sin (those) which (§ 27) ate on my soul. In S. L. aram  
III, fer= soul; mas=life, vitality, i.e., beata V., n.  
áid u., =duration of one's life = faoighe b. Ised to  
be laid (cf. 14, l. 33) on the body (III, § 19) — since it is  
it (she) committed (did, irreg.) the crime

## 11.—SEAN-RÁRÓTE.

1. Ip fiú cù peato. 2. Ip feappi puité 'n-a  
aice ioná puité i n-ionat. 3. Déan-ja marí  
an déarait, ná déan marí déanfao. 4. Ip binn  
béal o bheir iadta. 5. Oróche púgáid, mardean  
bhrónaí. 6. Ip feappi leipr tóisíg apí a toil  
ioná oírlaíc apí a leip. 8. Ip marígs do-beipí

raibh tó a comáppam. 9. Ip feappi an gaoit a  
ntear ioná teinte an toimain. 10. An té opt  
a bhusit tárg na moicéiríse, ní mpróe do  
cotlach go headairíráit. 11. Ip luaité deoé  
ioná rgéat.

11.

Old-Sayings plur. of raoi § 129.). 1. A hound (§ 86)  
is worth (v. p. 2, l. 12) a whistle (II. feirce, cf. feaois a  
plover, peaván (tin, etc., whistle). 2. Better sit in his  
proximity than in this place, (cf. cá ionat, canat? where?) 3. Do as I shall say (irreg.); do not as I do. 4.  
Eloquent the mouth by (from) being shut (=vúnta, cf.  
vúntar iadta, back-door, white v. béal=front door of  
imbeal an doirí, tige, etc., in front of). 5. Jovial  
night, dismal morning. 6. He would rather go a foot (in  
length V.) acc. to his inclination (III.) than an inch for his  
good (III.) 8. Woe is he who gives warning to his  
neighbour, 9. Better the wind (II.) from the South (óear,  
in the S., ó neár to S., so ó tuaró, a tuaró, North:  
túir, róip, anoir, in to, from East; tóir, róip, anoir,  
in, to, from West. Also secondary meanings, neár,  
tuaró, róip, róip, =right, left, forward, backward.

aníar therefore = róip, anoir = róip, cf. anuas, anonn) than (all) the fires of the world. 10. The person on whom is reputation of early-rising (in S. L. mocóiríse), 'tis no harm = meara te, worse of it, cf. ip feappi pinn  
ve'n méarv pinn: So an mpróe leat? Do you think it  
harm, are you sorry? to him to sleep to mid-hour (tpháit  
a point of time, hence na tpháit, the (canonical hours),  
ag léigear a tpháit: reading his office; tpháit-nóna,  
time of none, i.e. evening; tpháit-áire one punctual to his  
hours (now a name for a cock which crows regularly in  
the morning, thus supplies place of clock); tpháit-áir, in  
good time, nac tpháit-áir, how lucky!) 11. The  
drink (§ 85) should precede (is sooner: luac, (a)=swift, (b)  
soon) the story (cf. [go mba] plán an tsgéalaróe! thanks  
for good news.)

## PART II.

### 1.—BÁN-ÉNUIC AOIBHNE ÉIREANN.

I.

Seir beannaet om' ériode go tip na hÉireann,  
Bán-énuic aoibhne Éireann;  
Cum a mairéann te siolraod iu ip Éibír,  
Ari bán-énuic aoibhne Éireann.  
An áit úto 'n-ári b'aoibhinn binn-sút éan-  
Maij fáim-éruint éaom ag caomhaú Slaeðeal,  
'S é mo éar a huit mile mile i gceim  
Ó bán-énuic aoibhne Éireann.

II.

Vionn bárr bog plim ap éaom-énuic Éireann.  
Bán-énuic aoibhne Éireann;  
'S ip feairp 'ná an tip ro vioða gaoð pléibe ann,  
Bán-énuic aoibhne Éireann;  
Do b'áro a coillte 'r ba viread, pétó,  
Ip a mbliat mór aol ap maoilium gées.

### THE PLEASANT FAIR-HILLS OF ERIN

Bring a blessing (+ salutation) from my heart to the land of E., towards (see *propositions*) all those who (§ 23.3) live (§ 1.32) of the race (+ plot, seed = ná, *dialect*, *tem ná*) of Ir and Heber (two sons of Milesus, the leader of the last pre-historic invaders of Ireland) on the . . . . fair hills (*in m. for dat.*, cf. § 44), that place in which the sweet voice (III, gen. goða) of birds was (= bá) pleasant like a pleasing soft-harp (at) lamenting (of) the Gaels, 'tis my sorrow to be a thousand miles at a distance, (*lit. in farness dat. fom. of cian. far, c. f. ní cian go - ní faraðo*) ó cianast, a while ago, le cianta, for ages from . . . .

Thereloes a soft sleek (*hence pliomáire, -máoróip*, a sly person), crop (*dat.*, top, c. f. at bárr, second crop; bárr usually of crops that are mown, c. f. of potatoes and other root crops) on the pleasing hills, . . . . and the worst (*cf. toða*, the choice or best part, c. f. talaði a joða to n' borað 'r toðaró fé an vioða, give a churl his choice, he will take the worst) of every mountain (*pliab mascul.* § 85a) there, is

Tá grád 's mo ériode, in' inntinn péin  
Do bán-énuic aoibhne Éireann.

III.

Ir fáirring 'r ip mór iad cnuacá na hÉireann,  
Bán-énuic aoibhne Éireann;  
A curio meala 'gur uactair ag gnuairleact  
'n-a rlaodair,  
Ari bán-énuic aoibhne Éireann;  
Racád ap cuaip, nō ip luat mo faoðal,  
Do'n talam beag fuaipce rin, ip duat do  
Slaeðeal;  
Ir go mb'feairp liom 'ná duair, óa  
nuairleact é,  
Seir ari bán-énuic aoibhne Éireann.

Donnchadh Mac 'Conmara.

better than this land; high were her woods (coill II, § 52, but formerly V, *declen. gen. -teat*) straight, smooth; like lime their blossom (III, on a wooded hill (*lit. on a peak of branches II.*); my heart has love, in my own mind, for

Wide and great are they, the corn-stacks (II, also a pointed-mountain *cf. Cnuacá ránvuris*; éom háro leis an gCnuacá, as high as Croagh Patrick); her honey and cream (*lit. share III, gen. coða*) of honey (III, for use of curio cf. mo éuro aipgri my money, hence curio = property, curio = clú, wealth and fame: uactair *lit. = upper part*) going (verb, nom. of gnuair § 132 B) in their torrents, on . . . . I will go on visit, or (else) my life (see p. 12, l. 28), is but short (*lit. quick*), to that kind little land (V, gen. — man nom. for dat.) which is natural to the Gaels, (nom. or dat.), and I would prefer (*elliptical; supply some phrase like 'r fioip go mb'feairp, etc.*) to a gift, however noble, (see p. 10, l. 9.), to be on . . . .

Donnchadh MacNamara of Clare; died 1800.

### 2.—SEARC-LEANAMAIN CRÍOST.

Tá foirbheast na beataid ro fuaitte le  
locta, 7 gaoð eðlar faoðalta fa' dub-néal  
torpá an amhreapa. Ir feairp tpeorpuigear  
fior fioip-umal ap loct péin cum Dóe rinn,  
ioná rám-eðlar na n-ealaðan go huite.  
Sídeab, ní ap fóglum ná aip-eðlar na n-ealaðan  
ip ceapt an milleán do éan, óip táro  
mait ionnta péin, 7 ófroungte ó Dia;

aet ip feairp cogcuabas glan, agur beata gan  
aemurán, ioná fóglum na cnuinne. Aet te  
brið gur (ab) mo a leanann (leanar) o'fog-  
lum ioná a riapuigear (riapuigear) a  
mbeata maij ap cibír, uime rin, ip minic  
mealltar iad, 7 ip fuaipas an torpá fáras  
ap a faoðtar.

Ó! óa dtugad daoine oiread aipie do

Údhréamhúsgað píadaile na locht, ⁊ do éur fil na rubaile i n-a n-anmannaib, agus tuig-aid do éruid-ceilteannaib na n-ealaib, ní béal coirte na n-daoine comh tacom ná cleactha an pobail comh náriead agus atáir. So fírinnead, an tan tiocfar lá leánmhaí an bheirteamhnaír, ní píaróctar tinn ead do pugneamh; ní ceirteobctar rinn ari milleact ari oteangan aet cionnar do éairteamh ari mbeata. Innpír tam anoir, cá b'fhlí gáé ollamh ráp-léigéanta do b'eol tuint ari peat a mbeata? Tá a maoin ⁊ a móir-fágbáltar i peilb daoine eile anoir, ⁊ fáraon, meapaim gúrúb annamh cùimhngíto oppa. Do fáin-

luigeadair fa mear móri ari peat a mbeata aet anoir ní luargann aon duine a béal oppa. O! ip obann imtigear glóir an traoigail ro. Úfériodh le Dia go raib naomháct a mbeata do péip doimhír a bpoigluma: muna raib, do b'olc do éairteadair a n-aimear. Tá an duine rin amáin ápt-déimead, ag a b'fhlí reape-ghrádó Dé ⁊ na comúrran. Tá an duine amáin ápt-déimead, fámluirgear táir tapcúirnead i n-a fáilb fém, ⁊ tíméarap ghradaim an traoigail reo. Tá an duine ráp-ghlic, tágair dhuim láimhe le lóchán an traoigail reo, ari loisg Cíopt. Agur ip móri foighlum an té leanar riap Dé, ⁊ tréigear a coin fém.

Love-following of Christ. The perfection of this life is mixed with faults (III.); every wordly knowledge under the dark black cloud of ignorance. A truly-humble knowledge of our own faults leads us better (lit. 'tis better it leads us) to God than a complete knowledge of all the sciences. Still, it is not on learning or knowledge of sciences we should lay the blame—for they are good in themselves, ordained by God; but better is a clear conscience, a life without reproach, than the learning of the globe. But since (lit. from the force that) those who adhere to learning are more numerous than those who arrange their life as is right, on account of that, 'tis often they are deceived; insignificant is the fruit that grows on their toil. If people gave (imperfect after rá) as much of care to unrooting of weeds of faults, to planting (putting) seed (riol) of virtues (IV.) in their souls, as they give to hard-questions (ceirt) of the sciences (V.), the crimes (coip) of men would not be so heavy, or habits of the people so bad as . . . Truly, when the woeful day of judgment shall come, it will not be asked of us what we have read but . . . have done; we shall not be questioned on

eloquence (sweetness) of our tongue (V.), . . . how we have spent our life (V., -mán). Tell me where is every learned Doctor (V., -mán) who was a knowledge to you during their life? Their wealth and great acquisitions are in possession (peatb) of others, alas, I think 'tis seldom they think (from curmne, memory) of them. They seemed esteemed during their life, now no man speaks (moves his mouth) on them. 'Tis suddenly departs glory of this world. Would to (lit. it may be possible with) God, that the holiness of their life was according to (do péip duine =lit. acc. to the will of one, see f. 3, l. 21, in the do péip= according to) deepness of their knowledge; if it was not, it was badly they spent their time (II.). That man alone is noble (lit. high ranked, f. céim a step, coirceim, a low step) who has love (reape=ghrádó) of God and his (Composition § 29) neighbour, . . . who seems contemptible, despicable in his own eyes and despises honours of the world. He is very prudent, who gives back of his hand to the chaff . . . in imitation of (lit. on track of.) Great is learning of him who follows the will, . . . deserts his own . . . Trans. by Fr. O'SULLIVAN, Cork

### 3.—TÍR NA NÓS.

(As described in the Lay of Ossian.)

Lá rá mbamh uile, an Phiann,  
Fionn fíal, ⁊ a raib dinn ann  
(Sír go mba doilb, dubaé, ari fsgéal.  
Tá eip ari laochairde bheit go fann).

Ag reilg d'úinn, maidin céidháid,  
Ari iméall-bhórdair Lóca Léin,  
Mai a raib na cionn cùmpa ba mille bláit,  
Iip ceol, gáé tráit, go binn ag éin.

Do duriúsead linn an eilit maol  
Do b'fearr léim, jút, ip lúit;  
Bí ari gcomh ip ari ngsadair go léir  
Go dtúit i n-a viaid, fa lán-tríubh.

Níor b'fada go bpacamh amair  
An marcaid dian ag teact cùgáinn,

Do mhealaomh mná do b'áitne tpeacé,  
Ari éadl-eacé bán, ba mipe lúit.

Táinig ri i lánairi Finn  
Do labair go clom, cneartna i bhráim,  
Ip dubairt ri: " a ri na b'fíann,  
Ip fada, cian, anoir mo éuairt "

[Oimír ri do go dtáinig ri o'íarranó Oírrin  
.1. mac Finn, mai cérte. Tug ri tuairis  
na tíre ó a dtáinig ri .1. Tip na nÓs.]

"Sí an tip ip aoráne le fágáin,  
Ip mó cail anoir fán ngséim;  
Cionn ag cromad le toirad 'r bláit  
Ip duilleabair ag fár ari bárrain seas.

"Ir paipring innte mil is fion,  
'S gae uile ni va bfac a puit,  
Ni pacs aiteamh opt leo' pae,  
Dap no meat ni feicfidh tu.

"Do-geabair plead, imirt 'r ot,  
Do-geabair ceol binn ap tereo;  
Do-geabair airgead agur oir,  
Do-geabair fobr ionadu r'eo

"Do-geabair ceato clairbeam, san so,  
Seabair ceato bhrat de fionda daor;  
Seabair ceato ead ap mire i ngleod,  
Ir seabair ceato leo de conairt seap.

The land of the young — On a day when (it is a *tabhar* a day *in which* see § 232) I was, *in* the *tao* *tabhamair*, on a day of those on which we were, *or*, on one of those days on which . . . we, the Fiann (II.) were all (collected); generous F. and all of us (§ 233) that were there; although sad gloomy was our state (*lit.* story), after (see f. 4 l. 8) our heroes . . . *ta* were *ta* to be weak (from defeat). As we were . . . *ta* hunting (peal), on a foggy morning, on the border edges of L. Lein (Killarney), where (map a . . .) were fragrant trees of sweetest bloom, music always with birds *in* *an* *far dat* A syntax (§ 42) hornless doe was aroused by us, the best as to leap, running, agility, all our hounds (*irreg.*) and beagles were close after her *in* *an* *far dat*, under full race (Stufat=travel = *per* *petite*, snail's pace, *no*, *usually* walk = *conchesat*).

It was not long until we saw from the west (§ 213) a rapid rider (*magie obsolete* = *eaé*) coming towards us; a young woman (*lit.* a youth of a woman) who was most beautiful *as to* face (II.) on a white slender steed which was most swift (*meap*) as to agility. She came into the presence of F., spoke gently and modestly in sound; she said "King of the Fiann, long, distant is my visit." She told him that she came to ask (*lit.* asking) O. as spouse. She gave an account of the country whence she came.

"Do geabair mionn piogda Rioig na n'os  
Naod otus piam fobr do neac fa'n ngelein,  
Do-geana fion duit 'r oirdhe 'r le,  
I geat, i ngleod, 'r i ngearb-ghaird.

"Do-geabair luirnead cumhdaig, eoir,  
Ir claireamh cinn-oir ap clirve beim:  
Nap teapnaig neac piam uaird beo,  
Do connairc fobr an t-apm seap.

"Do-geabair ceato eidear 'r leime r'polt,  
Seabair ceato bo, 'r fobr ceato laos,  
Seabair ceato caora go n-a lompairde oir,  
Seabair ceato reo nac b'fuit 'r an traoigal.

It is the land most pleasant to be found (*irreg.*,) the greatest in fame under the sun, trees bending with fruit and blossom, foliage growing on tops of branches (II.) Abundant in it are . . . every thing that (233) eye ever saw, decay shall not affect (*lit.* go upon you) during your life-time, death or decline you shall not see. You shall get (*irreg.*) feasting (II.), playing (chess, etc., *imir éluice* play a game, *peann ap échuit*, to play on a harp), drinking. Sweet music on a (harp-)string, also a multitude of jewels (*uomra substant, usu.* = too much, *tá an ionad* *le* *reanam* *agam*, *ionra*, *adj.* *do* *bi* *daome* *ionra ann*, *or*, *ip* *ionra* *daome* *do* *bi* *ann*). You shall get a hundred swords, without deception; a hundred cloaks of dear silk, a hundred steeds most active in conflict, a hundred of sharp (keen) hounds with them. You shall get the royal diadem, (see f. 10 l. 34) of the king of the young which he never gave to one, which will make shelter (*cf.* *fion an tuige*, thatch) for you by night and day, in battle (III.) conflict or rude strife (III.) You shall get a becoming breastplate (*Latin lorica*) of protection, and a gold-headed sword of most expert stroke, from which (*for* *ó nári teapnaig* see § 230) no one ever escaped alive who saw the sharp weapon. You shall get a hundred robes, shirts of satin, sheep with fleeces of gold; jewels that are not in this world

#### 4. TÓIRÍDEACHT CHRÍOST,

Leabhar I., caribholt III.

Bionn locht eigin ceangailte do'n mait ap feapp, ap iontakine, *et* ap foirbte ap an traoigal ro, *et* bionn pmáid *et* daillte lípíte ap an tabhar ap gheipe agamh. Eolair únpíreál opt fém an piar *et* an trúige ap deaibheta éum De; ip feappi fion ioná an t-eolair ip doimhne ap foiglum nō ap ápt-ealaínam. Siðeal, ní eoir foiglum nō glan-eolair ap mait ap bit, dap oifidh Dia, do díomholað, aét ip feappi coimíar glan *et* deisg beata ioná fion uile. Aét de b'ris gurab mó an rtairdeap do-ghní móran ap agur ap eolair, ioná ap deisg-beataid, ip

foiglum pó-mimic, ap an aðbair fion, téid piar ap feacphán, ag b'reit pó-beagáin toparó nō taiphe leo.

O! ná nteanaitíp daome oipead díell ag tibhírt *et* ag físmor na locht, agur ag fíneamh-ugad *et* ag riol-éup na rubailce, agur do-ghní piar ag cup échuid-écairtann ap a céile, ní b'eo oipead uile *et* fíannalaimears daome. Go deimh, ag teact lae an b'reiteamhnaír, ní piappóctar dínn cíead do leágámar, aét cíead do piigneamar; ní piappóctar dínn fa ap n-urlabhrád eolac neamhuitmead, aét fa ap mbeataid cráibhig piagalta. Innír dam,

ca háit a bfuilidh a noif na dochtúirí foglumtha  
ar a riab eolair agat i n-aimriú a mbeataid?  
Tá a n-áit i a riabóbreas a noif ag daonáin  
eile, i to b' éidír naé rmaoinigheann i naé  
gcuimhneann riad oppa. Ba mór i to da  
oibrdeiric a gclú i a mear i n-aimriú a mbea-  
taid; agur a noif ní labharfar i ni érachtáir  
oppa! O! iр deirfeas, luat imtigear glóir  
an traoisail ro uainn. To b' feapri liom go  
bpreagóraid a mbeata dá bfoglum: iр am-

laid map rín do déanfaidir rtaidéar i  
fogluim go mairt. . . . Tá ré mór go  
fírinneac, an té atá mór imp an capannacé;  
Tá ré go dearbha mór, an té atá beag i n-a  
fúilidh fén, i naé dtugann mear ari mórtháin  
nó ari onóir. Tá ré cíonda dárpiúil, an té  
meapar neite talimháidh map aonleac, ionnach  
go bfaigír ré Cíorta; i tá ré fion-fog-  
lumha go deimhín, an té do-ghní coit DÉ, i  
diúltar i érigeas a coit fén.

4.

*Imitation of Christ* [from a translation made in the last century in Co. Antrim].

Some defect (III.) is connected to the best, completest, most perfect good in this world, a certain cloud and blindness does be on the sharpest sight which we have. A lowly (irreal=low) knowledge of thyself is the most certain path and way (gen. -að. pl. -gce) to God; that is better than profoundest knowledge of learning (III.) or exalted-science (V.) However, it is not fair to dispraise learning or clear-knowledge of any good which (§ 233) God has ordained; but better is a clear conscience, and good life than all that. But from the fact (lit. essence) that greater is the study which many make (irreg.) of learning and knowledge, than of good-life, 'tis too often for that reason, they go (irreg.) astray, bringing too little fruit or profit with them. If people made as much of effort, banishing and destroying faults, and setting (lit. rooting, ríleamh=root) and sowing (lit. seed-putting) virtues, as they make in putting hard-questions (ceirft III. gen. ceirfta pl. tanna; but now II. gen. ceirfta pl. -teanna) on each other, there would not be as much of evil and

scandal amongst people. Truly, at the coming of the day of judgment, it shall not be asked of us what we have read but . . . about our learned unfailing (lit. unfailing § 132 I.) eloquence, . . . our religious, regular life. Tell me, what place (§ 232) are the learned doctors you knew in the time of this life? Other people have their position, their wealth, and perhaps they do not think or remember them. Great and illustrious were their fame and esteem, now they are not spoken or talked of (lit. it is not spoken on them). 'Tis hurriedly, quickly the glory of this life departs from us: would that (lit. I would prefer that) their life corresponded (answered) to their learning: 'tis thus they would have made their study and learning rightly. He is truly great, who is great in charity: truly great who is little in his own eyes, and who does not give heed to greatness or honour. He is wise surely (wáriúib or uair fíub -in earnest) who regards earthly things as dirt (a.=dung) that he may find Christ; he is truly-learned who does the will (III.) of God and renounces and forsakes his own will.

### 5.—EACTRA RIOS TÍRE NA LUPRACAN.

Ri fínean fíp-bpreiteas do ghab pláitear ar  
clannaith patríapa Ruadairge, i. Feapísh Mac  
Leite. Iр iao ba cuparad i ba cat-milidh aige i. i.  
Eirgeann i Amúrgin i Conna i Dúbán. Do  
pignearáid pleadó mór leir an písh rín i nEachmain  
Maeda: iр i рин uairg aimpreas do pignearáid pleadó  
eile ag Ríos tíre na Lupracán i. Iubdán ainn  
an píos rín. Tugadó tréimh-feaip tíre na Lupracán  
éuca i. Glóríap mac Glair, i ba hí tréimh-  
feaipdaéit do-ghniot, an fóthannán do leagadó  
d'Éan-buille, i to bhois feidhm an dá feap  
d'éag aca-fan ag leagadó an fíp rín. Tugadó  
Tanaíroe an Ríos éuca i. Beag mac Bigr, i  
tugadó ollamh an Ríos i a feap d'ána i. Eirípt  
mac Bigr, i maite tíre na Lupracán leó.  
D'Éirgeanair d'áileamhain i pannairí, i to  
pionneadh lionn fean fuaín ari na fuaigheib.

Iр annairi d'Éirípt a nádó-pí i a gceann

comáiple, Iubdán, leir an gceann bpreas: i  
d'Éirípt Eirípt dá onóruigad. "An bpreasair  
muamh i to b'feapri ioná mire?" ari Iubdán.  
"Ní facamair," ari riad. "An bpreasair muamh  
tréimh-feaip do b'feapri ioná mo tréimh-feaip?"  
"Ní facamair," ari riad. "An bpreasair muamh  
cuparad ná cat-mileadó do b'feapri ioná a bpreas  
imp an tig ro acoét?" "Uair ari mbriéití, i  
ní facamair," ari riad. "Uo-brium mo  
briacair leir," ari Iubdán. "go mbur d'áilis  
briaghe do bpreis ari éigim ari an tig ro  
acoét, ari feabas a cuparad i a cat-mileadó, ari  
iomad a laoc i a tréimh-feaip.

Do pignear Eirípt, ollamh an Ríos, gáipe ag  
a clor rín. O'fiafriúis Iubdán te: "caidh  
a ndeaspair an gáipe rín, a Eirípt," ari ré. "Iр  
aistíne d'ám," ari an t-ollamh, "aon cíngearad  
d'Éirínn, i to-béarad aon feap d'iosb géill i

þraigðe de na ceitþe cataib atá annro.

"Sábtar lib an t-ollam," ari luboán, "go noisgalt-eap a móir-þraigða aip." Do mighneadh amharb. "Iр oile duit-re an ghabál rím, a luboán," ari Eirípt, "dipi béisí-re fém cùis bliadána i láim i hÉamáin Maéa i n-ioc na ghabála rím, i ní tiocfaidh aip nò go þraigðair poða do fèidh i d'aoine. Oile an ghabál do mighn r' opm, a Árto-ri, i tadhair eáidte trí lá i trí n-oiréidh dám-ri go dtéiréad go hÉamáin Maéa, go teadé pheapðair mic Leite;

The Adventures (collective name) of the king of Land of the Dwarfs.

An upright true-sentencing king assumed (irreg.) rule over the prosperous clans (II.) of Ir., viz. Fergus, (son of) Leite (MacGlade). His knights and battle-warriors were (lit. 'tis they who were knights with him, viz. . . .) A great feast (II.) was made by that king in Emania of (Queen) Macha (muc an Éamáin, "Nayan," mar Ármach, Armagh): that is the hour and time (II.) another feast was made at the residence (i.e.—Lat. *apud*) the King of the Dwarfs: I. was the name (III.) of that king. The champion (strong-man) . . . was brought (irreg.) to them, and the championship he used to do (irreg.) was—to tell a thistle with one blow, and there would be need (i.e. 'tis pérím opm, I want it, Donegal, migh ba móir ðam is more usual) of twelve men of them to tell that man The Tanist (lit. Second) of the king was brought, viz. Little Mac Little; the philosopher (V. gen. -móin) . . . his man of poetry, and the nobles . . . with them. Then arose the butlers (V. dáit=divide) and carvers, old sleepy ale was divided to the multitudes. 'Tis then arose their High-King, and chief-of-council, Iubhdan, with the speckled goblet. E. arose to pay him honour (lit. to his honouring). "Did you ever see (irreg.) a king better than I?" says he, "a champion better than my champion, a battle-warrior better than all who are (§ 233) in this house (irreg.) to night?" "By our word (II.) we did not see, "I give my word for (lit. with) it, that it would be difficult (máig = newawp, i.e. 'tis more usual out of Ulster) to bring (irreg.) by force (lit. 'tis et eigeann, i.e. iр eigeann ðam, I must) hostages (þraigðe V.) out of this house, on

7 má þaðaim comáonta ruaiéintó aip a tuiubhainpre aitne go þruit an fírinne agam, béalaid liom é, i muna dtugad, déan liom an ní aip ait leat." Iр annpin do rgaolead Eirípt: "7 d'éigis 7 do gáb téine de maoit-þról, 7 ionar órða taippi amuig. 7 þrat copeira 7 ciúinair de báin-óir breaic aip. 7 a dál þróis aitne pionntóruine, 7 a plearc fileata i n-a láim: 7 támig ionne: 7 ni haitriptear a imteact go rámig go hÉamáin Maéa, 7 do éroit a plearc fileata i ndópar an baile.

5 account of the excellence of its knights and warriors, on account of the number of its heroes and champions. The king's philosopher gave a laugh at hearing that (§ 240.) I. asked of him "why (§ 250) did you make that laugh?" "I am acquainted with one province of Erin (lit. one province is an acquaintance to me) and one man of them would bring hostages (gáll = þraigðe cf. náll náoi-ghállac N. of the n. h.) from the four companies who are here." "Let the philosopher be seized by you until his big words are avenged upon him. 'Twas done thus. "Bad for you is that seizure, for you shall be yourself five years in captivity (lit. hand) in Emania in payment of that seizure, you shall not come out of it till you leave the choice part of your jewels and means. Give me a respite (cf. aip cártoe, on credit). If feappi tóenlin (wren) i náomh ioná corrí [crane, II. aip cártoe = uncaught, Proverb] of three . . . till I go to E. to the house of F.: if I get a remarkable (new ruaiéantóraé) token from which you will know that I have the truth (=speak truly) I will bring it with me; if I do not bring it, do with me what you wish. Then E. was set loose; he arose and took a shirt of soft satin, a golden tunic over it (lit. over her, téine fomín) outside: a purple cloak with a border of speckled pale gold; his two beautiful bronze shoes; his poetic wand (II. gen. pleirce) in his hand; and came off (lit. before him); his journey is not described (aithri=repeat: aithri aip fomín=mumic, ná bi ag aithri opm) till he reached to E. and he shook his poetic wand in the doorway of the dwelling.

## 6.—SEALS STEAMHA AN SMÓIL.

Comáin iompi Oírin i n. pásúraig.

### I.

P. A Oírin, iр binn liom do béal  
Ag innpin rgeal agus duan  
Aip gac árto-þlait do bi 'fan hFéinn.  
Do bheiread béal i ngsaé céim émuaird.

### II.

O. Lá dá rathamair, Oírin iр fionn,  
Iр fheargair binn, a mae fém,  
Orgair fuittead, Diarmait donn,  
Conán maol iр tunnead de a phéinn.

### III.

Ag tmaill cùm feilge, marlin ceadbád,  
So gleann an Smóil iep ngsathraib go  
moc;  
Dap do láim-re, a Céleigis cónip,  
Da mói aip nódócar aip luatar aip geon.

### IV.

Do bi Sgeolán iр bhan aip éill  
Ag fionn, péid i n-a òdirí;  
Do bi a cù ag gac duine de'n phéinn,  
Iр aip ngsathraip béal-binn' ag déanam céolt.

## V.

Do gluairreamar cum tulca do bi'ran ngleann  
Do b'aoibhinn duilleabhar na gceann ag fár  
Do bi éanlait fuaige ag ceileabhar ann  
'S an énae go ceol-binn ar gac aro.

## VI.

Do léig a nabamair ann de'n fíenn  
Ar gconait luat sior fán ngleann;  
Do rgaol fionn fém a dá gádar théas;  
Ba binne linn ioná téada a nglám.

## VII.

Dáirísteap leó an eilit maoi,  
Ba gile a taoib ioná eala ar linn;

## 6.

The Chase (II. gen. *peilge*) of the Valley of the Thrush (on the river Dodder). A dialogue between Ossian and S. Patrick. Ossian, I think (*idiom*) thy mouth melodious, telling stories, poems, of each high-chief (III.) who was in the Fiann, who used to give a blow in each hard (fought) step [advance].

One day we were (see p. 23, 15) viz. Ossian [hence *O'H-Oisin*, *Mac O.*=*Mac Cashen*] and Fionn (hence the names *O'Finn*, *Maginn*) and sweet-tongued Fergus his own son, bloody Oscar (*mac Orcáin*=*Mac Cosker*), brown-haired Dermot (hence *Mac Dermot*, *O'Dermody*, *O'Dáirmhíona*), bald Conan and more of the Fiann.

Starting to the chase, on a foggy morning, to . . . with our beagles, *maoná*=dog, *cú*=greyhound, *gádar*=beagle, *coiteán*=whelp] early; by thy hand, righteous cleric [hence *O'Clery*, *Mac Clery*], great was our confidence out of the swiftness of our hounds.

Fionn had S. B. in a leash (*ait* II., hence *baillí-ait*, a bootlace), ready in his fist; each man . . . had his

An-taoib éile bi ar Úat an gual; . . .  
Ba luaité i ioná reabac ar éont.

## VIII.

Ó moé na marone—móir an fiaotha—  
Do leanamair an eilit luat,  
So dtáinig oírainn tuib na hoitíche  
'S ní fácamair aon gádar ná cù.

## IX.

Do tuit an Fháinn go móir i mbrión—  
Níor b'iongnaibh Óib—de thír a geon;  
Aduibhadaib naid realsc éoir  
Do tápla Óib 'ran ngleann go moé.

## 6.

hound, our sweet-mouthed beagles making music

We proceeded to a hill (*Nom.* -laé, *dat.* -laig), pleasant was the foliage growing, entertaining birds (II. *collective noun*) were twittering there (*Lat. celebrare*), the cuckoo (sang) sweetly on each height.

Those of the F. who were there let our fleet hounds (*collective noun*) about the glen. F. loosed his twelve dogs; we deemed their cry sweeter than (harp-)strings.

The hornless doe is awaked by them, fairer was her side than swan on a pool; the other side (II.) of the colour (III.) of coal; swifter was she than a hawk over a wood.

From the early (part) of morning—great the hunting (from *fiaoth*, a deer) we followed . . . till the black of night came on us, we saw no . . .

The F. fell into sorrow—it was not a wonder for them—from the loss—(want, *atá pé te thír opim*=I want it) of their hounds; they said it was not a right (natural) chase that befell them.

## 7.—SEAN-FOCAIL.

1. An té ag a mbionn long agus lón, geibheann ré cónaí uairí éigín. 2. Moladh gac éinneadh an t-áig mairi do-geobhairt é. 3. Tuigeann feair léiginn leat-focal. 4. Ír feairí fíocáint pomat ioná dá fíocáint ió' Óiaró. 5. Ni mait an t-aitfillead. 6. 1

7. Seacain an dhoche-úinne, agus ní baoghl tuit an duine macánta. 8. Ír mait le Dia cabairt o'fagbair. 9. Fál an bodaig d'éir na foigla. 10. Ni fágne béal i n-a tóft a aimsleap fíar.

## 7.

1. The person who *has* a ship (II.) and provisions (for the journey) he gets (irreg.) a favourable (wind) some time.—Cork proverb.

2. Let each person praise fortune as he shall find it.

3. A man of learning understands a half-word.

4. Better is a look before you than two looks behind you (i. níosair ó=at end of, i. n-oo).

5. Relapse (*at*=again, cf. *atá* the next day; *ritt*=turn).

6. In the feet (II.) of the hound (irreg.) her food (*lit.* share, *gen. cónaí*) does be.

7. Shun the evil man, and the honest man is not a danger to you.

8. God *likes* (*idiom*) to get (irreg.) help (III.).

9. The hedge of (is built by) the churl after (on track of) the robbery (*rogha*).

10. A mouth silent (in its silence *cf.* *bí 'oo tóft*=in *do t.*) never injured itself (did its injury III.).

## IV.

### WORDS FROM THE SPOKEN GAELIC OF ARAN AND MEATH.<sup>1</sup>

#### I.

The following collection of about a hundred words has been made from notes taken by me in the island of Inis-meodhain, in Galway bay, during various years since 1885. The vocabulary of the islanders is very large, and would well repay a thorough study. The words are so written down as to represent the sound, exactly as I caught it, to anyone accustomed to read the Gaelic spoken in the West of Ireland. In a few cases, I have written the sounds phonetically (L=the thick sound, l, n, sounds in English million, new; r, the corresponding slender sound of Irish r; ú, é, as in English rule, they; ei as in German: au as in maul; ou as in loud; ü as in sun; á the obscure vowel sound).

I add a few words from my native district in Meath. Out of the fifteen people who in 1885 could speak Irish, thirteen are now dead.

#### Aran Words.

acar ; is maith an t-acar é, déarsá sin lé oirnis ar bith, *it is a good tool or instrument, you would say that of any tool*

achar = tamall : is maith an t-achar é, *a good space, of time or distance.*

áinleóig ; *the little bar in a lock on which the barrel of the key fits.*

airidheacht : níl a. mhaith ar an ló, *a good appearance.*

allúntas (Eng. allowance) : fuair tú t'a., *you have got your share; t'a. agam, I have permission*

aoibheallach ; lá a. = aoibhinn.

(as ár-lí-áxt : -liaigheacht ?) t'a. aig na daoine a bhionns a' cruinniughadh luibheanna l'aghaidh leighis, *knowledge of the healing power of herbs, &c., supposed to be obtained by draoidheacht.*

[This is the word asarlaidheacht — sorcery, demonology, found in Irish Catechisms. Fr. O'G. does not appear to have recognised it].

bábóig ; *a child's doll.*

bwl-ou-ár, as if baileabhar : nuair a chailleann sé an leabhar, binn sé 'na bh, *is at a loss what to say, perplexed.* Rígne siad b. dióm, *made a laughing-stock of me, left me unable to reply, made a fool of me.* [Banim, in one of his books, uses the word as 'a stammerer' = balbhóir, but I have not heard it used thus.]

baramhail : *fear b., droll, pleasant, witty.*

bárr : níl fear do bhárrtha, *nil fear a bhárrfas thú, prevent, hinder.*

barruing - t'a. air sin = t'a brabach air, *he is well to do, = t'a sé nea(rh)spleadhach, he is independent (financially).* 'Duine gan bh, sin duine a scáipeas a chuid; duine barruingeach, sin duine baileach, a shábháilas a chuid.

básuighthe : beó nó b-, *alive or dead; beó beathaidheach, full of life.*

basguighthe ; t'a an curach b. aig na leacracha, *destroyed by the rocks.*

béal : *front; i mb. an doruis, before the door; i mb. an foghmail, in the beginning of the harvest; t'a pian i mb. mo chléibh.*

bobailín, *a small knob or tuft, as on a child's cap.*

brabach : t'a b. air, t'a b. airgid aige, *he is well to do, has money saved, has property.* The same idea is expressed by 'there is a good way on him,' 'way' being represented by caoi, dóigh, deis, cuma, gléas.

(braú-gúl *as if bráigíll*) = an duine is mó b. ar an mbaile, *the richest man in the village.*

brannra brághad, *the collar bone.* (There is a peculiar Munster phrase : agl gabháil thar brághaid, *passing by*).

breac : 1. trout; 2. used generically for fish, is breagh an b. císg é siud, *a fine fish.* 'Tháinig cubhar 1 cuipe ar bhírr uisce, agus chonnaic siad a' rith go dtí iad an breac a bhi leis an bhean-úasal a shlugadh' — Aran folk-tale.

breastaire : *a boaster, breastalach, boastful.*

bleitheach : chuir si b. 'un a' mhuilinn, *a portion of corn to be ground.*

caismirt : sin é an buachaill a chuirfeadh c. ar sgéal, *tell a story well, give a story a plausible appearance, 'put a skin on a story.'*

ceaduigh : To express the idea 'I would give a pound rather than that should happen, to prevent that happening' (or, as is usually said in the Anglo-Irish brogue 'I'd rather than a pound that it did not happen') various forms are used. (1) Ní cheadóchainn ar phunt é sin (2) Níor cheaduighthe liom ar phunt é sin, These are heard in Munster. In Aran (3) ní cheideónainn ar fiche punt an madadh sin, 'I wouldn't wish (to lose) that dog for twenty pound'; also (4) ní ceidínne (= ceidnighthe) dhom ar fiche punt é. In some parts of Connacht from confusion with creid?) they say ní chreidneóchainn . . . In addition to these phrases, there is also a phrase involving a word (kú = comha? price), as: chuirfínne fiche punt i gú (= gcomha?) an mhadaidh úd, *I would give twenty pound to have that dog restored.*

cheana : Is tusa a bhris an fhuinneog! Mise? Is tú cheana! *Yes, it is you; indeed.*

ceist : t'a sé i gc go, *on dit que . . .*; also : t'a sé comharta go . . . comharann siad go (= comhairim); in Donegal : thá mé ag tíreamh go . . . ag déanamh go .

cineál : t'a an lá cineál fuar, *rather, "sort o".*

claimhreach, *the hair of a dog, 'fíonnach madaidh'* (cf. clamh, mangy; claimhe, mange. In Aran cionn, fion etc. are pronounced with f vowel sound).

cobhlach : tax, níl cíos ná c. orthaib. (The 3rd pl. of all the prepositional pronouns ends in sound of b, as acaib, leob; in S. Galway this b becomes v; in the rest of Connacht and Ulster leosa, triofa &c.)

(keiv'-lint, as if coimhlint) *running a race with : támuid a' c. leis an aimsir bhreagh, making the most of the fine weather, working against time.*

<sup>1</sup> From the "Archiv für Celtische Lexikographie," 1 Band, I. Heft, 1898; 1 Band, 2 Heft, 1898; 1 Band, 4 Heft, 1900

- (keiv'-d̄f : coimhdigh) : ch. mé a bhaile é, *escort, accompany*; aingeal coimhdeachta, *guardian angel*; the word tóidhlac also means *escort*; in Munster also tionnlaic, as tionnlacadh píca, *accompanying home a person who then escorts you back to your home*.
- (ká-véd : coimheud) : tá na buachailli c., *all of the same size, equal*.
- cois: n̄l ceo aige le cois a shláinte, *he has nothing (no money) but his health, what he may earn by daily labour*; cois na teineadh, *beside the fire*.
- cóntrath na h-oidhche, *twilight*; also coinfheasgar crónachan, &c.
- costa (*fem.*) and sgaraoid, -róid, are, in Aran folk-lore, the magic goblet and tablecloth which produce all desired drink and food. 'Rud ar bith a thógróchá, thiubhradh sí dhuit é.' 'D'éirigh an rí óg 'n-a sheasamh, agus ghlaoidh sé ar an sgaraoid, agus leagadh 'ch uile shórt acaib in éisfheacht; feoil, a's fataidhe, a's coláis, agus iasg, agus gach a raibh feilteadh dhá leithéide.'
- cuir fa: *settle in a place; an áit ar chuireadar súb* (=súthairb, súthá : this omission of middle h sound is one defect in the Aran Gaelic).
- cuðal, *the cuttle-fish*.
- cumraigheacht, *an apparition*. n̄l ann acht a ch., said of one who has been very ill.
- deoin: dho do dh. n̄o dho t'indeoin, *by your will or against it*; lé do thóil deonach, *of your free will*. de, prepos., pronounced as if dho.
- domhain in Connacht and Ulster for doimhín; ar an domhain mhóir, *on the high sea*=doimhne.
- drámh, *in cards, a card not a trump, a 'drate'*.
- (dif-án as if duibhthean) : d. na hoidhche, *dusk*; tháinig d. móir ar na spártha, *darkness*.
- dualgas: *custom, sin* é an d. a bhí acaib in sa tseanaimsir; d. an tshagairt, *dues, tribute due to the priest*.
- dúthchas: d. an chuit, *natural instinct*; madadh dúthchais, *a mad dog*.
- eitinn: *tubercular consumption*.
- éigneach: ba mhór an t-é. na báid a bhriseadh, *outrage, also sléachtadh*.
- fuaradh: *a breeze, also feothan, masc.*
- fanaic, *take care*: f. an ngortóchaidh sé an páisde.
- fásair=easair, *litter*.
- fága, *fem. a large wave, billow; these are also called dramanna* (=drom-), and, when near the beach, madh-manna, *breakers*. A wave that breaks on a partially sunken rock, out at sea, is called breachloinn.
- feachaide, *foetus in utero*.
- feithide (1) *a creature, animal*; (2) *a small stunted person*.
- feilim, *I suit* (=oirim); feilteach, -leamhnach=oireamhnach.
- feisteas maith, *decent dress*; duine feisteasach, *well dressed*.
- feistigh an bád, *moor! make fast the boat*
- (für-aus' as if forfhsá?) tá f. ort=brabach.
- fuithin (*in Aran fuín, see supra s. v. cuir fa*) in phrase ó mhaidin go f.=the fuinedh gréine of the MSS. I have heard it pronounced fuí in Glencolumcille, Donegal.
- fuarach, *flood after rain*.
- gabh: ag gabbáil (pr. góil) an bháid, *steering*.
- gáibhtheach, duine g. *one living above his means, 'ag aithris ar na daoine uaisle 'n-a chuid éadaigh'*.
- gach aon, contracted to 'chaon and h-aon.
- gach uile, contracted to 'chuile and h-uile'.
- gealta, gealita: dul i ng., = *lose one's reason*. Chuaidh sé 'n-a gheilte=nochtaughthe, gan snáithe air.
- geólmhach dúbailte, geólmhachán: tá g. air, *a double chin*.
- giodar: d'íimthigh sé agus g. leis, *went off in confusion, hurry or flurry*, occasioned by confusion or anxiety. [There is also giota reatha, *a short race to jump*.]
- glaedh glas: bhí an draoi leis go ndeárna sé g. g. dhe, *turned him into a soft jelly-like substance*. In the folklore of Leinster=turned him into a green stone.
- gleidire, *a tiresome talker*: chuir sé gleid chómhráidh orm. bored me.
- gostal: n̄l sé dho gh. agam, *I cannot afford it*.
- greadadh eisg: *'lashings of fish,' a large quantity*.
- iondúil (*pron. in'-dúl and ün-*): is i. amhlaidh, *it is generally so*. [This is a localism for iomadamhail.]
- iuchróg: 'rud a bhíonn is 'ch uile iasg.'
- léig: tá an teach ag 'ul i léig, *going to ruin*.
- lonn: *blade of an oar*; cos, *the other end*; cnoga, *a thwartpin*; ionraigidh, preabaigidh, cruadhaigidh, *full!*
- lonna, *white foamy crest of a wave*.
- luigh (*pron. Lai as if laigh*): an luigheann an áit leat? *suit, agree with*.
- (lúr) as if liur, apparently *rod* na liuracha, the *laths of a curach*, over which the canvas is stretched, risíní in Killery Harbour; thug m'athair liuradh maith dham, *trouncing*.
- ladharán tráigha: 'an t-éinín is lugha ar bith chítéar ar an tráigh.'
- maidneachan an lae, *dawn*; tá an lá ag maidneachan, *dawning*. This termination -achan is found with a good many verbs in -igh: as a' liathachan, ag fás liath: ag dubhachan, ag meadhachan.
- maireach: n̄l m. ar bith n̄o n̄l aon mh. ar an bhfeair sin, *fault, locht*
- maruidhe: is maith an m. é, *a good judge of the weather*; rigne sé maruidheacht, tá sé ag m., *considering for a time before answering, hesitating*.
- mallabhair, *a low or neap tide*; rabharta móir, *a high or spring tide*; tá sé 'n-a láin-mhara, *it is high water*, tá sé 'n-a dhíó-thráigh, *low water*. [Mallmhuir recte from mall + muir = sea.]
- mióngá m., mióngá beag gáire, *a slight laugh*.
- mollach: caora mh., *having a heavy fleece*; mollachán, *a child with much hair*.
- meirbh: là m., *sultry*; meirbheas na h-aimsire; tháinig (mer-áfan-?) meirbhthean móir orm, *weakness*; chuaidh sí i meirbhthean, *fainted*=i luige, i lagar
- múr, *a dark cloud, a heavy shower threatening*; múraoil also =cloud, shower; múraileach, *showery*.
- núis (*I could not ascertain whether this was núis or níis* on adjoining mainland as if úthais, níthais): is móir an núis na páisidí bheith ag déanadh oiread torainn, *annoyance, nuisance*
- poitreacha: *fragments, rigne sé p. dhe*; also spródhanna.
- ridire caorach, *owner of 1000 sheep*.
- riméad, *pride*; riméadach as, *proud of . . .*
- rachmall, *wealth*=brabach.
- rásta: n̄l sé in rásta dhuit amach ar an bhfairrge indiu, *you cannot venture, it is not safe for you*.
- rath: n̄l aon r. ar mo chuid béalra, *is no good*; n̄l aon bhéarla ratha agam, *good English*.

rath éisg, *a shoal of fish*; also scoil, meall, cluithche (pron. as if cluife) éisg.

sáruigh, *dispute*; -gheacht, *disputing*.

seicnígh, ag seicniughadh, *beetling clothes after washing* = ag slisniugadh. In secondary sense, *thug sé seicníghadh máith do'n phráiste, trouncing*.

sgille, *skill, sgilleamhail skilful*.

sgiolladh, *a scolding*.

sileigeach, nach s., *an duine é, slow, procrastinating*; tinneas s., *a lingering illness*.

sleó, *the dead water in the wake of a boat* (Eng. *slow*?)

slóchta, *hoarseness*, also ceodhachán, pioblach, pióchan; slóchtagh, a nickname for a Connemara man.

spriog : tá sé ar an s., *hanging between life and death*; á sé ag séalughadh, 'he is going,' just dying séalughadh.

sprucht, *a fit of anger, weeping, &c.*

spruch sé mé *annoyed me*; tá sé spruchta, *coved*

stein as if staughan; s. mórt eun, *a flock of birds*

storan, *a horizontal ledge on the side of a cliff*.

streapa, *steps down the face of a cliff*; streapadair, *a climber*.

stro, gan moran s., *difficulty, delay*; ní bheithd s. ort, *nothing will hinder you*.

taisleach : lá t. *soft, drizzly*.

tileadh *stern of a vessel, seas tilidh, stern-sett in a boat*

tiompuiste i sne both used bhain t dham, *an accident happened to me*.

tireamhail : is t. an aít í so, *a place where people are friendly*. In S.W. Donegal = *nice looking district*.

undrach *sauv, impudent*.

### Meath Words.

aoibh : tá se ionns an aoibh, *in th. humour, in good spirits*. ta aoibhe gaire i gcomhluaidh air, *he is always ready to laugh*

arsunigh : d. a se bréag dam, *t ill meath le*. [Aithrisigh from aithris?]

ceasta, *in phrasar cheasta go, for fair that* (pron. kes-tá).

cinnit : fearthaínn ch., *constant rain*.

conaiseach : bean ch., *industrious*.

coinne : tá sé as a ch. fén, *independent of other people*, - ar a chómhairle fén.

cruinigh (pron. as if cruinthigh) char ch. méc an gearran as a' bpáirc, *did not miss, notice the absence of* - níor airigheas an g. as an bp. (for pronunciation, compare the very short vowel sound heard in monosyllables ending in single l, r, n, as tur, fail, min.) This word is used through Ulster. Ni bheidh cruinthiughadh orra, *no one would miss them*, Donegal. A poem of Maolmuire Mac an Bháird has 'ceo dorela fa shon Uладh do bhí ar chach gan cronúghadh,' *without exception*,

dual : leis an d. a dheineadh suas, *to make up the due quantity or number*. Díol is more usual, níl a díol daoine ins an tír so anois.

docarach, *very great, obair dh.*, is d. an fear é, *powerful*; nach d. an gléas a thá ort, *how grandly you are dressed out!* Hence it is in Meath the usual word for 'very,' thá an lá d. tr, *very hot*.

éilín sicni, *a brood or 'clutch of young chickens*. Cf. the Scotch Gaelic 'gach linn a's ial' *every generation and age*.

fearr : b'fh. liom go raibh sé annso, *would that he were here*.

mallárd, *a drake*; in most places in Ireland bárdall (for márdall — mallárd?)

maos : tá an mhín ar maos, *sleeping*; maoithte, *asleep*.

módhachus : tá an bearach ag m., 'springing' = tormach; bearach módhachus, *a springer*. I heard another form of this word in Donegal, but cannot find any note of it.

pruch, *a hole in the ground*, often applied to a small house —Níl ann acht p. beag tighe.

sgalfarnach : lachanna agus céirca ag sgalfarnaigh, *screaming*.

sotal agus stráic, *pride and haughtiness*.

srathuidhe, *one who galls about neighbours' houses*.

tobann, taibíneach, taibigineach, for obann, *sudden*. Obann is seldom heard anywhere, tobán being much more common.

### 2.

I give a further list of words spoken in the Aran Islands. See this Archiv, p. 151. By d I mean the sound approaching that of j, given by most Irish speakers to d in due, duty.

(auv'-áX, as if) ádhbhach : *a cavity under a ledge of rock on the cladach, or beach*, often containing shellfish.

agailt, cry : tá a. ghráinna ag an bpréachán. The old people use it in this way as a feminine; I have heard young people say an t-agall, as if masculine.

(auv'-el, as if) aibhéal, aibhíbhéil : ag gul go ha, *crying very much, beagán aibhíle a chur leis, to exaggerate a little*.

áis, *the open work in the middle of the side of a basket*; is deas an áis f sin. 'Is ionann áis agus na puill i láir an chléibh, nó an buinne láir.' The buinne béal is the top edge of the side, where the weaving is thicker, forming as it were a sort of hem. Ag caoladóireacht, *making baskets*.

aisdeachas : tá an duine sin ag 'ul in a., ní tá aisdeamh-lacht éigin ag tidheacht air, *getting queer or odd-looking, neglected looking*.

aithbhiseach : when a young person ceases to grow, and then at 16 or 18 years of age, recommences to grow, this second growth is called aithbhiseach.

árd, *high*: In the spoken language, this adjective is compared as if ard, comparative oríde, uirde, not as if árd, aírde; in other words, as if the a were long by position only.

áis : ní bhfuair sé áis ar bith dhá bhárr, *he got no good, no advantage, from it*.

baileach : ní b. gur ionann iad, *they are not exactly the same*; tí s. scruaighthe baileach, *it is quite settled, completely settled*. Scotch-Gaelic buileach.

biorán, *spite*; bioránach, *spiteful*; labhair sé go hanbhioránach, *he spoke very spitefully*.

brionglán na croiche, *one side or arm of the crane over the fire*; b. an tlugha, *one side of the tongs*. Compare meanglán, *branch*, Scotch Gaelic; lorg na trí meangan, Ztschr. f. Celt. Phil. I, 336; lorg beangánach, Manus O'Donnell.

brosgán : thuit sé 'n-a bh., *he fell in a heap*.

brúisg, brughaisg; a 'bruisher' or rough quarrelsome person.

(bril'-áX-aun, as if) bruithleachán : tart bruithleachán, *the disease called dry murrain in cattle*. The islanders describe it as caused by the drying up of an intestine called gile na ngileach. Na rípleacha is a name for the small intestines, and rípleachán tirim is a disease causing intense pain.

**bruth, a great wave**: an bruth nó an mhaidhm as measa; bruth mór chó hárldé Cnoc Mordáin (in Connemara); tá bruth beag lé fir indiu, *surf*, also fairrge-thíre or súighteán.

**bullán, a round hollow in a stone**; bullóg, *a home-made cake, also a bubble*; buillín, *a bakers' loaf*. Cf. bulán, a *bullock*; in Meath bulóg, pronounced blóg, *a calf*.

**caidéiseach, inquisitive**: 'duine c., sin duine a bhíonnas i gcomhnaidhe ag cur ceist ort agus 'ghá fhiashruighe dhíot "caidé seo?"'

**ceadaigh**: níor cheadaigh sí a máthair ann, *she did not consult her mother, obtain her mother's permission, about it*. See O'Leary, *Sgeul Chaitige Mumhan*, p. 17.

**céalocan, the natural fast**, tá mé ar céalocan go fóil, tá mé ar mo chéalocan. In Meath, chan fhair sé ach céalocan beag, *he got but a slight collation*. Cf. 'corp Criost do chaitheamh ar céadlongadh', Keating, *Eochair S. an Aifirinn*.

**ceann-dearg**, fem., must have been the name of a fish, or, perhaps, of a péist. The word occurs in the name of the well called Tobar na Ciandeirge (kin-er-ig-a). At present the alleged occupant of the well is a brífn beannuighthe.

**claimhreach gabhair**, *'goat's hair ragged clouds portending rain.'*

**claoidheadh, burying**. In the folk tales, the hero in the crisis of his struggle with the last giant is encouraged by a redbreast which comes and sits on a branch hard by and says 'níl fear do chaointe ná do shinte, agus is fada a bhéidheas mise 'gho do' (= ag do) chlaoidheadh lé sláthán caonaigh lé mo ghob.' Cf. Scotch Gaelic, cladhach na huagha, *digging the grave*.

**costas**: 1. *cost, expense*; 2. *food*: 'mo chuid agus mo chostas ort!', a petition of poor persons. Cf. Keating: an t-áran fá costas d'Elias.

**cruadhóig**: tí cruaadhóig orm, *I am pressed for time, hurried*; cruaadhóig ola, *a sick-call to a priest*, also glaodhach ola.

**cuan mara, a sea-urchin**; plur. cuanta mara.

**cuisne, a haze in warm weather**, 'ceó brothail'. In a Munster song an oidche ag cur cuisne means *the night turning to hoar frost*.

**dáil**: the most usual phrase for 'near' is (á Naul *apparently*) i ndáil, leis an aít, lé duine, etc.

**deola** = *deor, a drop*: níl deola ann.

**dubhchosach**, *maiden-hair fern*.

**éalan**: tú éalan air lé na shaoghal, *he has been weakly all his life*; éalan d'éis tinnis, *weakness following illness*; is siléigeach an t-éalan é, *a lingering weak state of health* (? English ailing). Adjective, éalanach.

**éaladhain, art**: is éaladhanta (pron. al' in-tá) an duine í, *an artful person, usually a person of a secretive or silent disposition*; tá éaladhain ort, *you are very artful, secret* = 'tí tú ag cur an ruín air (an rud)'; éaladhantóir, *an artful, scheming person*.

**éitir**: níl aon éitir ann, *vigour, strength*; also éitreacht; adjective éitreachail.

(fwei'-daun, as if) faighdéan: thug an tarbh f. faoi, agus d'árdugh sé suas ó thalamh é, *the bull rushed at him, lifting him up*.

**feothan**: leis a' mbaisdigh agus leis a' bhfeothan, *in the rain and wind*. An old fisherman told me this: trí bríos, gála; trí ghála, feothan; trí feothan, stoirm; trí stoirm, aircín. *Three breezes make a gale, three gales a feothan, three feothans a storm, three storms a hurricane*. Bríos, gála, feothan denote light, moderate and strong breezes respectively, the feothan being described as very suitable for winnowing corn. Some say feochan.

**fairnis, information**: níl fios ná fairnis agam; chuir mé fairnis ort lé duine, *I enquired of a person about you* an fairnis do chuireas, *the information I received*.

**fíbín**: tá na ba aig imtheacht lé fíbín tá fíbín ar na ba. Said of cattle when in very hot weather they begin to run about the fields. A word (rúr'-ú-áX as if) ruatharbhach is also used in the same way: tá na ba aig imtheacht a' r. (= ag r.). Nach oft a tá an r.? is said to a cuartuidhe or gad-about. In parts of Connnaught, teasbhach is said instead of fíbín.

**fiogach, dog-fish**.

**fré along with**: Domhnach eile frés an domhnach seo chugainn, *after two Sundays more*; a bhfuil 'san saozhal uillig fré chéile, everything in the whole world, taken together. (What I have spelled uillig, or better uillioig, [á-lúig'] is the ordinary word for all, and seems to be a contraction of the phrase uile go léir, usually divided in pronunciation as if uillioig illéir; with the accent on the last syllable of both words.) Friosr, *with me*. Freisin, also, too.

**freangach, pin-fish**. Its very rough skin is often used as sandpaper.

**gearr-ghreamannach, slow of apprehension**: nach g. atá tú agus nach dtuigean tú mé, *how stupid you are not to understand me*.

**geolrach, the upper part of the throat, jowl**: rug sé ar geolrach orm, he throttled me; nach air atá an geolrachán, a double chin; in Glennamaddy, geolmhach.

**giortach, very short, scant**: 'is giorra "giortach" ná "gearr"' in focal fadra "gearr".

**glaum, a short thick piece of wood fastened to the side of an oar, the cnoga or thowl-pin passing through a hole in the glám (handle?)**. In Meath glaum is used as a verb meaning to handle awkwardly: ná leig do'n pháiste bheith ag glaumadh an leabhair. Ag glámaireacht, handling awkwardly, Galway.

**glas**: lí glas, *a stormy day*.

**gníúsacht, grunting**: an mhuc ag gníúsacht.

**gutach, mud**; gutach i n-ióchtar an tobair: gutachán, a child that rolls about in mud.

**inntreacht, for inntleacht**; inntreamhail, *ingenious*.

**lear mór, a great quantity or number**. Sometimes mispronounced lean.

**laimhinneach, the devil-fish**. With its arms it sometimes seizes a curach.

**laogh**: 'ó bhí mé mo laogh no m' leanbh', since I was a child. This usage is also found in Donegal. 'A Dhiarmaid, a laogh!' Cork; perhaps for a laoich. Compare Scotch Gaelic a lauidh. But this may be from laudh, in the sense of a betrothed one.

**lúítéis (from English salutation)**: nuair theidhim 'un a tighe, binn an madadh ag déanamh lúítéis liom, nó rómham = ag déanamh muinteardhais liom, ag déanamh suas liom. In Meath, lúta a salute.

**máithreach** is now used meaning a ewe giving milk to lambs, ní huain a dheaghait ó na máithreachaibh. But see Gaelic Journal for July, 1897, p. 55, where a passage quoted shows the word used for a cow feeding a calf. This is the meaning of the word in the Aran phrases used when one gets a drink of milk in a house: 'Slán a' mháithreach.' 'Cumhdach Dé ar a' mháithreach.' 'Go saoghlúighidh Dia a' mháithreach.' 'Slán máithreachán a' bhainne, agus bean a roinnté,' ná, 'an bhean tá os a chionn'. In Kerry, 'slán a bhó' is often said in the same way before drinking milk. [Máithreach = a dam.]

meach and smeach, for beach, *a bee*; nead smeachann, *a bee's nest*; meach-chapaill, *a wasp*. Cf. speach, Scotch-Gaelic. For the change of *b* and *m*, cf. *tá mé ag cur banaistí ortha, I am managing them*, Waterford; *béilidh, a meal*.

meath, *a shallow place for fishing*: *tá na báid amuigh ar an meath*; *m. iasgach*; *m. mhór*, *m. bheag*; *meath-rabhatta, a poor springtide*.

meirse: *bionn meirse móir ar dhuine i gcoláiste, hard work, hardship*

mianach (literally *ore*) resembles adhbhar and ughdar in its use. *Adhbhar* = 1. *cause*, 2. *material, makings of anything*, *adhbhar sagairt, an ecclesiastical student*, *adhbhar cota, material for a coat*. *Ughdar*, literally *author, authority*, comes also to mean *cause*: *caidé an t-ughdar guire tá agat?* and has also the secondary idea of material for something: *is maith an t-ughdar béalidh bread úr, a fresh fish is good material for a meal*. Hence also *droch-ughdar é, it is a bad sort of thing*; *dí sin, she is a worthless woman*; *d. de bheathaibh beach* *nó de chapall, a worthless animal*. So with *mianach*: *is maith an mianach fataidh iad, these are a good sort of potatoes*; *is ole an mianach duine é, a bad sort of man*.

micheadh bhi micheadh mor aige orm, *he had an aversion to me*. Cf. Scotch-Gaelic *d'éisd míris le michiataibh*; *mionós: rinne an bhó an-chuimse mionós, the cow did a great deal of damage*.

moilleirí, *small round stones forming a turfling, or steep stony beach*; *cladach, a level stony beach*; *traigh, a sandy beach*. (English *boulders*?)

mullaín eibhir, *large blocks of granite found in the islands*. The island formation being all limestone, legend explains the granite by a story that a giant in Connemara threw the granite rocks across at his island enemy.

músg chuirfeadh sé fonn muisg ort, *it would make you vomit*; *bhí sé ag cur músg maith as, he vomited a good deal*.

práinn agam ann, *I feel a deep interest in it*; *tá mé níos práinnighe ins an bpáirc so ná ins an bpáirc eile*.

préach: *tá mé préachta lé fuacht, I am perished with cold*; *tá an deatach go mo phréachadh, the smoke is smothering me*.

puth gaoithe, *a puff, blast, of wind*

ríste, *an idler*; *ag rístdibheacht, idling*.

roc, *the maiden-ray*.

sáinne, *a corner*; *tá na caoraigh sáinnighthe ag an madadh, the sheep are gathered in a corner by the dog*.

sgall gréine, *a sunstroke*; *ní sgallann an ghrian, the sun does not shine*; *sgalltracha, flushes of heat*, a sign of illness; *'bruth is teas, túis tinnis.'*

seagpal, *a pinch*; *sgailp, a cleft in a rock*; *smailc, a bite*.

sgioltar, *a fragment*: *níl sgioltar as mo chnáma*; *níl sgioltar aige, he has not a penny*; *sgioltaire, anything thin and emaciated*, 'rud caithe lom.'

searradh: *bhí an fathach ghá shearradh féin, the giant was stretching himself* (as one does when very sleepy).

shéalugh sé mar shéalochadh páisde, *he died, passed away quietly like a child*, 'go séalaighidh m'anam go teach na glóire.' O'Leary in his *Sgéaluidibheacht Chúige Mumhan* has téalligh in the same sense = éalúigh.

siuntas: *níor thóg mé siuntas dó* = *ní thug mé fa deara é*; *duine siuntasach nó feiceáilach, remarkable looking*. For *suaítheantas*, which is used in Galway.

suidheachan: *tá suidheachan céille air, he is astray in his mind*; *tá s. beag céille uirthi, she is a little queer*. The word seems to mean a (strange) condition of mind = shuidhíuighadh.

sunnda, *impudent, cheeky, teann, droch-mhúinte*. Cf. Scotch Gaelic, sunndach, *merry*<sup>1</sup>

spíonta: *tá an talamh spíonta, exhausted, spent*.

spliontaidheacht: *tug sé s. dhó féin, severity, austerity*. In West Cork, *sblíonach, cruel, wicked*. From English spleen?

spreacadh, *energy*: *bhí an seanduine ag dul in isle-bhrigh, agus níor fhan neart ná spreacadh ann*.

striompughithe lé fuacht, *lé obair, made stiff, rigid*. In Waterford stampuighithe. Préachta lé fuacht, and in Mayo púnaíle le f., are also heard = perished.

stuf: *in agaidh stuf, against the grain*. Cf. in aghaidh an fhionnaidh.

téagar: *níl aon téagar acaib, they have no means*; *níl an talamh sin ag déanamh aon téagair, that land produces nothing*; *is téagarach an bhean í, 'sin bean chruinn, tíoghbhasach,' thrifty, economical, one who has her house comfortable*. Cf. the endearing expression a théagair = a stóir.

tealita, *a shelter*: *rinne siad tea'ltá cois an chloidhe; déan tealita de'n tsheol móir so*. Cf. English *tilt (of a wagon)*.

teolughithe: *nach deas, te, teolughithe an teach a ndeacaidh si ann, what a pretty, snug, comfortable house she has entered*—said of a newly married woman.

### 3.

#### Some peculiarities of Aran Gaelic:

The verbal endings, *-muid, -muis*, are used as pronouns: thus, 'is muid atá ann', *it is we*; *ní fheicfeadh muis (or muisid) an buid, we would not see the boat*. Cf. muinn hén, ourselves (Meath). i. muidne féin.

Omission of *n* before *g*, as, *cumhag, sreagán, seagán*, (cf. Munster *tarrac* for *tarrang*). Again, insertion of *n* before *g*; as *eang, for eag, a notch*; *coinglighim, I rake (the fire)*.

A plural ending in *-racha*; as *ailltreacha, cliffs*; *eangracha, the grooves in a spindle*; *leacracha, flags*; *saltracha, beams*; *sdéigreacha, intestines*; *teintreacha, lightning*.

In prepositional pronouns, the 3rd person plur. ending in *-aib* (*b unasp.*); as, *acaib, orthaib, ionntaib*. On the neighbouring mainland *acaibh, etc.*, are heard. Cf. the ending *-fa-thbha*, heard all over Connacht in *leófa*, with them; *uafa, from them*; *I have heard orafa in Donegal*.

Omission of central *h*-sound, as in (phonetic) *bóir, a road*; *cúil, shy*; *cou*. i. *cothughadh, food*; *wób, from them*; *lób, with them*; *stób, under them*. A favourite 'run' is: *bhí néalta geala an lae ag imtheacht 'wób', agus néalta dorcha na hoidhche ag teannadh 'lób'*.

aghair: in phr. *l'aghaidh (phonetic lei) paritura*; as, *bó l'aghaidh laoigh, bean l'aghaidh páisde*. *Bhí do mháthair lé t'aghaidh an uair sin, that was shortly before you were born*.

amhus, *a glutton*.

aibéis, *loss, damage*; *is móir an ail éis atá siad a' dhéanadh (pron. as if *dhionadh*) orm*; *is aibéis dó a phíopa a bhriseadh*.

ar: *tá an saoghal ag teacht ar feabhas, ag teacht ar maiteas, (teacht ar breis, Waterfd.) improving*; *rud ar mhaith, rud ar sheabhas, rud ar foghnamb, a good thing*. Cf. *tá feabhas air sin*. Similarly, *tá a folt ar dhatn an óir, tá dath an óir air*; *biom dha chois ar dhuine, acht tá sé sin ar leath-chois*.

<sup>1</sup> This is the Middle-Ir. *suntach, eager, quick, active*; *éorop suntach ar teneich*, LL. 171 b 26. In corp. *suntach slan*, LB. 230 marg. sup. re *seinn suntach with eager singing*, Reeves' *Adamnan* p. 274.—K. M.

bain : céard a bhain duit ? what happened to you ? na bain dó, don't interfere with him ; ag baint mhóna, cutting turf, ag baint fheamainne, cutting seaweed, ag baint fhataoi, digging potatoes ; bhain sé deich bpuint dhiom, he charged me ten pounds, . . . gur bhain sé teach amach, until he reached a house, . . . gur bha'n sé Cill-Einde amach, until he reached Killeeney.

barann, plnr. barainn, the gasa or stalks of the potato. Bealach-an-domblais i. gall-way, a popular etymology of 'Galway.' 'Going to Galway,' is colloquially 'ag 'ul Gaille', and 'condae'n-a dha leith' is a popular explanation of Gaille, Gaillimh.

bogach, also bograch, a soft marshy place. The words criathrach, poiteach also mean a soft place. Poiteachán is a common place-name.

bunnasach, a stout little girl.

buac, the top, 's é buac na tíre amach an bháisdeach so this rain will 'crown the country.' In Waterford, buaic an tighe = cíor an tighe.

caith : ó chaith an long an t-oileán, as soon as the ship cleared the island.

cathughadh ; is mó an cathughadh a bhí agam i ndiaidh an duine sin ná i ndiaidh aon duine eile, I was sorrier after him than after anyone else, i. e. felt more regret for his going away.

cinn-aghaidh ; bhfuil sé slachtmhar 'n a chinn-aghaidh ? is he handsome in his countenance ?

cíor an tighe, the ornamental summit of a thatched house.

corrach : áit chorrach, an uneven, 'unsteady' place.

coisinn i. cosain : coisinn thí fén ar an gcapall, look out for the horse; in Anglo-Irish 'mind yourself on' the horse; coisinn an t-uan agus ná leig dó bheith ag bradghail, look after the lamb and don't let him be trespassing.

croma : ocht grroma 'san tslait, 4½ inches, a 'finger length.'

crotall, the awns of barley, rye, etc. In Donegal crotall is the name of a lichen from which a dye is made.

cudaidhe, a long stupid fellow, also scudaidhe.

deiseal ! said when one sneezes or swallows something the wrong way, i. e. (there is something wrong, but may things soon go) the right way !

eibhear, granite; cloch mionnáin eibhir, a heavy piece of granite used to break limestone.

eitreóig or eiltreóig, a standing-jump.

fabhairt ; a liniment for sore eyes, made, according to Mr. O'Callaghan, of glare of egg, alum, and sugar; and applied with a feather.

faocha, plur. faochain, also faochóg periwinkle.

fata, potato; Spanish pata.

gabhtha : tá mé cho gabhtha lé mo bhás is lé bheith beó, I am as contented to die as to live.

gabhair (pron. gó) : ní'l aon ghabhair ar an iasg indiu, acht dubhairt siad linn a theacht i mbárrach, there is no 'take,' they will not bite. In Donegal aisce is used in the same way.

gaota, gaotaire: an empty prater, a blast.

gearr : ba ghearr orthaibh an méid sin, that was not much when divided among them.

go leór in Connacht always means much, not enough; tá beagáinín eadarthaibh acht ní go leór é, there is a difference between them, but it is not much.

innmhe (here pronounced as if ann, cf. annam for ionnam) ; ní'l mé 'i n-ann' a dheunta, I am not able to do it; i n-ann é dheunamh is said oftener. Tá sí i n-ann pósta, she is marriageable Tá mé ag imtheacht i

mbárrach mí tá an lá i n-ann, if the day is suitable. Cf. Munster táim innmheamhail chum . . ., I am able to . . . In Donegal the sound is i n-innimh.

lagar : thuit sé i lagar, also i luige he fainted. leag : níor leag sé é féin air sin he did not decide to do that; bhí sé leagtha amach ar é dheunamh, he was determined to do it; ceap, ceaptha are used in the same way. Leag an seól, lower the sail; in local phrase 'knock' the sail.

maith ; ba mhaith uaidh é dheunamh, he could do that well; he was a good warrant to do it; ba mhaith uait féin a dhul lé duine, you were a good warrant to go (to the grave) with a person; cf. tá luigheacht ag na daoinibh a ghabhann le duine, those who bury the dead have a reward.

maise : nach posdamhail an mhaise dhuit sin a dheunamh you acted with great haughtiness in doing that; nach sunnada an mhaise dhuit é, how impertinent of you; is matha an mhaise dhuit sin a dheunamh, you do well in doing that, it well becomes you to do that. Cf. is matha an mhaille ort, heard in Munster.

meur ; names of the fingers : 1 an ordóig, 2 an chorr-mheur, 3 an mheur mheadhoin or an mheur láir, 4 mac an droma, 5 an ladhairicín or an laighdicín. These I got from Mr. O'Callaghan of Aranmore and Mr. J. J. Lyons. In Donegal, says Mr. Lyons, 2 an cholgóig, 3 meur an chinn fhada, 4 mac an abair, 5 an geimide beag or an geilidé beag.

measa : cia caib as measa leat : which of them do you regret the more? which do you like the more? Is measa liom A na B, I am sorrier to lose A than B

mionlach : 'talamh min.'

mí-o-thoisi (often as if misg), an accident.

ó : thuit an balla uaidh fén, the wall fell of itself, ta na fataoi ag tabhairt uathaibh, the potatoes are failing; tá siad tugtha uathaibh, they have failed; ba mhaith uaidh . . . see math above.

pataire, a fat young rabbit, or child. 'leath-choinín reamhar nó páisde' ; cf. potach, a boy of 10 or 12 years.

reamhrughadh ; ag reamhrughad agus ag urughadh bréidín, tucking and fulling frieze.

sgeabhrsach óg, an arch little girl.

sgodaidhe, 'duine do bhéadh ag imtheacht ar a chomairle fhéin.' O'Call.

smeadhamh ; ni'l smeadhamh in san bhfairrge, the sea is still; ni'l smeadhamh ann or ni'l déo ann, there is not a spark of life in him.

stuifín, the fry of the mangach or whiting.

thart : tá na h-oileáin so thart, these islands are ruined. In Ulster réidh is so used; tá me 'chomhair a bheith réidh, I am nearly done for. Ag 'ul thart, in Munster a' dul thairis, going by. In Munster the idiom a' dul thar bráighaid, passing by, is also used; cf. Keating's taining fa bhráighaid an dearbhriáthar ba shine, he came (to the throne) before his elder brother.

téidh : ní théidheann an triomach dhóibh, the dry weather does not suit them.

tig : ni thigean ann ait so dhuit, this place does not suit you; tá sé ag teacht isteach air, he is getting used to it; ta tidheacht faoi'n urlár, the floor is damp. A common Anglo-Irish phrase for this is 'there is under-water in the house.'

tuarlach ; talamh bog leath-bháidhite.

urdhughadh ; tá urdughadh ar an ngealaigh the moon is on the wane

## Notes.

Archiv, pp. 155 seqq.

- p. 155. feithide : also feithideach, nach an-shóiteach an feithideach é, what a miserable creature.
- " " 155, 178, geolmhach : add geolrach, the gill of a fish ; bhris sé a gheolracán he broke his collar-bone.
- " " glaodh, glue; ar eagla go ngabhadh an fion glaodh-amlachti chuige, lest the wine should congeal, Keating.
- p. 157. treamhail : duine treamhail, a sociable person.
- " " spriog (cf. Eng. sprig), a mark made when surveying

land, O'Call.; in an Irish version of the *Gesta Romanorum*, in Maynooth College Library, spriog is used for the goal-mark

- p. 178, read an fháirnis fem.

" 180, míonós, damage, read mischief.

" 181, splíctaideacht : add splíonach go talamh é aid of any worn-out creature; O'Call.

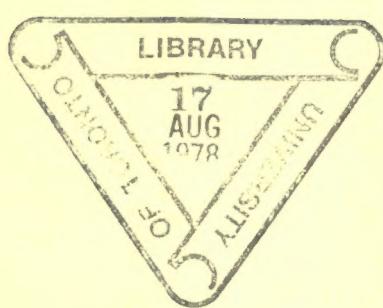
" " spreacadh, read spracadh.

Phœnix, Arizona,

June 1899







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